

Godfather Part IV

By

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Crime Drama

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Production Logo appears. Nina Rota "Godfather" theme song plays, but enhanced with lighter sparks and gun shots.

EXT. DAY: GRAVEYARD (SPRING 1980)

Camera view of a funeral session on a clear sky day is seen. People are under and circled around a green tent. The sounds of birds chirping and women sobbing are heard. Along with the voice of the priest ANDREW HAGEN leading a prayer.

ANDREW HAGEN  
...In nomine patris et filli  
spiritus sancti. Amen!

PEOPLE (SIMULTANEOUSLY)  
Amen!

LOW ANGLE SHOT: PAN LEFT

There's a picture of Mary Corleone next to the casket on the ground. An undertaker grabs the metal handle connected to the casket and slowly spins it as the casket anchors down into the ground.

A camera shot of a sad MICHAEL CORLEONE with dark shades appears with VINCENT and CONNIE sitting behind him. ANTHONY CORLEONE appears sitting next to Michael shedding tears while his arm wrapped around his mother KAY ADAMS who shouts repetitive outbursts of sobbing. All the funeral attendees get up and walk back to their cars.

AL NERI opens the limousine door for the Corleone family before walking to his vehicle. Shot of the cars exiting the graveyard.

INT. DAY: MICHAEL'S HOUSE-DINING AREA

There's slow music playing of a woman singing in Italian. There's a conversation of whispers from the crowded room of guests while dining.

INT. DAY: MICHAEL'S HOUSE- OFFICE

Kay and Michael are sitting on a couch.

KAY  
I should've seen this coming  
Michael.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

No, Kay. No one could've seen this.

KAY

I mean with you and your business, why shouldn't I? That's exactly why I wanted to take the kids away from you. From this life. This life of yours came to get you, but instead took our only daughter. Took Fredo. Sonny. Your Father. Me and your other wife. Your life is death Michael. No matter how many times you try to change it, it will always be.

MICHAEL

I loved Mary just as much as you. Love you the same. As well as Anthony. This life I feel was destined for me. You're right no matter how hard I tried to change it, it still accomplishes its course. I regret a lot of my choices, but there's one thing I do not regret and that is the choice of trying to protect my family. I did the best I could.

KAY

Oh, great job you did Michael! Look at where we're at?

Kay stands and gets hysterically emotional.

KAY

We're at the funeral of our daughter! You can save the "Protect my family" speech because I'm tired of hearing it!

Vincent quickly walks in the office. He grabs and tries to console Kay.

KAY

I'll tell you one thing, I'm not going to allow Tony to be another result of your life you hear me? You stay away from him! If you love him as much as you say you do, you will stay away from Tony. Stay away from me. Stay away from my family!

Vincent walks Kay out while she cries. Michael depressingly looks down.

INT. DAY: DINING AREA

Al Neri is standing and eating while talking to Andrew Hagen.

AL NERI  
Tell me Father how's life in the  
Vatican?

ANDREW HAGEN  
It's very busy.

Al chuckles.

AL NERI  
Thought is was going to be a few  
prayers and a few songs, huh?

DEANNA DUNN is shown wheeling her husband in a wheelchair, along with a teenage girl, and another woman who's holding hands with a young boy. She approaches Al Neri.

DEANNA DUNN  
Hey Al!

AL NERI  
Hey... Deanna? How you doing?

They hug.

AL NERI  
Long time no see.

DEANNA DUNN  
Al this is my husband TONY LEWIS,  
my daughters FREDERICA and  
MICHELLE, and this young man is  
Frederica's son ROMAN.

Al greets them all with handshakes.

AL NERI  
How are y'all doing? And, how're  
you little fella?

Al reaches into his pocket and gives Roman a dollar.

(CONTINUED)

TONY LEWIS (SMILES)  
That's a good way to bribe him into  
liking you.

Al glances at Tony for a second and then back to Deanna.

AL NERI  
Good to see you Deanna.

DEANNA DUNN  
Same here. I heard what happened to  
Mary in the papers and thought I  
should give my condolences to the  
family personally.

AL NERI  
Glad you came. Now you recognize  
the Father here? Probably don't as  
you haven't seen him since he was a  
kid. This is Tom's son, Father  
Andrew Hagen.

DEANNA DUNN  
Okay! Should've known he looks just  
like him. How you doing Father?

ANDREW HAGEN  
I'm fine. Nice to meet you and your  
beautiful family.

AL NERI  
Deanna, Michael and Kay are in the  
back, I'm sure they'll be happy to  
see you.

DEANNA DUNN  
Yeah, I'd like to see them before I  
leave.

AL NERI  
You stay here and I'll get them  
okay?

DEANNA DUNN  
Thanks Al.

Connie approaches and surprises Deanna.

CONNIE  
Oh my goodness! Deanna, look at  
you! Still beautiful as ever!

DEANNA DUNN

Connie!

They hug before camera cuts to Al who spots Vincent walking towards Michael's office door. Standing next to Vincent are his brothers FRANK and SANTINO, JR.

AL NERI

Vincent, Michael still in the office? An old friend of the family is here to see him.

VINCENT

He might want to be alone for a minute. Him and Kay had a fallout.

AL NERI

Jesus Christ! Well, if you're going in there tell him Deanna Dunn is here.

VINCENT

Okay Al.

Vincent, Frank, and Santino, Jr. enter the office.

INT. DAY: OFFICE

VINCENT

Uncle Mike. You okay? She's in your room calming down. You know she's just very emotional I'm sure she didn't mean it.

MICHAEL

As much as I would like to believe that. She's dread me for years. I can't say that I don't blame her. Made many promises to her I couldn't keep. I'm my own worst enemy.

VINCENT

Everyone is, but you can't blame your decision of chosen this life. Women and children can't understand this way of life. They only know the husband and father at home.

MICHAEL (SMILES)

Sound like your grandfather.

(CONTINUED)

Michael stands up and drinks the glass of wine in his hand. Then he stares out of the office window.

MICHAEL

I don't know Vincent. So much more I need to teach you. All of you. This occasion worries me of your future. You don't have any kids yet Vincent, but when you do your aspect of life on the streets will change. Your carelessness for losing that temper will get you quick if you can't control it. Endangers the family. It endangered your father.

VINCENT

You're still here Uncle Michael. Teach me. I will learn. Show me and I will watch. I can only get better.

Silent pause between them.

MICHAEL

Alright, y'all set up the meeting with DON CASCIO about that deal?

FRANK

Yeah, we're meeting him Wednesday.

Michael stares at Vincent.

SANTINO, JR.

It's the way of doing business now Uncle Michael if we want to maintain power. Everyone's into the narcs now. I-

MICHAEL

I know but as acting consigliere I inform you this line of work is going to bring a whole new chapter in my life that I told myself I would never open. You have a treacherous life ahead of you if you go on with this deal.

VINCENT

Uncle Mike, I respect your opinion on this deal. Very dangerous occupation I'm pursuing here. I won't involve you as advisor on

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
these matters as I got Frank and  
Santino here who can take that  
role.

MICHAEL  
You're the Don now, and if you  
think this is best for the family  
then you do so.

VINCENT  
Uncle Mi-

MICHAEL  
We'll discuss later. I got to get  
back out here with the guests.

VINCENT  
Aw yeah, Al said there's a Deanna  
Dunn outside.

MICHAEL  
Deanna? Really?

VINCENT  
That's what he said.

They all exit the office.

INT. DAY: DINING AREA

Michael, Vincent, Santino, Jr., and Frank greet their way through the crowded dining area. They see Connie, ROCCO, Al, and an older man named DON MARINELLI who is in a wheelchair accompanied by a bodyguard speaking to Deanna. Michael interrupts conversation. Michael shakes hands to Don Marinelli.

MICHAEL  
Don Marinelli, thanks for your  
support by coming here during this  
time. I know you're ill, but I'm  
grateful you took time to still  
come.

DON MARINELLI  
No problem Michael, sorry for your  
loss.

MICHAEL  
Deanna, still as beautiful as ever!

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE (LAUGHING)  
That's what I just said!

DEANNA DUNN  
Michael! Hey!

They hug, while Michael glances at her family behind her.

MICHAEL  
Deanna, you done built yourself a beautiful portrait of a family here.

DEANNA DUNN  
I did, my daughters Michelle, and Frederica and her son Roman. My husband Tony.

MICHAEL  
How do you do?

TONY LEWIS  
Good, this is a nice bunker you have here Mr. Corleone.

MICHAEL  
Nice Bunker? Unusual. Wouldn't think of this as a bunker.

TONY LEWIS (SMILES)  
Palace! I'm sorry I have quite way of words. Too many William Shirer and Peter Maas books I'm afraid.

DEANNA  
Michael was in World War II as well honey.

AL NERI  
If you don't mind me asking is that how you ended up in the wheelchair? Not permanently, I hope?

Deanna interrupts the tension.

DEANNA DUNN  
My husband was in a car accident of recently and doctors say he is temporarily paralyzed.

AL NERI  
Is that right? I hope you get back on your feet soon.

(CONTINUED)

TONY LEWIS  
Makes two of us.

DEANNA DUNN  
Anyway, where's Kay, Michael?

MICHAEL  
She's somewhere in the back I  
believe.

Michael immediately spots Kay slowly approaching towards them.

MICHAEL  
Oh, there she is. Kay you remember  
Deanna?

KAY  
I'm old, but I can still see  
Michael. Hi Deanna.

Kay now greets the family as Deanna introduces.

DEANNA  
Kay this is my husband Tony,  
daughter Michelle, grandson ROMAN,  
and my second reason for actually  
showing up here since I have you  
all here today is because of my  
daughter Frederica. I think I've  
kept this secret from your family  
for far too long and I'm sorry.  
Frederica is me and Fredo's  
daughter.

Pause of silence. They all stare at Frederica with  
surprising glances.

KAY  
Deanna, why did you not tell us  
about her?

DEANNA  
I was afraid. I'm not quite fond of  
the memories I developed when I was  
around the family. I'm sorry  
Michael, but you have to  
understand.

MICHAEL  
I understand.

(CONTINUED)

DEANNA

Really Michael? I was nervous my whole trip here on how this revelation would occur. I figure you would be very upset.

MICHAEL

No. As her mother you had that right to do what you thought was necessary to protect your child from endangerment.

Michael glances at Kay for a second and then back to Frederica.

MICHAEL

You favor your father so much too. I should've seen this one.

DEANNA

She does don't she? She really wanted to meet her father's family. Frederica this is your father's siblings Uncle Michael, Aunt Kay, and Aunt Connie.

MICHAEL

How old are you Frederica? What do you do?

FREDERICA

I'm twenty-two and I'm in law school.

MICHAEL (SMILES)

Oh! I've been waiting for another lawyer in the family. Father Hagen's father, Tom, who's your deceased Uncle as well, was a lawyer. One of the best.

FREDERICA

Really?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm going to have to clear my day and give you some knowledge on the family history.

DEANNA

Unfortunately, we have to make it back to the hotel. We have a flight back home tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

No, don't leave us. Stay a day longer.

DEANNA

Frederica and Michelle both have school. I just wanted my family to pay there respects mostly.

MICHAEL

Where are you living now?

DEANNA

I'm residing in Michigan now.

MICHAEL

Well you definitely have to come back and see us. Especially Frederica, I would like to stay in touch.

FREDERICA

So would I Uncle Michael. I'll give you my number before I leave.

MICHAEL

Okay. We appreciate you all coming, and before you leave I got a surprise for you Deanna. I'm sure you remember Frank and Santino, Jr. here. Kids last you saw them.

DEANNA

Yeah! big handsome men. Hi!

Deanna shakes Santino Jr. and Frank's hands.

MICHAEL

They have sons somewhere around here. I'm sure you will meet them soon in the future. And, Sonny had another son here you haven't met. Deanna this is Vincent Corleone. He's our big man of the family now.

They greet with handshake.

DEANNA

Hi Vincent? Wow, I wasn't aware Santino had another son. Handsome also.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Thanks. Nice to meet you ma'am.

DEANNA

Wow, full of surprises today, huh?  
Well, we have to go.

Deanna and her family exit the house. A short, scrawny looking Italian man named GERONIMO approaches Vincent.

GERONIMO

Don Vincent, may I speak to you in private?

Vincent immediately points toward the office as Geronimo, Frank, and Santino, Jr. follow them.

SANTINO, JR.

I'm going to take a smoke.

VINCENT

Alright.

INT. DAY: OFFICE

Frank, Vincent, and Geronimo enter the office as Santino Jr. walks out of sight. Vincent sits behind Michael's desk, Geronimo sits in the chair in front of the desk and Frank sits on the couch in the back sipping a glass of wine.

VINCENT

What can I help you with this time Geronimo?

Geronimo forces a laugh.

GERONIMO

Godfather, I always pay my debts to you. If not on time I find a way. I've been dealing with a financial casualty as of recent.

VINCENT

Let me guess, you need to push the date back?

GERONIMO

Just for a week or so.

VINCENT

Geronimo, Geronimo! Your family has had that grocery store since the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)

forties. They used to pay off their respects on time and threw in a few groceries for my grandfather and continued with my uncle. Now what you've done with that store is a shame. I drove passed it the other day, you got grass growing on the side of the building, the letters on your sign is fading, the store needs to be repainted, and it just looks very dirty. No wonder you're in a crisis, customers are afraid to come in. You need to keep up with that store.

GERONIMO

Yes sir, and I will. I just need to pay my debts to you first.

VINCENT

Now what I don't understand is Frank here mentioned that recently you were at one of his card games. You had enough money to get in this game, but none to pay me off.

GERONIMO

That was desperate money. I got in that game hoping I could win enough to pay you off on time.

VINCENT

What does gambling mean?

Geronimo appears to be into deep thought.

VINCENT

It means taking chances Geronimo! You either win or you lose. Never consider gambling an option when you can't afford to lose. I tell you what since your family is long friends with mine, you showed up to my cousin's funeral, and paid respect to me by calling me "Godfather", and gave the women free groceries for the food today, I'm going to grant you one more week. No more!

(CONTINUED)

GERONIMO  
Thank you Godfather.

Vincent stands up and Geronimo follows. Vincent starts to walk Geronimo towards the door.

VINCENT  
Now you clean up that store, okay?  
Grab yourself a drink, and a  
cannoli. That should calm those  
nerves, huh?

Vincent opens the door.

VINCENT  
Alright, go on.

GERONIMO  
Thank you, Godfather.

Vincent closes the door behind Geronimo and looks at Frank.

VINCENT  
Can you believe this guy?

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE

Santino, Jr. is outside smoking alone until he hears sounds of laughter around the corner of the house out of his view. Santino, Jr. walks around the corner. He sees his son 17 yo SANTINO III and nephew 13 yo VICTOR RIZZI JR. shooting craps on the concrete patio while his nephew 11 yo FRANCIS RIZZI looks on.

SANTINO, JR.  
What the hell are you three doing?

The three of them appear frantic.

SANTINO III  
Pop! No one can see us back here.

SANTINO, JR.  
You three are disrespecting your  
cousin's funeral?

SANTINO III  
It's depressing in there Pop. We're  
just trying to relieve some stress.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.  
You being a wise-ass with me boy?

SANTINO III  
No!

SANTINO, JR.  
C'mon y'all pick that up. Jesus  
Christ! If your Uncle Mike had seen  
this!

They pick the dice and money up and are walking back inside  
as Santino, Jr. stays back and yells.

SANTINO, JR.  
Tend to your cousin Tony. He could  
really use your wise-ass sense of  
humor right now Lil' Sonny!

