

The Sicilian Clans

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EXT. SICILIAN ESTATE, COURTYARD-DAY

A large wedding is taking place. The dance floor is in full swing, wedding members of all ages dancing to Italian rap music. A FULL BAND and a RAPPER are playing a popular tune.

OLIVIA, the bride, a 19 year old dark haired Sicilian beauty is dancing with an 11 year old boy.

ANGLE TO:

The BANQUET TABLE, where all sorts of dishes are laid out in force. There is a large ice sculpture of the VITALONE family crest. The center piece is an eight story wedding cake. GUESTS are serving themselves and socializing. BRUNO, a middle aged bodyguard, a .38 Special hanging visibly from a shoulder holster under his blazer, is serving lasagna to a young girl. BRUNO looks up and checks on his PADRONE.

ANGLE TO:

DON MARCO VITALONE, a benevolent, regal man in his late fifties, is sitting and watching the guests dance and enjoying himself. DON MARCO is flanked by ANTONIO, a bodyguard in his twenties and ENZO, a bodyguard in his late thirties.

ENZO looks over and watches ASSASSIN #1, a tall, thin man in his twenties go into the large, ornate estate house. ENZO turns his attention elsewhere.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE

The reception area is very ornate, probably built somewhere in the nineteenth century. ASSASSIN #1 walks past some guests. He opens a door in the hallway and goes inside.

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom is very simple. It adjoins the maids' quarters. ASSASSIN #1 comes in. He walks across the bathroom to the other door and opens it.

INT. MAIDS' ROOM

ASSASSIN #1 comes in. This is an occupied maid's room, but now it is empty. ASSASSIN #1 closes the door behind him and with measured steps walks across the floor, so as to not cause any floorboards to creak. He approaches the dresser and opens the bottom drawer and reaches in the back. He pulls out a fully load Mac-10.

ASSASSIN #1 wipes the sweat off his brow.

EXT. COURTYARD-SAME

OLIVIA continues to dance with her young partner. The music stops and everyone applauds. The RAPPER says a few words and gets off stage, TRADITIONAL MUSIC begins. OLIVIA goes over to the banquet table and takes a sip of cola and kisses the groom, VITTORIO, a 20 year old with movie star looks. A young man, 13, approach OLIVIA.

BOY (SICILIAN)
May I have this dance?

OLIVIA looks over to VITTORIO.

OLIVIA
(to VITTORIO)
You think I should?

VITTORIO
I don't know. (to BOY) Can I trust you?
You tryin' to steal my girl?

The BOY shakes his head vigorously. VITTORIO stares into the BOY's EYES.

VITTORIO (CONT'D)
Alright.

VITTORIO grins and musses the BOY's hair. The BOY and OLIVIA get out on the dance floor and dance a waltz.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE-UPPER FLOOR

ASSASSIN #2, a muscular man in his early twenties comes up the some stairs. He stops at the landing. He looks down onto the landing below. Some guests go by, drunk, loud on the landing below. He gives it a few seconds. Some kids play tag on a landing below. They disappear into one of the rooms.

ASSASSIN #2 reaches up and pulls down an ATTIC STAIRCASE. An UZI drops from the staircase. ASSASSIN #2 catches it mid-air. He squashes an expletive.

EXT. COURTYARD-SAME

OLIVIA and the BOY are dancing a waltz. OLIVIA helps the boy lead.

A little past OLIVIA, in the background, ASSASSIN #3, a ferret-looking young man in his twenties smoking a cigarette, wanders over to the gift table and opens a box. Inside the box is an UZI. ASSASSIN #3 ducks behind the table and puts the gun in his jacket and ties his shoe. He comes back up as if nothing happened.

ANGLE TO:

VITTORIO dances with DONNA ANNA, an elderly woman who is VITTORIO's great aunt.

DON MARCO
(to VITTORIO)
Be careful Vittorio!

VITTORIO
It's OK, papa.

DON MARCO
(To ENZO)
He's had too much to drink(to VITTORIO)
Hey, careful!

VITTORIO shakes his head and hands, i.e."It's OK."

DON MARCO watches VITTORIO dance around DONNA ANNA. DON MARCO watches at his OLIVIA dance with the young man. ASSASSIN #3 catches his eye. ASSASSIN #3 puts a cigarette out on the sole of his shoe.

While his head is down, ASSASSIN #3 shoots a look across the dance floor over to ASSASSIN #1, who is dallying to the side, trying to look inconspicuous.

ANGLE TO:

ASSASSIN #1 nods at ASSASSIN #3. ASSASSIN #1 shoots a look towards the ESTATE HOUSE ENTRANCE over to ASSASSIN #2, who is coming from the house and is rejoining the party.

ASSASSIN #2 nods at ASSASSIN #1. ASSASSIN #1 looks over and nods at ASSASSIN #3.

ASSASSIN #3 signals ASSASSIN #1 by flashing two fingers, twice in rapid succession while the thumb of his signaling hand is hooked into his waist band.

ASSASSIN #1 gives the same signal to ASSASSIN #3, who acknowledges with an almost imperceptible nod.

DON MARCO looks over at the banquet table at BRUNO.

ANGLE TO:

BRUNO catches DON MARCO's LOOK. BRUNO comes over.

ANGLE TO:

DON MARCO taps ANTONIO on the hand and nods over to ASSASSIN #3.

ANTONIO marches across the dance floor towards ASSASSIN #3.

ENZO leans into DON MARCO.

ENZO
(to MARCO)
What's wrong?

DON MARCO
Keep your eyes peeled.

BRUNO arrives at MARCO's side.

BRUNO
(to MARCO)
What's up?

DON MARCO nods over to ASSASSIN #1, who is keenly watching ANTONIO approach ASSASSIN #3.

DON MARCO then nods over to ASSASSIN #2.

DON MARCO
And this one, too.

ANGLE TO:

ASSASSIN #2. ANTONIO approaches.

ANTONIO
(to ASSASSIN #2)
How ya doin?

ASSASSIN #2
OK, how you doin?

ANTONIO sees what looks like something tucked inside ASSASSIN #2's jacket.

ANTONIO
What's that?

ANTONIO reaches for ASSASSIN #2. ASSASSIN #2 snaps back and pulls out the UZI from his waistband and shoots ANTONIO. ANTONIO falls to the ground. ASSASSIN #2 opens fire towards DON MARCO, hitting some party guests on the dance floor.

BRUNO throws DON MARCO to the ground and covers him.

VITTORIO gets on top of DONNA ANNA on the dance floor, covering her.

BRUNO
Everybody down! Down! Everybody down!

The wedding party all lie down. BRUNO pulls his .38 and shoots towards ASSASSIN #2. ASSASSIN #2 has taken cover behind the gift table.

ASSASSIN #1, from behind another table, fires at BRUNO.

ANGLE TO:

BRUNO is hit by ASSASSIN #1's bullets, and is killed. DON MARCO grabs BRUNO's pistol and fires at ASSASSIN #1. ASSASSIN #1 runs and takes cover behind a large urn.

Guests run for the exit gate. The guests reach the exit gate. It is locked. GUESTS scream that they have locked the gates. The wedding members bang on it, some try to climb the wall.

Some wedding members head for the house and get inside.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE-SAME

GUESTS rush inside and take cover. Three VITALONE SOLDIERS rush towards the basement door, fling it open and rush down the steps.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

The three VITALONE SOLDIERS open a GUN LOCKER and grab automatic weapons. They load the rifles. Gunshots are booming from outside.

The men run up the basement stairs.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

A VITALONE SOLDIERS punch holes in the windows with their rifle butts. They shoot at ASSASSIN #3

ASSASSIN #3 is hit in the neck and falls over.

OLIVIA sees that ASSASSIN #3 has been shot. She takes the BOY by the hand, gets up from the dance floor and makes a break for it towards the house. ASSASSIN #1 sees her and fires at her, hitting her in the back, killing her. The BOY is thrown to the side.

VITTORIO

Nooo!!!!

DON MARCO fires at ASSASSIN #1, missing him. ENZO grabs at DON MARCO's hand and tries to pull him out from under BRUNO.

ENZO

Don Marco, let's get out of here!

DON MARCO

I won't leave my family! I won't!

ENZO

Don Marco, please!

DON MARCO

No!

ENZO

(in tears)

Goddammit, you stubborn old man!

ENZO takes out a switchblade and plunges it into DON MARCO's belly, pulling upwards.

DON MARCO stares into ENZO's eyes, growling. DON MARCO dies. ENZO is in tears.

ASSASSIN #1

Enzo, come!

ENZO, ASSASSIN #1 and ASSASSIN #2 come out from their cover and form a hasty three-point phalanx, covering the area with their guns. They shoot in the air and at the house while heading for the gates.

The GATES are opened from the outside by some ENFORCERS. The TRIO rushes outside to waiting SUV's.

INT. ESTATE-SAME

One SOLDIER peeks above the window sill. He sees that the TRIO has headed outside to waiting vehicles. ENFORCERS fire at the house. The SOLDIER ducks.

EXT. SICILIAN ESTATE-DAY

The TRIO runs towards the first SUV. ENZO is lagging behind, in shock, looking back at the estate. The first two get into the SUV.

ASSASSIN #1 (TO ENZO)

C'mon, asshole!

ENZO turns and looks at the escape truck.

ASSASSIN #1 (CONT'D)

C'mon!

ENZO doesn't respond. ASSASSIN #1 shoots him. ENZO falls over, dead. ASSASSIN #2 closes the door and the SUV peels out.

ENFORCERS give some more cover towards the estate and then pile into the second SUV and peel out.

MEN from the WEDDING PARTY come rushing to the gates and see the dust from the escaping SUVs rising. They shoot in vain at the escaping vehicles. Two men run after the SUVs on the dirt road, shooting at them.

INT. SICILIAN ESTATE, COURTYARD-DAY

VITTORIO cradles the dead OLIVIA in his arms, crying uncontrollably.

DON MARCO lays dead. DONNA ANNA cradles his corpse, screaming for revenge.

Members of the wedding get up and tend to each other, the wounded and the dead.

OLIVIA's first dance partner, the eleven year old boy, sits shivering, grinding his teeth.

INT. CELLAR, ESTATE, DAY.

TWO DOZEN of VITALONE's MEN are gearing up. They take AUTOMATIC WEAPONS from the rows and rows of gun racks in the cellar. They load and check their weapons. VITTORIO, half-mad with rage and grief, takes an AK-47 from the rack. MASSIMO, a short, black-haired man in his early fifties grabs VITTORIO's ARM.

MASSIMO

Vittorio, no.

VITTORIO

Fuck you!

VITTORIO yanks himself away and heads for the stairs.

MASSIMO

Vittorio!

No use. MASSIMO gets a gun and some clips.

EXT. SICILIAN ESTATE-DAY

The VITALONE MEN pile into SUV's and JEEPS. They pull out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD-DAY

The JEEPS and SUVs are hauling up the road.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS-DAY

A RONDONE MAN sees a flurry of dust kicking up in the distance. He gets binoculars for a better look. Another RONDONE MAN readies an M-60 machine gun.

The RONDONE MAN sees the approaching VITALONE JEEPS and SUVs.

RONDONE MAN
Here they come. Five vehicles.

A SECOND RONDONE MAN gets on the radio.

2ND RONDONE MAN
Five vehicles coming up the road.

EXT. ROCKS, MOUNTAIN SIDE-DAY

FIVE RONDONE MEN lay waiting in ambush. ONE ENFORCER is on the radio.

RONDONE MAN
OK.

EXT. ROAD.

The VITALONE JEEPS and SUVs are tearing up the road, coming towards the mountain pass.

EXT. ROCKS, MOUNTAIN SIDE.

A RONDONE MAN has his hand on CLAYMORE triggers. Another RONDONE MAN peers through binoculars, waiting with the signal. He sees the JEEPS and the SUVs approach GROUND ZERO.

ANGLE TO:

ROAD.

The VITALONE POSSE is at ground zero.

EXT. ROCKS, MOUNTAIN SIDE-DAY

The RONDONE MAN gives the signal. The 2nd RONDONE MAN squeezes the triggers.

EXT. ROAD

CLAYMORE charges explode and take out two VITALONE vehicles, one JEEP and one SUV. Both are thrown into the air. TWO other vehicles drive off the road. The fifth crashes into the carcass of the vehicle in front of him.

FROM all sides, RONDONE MEN shoot at the VITALONE vehicles, killing the VITALONE MEN trapped in their seats.

INT. VITALONE SUV

The VITALONE MEN get shot to pieces.

EXT. ROCKS, MOUNTAIN SIDE

A RONDONE MAN pumps rounds from an M-60 into the vehicles.

INT. VITALONE SUV

Rounds from the RONDONE guns tear up the passengers. MASSIMO, sitting in the back seat, takes shots to the head and body. VITTORIO ducks onto the floorboards, pulling dead and dying men over him.

EXT. ROAD.

A few brave VITALONE MEN get a few shots off coming out of the vehicles before they are killed.

One VITALONE MAN pops up from behind a ruined dashboard and pops off a few rounds at the M-60 gunner before he is shot by the RONDONE men.

A VITALONE man slips away and runs towards the hills. A RONDONE MAN takes a combat kneel and shoots the escapee in the back. The VITALONE man falls over, dead.

Silence. The smoke begins to clear.

RONDONE MEN carefully approach the vehicles.

INT. VITALONE SUV

The passenger door is opened. The RONDONE men see only dead bodies. The RONDONE MEN spray a few rounds into the heap of bodies for good measure.

A RONDONE man pulls a VITALONE man off VITTORIO. VITTORIO is playing dead. The RONDONE man kneels and grabs VITTORIO. Eyes closed, VITTORIO shoves a Baretta into the RONDONE MAN's gut. VITTORIO's EYES open. The RONDONE man does not move. VITTORIO gets up. He gets out of the SUV and quickly maneuvers behind the RONDONE MAN, holding the pistol to his head.

Guns are raised all around. VITTORIO walks slowly with his hostage. A RONDONE man whispers to another.

RONDONE MAN
That's the son, Vittorio.

A RONDONE man shoots VITTORIO's HOSTAGE. The HOSTAGE falls over, dead. VITTORIO is shocked. A RONDONE man clubs VITTORIO in the head with a rifle butt from behind. VITTORIO falls over.

EXT. BARN and PIG STY-DAY
The sound of hungry pigs is parsed by screaming coming from inside the barn.

INT. BARN-same
VITTORIO, unconscious, beaten, tortured and bloody, is dragged into the center of the barn by two men and a ONE-EYED ENFORCER, a stout man in his fifties, following behind them. VITTORIO is tied to a chair.

One of the men throws a pail-full of water on the unconscious VITTORIO. VITTORIO wakes up.

SALVATORE RONDONE aka "Little Bastard" comes out of the shadows. He is a plain, stocky man in his late fifties whose eyes reveal nothing but a sociopathic contentment.

VITTORIO
Wh-wh-what are you going to do to me?

RONDONE walks around, looking at the farm implements hanging on the walls. RONDONE picks up a small axe.

RONDONE
It's been whispered from Trapani to Agrigento that your father calls me the driver, the chauffeur. (RONDONE shakes his head) That's no way to talk.

RONDONE inspects the blade. Too blunt. RONDONE casts it aside. RONDONE continues looking.

VITTORIO

I don't know what you are talking about!

RONDONE picks up a rusty machete. He handles it. It wooshes.

RONDONE

This was not something I wanted to do, I loved your father more than anyone, but without order, chaos. Chaos is not good. Order is good. Chaos, no. (to enforcer)
Put his forearm on the chopping block.

The ENFORCER puts VITTORIO's FORE ARM on the chopping block. VITTORIO resists, but cannot put up much of a fight.

RONDONE (CONT'D)

Tie him off. I want him to see this.

The ENFORCER ties off VITTORIO's arm.

VITTORIO

How long do you think you are going to last before someone gets you? Huh? And what they're going to do to you?

VITTORIO spits in RONDONE's general direction.

VITTORIO (CONT'D)

There won't be that much left of you.

RONDONE steps back, swings the machete and chops off VITTORIO's HEAD.

An ENFORCER in the corner throws up. RONDONE signals to ONE-EYE to hand him a pistol. He approaches the vomiting ENFORCER. The ENFORCER looks up. RONDONE shoots him in the head. The ENFORCER falls over, dead. RONDONE shoots him in the back of the head.

RONDONE picks up VITTORIO's HEAD and approaches the sty.

EXT. BARN-same

RONDONE throws the SEVERED HEAD to the pigs. The pigs fight over it.

EXT. BARN, SICILY-DAY

RONDONE comes out and motions to one of the men. An ENFORCER comes forward with a pail of water.

RONDONE splashes water on his face. He takes a ladle full of water and drinks heartily, gulping as he goes. Water runs down the sides of his mouth and over his chin.

An ENFORCER hands RONDONE a clean handkerchief. RONDONE wipes his face and sits down on a stool. He looks out over the wheat fields, at the wheat waving in the wind.

RONDONE (TO SELF)

Bello...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOUNDRY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI-NIGHT

The foundry is running full speed. The pouring steel and the sparks cast an amber glow.

A black luxury car with two men inside pulls up.

Two men, PAOLO ATRIA and ALDO FOX get out of the car. PAOLO ATRIA is a stern Italian American man in his middle fifties. ALDO FOX is a puggish Italian American man in his middle forties. They scan the surroundings as they rush into the foundry.

INT. FOUNDRY-same

The FOUNDRY FLOOR is in full swing. Machines are pounding out red hot T-bars and I-bars. ATRIA and FOX make their way from the foundry floor to a staircase that leads below the factory. They walk hastily, and not a word is spoken between them.

INT. BRICK TUNNEL

ATRIA and FOX hastily walk down the tunnel. They turn a corner and come to an underground waterway juncture. The water rushes by, the place impossible to wiretap.

There are fifteen men present, most of them with guns and automatic rifles. They are stony and silent. VINCENT FIORE,

a handsome man in his early thirties is pacing, waiting. He is dressed in a sweater without a button-down shirt underneath, a pair of slacks and loafers with no socks. His wavy black hair has been hastily combed. He has been pulled out of bed.

ATRIA and FOX come in.

ATRIA

Don Vincenzo.

FOX

Don Vincenzo.

VINCENT nods at them.

VINCENT

OK everybody, listen up. Our friend from the other side is dead. Some guys got in and they shot up his son's wedding. They shot everyone. They even shot the bride.

Shock from the men.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We got a tip that they might be coming after us. We need to take care of it right away. We're not really sure what kind of setback this will be in our plans, but we need to play it safe. We also need to make sure no one tips off Uncle Mikey.

Stony silence from the men. VINCENT walks up to an enforcer and straightens his tie, looking at him in the eyes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Let's get three teams at the airport, on the look out for zips, and anyone suspicious. Be on the lookout for Russians and Chinese traveling in pairs or threes who look like they've done time. Ritchie, you and your guys cover customs.

RITCHIE, a tall enforcer in his forties nods.

VINCENT (TO ATRIA) (CONT'D)
Paulie, take arrival.

ATRIA nods.

VINCENT (TO FOX) (CONT'D)
Aldo, cover car rental.

FOX
You got it, boss.

VINCENT
And everyone check in with your stoolies. Watch everything and everybody. Check in with your boss every hour. Bosses, check in with me every four hours. Capice?

All agree.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Alright, guys.

Everyone leaves. ATRIA approaches VINCENT.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Rondone...

