

MAFIA DOGS

written by

Phil Clarke Jr. and Sonja Michele Whittle

[doglebe@yahoo.com](mailto:doglebe@yahoo.com)

EXT. BATTERY PARK - MORNING

People in business attire rush to and fro. Unnoticed, the Dobermans climb out from under benches. They stretch, showing signs of aches and pains.

DANTE

Not the most comfortable place I  
ever slept. What's the plan, boss?

BELLADONNA

Find the puppy. We don't go home  
without him.

She sniffs the air. Desperate for clues, Costello walks around sniffing the concrete. He looks up at a light post, eyes widening.

COSTELLO

Uh, Belladonna...?

She looks at him from a short distance away, annoyed.

BELLADONNA

Do you see him?

COSTELLO

I think so.

Costello stares at the light post.

INSERT - SIGN ON LIGHT POST

DOG FOUND POSTER. On it is a photo of Tango, held up by a pair of hands.

COSTELLO (O.S.)

He looks taller, though.

BACK TO SCENE

Dante steps over and looks at the poster.

DANTE

You idiot. He looks taller because  
someone was holding him up when  
they took the picture.

Dante rips the poster down with his teeth and places it on the ground. Belladonna approaches. The three stand over it.

BELLADONNA  
Can you read it?

DANTE  
What do I look like? A Boston  
Terrier?

Belladonna and Costello look at him, confused.

DANTE  
Why else would humans want one?

A gust of wind picks up the poster. The Dobermans chase after it as it swirls away.

RALPHIE, a pigeon, sits on the railing by the water. The poster SLAPS against his chest. He looks at it, surprised.

RALPHIE  
Whoa! Hey! Suddenly I'm a  
corkboard now?

The Dobermans run up to Ralphie.

BELLADONNA  
Alright, pigeon. Give us the  
poster and you can keep your  
feathers.

RALPHIE  
Oh! I'm so frightened!

He raises a feather over his faces, swoons, and falls off the railing, presumably into the harbor. The Dobermans rush to the railing, sticking their heads through the bars.

COSTELLO  
Now what?

Ralphie flies up and lands on a railing a few feet away, holding the poster in one claw.

RALPHIE  
Now you stop threatening ol'  
Ralphie. Capisce?

Belladonna and Dante pull their heads back in.

BELLADONNA  
We need that paper, pigeon.

RALPHIE

What you need is to calm down, Red.  
Otherwise your precious paper lines  
my girlfriend's cage in Paramus.

Costello frees his head after several tries. Ralphie holds  
the poster up by the tips of his wings.

RALPHIE

Let's see... 'Dog found -- '

DANTE

-- You can read?

RALPHIE

What? You can't?

They stare at each other. He returns to the paper.

RALPHIE

'Small white fluffy dog found in  
Battery Park area. If yours,  
please call...'

BELLADONNA

That's it?

RALPHIE

It comes with a phone number, but I  
don't read numbers too good.

DANTE

You can't read numbers?

RALPHIE

You gonna be making a call if I do?

Dante bears teeth. Ralphie holds a wing up to his face.

RALPHIE

Talk to the wing, fleabag. You  
guys need all of Ralphie's help  
that you can get.

The three look at him. He looks back in a condescending way.

RALPHIE

'Why do we fleabags need Ralphie's  
help?' You ask. Ol' Ralphie will  
tell you. First of, I got friends.  
Eyes and ears everywhere.

Ralphie jumps off the railing and lands in front of them.

RALPHIE

Second, we're smart. Did you ever look at a pigeon up close? Look in his eyes?

Ralphie taps a wing tip against his head, staring at her. His big eyes seem brimming with intelligence.

RALPHIE

We're thinking. Constantly.

He waddles around the three.

RALPHIE

Third. We network like you can't imagine. And our networking is why we're so respected.

DANTE

You're respected?

RALPHIE

Why else would the humans makes all these statues for us to perch on?

He turns to Belladonna.

RALPHIE

We pigeons can help you's, but you's gotta help us.

BELLADONNA

What do you want?

Ralphie smiles slyly at her.