

Title: "Vaya Con Dios"
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PAGE ONE

INT. CASINO BAR - LATE NIGHT

It is an average night with roughly a dozen patrons at the various booths and tables, ranging from smarmy married couples to roaming packs of businessmen. Two men sit alone at the bar, PRO and MANNY. Their stools at the counter face the liquor bottles and mirror. Pro has the appearance of mid-thirties dried-up gambler. His white shirtsleeves are rolled up and his hair is disheveled. His tan, however, is fantastic. He continuously flips a gold lighter, never missing it. Manny, looking to be in his mid-forties, is a typical beach bum in shorts, a horribly florescent T-shirt, oval-rimmed sunglasses, and sandals. Whereas once he may have been fit, Manny now has a substantial paunch. Scraggly wisps of hair fall all about his head, barely separable from his shaggy beard. Pro signals to the BARTENDER for another shot. Meanwhile an obscenely FAT MAN shuffles out of the room carrying a bucket of chips.

PANEL 1

NATIVE SONS
SIGN (over Manny & Pro)
MANNY (pointing to fat man)
Hey. Betcha he falls.
PRO
Huh?

PANEL 2

MANNY
He falls. An Andrew Jackson. Yeah?
PRO
Alright.

PANEL 3

Almost on cue, the FAT MAN plummets, coins flying everywhere from his bucket.

FAT MAN
Wh-whoa -- !

PANEL 4

SIGN (above slot machines)
BIG PAYOUTS!
PRO (shielding eyes and
holding up \$20 bill)
Oy...How do you do that?

PANEL 5

MANNY (taking money)
Magic.

PAGE TWO

PANEL 1

PRO
You want something?

MANNY
You know I don't drink no more.

PRO
Right, sorry.

PANEL 2

MANNY (caption)
"Forgiven. Anyhow, kills your liver."

PRO (caption)
"Yeah, thanks for the advice. Just
remember, I'm older than you, kid."

PANEL 3

MANNY
Sez who?

PRO
Just what I hear.

PANEL 4

MANNY (caption)
"Heh..."

PANEL 5

The bartender pours two for Pro, who downs one shot remarkably fast with one hand. The other hand continues to effortlessly flip the lighter. Manny noshes on the crackers from a complimentary basket on the bar.

MANNY

How's Minnie?

PANEL 6

PRO (caption)

"Feh. This much I can say: She hasn't been in a courtroom *recently*."

PANEL 7

MANNY

I hear you. That's rough.

Pro flips his lighter and sips his drink. Manny looks away from the crackers momentarily to slightly scope the room.

PRO

Hey, you expecting somebody?

PANEL 8

SIGN (only if space allows)

C'MON, KEMOSABE!

MANNY (caption)

"Huh?"

PRO (caption)

"Ain't enough of the Families left to fill a room, Manny, much less spy on us. Besides, who would care if you and I were just chatting again? ...We are just chatting, right?"

MANNY (caption)

"Just you an' me. Seth an' Buddy will be miffed that they weren't invited to jaw with us, huh?"

PANEL 9

PRO

Well, fuck them, pair of has-beens...

PAGE THREE

PANEL 1

SIGN

NATIVE SONS

PRO (exploding)

Can't even smoke! Christ, it's a casino,
with gambling and hookers and booze.
Just the frickin' best of humanity. But,
whoa, can't handle fire. Where are we --
Chicago??

A band of badly-coifed businessmen jangle behind them en route to the craps table with loud and garrulous talk. A few autumn-clad waitress-squaws dash about to sling more firewater at the half-drunk gamblers in the next room. A few unchaperoned teenagers crowd chattily into a corner booth. Pro glances at the television above the bar while Manny sneaks another glimpse around the place.

MANNY

Bad night?

PANEL 2

TV REFLECTION (*Manny's glasses*)

[If space allows, throw in 2 Nike symbols]

PRO (grumbling off-panel)

...can't even smoke.

MANNY

Bad night. Tell me.

PANEL 3

PRO

You wouldn't -- ...

PANEL 4

PRO

First, it was Dolly Partons and Gary
Coopers all night -- I couldn't dollar-
a-yo or flip a hardways. Worse, I needed
a drag so *bad*. So, I swapped the Devil's
bones for a California bible.