ATRIA
Must've infiltrated Marco's security.

VINCENT
Do they know about us?

ATRIA
I dunno.

VINCENT (INSISTENT)
Do they know about us?

ATRIA
I don't know, Vinnie.

VINCENT takes a deep breath.

VINCENT
Alright.

ATRIA pats him on the back. He leaves.

VINCENT, alone, looks at the water rushing past. He slams his hand into the guard rail.

INT. BAR-MORNING

JAMES FRATELLO, a dignified Italian man in his late fifties, is standing in the window of the bar, waiting. A worker is sweeping up behind him, otherwise it is empty.

VINCENT parks his car fifty feet from the coffee shop. He comes towards the coffee shop, looking around for danger before he goes inside. He comes inside.

VINCENT

Jimmy...

FRATELLO

Vincenzo, come in.

FRATELLO turns to the worker.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

(to Worker, Italian)

Roberto, go help paint the warehouse.

ROBERTO

OK, boss.

ROBERTO puts his broom aside and leaves through the front door. The two remaining men embrace.

VINCENT

What's the news?

FRATELLO

Nothing, nothing all up and down the coast.

VINCENT turns around and JIMMY takes his coat.

VINCENT

You sure?

JIMMY hangs VINCENT's coat up on a hanger.

FRATELLO

Not a word. Massimo, the consilgeri, and Bruno the bodyguard were the only ones who knew, and they are dead.

VINCENT howls a sigh of relief, leans over and takes deep measured breaths.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

C'mon, kid, you need a drink. Sit down over there.

VINCENT takes a seat in one of the booths. FRATELLO goes behind the bar and fetches some Grappa and two glasses.

VINCENT

They say why Rondone pulled this thing?

FRATELLO

No one knows. It could've been little, it could've been big, either way no one is saying anything, so whatever reason Rondone had for doing what he did, it worked.

VINCENT combs his fingers through his hair, still catching his breath. FRATELLO sets down the two glasses of Grappa. VINCENT takes the glass. FRATELLO raises his glass.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

Don Marco.

VINCENT

Marco.

They drink.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

VINCENT'S PENTHOUSE is tastefully furnished with a dash of Italian flair.

VINCENT is staring out of his large bay window at the twinkling lights of Kansas City below. He just saw the deal of a lifetime slip out of his hands.

LILIANA (LILY) FIORE, VINCENT'S wife, a beautiful, short haired woman in her late twenties with ice blue eyes comes into the living room.

LILY

Dinner's ready.

VINCENT'S spell is broken.

They both go to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

VINCENT sits down. LILY puts a pasta bowl in front of him. He nods at her. She sits down. LILY eats. VINCENT plays with his food.

LILY

Que cosa?

VINCENT takes a deep breath.

VINCENT

That thing didn't happen.

They look at each other. LILY nods. VINCENT stares at his food, not eating. LILY eats quietly.

INT. LIVING ROOM-LATER

The Cure's "Lullaby" is blasting through the apartment. VINCENT is sitting at his desk and LILY is sitting on his lap. They are typing on the computer. All following dialogue is what they are typing to each other.

VINCENT

"Jimmy says I should wait until someone kills Rondone."

LILY

"That could be a disaster. Mikey is on to you. He knows that you have it in your mind to get rid of him. It's just a matter of time before Paulie or one of the others rats you out to him, either inadvertently or on purpose."

VINCENT

"What should I do?"

LILY

"Daddy's coin carries a lot of weight over there. Find another padrone to back you up."

VINCENT

"You think?"

LILY

"There has to be one over there. I can't help but think that eventually you are going to have to kill Rondone."

Pause.

VINCENT

"You're right. I don't think that there is a way around it."

LILY

"Wait until the time is right."

VINCENT nods.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

LILY is sleeping. VINCENT is wide awake. He gets out of bed and wraps a blanket around him and walks to...

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT comes to the large bay window again, staring at the lights of the city. He can't put his mind to rest.

EXT. CEMETARY-DAY

SERVICES are being held. There are large contingents of relatives, mostly Italians. There are some government people, a few police dressed in their dress blues. At the center of it is the US Attorney for the Southern District of Missouri, JOHN BLACK, a balding, hawkish Mediterranean man, 40 years old.

Flanking BLACK are his ex-wife MARY, a handsome red-haired woman in her late thirties, and their son JOSEPH, an eight year old boy who is a little unsure of how to feel among all the matrons, police and government people. He sticks close to his dad.

The PRIEST performs the benediction while the coffin is lowered into the ground.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

The entire BLACK family and it's extended family and friends are assembled. There are relatives from both Italy and Spain there. PALOMA, BLACK's mother sits in the center

being flanked by both her other sons, both men in their thirties.

BLACK is milling about, greeting mourners. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR approaches with a small decorative envelope.

DIRECTOR

This came for you, Mr. District Attorney.

BLACK

Thank you.

BLACK opens the envelope and reads.

VINCENT (VO)

Dear John, My sympathies to you and your family at this difficult time. Vincent.

BLACK folds the note and puts it in his pocket, trying to not look uncomfortable. Some mourners come and greet him.

EXT. PARK-DAY

VICTOR KAYSEN, a burly man in his late fifties is feeding pigeons. He coos at them as he throws them bread. BLACK comes over and sits down about a foot away on the same bench.

BLACK

Hi, Victor.

KAYSEN

Hey counselor, glad you could make it.

BLACK

Make it quick.

KAYSEN

OK, let your Campana family sting die on the vine.

BLACK

I don't take orders from you or anyone you represent, Victor.

KAYSEN

I am coming to you as a friend, John.
Please, take my advice, or you will get
seriously hurt.

BLACK
You know better than to threaten me,
Victor.

KAYSEN
It's not a threat, it's an option. We
know who your biological father is,
John.

BLACK freezes.

BLACK
Yeah. Vincenzo Fiore Senior. That makes
Vincent Fiore your half-brother. You
lied under oath at the confirmation
hearing.

BLACK looks into the distance, unmoving.

KAYSEN
John, do this favor for us, and this
will all go away, I promise you that.

KAYSEN gets up.

KAYSEN (CONT'D)
You'll find that having friends like me
is not such a bad thing. Have as good
day.

KAYSEN leaves. BLACK puts his head in his hands.

EXT. FALCONE AIRPORT-DAY

A 747 touches down on the runway.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-DAY

LILY and VINCENT get into a cab.

INT. CAB-SAME

VINCENT
(Italian)

To the Montecalba hotel, please! My
wife's having a baby!

LILY shrieks with delight. The DRIVER looks into the rear-
view mirror and shakes his head. The TAXI pulls out.

EXT. MONTE ALBA HOTEL-DAY

The taxi pulls up and LILY and VINCENT get out and go
inside the hotel. The DRIVER carries their luggage.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

LILY flings open the drapes and is dumbfounded by the view
of Palermo.

VINCENT
So, what do you think?

LILY
I love it! I love it! I love it!

LILY runs and flings herself on top of VINCENT, throwing
both of them onto the bed.

She smothers him with kisses.

LILY begins to rip off her clothes.

VINCENT
Don't you want to get something to eat
first?

LILY
No.

They continue making love. They roll around on the bed and
hit the night stand, knocking over a lamp.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

A light tapping comes on the door. VINCENT gets up in a
flash. He is fully dressed. He answers the door. Two
ENFORCERS are waiting. One nods at VINCENT. All three
quietly leave.

Once the door closes, LILY gets up, goes to the balcony and
peers out. She sees the four men walk into an alley behind
the hotel.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

VINCENT climbs into the trunk of a waiting car. The trunk is closed and the car speeds off.

EXT. PALERMO STREETS-NIGHT.

The car zig-zags through the streets, losing any tails.

EXT. COUNRTY SIDE-NIGHT

The car comes to a stop and an ENFORCER gets out and opens the trunk. VINCENT climbs out and gets into the back seat.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

An ENFORCER takes out a BLACK HOOD.

ENFORCER (SICILIAN)
Sorry about this.

VINCENT
(Sicilian)
It's OK.

The ENFORCER puts the hood over VINCENT's head. They drive.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE-NIGHT

The car speeds into the night.

EXT. SICILIAN ESTATE-NIGHT

The car pulls up to a gate. There are men everywhere with automatic rifles. Some have night scopes fitted. The gate is opened and the car is let through.

EXT. SICILIAN ESTATE, COURTYARD-NIGHT

The car pulls in and VINCENT is let out. He and the ENFORCERS go inside.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY-NIGHT

VINCENT is escorted by enforcers through a high-ceilinged hallway. All the furniture and art which is from the late Nineteenth Century, and very little of it has changed since the estate was built. VINCENT can't help but stare at the

hand-woven picturesque wall hangings which date back from medieval times.

INT. MANSION STAIRCASE-NIGHT.

The staircase is ancient and ornamental, done in marble and fine ironwork. VINCENT and the ENFORCERS walk up the staircase to a set of double doors. One ENFORCER taps lightly on the door.

VOICE (O.S., ITALIAN)

Come in.

The ENFORCER opens the door. VINCENT goes inside. It is a palatial office, a room in which a lot of history has been made.

Rising behind the massive oak desk is DON NINO BIAGI, a balding white haired man with glasses in his mid-Sixties, with more the appearance and bearing of a statesman than a mafia chieftain.

ENFORCER (ITALIAN)

Don Nino, may I present Senore Vincenzo Fiore.

DON NINO stands up and the two men approach each other.

DON NINO (ITALIAN)

Ahh, Senore Fiore. Come in.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

Don Nino, I salute you, all my respect.

VINCENT shakes DON NINO's hand.

DON NINO

Sit.

DON NINO points to a pair of plush chairs. VINCENT and he sit.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

I am so sorry about the precautions.

VINCENT

I understand, I understand.

DON NINO

Drink?

VINCENT

Si.

NINO nods at the enforcer who pours a liquer.

DON NINO

Your flight was good?

VINCENT catches on immediately that the idle chit-chat is for the ENFORCERS ears.

VINCENT

Si. My wife and I don't get out of the United States too much. The last time was on our honeymoon ten years ago. My work takes up a lot of time.

The ENFORCER comes over with the drink and hands it to VINCENT.

VINCENT (CONT'D, TO ENFORCER) (CONT'D)

Grazie.

NINO indicates that the ENFORCER should leave.

DON NINO

Well, I'm very happy that we finally met. I hear so many nice things about your music school.

The ENFORCER leaves. The tone changes.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

My God, you look exactly like your old man.

VINCENT smiles and nods.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

So tell me, does Jimmy Fratello still cry at the movies?

VINCENT chuckles.

VINCENT

Yes, yes, he does.

DON NINO

So, how can I be of service to you, Mr. Fiore?

VINCENT

Don Nino, The Campana family wants to invest in the immigration business.

DON NINO nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Two million to start.

DON NINO

OK.

VINCENT

If things go well, I launder the profits through my banks and private entities in Kansas City.

DON NINO nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We already have a system in place that will make the transactions virtually untraceable.

DON NINO

How so?

VINCENT

Computer systems that I have a team of developers working on. All transactions untraceable. Nothing's on paper, just like the old days. The Finance Police will no longer be a problem, and as far as Interpol, well, in the United States, we don't like foreigners in our affairs.

DON NINO

You are offering a safe haven?

VINCENT

I am. From everyone. From the police, the government, the European Union and Salvatore Rondone.

Pause.

DON NINO

They say that you are the one man who is keeping what is left of the Campana family afloat. The boss behind the boss.

VINCENT

Barese is still the boss.

DON NINO

So you come as Michael Barese's messenger? Or do you come alone?

VINCENT

I come alone.

Pause.

DON NINO

Very well. I will think about your offer, and I will have an answer for you in the morning. Good?

DON NINO stands. VINCENT stands. They shake hands.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

In the meantime you are welcome to stay the night in the guest suite.

VINCENT

Grazie, Don Nino, grazie.

INT. BLACK'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK is reading through a stack of files and surveillance transcripts, and mugshots of mobsters from the Seventies, Eighties and Nineties.

DENNIS, BLACK'S ASSISTANT, a young man in his mid-twenties, pokes his head in.

DENNIS

Sir?

BLACK

Yeah?

DENNIS

The FBI just sent us a red flag.

DENNIS closes the door.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Vincent Fiore is in Sicily.

BLACK

Right now?

DENNIS

He and his wife.

BLACK

Any reason why?

DENNIS

They're still trying to figure it out.

BLACK

This is the first time he's gone there?

DENNIS

According to his file, this is the first time he or Lily has left the U.S.

BLACK

They might be taking a belated honeymoon, or something.

Slight pause.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Find out who the leading prosecutor in Sicily is, and bring me a report.

DENNIS smiles.

DENNIS

Right away, sir.

DENNIS leaves. BLACK drums his fingers on his desk.

INT. MICROFICHE LIBRARY, ITALIAN EMBASSY

BLACK is running back issues of *Journala Sicilia*, reading about murders and other mafia activities.

A young INTERN is replacing files. The INTERN is smoking a cigarette.

BLACK

Scusi.

The INTERN nods at BLACK.

BLACK (ITALIAN) (CONT'D)

Who would you say is the biggest crime boss in Sicily right now?

INTERN (ITALIAN)

Rondone.

BLACK

Que?

INTERN (NONCHALANT)

Salvatore Rondone. The Little Bastard.

BLACK

Grazie.

The INTERN goes back to his work.

INT. BLACK'S OFFICE-EVENING.

BLACK is pacing, reading a file, one form on top of his desk, which is stacked with even more files than before.

DENNIS comes in with an arm load.

DENNIS

And that is the last of it.

DENNIS puts the files on the desk.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Whew, these Italians sure love paperwork.

BLACK

It's a national disease.

DENNIS

Oh, and I have that other thing for you.

DENNIS pulls out a file from the stack and hands it to BLACK. BLACK opens the file. Attached to his bio is a photo of JUDGE AUGUSTINO ASSISI, a benevolent-looking man in his early Sixties.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

His name is Augustino Assisi, he's a judge in Palermo. He seems to be our guy.

BLACK

How so?

DENNIS

After Falcone and Borsellino were killed, he took up the mantle. He advised Leoluca Orlando on how to fight the mafia. Orlando called him his greatest asset. Off the record, they called Orlando Assisi's Rubber stamp.

BLACK

Are you sure we can trust him?

DENNIS

Take a look at this.

DENNIS hands BLACK a file. BLACK opens it. In it are a series of pictures of SCORTA, smiling plainclothes cops with varying lengths of hair, posing with their rifles. Some are wearing shorts.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I did some other leg work. These anti-mafia guys are protected around the clock by bodyguards, *escorta*, *scorta* for short. These guys are some of the best cops in the world. Last year, Assisi's team lost seven to mafia guns.

BLACK

Jesus...

DENNIS

This year, four already. And there's still a waiting list of guys who want to work with him.

BLACK
Good work, Dennis.

DENNIS
Thank you, sir.

DENNIS leaves.

BLACK leafs through a series of 8x10' black and white police photos of killed politicians, murdered police officers and other victims of Mafia violence. BLACK swallows hard.

EXT. ORANGE GROVES-MORNING.

DON NINO walks up to VINCENT, who is being guarded by an ENFORCER.

DON NINO
Good morning, Mr. Fiore.

VINCENT
Good morning, Don Nino.

DON NINO
I trust that you slept well?

VINCENT
Yes, very well, thank you.

DON NINO
I apologize for not joining you at breakfast, but I had some matters that required my immediate attention. Let's go for a walk.

They walk. The ENFORCER strays behind. An INDIAN WORKER is picking oranges.

DON NINO (CONT'D)
These trees have been in my family for one hundred years. I grew up playing in these orchards with my brothers and sisters.

NINO picks an orange. He hands it to VINCENT.

VINCENT takes a bite. He nods.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

Good, eh?

VINCENT

Very.

Slight pause.

DON NINO

Vincenzo, I have given a lot of thought to your first proposal and I regret to say that my answer is no, reasons being too complicated to go into. Unfortunately, right now is too sensitive a time for such a thing.

VINCENT nods.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

But regarding your other problem, a man will be contacting you, an old friend named Ricardo Greca, from Naples. He'll give you everything you need.

VINCENT

Grazie, Don Nino.

DON NINO

Come, let me show you the grapefruit.

EXT. KANSAS CITY AIRPORT TERMINAL-DAY

FRATELLO drives up, parks and waits.

LILY and a MAN who looks a great deal like VINCENT, dressed in a silk suit, holding hands come out of the terminal. They hail a cab. They get in and drive off.

VINCENT, dressed in bohemian garb and carrying a large backpack comes out a few seconds later and climbs into the FRATELLO's car.

FRATELLO

Good trip?

VINCENT

Yeah, it was good.

They pull out.

INT. MOVING CAR-DAY

FRATELLO
You have good news and bad news.

VINCENT
Don Nino said no to the money-

FRATELLO nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
But a guy named Ricardo Greca is
helping us with our other problem.

FRATELLO does a double take.

FRATELLO
Ricardo Greca?

VINCENT
Yeah, why?

FRATELLO
Are you sure he said Ricardo Greca?

VINCENT
Yeah, from Naples, why?

FRATELLO
Madonn. Do you have any idea who he is?

VINCENT
No, who is he?

FRATELLO bangs the steering wheel with delight.

FRATELLO
Boy, Nino must've really taken a liking
to you.

FRATELLO takes VINCENT'S head and kisses him.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)
Ricardo Greca! Ha-heh! You know what
this means?

VINCENT
No, what?

FRATELLO

Nino's taking you out for a test drive.

EXT. FREEWAY

The CAR glides up the highway.

EXT. ROOFTOP-EARLY MORNING

RICARDO GRECA, a tall, limber, moustached Neapolitan man in his fifties peers through binoculars at the street below. A CADILLAC pulls up. GRECA puts down his binoculars and takes out a high-powered sniper rifle.

ANGLE TO:

CADILLAC.

MICHEAL BARESE, aka "Uncle Mikey" a short, intense, steely-eyed man in his late Fifties is helped out of the driver's side by TONY ANZIO, a bodyguard in his late twenties. LARRY, the other bodyguard, a man in his late thirties, scans the area.

ANGLE TO:

VAN PARKED A FEW YARDS AWAY.

VINCENT clad in coveralls, and two ENFORCERS, crouch down when MIKEY gets out of the car.

ANGLE TO:

CADILLAC.

MIKEY

Where the fuck is everybody?

ANGLE TO:

ROOFTOP.

GRECA has MIKEY in his cross hairs, but moves over to LARRY. GRECA fires.

ANGLE TO:

CADILLAC.

LARRY takes a clean head shot and falls over. MIKEY twirls around. TONY has a gun to MIKEY's face.

MIKEY

What the f-

TONY

Don't move, Mikey.

MIKEY

Ahh, what is this shit?

The VAN pulls up. The side door slides open. VINCENT is in the back, flanked by an ENFORCER with a pump action shotgun pointed at MIKEY. MIKEY sees VINCENT.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

What is this? A fucking joke?

TONY grabs MIKEY and throws him inside the VAN. VINCENT grabs MIKEY and the door is shut. The VAN pulls out.

TONY loads LARRY into the back of the trunk of the Cadillac. He takes out a pistol affixed with a silencer and pumps a few rounds into LARRY's CHEST. TONY walks over to the driver side, gets in, and starts it up. GRECA comes out from the building across the street, carrying a vase of colorful flowers. He gets into the CADILLAC.

INT. CADILLAC

GRECA gets inside. He puts the elaborate bouquet in the back.