INT. DAY: MICHAEL'S HOUSE-DINING AREA

Santino III, Victor, and Francis walk through the house.

SANTINO III (SMILES)  
I'm going to go on the other side  
of the house! I'm a grown man, fuck  
'em. Talking to us like we're kids.

They then spot Connie walking towards them.

VICTOR RIZZI JR.  
Oh shit!

CONNIE  
Where have y'all been?

VICTOR RIZZI JR.  
We were outside.

CONNIE  
Lil Sonny, you mind driving them to  
the market to get some flour. These  
guests are eating like crazy.

VICTOR RIZZI JR.  
That's your delicious cooking. Told  
you not to cook grandma. They're  
going to be here all day.

Connie laughs.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO III  
I'll take them Aunt Connie.

CONNIE  
Okay.

Connie walks away.

SANTINO III  
Look at you momma's boy!

VICTOR RIZZI JR.  
Being momma's boy keeps her off my  
ass.

SANTINO III  
You ain't a momma's boy too are you  
Francis?

VICTOR RIZZI JR.  
He's a natural momma's boy. She  
already has his college tuition  
ready. Forget about me.

FRANCIS RIZZI  
Cause she knows where you're going  
to end up doesn't have colleges.

SANTINO III  
Oh! Rim shot for the little man!

Victor Jr. grabs Francis into a rough play headlock.

INT. EVENING: DINING AREA

Camera cuts to Vincent walking towards Michael who's fraternizing with the last couple of guests along with Anthony and Kay. Vincent glances over to the older couple's daughter MARIA SCIPOLA. Maria is a long blonde-haired, brown-eyed beauty. Appealing body in a long black dress and diamond earrings.

Vincent and Maria make eye contact. Michael appears to notice the eye contact.

MICHAEL  
Vincent! I don't think you've met  
Mr. and Mrs. Scipola and their  
daughter Maria. This is my nephew  
Vincent.

The Scipolas speak in deep Italian-English accents.

(CONTINUED)

MR. SCIPOLA  
Heard a lot about you son.

Vincent greets them.

MICHAEL  
Vincent, they've come all the way  
from Sicily for the funeral. Mr.  
Scipola is the Godson of the late  
Don Tommasino.

MR. SCIPOLA  
How old are you son?

VINCENT  
I'm thirty-one.

MR. SCIPOLA  
You're a handsome young man, but  
Michael tells me you're a single  
man. Is that correct?

VINCENT (LAUGHS)  
Wow, Uncle Michael! Yes, that's  
correct.

MR. SCIPOLA  
Well my daughter here is  
twenty-five and that's too old to  
still be living at home.

MARIA  
Papa!

Maria grabs her father's arm and starts tugging it.

MR. SCIPOLA  
She worries too much about our  
health instead of hers.

MARIA  
Perche lo hai? (Why did you say  
that?)

Vincent speaks to Mr. Scipola, but stares at Maria.

VINCENT  
Your daughter is very beautiful.

Maria stops tugging her father's arm and stares at Vincent  
with a nervously, slight smile.

MRS. SCIPOLA

Well Maria, what do you say?

MARIA

Thank you.

MRS. SCIPOLA

Vincent we're going to be here a few days with Michael showing us around for sights. We think it would be nice if you were to show Maria a younger person's view of New York.

VINCENT

I would be honored. With you and your husband's blessing. Sir?

MR. SCIPOLA

Va bene. (Okay)

MICHAEL (SMILES)

Alright. It's a date.

Michael and Vincent walk Mr and Mrs. Scipola, Maria, Kay, and Anthony to their cars. As the Scipolas drive off, Michael opens the car door for Kay who stands towards Michael before entering the car.

KAY

It's been a long day Michael. I'm sorry for what I said in the office. I know you loved Mary, and you're hurting too. I just can't forgive your lifestyle. It's too dangerous.

MICHAEL

Believe me, I haven't forgave myself. I love you Kay.

KAY

I know.

Kay enters the passenger side of the car while Michael shuts her door. Anthony is already in the car, and yells to Michael.

ANTHONY

Bye Dad!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Bye Anthony.

Michael and Vincent wave and watch them drive off.

VINCENT

Uncle Michael what was that with Maria?

MICHAEL

You're the Don. You need a real Sicilian woman by your side. They understand the life more than any American woman. Why you upset? She's beautiful!

VINCENT

She is, but I think I can choose when I'm ready.

MICHAEL

I know, but your intimate affairs with various women are forbidden to the Church, as well as illegitimacy which is something you should know about. A Don should be married Vincent. I'm not forcing you to marry this woman, but I just want you to settle down. Having a Sicilian wife and children will bring motivation, comfort, and happiness at home. Things you will need for this stressful thing of ours. Now come on. We got business to discuss.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO III'S CAR

Santino III is driving his brown 1968 Cadillac. In the passenger side sits his friend JOEY LOMBARDI, and in the back is Joey's brother LARRY LOMBARDI and friend RICHIE MASSINO.

LARRY

So Lil' Sonny, how the funeral go?

SANTINO III

How you think? Bunch of old people crying. I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

What you don't get?

SANTINO III

Well they say God has a plan for everything right? If God is ready for you to go, why do we go to hospitals everytime praying a person will pull through? Crying at funerals? It's God's will. My cousin Mary's murder was all in His plan. It's hypocritical if you ask me. While I think about it, God's had more people whacked than Napoleon.

They laugh.

JOEY

So why don't you tell your Uncle Michael that God whacked your cousin?

SANTINO III

Cause Uncle Mike might put a contract on him. That's a fight I don't think even my Uncle could win.

They laugh.

JOEY

Naw but seriously, when you think you're going to get your button? This a good opportunity to get the guys who got your cousin.

SANTINO III

No, I heard my Uncle Vincent already took care of those guys. I ain't worried, my Old Man is determined it will come soon.

RICHIE

I'm surprised your Pops wants you to be in the life. My father is trying to keep me away from y'all.

SANTINO III

Oh, really. Your father don't like us Richie?

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

Well, he knows about your family Sonny. Larry and Joey, y'all just bad kids to him.

LARRY

Cool. Being bad gets us the girls. You being with us gets you them too. That way you don't grow up being half-a-fag. Tell'em that.

RICHIE

My father is a real sucker. I refuse to work those nine to fives.

SANTINO III

You won't have to. Y'all stay with Lii' Sonny, you'll have a good future ahead of you. Believe me my time is going to come. That's how it is with guys in that life. Their first newborn sons follow in their footsteps. Sometimes all of them.

Santino III spots three girls RACHEL, MELANIE, and GINA along the sidewalk. The girls are dressed up and are astonishingly pretty. Santino humorously blows the car horn repetitively.

RACHEL

We hear ya! We hear ya! Stop waking the neighborhood.

SANTINO III

Who you talking to?

Rachel gets in the driver side and climbs over Santino III to sit in the middle. The other two girls sit in the back between Richie and Larry. Rachel gives Santino a kiss while Richie and Larry have their arms around Melanie and Gina. They drive off.

RACHEL

What's the matter Joey? You don't have a date honey? Sonny why you didn't tell me he didn't have a date? I could've found a girl for him.

SANTINO III

He does have a date. Except he has a rich dame with a car who's going to meet us there.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Aw, you packing like that Joey?  
Okay. Who's this girl? She go to  
our school?

LARRY

Naw, she's in her twenties. Long  
haired brunette girl.

MELANIE

How you get a girl like that? She a  
pedophile?

JOEY

I'm 18 thank you very much. Older  
than all of y'all. Stay out of  
grown folks business.

RACHEL (LAUGHS)

Okay. Don't get an attitude. I'm  
going to have to add her to our  
circle. I could use a personal cab  
driver.

EXT. NIGHT: MOVIE THEATER

They arrive to a movie cinema. Crowded with people walking  
inside the theater. They all get out the car while Joey  
searches around for his date. He spots the beautiful  
brunette MICHELLE standing in front of a "Raging Bull"  
marquee poster talking to an older guy with a bright blue  
collar shirt named MARTY BELLACINO.

JOEY

Hey there she goes! Come on.

They all follow Joey while the guys hold hands with their  
dates. Joey intrudes on the conversation between Marty and  
Michelle.

JOEY

Hey Michelle.

MICHELLE

Joey!

Michelle immediately hugs Joey. Marty gives a condescending  
smile behind them as he looks at the group. Joey looks at  
Marty.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Who's your friend?

MICHELLE

This is, I believe name is Marty,  
right?

MARTY

Yeah, Marty. You know what fuck you  
bitch!

JOEY

Oh! Hold on prick who you think you  
talking to?

Santino III, Richie, and Larry let go of their date's hands and approach Marty along with Joey who starts a face off. Three other older guys appear quickly approaching behind Marty.

GUY #1

Y'all little punks better back off  
of him!

SANTINO III

Or what? Vaffunculo!

Guy #2 immediately swings a punch at Santino III, but he dodges it with an exchange punch to the guys chin knocking him to the ground. Santino III loses his balance and falls down with the guy.

Marty catches Joey off guard with a punch while he was watching Santino III fall down. Joey immediately grabs Marty and uses his feet to trip Marty onto the ground.

Guy #1 gives a hard kick to Santino III in the head. Larry sees the kick and throws a punch at Guy #1 and misses. Guy #1 grabs Larry into a suplex slam onto the ground.

Guy #3 gets Richie's attention by slowly approaching him with an evil smirk. Richie appears nervous, but doesn't back down. Richie puts his hands up signaling to fight. Gina tries to grab Richie but he swats her hands away.

GINA

Don't do it, Richie! Back up  
douchebag!

Five security guards rush out the theater doors to break up the fight while Richie drops his hands. Guy #3 laughs at Richie. Guy #3's lips form the words "You're Lucky", but doesn't say it aloud.

(CONTINUED)

Joey and Marty are wrestling on the ground while getting separated from security. Santino who's on top of Guy #2 throws punches while Guy #2 is bloodied off conscious. Security grabs Santino III's arms, but he continues to throw kicks. Security gets Guy #1 off of Larry who was at a disadvantage physically due to Guy #1's massive body size.

SECURITY #1

I'm going to have to ask y'all to leave now!

GUY #1

That's fine with us! We don't have to watch a movie about Jake LaMotta when the raging bulls are right here!

SANTINO III

Raging bullshits!

GUY #2

This ain't over you little prick!

SANTINO III

Keep sweet talking me! My fist is going to kiss you right in your fucking lips!

SECURITY #1

Y'all get outta here! Right now!

RACHEL

C'mon Lil' Sonny! Forget them!

Joey and Marty remain quiet giving each other cold, deadly stares while walking with their groups. Michelle eventually grabs Joey's arm to get his attention. Marty and his crew appear out of sight while security remains in the background to watch them all as they go into the parking lot. The eight of them walk to Santino III's car. Melanie aids to Larry who has blood trickling down his lip. Melanie grabs kleenex out of her purse to wipe the blood off.

SANTINO III

I swear to God, those pricks!

Joey looks at Michelle.

JOEY

What a way for you to meet my friends for the first time, huh? Well, this is Santino, we call him Lil' Sonny aka Loose Cannon.

(CONTINUED)

Santino III slightly chuckles.

JOEY

You know my little brother Larry,  
and here's my friend Richie.

RICHIE

How you doin'?

Richie extends his hand to Michelle for a handshake, but Santino III smacks his hand down.

SANTINO III

No, how you doin'? From what I see you doin' alright bein' as you don't have no bruises, I don't recall you throwing a single punch. Look at you all fucking calm!

RICHIE

I was about to Sonny, but security-

SANTINO III

Blah! Blah! Bullshit! You should've did something. Larry smaller than all of us and he fought the biggest one of 'em of all. What's your excuse? I'll answer that. Not only is my father a sucker, I'm a sucker too!

RICHIE

Fuck you Sonny! I'll kick your ass right now!

Santino III mocks Richie by motioning his fingers for Richie to fight him while Larry and Joey get between them.

SANTINO III (SMIRKING)

C'mon sucker!

RACHEL

Jesus Christ, enough Sonny! He didn't back down. He was going to fight until security showed. I seen the whole thing.

SANTINO III

Oh, Mrs. Observe and Report ova here! Well, let me ask you something. Where were you at?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

What?!

SANTINO III

You could've gave them a scratch or something!

RACHEL

Forget you!

Moment of silence as they stand around the Cadillac.

SANTINO III

What y'all want to do now?

RICHIE

Let's go to the theater on 42nd street out West.

SANTINO III

That's too far I'm not driving out there.

JOEY

What you want to do Sonny?

SANTINO III

Let's just go to my place. My Pops not coming home tonight.

RACHEL

What about your mother?

JOEY

His mom died when he was young.

RACHEL

Oh, I'm sorry.

SANTINO III

Forget 'bout it. Michelle you wanna come pull an all nighter, or you gotta work in the morning?

MICHELLE

What?

JOEY

They know you're twenty-one. They're making fun of your age. They're just jealous of me.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Sure I'll come, just no more fighting?

SANTINO III

Can't promise you that.

JOEY

It's alright. No more fightings. I'm riding with you Michelle.

MICHELLE

Okay.

Joey walks with Michelle to her car. The other six get in Santino III's car. Michelle follows Santino III out the parking lot. Shot of the crew in Santino III's car.

SANTINO III

Larry, how you feel about your brother's new girlfriend. Pretty dame, huh?

RACHEL

What you wanna be with her now?

SANTINO III

What I say? I just said she's a pretty woman. What's wrong with that?

LARRY

She's cool. She was our only hope for getting in that De Niro movie as we're not old enough.

SANTINO III

Oh, we would've got in there regardless if she came or not. Can't believe those pricks got in the way of me watching that movie. I've been waiting to see De Niro whoop some ass.

A sound of another car horn is heard behind them. Santino III looks in his rear view mirror as he sees a car driving exactly alongside Michelle's car. Everyone turns around to get a glimpse.

SANTINO III

What the hell is going on back there?

(CONTINUED)

Camera is focused in Santino III's rear view mirror as a gun appears to stick out of the anonymous vehicle. Gun shots ring out.

The sound of bullets hitting Michelle's passenger window are heard.

SANTINO III

Oh shoot! Joey!

LARRY

Turn around Sonny!

Santino does a quick U-turn. As he drives back the shooter's vehicle drives quickly towards his car. A shot of a masked man is shown in the backseat of the car hanging out the window with his gun pointed towards Sonny's car. A shot of the gunman's bright blue collar shirt appears which matches what Marty had on outside the movie theater. More gun shots are heard aimed towards Santino III's car. The girls are screaming as the bullets hit the car. There's the sound of the shooter's vehicle tire screeching as it speeds out of sight.

Santino III is laying crouched over in the front seat. Gina is crying aloud while Melanie tries to console her. Michelle is seen running out of her car towards Santino's driver side.

MICHELLE

Joey's hurt bad!

RACHEL

Oh my gosh Lil' Sonny!

SANTINO III

I'm hit! Them fuckers shot me!

MICHELLE

We got to get to the nearest hospital!

RACHEL

Where's the closest one?

MICHELLE

I figured y'all would know. I never been in this part of town.

Larry gets out and runs toward Michelle's car.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

There's a pay phone across the street. Forget driving, call the ambulances.

Michelle runs to her car and grabs some change out of her purse. She sees Larry on the passenger side sobbing holding Joey who's off conscious and bleeding profusively.

LARRY

Hold on Joey! What're you doing Melanie? Come on we got to get to the hospital.

MICHELLE

We don't know where one is. I'm calling the police on that pay phone.

LARRY

Hurry up!

Michelle runs to the phone booth. She immediately hears police sirens from a distant. Neighbors from the apartment buildings surroundings are outside spectating. Michelle gets out of the phone booth realizing the sirens are getting closer. A neighbor yells from afar.

