

GET BINGLES

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by

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GET BINGLES

In a world...

FADE UP:

SFX: CITY NIGHTSOUNDS CRAWL OUT FROM THE CURBS...

FADE IN:

1A EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / STREET-SIDE - NIGHT 1A

The Big Easy is alive with hot, happy, half-dressed, NIGHTLIFE CREATURES stumbling the sidewalks.

Parked at the curb, a blacked-out SUBURBAN sits dead still. *

On its mission for the night, a New Orleans Police Department (NOPD) CRUISER rolls down a slow path, passing. Slowly away. *

A CIGAR pops a glow from inside the suburban. *

FIVE BLACKHOLE FIGURES sit still. Waiting. NOPD has passed. *

TONY, (50's), dark clothing, leather jacket, slicked-back hair, very mafioso, the ring leader. *

TONY

Let's go.

On cue, the doors clank open and out steps all four passengers. Tony drops his cigar on the sidewalk. *

They are on a mission. A serious mission. *

MICKEY, (50's), goombah clothing, looks around for coppers. *

DANNY, (40's), pork pie hat, the lieutenant of the bunch, checks down the street for lurkers. *

THE DRIVER, (30's), dressed for his mission, sits behind the wheel. Looking nervous. *

They neatly adjust their clothes. Slowly. Deliberately. Peering around for lurkers. Coppers.

TONY (cont'd)
(to The Driver)
Keep it running. Keep your eyes
peeled. And, stay off that phone.

THE DRIVER
You got it, Tony.

TONY
(to Danny)
Your cousin better not screw up.

DANNY
He won't, Tony.
(to The Driver)
Keep it running. Keep your eyes
peeled. And, stay off that phone.

THE DRIVER
You got it, Danny.

The takedown crew traverses the street to the warehouse.

BOBBY, (40's), plaid jacket, perfectly quaffed hair, looks
around as he traverses the street to the curb.

[OMITTED]

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1B EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / WAREHOUSE SIDE - NIGHT 1B *

The takedown crew steps up to the sidewalk. *

TRIP!!! And down goes Bobby! *

BOBBY

Oommppff!!!

Tumbling to the sidewalk over the curb.

A SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUN jumps out of Bobby's jacket. The MAGAZINE goes skidding across the sidewalk. Clanking.

TONY

(measured anger)

Bobby! You moron! What the hell is wrong with you?!

BOBBY

Sorry Tony! I tripped.

TONY

I can see you tripped, dummy.

(to Mickey)

Hey? Dummy number two? Help dummy number one up.

Mickey just stands there.

MICKEY

Who? Me?

TONY

You're dummy number two. Arn'tcha?

MICKEY

I'm Mickey, Tony.

Danny steps-up to help Bobby to his feet.

DANNY

I got him.

Danny picks Bobby up and dusts him off. Fixes his jacket.

TONY

(to Mickey)

Get his gatt.

Mickey retrieves Bobby's scattered gun and magazine.

TONY (cont'd)
(to Mickey & Bobby)
Why can't you two dummies be more
squared-away like Danny here? Get
your ships together.

Tony looks around to make sure the knuckleheads haven't been discovered.

DANNY

It's alright, Tony. I got 'em.

BOBBY

Sorry, Tony.

MICKEY

Sorry, Tony.

TONY

Sorry, Tony. Sorry, Tony. I'm gettin' tired of Sorry, Tonies.

(to Mickey & Bobby)

You two morons get your act together or I'm not takin' you for no more cannoli.

BOBBY

(childlike)
Sorry, Tony.

MICKEY

(childlike)
Sorry, Tony.

TONY

We're takin' this game down and no one screws up unless I say so. Capeesh?

BOBBY

Capeesh. No one screws up unless you say so.

MICKEY

Capeesh. No one screws up unless you say so.

TONY

(looking skyward)
Help me.

DANNY

Tony. We're good.

TONY

Come on.

DANNY

(to Mickey & Bobby)
Get your ships together.

Danny shoves Mickey and Bobby to 'get in line.'

Tony leads them around the back of the warehouse, as they search around for lurkers. Coppers.

2 EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / REAR - NIGHT

2

The wrecked takedown crew turns the corner to the back of the warehouse, away from the street and prying eyes.