TONY

What the fuck is that?

GRECA

(broken English)

So we don't get stopped by the police.

TONY laughs. They drive away.

INT. MOVING VAN-DAY

VINCENT finishes tying MIKEY's hands behind his back.

MIKEY

That's too tight, you fuck.

VINCENT sits opposite. He takes out a duct tape roll and undoes a measure.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Put that away. What do you think I am?

VINCENT
Fine, suit yourself.

VINCENT sits down.

MIKEY
So? What? You're gonna be the big boss now? Is that what's going on?

VINCENT shrugs.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Believe me, you can have it.

VINCENT
You knew this day was coming.

MIKEY
Yeah, I did. I had a feeling it was going to be you, Vincent.

VINCENT nods solemnly.

VINCENT
You're going out dignified, Mikey.

MIKEY nods.

EXT. MARSHES-LATE MORNING.

The VAN pulls up to the reeds. MIKEY, VINCENT and TONY get out. They lead MIKEY towards the water. MIKEY's knees buckle. VINCENT and TONY hold him up.

MIKEY takes a stab at walking upright but weaves, cries and blubbers. At the edge of the water, TONY throws MIKEY on his knees. VINCENT takes out a .22, makes the sign of the cross and shoots MIKEY in the back of the head. GRECA starts up the van. VINCENT shoots MIKEY again. VINCENT and TONY sprint back to the van. The van drives off.

EXT. UNCLE MIKEY'S HOME-NIGHT.

Police, FBI and other assorted government agents are crawling like ants over the front of the house, looking for evidence. Some men are up on the roof, trawling through rain gutters, some are digging up flower beds.

INT. UNCLE MIKEY'S STUDY-SAME

ANNA MARIA, MIKEY'S WIDOW, is crying in the hallway as investigators are combing through files and papers, finding nothing.

An INVESTIGATOR, TOM DOOLEY, a ferret of a man in his late thirties, opens a wall safe and looks inside. There are stacks and stacks of one hundred dollar bills in plastic inside the safe.

DOOLEY

We need a treasury guy in here.

An officer leaves to fetch the treasury cop. DOOLEY looks warily at the others operating in the room. He moves the stacks of money and finds TWO THICK LEDGERS and quickly and quietly puts them in his satchel. TWO TREASURY COPS come in before he can close the briefcase.

TREASURY COP

What do we have?

DOOLEY has a plastic bundle of bills in his hand.

DOOLEY

High class mattress stuffing. Catch.

DOOLEY throws the money at one of the TREASURY COPS. The TREASURY COP catches it. He inspects it.

TREASURY COP

Lotta good that's gonna do him now.

Laughter.

DOOLEY reaches into his satchel and pulls out a flashlight. He snaps the satchel shut.

INT. BANQUET HALL-EVENING

A large sit-down dinner is in progress. A large banner reading "Historic Kansas City Friendship Society" hangs from the ceiling over the stage. All the CAMPANA family

BOSSSES, GANGSTERS and HENCHMEN are present. GRECA and other NEAPOLITANS PATROL.

EXT. STREET-EVENING

A lone van is parked on the street.

INT.VAN

TWO SURVIELLANCE MEN, listening to the goings on.

INT. BANQUET HALL-EVENING

VINCENT greets TIMMY BARNES, boss of bosses of the Kansas City Black Mob. He is 73 years old, dressed to kill. His henchmen fawn over him like a living deity. VINCENT and BARNES laugh and smile at each other and then embrace.

VINCENT greets MARIO MONTEZ, 43, the La Raza Boss of Bosses, a short, heavy-set man who is missing an ear. He is sharply dressed, gold and bodyguards hanging off him. He and VINCENT embrace. VINCENT tells a joke and MARIO laughs.

ANGLE TO:

A NEAPOLITAN HENCHMAN

looks warily at a caterer who is pouring wine.

LATER-SAME

VINCENT and LILY are in the seats of honor. FRATELLO is making a speech.

FRATELLO

This year, through the tireless efforts
Vincent Fiore and his lovely wife
Liliana, I am very happy to be holding
in my hand, a check for one hundred
thousand dollars-

The CROWD is impressed.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

-toward The Historic Kansas City
Friendship Society building restoration
fund.

Applause.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

And, Mr. and Mrs. Fiore as co-chairpersons of the 6th Street Music Conservatory-

INT. KITCHEN

The CATERER comes in with an empty tray. GRECA and three NEAPOLITAN HENCHMEN are close behind.

A NEAPOLITAN grabs the CATERER from behind and shoves him into a wall. The CATERER turns around and a NEAPOLITAN has a pistol to the CATERER's face. The NEAPOLITAN has a finger over his lips. The HENCHMEN begin to body search the CATERER. They find a tiny microphone.

The NEAPOLITAN rips the microphone from the CATERER's lapel and yells into it.

NEAPOLITAN (BROKEN ENGLISH)

You're fired!

VAN

The feedback causes the SURVIELLANCE MEN to jump up in their seats. Both men rip off their head sets.

INT. BANQUET HALL-SAME

Applause.

FRATELLO

Vincent, Lily, the kids put this together just for you.

FRATELLO cues the lighting people. The lights go down. Stage lights come up as the music begins. TEENS from the music school are playing "the Anvil Chorus" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The young conductor conducts the orchestra, a young girl sings. They are remarkably professional.

As the music plays, we ANGLE to:

VINCENT and LILY, both of whom are deeply moved. Then to:

ATRIA and FOX. ATRIA looks over to FRATELLO.

ANGLE TO:

TIMMY BARNES

who is very impressed.

ANGLE TO:

MARIO MONTEZ

who is rocking gently with the music.

ANGLE TO:

FRATELLO,

who is conducting the orchestra and predicting the cues like a stage mother.

EXT. BANQUET HALL-DAY

The CATERER is being led out by NEAPOLITANS. They give him a swift kick in the ass as a send off.

INT. AUDITORIUM

All the ITALIANS sing heartily with the chorus. Some slam their hands into the table in time. Others play their glasses with their utensils.

INT. BANQUET HALL-SAME

Music finishes. All rise and applaud. The audience is so moved that they stand up and cheer, some with tears in their eyes. The YOUNG MUSICIANS stand. LILY and VINCENT go up on stage with FRATELLO. VINCENT claps to the MUSICIANS.

LATER-

The YOUNG MUSICIANS are being congratulated and praised by all the GANGSTERS. LILY watches VINCENT move among the young musicians, hugging them, pinching their cheeks, congratulating them. The TEENS fawn around him as if he's the Pope. LILY and VINCENT catch each others' eye from across the room. LILY mouths "I love you" to VINCENT. VINCENT mouths "I love you too" back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-KANSAS CITY

The INVESTIGATOR, TOM DOOLEY, is sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, FOUR PLAINCLOTHES COPS are present. The

first is CHARLIE ANASI, a corpulent but powerful man in his fifties, the second is PETE HUNSANGER, a thin man in his thirties, gnawing on a toothpick, the third, LAWRENCE KIELCZEWSKI, a hamfisted man in his forties.

DOOLEY is visibly scared. The cop interrogating DOOLEY is FRANK DIBONO, a harsh, no nonsense man in his fifties.

DIBONO

Tom, where are the ledgers?

No answer.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

Where are they, Tom?

No answer.

DIBONO gets closer.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

Tom, you're a good cop. Don't blow it.
Come clean and you'll walk out of here.

No answer.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

Did he threaten you? Your family?
What's he got on you? Didja look the
other way? Just a couple of times,
right? No big deal...now he's using it
against you.

ANASI

Tommy, just talking to us, you're
persona non grata.

DIBONO

We're here to help you, Tom.

DOOLEY

I didn't do anything.

DIBONO (TO ANASI)

Charlie...

ANASI takes out handcuffs.

DOOLEY

OK, OK, OK...

ANASI puts the cuffs away. DOOLEY catches his breath.

DIBONO
Slowly, slowly...OK, just tell me what
you did with the ledgers.

DOOLEY
I handed them over to one of Fiore's
operatives.

DIBONO
When?

DOOLEY
That same night.

DIBONO
Who?

DOOLEY
I don't know.

DIBONO
You remember what he looks like?

DOOLEY nods.

DOOLEY
Yeah.

DIBONO
Remember what kind of car was he
driving?

DOOLEY
Yeah.

DIBONO exchanges looks with the other cops.

DIBONO
OK.

DOOLEY lets out a long sigh, tearing up.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

OK, champ, OK. Get him a glass of water, will ya, Pete? (to DOOLEY) Good work, Tom, you did the right thing.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

TONY ANZIO is strapped to a chair. DIBONO and the other PLAINCLOTHES COPS are there. A YOUNGER PLAINCLOTHES COP is watching. VICTOR KAYSEN is also there. This is a little distasteful for him.

CHARLIE ANASI is shoving a rubber hose down TONY's throat. PETE HUNSANGER turns on the water full blast, the water coursing into TONY's stomach. KAYSEN looks away, this being a little too much for him. DIBONO pulls the hose out of TONY's mouth. TONY throws up water.

DIBONO

Where are the ledgers, Tony?

TONY can only utter noise.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

Fiore, right? It's him you work for, right, Tony? Vincent Fiore?

TONY (GASPING)

He's my *cousin*. I don't work for him.

DIBONO signals his ANASI and HUNSANGER. KAYSEN looks at DIBONO. ANASI forces the hose down TONY's THROAT again. The water is turned on full. TONY's STOMACH fills up with water. ANASI pulls out the hose. TONY vomits water.

DIBONO

We can go all night, Tony. It's up to you.

TONY (CROAKING)

Please stop...please.

DIBONO

Not until you tell us where the ledgers are. Where are they, Tony?

TONY weaves in the chair, dizzy.

DIBONO (CONT'D)

Where are they, Tony?

TONY vomits a huge amount of blood.

ANASI
Holy shit...

TONY writhes in his chair. The men unshackle him. TONY falls to the floor, heaving, his eyes rolling back in his head. He is having a fit. HUNSANGER and ANASI try to hold him still.

KAYSEN
Ahh, *crap!*

DIBONO
Get the doc in here!

A younger cop is frozen.

DIBONO (CONT'D)
C'mon!

The cop runs out the door.

TONY stops moving. The ANASI checks TONY's pulse.

ANASI
He's dead.

KAYSEN
Goddamn you, Frank! Now what the fuck are we gonna do?

INT. CAFE-DAY

VINCENT is sitting and playing cards with some other men. ATRIA comes through the front door. He looks for VINCENT and sees him. ATRIA comes over to VINCENT, leans over and whispers in his ear. VINCENT looks up at ATRIA. VINCENT nods. ATRIA leaves.

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

A car pulls up; a HIT MAN, an inconspicuous man in his middle thirties gets out. He runs into the bar.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

The HIT MAN comes inside. He scans the packed bar, many off-duty cops, laughing and drinking. The music is very

loud. The HIT MAN sees ANASI sitting at the bar, taking shots, singing along with Steppenwolf's "Magic Carpet Ride" which is blasting out of the jukebox.

The HIT MAN trots up to the ANASI, scoots in between him and another patron and under the bar and out of sight, pulls a 9mm outfitted with a silencer. The HIT MAN jabs it into the ANASI's GUT and pumps five dum-dum rounds, unheard over the loud music and the noise. The ANASI falls over on the bar. The HIT MAN takes a glass from the bar and slips away casually. The other patrons look over and laugh, thinking that ANASI has passed out.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR-NIGHT

The HIT MAN makes it out the bar door and into the waiting escape vehicle. The vehicles drives off.

INT.BAR

A PLAINCLOTHES COP pulls ANASI's head up off the bar and sees he is staring into infinity. The PATRONS step into a huge pool of blood under ANASI's bar stool.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

What the fuck..

The PLAINCLOTHES COP pulls ANASI further from the bar into the light and sees ANASI's guts hanging out.

PLAINCLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

Holy shit...

The PLAINCLOTHES COP throws ANASI on the floor and gives him CPR.

PATRON

What the fuck happened?

OTHER PATRON

He's been fucking *shot!* (to all in bar) Hey! Hey! Somebody just shot Charlie! Somebody just shot Charlie!

The music cuts out. Chaos.

INT. BAR BATHROOM

COPS burst in. A lone PATRON is washing his hands.

COPS

Up against the fucking wall!

The COPS throw him up against the wall and frisk him.
Another COP bursts in.

COP

Hey! That's Sammy! Guys! That's Sammy!

FRISKING COP

Who the fuck is Sammy?

SAMMY (TO FRISKING COP)

Airport security, dickbrain, now get
your fucking hands off me!

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

PLAINCLOTHES and OFF-DUTY POLICE run out onto the sidewalk
looking for something, anything. There are only cars and
people and general thorough fare.

INT. SWIMMING POOL.

It is dark. The lights in the pool come on.

TWO CAMPANA MEN, one whistling, carry HUNSANGER, who has
been severely beaten and is barely conscious, towards the
pool.

CAMPANA MAN #1

How's your son doing? You heard from
him?

CAMPANA MAN #2

Yeah, he called me and told me he snuck
with a convoy to Baghdad, man, you
wanna talk fucked up.

CAMPANA MAN #1

I can imagine.

They carry him to the deep end side of the pool and drop
him. They chain him to an anvil.

CAMPANA MAN #2

I told him, stick with your platoon,
they're your only friends out there.

And then I proceeded to give him the third degree-

CAMPANA MAN #1
Which is the reason he called you-

CAMPANA MAN #2
Which is the reason he called me, just to hear me blow my top. What do you call that? Negative something-something?

CAMPANA MAN #1
Negative attention getting.

CAMPANA MAN #2
Negative attention getting. That's right. Well, when he comes home, I'm gonna give him a big hug and kiss, count his fingers and toes and then give him some real negative attention.

Laughing, they pick up HUNSANGER and the anvil and throw them into the deep end of the pool.

HUNSANGER wakes up underwater and furiously tries to get his head above water. His hands thrash out of the water, but his head can't surface. The CAMPANA MEN stare for a few moments. CAMPANA MAN #1 slaps CAMPANA MAN #2 on the back.

CAMPANA MAN #1
I bet you're proud of him, huh?

CAMPANA MAN #2
Yeah, I am, yeah, I am. He did real good.

They wave at HUNSANGER. CAMPANA MAN #1 throws his cigarette at the thrashing HUNSANGER. CAMPANA MAN #1 nods towards the exit. The two CAMPANA men head towards the exit.

CAMPANA MAN #1
You hungry?

CAMPANA MAN #2
I could eat.

CAMPANA MAN #1

I'll buy you a pre-homecoming early breakfast.

CAMPANA MAN #2
What? *You're* buying?

CAMPANA MAN #1
Don't let it get out.

They laugh.

INT. CATTLE AUCTION ARENA.

DIBONO, barefoot and dressed only in a pair of slacks, is in the arena where the animals are paraded for the auctioneers. He is bloody from an afternoon of beating.

FIVE CAMPANA WANNA-BES, all young, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty five, select baseball bats and run into the arena. They chase DIBONO around, batting him here and there, playing cat and mouse. DIBONO gets in a few hits, but is quickly regulated. One kid is vomiting in the corner. DIBONO screams. The CAMPANA WANNA-BES continue to beat him, drawing out his death as much as possible.

In the stands, ATRIA lights a cigar, bored.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE ITALY-DAY

A US AIR FORCE TRANSPORT PLANE is flying over the Mediterranean.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE

BLACK is sitting in the sole passenger seat. It is very loud in the plane. A crew member comes from the cockpit.

CREW MEMBER (LOUD)
There has been a change in plans that I need to inform you of, sir.

BLACK (LOUD)
What is it?

CREW MEMBER (LOUD)
After we land, you will be taken directly to the parking garage instead of meeting with the C.O.

BLACK (LOUD)
Parking garage? Why?

CREW MEMBER (LOUD)
I don't know, sir, but those are the new orders. For some reason there has been an official blackout in communications regarding your arrival, sir.

BLACK (LOUD)
How come?

CREW MEMBER (LOUD)
I don't know, they are pretty adamant about it.

BLACK nods.

CREW MEMBER (LOUD) (CONT'D)
I can get on the horn and raise some heck if you want, sir.

BLACK (LOUD)
No, that's fine, let's just go ahead.

CREW MEMBER (LOUD)
OK.

The CREW MEMBER returns to the cockpit.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE ITALY-DAY

The TRANSPORT PLANE banks to the right.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE

BLACK looks out at the Mediterranean Sea.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY-DAY

The Transport plane lands.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE RUNWAY-DAY

The transport plane taxis and stops. A U.S. Military Police Humvee with the lights flashing rushes to meet the plane. Another Humvee follows closely behind it, full of Military Police.

Both Humvees come to a stop in front of the plane. The MP's jump out and hustle to the lead jeep and take positions around it, safeties on their weapons off.

BLACK comes out of the transport plane and gets inside the lead Humvee.

INT. HUMVEE

BLACK gets in the passenger seat.

BLACK (TO DRIVER)
Can you tell me what is going on?

DRIVER
Don't know, sir. We have our orders to escort you to the parking garage.

BLACK
What about my luggage?

DRIVER
It's all being taken care of, sir.

BLACK
OK.

They drive slowly.

MP's are jogging beside the Humvee in formation.

The formation turns into and drives to an underground garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

The Humvee drives into the garage. In the distance, on the other side of the garage is a collection of Carabinieri cars and a van. There are SCORTA (aka escorts) milling around. They are armed to the teeth and wearing flack jackets.

The formation stops fifty feet away from the Carabinieri.

INT. HUMVEE

DRIVER (TO BLACK)
Fifty feet that way is no longer American soil, sir. We're not authorized to take you any further. I'm

afraid that you are on your own from here.

BLACK
OK, thank you.

BLACK gets out. He walks over to the other side. An attractive Sicilian woman in her late thirties gets out of one of the cars. She is the only one who smiles at BLACK. BLACK smiles back. She approaches him.

WOMAN (TO BLACK)
Judge Black, I am Elisabetta Aldino, assistant prosecutor to Judge Assisi.

BLACK
Nice to meet you Ms. Aldino.

They shake hands. They walk towards the convoy.

ELISABETTA
We are sorry about the precautions, but since the massacre at the Vitalone estate, we are taking no chances. You've read about it?

BLACK
Yes, Judge Assisi sent me the report-

A MAN who looks exactly like BLACK, wearing the same blue suit, steps out of one of the police cars. BLACK stops in his tracks. One of the SCORTA by the van shakes his head.

SCORTA (SICILIAN)
The tie, it's wrong.

The DRESSER looks into a huge costuming trunk inside the van. He finds a burgundy tie that is pretty close to what BLACK is wearing, but not perfect. The DRESSER shrugs and gives it to the MAN anyway.

BLACK (TO ELISABETTA)
Who is that?

ELISABETTA
A decoy.

BLACK
Excuse me?

The KOMMANDANT hollers that it is time to move out.

ELISABETTA
Come, we must go now.

They all hustle quickly into the police cars. A first phalanx of police cars moves out.

INT. POLICE CAR

BLACK
So that man is a decoy? I don't understand.

ELISABETTA
If we are followed, they will not know which car has the real you in it.

BLACK
May I ask why?

ELISABETTA
We heard your name on a wire tap.

EXT. ROAD-DAY

The POLICE CARS are hauling down the road. The party arrives at a fork in the road and split in two.

EXT. PALERMO STREETS-DAY.

