

Final Draft 7 Demo

CIGARETTES

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A short con-man scene.

Draft 1
2/6/10
Final Draft 7 Demo

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CIGARETTES

SUPER: Rome, 1945

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An American soldier, GENE ROBBINS (25) pulls out a cigarette. He notices a group of ITALIAN MEN (30s) on the street corner. He approaches them.

ROBBINS
Good afternoon.

The men aren't sure where they stand with soldiers.

ROBBINS (CONT'D)
You fellas have a light?

One man, SAL (35) steps forward with a match book. He strikes the match and passes it to Robbins. Robbins lights the cigarette and takes a drag. The Italians covet the cigarette.

ROBBINS (CONT'D)
Thanks. American made. You smoke American?

SAL
I wish. Very good.

ROBBINS
The best. American tobacco.

SAL
No American cigarettes in Rome since the occupation.

ROBBINS
Contraband.

SAL
Yes.

ROBBINS
Tell you what. For fifteen dollars I'll sell you fifteen packs.

SAL
(feigning innocence)
No, no. No American cigarette in Rome.

ROBBINS

That's a dollar a pack. I'm sure I
can find somebody else to buy--

SAL

Wait. Okay. Fifteen.

Sal find about ten dollars in his pockets. He pesters his
friends for the other five. Robbins and Sal make the
exchange. Robbins counts the bills facing them all the same
way.

ROBBINS

Pleasure, gentlemen.

SAL

Thank you, sir.

ROBBINS

Enjoy.

Robbins heads down the street. Sal lights his first
cigarette. The Italians gather around their new smokes and
divvy up the packs, arguing about prices in Italian.

An ITALIAN POLICE OFFICER (30) notices the commotion and runs
towards the men, blowing a whistle. The men hide the
cigarettes and act innocent. Sal stomps out his cigarette.
They speak only in Italian.

OFFICER

Hey! Stop right there.

SAL

What is it, officer?

OFFICER

(pointing at ground)

Whose cigarette is that?

SAL

It looks a few days old, we have no
idea.

OFFICER

It is still smoldering. Empty your
pockets.

Sal men reluctantly produces one pack of cigarettes. The
Officer grabs it.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 American. There are serious
 penalties for contraband
 cigarettes. Now show me the rest.

SAL
 Excuse me?

OFFICER
 Give me the rest of the cigarettes.
 This is from a carton of fifteen. I
 won't report you if you give me the
 cigarettes.

The rest of the men hand over their packs.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 I won't be so lenient next time.

The Officer leaves the Italians as they bicker with each other.

The Officer rounds the corner and approaches Robbins.

ROBBINS
 That was fast.

OFFICER
 They were cowards.

He hands Robbins the cigarettes. Robbins hands the Officer the fifteen dollars.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 How many so far?

ROBBINS
 That was number six. We've made
 almost a hundred bucks today.

OFFICER
 Let's make a hundred more before
 curfew.

He pats Robbins on the back. Robbins approaches another group of Italians. The Officer counts the stack of cash.

CUT TO BLACK