NEIGHBOR

I've called the police!

Seconds later ambulances appear on the scene. A sky shot of the scene is shown with Michelle running towards the EMTs.

Camera fades.

INT. NIGHT: MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael is sitting on the back couch along with Frank. Santino Jr. is sitting in the chair in front of the desk while Vincent is behind Michael's desk.

MICHAEL

There's other ways of making money. How I know? Cause I've done it for years. The Corleone rule for years has been deal or die. We've lost a lot of guys because they broke that rule. How would we look if we permit it now?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Uncle Michael, that's an old cardinal rule. A rule you continued to uphold during a different era. If I were to permit it now under my new leadership it won't seem hypocritical. If I don't permit it now and punish any of them for breaking it, but then permit it later on while still Don like I'm sure I will eventually, it will cause treason within the family.

MICHAEL

The drug business is treason Vincent.

FRANK

The money the other families have produced since getting into this business is excessive. They will be able to buyout our political protection. They will veto the Corleone family. It's been long enough that we have not got in on this action.

Michael sighs.

SANTINO, JR.

Uncle Mike. You alright?

MICHAEL

I'm experiencing deja vu here. Me and Tom argued this in the past. He said the same thing. We've went several years without doing this and somehow still manage to maintain a lot of power. More power than the others.

SANTINO, JR.

That's why we should take advantage of this opportunity. While we still have the muscle.

FRANK

Our friend in Florida, Don Cascio, is one of the top earners in our thing when it comes to drugs. Because he's working with that Mexican, he gets them fresh off the boat with pure product. We get in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)  
business with him we'll outdraw the  
other families.

SANTINO, JR.  
Now why we have to go in business  
with Don Cascio being our middle  
man, when we can work directly with  
this Mexican and get the whole  
take?

FRANK  
For one, the Cascio family control  
the docks the drugs that are  
imported from Mexico to our U.S.  
border in Miami. Second, Don Cascio  
referred us to him feeling he  
deserves a slice. Alejandro is the  
guy's name in Mexico. After working  
with Don Cascio for years,  
Alejandro only trusts Don Cascio to  
protect and deliver his product  
here to us.

VINCENT  
See Uncle Mike we got it planned.

MICHAEL  
I'll tell you what Vincent. I've  
had awhile to think because I  
figured I wouldn't be able to  
change your mind. You go on with  
this, you lose me. I can't be apart  
of this anymore. This is a new  
venture I don't have time to learn  
about. I'll still be there when you  
need advice on anything, but I'm  
making a decision. I'm going to  
fully retire in Sicily.

VINCENT  
Sicily? Why so far out Uncle Mike?

MICHAEL  
I want our friends and enemies to  
know that I'm definitely not  
calling the shots anymore. My  
heart's failing incredibly fast.  
After this with Mary, I'm just  
tired. I wanna die peacefully like  
my father, not by violence. I've  
had enough in my life.

(CONTINUED)

Phone rings twice and then stops. Vincent stares at Michael who looks ill-hearted.

VINCENT

Uncle Mike you said yourself  
earlier you had more to teach me. I  
don't see how you can overseas.

Knock on the door.

VINCENT

Come in!

Connie walks in the room.

CONNIE

Guys I just got a phone call from  
the hospital. Lil' Sonny's been  
shot.

SANTINO, JR.

What? Shot? Which hospital?

CONNIE

Mount Sanai Medical Center.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ!

VINCENT

Come on! Uncle Mike let's get up.

Vincent helps Michael off the couch. He whispers to Vincent.

MICHAEL

Now you see? They're pulling me  
back in again.

They all exit the house and drive to the hospital.

INT. NIGHT: MOUNT SANAI MEDICAL CENTER- ER

Connie, Michael, Frank, Santino, Jr. are walking quickly  
through the hospital. Santino, Jr. spots Richie and Larry,  
who's in blood-covered clothes sitting in the lounge area.

SANTINO, JR.

Richie, what in the world happened?

Richie immediately stands up and speaks nervously.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

Lil' Sonny and Joey got shot.

Santino looks around at the girls who are with them.

SANTINO, JR.

Who are they?

RICHIE

They're are dates.

Santino Jr. takes a deep breath. Connie is at the service desk asking for medical results. Vincent helps Michael sit down. Santino Jr. whispers to Richie.

SANTINO, JR.

C'mon son. Let's go somewhere secluded and get some fresh air. You too Larry. Ladies I'll bring them right back. Connie any luck?

CONNIE

They're saying they have nothing yet. They're getting the bullets out of him as we speak.

SANTINO, JR.

Son of a-.. let me know as soon as you hear something Connie. Vincent I'm going to talk with the boys here outside for a second.

VINCENT

Alright.

EXT. NIGHT: MOUNT SANAI MEDICAL CENTER

Santino, Jr. and Frank walk the boys to the outside smoking area. Santino, Jr. gets a cigarette and lights it. He then looks at Richie and Larry in a calm tone.

SANTINO, JR.

I hope your brother pulls through Larry, but boys tell me. What happened?

RICHIE

We took the girls to the movie theater out East. Joey spotted his girlfriend Michelle whom we were meeting there talking to some guy. When Joey spoke to Michelle I guess

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE (cont'd)  
 the guy felt disrespected for the interruption and called her a "bitch". Joey got heated and we got the fighting along with three other of the guy's friends. Security broke it up and then we left towards your place. We were halfway there and I guess those guys had been following us. Joey was in Michelle's car and the rest of us were in Sonny's. Michelle was behind us and we heard them shoot at them first. Sonny U-turned and then they charged at us with gunshots and drove off.

SANTINO, JR.  
 I'm sure it was those bums at the movies, but did you get a good look at them?

RICHIE  
 The shooter had on a mask, but wearing the same shirt the guy Marty was wearing.

SANTINO, JR.  
 Marty was the boy's name?

LARRY  
 Yeah, and all those guys we fought were big, had to be in their twenties.

SANTINO, JR.  
 I see from those bruises you've been brawling Larry. A little man, with tough heart. Alright boys, go back inside. I'll be back in a minute.

Richie and Larry go back inside. Santino, Jr. continues to smoke while Frank stays with him.

FRANK  
 How you want to play this?

SANTINO, JR.  
 Nothing we can do until he gets better. My son's tough Frankie. He's gonna pull through this one.

Santino, Jr. cracks a slight sob, but doesn't break.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

He's going to be alright Santino.

SANTINO, JR.

I know.

FRANK

Let's get back inside and see if they've heard anything.

Frank and Santino, Jr. walk towards the lounge area. Larry's mother, ANGELA, is there now standing with Connie and Vincent at the service desk. Vincent spots Santino and Frank.

CONNIE

There's Sonny's father.

ANGELA

Hi! I'm Joey and Larry's mother, Angela. I'm sorry about what happened to your boy.

SANTINO, JR.

Same here.

ANGELA

Did they tell you what happened?

SANTINO, JR.

Yes.

ANGELA

Larry won't talk to me. Can you tell me what's going on?

Santino, Jr. pulls Angela and Vincent aside and speaks quietly.

SANTINO, JR.

They had a scuffle at a movie theater with some other boys and those guys retaliated by doing this.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ.

ANGELA

Oh my gosh!

A male doctor approaches.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR  
Corleone family?

SANTINO, JR.  
That's us doc. I'm Santino's  
father.

Everyone gets up and surrounds the doctor.

DOCTOR  
Mr. Corleone your son is going to  
pull through.

They all rejoice.

SANTINO, JR.  
Thank God! That's good news doc.

DOCTOR  
Two bullets hit his left arm. One  
of them went through and fractured  
his rib. We will be able to fix it.  
His healing process will take a few  
months.

SANTINO, JR.  
Thank you doctor. What about the  
other boy Joey? This is his mother  
Angela.

The doctor pauses glancing at Angela. He takes a deep  
breath.

DOCTOR  
I'm afraid I have bad news.

Angela cries immediately.

DOCTOR  
We lost him exactly 12:05 a.m. this  
morning.

Angela attempts to fall with outburst of tears, but Santino  
catches her. Santino, Jr. holds her while she cries. Larry  
sits down and puts his face in his hands while Richie does  
the same. Melanie and Gina console next to them in tears.  
Michelle sits in a corner with tears strolling down her  
cheek.

ANGELA  
No! My Joey!

(CONTINUED)

Santino, Jr. nods his head at the doctor. The doctor leaves as Vincent signals to Frank to catch up with the doctor. Frank stops him and Vincent catches up.

VINCENT

Doctor, all medical expenses for both boys go to me, you hear? Do what you have to make that happen. Whatever Angela wants or needs, give it to her. Now when can we see my nephew Santino?

DOCTOR

I'll say within the next thirty minutes.

VINCENT

Thank you doctor.

Doctor leaves. Camera fades.

INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER- SANTINO'S ROOM

Sunlight from the morning sky glows Santino III's room. Santino III's sleep as Santino, Jr. stares at him while sitting in the recliner next to the bed. Frank knocks on the door, but not loudly.

FRANK

Let me talk to you for a minute?

INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER- HALLWAY

Santino Jr. exits the room into the hallway with Frank.

FRANK

We're leaving first thing tonight. Vincent wants you to stay back with your son and take care of things while we're gone. Can you do that?

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, okay. Be careful down there.

FRANK

We'll take care of those little bastards who done this when we get back.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

Naw. I'ma let my boy handle this himself when he gets better. He just lost his best friend. It's time for him to get his chance.

FRANK

Okay. Whatever you say Junior.

They hug, and Frank walks away as Santino Jr. goes back into the room. Frank walks with a dark Italian guy, who stands 6 feet, with bushy eyebrows named GUIDO who suddenly appears. Santino Jr. and Guido walk towards Vincent in lounge area who's putting on his jacket while Connie sits in her seat next to him.

VINCENT

We'll be back in a couple of days. You have a big duty watching over everyone while I'm gone, alright?

CONNIE

Okay.

VINCENT

You ready Frank?

FRANK

Yeah.

VINCENT

Let's go.

Frank and Guido follow Vincent into the elevator where it is being held open by a gigantic man in a grey suit named ALBERTO.

EXT. DAY: AIRPORT

A shot of a jet plane landing.

INT. DAY: AIRPORT TERMINAL

Vincent, Frank, Guido, and Alberto are walking through the airport. They spot a man standing near the entrance doors. He's bald on the top of his head with hair on the sides. His name is CASCIO ANTONIO FERARRA, JR. nicknamed TONY. Vincent greets Tony. Tony greets Vincent and Frank.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Tony, how are you?

TONY

I'm okay Vincent. Frank?

FRANK

Hey Tony.

TONY

Come on. Our rides are out front.

They all enter the black limousine in front of the building. Vincent sits in the back seat with Tony, Frank and Guido sit across from them, while Alberto and the driver are up front. Tony slaps one hand on Vincent's knee while the other hand he holds a cigar.

TONY

So tell me, how's Michael?

VINCENT

He's okay. The old man's hanging in there. I'm glad your Pops reached out to us on this deal.

TONY

I'm glad you accepted the sit down Vincent. We offered your uncle the same deal years ago and he turned us down.

VINCENT

Yeah, well he's old traditioned.

TONY

So is my father, but he knows that times change. But forget about it. You're hear with us now. My father's going to make you even more richer than you are now. You're not gonna want to refuse this offer!

Vincent looks at Tony, as Tony looks out the window.

INT. DAY: FREDDIE'S BAR

Inside of Freddie's bar are only DON CASCIO, and two bodyguards. Don Cascio is a short, older man, and is Tony's father. He's wearing a sombrero hat, white opened collar shirt with beige pants, and brown shades. Don Cascio greets Vincent and Frank.

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO  
Vincent, Frank! How ya's doin'?

VINCENT  
We're okay? Still looking in good  
shape for an old man.

DON CASCIO (LAUGHS)  
Ha! I believe you, women in their  
twenties can't keep their hands off  
of me. Fellas grab a seat.

Vincent, Frank, and Don Cascio sit down next to a round table while the other guys are signaled from both parties to leave the room except Tony who stands behind his father. The bar room is dark except for the bright sunlight that glooms from the opened entrance door.

DON CASCIO  
Tony give our friends a glass of  
scotch, will ya?

Tony walks to the bar.

DON CASCIO  
So, I'm glad you're here Vincent. I  
believe this deal will benefit us  
both tremendously. It's time for  
the Corleone family to upgrade  
their fortune, what do ya say?

VINCENT  
That's why I'm here. And from what I  
hear, you would be the best option  
for this thing. Although my uncle  
never approved of this business, he  
approves of you.

Tony drops the glasses on the table between them and pours the liquor into each.

DON CASCIO  
I've always had nothing but respect  
for Michael. He's always been a man  
of his word towards my family. Him  
choosing you to take his seat has  
me interested in doing business  
with you as I know you learned from  
the best. Now speaking of business  
let's get down to it. My friend in  
Mexico as I told you before has the  
best product that's importing in  
this country other than those

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO (cont'd)  
chinks overseas. We're talking one hundred percent pure potent. I have a nice setup of transportation with some guys to Chicago. Those same guys are willing to work with me for the same fee to New York. I would like to expand this with only your New York family as you have the best connections and most territory. Which means the more territory you got, the more product, the more money.

VINCENT  
Okay, so let's talk figures.

DON CASCIO  
Okay, let's talk figures. With your territory in Brooklyn controlled by the Clemenza family, and you directly owning Long Beach, New York City, and Hell's Kitchen, we're talking five mil a shipment. Which is fifty a key out of a hundred kilos total every month.

VINCENT  
Well there's two problems. One, I know about your connection in Chicago with the Caricelli family. Your deal with them is thirty a key out of a hundred. Second, this will be our first deal to get things in motion, so I want to test this thing out before we make a large quantity of a deal.

DON CASCIO  
So how much are you willing to accept right now?

VINCENT  
Fifty keys only.

DON CASCIO  
Fifty? You mine as well do one hundred, Vincent. The repercussions for getting caught with that many kilos is as significant as the other. Now I'm not cheating you. My deal with Caricelli family was compromised from a violent war that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO (cont'd)  
was going to ignite between our families years ago. Not only that, but you have bigger territories. You will re-up in no time compared to my friend in Chicago.

VINCENT  
It's possible, but we're talking about a twenty thousand dollars a key differential here. I tell you what, I'll do the one hundred keys if you keep it down to thirty for only the first shipment. Now you're only assuming I would sell the product within a quick pace, but we don't know that for sure. If I do so happen to run out a week or so before the month is over, then we'll bump the price up to fifty a key. At least I know it's worth it. If not, we'll still bring it up to thirty-five a key on future shipments.

DON CASCIO  
If not, thirty-five is still too low. I'll probably be at war today with the Caricelli family if it wasn't for that compromise. Hell, if I knew what I know now I never would've accepted thirty a key even for that deal. Not even thirty-five. I'm sorry son, but thirty-five is non-negotiable.

VINCENT  
Alright, how about forty if I don't, and fifty if I do?

DON CASCIO  
Forty-five if you don't. You have to take one hundred percent pure under consideration. I'm saying you will have the best product in New York, period. Those feins are going to come back like cockroaches. You'd be lucky if you found anyone with even a ninety percent pure. Look, I'm still saving you five mil, and I'm agreeing for the thirty on the first shipment practically saving you fifteen mil

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO (cont'd)  
within the first three months.  
That's a hell of a discount.

Vincent pauses into thought.

VINCENT  
Okay. Let's test your product.

DON CASCIO  
Alright, no problem.