BLACK crouches down as the DRIVER, CHICCO, a SCORTA in his late twenties is driving VERY FAST down tight alleys. ELIO, the other SCORTA, a man in his early twenties in the passenger seat, rooting through the cassettes in the glove compartment.

ELIO pulls out U2's "All That You Can't Leave Behind."
CHICCO grabs ELIO's wrist before he can put the cassette in the deck.

CHICCO
No!

ELIO (SICILIAN)
What?

CHICCO (SICILIAN)

You play that tape again, I will rip
your heart out.

ELIO points towards the road.

ELIO
Look out!

CHICCO looks up. ELIO slides in the tape. ELIO laughs.

CHICCO
Son of a bitch!

CHICCO tries to take it out, but ELIO bats his hand away.

ELIO
Look out!!

CHICCO sees another car coming from the left at an
intersection. CHICCO cranks the wheel to the right, missing
the oncoming car by inches.

ELIO laughs loudly.

The music blares. BLACK is a little wary of what is going
on. He glances over to ELISABETTA, who shrugs.

BLACK
Who was that man in the garage?

ELISABETTA
He is a construction foreman for a
company that has volunteered to get
extorted by the Risi clan. They help
collect intelligence. The Risi clan
knew when and where you were arriving.

BLACK pauses.

ELISABETTA (CONT'D)
Look out the window. If this is your
first time in Sicily, you should see
this *al fresco*.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW, STREETS OF PALERMO

The CAR weaves in and out of the streets of Palermo. U2's
"It's Beautiful Day" blares on the sound track.

ANGLE TO:

BLACK

who has his head out the window, mesmerized by the thousands of years of Spanish, Roman, Moorish and Byzantine architecture all mixed together in one place.

EXT. JUSTICE PALACE, PALERMO-DAY

The POLICE CARS pull in and park. BLACK and the others get out and go into the palace. There are armed guards everywhere. There are sandbags in front of the entrance.

INT. JUSTICE PALACE, PALERMO-DAY

ELISABETTA, BLACK, CHICCO and ELIO are waiting in front of an office. They have been waiting a while.

The door to the office finally opens up. They all stand up. JUDGE AUGUSTINO ASSISI, a magistrate in his early Sixties, immaculately coiffed and possessing a regal bearing without a hint of pretense or irony, comes out.

ASSISI (ENGLISH)

Judge Black, welcome.

BLACK

Judge Assisi, it is a real honor to meet you sir. Thank you for your hospitality at this difficult time.

ASSISI (ENGLISH)

Thank you for sending your dossier to me in Italian. My English is not so good.

BLACK (ITALIAN)

My Italian is nothing to write home about either.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)

Ahh! Please, come in.

BLACK

Grazie.

INT. ASSISI'S OFFICE-DAY

ASSISI, BLACK and ELISABETTA come in. There are individual stacks of files spread out over the floor, trying to stay in an organized fashion. Photos of murder victims, mugshots, crime scenes and various sized maps are tacked up on the walls.

ASSISI
(pointing to self) Napoleon.
(pointing to paper on the
floor) Waterloo.

Laughter. ASSISI moves files off of a chair.

ASSISI (TO BLACK, ITALIAN) (CONT'D)
Please, sit down.

They all sit.

BLACK shows ASSISI photos of UNCLE MIKEY and VINCENT.

BLACK (ITALIAN)
Judge, we have reason to believe that since the assassination of Campana family boss Micheal Barese, the new boss, Vincent Fiore is reaching out to families here in Sicily. We believe that a Sicilian faction assisted in the assassination. We are also of the mind that he may be trying to penetrate Sicily and establish a foothold here.

ASSISI looks wordlessly at the pictures.

BLACK (CONT'D)
We feel that the worst case scenario is that he has or may be in the process of courting Salvatore Rondone.

ASSISI nods.

BLACK (CONT'D)
I think we may be looking at a very large international crisis that could have national security implications...for both our countries. I would be grateful to any help you can give us.

ASSISI puts the photos down.

ASSISI
Of course.

Pause as he looks through the file.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Very interesting...very interesting. He certainly seems to know what he is doing...On his terrain. Here it's a little different, if you know what I mean.

ASSISI closes the file.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
The Sicilians are going to wring him like a sponge and throw him away. Well, look at the time. Are you hungry, Judge Black?

BLACK clears his throat.

BLACK
Umm...ahh...

ASSISI gets up and puts on his jacket.

ASSISI
I promised the boys my spaghetti and sardines for lunch today.

ASSISI approaches the door, opens it and sticks his head out.

INT. JUSTICE PALACE-SAME

ASSISI pokes his head out. ELIO and CHICCO are sitting outside.

ASSISI
Lunch time, boys.

ELIO and CHICCO feign relief.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Spaghetti with sardines today.

ELIO and CHICCO cheer.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Give me a moment.

ASSISI goes back inside. CHICCO and ELIO curse.

CHICCO
Misera...

INT. MOVING POLICE CAR-DAY

ASSISI is driving the car with the siren blaring. He is enjoying this immensely. A SCORTA sits in the passenger seat, wielding an automatic rifle. ELISABETTA and BLACK are in the back. Again they are going very fast.

CHICCO and ELIO are driving the LEAD CAR, going very fast.

INT. LEAD CAR-SAME

ELIO gets on the radio.

ELIO (ITALIAN, TO RADIO)
Judge, it's poker day at the Lucky Bar.
Can we go check it out?

INT. FOLLOW CAR-SAME

ASSISI (ITALIAN, TO RADIO)
OK, but be careful. And don't make any
other stops.

INT. LEAD CAR-SAME

ASSISI (THRU RADIO)
The food is best when it's right off
the stove.

CHICCO and ELIO roll their eyes.

ELIO
OK.

INT. FOLLOW CAR-SAME

BLACK (ITALIAN, TO ASSISI)
What's going on?

ASSISI (ITALIAN)

Once in a while I let them go have some fun. Keeps morale up.

EXT. PALERMO STREETS-DAY.

The TWO cars come hauling to a fork in the road. The LEAD CAR takes the high road. The FOLLOW CAR continues on the low road.

INT. MOVING LEAD CAR-SAME

ELIO opens the glove compartment and pulls out a clip wrapped with yellow tape. He puts it into the rifle and cocks it. They approach a small hill in the road. They give each other a knowing smile.

CHICCO steps on the gas.

EXT. STREET, PALERMO, SICILY-DAY

The car catches air from the small hill.

INT. LEAD CAR-SAME

CHICCO and ELIO yell as they are mid-air.

EXT. STREET, PALERMO, SICILY-SAME

The car comes to a crash landing and keeps hauling through the streets.

EXT. CAFE-DAY

Many MAFIOSI are sitting at a table outside, playing cards, drinking wine, soda and espresso. Some are sunning themselves. They hear sirens coming. Some take note, but all continue relaxing.

One MAFIOSI looks up and sees the CAR coming down the sidewalk full speed. His jaw flops open.

MAFIOSI (SICILIAN)

Holy shit...Move! Move!

The MAFIOSI scurry. The LEAD CAR smashes into the card table. Money, poker chips, cards, wine glasses and espresso cups go everywhere.

A few feet away, the CAR screeches to a stop. CHICCO slams it into reverse, squeals backwards and stops in front of the MAFIOSI. ELIO aims the gun out the passenger side window.

ELIO (ITALIAN)
Toto Rondone says hello!!

ELIO unleashes a volley of machine gun fire. The MAFIOSI duck, jerk involuntarily as if being hit by bullets, or stand frozen.

CHICCO punches the gas and the car speeds away. The MAFIOSI realize the gunfire was all blanks. The MAFIOSI run into the streets, cursing, throwing bottles and glasses or whatever they can at the fleeing police car.

ELIO has half his body out pumping the cornuto sign.

ELIO (CONT'D)
Mafiosi cornuti! Your mothers fuck
dogs!

INT. LEAD CAR

ELIO sits back inside. CHICCO and ELIO can't stop laughing. ELIO is laughing so hard, he has tears in his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN, ASSISI'S APARTMENT-DAY

Lunch is finished. A SCORTA is playing a videogame on the kitchen television, a SCORTA is washing dishes, two SCORTA are playing chess. BLACK and ASSISI are outside on the balcony, drinking wine, looking at Palermo.

ASSISI
The food, it was good, no?

BLACK (LYING)
Yeah, it was great.

ASSISI pours some wine.

ASSISI
This Fiore character, he's money
launderer, no?

BLACK
We believe so.

ASSISI

You know about his father, right?

BLACK nods.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

I knew him. He and I went to grade school together.

BLACK is surprised.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

I didn't know *him* too well, but the Fiore were very poor, that was no secret. Rumor had it that they lived on snails and frogs.

BLACK

Jesus Christ.

ASSISI

Sadly, it was pretty common in those days. The boy Vincenzo, the other kids would make fun of him, not just because he was poor, but because he was sensitive. There was one week when he came to school without shoes. After that, we called him Vinnie No Shoes.

ASSISI chuckles.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, that's very bad. Anyway, Vincent and a classmate of mine got into a fight in the schoolyard, and my classmate beat up Vincent pretty badly. When class was back in, Vincent stormed into class with a tree branch that he had fashioned into a club and began to beat the boy over the head. When the teacher intervened, Fiore started hitting him, too. It took three teachers to hold him down. (ASSISI shakes his head) A year later, Fiore got out of the boy's reformatory, and was seen walking down the street in slacks, a white button down shirt and a

brand new pair of shiny black wing
tips.

BLACK
He had gone mafia in prison.

ASSISI
That's right. The only way a man with
brains could get ahead back then.

ASSISI pours BLACK some more wine.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Revenge of the *mezzogiorno*. The
Northern Italians had been asking for
it for one thousand years.

INT. FRATELLO'S KITCHEN-EVENING

FRATELLO and VINCENT are eating. GRECA is on the phone in
the little room to the side

GRECA
Grazie, grazie...si.

GRECA hangs up and comes out into the KITCHEN and sits down
in front of his plate.

VINCENT
Well?

GRECA
Niente. Nothing, Vincent.

VINCENT is silent.

FRATELLO
Maybe he's waiting. He never promised
to go in to business with you,
remember. (to GRECA) Capito?

GRECA nods.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)
He's under a lot of pressure from
Rondone running things.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Vincent, Nino is a very patient man and you, excuse me, are a very young man. He likes you, but a man his age has few good thoughts about the young. You'll have to wait, I'm afraid.

FRATELLO (ITALIAN)

I think that he may be waiting for Rondone to get caught by the police or for his own men to kill him.

GRECA

Vero, vero.

VINCENT pops an olive into his mouth.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

Why don't we kill the fucker ourselves?

FRATELLO shoots VINCENT a look. Should he be talking like this in front of GRECA?

GRECA looks at VINCENT. VINCENT is serious.

GRECA laughs.

GRECA

What? Are you crazy?

VINCENT

Go to him with the same deal we offered Nino, get in good with him and then kill him when his back is turned.

GRECA and FRATELLO look at each other.

FRATELLO

Vinnie, this Rondone is no Uncle Mikey, y'understand? If you go in there, he's gonna know that you are there to kill him. He'll smell it on you the minute you walk in the door.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Jimmy's right. Every coup against Rondone has failed. I know men who have lost thirty-seven relatives to his guns.

FRATELLO

Vincent, we've come a long way already.
We should iron things out here first.

GRECA agrees.

FRATELLO (CONT'D)

We're not in the position to get him
right now. It'll come, trust me.

They continue to eat. GRECA and FRATELLO talk small talk,
but VINCENT can't stop thinking.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM-NIGHT.

LILY and VINCENT are lying in bed. LILY is asleep, VINCENT
is lying awake, thinking. He has an idea. He sits up
suddenly and goes over it again in his head. He claps his
hands together.

INT. DON NINO'S SALON-DAY

GRECA, VINCENT, DON NINO and his son NINITO BIAGI, a tall,
jittery 37 year old man. He is the type that can't sit
still for too long. They are all waiting for a decision
from DON NINO. NINO nods his head.

DON NINO (ITALIAN)

OK, you have my blessing.

The room is joyous. VINCENT and GRECA get up. VINCENT comes
and kisses DON NINO's hand.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

Thank you, Don Nino.

GRECA comes over and he and DON NINO embrace.

EXT. NINO'S ESTATE-DAY

VINCENT and GRECA come out into the courtyard. They walk to
their car.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

That was beautiful, I feel good. Thank
you. I don't think I could have done it
without you.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

The only problem is Nino's piss-pot of a son. He's a liability.

VINCENT nods.

They get into the car. GRECA gets in the driver's seat.

VINCENT
So we'll make him our errand boy.

GRECA laughs and starts the car.

GRECA (ITALIAN)
That will surely kill him.

VINCENT laughs. GRECA pulls out.

INT. DON NINO'S SALON-DAY

NINITO (SICILIAN)
If this Vincent's so tough, why doesn't he just go out and kill Rondone? Why does he need your help?

DON NINO
It's mostly logistical, and he asked me out of respect. You could learn something from that boy.

NINITO
But running around and robbing trucks? What the hell is that?

DON NINO
Vincent's way draws Rondone out. If he goes there now, Rondone knows he has come to kill him. This way, Vincent gets Rondone angry, getting him to show all of his cards first, finding his weakness.

NINITO
How did you know that Vincent wasn't here to kill you?

DON NINO
From experience.

DON NINO adjusts NINITO's collar.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

You will be doing important work for me. Let's make it a new beginning, OK?

NINITO

Yeah, sure.

DON NINO slaps NINITO.

DON NINO

Quit horsing around. You need to keep your eyes and ears open and report back to me. Greca is a good man, but he's getting old and sentimental. But the young one, he's a talented mother fucker. Watch him. *Capito?*

NINITO

Si, papa.

INT. BLACK'S HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

BLACK is sleeping. A knock comes on his door. BLACK is still asleep. The soft knock persists. BLACK awakes with a start.

BLACK

Elio?

ELIO (THRU DOOR)

Si.

BLACK gets up and opens the door. ELIO and another SCORTA are standing outside.

BLACK (ITALIAN)

What up?

ELIO (ITALIAN)

Excuse us, Judge Black, we are going to a crime scene. Judge Assisi wants to know if you want to come.

BLACK

Sure. Give me a minute.

BLACK closes the door and begins to dress.

EXT. MONASTARY GRAVE YARD-NIGHT.

FLOODLIGHTS reveal an EXHUMED GRAVE. A BODY is being lifted out.

MONKS are lined up against the wall, CARABINERI are guarding them. The monks are being interviewed and processed.

THUNDER rumbles in the forming clouds. It has rained and may rain again.

ELISABETTA (ENGLISH, TO BLACK)
The rain, it exposed a body buried in a shallow grave. This graveyard, for a long time, has been suspected of being a Cosa Nostra, how you say-

ANGLE TO:

ASSISI identifying the body.

BLACK (OS)
Body dump.

ANGLE TO:

BLACK AND ELISABETTA.

ELISABETTA
Ahh, yes. So now we know.

ANGLE TO:

ASSISI.

He nods. The CORONERS zip up the bag.

ANGLE TO:

BLACK AND ELISABETTA.

ASSISI nods at ELISABETTA.

BLACK
Who was he?

ELISABETTA
An undercover officer, Guiseppe Parma.

ANGLE TO:

ASSISI marches across the graveyard and corners one of the MONKS who is up against the wall.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)
Where's Brother Juniper?

MONK (ITALIAN)
I don't know. He was not at prayers
this morning.

ASSISI turns and angrily makes an announcement.

ASSISI
OK, listen up! I'm sealing off this
entire monastery. Search everything and
call in the bulldozers, we are going to
dig up this entire graveyard.

A MONK crosses himself. ASSISI walks back to the MONK.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Take me to Brother Juniper's cell.

INT. MONASTARY HALLWAY-SAME.

A MONK opens BROTHER JUNIPER'S CELL with a key. The ancient door swings open and the light is turned on.

The room is extravagantly furnished, with plush leather furniture, oriental carpets, some Roman urns and bookshelves with rows and rows of leather bound books and texts. On the mantle piece is small etching in a gold frame in thick glass.

POLICE go over the room. ASSISI approaches the etching. He sees that it is a half finished sketch on yellowing paper.

ASSISI
Rembrant. (ASSISI looks closer) It's
genuine.

ASSISI glares over to the MONK. The MONK turns away.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET-SAME

The closet is opened. There are at least fifty tailored suits on hangers, about twenty pairs of custom-made leather shoes, three full racks of hand-painted silk neck ties, drawers full of silk and high thread count cotton shirts, a

drawer full of vests, and a drawer full of gold and platinum jewelry.

A CARABINERI tests out one of the large bookcases. It turns out to be a door to a secret room. Inside the SECRET ROOM is a wide assortment of S&M gear: whips of all sizes and gauges, chains, cuffs, domination leather gear. General laughter from the police rings out.

ASSISI begins to make his way out. BLACK stops him.

BLACK

Where are you going?

ASSISI

To write some arrest warrants.

BLACK

Need help?

ASSISI

Sure.

BLACK waves to ELISABETTA and leaves with ASSISI.

INT. ASSISI'S OFFICE-NIGHT

BLACK and ASSISI are poring over arrest warrants.

ASSISI

Do you understand the Italian legalese?

BLACK

Si.

BLACK looks at ASSISI working tirelessly. He can't help but admire him.

INT. BLACK'S HOTEL ROOM-MORNING

BLACK wakes up to the sounds of the street outside. He gets up and puts his head out the window.

EXT. STREET, PALERMO, SICILY-DAY

In the street below, vendors are setting up booths.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY-MORNING

BLACK comes out of his room, dressing. ELIO is sitting on a chair, reading a magazine, rifle in his lap.

BLACK
I'm going for a walk in the bazaar.
(English) C'mon.

ELIO follows.

EXT. STREET, PALERMO, SICILY-DAY

Montage of fish mongers, fruit stalls, pastry stands, that BLACK passes and visits. The vendors are gracious.

BLACK buys ELIO a gelato from a gelato stand.

BLACK sees a familiar woman from the back, holding a shopping basket. BLACK sees CHICCO, also guarding with a machine gun, and he knows who the woman is. BLACK walks over and taps ELISABETTA on the shoulder. ELISABETTA turns around.

ELISABETTA
Wey, ciao, Judge Black, how are you?

They kiss hello.

BLACK
Fine, fine, just taking Chewbacca here
out for a walk (notices CHICCO) I see
you have your own Wookiee.

BLACK waves to CHICCO.

BLACK (TO CHICCO) (CONT'D)
Bon Giorno. (to ELISABETTA)
Would you like some company?

ELISABETTA
Si.

They walk. CHICCO holds ELIO back, so they can have some privacy.

BLACK
Any sign of Brother Juniper?

ELISABETTA

The police found him. He is not talking, of course.

BLACK
What a surprise. So I'm curious.

ELISABETTA
About?

BLACK
About you. A cute little thing like you just wakes up one day and decides to take on the whole Sicilian mafia?

ELISABETTA
Not quite. The women are the key to the mafia, they know everything. A woman feels better talking to another woman, so...

BLACK
You must have heard some stories.

ELISABETTA
Many.

BLACK
But you're still optimistic.

ELISABETTA
I am. So are you. I have read your CV, and I also read your paper on white collar crime.

She nods approvingly at him.

BLACK
You liked it, huh?

ELISABETTA
Very much.

BLACK
Made me a popular guy.

BLACK looks around at the activity. He breathes in deeply.