PRO

And, early on, great hands. Even converted a few bunk ones practically into Gardenia miracles. A house of hell, the Beast over deuces. Then I had a real Immortal: Three wise men from the East over Jacks. But my Holy City got trumped by a workday straight flush! Incredible, right?

PRO

Just *hand* after *hand* of that, Christ!

MANNY just grins at Pro's woes.

PAGE FOUR

PANEL 1

MANNY

Well, no atheists in foxholes...or craps tables. An' at least you've acquired some impressive vocabulary skills.

PRO

Yeah. Know how much this vocab course cost?

PANEL 2

PRO

Fuck it. Can't even smoke.

PRO

Seen Mikey around?

MANNY

Hasn't been in touch. Thinks I'm a little too "old school" for him.

PANEL 3

PRO

Ha! Mike calling *you* old school. Killer. There's not too many of us old-schoolers left!

PANEL 4

MANNY

Yeah...well, that's something I've been
meaning to talk to you about --

MANNY sits up, in a curious alert pose, then looks down
beside him. A small, blonde six year-old girl, MARY, appears
at Manny's side, tugging on his shorts for attention. She
smacks her bubble-gum.

PANEL 6

MARY

Hey -- hey, hiya.

PANEL 7

MANNY

That's my elbow you're ringing there,
hon.

MARY

Yeah. I'm Mary. C'n I come up?

PAGE FIVE

PANEL 1

MANNY

?

MANNY pauses, trying to gather her meaning.

PANEL 2

MANNY

Oh! Sure, of course. Pull up a stool.

Manny is won over and lifts the girl onto the stool next to
him. She becomes instantly enrapt with the television set to
the exclusion of almost all else. While lifting, Manny takes
a sidelong look around the bar for something.

PANEL 4

MANNY

Good?

Mary is entranced by the television. It is currently a
commercial for the GADD Corporation from MORTAL COILS #1.

MARY

Yah. Thanks.

PRO

Cute kid.

PRO

...Think someone put her up to that?

PANEL 5

MANNY

Who, the Families? My Dad? Your brothers?

PRO

Got me. It's been ages since I've seen that ugly bastard anyhow.

PANEL 6

MANNY

Well, I think she's fine.

PRO

Yeah, probably...

PRO

Heh, look at us talkin' like old women. I appreciate your coming to check on me tonight, Manny.

MANNY

Aw, Pro, it's not --

PRO

No, seriously. It used to be fun. You remind me of that. Then, it got to be all about business; who did what to who. And now...

PRO

Now, hell. We're like the walking dead.

MANNY

You really think it's that bad, huh?

PRO

...well, yeah. What, you and me?

PANEL 7

MANNY
"The Life." It's gotten all played out.

MANNY (looking him dead in the
eye)
That's what I needed to talk to you
about.

PAGE SIX

PANEL 1

PRO
How do you mean?

PANEL 2

MANNY
See, I --

The Bartender interrupts to hand Pro the phone.

BARTENDER
Person-to-person call, ace.

PANEL 3

PRO
Hello? ...Yeah, it's me.

PRO
What?

PRO
Yeah. Yeah, he's here with me.

PANEL 4

MANNY (quietly)
Aw, man...

PRO
...I figured. Yeah, he...No.

PRO
Fuck.

PANEL 5

SIGN (left part)
LOBBY

SIGN (right part)

BIG PAYOFF

PRO (looking sharply at Manny)
No, he -- No. Yeah, okay...yes. Hold
them...As soon as I do. Yeah... Yeah. I
know where to get in touch with you. Uh
huh. Okay, Mur. Yeah...Bye.

MANNY

Pro, I was having some real trouble with
--

PANEL 6

PRO (slamming phone)

Fucking Christ!

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL 1

MANNY

Well, jus' seemed like something you'd
understand..

PANEL 2

PRO

Jesus! Can't we just *talk*? You just come
find me to be your chump again?

PRO

I mean we haven't actually *talked* in God
knows how many years and you just want
to lay some new scheme on me! I'm just
your damned fall guy!

PANEL 3

MANNY

That's *not* how I see you, Pro.

PRO

Right...

MANNY

You know it's not like that.