VINCENT  
Frankie boy here knows a little  
more about the scientific part of  
the shit.

Don Cascio nods to Tony. Tony walks out. Frankie unrolls a black bag with tubes on the table in front of them. Frank puts on his prescription glasses.

DON CASCIO (LAUGHS)  
You wasn't kidding Vincent! Look at  
Dr. Frank ova here! Here comes  
Tony.

Tony reenters. He opens the aluminum foil which is filled with cocaine.

TONY  
Alright, here you go.

Frankie grabs a solution bottle with a suction tube. He carefully swats some of the cocaine onto the table. He dips the suction tube into the clear solution, he pulls it out, and then he drips it over the cocaine. The drug turns pure ocean blue.

FRANK  
He's not lying Vinnie! Definitely  
one hundred percent.

They all stand up, shake hands across the table, and toast drinks.

VINCENT  
Okay. I'll have one of my men make  
the money drop off before we head  
out. We'll expect it within the  
week.

Don Cascio puts his arm around Vincent's shoulders as he walks him out.

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO

Say no further, Vincent. You're going to make tens of millions of dollars off this stuff. Can't wait till we get this moving. Why don't you and your men come out to my casino tonight? Gamble on the house. We'll celebrate our new partnership together before you leave.

VINCENT

I could use a brief vacation tonight.

DON CASCIO

Alright, we'll see you tonight.

EXT. DAY: FREDDIE'S BAR

Vincent and the rest of the crew leave the bar premises as Don Cascio and his men watch them.

INT. NIGHT: SPADES CASINO

Music is playing with cigarette smoke fumes roaming the air in the crowded room. The casino is a large two-floor building with one side of the room filled with people dancing while on the other side people are gambling on game tables.

On the top floor in the back VIP room of the casino is Vincent and his men with Don Cascio's men and Tony. Also, there are a bunch of women fraternizing with the men. Vincent is sitting on the couch with a drink in his hand while a redheaded woman stands dancing in front of him. Frank is sitting next to Vincent chatting with Tony, while Guido and Alberto stand up next to Vincent drinking. Frank yells over the music to Tony.

FRANK

This is a nice place y'all have here Tony.

TONY

The best spot in Miami.

Don Cascio walks in the room in an all-white suit, hat, and cigar. Next to him are three men in suits who appear to be of latino descent with drinks. Tony greets one of them in particular who is wearing similar suits as the other two but

(CONTINUED)

is more muscular and has more flashy jewelry. Don Cascio greets Vincent.

DON CASCIO  
Vincent! How you like my place,  
huh?

The redheaded woman sits in Vincent's lap dancing.

VINCENT  
I'm loving it so far! The women  
here are gorgeous.

DON CASCIO  
Glad to hear that. This is how you  
celebrate. Listen, I know you're  
enjoying yourselves right now, but  
there's someone I would like for  
you and Frank to meet. Follow me  
here to the back.

Tony, Frank, Vincent, and the three guys follow Don Cascio into an empty office and closes the door. The music has drowned out. Don Cascio signals the flashy guy to step forward.

DON CASCIO  
Vincent, Frank, this here is our  
good friend Alejandro.

Vincent and Frank greet ALEJANDRO. Alejandro speaks with deep Spanish-English accent.

ALEJANDRO  
Hola, my friend!

VINCENT  
Nice to finally meet ya.

ALEJANDRO  
Same here. Don Cascio has told me  
great things about you and your  
family. I'm very comfortable with  
him and the people he highly  
vouches for.

VINCENT  
I'm sure we will be very  
prosperous.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, estar de acuerdo (agree). I  
would like y'all to meet my cousin  
Leo.

(CONTINUED)

They now greet LEO. Leo is a short, young, clean shaved, and very handsome looking guy.

LEO

Hola!

Don Cascio reaches in an office cabinet and grabs a champagne bottle. He pops the bottle open and fills the glasses. They toast a drink.

ALEJANDRO

I actually brought you a present, but it's outside. Unfortunately, it's too big of a present to bring in here.

DON CASCIO

See, Vincent? This guy works like clockwork. You don't even have to wait a week for your present, but Alejandro, I think Vincent would like to unwrap that redheaded present in the other room first. Right, Vincent?

VINCENT

Yeah, sure. Just give that present to my guys and I'll take them home with me.

ALEJANDRO

Okay.

EXT. NIGHT: SPADES CASINO

Rear area of the casino, Frank is seen giving orders to his men who are unloading crates of drugs off a truck and loading them into another truck. The drugs are covered as a front in lobster case boxes.

INT. NIGHT: SPADES CASINO

Vincent is seen making out with the redhead woman inside of a vacant room in the casino.

INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER- SANTINO'S ROOM

Santino III's eyes are barely open, while his father is in a recliner next to the bed sleeping. Santino Jr. wakes up, and tends to Santino III who glances at the television mounted on the wall.

SANTINO, JR.  
Hey, Sonny. How ya feeling?

Santino III mumbles.

SANTINO, JR.  
Nevermind don't talk. Relax.

Santino, Jr. calls for a nurse outside the room.

SANTINO, JR.  
Nurse! he's awake.

The female Nurse attends to Santino III. She checks his wounds.

NURSE  
It's the morphine. He won't be able to clearly talk for a day or two.

The nurse looks at Santino III.

NURSE  
Santino, you suffered two gunshot wounds but they will heal. You're a strong young man. Not many are fortunate to recover from one bullet. I need you to relax. He needs to drink plenty of water, okay?

SANTINO, JR.  
Alright. Thank you Nurse.

The nurse leaves the room. Santino, Jr. stands over his son and rubs his head.

SANTINO, JR.  
I'm proud of you son. You're strong as a bull you know that?

Santino, Jr. notices Santino III trying to say something.

SANTINO, JR.  
What?

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO III  
Everybody...okay?

SANTINO, JR.  
Yes...but your friend Joey didn't  
make it son.

Santino III tries to sob, but shows effects of physical pain instead.

SANTINO, JR.  
The rest of your friends didn't get hurt. You made it and that's all that matters. Just try to get better. Joey's mom is going to have his funeral in a few days. I'll buy some flowers for him, okay?

Santino III nods. Santino Jr walks out of the room and Frank is immediately seen first walking in front of Vincent towards the room.

FRANK  
Hey, how is he?

SANTINO, JR.  
He just woke up. Those fucking cocksuckers! I can't wait to find them.

VINCENT  
You get any of our men to look into this Marty?

SANTINO, JR.  
Yeah, they're on it. How Miami go?

FRANK  
It went well. We met our friend in Mexico got our first supply while we were down there. However, we're paying a little more than expected.

SANTINO, JR.  
Okay, well I talked to Reginald. He's wants to talk to you as soon as you're ready.

VINCENT  
Okay, you set that up in a few days, huh?

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, okay.

VINCENT

Frank, let's go see how our nephew's doing.

INT. DAY: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

REGINALD JOHNSON enters the diner. Reginald is a tall, black man wearing a grey suit, white shirt with black tie, and grey suede shoes. Reginald's accompanied with his bodyguards while walking towards Vincent who's sitting down at a table with two of his bodyguards, Santino Jr., and Frank. Reginald greets Vincent who immediately stands up.

REGINALD

Don Vincent! That's what I heard they call you.

VINCENT

Reginald! Have a seat. That's a sharp suit you have on there.

REGINALD

Ah, this is nothing. Regular daily clothes, but appreciate it.

VINCENT

Naw, but it's sharp. Business must be going good in Harlem.

REGINALD

It's okay. I have a feeling it's going to get better. By the way, I do want to thank you for considering me a candidate for your festivities. Some of your cohorts wouldn't take the time to do business with a negro with a sharp mind.

VINCENT

Well, I don't discriminate like these Old Mustache Pete's when it comes to business. My cousin Victor gave me a call from the inside and told me y'all became the quite of friends in there.

(CONTINUED)

REGINALD

Yeah, Victor is a good dude man. Funny as hell, and crazy as a son of a bitch! But you can trust the guy, you know?

VINCENT

Yeah, my cousin has that about him. He had nothing but good words to say about you. Says you're a stand up guy. You have a lot of respect in the black community which is why I'm willing to do business with you.

REGINALD

So, what's the business?

VINCENT

It's white powder. I got a franchise building up with a few shipments coming in. I'm looking for a buyer. Interested?

REGINALD

Hell yeah, I'm interested. Business is going to get better after all.

VINCENT

Well, I hope so.

Phone rings as one of Vincent's bodyguards answers it. The bodyguard gets Santino Jr's attention signaling the call is for him. Santino Jr. approaches the phone while Vincent and Reginald continue their conversation.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah? Okay, hold on a minute.

Santino Jr. signals a bodyguard for a pen and starts to write on his hand upon receiving it.

SANTINO, JR.

Okay. Yeah, I got it... okay... you did good. Alright, thanks.

Santino hangs up, and hears a burst of laughter from the guys in the room while Vincent's voice speaks loudly and jokingly.

VINCENT

So tell me, who you got Reginald? Duran or Leonard?

(CONTINUED)

REGINALD

C'mon Vincent, I know we just met,  
but you can't insult me with an  
obvious question. Leonard all day!  
Only a fool would say otherwise.

Vincent gives Reginald a cold stare.

VINCENT

You calling me a fool?

REGINALD (SMIRKS)

No...wait a minute you got Duran?

VINCENT

You damn right! Put some money  
where that mouth is Reggie? What  
d'ya say, three hundred?

REGINALD

Three hundred? Try four hundred?

Vincent extends his hand out and they shake hands.

VINCENT

Okay, you got a deal my friend. I'm  
just making deals to take all your  
money today, huh?

REGINALD (LAUGHS)

Ah, that's cold, but I don't see it  
that way. That Panamanian is gonna  
get it handed to him.

VINCENT

Yeah, the WBC title! But I  
understand you sticking with your  
people. Leonard's a great fighter,  
but Duran's the man!

REGINALD

He ain't fast enough for Sugar Ray  
baby!

VINCENT

Reginald, sometimes you got to take  
chances outside your race with  
others to make profits. Like I'm  
doing with you today. Otherwise, as  
a society we wouldn't grow, right?

(CONTINUED)

REGINALD (SMIRKS)

You're right, as long it's the black race they go to. I see that's a movement you're slowly progressing on.

They stand up.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)

Okay I won't try to crush your confidence anymore. Reginald, it was a pleasure to meet and do business with you. I hope things turn out well between the two of us on our new business.

REGINALD

Same here. I'll be back on the twenty-first to get my four hundred G's, right?

VINCENT

We'll see, but I doubt it.

EXT. DAY: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

Reginald leaves. Vincent walks outside with Santino Jr.

VINCENT

What y'all think of him?

FRANK

He seems alright? Funny guy.

SANTINO, JR.

Very flashy too. Dresses like that on a business deal? Love to see him at a club. Straight mark for the feds.

VINCENT

The blacks are some flashy individuals. No different than our dark kindred Neopolitans. According to business, this thing has taken chances on Jews and Irishmen. That's how Luciano did it. He and Lansky made a fortune doing it. Remember Hyman Roth. I see the same vision.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, you got a point. Hey, I just got a tip on this Marty. He's associated with the Cuneo family, but not a friend of ours.

VINCENT

Yeah, sure. Whatever I'll leave that up to you on how you want to handle it. Contact the Cuneo Family first whatever you do.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, I've been wanting to talk to you about that. I think I'ma wait till Lil Sonny gets his full health back, ya know?

Vincent stares at Santino Jr. for a few seconds.

VINCENT

Hey, he's your son. If that's what you want for him I won't object. I don't think I would want my son to be involved in this thing if I could prevent it, but I can definitely see Lil Sonny succeeding this thing after us. He's a very tough kid my little nephew.

SANTINO, JR.

Thanks Vincent. I appreciate your blessing.

VINCENT

Speaking of kids, look at this.

Vincent pulls out and opens a container box with a diamond wedding ring.

VINCENT

Maria's coming back overseas next month for the fourth of July. Hopefully, things turn out well cause I've been waiting on the opportunity for a Little Vincent, if you know what I mean?

FRANK

She has to say yeah. That's a nice rock!

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

Y'all have been dating long enough.  
She's a pretty woman. You're a  
lucky man.

VINCENT

It's in our genes Junior! What're  
you talking about "lucky"? From  
what I heard our father had every  
woman in town lustful for him.

SANTINO, JR.

I heard, I'm glad for you Vincent.  
I think I've also found a woman.

VINCENT

Oh, yeah? Who?

SANTINO, JR.

Remember Angela?

VINCENT

Lil Sonny's friend mother, right?

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah.

FRANK (LAUGHS)

Oh, look at him. It's bout time you  
let those disgruntled grapes  
breathe.

Vincent and Frank laugh.

SANTINO, JR.

Fuck the both of ya's!

Vincent pulls out and lights a cigar while his bodyguards,  
Frank, and Santino Jr. stand and continue to conversate with  
him. A person with a camera in a distant window from the  
building down the street is shown surveilling them.

EXT. NIGHT: HOTEL

Vincent is walking Maria outside of a hotel to his car  
parked in the front. The car door is held open by his  
bodyguard.

EXT. NIGHT: THE MOCHA

Maria and Vincent walk inside skipping in front of the long line.

INT. NIGHT: THE MOCHA

Vincent and Maria are approached by a waiter as they enter the nightclub.

WAITER #1

Mr. Corleone! Senorita! Right this way.

Waiter leads them to a table in a corner. The Mocha is packed with guests. The whole club is decorated with several red, white, and blue ribbons. Vincent is greeted by several individuals on his way towards his table. He introduces Maria to the associates. They sit down at their neatly laid out table. Stage is empty, while guests are waiting for their food and performances by artists. Champagne is immediately granted to their table by the waiter.

Shots of music artists eventually sharing the stage performing songs and playing instruments. Comedians perform stand ups. Vincent and Maria are shown laughing and eating.

EXT. NIGHT: THE MOCHA

Vincent and Maria exit The Mocha into the car.

INT. NIGHT: VINCENT'S CAR

The packed New York City streets are filled with people eating barbecue and kids outside shooting firecrackers. Vincent points out views of New York to Maria. A view of the Statue of Liberty in Ellis Island is shown as the car drives past.

VINCENT

That's our Statue of Liberty. The first historical view most of our ancestors who came over here saw on the boat like my grandfather.

MARIA

It's beautiful. I've seen it before on television. Who is she suppose to be?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Libertas, the Roman goddess of freedom. The torch in her hand is the Tabula Ansata, known as our Declaration of Independence which we celebrate our freedom here every year on the fourth of July. Very beautiful night to be here in America.

MARIA

Is this a ritual, everyone crowd the streets and stare at the statue?

VINCENT

Yes, I believe in a few minutes they're going to shoot the fireworks. I'm sure you would like to see that?

MARIA

Ooh, I would love that. New York is wonderful. I've always heard stories from family here.

Vincent focus his attention on his driver.

VINCENT

Pull over for a minute will ya?

BODYGUARD #1

Yes, sir Mr. Corleone.

The bodyguard parks the car where we get a shot of Vincent and Maria sitting in the car simultaneously with the Statue of Liberty in the background.

VINCENT

Your sicilian accent is so sexy. So you've never had any boyfriends willing to tie that knot.

MARIA

My father has always shielded me. I've rarely had any boyfriends. That's why I was shocked he kept pressuring me to date you.

VINCENT (SMILES)

I'm glad he did. Otherwise, we wouldn't have this moment together. He sees something in me I guess.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (SMILES)

I'm sure, cause I see something too.

VINCENT

Do you? Because if you feel about me like I feel about you, you will say yes.

Vincent pulls out the wedding ring and shows Maria.