BLACK (CONT'D)

My father would have loved to come back here, I know he missed it.

ELISABETTA
He is passed away?

BLACK
Yes. Very recently. Alzhiemers.

ELISABETTA
Ohhh.

BLACK
It's OK. He doesn't have to suffer any more. He was a proud man. A brilliant man. Brilliant. A man like that to lose his mind...it's not easy.

ELISABETTA nods.

EXT. CAFE-DAY

ELISABETTA and BLACK are having coffee. ELIO and CHICCO are at an adjoining table, keeping watch.

BLACK
You're married?

ELISABETTA
I was married, when I was very young. To another prosecutor. You?

BLACK
Trail separation, going on divorce.

ELISABETTA
Ohh.

BLACK
I don't think that we were meant for each other in the long run. Children?

ELISABETTA
Two girls, twins. They are in boarding school. My work is too dangerous so they live with their father with aliases. When I visit, I have to bring the scorta.

BLACK shakes his head.

ELISABETTA (CONT'D)
I do not like the girls seeing the
guns. You? You have kids?

BLACK
One. A son named Joseph. Guiseppe for
me, Joseph for his Irish side.

ELISABETTA laughs.

BLACK (CONT'D)
He's too quiet for a boy his age. I
also think he clings to his mother too
much, it's not normal. It's the
divorce, he thinks that his mother and
I are going to leave him.

ELISABETTA
That's natural.

BLACK
He's obsessed with war, reads a ton of
books about it, but at the same time he
isn't a violent kid. Go figure.

ELISABETTA
Maybe he likes the strategy aspects.

BLACK
Great, another lawyer.

BLACK sips his coffee.

BLACK (CONT'D)
Have you ever thought about quitting?

ELISABETTA
Many times, many times. But Judge
Assisi can only trust so many people.
You can't trust anyone, especially the
politicians. They are all anti-mafia
until they get elected.

BLACK
That's everywhere, not just here.

ELISABETTA

But *you* are a politician.

BLACK
Thanks for reminding me.

They smile.

INT. BOOKSELLER'S-DAY

The OLD BOOKSELLER, a man in his late sixties is ringing up a purchase for BLACK. BLACK has bought a book which is in a brown paper bag.

BLACK
Perfetto (to Elisabetta) Perfetto.

ELISABETTA smiles.

ELISABETTA
He will love it.

The OLD BOOKSELLER gives BLACK his change.

BOOKSELLER
Grazie, Senore e Senora.

ELISABETTA blushes.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY, SICILY-NIGHT

A truck comes carefully around the bend and sees cars blocking the road up ahead. The driver puts on the brakes.

VINCENT dashes from out of the bushes onto the running board and sticks a shotgun into the driver's face while the truck is coming to a stop.

VINCENT (SICILIAN)
Keep your hands where I can see them.

DRIVER
OK, OK.

The truck comes to a stop. GRECA appears with a shotgun in the passenger window.

VINCENT
Get out, slowly.

DRIVER (SICILIAN)
No, it's OK, I am a friend.

VINCENT
Get out of the cab!

DRIVER
No, you don't understand.

VINCENT
Yeah, I understand, I just don't give a
shit. (English) Now get out of the
cab!!

The DRIVER laughs. VINCENT pulls open the door and pulls
the DRIVER out and throws him to the ground. VINCENT pumps
his shotgun and aims it at the DRIVER's HEAD.

GRECA
No!!

Before VINCENT can pull the trigger, GRECA bats the barrel
upwards and the gun goes off. The DRIVER gets up and makes
a break for it.

VINCENT aims into the air and shoots. He can hear the
DRIVER running even faster. VINCENT shoots into the air
again. GRECA laughs.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)
That ought to make some head lines,
huh?

GRECA pats VINCENT on the back.

VINCENT (ENGLISH) (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's go see what we got here.

ANGLE TO:

BACK OF TRUCK

NINITO is guarding with a shotgun. TONO, a young enforcer,
is in back taking inventory. VINCENT and GRECA come around.

VINCENT (ITALIAN, TO TONO)
What do we got?

TONO comes forward. TWO ENFORCERS are changing the license plates on the truck.

TONO (ITALIAN)

Alfa parts, carburetors, pistons, other stuff, an engine. Pretty good haul.

VINCENT (TO NINITO)

Ninito, drive the truck into Palermo to the fence. See that it gets on the boat to Calabria.

NINITO

What?

VINCENT

Drive the truck into Palermo. The Calabresi are expecting something in the morning. We don't have much time.

NINITO

No way.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

What?

NINITO (ITALIAN)

I don't drive a truck.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

Alright, but go with Tono. Tono, you can drive a truck, right?

TONO (SICILIAN)

Sure, boss.

NINITO

You don't understand, I don't go with the truck.

VINCENT

Why not?

NINITO

Because I don't do that.

GRECA

Ninito, Vincent just gave you an order.

NINITO

So?

GRECA

So?

NINITO

I don't take orders.

GRECA aims his shotgun at NINITO.

GRECA

How about now?

NINITO laughs.

NINITO

Why don't you go fuck yourself, you
Neapolitan faggot?

GRECA pumps the shotgun. VINCENT grabs GRECA's barrel.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

Hey, hey, let's not get carried away
here. (Italian) Ninito, do us a favor
and drive the truck. You can bring your
father his tribute tonight, instead of
tomorrow. I know it would mean a lot to
him if it came from you.

Slight pause.

NINITO

Yeah, OK.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

Alright, let's get out of here.

TONO and NINITO get into the truck and start it up. VINCENT
and GRECA walk back to their car.

VINCENT (TO GRECA) (CONT'D)

Too much cocaine.

GRECA

The son of a bitch will probably drive
the truck off the road.

VINCENT

If we're lucky.

GRECA laughs. Slight pause.

GRECA gets closer to VINCENT and almost whispers to him.

GRECA

You know, Vincent, I hear things about him.

VINCENT

Like what?

They get to the car. They both climb inside. GRECA looks around and makes sure that none of the other men are in earshot. GRECA starts up the car.

GRECA

They say he is...someone who molests children, how do you say?

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

Pedophile?

GRECA

Right, right. Pedophile.

VINCENT

What do you think?

GRECA

Hard to say. Might be just a rumor.

VINCENT

Find out, would you?

GRECA

OK.

They pull out.

EXT. MILITARY BASE, SICILY-DAY

A military helicopter is warming up. BLACK is saying his good byes to ASSISI and ELISABETTA.

BLACK (TO ASSISI, ITALIAN)

Judge Assisi, thank you. My gratitude to you and your men is immeasurable.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)
We enjoyed having you. We look forward
to seeing you soon, understood?

BLACK
Understood. This is for you.

BLACK hands ASSISI a package.

ASSISI
Ohh.

ASSISI opens it. It is an old volume: "La Aventura De
Huckleberry Finn."

BLACK
To a great Sicilian, Missouri's
favorite son.

ASSISI is taken aback.

BLACK (CONT'D)
This edition was printed the year you
were born.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)
Ahh. 1898...

They laugh. ASSISI holds out his arms. The men break
protocol and embrace warmly.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Take care.

BLACK moves over to ELISABETTA.

BLACK
Hi, there.

ELISABETTA
Hi.

No words. They take each other's hands.

BLACK
I'll call when I land.

ELISABETTA nods and smiles. They embrace.

BLACK kisses her hand.

BLACK (CONT'D)
Take care of those two whackos. Make
sure they stay out of trouble.

ELISABETTA
OK.

BLACK gets inside the helicopter. The rotors begin turning.
BLACK waves to the will-wishers.

ANGLE TO:

TARMAC

A young CARABINERI OFFICER runs out to ASSISI and
ELISABETTA. He is talking to them a mile a minute.

ANGLE TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

BLACK sees ASSISI make a throat-cutting motion to the
pilot. The CARABINERI OFFICER rushes to BLACK's WINDOW.

OFFICER (ITALIAN)
Judge Black! The American! He's here!

INT. BAR, SICILY-NIGHT

This is a noisy nightclub where people are dancing to
pulsating trance music. PINO GRACI, Rondone's top
negotiator, a man of medium build in his late thirties with
a pencil thin moustache and immaculately cut straight black
hair, is at the bar on the phone with FRATELLO, who is in a
hotel room in Palermo with VINCENT and GRECA listening in
on another line.

PINO (SICILIAN)
The top man wants to meet the American.

FRATELLO (SICILIAN)
Not interested.

PINO
Are you refusing?

FRATELLO

If he pays us, we'll stop.

PINO

It's not that easy, Jimmy.

FRATELLO

You tell him that we will not meet with him now or ever.

PINO

You're making a big mistake.

FRATELLO

We'll wait for a payment, and in the mean time, we will not make headlines. We want money, not to embarrass the Don.

PINO

OK, I'll tell him.

FRATELLO

If any of your men set foot in Kansas City, they will be met at the airport.

PINO

I'll tell him.

FRATELLO hangs up the phone. VINCENT looks at GRECA, GRECA nods. VINCENT nods at FRATELLO approvingly.

FRATELLO

He should be on the phone with his boss right about now.

VINCENT

Good work, Jimmy.

FRATELLO smiles and sips his espresso. This feels good. He feels young again.

INT. BAR, SICILY-NIGHT

PINO is on the phone with RONDONE, who is in a salon. A few old men are playing cards on the table adjacent to him.

PINO (SICILIAN)

His name is James Fratello. Sicilian.

RONDONNE (SICILIAN)

Never heard of him.

PINO

He's from the old days. He, Sally Russo and Vincent Fiore were a threesome back in the Fifties and Sixties, worked for old man Eccole. I used to hear about him when I was little kid. Fiore's son, Vincent has taken over the Campanas. They say good things about him.

RONDONNE

Find them and take care of them.

PINO

Maybe we should hear him out.

RONDONNE

What do you mean?

PINO

He wants a meeting. I think it's an opportunity.

RONDONNE

Hmm...interesting. OK. Set up a meeting.

EXT. BARN, SICILY-DAY

A car pulls up far away from the barn. VINCENT is sitting in back and GRECA is driving. There are TWO BODYGUARDS with them, one in the back and one sitting in front. They look at the barn.

VINCENT

This reeks already.

GRECA

Give it a dry run.

VINCENT taps a hidden button on his gold bracelet. A pager goes off.

GRECA (CONT'D)

Good. Ready?

VINCENT takes a many short breaths, as if warming up for the Olympics.

VINCENT
Alrighty. (to body guards) Boys?

VINCENT and two BODYGUARDS get out. At the barn, they are met by four ENFORCERS. VINCENT is frisked. The BODYGUARDS are told to stay outside.

ANGLE TO:

INT. CAR

GRECA is in the driver's seat. He watches VINCENT go inside. He reaches under the dashboard and pops open a secret compartment. He pulls out a STUN GRENADE. He attaches it to a small launcher. He rests the launcher on his lap. He watches the barn.

INT. BARN, SICILY-DAY

VINCENT comes inside. It is dark. There are ten men inside, sitting in the lofts, all brandishing rifles of various kinds. Among them is PINO, observing. The ONE-EYED ENFORCER nods his head towards the table. VINCENT sits down. ONE-EYE pulls out a cellphone.

ONE-EYE (TO CELLPHONE)
OK.

ONE-EYE hangs up. A door is heard opening. All the men stand up. RONDONE appears from the back. All the men salute RONDONE. VINCENT doesn't salute. ONE-EYE springs at VINCENT.

ONE-EYE (SICILIAN) (CONT'D)
Salute the Don.

VINCENT
Que?

ONE-EYE
Salute the Don!

VINCENT
Why?

ONE-EYE

Salute!

VINCENT
Don Rondone, te salud.

ONE-EYE
Asshole!

ONE-EYE grabs VINCENT by the neck. VINCENT quickly takes ONE-EYE's left arm, twists it behind his back, makes a swift upward motion, dislocating his shoulder. VINCENT throws him across the room. VINCENT picks up a chair and lifts it over his head, ready to pound the writhing ONE-EYE.

RONDONE
Basta!

VINCENT stops.

RONDONE (CONT'D)
Basta cosi! (to Vincent) Siedici.

VINCENT sits down.

VINCENT looks over at ONE-EYE, who is in considerable pain. RONDONE signals for some one to attend to ONE-EYE. An ENFORCER comes forward and gives aid.

RONDOEN signals for the men to put their guns down.

All the men put their guns down.

RONDONE (TO VINCENT) (CONT'D)
Nice moves. He's one of my best men.

VINCENT nods. ONE-EYE is taken away.

RONDONE (CONT'D)
So, Vincent Fiore of Kansas City, a spitting image of his father. Not just in looks either, they tell me.

VINCENT
Grazie.

RONDONE
He was a great man. I met him once when I was younger, around...(thinks)Had to

have been 1959, 1960. I was not more than nine or ten. I was a legend. I remember trembling in his presence. No longer with us, from what I understand?

VINCENT nods.

RONDONE (CONT'D)

Too bad. But, here you are, in his place.

VINCENT

Here I am.

RONDONE

So how can I help you, Mr. Fiore?

VINCENT

I need a moment alone.

RONDONE

I have nothing to hide from these men. You can speak plainly in front of them.

VINCENT looks around. No other choice.

VINCENT

OK. Your immigration business is very successful.

RONDONE nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You are making a lot of money. So much money, in fact, that there is an apartment in Palermo that is stacked to the rafters with unlaundered euros.

RONDONE

Rumors get around.

VINCENT

Right now, those euros are as good to you as firewood. In America, there are bankers that would be very cooperative with you. You are also Italy's public enemy number one. It would suffice to say that the current administration considers you an embarrassment.

RONDONE

We try and embarrass those people as much as we can.

Chuckles from the rafters.

VINCENT

Certainly you do, certainly you do. My proposal is simple: come in with me and your worries are over.

RONDONE

That's a very kind offer. What do you think my Russian friends would have to say about it?

VINCENT

With all due respect to your Russian friends, what would you rather have, rubles or dollars?

RONDONE nods. Slight pause.

RONDONE

Let me think about it and I will get back to you.

VINCENT

Sure.

They stand and shake hands.

RONDONE

I enjoyed our talk.

VINCENT

Thank you, Don Rondone.

RONDONE

Would you like to come see our operation first-hand?

VINCENT

I would be honored.

RONDONE

Tomorrow night?

VINCENT

Sounds fine.

EXT. BARN, SICILY-DAY

VINCENT comes out and gets into the car. They drive away.

INT. MOVING CAR-DAY

VINCENT is hyperventilating. GRECA is driving.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)
Seen any of those guys before?

A BODYGUARD hands VINCENT a towel.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Thanks.

VINCENT wipes his face.

GRECA (ENGLISH)
One or two, when they were little kids.
(Italian) Mostly scumbags. How did it
go?

VINCENT nods. GRECA smiles. VINCENT opens up a bottle of mineral water and downs it.

VINCENT glares at the barn through the rear window as they drive away.

VINCENT
Sayonara, cocksucker.

INT. VINCENT'S HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT.

VINCENT is pacing, fully clothed. A soft knock comes on the door. VINCENT pulls a pistol and carefully opens the door. He peers through the crack.

Two RONDONE ENFORCERS are outside. One nods at VINCENT. They all leave.

EXT. HARBOR DOCKS, SICILY-NIGHT.

A small tanker ship is docked. Adjacent on the dock is a hangar, filled with compartment trucks purring and waiting. There are ENFORCERS everywhere, some with German Shepherds

on leashes. A gangplank goes up the tanker. An ENFORCER nods at VINCENT and they go up the gangplank to...

SHIPS' DECK

There are many enforcers on the deck. VINCENT and others come up the gangplank. Surgical masks and gloves are handed out. VINCENT notices a few ASIAN MEN among the Sicilians.

The HATCH is opened. The smell is unbearable, even through the masks. VINCENT and the others shine flashlights into the hold. Hundreds of eyes look up. Hundreds of Thai men, women and children are crowded standing room only in the hold. They shield their eyes from the bright flash lights.

TWO THAI TRANSLATORS squawk over bullhorns.

TRANSLATOR (THAI)

Come out slowly, if there are any dead or sick in the hold, leave them where they are, even if they are your relatives, and a doctor will attend to them.

VINCENT and the others pull IMMIGRANTS out of the hold and instruct them to go to the gangplank down to the dock.

ANGLE TO:

EXT. DOCK-SAME

Many IMMIGRANTS come down the gangplank onto the dock. The German Shepherds begin barking and straining on the leashes.

TRANSLATOR (THAI)

Run to the hangar! Run! Run!

The Thai run to the hangar with the waiting trucks.

INT. HANGAR-SAME

The ENFORCERS help the THAI into the trucks. The trucks are sealed up and move out into the night.

INT. SHIP AND HOLD-SAME

VINCENT and the other ENFORCERS come into the dark hold with flashlights. Sounds of coughing and misery. The ENFORCERS spread out in the hold.

VINCENT and an ENFORCER, a man in his late twenties come upon an elderly Thai woman who is lying on the floor. She reaches up for help. VINCENT and the ENFORCER approach the woman. She starts pleading with them in Thai.

WOMAN (THAI)

Are you the doctor?

The ENFORCER takes out a gun fitted with a silencer from his jacket and shoots her in the forehead. She flops over, dead.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

What are you doing?

The ENFORCER turns the WOMAN over on her back with his foot.

ENFORCER

Either they are sick or faking it. We take care of them right here.

He shoots her in the back of the head. There is a cavalcade of muffled gunshot sounds all around VINCENT.

ENFORCER (CONT'D)

Otherwise they can run to the government and rat out the whole operation in exchange for asylum.

The muffled gunshots continue.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK-NIGHT

A FISHING BOAT is purring along side the SHIP. BODIES in BODY BAGS are being staged on deck. Two men are throwing the body bags from the tanker onto the back of the FISHING BOAT. The BODYBAGS land with a heavy thud. VINCENT helps arrange the bodies coming off the ship on the fishing boat deck. VINCENT is nauseous, but maintains composure.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA-NIGHT

The FISHING BOAT is cruising on the sea. VINCENT is in the pilot area. He doesn't feel too good.

PILOT (ITALIAN)

This is far enough! Let her go!

An ENFORCER takes out a back railing section of the tugboat and another removes an IRON ROD affixed to a post which is holding a A LARGE IRON ANCHOR.

The anchor speeds across the deck, off the back and into the ocean. SEVERAL BODY BAGS are daisy chained to the anchor. The ENFORCERS get out of the way as the ANCHOR slides into the sea and the BODY BAGS quickly follow, skating across the slick deck and into the deep. VINCENT watches. He has seen a lot of things in his time, but nothing compared to this.

INT. PENSIONE-MORNING

VINCENT is washing up in the big white sink in the kitchen. He throws water on his face. He stops. He shakes. The shaking becomes uncontrollable. He holds up his hand and it shakes violently. He has trouble breathing. He grips the sides of the sink. He is shaking so hard that the sink is loosening on it's fasteners. VINCENT leans up against the wall and slams it with his fist, enough to make a dent in the plaster. This works. He sucks in air as much as he can.

VINCENT

OK, OK, OK, OK, OK (inhales deeply,
exhales)OK...(inhales,
exhales)OK...(inhales,
exhales)OK...OK...OK...OK...

He swallows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

VINCENT is on the phone with PINO GRACI. FRATELLO and GRECA are in the room. A tape recorder records the conversation.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

I liked what I saw. A very well-run operation.

PINO (ITALIAN)

Thank you. There are a few logistical problems that come up from time to time, but overall the operation is very smooth.

