

Ω Merchant Writer Publications

RHUDE ↗
(An Abstract)

From: Bernard Warren, CEO,

To Whom It Concerns,

“RHUDE” is a feature length film about an old time gangster of Italian heritage who spent his entire life practically walking in and out of confinement. At this present time, he is released, yet again, to find that the world has changed. He does not accept it and leaves California to go back to New York— but something is missing, and that creates another venture for this Desperate ex-felon.

About the Screenwriter!

Rita A. Clark has a long list of credits and experience in both directing and producing. She is a screenwriter as well as an author. Here are some of the titles that will be released in 2006:

- **Dezign**
- **On My Way**
- **Strawberry Princess**

Rita has a wealth of materials to offer.

If you are interested in consulting with Rita on this project, please call: (818) 763-8262

**Merchant Writer
12210 Calvert Street Suite 418
North Hollywood, CA
91606-4609**

RHUDE
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. A LOS ANGELES PENAL INSTITUTION -- DAY

1

CAMERA SEES: a MAN, **RUDOLPHO ABSALOM SCOBOLI**, exiting a HOLDING ROOM and then, into the corridor. He is escorted by an INTERNAL OFFICER...

CLOSE SHOT at Scoboli's FACE. He is about 60, relatively attractive with peppered gray hair. He is medium height, commanding, with a medium build. He has expressive eyes.

BEGIN TITLES OVER...

Scoboli is dressed in an OUTDATED SUIT and SHOES. CAMERA HOLDS on the patheticness of his image. He is clutching a PERSONAL EFFECTS ENVELOPE which he safely puts into his inner jacket pocket. He SHRUGS his shoulders and takes a DEEP BREATH and goes through the last door.

2 EXT. FRONT -- LOS ANGELES RELEASE CENTER SAME TIME 2

Scoboli STANDS in front of the Release Center on the steps. It is 1992. Scoboli has been incarcerated for 35 years. At the time of his first apprehension, he was 17, and a petty hoodlum. He did five years and was paroled. Five years later, he was in for 2 years. Later, the DA successfully tied him into a murder one beef. He alleged his innocence.

FLASHBACK: A young attractive Scoboli, 17 years old. It is 1947, post war. He is watching a GI/JAPANESE WAR FILM in a THEATRE filled to capacity. The picture ends.

MOVE TO Scoboli in front of the Theatre pointing his finger like a GUN pretending that the PASSERBYS are Japanese soldiers.

CAMERA PANS to a young Black boy, WILLIE CON, 18, standing in a niche of the theatre wall.

SOUND: The SCREECH of car wheels and a barrage of GUNSHOTS.

CAMERA ON MILLS, a mobster boss, who falls to the ground in front of Scoboli.

CAMERA FULL SHOT as a GLOVED HAND comes out of the window of a black CAR and THROWS the GUN to Scoboli.

Scoboli CATCHES the Gun reflexively and shoots at the speeding CAR. The CAR rides off, but with difficulty and eventually - it vanishes. CLOSE UP on Mills who is MUMBLING... Scoboli is bending over Mills.

MILLS

Take the envelope! Get out of here, kid...

Scoboli SIGNALS the black boy, Willie Con to come. Willie reluctantly goes to Scoboli.

A CROWD gathers. A MYRIAD of VOICES in disbelief.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

He's shot!

CAMERA MOVES to Scoboli and Willie. Willie takes the Envelope from Scoboli, and disappears through the crowd.

SOUND: The deafening SCREECH and SIRENS of the POLICE CARS as they pull up to the spot.

SGT. TOONES(V.O.)

It's that young punk! He got Mills!

The OFFICERS disembark and target Scoboli. An Officer, SGT. TOONES, confronts Scoboli. He is a wiseass and hostile.

SGT. TOONES

Put the gun down!

A second OFFICER inspects the bleeding Victim.

2nd OFFICER

Sgt. Toones, Mills is dead!

TOONES

Alright, graduate, put your hands on your head!

CAMERA DISSOLVES: Scoboli is STANDING before a JUDGE. He has on his Sunday best. The Judge's lips MOVE, and Scoboli's head DROPS (NO AUDIO). Scoboli shows dejected defiance.

FLASHBACK: 1957. Scoboli, 33, STANDS before a WASP JUDGE.

JUDGE

(sternly)

You're what's wrong with America...

SCOBOLI

(interrupting)

Your honor...

JUDGE

(cutting off)

Think your kind can rule the world?

SCOBOLI

I didn't kill him! I've never
killed no one!

JUDGE

When will you people ever learn?
Do you have anything to say?

Scoboli starts to LOSE composure.

SCOBOLI

You're violating my fucking
rights!

JUDGE

(disgusted)

Take him out of here!

Two BAILIFFS GRAB Scoboli.