They move towards a back door. Scanning. Looking.

TONY
Get the light.

Danny steps-up and shoves Mickey & Bobby into putting out a light hanging above the entrance.

DANNY
Get the light.

Mickey struggles to buddy-lift Bobby up to unscrew the light bulb. They struggle. Boy, do they struggle.

MICKEY
You need to lay off the pasta,
Bobby.

BOBBY
I haven't had any pasta all day.

Tony and Danny look around for any unwanted onlookers.

Bobby slips and falls, taking Mickey down with him.

TONY
Mama mia. How you two morons are my
cousins is proof donkeys mated with
monkeys.

Mickey & Bobby, sprawled on the ground just look at each other. Look at Tony.

TONY (cont'd)
Bobby? Give me your jacket.

DANNY
Get up you dunkeys.

The dunkeys, er, morons stumble to their feet.

BOBBY
But this is my Bing Crosby smoking
jacket, Tony.

TONY
It's gonna be a murder weapon in a
minute. Give me your jacket.

BOBBY

I love this jacket.

Mickey helps Bobby slowly take his jacket off. Reluctantly hands it over to Tony.

TONY

(to Danny)

Toss it over the light.

Tony throws the jacket at Danny. He tosses it over the light and darkness flips on.

BOBBY

I love that jacket.

TONY

You'll get your jacket back once we leave, Bobby. Okay?

BOBBY

Okay, Tony.

TONY

We're going in. We're getting out. No one gets shot unless I say so. Capeesh?

DANNY

Yeah. We're going in. We're getting out. No one gets shot unless Tony says so. Capeesh?

Tony just looks at Danny. Danny looks back 'yeah, I told them.'

MICKEY

Tony, I never shot no one before.

TONY

No one's getting shot, Mickey.

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly a fart escapes.

DANNY

Holy crap!

TONY

Which one of you morons crapped your drawers?!

BOBBY

I didn't crap my drawers, Tony.

MICKEY

Holy hell, Bobby!

Tony, Danny and Mickey slowly back away from Bobby. Waving their hands all over trying to kill the stench.

BOBBY

(whimpering)

I'm sorry. I get the farts when I'm nervous.

DANNY

You need to get your butt fixed.

TONY

Yeah, you need to get your butt fixed.

Danny gives Tony an accepting nod 'yeah, you right.' Tony realized he is now mimicking Danny. Shakes his head 'no.'

TONY (cont'd)

Listen. No one's getting killed, Bobby. Now fix your butt. We're going in and getting out. Got it?

Tony looks his crew over. They all nod in agreement. Bobby fans his butt.

TONY (cont'd)

Danny? You get the door. You two morons cover anything that moves.

(pointed)

Do. Not. Shoot. **Not no one.** They gotta check-in their gatts **at the door** to play. Got it?

*
*
*

They all answer 'yeah.'

TONY (cont'd)

Bobby? Your butt fixed?

Bobby still fanning his butt. Smells his hand.

BOBBY

Yeah, Tony.

TONY

Everybody ready?

They all nod 'yes.' Tony just stares at them.

Tony shoves Danny.

TONY (cont'd)
You morons! Get your gatts out.

They all 'oh, yeah, right' and pull out their guns.

TONY (cont'd)
Hurry up.

Danny walks up to the door and lightly grabs the knob.

They start to whisper.

TONY (cont'd)
We go on three. Capeesh?

DANNY
(pausing, thinking)
Tony? Is it one, two, three and go?
Or, one, two and we go on three?

Tony just stands there. Mickey and Bobby look, too.

TONY
Danny. Remind me when we're done...
To stab you in the eye with a
pickle fork.

DANNY
Tony? I'm serious.

TONY
I'm serious, too. You morons. It's
one, two, three, and go.
(to Danny)
You yank the door and dummy number
one and dummy number two go in.
Bobby fix your butt.
Mickey don't shoot anybody.

MICKEY
You got it, Tony.

BOBBY
You got it, Tony.

TONY
Danny? You ready?

DANNY
Ready, Tony.

TONY
You dummies?

MICKEY
Ready, Tony.

BOBBY
Ready, Tony.