VINCENT

Maria, these past few visits with you have been the best. I never felt this way about any woman. Will you marry me?

MARIA (SMILES)

Yes!

Maria and Vincent stare into each other's eyes for a few seconds before their lips lock onto each other with a kiss. As they continue to kiss, fireworks shoot out from the background and an exclamated roar from the crowd outside rejoice in celebration.

Maria gradually turns her focus onto the fireworks behind her for a minute as they both smile with delight. She then turns back around and they resume to make out.

INT. DAY: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

Vincent is sitting in one of the many vacant tables in the closed lounge. Several men are talking while a juke box is playing music. Santino, Jr. and Santino III walk in from outside.

SANTINO, JR.

Ay, look who I got here!

They all acknowledge Santino III who has a grin on his face. He also wears a white cast on his left arm. Vincent immediately gets up and approaches Santino III as they enter.

VINCENT

Hey, there he is! JFK lives, huh?

They all laugh.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO III  
Hey Uncle Vinnie!

VINCENT  
C'mon have a seat son. You doing  
alright with the rehab?

SANTINO III  
Yeah, the doctor said I should be  
able to take this cast off within  
the month.

VINCENT  
You're a fast healer. The whole  
neighborhood is talking about how  
tough you are. You've done built  
yourself a reputation. Hey, give  
him a drink.

One of the men in the room grabs a glass of wine from the  
back and gives it to Santino III.

VINCENT  
Seeing as you're a man now, your  
father tells me you want to be  
apart of the team. Is this correct?

SANTINO III  
Yes, all my life I've wanted to be  
with y'all and help you guys out.

VINCENT  
Well, it's what your father wants  
also, but be warned that there's no  
backing out of this thing. Once  
you're in, you stay in, you  
understand?

SANTINO III  
Yes, sir. Me and my friends Richie,  
and Larry want also.

VINCENT  
I'm worried about you first, and  
then I'll worry about your friends.  
We'll have a chance to see more of  
what you're made of soon. I'm glad  
to see you pull through this awful  
situation, but also know this comes  
with the territory. You could get  
shot at, or even shot again.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO III

I understand.

VINCENT

I'm sure you do. You mind letting me talk to your father alone.

SANTINO III

Yes sir.

Santino III walks outside with his drink as his father sits down in his chair.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, wassup?

VINCENT

One of our shipments was jacked last night? A heavy load of stuff. Some of our men were arrested. Have you looked into getting them a lawyer.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, I just heard this morning from Guido.

VINCENT

Get on this fast. These guys need to feel comfort. They need to know that we're with them, otherwise it gives them motivation to talk. Also, find out how the cops even knew about the shipment.

SANTINO, JR.

Well, we got word from one of our informant cops that someone has been talking outside of the family to another. Unfortunately, someone is not liking the competition. We believe the Barzini family.

VINCENT

Well, is this cop sure it's the Barzini family. We don't want any misfucked speculation. We need to be sure.

SANTINO, JR.

I'll get on it and find out who this snitch is. Also, there's another issue. Marty, he's the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR. (cont'd)  
nephew of Don Marinelli of the  
Cuneos. I doubt he gives us the  
okay.

VINCENT  
Shooting my nephew is an offense to  
me. He has no choice. I'll get  
Frank to set up a meeting with him  
ASAP.

SANTINO, JR.  
Okay.

INT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH

ANDREW HAGEN  
Vincent. Do you take this woman,  
Maria Augusta Scipola, as your  
lawfully wedded wife? Do you  
promise to love her, comfort her,  
honor and keep her in sickness and  
in health? Remaining faithful as  
you both shall live?

VINCENT  
I do.

ANDREW HAGEN  
And Maria. Do you take this man,  
Vincent Mancini Corleone, as your  
lawfully wedded husband? Do you  
promise to love him, comfort him,  
honor and keep him in sickness and  
in health? Remaining faithful as  
you both shall live?

MARIA  
I do.

ANDREW HAGEN  
Vincent you can now place the ring  
on the bride's finger.

Vincent grabs the ring from Frank standing behind him and  
places the ring on her left ring finger.

ANDREW HAGEN  
I hereby, the powers invested in  
me, to officially announce the  
newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Vincent and  
Maria Corleone. Groom you may now  
kiss the bride.

All the guests stand on their feet and give a standing ovation as Vincent and Maria confirm their marriage with the kiss.

EXT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH

Wedding bells ring outside the crowded Cathedral. Outside are the bride and groom, Vincent and Maria, holding hands as they walk down the crowded Cathedral steps together while rice is thrown over their head.

INT. DAY: WEDDING BANQUET HALL

Music is playing in the lightly lit banquet hall. Kids are running around the room and several guests are drinking wine and eating. Vincent and Maria are sitting down at a table set up front in a high leveled spot separated from the guests. Sitting next to the side of Vincent is the Best Man, Frank, and sitting on the others side next to Maria is the bridesmaid, LYLA. Lyla is a long haired brunette with grey eyes, slim body, and thick lips.

There's a long line of guests walking in front of the table greeting the newlyweds with handshakes and gifts. Frank is with his wife and kids greeting guests as well as Santino, Jr. who is chaperoned with Angela. Some of the guests specifically noticeable are Don Cascio, Tony Cascio, Reginald, and other Dons associated with Vincent.

EXT. DAY: NATIONAL PARK

Vincent exits the vehicle which is being held open by his bodyguard. Santino Jr. awaits by the car. DON MARINELLI is spotted under a tree with his bodyguards and his underboss AGNELLO LUIGI while awaiting for Vincent as he approaches.

Don Marinelli is an older tall, rough-faced male in his sixties. He constantly chews on cigars with a menacing mean expression. He's wearing a blue and red striped house robe with dark blue house shoes and light blue pajamas underneath.

Underboss Agnello Luigi is a short, scrawny, but very flamboyant male in his late forties. He's wearing a white collar shirt with black pants and black suede shoes.

Vincent approaches with his bodyguard towards Don Marinelli. The two of them greet and walk alongside together alone through the park as Don Marinelli holds onto Vincent's arm for support.

(CONTINUED)

DON MARINELLI

Hey Vince? Why don't we walk this way?

They walk along the park's concreted sidewalk.

DON MARINELLI

How you doing Vince? And, how's Michael?

VINCENT

He's doing okay. Enjoying the grapes in Sicily.

DON MARINELLI

Oh, he's enjoying life most certainly, and I don't blame him. So what you want to talk to me about?

VINCENT

My friend it looks like we have a situation. I found out an associate in your crew had a dispute with my nephew which resulted in gunfire. Nearly causing him his life. His father and I want refuge, but it turns out it's your nephew, a Marty Bellacino.

DON MARINELLI

I've heard of such the rumor, but it's just not true.

VINCENT

Oh, no? My nephew and his friends remember seeing the gunmen with the same shirt your nephew wore during their altercation at the movies when he was getting fired among.

DON MARINELLI

It wasn't him Vincent! My nephew was with me that night. At my house watching the game like we do occasionally. He told me he had got in a dispute and came straight to my house right after.

VINCENT

Yeah, right after he shot my nephew and killed his best friend.

(CONTINUED)

DON MARINELLI

Like I said it's a rumor. I trust my nephew.

VINCENT

And you believe everything your nephew says all the time. I have to say, I think your nephew insulted you with a lie and you were ignorant enough to believe it.

DON MARINELLI

What did you just say?

VINCENT

Let's not forget I'm cappo di tutti. If I want to go and give the go ahead I will do so you understand? Don't make me force my hand.

DON MARINELLI

My nephew insulted me? You insulted me by bringing me all the way out here to give you a go ahead to off my nephew. We're talking about my sister's grandson son here. Rising future in my family. I'm sure if there's anyway of resolving this situation we can conclude it with a price for his injuries if that makes you happy.

VINCENT

Now why would you pay a price if he didn't do it?

DON MARINELLI

You know what forget about it. Do what you got to do, but I'm not giving my nephew up.

VINCENT

You sure you want to go this route with me?

DON MARINELLI

You heard me. You're being unreasonable kid. Do what the fuck you got to do. I offered you a solution, if that's not good enough so be it. Just to let you know, I been in this thing a long time kid,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON MARINELLI (cont'd)  
going against me is suicide for an  
amateur like you.

Don Marinelli waives Agnello towards him, and he helps escort Don Marinelli out of Vincent's presence towards their car. Vincent watches Don Marinelli walk back to his car and nods to Santino Jr. before making his way back to the car. Santino Jr. waits for Don Marinelli's car to drive out of sight before walking towards the payphone across the street. Santino Jr. dials a number and awaits an answer.

SANTINO, JR.  
Yeah, go ahead and nab him. Yeah.

Santino hangs the phone.

INT. NIGHT: WAREHOUSE

Marty, has a black sheet fold over his head and is tied to a chair. Guido and a few associates stand around. Santino, Jr. walks into the warehouse. Guido approaches him and whispers in a conversation.

GUIDO  
We got the son of a bitch what are we waiting for? We can whack him right now, what you want us to do?

SANTINO, JR.  
Don't do anything. I'ma let my son pop his cherry with this prick. His uncle should have the word that we have his nephew by now. We offer him a price to get him back, and then afterwards. Mine as well get a benefit out of this.

GUIDO  
Why not just whack him and pretend he's still alive?

SANTINO, JR.  
Well we have an unrevealed traitor telling family business. Last thing we need is them telling Marinelli his nephew is already dead.

Santino, Jr. turns his attention to Marty.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.  
Hey you little prick? You better  
hope your uncle pays up, or that's  
your head!

Santino walks towards the door with Guido.

SANTINO, JR.  
Wait for my call. Once the money  
gets to us, I'll be back.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR'S SOCIAL CLUB

Frank is sitting down at the bar smoking with a few men  
watching a game on television as Santino Jr walks in the  
door. Santino sits next to him.

SANTINO, JR.  
Guido has him. All we need now is  
that money.

FRANK  
Good! Our friend is furious. One of  
our informants told us he's put  
some of his cops on the manhunt for  
his nephew. He don't believe we're  
going to let his nephew go, so we  
sent a deadline by one o'clock  
tonight or he doesn't see him  
anymore.

SANTINO, JR.  
He might not be as dumb as we think  
if he doesn't send that money.  
Where's Lil' Sonny?

FRANK  
Downstairs with Alberto.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR'S SOCIAL CLUB-BASEMENT

Santino makes his way down the basement as he sees Lil Sonny  
and Alberto. Alberto is instructing Lil Sonny on how to  
shoot a revolver.

SANTINO, JR.  
How's he doin'?

ALBERTO  
Nervous as hell.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO III  
The hell I am.

SANTINO, JR.  
Look son, you need to be ready.

SANTINO III  
I'm ready, but when we're gonna do it?

SANTINO, JR.  
A few hours from now. I got it from here Alberto go ahead upstairs with the boys.

ALBERTO  
Alright.

Alberto goes upstairs out of sight.

SANTINO, JR.  
Listen, this moment here son is what every wiseguy in this thing who wants to make a name for himself live for. All those guys upstairs, including me and your Uncle Frank have lived this very moment you're witnessing. This what we call making your bones. I know it's nerve-racking, but don't you disappoint me, you hear?

SANTINO III  
I won't. I promise.

SANTINO, JR.  
I know you won't. Alright, show me what your Uncle Alberto taught you.

Frank runs downstairs towards them as Santino III shows his father his lesson with a gun.

SANTINO, JR.  
Listen, it's important that you look him in the eye when you do it. Trust me it's the hardest part.

FRANK  
Junior.

Santino Jr. approaches Frank alone.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah?

FRANK

We had to move our trash to another location. Turns out our friend with the bushy brows (Guido) has been the one playing both ways according to the phone call records previously towards Manhattan. Where our friend stays.

SANTINO, JR.

Get the hell out of here! That sneaky rat bastard! Right under our noses as our right hand man.

FRANK

I had Louie do some spying. Louie just called and said he's the only one who's made a phone call in the warehouse. He's going to keep a close eye on him and keep him off the phone until we get to him. I'm sure the big man knows we're going to off the trash regardless now.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah. Lil Sonny, c'mon.

INT. NIGHT: ALTERNATE WAREHOUSE

A knock on the door is heard. Santino Jr., Santino III, and Alberto all walk into the warehouse. Guido stands behind Marty who still wears the black fold sheet over his head. Guido un.masks Marty and walks out of way as Santino III stands in front of him. Marty appears to have duck tape covering his mouth. Santino III stares at Marty with a tough look, while Santino, Jr. taps his son on the arm and nods.

Santino III pulls out the revolver tucked in the front of his pants. He points it at the head of Marty who starts to shout under the duck tape mercifully. Santino keeps his eyes glued to Marty's.

SANTINO III

This is for Joey!

Santino III shoots Marty right in the forehead. Marty's head leans backward fully unconscious. Santino Jr. taps Santino III on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.  
You did good son.

Guido looks at Santino, Jr.

GUIDO  
Hey Junior, why you make us move to  
another warehouse-

Santino, Jr. immediately turns around, pulls a .38 caliber out of his jacket, and shoots Guido twice in the chest. Santino III slightly jumps as Santino, Jr. notices the shocking look on his face.

SANTINO, JR.  
Hey, we found out this guy was a  
traitor. He informed Marty's uncle  
where Marty was, and it could've  
eventually led us to get ambushed.  
I know you liked Guido, but you  
will learn sometimes friends turn  
out to be enemies in this thing.  
Let this be another lesson.

Santino, Jr. whispers to Alberto.

SANTINO, JR.  
Have him help you dispose the  
bodies.

ALBERTO  
Alright.

Santino, Jr. looks back at Santino III before he exits the warehouse while the associates place Marty's body onto a wooden table nearby.

SANTINO, JR. (SMIRKS)  
Lil' Sonny, now here comes the fun  
part! Stay here and pay attention  
to Alberto.

Santino, Jr. exits and Santino III walks toward the associates and Alberto who are standing around Marty's body on the table.

SANTINO III  
The fun part? What's he talking  
about Alberto? What're we 'bout to  
do?

Alberto hands Santino III a cleaver, before quickly taking his own cleaver and smashing it through Marty's wrist. Santino III appears slightly nauseous.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO

We're about to cut their bodies up  
into pieces.

SANTINO III

Aw, fuck!

Santino bends his hands on his knees as if to vomit. Alberto smirks while the other guys mildly laugh.

INT. DAY: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

Vincent enters the lounge as Santino, Jr. and Frank are sitting drinking coffee. Santino, Jr. and Frank greet Vincent.

VINCENT

So, Junior how are boy do?

SANTINO, JR.

He did good.

VINCENT

What about our friend in Manhattan?

Frank throws up his middle finger.

FRANK

We gave him a gift in his mailbox  
this morning. His nephew donated  
his own finger for the cause.

VINCENT

Okay, well meeting in our usual  
spots is not such a good thing for  
us right now. I'm sure he's  
plotting to hit back soon.

FRANK

Our boys are getting our mattresses  
fixed up.

VINCENT

Good. Another thing, we need to get  
the message to our cousin Victor in  
prison that a war is about to  
erupt. Let him know what's going  
on.

Police sirens are heard outside.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

What the hell is this?

Six federal agents storm into the lounge.

F.B.I. #1

Freeze! Don't fucking move!  
Everybody get down. We want Santino  
Corleone Jr. and Vincent Corleone.

SANTINO, JR.

Officer, what is this?

F.B.I. #1

You two are under arrest for  
violating the R.I.C.O. Act. You are  
to remain silent, and anything you  
say or do will be used against you  
in the court of law.

