

**THE CONFRONTATION**

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FADE IN:

**INT. UNDERGROUND - HALLWAY - SOME UNKNOWN TIME**

A DIMLY LIT HALLWAY, empty, scoured with RED AND BLUE NEON LIGHTS, spreading from the beginning of the hall...

LOW ANGLE SHOT, FACING THE WALL, AND THE FLOOR

THE CAMERA STAYS THERE, until...

A MAN'S LEGS, taking each step, passing through. Then CAMERA TILTS UP to our CHARACTER, this is **THE IRISHMAN** (50s), he's a gangster, behind him, revealed, IT'S **HIS BODYGUARD** (30s).

They take their steps, and through the hallway, and into...

**INT. UNDERGROUND - DOOR OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

...the meeting room. There's a **BOUNCER** (20s) outside, guarding. Then The Irishman approaches the bouncer...

THE IRISHMAN

I have an appointment, I'm The Irishman.

The Bouncer nods.

THE BOUNCER

My boss is waiting, please enter.

The Bouncer opens the door.

THE IRISHMAN

(To his bodyguard)

You know what to do.

The Irishman enters first, The Bouncer shuts the door, The Bodyguard STARES at The Bouncer, they share eye contact, until...

**INT. UNDERGROUND - DARK MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Irishman steps in, and glances at the table, he sits down, opposite to **THE ITALIAN** (50s), The Italian shows a welcoming attitude towards The Irishman, then The Irishman smiles...

THE IRISHMAN

I guess you know who I am, and you know who I work for. As you can see, this meeting is very important, to both our organization and our priorities. Many of my brothers and sisters sacrificed themselves for us to have this meeting.

The Italian nods.

THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

I hope this meeting will result in peace and no bloodshed. Do you have something to say ?

THE ITALIAN

Mr. Irishman, I do wish that we are in agreement, I would like to extend my apologies on behalf of my family. The boys, they were naive, they're good kids, they're just not focused.

THE IRISHMAN

I would like to remind you that the job of a Don, a boss, is to maintain order and peace within the family and the ranks, and since your boys kicked the door to my stash, my business plans have been postponed for months, but you know, we're both businessmen, and losing a large quantity of product, can be, a very hard jab to the face. I know that we've been enemies for a long time, our families have been tearing each other apart, for many years, and that conflict remains.

THE ITALIAN

I understand your frustration, I'm a businessman myself, and believe me sir, blood is an expensive product, and I don't like to be in debt. I've been in this business for such a long time, my father passed it onto me after he passed away, and from there, I'm just trying to maintain order. My goal was to negotiate in peace, and like you said, we are in conflict, but I wouldn't want any bloodshed.

THE IRISHMAN

I got your point, my friend, and I wish we can really be friends.

THE ITALIAN

Aren't we friends now ? Friendship and brotherhood is honor, right ?

THE IRISHMAN

It's true, and I will be honest with you.

The Italian leans back in his chair. Relaxing.

## THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

It's a tough time, my daughter is having her boyfriend over. I am proud of her. I raised her well, always taught her, "Do not disrespect our family, and you can choose not to involve yourself in our business, you will fight for your future".

## THE ITALIAN

You must have been proud, I have a son, but messed up he is now, he's in rehab, and I waited everyday, just for him to come back, and yet, it's the same, suspected use of alcohol and drugs.

## THE IRISHMAN

People like us, born into violence, at least our children won't have to pay for our consequences, if we do not mess up. Like I said, your men messed up hard, and there must be some arrangements ?

## THE ITALIAN

Say, there weren't any casualties ?

## THE IRISHMAN

Not much, just some missing pounds of coke, and a few pints of blood, you know the lads got family too, they gotta make a living.

## THE ITALIAN

Like I said, I couldn't be more regretful of what happened.

## THE IRISHMAN

And like I said, I appreciate it.

The Irishman sighs, then he leans in closer.

## THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

But, it seems like, you are still lying to me.

The Italian doesn't react to that.

## THE ITALIAN

Why should I lie to you ?