PANEL 4

PRO

Yeah...

PRO

Yeah, maybe. I suppose.

Pro manages to take out his money clip and throw cash on the table without once dropping his airborne lighter.

PANEL 7

SIGN

NATIVE SONS

PRO

Outside. I need some air. A smoke.

PRO

We'll *chat*.

PAGE EIGHT

Manny stands and begins to leave. Manny, shaking crackers out of his beard, is about to follow, when Mary grabs his arm. She does not yet notice the bills Pro left on the counter.

PANEL 1

MARY

Don't go! Stay wit' me!

MANNY

Oh...I'm sorry, love, but I have to go talk with my friend.

PANEL 2

MARY

Stay wit' me! I don't want you t'go.

PANEL 3

MANNY

Mary, listen. I'll, uh, come back afterward, if you want --

PANEL 4

Mary notices the Bartender's tip sitting on the bar. She quickly gets sidetracked, throwing herself atop it.

MARY

Ooo!

PANEL 5

MARY

Money! Lookitall the money!

PANEL 6

MARY (small font, off-panel)

`M rich! Cashy-cash!

MANNY (deflated)

...Good-bye, Mary.

PANEL 7

EXT. CASINO'S ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

The alley is poorly lit, unpolulated and near the street. Sounds of the bar and patrons fall far into the background. Manny shuffles towards Pro as he picks gum out of his beard. There is a large "No Smoking" sign. As he approaches, Manny hears Pro already arguing with some other figure - a woman dressed in a very revealing, tight ensemble. She is also a pro, a very lithe HOOKER with her mind set on an agitated Pro.

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

PRO (small font)

Lady, do y'know the last time I had
actual sex?

PANEL 8

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

HOOKER

We could fix that, baby. I could show ya
a little Greek culture. Or some fork an'
spoon.

PRO

Some *what*?

PAGE NINE

PANEL 1

MANNY

Li'l early for a milk run, isn't it?

PANEL 2

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

HOOKER

You and your friend are looking for a Roman together? That yer cookie, huh?

PRO

Listen, you -

MANNY

Easy, Pro...

PANEL 3

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

MANNY

Look, you've gotta know that this John's a cold biscuit. A true 78. You know, a rabbit. And...expect a *Georgia*.

HOOKER

Why're you telling me this, Grizzly?

Manny takes the hooker aside.

MANNY

Because he's a box you *don't* want to open. I need him for a deal I'm working. He'll start pushing you for a Boston Tea party or else he won't pay...See?

PANEL 4

HOOKER

Oh! ..Ohh...Gotcha, Grizzly, thanks...

HOOKER

Mwah

Hooker gives Manny a peck on the cheek and leaves, constrained ass bobbing happily. Manny returns to Pro, who is convulsing in laughter.

PANEL 5

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

MANNY

What?

PRO (larger font)

BWHAHAHAHAH!!

PAGE TEN

PANEL 1

LIGHTED SIGN

NATIVE SONS HOTEL-CASINO
PICK-UPS & DELIVERIES ONLY

PRO

Jesus, that was exceptional! Fucking *exceptional!* Since when do you chat with prostitutes?

MANNY

It's been known to happen. Besides, you're not the only one who can speak tongues, gambling-boy. It worked, didn't it?

The two stroll a few moments. Pro is still flipping the lighter.

PANEL 2

What did you tell her? The prostitute, I mean. I thought she would never give up.

MANNY

That you had VD...

MANNY

...And you'd want to poop on her.

PANEL 3

MISC. SIGNS

[Fill in at your discretion]

Pro says nothing, and just grins. The two continue to walk. Manny continues to look at the sky.

PANEL 4

MISC. SIGNS

[Fill in at your discretion]

WALL GRAPHITTI

[Please add some subtle graphitti which says: "SPEEDRING WAS HERE"]

PRO

That was Murry on the phone, you know.

MANNY

I know.

PRO

Said that none of your people could find you. They were getting desperate -- contacting and enlisting other Families to help locate you...even mine.

MANNY

Your Family will often go where angels fear to tread, Pro. T'Hell and back.

PRO

Did I know where you were, he asked. What were you up to? Why had their young Patriarch gone AWOL?