FBI agents search Santino Jr. and Vincent. They handcuff and stand them up on their feet. They escort the two in the federal cars. Vincent yells to Frank.

VINCENT

You know what to do! Call Jake!

Frank runs to phone and dials a number.

FRANK

Ay, Jake! Yeah, the feds just  
picked up Vince and Jun' on some  
false R.I.C.O. charges. You need to  
get down to the station right away.  
Yeah, okay!

Frank hangs up.

INT. DAY: NEW YORK JAIL

Vincent and Santino, Jr. are locked in a cell together.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ Junior! What the hell  
is this? Did you get those boys a  
lawyer?

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, I don't know what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Jake will let us know once he gets us out of here. What the heck is taking him so long?

OFFICER #1

Vincent, Santino! You made bail.

VINCENT

'Bout time.

Vincent and Santino, Jr. are escorted to the front where they see Frank, and their lawyer JAKE AMANO, who's a short male in his late 50s standing at the front desk. Jake is dressed in a long black trenchcoat and a black dress hat. Vincent and Santino Jr. greet Jake with a hug.

VINCENT

Jake!

JAKE AMANO

Vincent, I never thought this day would have to come.

VINCENT

Apparently it didn't. These assholes just got the wrong guys.

Jake, Vincent, Santino, Jr., and Frank walk the hall towards the exit.

VINCENT

So tell us Jake, what're we looking at here? What is going on?

JAKE AMANO

There's an informant. A John Schwartz. He was picked up for transporting narcotics.

Vincent looks at Santino, Jr. as both make surprising glances and then back at Jake.

JAKE AMANO

You're looking at a drug charge that could give you twenty five to life along with criminal conspiracy.

VINCENT

What the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE AMANO

The good news is it's our word  
against his.

VINCENT

So it's just the one guy. What  
about the other?

JAKE AMANO

He's not gonna testify. Like I  
said, this guy got caught selling  
drugs and is trying to blame it as  
your possession Vincent, says he  
works on the orders of you Junior,  
but he has nothing on you Frank.

SANTINO, JR.

He has nothing on none of us. I've  
never talked to him directly.

JAKE AMANO

Right, so we'll beat this. Just go  
home and I'll give you a call for  
the court date.

VINCENT

Since we're here with you, I mine  
as well tell you that we're in a  
disagreement with some powerful  
guys. We're going to be on the lam  
for awhile. Couldn't have happened  
at a better time.

JAKE AMANO

I'll contact Frank on the details.

VINCENT

Alright. Thanks Jake.

INT. EVENING: VINCENT'S HOME

Vincent is in his office with Frank, and Santino, Jr. He's  
standing up pacing with outrage.

VINCENT

First, we got this cocksucker  
probably outside right now watching  
my every move, which, by the way, I  
should've whacked at that fucking  
park! Second, this with the snitch,  
Jesus Christ!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Don't get yourself too worked up.  
Jake's confident we can beat it.

VINCENT

I know we can beat it, but are we gonna beat it? You know there is a word called vindication that happens to one out of every ten inmates. With my status, the F.B.I. is gonna get their monies worth just by having my name out there. Listen, we got to find and get Marinelli fast. You hear me? Get our guys to start knocking some heads and bring him out. Also, get some of our fed stoolies to find out where their new pigeon is.

A knock on the door is heard. Maria opens the door.

VINCENT

Y'all go ahead and get out of here.

FRANK

We'll see ya Vince.

VINCENT

Alright.

Maria enters and shuts the door behind Santino, Jr. and Frank.

MARIA

What you want me to do? I've seen the news.

VINCENT

Everything is going to be alright. I'm going to leave for awhile, but I will check on you.

MARIA

Vincent, we just got married and are marriage is already in jeopardy.

VINCENT

Maria, what did I just say? Sweetie everything is going to be fine. My lawyer says I'm going to beat this with no worries. I got to go out of town for a few weeks or so and I'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
be back. I'll call you, but by pay  
phone at the station down the  
street, okay?

MARIA  
Alright, I'll pack your stuff for  
you, okay?

VINCENT  
Thank you.

Vincent comforts Maria with a hug, and sits down in his  
office chair as he stares at her walking out.

INT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Vincent walks in a room with a few guards while other guards  
are already sitting down with Santino Jr. and Santino III  
eating at a table. Santino, Jr. gets up.

SANTINO, JR.  
Vince.

VINCENT  
Hey, how many rooms we got in here?

SANTINO, JR.  
We got three, but some of the boys  
gotta sleep in here and the  
kitchen. Your room is in the back  
on the left.

Vincent walks to the back spectating the apartment before  
entering his cozy room that only has a dresser and a bed. He  
sets his luggage down and lays on the bed.

Vincent enters back into the living room and sits at the  
table where some of the guards and Santino Jr. are playing  
poker.

EXT. DAY: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Vincent is followed by two of his bodyguards while running  
across the street to a payphone. Vincent dials a number.

VINCENT  
Maria? Hey sweetie, I'm just calling  
to let you know I made it...Yeah  
everything is good...Okay, hey if  
you need to go to my Aunt Connie's  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
house so you won't be alone just  
give her a call she'll let you stay  
over...okay...hey I got to go I'll  
call you tomorrow alright? Okay,  
bye.

Vincent hangs up and dials another number.

VINCENT  
Hey Frank! Hey, Jake call  
you?..Alright. Any news on our  
pajama wearing friend?.. No shit?..  
Alright, but make sure we put our  
best on it, cause we can't afford  
to mess up right now... Okay.  
Before we do the hit, we need to  
just put a tail on him see if he  
can lead us to him...Yeah?!  
alright...good work...see ya.

Vincent hangs up and exits the booth.

INT. DAY: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Vincent enters the apartment and signals Santino, Jr. to  
come into his room.

SANTINO, JR.  
We know where this guy is yet?

VINCENT  
No, but we got a lead on his  
underboss Big Fish Tarentella. The  
Fish is heavily guarded so it'll be  
impossible to nab him without  
killing him. so I sent him the  
order that we should just tail him  
and see if he leads us to Don  
Marinelli.

SANTINO, JR.  
That's good news?

VINCENT  
I tell you what, we found out where  
Luigi is, we could cap either/or.  
Eventually, whichever one we keep  
alive will lead us to Marinelli at  
some point. Now listen, I want you  
to go meet Jake.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

What, you not coming?

VINCENT

It's not safe for both of us to be out in the open. It'll be like dropping a million dollar lottery ticket in the middle of the street. Besides, the irishman worked for you, so he's going to be asking all kinds of questions about what he probably has on us.

SANTINO, JR.

Alright.

Santino, Jr. exits the room and heads towards the entrance apartment door signaling two bodyguards to come with him. Santino III is laying down on the couch.

SANTINO, JR.

Lil' Sonny I gotta go, I'll be back.

SANTINO III

Alright, Pop.

Santino, Jr. exits with his two guards.

INT. DAY: JAKE AMANO'S OFFICE

Santino, Jr. walks in Jake's office. Jake's office is made of brown hardwooded walls, blue carpet, a fancy hardwooded desk, and behind his desk yields a huge USA flag mounted from the floor.

SANTINO, JR.

Hey Jake.

JAKE AMANO

Hey, where's Vincent? He needs to hear this too you know?

SANTINO, JR.

It's too risky for both of us to be out at the same time. I'm here so what's up?

JAKE AMANO

Like I said, this might be a weak case.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.  
Might be? What happened to how  
we're going to beat the case easy?

JAKE AMANO  
Well that depends on how much this  
guy, John Schwartz, knows about  
your affairs. How involved is he in  
your business?

SANTINO, JR.  
He don't know anything, cause I  
don't know him...

Santino, Jr. looks around the room suspicious.

JAKE AMANO  
Trust me, we're not bugged here. I  
promise.

SANTINO, JR.  
Okay, he doesn't know anything.

JAKE AMANO  
Well as you know him and another  
got caught with a pound of cocaine.  
The feds wouldn't try to make a  
case if he didn't have anything on  
you or Vincent. He has to know  
something.

Santino, Jr. hesitates.

SANTINO, JR.  
Okay, he's...

Santino, Jr. makes a gun signal with his hand.

SANTINO, JR.  
...for me a few times.

JAKE AMANO  
Well this is not good. If he was  
just going to try to pin the drugs  
on you I could've made this work,  
but if the feds start digging up  
bodies you might wind up in the  
electric chair.

SANTINO, JR. (SMIRKS)  
Wow. Vince was just talking to me  
and Frank about how good it is to  
do business with people outside our  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR. (SMIRKS) (cont'd)  
race, now we got this Irish rat up  
our ass. How you think he feels  
about that now?

JAKE AMANO  
Not that it means anything, but  
let's not forget about some  
Italians in the past who tried to  
rat on your uncle and some of the  
other Italian informants before and  
after that. I've been doing this  
for years, when a man faces a life  
term, doesn't matter what his  
ethnicity is, he's starts thinking  
about those years and his family,  
ya know? Listen, you know me, I  
have a history at working miracles.  
I fought against an U.S. District  
Attorney for God's sake during a  
case. There's a possibility I can  
beat this case.

INT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX- VINCENT'S ROOM

Santino, Jr's with Vincent.

SANTINO, JR.  
You're right, we're going to have  
to get our feds to find out where  
this Irishman is. I don't think  
Jake can beat the case.

VINCENT  
What? All that motivation he gave  
us about-

SANTINO, JR.  
I know, but that's before he found  
out that this guy's been on some  
hits with me.

VINCENT  
How many is that?

Santino, Jr. blows his breath and sighs.

SANTINO, JR.  
Shhh. I don't-

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Jesus Christ, that many?

SANTINO, JR.

To be honest with you I don't know.  
I've done so many with so many  
people. I don't keep a receipt  
Vincent.

VINCENT

Well you need to do some hard  
thinking and fast! Start moving  
some bodies if they ain't already  
got to them. Otherwise, we're going  
to have to cross our fingers with  
the stoolies.

Knock on the door.

VINCENT

Get that.

Santino answers the door. One of the bodyguards talks to him privately for a few seconds before Santino, Jr. closes the door behind him and looks at Vincent with a smile on his face.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)

Oh, shoot what?

SANTINO, JR.

One of my boys just told me that  
Frank and his crew nabbed Big Fish.  
Says he dropped his guard at a  
girlfriend's house out in  
Manhattan.

VINCENT (LAUGHS)

Get the fuck out of here! Oh, shit!  
Frankie Boy! Seriously? I want to  
hear it from Frank himself.

SANTINO, JR.

Yeah, I'ma go check it out.

Vincent walks with Santino, Jr. to the door.

VINCENT

Hey, use another payphone. Go to  
the gas station down the street.

(CONTINUED)

SANTINO, JR.

I know, I know. I've been switching it up.

VINCENT

Alright.

Santino Jr. exits with the two of his guards as Vince stays back with Santino III and five guards which one of them includes Alberto.

VINCENT

Lil' Sonny, it's time I showed you the tricks of the trade in a little poker.

Vincent picks up some of the cards on the table in the living room and starts shuffling as everyone scoops up their chairs.

SANTINO III

Whatever you say Unc. Hey you think if this guy Fish squeals, that could lead us to the big guy and we can go home.

VINCENT

That's what I'm hoping. What, you ready to get back to that blonde-haired girl. What's her name?

SANTINO III (SMILES)

Rachel.

VINCENT

Yeah, Rachel. Aw, look at him. Ain't even wet his beak yet and he already sprung over the girl.

All the guards laugh.

SANTINO III

I have wet my beak.

VINCENT

Aw, you have huh?

SANTINO III

Yes, I have. Deep sea diving with my beak.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT AND THE GUARDS (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

Oh!

VINCENT

I underestimated my little nephew here. I'm sorry, big nephew here. Mr. Deep Sea over here. That's good news, cause I was about to pull the Corleone last name from you if you hadn't done that by now.

ALBERTO

I think Junior would've put a gun to his head and made him do it if he hadn't.

Everyone laughs.

A loud car explosion blasts from the outside. Everyone ducks down to the floor as the sound of glass from the apartment windows shatter in the room.

Vincent spots Lil' Sonny holding his ears, through the smoke flames that enter the room.

VINCENT

Lil' Sonny you alright?

Lil' Sonny nods.

VINCENT

Santino!

One of the bodyguards open the apartment door and runs out while Vincent and the rest follows with guns in their hands.

EXT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Vincent steps out behind his guards and with Santino III and sees Santino Jr.'s car in flames.

VINCENT

Aw, no! No! Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch!

Santino III tries to run towards the flaming car before Vincent catches him.

SANTINO III (SOBBING)

Pop! Pop!

(CONTINUED)

A car in fast acceleration speeds in the middle of the street as gunfire is aimed out towards Vincent's crew. They all duck as the car speeds out of sight. Guards start to shoot from long distance, but miss. A guard approaches Vincent.

GUARD #1

We got to get out of here!

ALBERTO

He's right.

Vincent who appears in shock for a second, looks at Santino III who's in his arms.

VINCENT

Lil' Sonny you alright?

Santino III nods his head up and down.

VINCENT

Alright, come on we got to go.

They all run towards another car, but after a guard checks underneath the car and starts the engine.

INT. NIGHT: WAREHOUSE

One of Frank's soldiers/guards is punching Big Fish Tarantella. Big Fish's face is severely bruised and is very bloody. Big Fish huffs as he struggles to catch his breath. He's wearing a tailor black suit which is drenched in blood.

FRANK

Listen, Fish! Why don't you tell us where the old man is. You don't have to be tough anymore. It's okay to squeal, I promise I won't tell nobody. Eventually we will find him and you know this.

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

I don't know squat! I ain't telling you nothing.

FRANK

I ain't gon' lie. You got balls my friend. What if I cut them off-

One of Frank's guards runs toward Frank and cuts him off. He whispers to him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK'S GUARD #1  
Frank, you got a phone call.

FRANK  
Who is it?

FRANK'S GUARD #1  
Fat Man Gino.

FRANK  
Alright.

Frank walks toward the phone posted on the wall.

FRANK  
Yeah... Wait a minute, what?..

Frank appears in awe. He starts to breathe heavily and sits on the stool next to the counter.

FRANK  
Aw, fuck!

Frank sobs tearlessly. The guard approaches Frank.

FRANK'S GUARD #1  
Boss, you alright?

FRANK  
Get away from me.

Frank puts the phone back to his ear.

FRANK  
Where's my brother?.. Aw, right in front of my nephew?!. Aw, man... okay... tell him where I am. Yeah.

Moments later. Vincent enters the warehouse. Frank and Vincent immediately hug. Frank then tends to Lil' Sonny.

FRANK  
Vincent.

VINCENT  
Frank. Where is he?

FRANK  
In the back.

Vincent walks hurriedly to the back towards Big Fish. He runs and attacks him with punches. Frank sees a guard tempting to stop Vincent.

FRANK

Don't you dare fucking touch him!  
None of you!

VINCENT

Where is he Fish?

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

Like I told your scumbag brother. I  
don't know.

Vincent points at two guards.

VINCENT

You two carry him towards those  
vice grips.

The two guards cut him loose from the chair and carries him  
on a table. They attach vice grips towards his head and  
tighten them. Big Fish yells in agony. Vincent grabs a  
knife.

VINCENT

My brother Santino was killed  
today. I got every intention, not,  
to just kill you. I'm gonna torture  
you first. Don't fuck with me Fish.  
It's not the time.

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

Vince I don't know.

Vincent taps the knife towards Big Fish's private parts.

VINCENT

You feel that? I'm going for the  
left one, then the right one, and  
then piece by piece on your  
schlong. All you have to do is say  
you don't know again. Go ahead and  
test me.

Big Fish hesitates.