CLICK! A loud clicking sound. CAMERA LOWERS DOWN BENEATH THE TABLE, revealing A WALTHER PPK pistol. BACK TO THE MEETING, The Irishman is not smiling anymore, in fact, he's actually serious.

THE IRISHMAN

I have my pistol pointing at you right now. So don't even think about it.

The Italian freezes.

THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

BENNY !!

The DOOR OPENS, The Bodyguard (whose name is Benny) DRAGS the BOUNCER'S BODY into the room, and throws it back on floor.

THE ITALIAN

So what is it now ? A shootout ?

THE IRISHMAN

Not particularly, if you want it that way.

THE ITALIAN

What do you want now ? I thought that we're in agreement.

THE IRISHMAN

Your lads ware never there to fuck around in our place, your lads were there because you ordered them to shit on our faces.

THE ITALIAN

What are you talking about, sir ?

THE IRISHMAN

You know what I'm talking about you fucking guinea piece of shit.

THE ITALIAN

Come on now, I didn't sent those boys, you listen to me !

THE IRISHMAN

SHUT UP!!

The Irishman now points the gun DIRECTLY at The Italian's face, angered.

THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

Do you know why your bouncer here is lying on the floor ?

He doesn't answer.

THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

Because of how stupid he is to even think of blackmailing us.

The Bodyguards gives the Irishman A PHONE, he sets it on the desk, and switch on A RECORDING.

THE BOUNCER (O.S.)

I need insurance from your family.  
My boss was the one that  
orchestrated the attack on your  
dumps, he wanted to sent a message.  
Now I'm giving you this  
information, but I want something  
in return. I want five hundred  
thousand dollars, and I want to be  
insured that I'll be in your  
protection, or else, I would turn  
this recording to the police...

The Irishman takes the phone, AND THROWS IT at the wall,  
shattering it.

THE IRISHMAN

I didn't want any of this to  
happen, but it seems like you left  
me no choice.

The Italian starts LAUGHING, hysterically, then he CLAPS HIS  
HANDS.

THE ITALIAN

Wow, impressive.  
(A pause)  
I have no doubt of your abilities.  
Seems like you've backed me into a  
corner here. So, now what ? You're  
going to kill me ?

THE IRISHMAN

That's not a bad idea.

THE ITALIAN

Well, lemme tell you something  
here, you Irish fuck. If you kill  
me, you're not gonna win that easy,  
once the members of the community  
finds out about my death, there  
would be a line of killers bursting  
through your front door, and they  
will kill you right when they have  
their chances, and maybe, they  
might have their pretty hands on  
your precious little slut daughter.

The Irishman is pissed now, his eyebrows are telling us why  
he's pissed.

THE IRISHMAN

Excuse me ?

THE ITALIAN

But I assure you, they're not just gonna kill you, they're gonna rape your daughter, they're take off her fucking clothes, and they'll make you watch, as they cry out in fucking pleasure.

BANG! The Irishman fires his gun, THE BULLET went through THE ITALIAN'S SHOULDER.

THE IRISHMAN

You mention my daughter again, I'll do more than just the bullet.

THE ITALIAN

FUCK YOU ! You don't have the guts to kill me. After all that we talked about, you are still just a fucking freak. Now what are you gonna do ? You're gonna shoot me, and just walk outta here ?

THE IRISHMAN

That's none of your business, in fact, everything that happened in this room will not concern any longer.

THE ITALIAN

Well, I guess, there's only one option. Only of us is getting out alive.

The Italian reaches into his pocket.

THE IRISHMAN

Don't do it.

THE ITALIAN

You won't be able to stop me.

THE IRISHMAN

DON'T YOU DO IT !!

The Italian pulls out a .25 CALIBER POCKET PISTOL, he's about to FIRE IT. BANG! BANG! The Irishman fires his gun, hitting The Italian in the chest two times.

THE IRISHMAN (CONT'D)

Mafia is about fairness. You killed my lads and left them for dead, consider us even.

BANG!

CUT TO BLACK.