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL 1

MANNY

Hope you didn't have to lie to him.

PRO

I didn't. I said that you were with me
and nobody moves until I talk to you
personally. Not until I give the word.

PANEL 2

MANNY

I appreciate that.

PANEL 3

PRO (exploding)

Appreciate nothing!

PANEL 4

PRO (calmer)

Look, Manny, we're friends -- I hope you
know that. But, arguably, we're also the
only ones holding our respective clans
together.

PRO

We are the last of the 'old school.'
Everyone else has fallen apart. You
think I'd be down here, slumming at
bars, if I could wander off wherever I
wanted? Manny, you can't just run and --

MANNY

I'm leaving.

PANEL 5

PRO

-- go leave your... Huh?

MANNY

Pro, I am *leaving*.

PRO

Oh. Okay. I say don't go and you go.
Fine, hey! Short stay this time, huh?

MANNY

No, Pro. I'm leaving, and I'm not coming
back.

Pro's lighter falls to the pavement.

PANEL 6

SFX

clangk

PAGE TWELVE

After a stunned moment, Pro goes to retrieve it.

PANEL 2

PRO

You're -- not ever?

MANNY

No.

PRO

Why? I mean, Jesus, who...What did...

PANEL 3

MANNY

C'mon, Pro, we've seen this coming for a while now. The only difference now is that my Dad doesn't --

A lurking figure sneaks up behind Manny and sticks a gun into his left side. The assailant has Nike sweatshirt with the hood up and a baseball cap and hisses over Manny's shoulder at the two of them. Manny winces slightly while Pro rolls his eyes at the MUGGER.

MUGGER

Don't fucking move.

PRO

Oh, this is getting stupid.

PANEL 4

MUGGER

Shut up, deigo faggot. Shut your fucking mouth or you'll wear your friend's fucking lungs! I got enough heat on his ass to blow him wide-the-fuck-open, got it?

MANNY

Easy, man. My left side's a little tender over there.

Mugger jabs gun under Manny's left ribcage harder.

PANEL 5

MUGGER

Fucking wise guy here's gonna give me his cash, and I'll think about not putting a goddamn bullet in each of his smartass limbs. Now, gimme the shit!

PANEL 6

PRO

Manny...

MANNY

Me first, Pro.

(TO MUGGER)

I'm not carrying any money on me, friend. Jewelry either. You can have my shoes if you truly want.

PANEL 7

The Mugger does a quick single-handed frisk of Manny, then shoves him slightly forward to aim the gun at Pro. Manny still stands between Pro and Mugger.

MUGGER

Fuck! ...You! Wop! You've got the rags. You've got cash. Cough it up, guinea bitch!

PANEL 8

PRO

He just insulted me, Manny.

MANNY

I know. Sacrilege.

PRO

He's mine, Manny.

MANNY

Yeah, suppose so. Your turn.

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL 1

SFX

flingk

Pro uncaps the lighter and blows a fireball both over and around Manny. The conflagration runs up the mugger's arm, making the gun too hot to hold and burning his clothing to a crisp. When the lighter top is snapped back into place, the mugger is half-naked but relatively unharmed. Manny is totally calm and untouched.

PANEL 2

OBSCURED SIGN

THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING

SFX

FWOOOOOSH HHH

MUGGER

YYEEEEAAAH HHH!!

PANEL 3

SFX

snap

SFX (from Mugger)

sssss

MUGGER

...ahh...ahh...

PANEL 4

PRO

In the future, choose your targets a little more carefully. If you're going to steal from the big boys, you're going to pay like a big boy.

PRO

And, you should know, you can't smoke here.

PANEL 5

MANNY

I think I'd run now if I were you.

The Mugger dashes off, attempting to hold up what is left of his clothes. Manny and Pro watch him flee.

PANEL 6

MUGGER (small font)
ohgod, ohgod, ohgod...

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL 1

PRO
I can see the kick Luke gets out of it.

PANEL 2

Pro refocuses attention on Manny.

PRO
So why tell me?

Manny picks up the gun and holds it like rancid fish. He throws it in a nearby garbage can.

MANNY
Huh?

PRO
You've already packed your bags. You could have split for, well, anywhere before my Family or your boys noticed you were missing. As it is, they're only holding off now by my say-so. What's the game here, Manny?