VINCENT
It's very impressive.

PINO
Thank you.

VINCENT
Tell the top man I'd like to meet with
him again very soon.

PINO
I will.

VINCENT
Alright. Bon Giorno.

PINO
Bon Giorno.

VINCENT hangs up the phone. He nods at GRECA and FRATELLO.
FRATELLO nods at him. VINCENT takes a breath and picks up
the phone.

INT. ASSISI'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK and ASSISI are poring over documents. A RECEPTIONIST
sticks her head in.

RECEPTIONIST (ITALIAN)
Phone for you, Judge Black.

BLACK looks at ASSISI. ASSISI shrugs. BLACK picks up the
phone.

BLACK
This is John Black.

VINCENT
Salvatore Rondone will be at a barn two
miles outside of Agrigento tomorrow at
2 pm. The barn is located on Via
Salesia, burgundy with a hay loft. It's
hard to miss.

BLACK
Who is this?

VINCENT

Rondone's a man in his middle fifties
and has a large running scar on his
right fore arm from a farming accident.
That's how you ID him.

BLACK

Who is this?

VINCENT hangs up the phone.

ASSISI (TO BLACK)

Who was it?

EXT. BARN, SICILY-DAY

Three cars pull up. A driver gets out and goes to open the door. The driver looks around and nods at the car. A few bodyguards come out and hold the DOOR open for RONDONE. RONDONE steps out. RONDONE sees a reflection on glass from the bushes. RONDONE knows it's over. In the distance, the sound of helicopters.

From behind every bush, and tree and from the underbrush, come hordes of Special Forces soldiers and Carabinieri, all armed to the teeth, guns out. The MAFIOSI make no pretense at resistance. The MAFIOSI are thrown to the ground and cuffed. Carabinieri cover the area while the arrests are taking place. Three helicopter gun ships circle overhead.

RONDONE is cuffed and pulled off the ground. He is nonchalant.

A Carabinieri breaks rank and comes rushing out and clubs RONDONE on the shoulder and then the knees with a billy club. RONDONE fall to the ground. The Carabinieri kicks RONDONE quickly two or three times in the midsection before the he is dragged away cursing and screaming.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

LILY is watching TV, snacking off a plate of anti-pasto. VINCENT comes in with a bottle of champagne.

VINCENT

Turn to the news channel.

LILY turns the channel. A SPECIAL REPORT about RONDONE's ARREST is on. RONDONE and others are being led to waiting vans.

REPORTER (ITALIAN)

Today in a mid day raid, working from an anonymous tip, Carabinieri and army special forces seized and arrested the man they believe to be Salvatore Rondone, otherwise known as the Little Bastard.

LILY looks at VINCENT. VINCENT nods. LILY leans over and kisses him.

ASSISI is interviewed on TV.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)

This is a major arrest in the Italian people's ongoing fight against the mafia. An anonymous tip from a citizen led to what surely must be the arrest of the decade. We are very happy about today's developments, and we encourage the public to continue to aid us in this war.

VINCENT uncorks the champagne and pours.

REPORTER

Does this spell the end of the Rondone clan?

ASSISI

Almost certainly, but we are not being hasty in making that kind of assessment. Tonight we celebrate, but tomorrow, the fight against the Cosa Nostra continues with the same intensity and zeal as yesterday.

VINCENT hands LILY champagne.

VINCENT raises his glass.

VINCENT

To you, my baby.

They clink glasses. VINCENT drinks. LILY doesn't drink.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

LILY
I can't have any.

VINCENT
Why not?

LILY smiles broadly.

VINCENT (REALIZING) (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

LILY nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

VINCENT kisses her and then falls to his knees and begins to kiss her belly voraciously. He picks her up off her feet into his arms.

VINCENT dances around the room with her in his arms.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, KANSAS CITY-EARLY MORNING

PAOLO ATRIA and his HENCHMEN are waiting. Pigeons flutter and nest in the warehouse. It is cold. ATRIA tries to stay warm by blowing in his cupped hands and slapping his arms around himself.

ATRIA
What time is it?

HENCHMAN
Seven thirty seven.

ATRIA
Maybe he got lost.

FOOTSTEPS echo in the stairwell. ATRIA and his henchmen look at each other. Everyone readies their firearms. After a few moments, PINO and a SICILIAN ENFORCER appear.

PINO (TO ATRIA)
Paolo Atria?

ATRIA
Yeah.

PINO

I am Pino Graci.

 ATRIA
How ya doin'?

 PINO
I bring you message from my boss.

 ATRIA
What is it?

 PINO
My boss is in jail by the hand of
Vinnie Flowers. Your boss, piece of
shit, sell out my boss.

 ATRIA
No, no way I known that kid since he
was a baby and he's no rat.

 PINO (ITALIAN)
Not like you, eh?

 ATRIA
What are you talking about?

 PINO
Michele Barese start a war in 1981,
against your family, La Trapani. Barese
win, you become boss a Campana.

 ATRIA
That's the way things go.

PINO approaches ATRIA and whispers in his ear.

 PINO
The man who killed the father of Fiore,
Zeppo Bono, you tell Barese, get Zeppo
Bono, he's the best.(Italian) He'll
take care of Fiore. Veramente?
Veramente?

 ATRIA
Ahh, bullshit. I don-

 PINO (ITALIAN)
Shut up, listen closely: my boss
remembers his friends (punctuating

every word by tapping on ATRIA's chest)
and he don't forget his enemies.
Capito?

PINO punches ATRIA in the chest.

PINO (TO ENFORCER) (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here. This place
stinks of shit.

PINO and the ENFORCER turn and leave.

INT. HARBOR OFFICE-DAY

DON NINO, VINCENT, GRECA, NINITO and other men are present.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)
We have to look into reducing passenger
loads as soon as possible. We also have
to improve sanitation, and we should
have doctors at the terminal and at the
launch. Make sure no sick people board.

NINITO (ITALIAN)
At the launch?

VINCENT
With all due respect Don Nino, the last
thing we want is an outbreak of cholera
on one of those ships. A death ship
rolling around the Mediterranean would
not be good.

NINITO cracks a walnut.

NINITO
Why don't we give them suites with room
service also?

NINITO giggles.

DON NINO
Ninito...

VINCENT
As I said, every possible safeguard
should be in place as soon as possible,
that way, during this delicate time,
things won't go wrong.

DON NINO thinks.

DON NINO

Vincent, you've got a good heart, but the Biagi family is still on shaky ground with the other families, and we have to keep our promises. We will look into lightening the loads and getting the doctors, but at a later date. After all, the immigrants are now a part of our constituency.

Laughter. VINCENT nods.

DON NINO (CONT'D)

Now, if there is no other business...

No other business. DON NINO gets up. Everyone hugs and kisses. GRECA approaches VINCENT.

GRECA

Can I talk to you?

VINCENT

Sure.

GRECA

C'mon.

They leave.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

VINCENT and GRECA down the stairs. There is a young soldier in there, CHRISTIAN, early twenties, handsome. He jumps down from a stack of palettes.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Don Vincenzo, this is Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Te saluto, Don Vincenzo.

VINCENT nods at him.

GRECA (ITALIAN, TO CHRISTIAN)

Tell him what you told me.

CHRISTIAN

Ninito had me go to Palermo to a real uppity dress shop and pick up six little girl's dresses he had on order, and then had me go to a confectioners and pick up 12 half kilo boxes of chocolates. He told me not to tell anyone.

VINCENT
When did this happen?

CHRISTIAN
Yesterday.

VINCENT
Alright. Thank you.

CHRISTIAN makes a slight bow and leaves.

GRECA (ENGLISH)
What do you want to do, boss?

VINCENT
This is a problem.

GRECA
We can make it look like an accident.

VINCENT
Keep him on the docks and have someone keep an eye on him for now.

GRECA
OK, boss.

VINCENT leaves.

INT. ELISABETTA'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

BLACK and ELISABETTA are having a celebration dinner.

BLACK
Your cooking is fabulous.

ELISABETTA
You like?

BLACK
Yeah.

ELISABETTA

Dessert?

BLACK

Seriously, I can't eat another bite.
C'mere and sit next to me.

She sits. They look at each other. BLACK pats her hand.

BLACK (CONT'D)

I'm glad Vinnie decided to put in an
appearance.

ELISABETTA

I am too.

They caress each other's hands. BLACK takes a thick lock of
her hair and smooths it. Her eyes invite him. They kiss.
BLACK pulls back, taking his time. BLACK nods towards the
balcony.

He takes her hand and they get up.

EXT. BALCONY-NIGHT

They come out.

ELISABETTA

Is a beautiful view, no?

BLACK

It's great.

BLACK kisses her. He buries his head into her neck, kissing
her voraciously. BLACK comes up for air. They look into
each other's eyes. BLACK's expression changes.

ELISABETTA

Que cosa?

BLACK

Vincent Fiore.

ELISABETTA

Si?

BLACK (ITALIAN)

He's my brother. My half-brother.

She doesn't believe him. BLACK nods. ELISABETTA's EYES widen.

BLACK (CONT'D)
My father was Vincent Fiore senior. My step father-

ELISABETTA
The one who died?

BLACK
Yeah, he married my mother when I was eleven. We never told anyone. Not even my ex-wife knows.

ELISABETTA
Does Vincent know?

BLACK nods.

ELISABETTA (CONT'D)
How? How did he find out?

BLACK
I have no idea. A while back he wrote me a letter, saying that we should never communicate or reveal our secret to anyone. Now they want me to go after him, bring him back so that they can kill him.

ELISABETTA
Who?

BLACK
Everyone who ever did business with the Campana family in Kansas City.

ELISABETTA takes a deep breath. She embraces him.

ELISABETTA
It doesn't matter. It really doesn't.

BLACK
I'd do anything to believe you.

EXT. THE DOCKS-NIGHT.

Indian immigrants are coming down the gangplanks, being huddled into the hangar, into trucks. VINCENT, GRECA and a DOCTOR, a man in his fifties with a medical bag approach the BIAGI CAPTAIN, an oversized man in his fifties who is overseeing.

VINCENT (TO CAPTAIN)
How many sick do we have on board?

CAPTAIN (BROKEN ENGLISH)
I don't know, Boss. (nodding at Doctor)
Who's he?

VINCENT (ITALIAN)
A doctor. We're going to see what a few antibiotics can do. *Capice?* (to DOCTOR)
Go ahead, Doc.

The CAPTAIN and the DOCTOR walk towards the ship. VINCENT, GRECA and the DOCTOR turn and walk back towards the boathouse.

VINCENT (TO GRECA, ITALIAN) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. Where does Nino find these dickheads?

GRECA shakes his head.

In the distance, VINCENT sees NINITO walking hand in hand with a little Indian girl.

VINCENT (ITALIAN) (CONT'D)
Did we hear anything more about the other ship?

GRECA (ITALIAN)
That's what I want to tell you, I just got word that they're back on course.

VINCENT
Ah, *bene*.

VINCENT sees NINITO take the little girl by the hand and lead her towards the boathouses. VINCENT gets in close to GRECA.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Do you have a pistol?

GRECA (ITALIAN)

No, just this(his shotgun), why?

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

If anyone asks, I was with you all night.

GRECA

OK. You want me to go with you?

VINCENT

No, it's better you stay here.

VINCENT dashes away. GRECA wonders what is going on.

INT. HARBOR OFFICE-NIGHT

VINCENT bursts in and runs over to the desk and opens the bottom drawer and sees a Baretta and a silencer laying next to it.

VINCENT takes the gun and attaches the silencer. He grabs a black stocking cap and puts it on and dashes out the door.

EXT. DOCKS, ALLEYS BETWEEN BUILDINGS-NIGHT

VINCENT snakes in and out between boathouses, looking around.

He hears low, strange, eerie, childrens' music. He follows it.

EXT. SMALL BOATHOUSE-NIGHT

Light shines through red curtains. The music emanating is children's sing-along music. VINCENT looks up and dreads what he will witness. He checks for his gun.

He climbs up the side of the boathouse and pulls himself up on one of the window sills. He looks through the gap of one of the red curtains.

NINITO has his back to VINCENT's POV. He is placing a frilly headband on the little Indian girl's head. She smiles with delight. The two dance a little bit. NINITO twirls her. She coos in delight.

VINCENT sees NINITO undo the front of his pants. VINCENT scrambles down the side of the boathouse and runs up the

ramp to the front door. VINCENT bangs on it loudly, not stopping. The lights go out.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)
Ninito!...Ninito!...Open up! I know
you're in there! Open up!

The little girl cries out. VINCENT backs up and kicks the door in and stands to the side.

VINCENT hears gasping and muffled cries. VINCENT steps in and turns on the light.

NINITO
Now wait, wait and let me explain-

VINCENT lunges at NINITO, grabs him, and throws him on the floor. Before NINITO can react, VINCENT karate kicks him in the groin and then in the head. The little girl gets up and runs to behind a bar and hides. VINCENT has the gun at NINITO's head.

VINCENT
You walk out of here and never come
near me or my operation again. Capito?

NINITO nods in pain.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Ok, get up and get out of here.

AS NINITO catches his breath and pulls himself up, VINCENT looks at the interior: a cornucopia of dolls, stuffed animals, toys and plush Victoria children's furniture. There are children's scenes painted on the walls. There is a small soda fountain with a small bar and Tiffany stools.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You sick, fucking bastard.

NINITO gets up. He realizes something.

NINITO (ITALIAN)
Wait. You can't shoot me. There's no
way you can shoot me.

He laughs. NINITO bats at the gun, VINCENT pulls it back in time. NINITO comes forward, batting at the gun, laughing, leering.

NINITO (CONT'D)

Not much without that gun, are you?

VINCENT tosses the gun aside and assumes a stance.

VINCENT

Try me.

NINITO lunges at him. VINCENT deftly steps out of the way and pushes NINITO, using NINITO's own weight to send him flying to the bar. NINITO is momentarily stunned. VINCENT runs and kicks him in the solar plexus. NINITO curls up in pain.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Had enough?

NINITO nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Do we understand each other now?

NINITO nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Get up.

NINITO doesn't move.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Get up!

VINCENT grabs NINITO's upper arm.

NINITO lunges at VINCENT, throwing VINCENT to the floor. NINITO has VINCENT pinned and pounds his head on the floorboards. VINCENT grabs NINITO's pectoral muscle and makes a fist. The pain shoots through NINITO's entire body. He howls. He rolls off VINCENT to his side.

VINCENT quickly gets up and kicks NINITO in the solar plexus. He picks NINITO up and puts him in a sleeper hold. With very little struggle, NINITO goes limp. VINCENT thinks NINITO is playing possum. Pause. VINCENT lets NINITO go and NINITO flops onto the floor, face first. VINCENT gets his gun and aims. NINITO doesn't move. The child is crying.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Ninito! Hey!

No response. VINCENT taps NINITO with his foot. Dead weight. VINCENT kicks NINITO. No movement. VINCENT kicks NINITO, hard. No reaction.

VINCENT kneels next to NINITO and turns him over. His eyes are wide open. His mouth is grotesquely drooped. VINCENT slaps him a few times. No movement, no reaction, no blinking. VINCENT feels NINITO's pulse. Nothing. VINCENT listens to his chest. No heartbeat. VINCENT jerks away from the corpse.

INT. HARBOR OFFICE-NIGHT

VINCENT comes in carrying the Indian child. GRECA jumps up from behind the desk.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

What happened?

VINCENT (TO ENFORCER, ITALIAN)

I found this kid wandering around. Go get her cleaned up and find her parents.

ENFORCER (ENGLISH)

OK, boss.

The ENFORCER takes the child and leaves. VINCENT goes limp and props himself up to keep from falling.

GRECA

What happened?

VINCENT

Rickey, I just killed Ninito.

GRECA

What?

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

I killed Ninito.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Just now?

VINCENT nods.

GRECA (ITALIAN) (CONT'D)

Give me the gun.

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

I killed him with my bare hands. He was trying to smother that girl. I put him in a sleeper hold and he died.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Settle down, settle down. Where is he?

VINCENT (ENGLISH)

In a boat house.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Take me there.

VINCENT weaves. GRECA catches him.

VINCENT

Rickey, we are so fucked...I have to call my wife.

VINCENT breaks away from GRECA and dashes for the phone. GRECA stops him.

VINCENT (ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

GRECA (ENGLISH)

We take care of it, Vincenzo. Come! We go!

GRECA shuttles VINCENT out the door

INT. BOATHOUSE-NIGHT.

VINCENT and GRECA strip NINITO naked and put his clothes in a plastic garbage bag. VINCENT takes the bags and leaves. GRECA runs a flea comb through NINITO's hair and body hair, carefully placing the hairs in a white baggie.

INT. HARBOR LAUNDRY-NIGHT

VINCENT is watches as NINITO's clothes spin in the dryer. He checks his watch.

INT. HARBOR HOLDING AREA-NIGHT

VINCENT pulls some hairs off a little Indian girl who is sitting in a barber chair, eating a candy bar.

INT. BOATHOUSE-NIGHT

GRECA is busily cleaning NINITO's FINGERNAILS. A soft knock comes on the door. GRECA stops and pulls his pistol, pointing it towards the door.

VINCENT
It's Vincent.

VINCENT comes in.

GRECA
Give me the hair.

VINCENT gives GRECA the baggie with the hair. The two men dress the body. They lay some of the hairs on NINITO's clothes. They swab all the surrounding area with rubbing alcohol and continue swabbing their tracks as they back away from the body and go outside, closing the door behind them.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

NINITO's FUNERAL, open casket. Many mourners are in attendance. NINITO's MOTHER is half-mad with grief. VINCENT is in the back pew. GRECA comes in and rushes to VINCENT's side.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)
What's up?

GRECA (ITALIAN)
The official cause of death is a heart attack.

VINCENT lets out a deep breath.

GRECA (CONT'D)
They found him with all that little kids stuff around. Believe me, Nino won't let this get out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT comes and undresses, exhausted.

LILY
How did it go?

VINCENT

As good as it could. Rickey took care
of everything.

LILY

Thank God for him.

VINCENT (EXHAUSTED)

Yeah...

LILY

Come.

VINCENT crawls under the covers. They hold each other.

VINCENT

How are you? How's the baby?

LILY

Baby's fine, getting me ready for
tomorrow's barfing.

VINCENT

It's a good sign. Means you're healthy.

LILY

You should try being pregnant sometime.

VINCENT

Not on your life.

They chuckle.

EXT. BUSY STREET, NAPLES-DAY

GRECA is driving with his ten year old son, RICKEY, who is
sitting on his fathers lap, steering. They pull into a busy
street.

A CAR appears behind them. GRECA looks in the rearview
mirror. He recognizes the driver and passenger.

GRECA sees TWO MEN standing at a news stand, with their
backs turned reading newspapers. ONE peers over his
shoulder. The other talks into a WRIST RADIO.

In the rear view, GRECA sees the TWO MEN run to a parked
car and start it up and get on the road. GRECA puts RICKY

back into the passenger seat. He reaches under his seat for his pistol.

GRECA guns the engine. Behind them, GRECA hears a motorcycle rev. GRECA looks in the rearview mirror and sees a MOTORCYCLE coming towards them. The RIDER is carrying an AK 47.

GRECA pushes RICKEY's head down.

RICKEY (ITALIAN)
Papa, what's wrong?

GRECA shoves RICKEY's head down.

GRECA (ITALIAN)
Keep your head down!