TONY
(measured)
One. Two. Three. Go!

The dummies bust through the door, Danny and Tony right on their tails.

3 INT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3

The door bursts open and in comes the wrecked takedown crew. Gatts pointed at everyone and everything.

TONY
Show me your hands you mother
friggin melon farmers! Gettum up!

The crew is frozen. Gatts pointed. Something's off, a little.

DANNY
Tony?

TONY
What the hell?

AT THE POKER TABLE...

Sitting around the card game, filled with CARDS, CHIPS, CIGS, DRINKS, and a MOBILE PHONE, are THREE LESBIANS and a LITTLE PERSON DEALER. All with hands in the air. *

[OMITTED] *

LIL-T, (mid-40's), a little person, decked out as a green biker poker dealer, cig hanging, hands in the air staring at the crew.

LIL-T
Who the hell you calling melon farmers, you fat friggin pasta-eatin' rigatoni?

TONY
(to Lil-T)
Who the hell are you?

LIL-T
You must be the brains of this crew.

TONY

Yeah? I am the brains. Keep your mouth shut pinky.

LIL-T

That's all you got? My size? Pinky?

(pause)

Not why the hell you pasta-eatin' melon farmers are here?

TONY

Now that we got all the niceties outta the way, where's Mister Bingles?

LIL-T

Who?

TONY

What are you an owl? Where's Mister Bingles?

[OMITTED]

[OMITTED]

PINKY, (20's), British pop lipstick lesbian, spilling out of her top, dressed in pink, sits to the left of Lil-T.

PINKY

Mistuh Rigatoni? Can we put our hands down now? We don't have no guns.

TONY

Who the hell are you?

PINKY

Pinky.

LIL-T

Yeah. He's the brains alright.

TONY

Shut up you!

PINKY

Ain't no Mistuh Bingles here, Mistuh Rigatoni.

*

*

*

TONY

My name ain't Rigatoni.

(pause)

Put your hands down on the table
where I can see them. Danny? Anyone
moves, blast them.

The poker table crew freezes. Hands still in the air.

LIL-T

So what you're saying... Is if we
move our hands... Ole Danny boy is
gonna blast us?

DANNY

Oh, wise guy, eh?

BLUEY, (40's), Sicilian lesbian, rough, androgynous,
dressed in blue, sits to the left of Pinky.

BLUEY

Y'all some pasta-eatin' melon
farmers. Ya he'rd me?

BOBBY

I haven't had pasta all day.

TONY

Danny? Let 'em put their hands
down.

Danny motions them with his gun to put their hands down. *

[OMITTED] *

Lil-T hovers his hands over the poker table.

TONY (cont'd)

What's wrong with you? Alligator
arms?

LIL-T

You got real anger issues,
Rigatoni.

BLUEY

(indignant)

They ain't gonna shoot us.

TONY

Who the hell are you?

BLUEY

Bluey. Dat's my name. Ya he'rd me?

Mickey and Bobby laugh.

TONY

Hey! Back there. Pipe down!

(pause)

Great. We got half a dealer
psychologist here and the rainbow
connection. Where the hell Mister
Bingles is?

DANNY

Y'all Lebanese?

LIL-T

Maybe he's the brains.

TONY

No! I'm the brains, Alli... Er,
pinky.

PINKY

No. I'm Pinky. He's Lil-T.

TONY

(surprised)

Oh... Lil-T? Well, well. How 'bout
you take your Lil-T ass and tell me
where Mister Bingles is?

LIL-T

(correcting)

Where is Mistuh Bingles.

TONY

Yeah. That's right. That's what I
said.

LIL-T

No. You said, *where Mister Bingles
is.*

DANNY

Tony? I think they're Lebanese.

TONY

Oh... Great, moron. Now we have to
whack them all.

Mickey and Bobby are starting to get nervous.

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly another fart escapes.

MICKEY
Holy crap, Bobby!

TONY
Crap, Bobby!

BOBBY
(defensively)
It wasn't me! It wasn't me. I fixed
my butt before we came in. I swear.

The takedown crew starts to wave their hands to disperse
the stench.