VINCENT

Tell me!

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

105 8th Street in Manhattan. His  
mom's house.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

His mom's house? Get the fuck out  
of here!

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

He figured it'll be too obvious for  
you to even think he would be  
there.

FRANK

He's definitely a smart fuck.

Vincent backs off Big Fish. Big Fish blows a breath of  
relief. Vincent looks at Frank before walking away.

VINCENT

Gut the Fish!

Frank nods to his guards. They walk towards Frank as camera  
shifts off of them towards Vincent who continues to walk  
out. Vincent tugs Santino III who continues to watch the  
guards kill off Big Fish with a menacing look of revenge.  
Santino III shrugs Vincent's hands off of him in attempt to  
show that he wants to watch. Vincent looks back with Santino  
III and they both watch. Big Fish yells in the background.

BIG FISH TARANTELLA

No, Vincent! I told you where he  
was! I told you where he was! Ah!

Big Fish's voice fades to silence as gun shots are heard.  
Vincent grabs Santino III and they walk out.

EXT. DAY: DON MARINELLI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE

Fat Man Gino who's sitting on the passenger side, and two  
other guards, one on the driver side (GUARD #1), and one in  
the back seat (GUARD #2), surveil the house.

The home is an ordinary mediocre sized white painted house.  
No one appears in sight in the neighborhood. There's no car  
in the driveway or in the front of the house.

FAT MAN GINO'S GUARD #1

Where's this guy?

FAT MAN GINO

I don't know, but I gotta a feeling  
Big Fish played us like fools.

(CONTINUED)

FAT MAN GINO'S GUARD #2  
Maybe he switched to a new  
location.

Guard #1 spots a mailman down the street.

FAT MAN GINO'S GUARD #1  
Gino, there's a mailman down the  
street. Maybe we can get him to  
ring the doorbell see if someone's  
home.

FAT MAN GINO  
Yeah, go ahead.

Guard #1 gets out the car and approaches the mailman down  
the street and talks to him. As he walks back towards the  
car the mailman stares at him for a minute before continuing  
his route. Guard #1 gets back in the car.

FAT MAN GINO  
Any problems?

FAT MAN GINO'S GUARD #1  
No.

They await for the mailman to reach the house. He finally  
gets to the mailbox and looks at the car at Guard #1. Guard  
#1 points his finger at him and nods. The mailman rings the  
doorbell and then knocks before walking away. The mailman  
looks at Guard #1 who gives him a thanks nod.

They patiently wait for someone to open the door, but no one  
answers. Fat Man Gino turns around to the backseat and looks  
at Guard #2.

FAT MAN GINO  
Listen, you go and break in. See if  
it's clear. Marinelli's old as  
shit, ain't no telling how old his  
mother is. She probably didn't hear  
the doorbell. If she's not in there  
waive us. We'll come in and wait in  
there until he comes home. Alright?  
Go.

Guard #2 gets out the car and makes his way to the door. He  
picks the lock and walks in while Fat Man Gino and Guard #1  
watch. They patiently wait a few minutes before Guard #2  
steps into the doorway and waives them to come in. They get  
out of the car and make their way towards the house. As they  
approach Guard #2 steps out of the doorway.

INT. DAY: DON MARINELLI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE

As they enter and close the door behind them, they see Guard #2 peculiarously sitting on the couch right before three gunmen step out from behind the corner of the living room very quickly.

MOTHER'S HOUSE GUNMEN  
Don't fucking move! Get down!

The two of them get down on the floor.

EXT. DAY: DON MARINELLI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE

A Marinelli soldier appears to walk out of the door from the rear side of the house towards Fat Man Gino's car. He gets in their car, drives, and backs it into the driveway.

EXT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH

Bell rings. Funeral hearses are lined up in front of the Church. One of the hearse's rear door is wide open. Six men are carrying a casket down the Cathedral steps. Three of the six men are Santino III, Frank, and Alberto. Michael and Vincent appear to be walking behind the casket with the rest of the family behind them. Angela, who's in an all black dress, and women's hat sobs the loudest while she holds onto Larry.

F.B.I. agents appear leaning against their cars as they watch. News reporters are taking notes, and newscameramen are shooting the funeral session. Guests walk to their cars and wait for the hearses to lead to the gravesight.

As Vincent, who's with Maria, Frank, who's with his wife, and Michael, who's with Frederica and Connie, walk to their limosines, District Attorney Robert Jameson approaches with two other federal agents. Vincent, Frank, and Michael leave the sides of the women and approach Robert.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Hey Vincent, there's a rumor that you and the man with the robe is causing all this chaos that's occurring on our streets. What you suppose we do to stop this bloodbath?

VINCENT  
Well if it's a rumor, then I suppose there's a possibility that  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
it's not true and to stop the violence, I guess you will have to do your job instead of disrespect my brother's funeral with your presence.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
True, but suppose this source who told me this rumor has never been wrong.

VINCENT  
Well, there's a time for everything.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
True again. Whoa! Mr. Michael Corleone. Long time, no see. I've heard you've been residing in your ancestry homeland. Is that true?

MICHAEL  
I hope you also know, that I'm retired from my old occupation.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
You don't expect me to believe that do you? I thought you guys couldn't retire from this type of business? I mean isn't that part of the oath? The burning saint? Cut of the trigger finger.

FRANK  
I think you've been watching too many movies.

MICHAEL  
You can believe what you want to believe, but I'm here to pay my respects to my nephew. May I ask what are you here for?

DA Robert Jameson nods his head up and down with a smirk.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
I have to admit Mr. Corleone, you're good at avoiding the b.s. Real old-school. Unfortunately, these new knuckleheads just don't understand. They have no class, no dignity, no honor. What happened to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DA ROBERT JAMESON (cont'd)  
honor Mr. Michael Corleone? Now  
they're selling cocaine and heroin  
with these foreigners overseas.  
What happened to deal or die Mr.  
Michael Corleone? I'm ashamed to be  
in your presence Vincent.

VINCENT  
You got something you want to say  
just say it. If you're not here to  
arrest me then go along about your  
business.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Now why would I arrest you? What  
have you done Vincent? Frank, what  
you boys been up to?

FRANK  
We got to bury our brother and  
you're holding me and my family and  
friends up.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
You know what? You're right. I'm  
being very disrespectful. We'll  
finish this conversation soon.  
Unfortunately, your brother was  
lucky, but me and you still got a  
court date coming up Vincent. I'll  
see you then.

DA Robert Jameson and the two other federales make their way  
back to their cars as well as Vincent, Michael, and Frank.  
Vincent whispers to Frank.

VINCENT  
I'ma kill that son of a bitch too.

Michael overhears it, and looks at Vincent while getting in  
the car, but only Franks sees him.

The streets our packed with viewers of the neighborhood. The  
casket hearse slowly leads the line off.

EXT. DAY: CONNIE'S HOME (1981)

Frederica and Michael sit down together outside while Roman  
roams around the yard.

(CONTINUED)

FREDERICA

So Uncle Michael, tell me about my father.

MICHAEL

Your father was a great brother. He was a very tender-hearted man. Charismatic as well. He knew how to have a good time. Probably some of my most fun moments in my life involved him.

FREDERICA

My mom told me a few stories about him. She told me how he could make her laugh, and how good he was to her. She also said she regrets that she gave him some of the hardest times in his life.

MICHAEL (SMILES)

Yeah, your mother was very hysterical back in those times, but outrageously beautiful.

FREDERICA

I've seen photos of the two of them. One thing she never discussed with me is what ever happened to my father. She avoids the question whenever I ask. The close she ever says is he just up and left her one day. I've even looked into getting some answers myself, but they have no records or trace of his whereabouts since his departure from my mom.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

Your father, he committed suicide. I made a vow to keep it confidential as I didn't want to ruin his or our family's image.

FREDERICA

Why would he do that? What happened?

MICHAEL

Your father had a strong heart spiritually, but physically it was  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
very weak. He suffered from pneumonia early as a baby and his heart continued to grow weaker as he got older. It affected him alot. He couldn't deal with the pain.

FREDERICA  
Oh! Wow, I always thought he just fled from the family. I was hoping he would be out there somewhere.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, all we have is you to remind us of him. Your mother revealing you at my daughter's funeral, couldn't have been at a better moment. The family lost one, and then gained one. It feels good seeing that a part of your father is still here, sitting right next to me. Frederica, I want you to stay close to me. I know I live far overseas, but it would mean a lot if we kept in touch by phone. Maybe I could send some airline tickets for you to come visit me. I could show you the origins of our family history. Where it all started. Where your grandfather was born. How would you like that?

FREDERICA  
Yeah, I would like that.

MICHAEL  
Bring Roman also. He looks just like you.

FREDERICA  
Thank you.

MICHAEL  
Fredo would've been proud of what you've grown up to become. Very intelligent and very beautiful.

Michael looks at Frederica while she smiles.

INT. EVENING: CONNIE'S HOME- LIVING ROOM

Vincent and Michael sit in the office.

VINCENT

Uncle Mike, you said you were going to help. You were going to teach me. I need your help more than ever now. This war is not even over drugs Uncle Mike. I'm actually doing well in that department.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but you already got a trial?

VINCENT

Yeah, but I'm going to beat that. I promise you that.

MICHAEL

Are you? With Don Marinelli taking you out your comfort zone. Don Marinelli has been doing this for years. He has way more experience than you...

Michael stares at Vincent for a moment.

MICHAEL

...but I'll go to my grave before I let him try to outsmart and embarass the Corleone name.

VINCENT

Thanks Uncle Mike. I knew I could count on you.

MICHAEL

No more deaths Vincent. Our family has suffered enough, you hear me? It's time to use our brains here. No more mistakes.

VINCENT

Okay.

MICHAEL

And no matter how much you want to, we're not going to touch any cops.

VINCENT

Of course not. What makes you think that?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Well, it sounded like you were headed in that direction at the funeral.

VINCENT

I was just angry, I didn't mean that. That's not something you have to teach me.

MICHAEL

Good. Now, I'll make some calls to set up a meeting between you two, and if Marinelli refuses to settle, we execute a plan.

VINCENT

Okay.

MICHAEL

Now I need you to do me a favor.

Michael pulls out some files that are in his hand and gives them to Vincent.

MICHAEL

My new niece, Frederica, she's been looking into her father's death. These files need to be disposed. Can you do this for me?

VINCENT

I thought they were disclosed.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but as long as there is physical evidence it could be found.

VINCENT

I can do that, but what's wrong with you doing it Uncle Mike?

Michael starts to breathe heavily.

MICHAEL

Vincent! Can you just do this for me?

VINCENT

Yeah, sure. You're alright?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Yeah. Where's Connie? Go get her for me will ya? And, get some orange juice.

VINCENT

Okay.

Vincent hurriedly gets Connie. Connie enters the room with Vincent right behind her seconds later. Vincent hands Connie the drink and she places it towards Michael's mouth who continues to breathe heavily. Michael drinks the orange juice and he slowly gets control of his breathing.

MICHAEL

I'm alright. I needed to speak to you alone. Vincent, will ya please...?

Connie looks at Vincent.

VINCENT

No problem Uncle Mike.

CONNIE

I got it Vincent.

VINCENT

I'll be out front if you need anything.

CONNIE

Okay.

Connie tends towards Michael.

CONNIE

What's the matter Michael?

MICHAEL

All the things in my life, this has to be the hardest thing I've ever done. Staring into the innocent eyes of someone's life I've shattered. It's like a cruel punishment from God.

CONNIE

What you talking about? Frederica?

Michael looks at Connie and gives her a slight nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Michael, you had to have seen this coming the moment she step foot into our lives. Like your priest said years ago, it was a terrible deed that will forever not go unpunished. You will tend to suffer for it, and it will never get any easier.

MICHAEL

You ain't no help here Connie.

CONNIE

I'm just telling you what you need to here. It's your guilt that's punishing you. You made the choice. I'm suffering too Michael, because I'm the only one in the family who's actually heard the truth from the dragon's mouth. Everyone is speculating the rumor, but don't know for sure. I loved him too.

MICHAEL

You know, lying to her hurts even more. It's like making that decision that day over and over again.

CONNIE

Well, you know what comes with this life and that's one of them. You can never tell her.

MICHAEL

I know.

CONNIE

The way I would look at it Michael is you have the opportunity to make right by Fredo. Start all over. You lost your daughter, but you can give Frederica the same love you would of Mary. The same love her father wasn't able to do.

Michael nods his head in agreement.

MICHAEL

You're right. Thank you Connie.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE  
You're welcome.

INT. DAY: SANTINO JR'S SOCIAL CLUB

Vincent, Frank, and Alberto are at the bar drinking while their soldiers stand guard.

FRANK  
First Santino, now Fat Man Gino. Underboss and Caporegime. This old man is really smart Vince.

VINCENT  
And we're not? We got the connections, the width, the strength. We need to execute and be more careful. Our Uncle Michael decided to lend some aide on our current affairs. With his strategic advice on how to handle things, it's no doubt we will win this. Alberto!

ALBERTO  
Yes, Vincent.

VINCENT  
You're now over Junior's crew. I want you to run it with brass, and intelligence. Just like my brother did. This is your club now.

ALBERTO  
Ah, that's great news Don Vincent. Thank you.

VINCENT  
His son, Lil' Sonny is going to be working for you along with his friends Larry and Richie. Tutor them like we've tutored you. He admires all of us. Show him correctly alright? We're also going to be depending on you a little more. Do well, who knows where your position might go.

ALBERTO  
Thank you Godfather.

Tony Cascio enters the club. Tony and Vincent greet.

(CONTINUED)

TONY CASCIO  
Vincent, how are you?

VINCENT  
Doing fine Tony, have a seat.

Alberto leaves the bar out of sight before turning on the jukebox in the corner of the bar. Vincent, Frank and Tony sit down at the bar as bartender pours the guys drinks.

TONY CASCIO  
Vincent, my father's a little worried about your trial coming up. He needs to know that you have this under control?

VINCENT  
Yeah, we got this.

TONY CASCIO  
I mean you do know you have a rat on the stand and that's all it takes nowadays for the feds to destroy this thing we got going?

VINCENT  
The stoolie has nothing but bodies that he claims he was ordered by my brother to commit. He has nothing on me. We lost a pound of coke, but he can't lead it back to me cause we've never met.

TONY CASCIO  
Well, with that being probable, my father doesn't like risks. That's really why he sent me today. He wanted me to tell you in this type of business we can't risk fighting in court. Soon this will trail down to us in the long run. Losing you, we lose the whole thing Vincent.

VINCENT  
So what you tryna say?

TONY CASCIO  
You know what I'm tryna say. This guy has to go.

FRANK  
This guy is guarded by Army soldiers Tony. Our lawyer could beat this.

(CONTINUED)

TONY CASCIO

I understand, the Corleones have a history of beating trials, but c'mon, really? This is a R.I.C.O charge for narcotics fellas. And about the Army guards, have y'all not learned anything from the history of this thing? I thought your uncle taught y'all better than this. Now since this partially effects our family, my father took upon his liberty to look into this stoolie and we got some good results for you.

VINCENT

What kind of results?

TONY CASCIO

We know where he's guarded. We know you have a few feds under your payroll. We know you have the power to take it from there. We just need to know what you're going to do about it?

Tony hands Vincent a piece of paper.

INT. DAY: SECRETIVE HOTEL SUITE

Four federal agents hold hotel suite guard. John Schwartz's lawyer is seen exiting the suite. Inside the room, JOHN SCHWARTZ, who is still accompanied in the room by another agent sitting down in a chair reading a newspaper, walks towards the bathroom. John to F.B.I. Agent #2.

