

Anxious Gangster

written by

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THREE GANGSTERS ARE TALKING IN THE BACKROOM OF A RESTUARANT
SMOKING, DRINKING, TAKING BUSINESS ETC. NEW YORK ACCENTS.

PAUL

Those bozos uptown better fucking
pay up. They must know we're out of
goddamn muscle. We can't enforce
shit anymore!

TONY

Don't worry about it Paul. I've got
it covered.

PAUL

What do you mean Tony?

TONY

It's nothing. Ay Paul can we get
another round back here?

PAUL

Yea sure Tony.
(snaps and gives the
another round signal)
(pause)

JOHNNY

Where the fuck is this guy?

PAUL

Give the waiter a goddamn second,
Jesus Johnny!

JOHNNY

Not the waiter. The othah fucking
guy!

PAUL

What fucking guy?!

JOHNNY

The guy Tony is bringin'!

PAUL

(getting worked up)
You invited a fucking guy?

TONY

Yea fucking relax Paul. Have
another cigarette. Align your
chakras. Remember what we talked
about? Body, mind and soul - where
are ya sittin'?

PAUL
 (lights a cig and
 breathes)
 Body, mind and soul. I'm sitting on
 a beach.
 (another drag)
 But he better not be like the last
 fucking guy you brought back here!

TONY
 I said I was sorry about that guy
 Paul! I forgot you were scared of
 magicians.

PAUL
 (getting worked up again)
 Don't say that word! Gives me the
 willies! Yea thats my fucking card!
 How'd ya know?!

TONY
 Paul?

PAUL
 Yea yea, body, mind and soul. I'm
 on a beach.

Waiter enters with a tray of whiskeys and sets them on the
 table

WAITER
 Tony there's a guy who says he's
 here to see you.

JOHNNY
 Finally!

TONY
 Send him in.

WAITER
 You got it Tony. He's dressed
 pretty weird though.

PAUL
 (anxious)
 Weird like how?!

WAITER
 He's wearing a cape or some shit.

PAUL
 Oh God! Mary and Joseph!

TONY
I promise he's not one of those...
ya know... *funny guys*.

PAUL
(so clearly stressed)
Fuckin guy betta not pull any
goddamn tricks.

Waiter leaves to go get the guy

JOHNNY
C'mon Paul it'll be alright.

TONY
You know the drill Paul.

PAUL
(shaking hands)
God I'm one anxious gangster.

Tony gives him a stern look

PAUL (CONT'D)
Body mind and soul. Yea I know

Vladimir enters. He is Dracula. Cape, hair, teeth, voice -
all that

VLADIMIR
Greetings gentlemen.

Paul is geeking and lights another cigarette and smokes them
both.

TONY
Vladimir! Thanks for coming by!

VLADIMIR
Thanks Tony for voting for...no
thats not it... how you say in this
business... vouching for me. Yes!
That is it!

TONY
Of course! Now let me introduce you
to the fellas. This is Johnny.

Johnny and Vladimir shake hands

JOHNNY
Say, Vladimir, what gel are ya
puttin in your hair? Your look is
wicked!

VLADIMIR

No product. All natural baby. Ah ah
ah

(laughs like the count
from sesame street)

TONY

And this is Paul.

Paul is a nervous wreck

PAUL

Hey ok hi how ya doing Vladimir.
Sorry I don't shake hands. Germs

VLADIMIR

Very well. Ah ah.
(bows)

TONY

Now fellas, our guy Vladimir here
can solve our little *situation* with
those bozos uptown.

JOHNNY

Oh good to hear.

TONY

Ain't got no problem with blood he
says.

VLADIMIR

Blood **lust**. I have **lust** for blood.

Paul pulls out silver cross necklace from under his shirt and
kisses it

PAUL

God rest their souls.

VLADIMIR

(backing up, nervous)
Suddenly very hot is here, yes?

JOHNNY

Take off your cape Vladimir. Sit
down and stay awhile!

PAUL

Why are you wearing a c-cape
anyway?

VLADIMIR

No reason.

Vladimir swishes his cape and sits down

PAUL

(muttering)

Body, mind, and soul. I'm on a beach. He ain't no trick-man.

VLADIMIR

What is matter with Paul?

TONY

Pay him no mind. Let's talk business. So, Vladimir, when can you make it uptown to knock some sense into those hooligans?

VLADIMIR

As soon as possible. I have not fed in ages.

JOHNNY

Vladimir is hungry. Let's get some food over here.

Waiter approaches with a basket

WAITER

Sorry to interrupt fellas but its my manager's little boy's birthday so there'll be a bit of extra noise today. Cake, presents, and all that. You know how kids are. Oh and there's a magician too!

Paul begin crossing himself vigorously and reciting his little mantra.

All the crossing clearly upsets Vladimir.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't think it would be this big of a deal. The manager sent along some free garlic bread as an apology.

Waiter sets basket on the table.

Vladimir hisses and jumps back violently.

Everyone jumps at this reaction and knock stuff off the table.