RED, (20's), *sexy little red riding hood, long red hair,*
sits to the left of Bluey. *

RED
(whimpering)
I'm sorry. I gets the farts when
I'm nervous. Please, don't kill us
Mistuh Tony Rigatoni. Please.

BLUEY
Holy hell, Red! I. He'rd. You.

PINKY
More likes smelled yas.

TONY
Great. Red. Bluey. Pinky. The whole
rainbow connection here.
(to Lil-T)
Hey, Kermit? One last time. Where--

LIL-T
(interrupting)
Is...

TONY
(measured)
Where... Is... Mister...

LIL-T
(correcting)
Mistuh.

TONY
(perturbed)
Mistuh! Bingles!

LIL-T

Good. We'll work on rocks and sticks later.

DANNY

Hey, Tony? I think they're Lebanese.

PINKY

No. Asshat. Sod off. We're lesbians. We're gay.

MICKEY

(confused)

When you say gay... Do you mean you wear loud-colored clothing, or you know all the words to Broadway musicals?

Everyone just stops, turns and looks at Mickey. Staring.

MICKEY (cont'd)

What?

TONY

Mickey? I'm just gonna shoot you right here.

MICKEY

I'm serious, Tony. What'd I say?

TONY

I am, too!

BLUEY

No, yo. Pinky be sayin' we like women. Ya he'rd me?

MICKEY

Hey! We like women, too!

Bobby and Mickey exchange smiles.

TONY

Mickey? I'm gonna rip your tongue out with an egg beater, then I'm gonna shoot you.

MICKEY

Sorry, Tony.

LIL-T

(to Tony)

You ever considered anger management? You know it starts with the first phone call?

TONY

Very funny, Tiny Tim.

LIL-T

Always the short jokes with you.

TONY

Speaking of first calls, you better call Mistuh Bingles' ass and get him down here or we're gonna start mixing-in a whole lotta red into this rainbow connection.

RED

(crying)

I'm sorry Mistuh Tony Riga--

TONY

Tony! It's...! Ah, forget it.

LIL-T

They don't mean you, Red.

RED

Oh.

TONY

Danny? Check them for gatts. You two dummies cover them.

Mickey and Bobby step forward with their gatts pointed.

Danny moves around the table, (wo)man-handling the poker players.

Danny man-handles Pinky's breasts.

PINKY

Hey, ya git! Those are real.

BLUEY

We ain't got no heaters, yo. This is our weekly poker game and y'all done jacked us up. Ya he'rd me?

Danny moves to man-handle Bluey's breasts.

BLUEY (cont'd)
Yo! Mine real, too.

PINKY
Yeah! I'm about to take this pot.
Next thing we know is you blokes
come guns blazing and it's all
Bob's Your Uncle with you.

Danny moves to Red. She checks her cards. Throws them back
down.

RED
(sniffing)
Only action I'm getting tonight.

She raises her arms high.

Danny grabs her's.

[OMITTED]

[OMITTED]

[OMITTED]

LIL-T
And y'all got poor Red all upset.

RED
(whimpering)
I'm sorry. I gets--

BOBBY
It's okay. I gets a little farted
too, when I'm nervous.

TONY
(frustrated)
There's not gonna be anymore
farting in here! The next person
that farts...

Everyone is waiting for Tony to finish his thoughts.

LIL-T
Oh, not so talkative now are we?

Tony just stares at Lil-T. Lost for words. Waves his gatt at Bobby and Red.

TONY

You two need to get your butts fixed.

DANNY

No gatts.

Lil-T is testing.

LIL-T

You not gonna search me?

TONY

You're not big enough to hide a water gun.

MICKEY

Hey, Tony? Maybe we got the wrong place?

LIL-T

Yeah, Tony. Maybe you got the wrong place?

TONY

Shut up half-wit! Mickey! We don't have the wrong place. Mistuh Bingles is close by and his marker is due. And if somebody don't start calling Bingles to get his merry lil ass down here, we're gonna start whacking people.

MICKEY

(nervously)

You don't have to whack them, Tony... I don't mind they heard my name.

TONY

Mickey?

BOBBY

But, Tony? You said--

TONY

(frustrated)

Hey? Morons.

BOBBY
I know. Pickle fork.

DANNY
(to Bobby)
No. That was me.

BOBBY
Oh, right.