The two CARS behind him are gaining. There is a red light up ahead. GRECA punches the gas and drives onto the sidewalk. He weaves in and out of pedestrians, honking his horn wildly.

The MOTORCYCLE follows up on the sidewalk. GRECA looks to the right and sees TWO MEN FROM THE NEWS STAND driving beside him on the street. They have their guns out. The PASSENGER shoots three times. GRECA gets hit in the right shoulder. RICKEY screams.

GRECA takes his gun into his left hand and fires at the car, shattering their windshield. GRECA sees the oncoming motorcycle in back of him and veers into the street. GRECA weaves in and around traffic.

GRECA looks in the rearview and sees the MOTORCYCLE come from off the sidewalk onto the street, closing in fast.

GRECA speeds through a red stop light and almost gets hit by two cars.

RICKEY
Papa, look out!

GRECA looks forward and cranks the wheel hard to avoid hitting school children and a crossing guard. He cranks the wheel again and broadsides another car, smashing his car. Children scream.

GRECA tries to start his car. It will not start. He sees the MOTORCYCLE closing in.

GRECA grabs RICKY around the waist and gets out on the passenger side. GRECA and RICKEY flatten themselves on the ground. GRECA signals RICKEY to do what he does. They crawl on their bellies away from their car.

The MOTORCYCLE pulls up and the GUNMAN opens the drivers' side door. No one there. GRECA pops up to the left from behind a parked car and shoots both the driver and passenger of the motorcycle. GRECA kneels down next to RICKEY.

GRECA

Call mamma and give her tell her four
three two one. Capito? Four, three,
two, one.

RICKY

Si, papa. Quattro, Tre, Due, Uno.

GRECA kisses him quickly and scurries for cover by the cars on the street. RICKY crawls under the car and observes.

GRECA runs to his victims from the motorcycle. He grabs the AK47.

GRECA (TO GUNMAN)

Who sent you?

The GUNMAN gurgles blood. GRECA has no time to waste. He runs up the street, people move out of his way. In the distance, he spots the car with the shattered windshield driving up the street, the driver looking out the side window. GRECA quickly ducks behind parked cars next to a woman with groceries. She screams.

GRECA (CONT'D)

Shut up! Stay down!

She shuts up and stays down. The car with the shattered windshield slowly approaches. GRECA pops up and shoots both the DRIVER and PASSENGER dead. The dead DRIVER steps on the gas and the car smashes into a parked car on the street. SIRENS approach.

GRECA looks for RICKEY.

GRECA (CONT'D)
Rickey! Rickey!!!

RICKEY peeks out from over the hood of a car.

RICKEY
Papa!

GRECA
Stay there! Ask to see Assisi! *Assisi*,
capito?!

RICKEY
No, papa, no!

GRECA blows him a kiss. GRECA makes a run for it.

RICKEY (CONT'D)
No, papa! No!

RICKEY chases after GRECA.

A riot of police cars come tearing up the street. RICKEY turns around. The police screech to a stop at the sight of this ten year old boy with blood on his shirt. RICKEY stops and raises his arms in the air, urinating on himself.

INT. NAPLES POLICE STATION-DAY

BLACK, ASSISI, and the NEAPOLITAN POLICE KOMMANDANT and a few other Carabinieri are walking down a long corridor.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

RICKEY is working on his third Tirone bar. ASSISI, BLACK and the others come in.

ASSISI (ITALIAN)
Ricardo Greca?

RICKEY
Si.

ASSISI
I am Judge Assisi.

They shake hands.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

You wanted to see me.

RICKEY
Is my family safe?

ASSISI
Yes, they are.

RICKEY
Are you sure?

ASSISI
You have my word. I have some questions
for you.

RICKEY looks at all of the people who came in with ASSISI.

RICKEY
Who are they?

ASSISI
These are some people who are here to
help me. This man (points to Black) came
all the way from America to help us.

RICKEY's EYES flash something. Both ASSISI and BLACK pick
up on it.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
You've been to America?

RICKEY
No.

RICKEY fidgets.

ASSISI (ENGLISH)
May I have the file please, John?

BLACK hands ASSISI a file. ASSISI takes out a picture of
VINCENT FIORE.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Rickey, do you know this man?

RICKEY's EYES flash recognition.

RICKEY
No.

INT. HALLWAY-POLICE STATION

BLACK and ASSISI are having a cigarette.

ASSISI
The kid knows him.

BLACK
Greca and Fiore worked together. That's
how they got Rondone.

ASSISI
So who tried to kill Greca? Rondone?
Vincent?

BLACK
I have no idea. I don't think it was
Vincent. It's not like him to double
cross his friends. What about Rondone
going through his lawyer?

ASSISI
That's a possibility, but I think it's
unlikely. He's claiming he is a sheep
farmer and the fellows we arrested him
were extorting him.

BLACK chuckles. ASSISI rolls his eyes.

Silence. They smoke.

ASSISI (CONT'D)
Let's go back inside.

BLACK
Augustino?

ASSISI
Si?

BLACK
There is something you should know.

ASSISI
What is it?

BLACK
Vincent Fiore, he's my half-brother. We
have the same father. I'm sorry I

didn't tell you before. I didn't want
you to know.

ASSISI looks at BLACK. ASSISI nods.

ASSISI
We'll talk later. Come.

They go back inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

VINCENT is on the phone with FRATELLO. VINCENT is pacing.
FRATELLO is in his home, it is night there.

VINCENT
Someone tried to hit Greca on the
street and now he's on the lam. What
the fuck is going on?

FRATELLO
He might think that you did it.

VINCENT
Jimmy, you gotta try and find him.

FRATELLO
I'll make some calls, OK? Sit tight and
I'll call you the minute I know
anything.

VINCENT hangs up the phone.

FRATELLO hangs up the phone and picks up the phone again.
There is a sound behind him. He turns around. ALDO FOX and
ATRIA are standing there. FOX has a gun.

FOX
Sorry, Jimmy.

FOX shoots FRATELLO in the middle of the forehead. FRATELLO
falls over, dead. ATRIA checks for a pulse. He shakes his
head at FOX. They go about taking care of the body.

FOX (CONT'D)
Fucking shame.

EXT. APARTMENT, NAPLES-DAY

GRECA comes out and stands in the doorway and peers out. A delivery boy on a bicycle passes by. The coast is clear. GRECA steps out into the street.

Out of every nook and cranny, undercover police rush at GRECA. GRECA gives no resistance.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

GRECA is sitting with manacles on. ASSISI and BLACK come in. GRECA stands up. ASSISI and GRECA nod at each other. They have known each other for years.

GRECA (ITALIAN)

Who's he?

ASSISI (ITALIAN)

This is Judge John Black from Kansas City in America.

GRECA

I asked to speak to you only.

ASSISI

He's OK.

They sit down. To GRECA, there is something extremely familiar about BLACK, but he can't put his finger on it.

GRECA (TO BLACK, ITALIAN)

Do i know you from somewhere?

BLACK (TO GRECA, ITALIAN)

I don't think so.

ASSISI (TO GRECA, ITALIAN)

What's going on out there?

GRECA

I do not know.

ASSISI

Ricardo, please. Six people died in that shoot-out. You tell me what you know or you're back out on the street. What's going on out there?

GRECA

I knew those men, but I do not know who hired them. They were good, very good. I'm lucky to be alive. Judge, I am asking for your help to protect my family.

ASSISI

You want to testify?

GRECA

Si.

ASSISI

Against people who may be your friends?

GRECA

I don't know who my friends are anymore.

ASSISI

You have an association with a man named Vincent Fiore. Is that right?

GRECA

I won't say anything about that yet.

ASSISI

When we spoke to your son, he pointed out a picture of Vincent Fiore, identified him by name and said that not only had he been to your home, but he had given him a video game as a present. You took it away from him because it was interfering with his school work.

GRECA

I have nothing to say about that. But I will tell you that the man you have in custody, the man who calls himself a wrongly accused sheep farmer, is Salvatore Rondone.

ASSISI

Is that the best you are going to do?

GRECA

For now.

ASSISI

Will you go on the stand?

GRECA

Yes, judge.

ASSISI

So far, you are the only witness we have who will do so. And you are not a very credible witness. He might go free.

GRECA

Outside or in, trust me, he's a dead man either way. He's killed too many people.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

VINCENT is lying in bed, a gun in his hand. There are cartons of take out food spread on the floor. A knock comes on the door. VINCENT wakes with a start. He jumps out of bed, gun pointed at the door.

VINCENT (ITALIAN)

Who is it?

DELIVERY BOY (OS, ITALIAN)

Delivery.

VINCENT

Who from?

DELIVERY BOY

It's from America.

VINCENT peers through the peephole. The boy is about seventeen and gawky.

VINCENT

Put it down in front of the door, I'll get it in a minute.

DELIVERY BOY

OK.

The DELIVERY BOY puts the package by the door and leaves.

VINCENT carefully opens the door. He peers out and sees the DELIVERY BOY get in the elevator. He sees the package, wrapped in brown paper at his feet. VINCENT nudges the package with his foot. It seems OK. He picks it up and brings it inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

VINCENT places the package on the table. He examines the exterior thoroughly. It seems OK.

He listens to it. No noise is emanating. He opens the brown wrapped exterior. He comes to white butcher paper. VINCENT carefully undoes the tape.

The contents of the package makes VINCENT leap back in horror. He screams at the top of his lungs. The package contains FRATELLO's SEVERED HAND in a plastic bag, floating in formaldehyde. VINCENT can't stop screaming.

INT. NAPLES POLICE STATION-DAY

A figure appears in the doorway among all the other coming and going. As he comes inside closer, POLICE STAFF do double takes looking at this man, disbelieving that he is here. A FEMALE STAFF WORKER drops a huge arm load of files on the floor. A COP pulls a gun.

COP (ITALIAN)
UP with your hands! UP!

VINCENT puts his hands up. Many other cops scramble out.

COP (CONT'D)
Get down on your knees! Slowly!

VINCENT sinks to his knees.

COP (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your neck!

VINCENT is cuffed.

VINCENT
I want to see Assisi.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

VINCENT is in prison garb, smoking a cigarette, haggard.
ASSISI comes in.

VINCENT

Hello.

ASSISI

Hello.

Pause.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

They both sit down. ASSISI opens the case file. VINCENT
scratches his face.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

What did you want to talk about, Mr.
Fiore?

VINCENT

I want to make a deal with the Italian
government.

ASSISI

What kind of deal?

VINCENT

Pentiti.

ASSISI

I don't know if I can help you, Mr.
Fiore. You are a known felon in the US,
not here.

VINCENT knows this game.

VINCENT

With all due respect, judge, let's cut
the crap. I was in the immigration
business with Nino Biagi. We smuggled
people, men, women, children, old,
young from Thailand, India, the Middle
East, Eastern Europe, to work in
European factories.

ASSISI

I see that you read the papers. Very commendable.

VINCENT

We packed tanker ships standing room only. When these boats reached the harbor Nino Biagi's men killed the sick and dumped them in the ocean a few kilometers out in the Mediterranean. The Thai ambassador in Rome would be very interested in talking to me, not to mention the UN High Commission on Slavery and Human Traffic. And the press, of course. With all due respect, Judge, I suggest you follow up, lest you want to be transferred or forced into early retirement. Or even worse, have your conscience berate you.

INT. ASSISI'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK and ASSISI are arguing.

BLACK

What do you mean, you are holding him for now?

ASSISI

You have no legal right to take him. You can put in a request, certainly.

BLACK

And what good will that do?

ASSISI

That is the procedure.

BLACK

I see.

BLACK nods angrily.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Can I see him?

ASSISI

No. He has asked that you not be allowed to see him.

ASSISI sits down.

ASSISI (CONT'D)

John, one month ago, a man named Antonio Anzio, an alleged Campana family operative disappeared. My sources tell me that while he died while being tortured by police men. Did you know about this?

BLACK is surprised.

BLACK

No judge, I did not.

ASSISI

My government forbids me to extradite any prisoner if there is a threat of torture.

Pause.

BLACK

Judge, I swear to you, I had no idea.

ASSISI

But you're not entirely surprised.

BLACK

No, sir, I'm not.

ASSISI

There's more.

BLACK

Judge, entities who conspired with the Campana family for the last forty years in Kansas City are waiting for me to bring Fiore back so they can kill him. I want to bring him back so he can go on the stand and testify against these entities.

ASSISI

And none of these entities knows that this is your ultimate intention?

BLACK

No, judge.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

VINCENT is sitting, chained with manacles. He is smoking a cigarette. BLACK comes in. VINCENT stands up.

BLACK

Hello.

VINCENT

Hello.

BLACK indicates that they should sit. They sit. BLACK opens a file.

BLACK

Thanks for meeting with me.

VINCENT

Thank you.

BLACK

Thank you for your card.

VINCENT looks at him questioningly.

BLACK (CONT'D)

At the funeral. That was a nice gesture.

VINCENT remembers.

VINCENT

Least I could do.

BLACK

How are you doing in here?

VINCENT

Not much to do. Food's shit in prison here, too.

BLACK

Are they treating you well?

VINCENT

Yeah.

BLACK

Have you spoken to your wife?

VINCENT

No.

BLACK

Does she know you're here?

VINCENT

Yes, she does.

BLACK

You have something for me?

VINCENT

Yes. But you go first.

BLACK takes out a report. BLACK reads.

BLACK

Tony Anzio was seen being taken away by three men, then he was never seen again. Two days later, three dead bodies of men ranging in age of mid thirties to early fifties were found in various dumps. No intact teeth, fingerprints or distinguishing marks. Large patches of skin were removed by scalpel, theory being that they were tatoos. Any ideas?

VINCENT shakes his head.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Anzio's family should have come to me. I would have launched a full investigation. Instead of...what happened.

VINCENT shrugs. VINCENT takes out his papers. It is four pages long, written in pencil.

VINCENT

Uncle Mikey's victims going back about fifteen years, the ones I know about, anyway. Sorry that it's written in pencil. They won't let me have a typewriter.

BLACK reads.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

The ones with the star next to them indicates I know where their remains are.

BLACK stops on a familiar name.

BLACK

James Fratello?

VINCENT nods.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Recently?

VINCENT nods.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Do you know who?

VINCENT

I have a pretty good idea.

BLACK

Who do you think?

VINCENT

Nino. After all, I killed his son, but he was conning me the whole time to get my banks. It's the same scam I was pulling with Rondone, except I took Nino on his word.

BLACK keeps reading the names. Some of them raise his eyebrows.

BLACK

This is significant. This will help you a great deal. I'm taking you back with me to Missouri where you will stand trial for the murder of Micheal Barese. The way I see things, this document will save you from the death penalty.

VINCENT

I appreciate that but then what? My whole life in protective custody? (shakes his head) Two weeks in and I'll

end up hanging myself, if I get that far.

BLACK

The way I see it, I am your only hope. Confess to Barese's murder, make the headlines and you'll be safe.

VINCENT shakes his head.

VINCENT

You really don't get it, do you John?

BLACK

Get what?

VINCENT

What's really going on. They aren't going to let me live, no matter kind of headlines I make. I'm too dangerous.

BLACK

So what do you propose?

VINCENT

Wait and think it out. I mean, I'm not exactly going anywhere any time soon.

Slight pause.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So, you travel halfway around the world just for any crook, or just me?

BLACK

Just you, Vincent.

VINCENT

You're here because you want to find out about Daddy.

BLACK

You're right, I am curious.

VINCENT

Where to begin...You're familiar with how he died?

BLACK nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What you probably don't know is that he died protecting me. I was fourteen years old, I ran out of my house with a .22 pistol when he was coming home, because these guys were lurking in the bushes. I remember shooting past him. I run out of bullets, they start firing. First shot rings out, Daddy takes one in the back, and he throws himself on top of me while they pump him full of bullets. Right in the middle of a typical suburban street, at three thirty in the afternoon. Then they drive off.

BLACK

Jesus Christ.

VINCENT

My first thought was that I was glad that the other neighborhood kids were a school so they didn't have to see this. Funny, huh? The stuff you think of when you are in that kind of predicament.

BLACK

I'm sorry.

Slight pause.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Did you hate him, Vincent?

VINCENT

Who?

BLACK

Daddy.

VINCENT

What are you, a shrink or something?

BLACK

Did you hate him?

VINCENT

No.

BLACK

You stopped talking to him. At least that's what your mother told me.

VINCENT looks away, broiling. He scratches his thigh like he has a case of the hives. He is in fact shaking, but trying to cover it up.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Did you hate him for taking away what little family togetherness you had? Because he was mafia?

VINCENT

C-cut the crap, counselor.

BLACK

What about Barese?

VINCENT

What about him?

BLACK

Killing him wasn't as fulfilling as you would've liked.

VINCENT shaking, shrugs. BLACK is getting to him.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Do hate Vinnie because he never loved your mother? Or you? Do you hate him now? Do you wish he was the one you had shot out on the marshes?

VINCENT shoots out of his chair.

VINCENT

You piece of shit, I'll kill you!

VINCENT lunges at BLACK, BLACK sidesteps and throws VINCENT to the corner. BLACK comes behind VINCENT and digs his hand into VINCENT's underarm. VINCENT howls in pain.

BLACK

I'll just bet this is the first truthful moment in your life, Vincent. Get used to it, because from now on this is how you and I are going work together, understand?

BLACK applies pressure and VINCENT howls in pain. PRISON GUARDS come rushing in. They break up the two. They throw VINCENT up against the opposite wall and yell at him in Italian. A GUARD escorts BLACK out.

BLACK turns and walks out. VINCENT tries to tear himself away from the guards to attack BLACK, but to no avail. VINCENT is quickly subdued.

EXT. STREETS OF NAPLES-DAY

LILY, dressed all in black and her hair covered, is walking among the people, blending in, looking at all the food stands and the offerings. She is making sure that she is not being followed. She comes to the POLICE STATION and goes inside.

INT. PROTECTIVE CUSTODY CELL.

GRECA is doing clap-ups. The intercom calls. He picks it up.

GRECA

Si?

COP (ITALIAN)

Your cousin Lucia is here to see you,
but she's not on the list.

GRECA flashes suspicion but goes along with it.

GRECA

It's OK.

COP

No, you don't understand, we can't let
her in.

GRECA

Why? Is she carrying a bomb? She's my
cousin, let her in.

Seconds pass.

COP

Alright.

INT. VISITING ROOM (GLASS PARTITION)

GRECA comes in and sits down in front of LILY. GRECA picks up the receiver.

GRECA (ITALIAN)
Lucia, what are you doing here?

LILY (ITALIAN)
Cousin Vincenzo is in town, and I thought I might come to visit. He's sorry he couldn't come. But he sends his regards.

GRECA
It's been a while since I have seen him. How is he?

LILY
He's good.

GRECA
Is it true what I have heard? That the house is not in order?

LILY
It's true, it's true, many bad things have happened to the house. But he doesn't blame you.

Slight pause. Eye contact.

LILY (CONT'D)
He doesn't blame you.

GRECA nods.

GRECA
Capito, Capito.

LILY presses her hand up to the glass. GRECA flattens his hand against hers.

EXT. COAST SIDE HIGHWAY-DAY.

Four ALFA ROMEO POLICE CARS, sirens blaring, travel at high speed down the highway. CHICCO is driving the second car with an armed GUARD in the passenger seat and ASSISI in the back, who is looking over court papers.

The follow car is BLACK with ELIO driving.

The rear car is full of SCORTA, armed to the teeth.