PANEL 3

MANNY
Pro, you're my friend.

PRO
Old friend, Manny. We haven't see each other in years. Why now? Just to say good-bye? Sentimentality?

PANEL 4

MANNY
There was a time when you and I wouldn't be allowed to talk like this. When my boys and your kin would never have

collaborated, no matter what the circumstances. Remember?

PRO

The Families were at war.

MANNY

And Horace's Family. And Buddy's. The Vish's, Moe & Al's, Baldy's, Gil's – we were all at war. Bloodbath after bloodbath, all because the prize was so sweet.

PANEL 5

MANNY

To be in control. An' run the entire racket; we all wanted it so badly. For a while, we each drank from the cup. Each Family got to play god for a while. Then, the intermissions of temporary peace became status quo as the power passively slid from one opponent to another.

MANNY

Less sacrifice, less blood, sure. But what was the result?

PRO

The result? You *won*, Manny. Your team pretty much won the ballgame and the rest of us basically packed it in or signed on -- *That's* the result.

MANNY

No. The result is that it didn't matter anymore. You all had the good sense to pack it in and focus your energies elsewhere. Eventually, we were left holding the bag. And it's an empty bag, Pro. 'Being in control' today has become an oxymoron. Entropy's got us all beat, and I'm done with fighting it.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL 1

MANNY

I know you agree. I know you feel the same way. I know you're smart and together enough to want out of this.

PRO

Manny, I don't think...

PANEL 2

Manny grabs Pro's arm.

MANNY

Pro, you weren't meant to exist like this! None of us were! Night after night of mindless gambling, keeping your underlings busy, holding your Family together. You try so hard, but...

Pro is silent.

PANEL 4

MANNY

Doctors. Skilled surgeons. They have to eventually stop giving CPR and pronounce a patient dead. No matter if the patient is their son, no matter it's some legend, no matter how badly they want it to survive.

PRO

It's...it's not...I mean...It isn't --

PANEL 5

MANNY

It *is*, Pro. It's over. For me. And for you.

MANNY

Come with me.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL 1

PRO

But I... the people. People that... that I'm responsible for.

MANNY

You're not tied down here, Pro. Neither of us are. Not anymore.

PANEL 2

Pro fights back tears.

PRO

I'd hate to leave them all alone.

PANEL 3

MANNY

They create gods and wizards and UFOs everyday. An' maybe some of their imagination has borne fruit. And maybe some of it's just to stay sane and have excuses.

MANNY

But, in the final analysis, it all comes back to them. *People* have to make their own way, make their own decisions. Decide their own funerals.

MANNY

God may not be dead, friend. But he's sure as Hell senile. People are on their own, and there ain't a thing that you or I can do about it.

MANNY

Come with me.

PANEL 4

PRO

Where?

MANNY (off-panel)

Someplace new. Away from the mob scene.

PRO

Fresh start, eh?

PANEL 5

MANNY

Prometheus. Come with me. You've given them all you can. Life. Warmth. Defense.

MANNY

You and me. We go and make a world the way it's supposed to be. The way we both know it should be.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL 1

PRO

I...

PANEL 2

MANNY

Prometheus. Yes or no.

There is a long pause. Pro wipes away his tears.

PANEL 4

PRO

Yeah...Yes.

MANNY

Okay.

MANNY

Let's go.

The two begin to walk off. The further they get the more their forms become absorbed in an intensifying, supernatural light until finally, they can no longer be seen.

PANEL 5

PRO

Emmanuel?

MANNY

Yeah?

PRO

You going to...well, say good-bye? Print a retraction?

MANNY

Nope.

PANEL 6

PRO
...No Messianic Concession speech? No
On-Second-Thought Coming?

MANNY
Nah.

PRO
Huh.

MANNY
Leave them guessing. No need to ruin the
punchline for them.

PANEL 7

PRO
Yeah.

STREET SIGN
KINGDOM ST [tho "ST" may be too small to see]

The two are now completely engulfed by the light.

PANEL 8

STREET SIGN
KINGDOM ST

The light dims and vanishes. The street remains as it was.
Prometheus and Jesus Emmanuel Christ are gone.