On the poker table, Lil-T's MOBILE PHONE rings. And rings.
The incoming caller ID says MISTUH BINGLES.

Tony looks down at the phone.

TONY
(to Lil-T)
Oh, wise guy, eh?

LIL-T
What?

TONY
(to Pinky)
*Ain't no Mistuh Bingles here Mistuh
Rigatoni?*

PINKY
What?

TONY
Danny?

DANNY
What?

TONY
Blast the dealer if he starts
singing.

Mickey, Bobby, Bluey, and Red chime in, "What?!"

*

TONY (cont'd)
What's with all you's?
(to Lil-T)
Keep the phone on the table and
answer it.

LIL-T
What?

Tony stares Lil-T down.

Lil-T presses answer.

LIL-T (cont'd)
Yeah, Bingles. We got a problem.

MISTUH BINGLES
(on the phone)
Then fix it.

The phone hangs up.

SFX: POP!!!

The light bulb outside the backdoor explodes like a gun shot.

The takedown crew ducks like a gun shot flew over their heads and they all look back at the door.

Smoke starts rolling inside underneath.

BOBBY
My jacket!

SFX: GUNS BEING READIED.

The takedown crew slowly turns back around to the poker table crew.

Somehow, amazingly, they have all their guns pointed at Tony's crew.

Tony looks in disdain at Danny, 'What the hell?' Danny's all, 'I don't know.'

SFX: LIGHTS BUZZING AND THEY GO OUT.

PITCH. BLACK.

TONY (O.S.)
We got a problem.

SFX: HAIL OF GUNFIRE.

Flashes of gunfire explode through the blacked-out warehouse!

4 EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / REAR - NIGHT

4

The backdoor flies open and the wrecked takedown crew comes barreling out. Running for their lives. Miraculously, no bullet holes in them.

Bobby stops. Looks down.

His Bing Crosby smoking jacket is ablaze.

BOBBY
(crying out, deflated)
My jacket!

PPFFUURR!!! Bobby unloads the mother of all farts.

Tony, Danny and Mickey begin to stagger from the stench.

TONY
Holy crap! Come on Bobby!

DANNY MICKEY
Bobby! Bobby!

The takedown crew runs off fanning their faces from the fart bomb.

The poker crew busts through the backdoor, in pursuit. Amazingly no one is shot, either.

The warehouse back door slams shut.

They hit the brick wall of Bobby's fart bomb as it repels them back inside.

Desperately scrambling, trying to get back inside.

The poker crew gasps!

'Oh!' 'Gawd!' 'I cain't breathe!'

'Close the door!' 'Don't let that thing in!' 'It's in my mouth!'

The backdoor slams shut. They escaped.

5 EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / STREET-SIDE - NIGHT 5

The takedown crew comes around the warehouse and reaches their getaway car. Run-walking.

TONY
Get in! Get in!

BOBBY
I don't think I can make it!

MICKEY
Come on, Bobby! Fughettaboutit!

BOBBY
I can't.

TONY
Hurry up, Danny!

DANNY
My eyes! I'm blinded! I can't see!

TONY
You morons! Let's go!

Danny plows into the back of the getaway car.

TONY (cont'd)
(to The Driver)
Let's go.

They pile into the car as The Driver drives it away.

Danny, Bobby and Mickey hanging halfway out the doors.

WS: THE DOORS SHUT. THE GETAWAY CAR PULLS AWAY. SLOWLY.

TONY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Look out for the cops.

DANNY (O.S.)
I can't see.

BOBBY (O.S.)
(breathing heavily)
I can't breathe.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Come on, Bobby.

BOBBY
(whining)
My jacket.

They drive down the street and away.

TONY (O.S.)
You morons had one job.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Sorry, Tony.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Sorry, Tony.

DANNY (O.S.)
Yeah. You morons had one job.

TONY (O.S.)
(perturbed)
Danny?

DANNY (O.S.)
What?

MICKEY (O.S.)
Pickle fork.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Pickle fork.

Pause.

TONY (O.S.)
One job. Get Bingles.

And, away the getaway car drives. And, drives.

CUT TO BLACK:

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly a fart escapes.

FADE OUT.

-- THE END --