INT. SECOND CAR

ASSISI is preparing last minute papers for an upcoming court appearance.

INT. FOLLOW CAR

ELIO (ITALIAN)

Hey, Judge Black, you think I'll look good on TV?

BLACK (ITALIAN)

Like the Sicilian James Dean.

ELIO looks at himself in the rearview mirror. He agrees.

A tire blows out. ELIO handles the car to the curb.

ELIO

Son of a bitch! (to radio) Guys, we have a blow out here.

The TAIL CAR stops and the SCORTA get out, covering the hills with their rifles. The SECOND CAR backs up and stops beside the FOLLOW CAR. ASSISI leans out the window.

ASSISI

Did you get a flat?

ELIO

I must have run over a piece of metal or something. I didn't hear any gun shot.

ASSISI

We'll wait.

BLACK

No, no, judge, go. We're OK. If you are late for the trial, Rondone's lawyers could pull some sort of obscure no-show clause. We'll catch up. (to SCORTA) Go! Go!

ASSISI indicates that they should go. The SCORTA pile into their cars and head out. BLACK goes around to the rear and opens the trunk and takes out a jack. ELIO stops him.

ELIO

Judge, no, let me. Your clothes will
get messy for court.

BLACK

OK.

BLACK takes off his jacket in the heat. ELIO is busy with
the tire.

BLACK wanders over to look out at the sea. He hears a sea
hawk screech. He blocks the sun to get a better look at the
bird. He sees the sea hawk soar. The bird is strength,
speed, majesty, elegance. The sea hawk settles on a nest on
the rocky hill face.

BOOM.

A massive explosion throws ELIO across the hood of the car.
BLACK is thrown ten feet. ELIO quickly recovers and runs
towards BLACK.

ELIO

Stay down! Stay down!

ELIO jumps on top of BLACK, covering him.

ELIO (CONT'D)

Don't look up! Don't look up!

Rubble and debris falls around them.

ELIO gets up off of BLACK. BLACK holds on to him.

BLACK

Stop Elio! It might be an ambush! Stop!

ELIO tears himself away and runs to the bomb crater.

FLASHBACK, SECONDS BEFORE.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

The three ALFA ROMEOs are driving down the coast highway.

INT. SECOND CAR

Inside the ALFA, ASSISI is preparing papers, tries to
remember something.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

1/4 mile stretch of highway explodes from demolition charges. The two cars are obliterated instantly.

PRESENT

ELIO tries to get into the bomb crater, but it is too hot to approach. ELIO drops to his knees and cries, screaming uncontrollably.

EXT CHURCH-DAY

Church bells are somberly ringing. FIVE COFFINS are being carried, followed by mourners, BLACK and ELISABETTA among them.

There are a legion of observers on the sidelines, quietly crying. Many are carrying signs which say "You did not die in vain", "No More!" "Mafia out of Sicily!" "Judge Assisi, you will always be with us" Carabinieri stand guard.

A procession of PROMINENT POLITICIANS follows the mourners. Boos and hisses emanate from the observers. One boy picks up a rock.

BOY

The real mafia!

The BOY throws the rock at the politicians. The rock comes very close to hitting one of them. They people chant "The real mafia! The real mafia! The real mafia!" over and over again.

Observers pick up rocks and hurl them at the politicians. The POLITICIANS duck and try to get out of the way. The Carabinieri try to calm the crowd.

One woman tears through the line and attacks one of the POLITICIANS, beating him hysterically with her fists. She is quickly taken away by police. Some of the observers follow suit, but are held back.

The POLITICIANS are quickly hustled into the church. BLACK and others try and move the crowd back from the doors of the church as the crowd screams for blood.

DOZENS of CARABINERI cars come and the CARABINERI move the crowd back from the perimeter of the church. The crowd

chants "Your time will come! Your time will come! Your time will come!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

BLACK and VINCENT are talking.

VINCENT

It wasn't Nino. Whoever did it did it to embarrass Berlusconi in the European Parliament. Some whacko contingent jockeying for position would be my guess now that Rondone is out of the picture. But then again, that doesn't make sense.

BLACK

Why not?

VINCENT

They knew the exact route and the exact time the cars would be coming, which means they had friends in the Justice Palace. Which means they aren't dummies.

BLACK

Which could mean that Rondone isn't entirely out of the picture.

VINCENT

I dunno.

VINCENT thinks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Listen, I want to apologize for the way I acted the other day.

BLACK

OK...

VINCENT

Maybe you're right, maybe I secretly hate daddy, but that's my business.

BLACK nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So where's the cop speech about how you can trust me, Vincent, I'm on your side.

BLACK

You just saved me the trouble.

They nod at each other.

VINCENT

Anyway, Rondone's too stupid to plan something like this on his own.

BLACK

What do you mean?

VINCENT

I mean that he's not a big picture kind of guy. Somebody's got him thinking that he is, but he's just a simple country boy at heart. The sonofabitch can't even read. He's not the brains, that's for sure.

BLACK

Wait, what did you just say?

VINCENT

He's not the padrone, John, not the real one.

BLACK

No, no, before that.

VINCENT

Yeah, he's illiterate. Wait, you didn't know that?

BLACK

Are you sure?

VINCENT

It's the worst kept secret in Sicily. The guy can't even read about himself in the papers.

BLACK

Jesus...

VINCENT

That's why he hit Marco Vitalone, Marco had too much wine and insulted him in public.

BLACK

But he runs a multi-billion dollar empire.

VINCENT

No John, he doesn't run a damn thing. He *thinks* he does, but no, no way. He's a killer alright, and pretty smart, but as for calling the shots, forget about it.

BLACK

Who runs the show then?

VINCENT shrugs.

VINCENT

The Russians, maybe. I dunno. I'll do some more thinking.

BLACK

I'd appreciate that.

BLACK gathers his things but remembers something.

BLACK (CONT'D)

I almost forgot, I brought you something.

BLACK pulls out a slender, tattered paperback book from the early sixties. He slides it over to VINCENT. VINCENT picks it up and reads the cover.

VINCENT

"Mobster" by Anonymous. (befuddled)
Thanks.

BLACK

My mother wrote that book. It's the book from of a series of articles she wrote for Life magazine, profiling a mob enforcer. The mobster, who is never named, is Vincenzo Fiore.

VINCENT

Bullshit.

BLACK

Read it, you'll see. (BLACK holds out his hand) Here.

VINCENT hands BLACK the book. BLACK opens it. He turns a few pages and finds a passage.

BLACK (CONT'D)

"I hear so many guys like me find an excuse that life is hard and that's why we're in the life, because Italians are treated badly. This is just an excuse. The only reason that guys are in the life is because of greed and respect, pure and simple. One, we're greedy, like everyone else, two, we want respect like everyone else. People are dumb enough to think that we do what we do to protect our own. It might have been like that a little bit in the old days, but in the end, there is no such thing as loyalty when there is a lot of money to be made and power to get. Protection? Forget about it. I'll protect you as long as it benefits me. If it don't benefit me, forget about it."

BLACK closes the book.

VINCENT

Sounds like him, alright. He knew the score.

BLACK

No, he didn't. He was what he was because he didn't know the score. There is loyalty out there. You can see it if you take the blinders off.

VINCENT leans back in his chair.

INT. ELISABETTA'S-NIGHT

ELISABETTA and BLACK have finished dinner. ELISABETTA is slicing up a large sheet cake and putting pieces on individual plates. BLACK and ELISABETTA take as many paper plates as they can and approaches the door.

They open the door and the sound of MANY HEAVILY ARMED CARABINERI and POLICE wafts into her apartment: radios squawking, small talk, etc.

INT. HALLWAY

MANY HEAVILY ARMED CARABINERI and POLICE MEN are standing guard. They are wearing flak jackets and helmets, and are armed with automatic rifles and stun grenades.

BLACK and ELISABETTA come out with the plates of cake. The men are delighted.

BLACK (ITALIAN)

I hope there's enough for everyone.

A CARABINERI gets on the radio.

EXT. ELISABETTA'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

A SWAT team and CARABINERI team, as heavily armed and fortified as the men upstairs have surrounded the building. One man is manning a radar.

CARABINERI (THRU RADIO)

There's cake up here. Come gets some.

The men are delighted. One OFFICER goes inside.

INT. ELISABETTA'S-NIGHT

BLACK is standing on the balcony. He watches the men eat their cake in shifts. He is very moved. ELISABETTA comes out.

ELISABETTA

What are you doing? You shouldn't be out here. Come inside!

BLACK

Sorry.

BLACK goes inside.

INT. ELISABETTA'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

BLACK comes inside. BLACK comes to help with the dishes.

BLACK
They are so young.

ELISABETTA
Bambini.

BLACK takes a deep breath.

ELISABETTA (CONT'D)
You're thinking about him, aren't you?

BLACK
Yes.

ELISABETTA
You like Vincent.

BLACK
I do. What a waste...what a waste...

BLACK sighs deeply. Beat. They embrace.

INT. VINCENT'S CELL

VINCENT is playing chess against LUCIANO, an elderly prisoner. VINCENT makes a move. LUCIANO makes a move. Check mate.

VINCENT
Goddamn it!

LUCIANO leers.

LUCIANO (ITALIAN)
Another?

VINCENT
No.

LUCIANO awaits his award.

VINCENT takes out a wad of cash and peels off a few euros and hands it to LUCIANO.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Nice game.

LUCIANO taps the buzzer. A PRISON GUARD comes and LUCIANO leaves. The door closes behind them.

VINCENT places the chess pieces back where they were and tries to figure out where he went wrong.

FLASHCUT

of PINO GRACI, looking at VINCENT in the barn.

VINCENT is almost knocked over by the realization.

VINCENT taps the buzzer, calling the guard.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

VINCENT and BLACK are meeting again.

VINCENT

It's Pino Graci, his consilgieri. He's the real Padrone.

BLACK is listening.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

He blew up the freeway because that is the way they killed Falcone. The Italians will start a new, highly intensified war against the mob, but the mob will keep making headlines with random bombings, assassinate people here and there and Berlusconi will lose the next election. Pino will put his guy in as prime minister, and all mafia activity above ground will stop cold. The guy becomes the new hero, who saved Italy, but in fact wiped out all of Pino's enemies. The Vitalone massacre was the opening salvo

BLACK

Andreotti...

VINCENT nods.

VINCENT

Except worse. All the syndicates will be international. There will be a G8 of crime syndicates and they will play the nuclear card; leave us alone and only the right people will have the A-bomb. Pino wants to be on top of that heap.

BLACK

How do you know this?

VINCENT

Because that's what I wanted.

INT. PRISON BOXING GYM-DAY

VINCENT is sparring with a PRISON GUARD while other PRISON GUARDS are looking on, enjoying the spectacle thoroughly. The PRISON GUARD is beating VINCENT badly.

TIME is called. A roar of approval goes out from the observing prison guards. VINCENT and the PRISON GUARD embrace.

VINCENT (TO GUARD, WHISPERING, ITALIAN)

You got my money?

GUARD (ITALIAN)

See me at chow.

A PRISON GUARD walks in.

GUARD #2

Hey, big mafia boss, call for you.

VINCENT

OK, boss.

VINCENT runs out of the boxing gym.

GUARD #2

His mother wants to know if he has clean underwear.

Laughter.

INT. PHONE BOOTH-PRISON

VINCENT picks up the receiver.

VINCENT
Pronto.

LILY
Baby?

VINCENT
Hi.

LILY
Hi.

VINCENT
How are you?

EXT. NAPLES STREET-DAY

LILY is in a phone booth.

LILY
A lot better now that I'm hearing your
voice. Are you doing OK?

(Scene cuts back between the PRISON and the STREET)

VINCENT
I'm OK, I'm OK, how's the baby?

LILY
He's fine. Fine.

LILY (CONT'D)
Tell me some good news.

VINCENT
This John Black, I've been talking to
him and he's a good man. I tested him,
see how far he would go with looking
into the Cousin Tony thing. He didn't
come back blowing smoke.

LILY
That's good, that's good.

VINCENT
The only problem is that he is
completely unprotected out there.

LILY

What can I do to help?

VINCENT

Nothing right now. We'll see if my testimony against Rondone will buy me time, but all we can do is pray.

LILY begins to cry.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Shh...Shh...

LILY

I'm sorry.

VINCENT

It's OK. It's OK. Listen, for now, I want you to go to the safe house and hide there.

LILY

OK.

VINCENT

And when you get there, the first thing I want you to do is to clean the chimney. Real important. It's been a while and the buildup in the chimney could start a fire.

LILY gets that this is a signal of some sort.

LILY

OK.

VINCENT

Sit tight and we'll be together soon, I promise you.

LILY

I want you to know something.

VINCENT

What, honey?

LILY

I'm close to you right now, real close.

The CAMERA pans right from LILY in the PHONE BOOTH and finds the PRISON WALL. LILY places her hand going screen right on the phone booth glass.

LILY (CONT'D)

I can feel you.

VINCENT raises his hand and places it on the phone booth wall, screen left.

VINCENT

I can feel you, too.

The PROMPTER goes off.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I miss you.

LILY

I miss you, too.

VINCENT

I love you forever and ever.

LILY

I love you forever and ever.

The phone hangs up for them.

VINCENT throws the receiver at the phone, hard. The receiver dangles as he walks out of the booth.

EXT. GATED PLANTATION STYLE HOME, SOMEWHERE IN MISSOURI-DAY

LILY drives up to the gate in an inconspicuous, slightly dilapidated VW Jetta. Two Dobermans come up to the gate. She parks and gets out. The Dobermans are overjoyed to see her. She coos to them as she unlocks the gate and goes inside.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

LILY enters and runs to the fireplace. She reaches in and feels around inside the chimney. She finds nothing.

She takes a small broom from beside the fireplace and shoves it up the chimney, feeling around. She feels something. She shoves at it.

A LARGE BUNDLE falls out of the chimney. LILY picks it up. It is TWO LARGE BOOKS wrapped in heavy plastic. She wipes the soot off. In gold lettering the front reads "LEDGER."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

VINCENT slides the two ledgers towards BLACK. BLACK takes them and opens them up. BLACK reads a bunch of hand-entered numbers, dated, with amounts. BLACK looks up at VINCENT.

BLACK
Transactions.

VINCENT
Going back twenty years. Every cent the Campana family took in or gave out, Mikey wrote it down. There's notation for bribes, money laundering, drug deal deposits, assassinations, it's all there. The numbers to the secret bank accounts, the three digit numbers in the left column are codes for the banks, it's all there, everything.

BLACK flips through the pages.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You're holding the Holy Grail of Kansas City organized crime, John. It now belongs to you.

BLACK looks up at VINCENT.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I want witness protection for me, my wife and my child. And Greca walks.

BLACK
Greca walks on the condition that you and he never see or communicate with each other ever again.

VINCENT
Fine.

BLACK
Thank you, Vincent.

VINCENT nods.

VINCENT

Thank *you*.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE-DAY

ELISABETTA and BLACK are sharing an espresso in the lounge of Falcone Airport.

BLACK

And Pino is the man. (BLACK sighs) So this is it.

They are both close to tears.

BLACK (CONT'D)

I'll promise I'll call as much as I can.

ELISABETTA

Me, too.

BLACK

We both have our work cut out for us.

ELISABETTA nods.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Someday.

ELISABETTA looks down.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Hey.

BLACK lifts her chin.

BLACK (CONT'D)

I mean it.

They embrace and kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOARDING AREA

BLACK and ELISABETTA are still kissing. They tear each other away when last call for boarding is announced. BLACK boards the plane, eyes forward, afraid that if he looks back, he will not get on the plane.

MONTAGE

of arrests being made. Police burst into homes and most mobsters go on their own free will. Among the busts made are PAOLO ATRIA and ALDO FOX. ATRIA's bust freeze frames, dissolves into a newsprint photo. The camera pans back to a headline: "Another bust by Kansas City Super Cop John Black." The camera pans down to a photo of BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIMOSINE-DAY.

BLACK is riding in the back of the limousine. He has papers in his lap. He takes a minute to look out over greater Kansas City.

EXT. STATE CONCOURSE, MISSOURI-DAY

VICTOR KAYSEN is waiting in the middle of the park. He is feeding some pigeons. The limousine pulls up. BLACK gets out, holding a large manila envelope.

KAYSEN

All hail the conquering hero! How goes it, Johnny?

BLACK

Good, good. How ya doin' Victor?

KAYSEN

Hellhounds on my tail, John, hellhounds on my tail, but what else is new?

They shake hands.

KAYSEN (CONT'D)

About time you came to see me, John. Your office won't return any of my calls. I was getting worried.

BLACK

Yeah, sorry about that. I've been busy.

KAYSEN

Our package is making a name for himself over there in the old Country.

BLACK

They won't deport him. He's too valuable.

KAYSEN

That's not good, John, that's not good. Do I get the sense that you're not throwing a lot of weight behind it?

BLACK

You're very perceptive.

KAYSEN

Well, in that case, my hands are tied.

BLACK hands KAYSEN an envelope.

KAYSEN (CONT'D)

What's this?

BLACK

Open it.

KAYSEN opens it. KAYSEN looks at the photocopies inside. He looks up.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Michael Barese's ledgers.

KAYSEN

Huh?

BLACK

You tortured and murdered Tony Anzio to get these, but I have them now.

KAYSEN

Who's Tony Anzio?

BLACK

I start my election campaign for State Attorney General next month. I don't ever want to see or hear from you or your friends ever again, understood? Any fucking around, there will be hell to pay. Got it? Nice knowing you.

BLACK punches KAYSEN in the shoulder and turns and leaves. KAYSEN looks at him go. KAYSEN leafs through the photocopies, still disbelieving.

ENDING MONTAGE

INT. 6TH STREET MUSIC CONSERVATORY

The STUDENT are performing a choral version of Elton John's "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road." The music is heard through the following montage.

In PRISON, a young mafiosi protege holds a burning picture of a Saint, taking the oath, pledging his ever-lasting loyalty to ALDO FOX.

In front of the PAROLE BOARD, PAOLO ATRIA is explaining that he has found Jesus and has changed his ways.

PRISON GUARDS open the door to a cell and find RONDONE dead in a corner.

At a BACCI BALL COURT, PINO GRACI and others are gathered. They watch a man throw a ball. The ball scores. The men clap. A man leans into PINO and says something. PINO nods. The men continue their game.

In a house in a suburb of Naples, GRECA is sitting on the balcony, taking a coffee and reading the paper. He reads an article about VINCENT, who is suspected of money laundering while in the witness protection program, is wanted, but is nowhere to be found. GRECA laughs so hard, he has to hold his belly.

In an unidentified city, an Italian street fair is underway. People are enjoying the food and entertainment. In front of the GROSSERIA TRAPANI, customers leave.

LILY comes out holding a baby, VINCENT flips the sign which reads "closed" and comes out right behind her, wearing a stained apron. VINCENT thanks customers as they leave. VINCENT picks up the BABY and kisses it and hands it back to LILY. LILY and VINCENT kiss before she leaves.

MEN in suits come and shake hands with VINCENT and go inside. One man tells VINCENT a joke and VINCENT laughs.

INT. 6TH STREET MUSIC CONSERVATORY-EVENING

The STUDENTS are performing "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road." BLACK comes in with two security men. Some in the audience who he passes recognize him. He nods at them on his way to his seat. He finds his seat and sits. He takes a deep

breath. He closes his eyes and lets the music take him away.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End.