JOHN SCHWARTZ

I'm gonna hit the shower.

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Okay John.

F.B.I. #2 hears the water turn on in the bathroom. FBI #2 gets up, leaves the paper on the chair, and exits the room. As he opens the door two other agents stand guard by the door while one sits across the hall. FBI #2 nods to the agent across the hall who looks of Italian descent disguised in a Federal Guard uniform.

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Come on. He's in the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

The Disguised Guard enters the room with FBI #2, which is opened by two other guards watching the door, and they both slowly walk towards the bathroom. Disguised Guard quietly turns the bathroom's doorknob and enters while FBI #2 walks behind him. Disguised Guard pulls the shower curtain open and immediately grabs John by the neck in a sleeper position. FBI #2 helps Disguised Guard hold him down as John struggles to get loose. John eventually passes out.

FBI #2 opens the suites's window while Disguised Guard wraps a towel around John's waist. Disguised Guard applies a piece of paper on John's waist before helping FBI #2 pick him up by hands and feet and tosses him out the eight story window. A sound of a body falling on the concrete is heard, but is not seen. FBI #2 points Disguised Guard to exit the back area of the hotel.

F.B.I. AGENT #2  
Go that way!

Disguised Guard runs out of sight.

INT. DAY: SANTINO JR'S SOCIAL CLUB

Television screen shows a news anchor. Frank, Vincent, Jake and other mob associates are all watching the TV monitor.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN  
Mob associate turned informant,  
John Schwartz, fell eight stories  
from the Bell Hotel two days ago.  
Schwartz, who was under federal  
protection at the time, was guarded  
on the intentions to testify  
against Vincent Corleone, suspected  
mafia Don of the legendary Italian  
crime syndicate, the Corleone  
family.

A photo of Vincent appears on the top right of the screen.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN  
John worked under the leadership of  
the Corleone Family and was  
arrested on narcotics charges  
before being turned to testify  
against Vincent and his now  
deceased brother Santino Corleone  
Jr., who was blown up a couple  
months ago as his car was rigged  
with a bomb. Sources involved in  
the case of John's death are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (cont'd)  
currently ruling it a suicide as there was a note attached onto his body written "I'm sorry". Sources do not know who the apology was specifically written for, but they're investigating more to make sure it wasn't a front for a potential homicide. District Attorney Robert Jameson was forced to dismiss the case against Vincent Corleone earlier today due to lack of witnesses. Vincent's attorney, Jake Amano, stated he wasn't satisfied that a person had to die to dismiss the case, but he is satisfied that what he called, "false accusations" against his client were dismissed.

Jake Amano appears on the screen outside the Court House with media microphones surrounding him.

JAKE AMANO

Yes, I am satisfied because these were false accusations anyway! Vincent being part of a narcotics conspiracy? False. Violating the R.I.C.O Act? False. Being called a murderer? False. Being the head of the Corleone family, true. He's an husband, what man isn't the head of his own family? False accusations!

Vincent, Frank, Jake, walk in a back room before cheering with the associates over the news.

VINCENT

Look at this guy! He should be a politician. You sure do know how b.s. the press Jake!

JAKE AMANO

I'm amazing! What can I say?

FRANK

Not that I ain't proud Jake, but is there any possibility that this case could get appealed?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Are you kidding me? Without that kid they have mush.

JAKE AMANO

No, it's a good question, they find any false evidence that you're a conspirator they could reopen the case. You're going to have to separate yourself a little more from the business. You should not be going on meetings with these high profiled men. Stay out of the limelight and stay away from the low levels also.

VINCENT

And hide? That's not me Jake. It ain't me to be sneaking around like a rat!

JAKE AMANO

It's not hiding Vincent. Just stay away from these guys with records.

FRANK

Everybody we know got records Jake. That's our life my friend. Vincent's just a business man doing business with other men who just happen to have records. That's all.

JAKE AMANO

What you got these other guys for? Frankie Boy here? They can't meet for you?

VINCENT

What they say, if you want something done right, you need to do it yourself?

JAKE AMANO

Okay, don't listen to me. I'm just an old wise man who's been doing this for years and doesn't know what he's talking about.

VINCENT

No, you are an old wiseguy Jake. You're one of us. Come here you son of a-

Vincent gives Jake a celebratory kiss on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Not only did I beat the case of my life, but I got a healthy newborn son. There is a God!

JAKE AMANO

Oh, I heard! A boy, right?

VINCENT

Yeah, little Vincent Mancini Andolini Corleone!

FRANK

Little V-Mac is what I'm gonna call em'!

JAKE AMANO

Little V-Mac huh?

VINCENT (SMILES)

You know what? I actually like that, V-Mac.

JAKE AMANO

Well congratulations, and hopefully we won't have to go through anything like this anymore.

VINCENT

Let's hope not for awhile anyway.

Jake hugs Vincent and Frank, then leaves.

FRANK

I know you're satisfied, but let's not forget we still got a vendetta going on here. We need to keep our guards up.

VINCENT

You're right.

FRANK

That was a close one, you almost got arrested for something you didn't do.

VINCENT

Now, that my paper done got a little thin from these cases, and Marinelli still on my ass I need to get back on my feet. Gimme a hundred thousand.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You should have something coming in soon.

VINCENT

I need some money now. I need to get Maria something nice from all the stress she done put up with over these last months.

FRANK

Alright.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR'S SOCIAL CLUB- BACKROOM

Vincent and Frank continue to conversate in the club's backroom while drinking. Frank opens the safe, throws money in a huge envelope and gives it to Vincent. Both men sit down with their drinks and appear to be heavily intoxicated.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)

Fucking Junior! You know I asked that son of a bitch to tell me how many bodies this prick Schwartz has on him, he couldn't even give me a straight answer. Freaking whack-the-rat done whacked so many cocksuckers he done lost count. But our brother was a real soldier you know?

FRANK

I'll drink to that.

Frank and Vincent toast.

FRANK

You know everything happens for a reason?

VINCENT

Yeah, okay and..?

FRANK

Nevermind forget I'm drunk I don't know what I'm talking bout.

VINCENT

You brought it up now, make your point.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Okay. Well, you know Vince I hate to say it, but God might've did us a favor with Junior passing. I mean this Schwartz could've brought the whole borgata down and Junior could be doing life right now. We're a little lucky because there was a big chance it could've got to that point.

VINCENT

What the fuck you mean lucky? I oughta smack the hell out of you right now!

FRANK

What?

VINCENT

That's our brother, our flesh and blood, and we're lucky he's dead.

Vincent gets out of his seat, knocks the drink out of Frank's hand and leans into his face.

VINCENT

You know I always thought you were the smarter one. I guess those glasses you wear don't mean shit do they? It looks to me like I lost the wrong fucking brother, because Junior would've never said some stupid shit like that about you or me!

Vincent starts to walk out the club.

FRANK

I'm sorry Vincent, that came out wrong! I didn't mean it like that! Come back, let's play cards!

VINCENT

No more drinks for you pal! I'm outta here. Going home to my family.

INT. NIGHT: VINCENT'S HOME- BEDROOM

Maria sits up in her bed feeding V-Mac while she watches television. A knock on the door is heard while simultaneously is opened. Vincent walks in with bouquet of flowers and a black case in hand.

MARIA (SMILES)

What're you doing? What is that?

VINCENT

What you think it is, flowers?  
And...

Vincent lays the flowers down next to Maria and slowly opens the black case in his hand. Inside the case withholds a shiny all-diamond necklace. Maria looks in amazement at the necklace.

VINCENT

Look at my boy right here. Why don't I hold Little V-Mac while you try your necklace on, huh?

MARIA

Little V-Mac?

VINCENT

Yeah, Frank came up with the nickname with the initials. I thought it was actually cool.

MARIA

I'm not sure about that name. I like Little Vincent.

VINCENT

You can call him Little Vincent and we'll call him V-Mac, you know cause he's going to be a little mack for the ladies. Ladies' man!

MARIA

Ladies' man? No, Vincent he's going to be a one woman's man and have bunch of grandbabies for us!

VINCENT (LAUGHS)

C'mon, you need help with the necklace?

Vincent lays Little Vincent down on the bed and walks behind Maria to clip on the necklace around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

How I look?

VINCENT

You look beautiful.

MARIA

So, what's all this for. You being a ladies' man out there on the streets. Am I going to have to find some woman out there to cut!

VINCENT

Oh, you a little fighsty tonight, huh?! No, you all I need. These gifts were just a thank you.

MARIA

Thank you for what?

VINCENT

For being strong through all of this drama that's pursuing me. Carrying and giving birth to that handsome little boy right there. Most importantly, for being in my life. As much as things are going bad, you made things a lot better. Some women would've left thinking it was over for me, or caused stress on why I'm going to court, but you didn't do any of those things.

MARIA

I know you're strong, I knew they couldn't keep you down. I heard what that agent was saying to you and your brother.

VINCENT

You heard that huh?

MARIA

I know who you are Vincent. There's men like you all through Sicily. My father use be one of them. It doesn't scare me, because I've seen the man behind the mask who's sweet, caring and...

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Oh, I'm glad you're the only one that's seen me behind the mask otherwise I'll be dead.

MARIA

I'm just saying, my parents prepared me for a man like you. I just want you to be more careful out there. No need for you being in the news all the time facing the trial of your life, and hiding out for several weeks without me seeing you. Because regardless of how strong you think I am, I need you.

VINCENT

You're right. I'll be more cautious. I gotta straighten some things out over the next couple of days and hopefully I can stay home more often if it goes well.

MARIA

Okay.

EXT. NIGHT: GERONIMO'S STORE

Geronimo is locking down the store. He exits the store and drops down the secure gate halfway before two men attack and hold him down.

GERONIMO

What is this, what's going on?

FRANK'S MAN #1

You know what's going on. Pull that gate up and open the door.

Geronimo, frantic, unlocks the store's door and is forced inside towards the front counter. Geronimo turns on the lights.

GERONIMO

What do you want?

FRANK'S MAN #1

You know what I want. His money.

GERONIMO

His? You mean Vincent Corleone?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK'S MAN #2

Vincent Corleone? Who the hell is that? You know who I'm talking about.

GERONIMO

What? Well tell Vincent I'm not giving him another dime! He keeps re-upping the price, and ruining me from doing business. That's the reason I'm short of money now!

FRANK'S MAN #1

Who the hell is Vincent? Stop acting ignorant and give the man his money! You got ten seconds or I'm blowing your brains out on the floor!

Two federal agents storm out from behind the back room with guns. Both gunmen immediately shoot at the agents before running out the store. The gunmen run out to the street, and two more agents appear. The gunmen sees them and attempts to aim at the agents but are both shot down in the street.

INT. DAY: HOTEL DINING

Vincent is sitting down at a table with several Dons of other families. Standing behind Vincent stands Frank and across from Vincent sits Don Marinelli and behind him stands Agnello Luigi. Amongst the many Dons at the table, one in particular is Don Cascio. At the head of the table sits very tall, slender Don Carmine from the Bronx.

DON CARMINE

Gentlemen! I want to thank each and everyone of you who came out to this meeting. Hopefully we can resolve this ongoing issue that's been occurring between two of the families here at this table. There's been a personal vendetta between these two families which is never good for business. Effects more than just them. Don Marinelli is there any chance you will be willing to resolve your differences with Don Vincent here today.

DON MARINELLI

Yeah, for a fee. I mean he did ignite this war by refusing to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON MARINELLI (cont'd)  
accept the money offered to pay his  
nephew's hospital injuries.  
Could've ended right there.

DON VINCENT  
Son of a bitch, I'm a fucking Don.

DON CARMINE  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Fellas, lets talk  
to each other with a little more  
respect we deserve, huh?

VINCENT  
Your nephew was the one that  
ignited this war by shooting at my  
nephew first almost ending his  
life. That was an offense to me and  
my brother, his father, who was an  
Underboss. Your nephew is not even  
made, he doesn't get any passes for  
shooting a made man's son.

DON MARINELLI  
Your nephew wasn't made either. If  
he shot at you, okay, but he didn't  
deserve to die. Besides, my nephew  
didn't even know who your nephew  
was.

DON CARMINE  
Listen, nobody is going to be  
paying anyone a fee. We just want  
you both to shake hands and end  
this war now. Both of you are  
linked to several men sitting at  
this table in business, and it  
effects them from being comfortable  
to do business with you when you're  
becoming a liability and a danger  
to be around. I can speak for every  
man here that all of us have great  
respect for the both of you.

The rest of the Dons nod heads in agreement.

DON CARMINE  
Vincent, you had an injured nephew,  
lost a brother, and caporegime.  
Marinelli, you lost a nephew and an  
Underboss. Pretty much two for two,  
so lets call it quits. Let's stop  
it now before more lives are lost.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON CARMINE (cont'd)

One of you got a trial coming and the other just got off a trial so there's no need of more controversy than there already is.

Vincent nods his head in agreement while staring at Don Marinelli who stares back and agrees as well.

DON CARMINE

Gentlemen!

Don Carmine has them shake hands at the front of the table to pay respects and end the war. As the meeting is adjourned, Don Cascio approaches Vincent.

DON CASCIO

Hey Vincent! Nice to see you come to terms with Don Marinelli. I would like to say things are going to go great for the both of us but you know when things go good, bad things happen.

DON VINCENT

What you mean?

DON CASCIO

The friend in Mexico has been in a struggle war with a refugee in Cuba. He's been fighting the political government over there as they've been trying to put a halt on his operations.

DON VINCENT

I heard about this, so is there anything we can do?

DON CASCIO

Well, the United States are getting involved and if they find out we're connected to him we're going to be in a war with our government. We need to make sure our men are more cautious of the severity of our distribution. We got to have an alternate plan of transporting our products if they catch up on us.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Anything I can do for Alejandro?

DON CASCIO

No, but just know that if anything happens to Alejandro, his cousin Leo will be taking over his operations.

VINCENT

How are you with Leo?

DON CASCIO

He's a hothead! Trigger happy type of fella. I don't know what Alejandro sees in him other than being a soldier which is fine, but businessman? I don't see him fulfilling that role.

A loud commotion ignites in the hotel lobby area as federal agents storm in the hotel dining area.

F.B.I.

Okay, nobody move! Everybody get down on the floor with your hands on your head now!

DON CASCIO

What the hell is this?

All the mafia men get on the floor with their hands on their head.

EXT. DAY: HOTEL

F.B.I. escort all the handcuffed mafia Dons towards the federal vans parked along the street. Several news medias take pictures and film the Dons during the escort. Majority of the dons have rags over their heads to cover their faces and others keep their heads down. Vincent smirks while his head is down and film cameras inches away from his face. Frank who walks behind Vincent keeps his head down.

INT. DAY: POLICE STATION

Vincent, Frank, and some of their men who were arrested along with them that waited outside guarding the cars are all standing in line awaiting to snap a mugshot. Meanwhile, they are eventually taking in a cell segregated from the other families.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

There's that conspiracy charge Jake warned you about.

VINCENT

Yeah I can hear his mouth now.

FRANK

So what now?

VINCENT

What we always do and wait for Jake to give us the tip. You and the rest of you guys are probably going to get released. All they want are the big fish.

INT. NIGHT: POLICE STATION

An officer opens the the cell door as Jake appears and enters. The door is locked behind him as he has a seat.

VINCENT

Come on, go ahead and give me the earful.

JAKE AMANO

What you want me to say Vincent, that I told you so?

VINCENT

Yeah!

JAKE AMANO

Okay, I told you so. You have a problem evading police. Just listen to me you wouldn't have this problem. Not only do you have this issue, but it seems that last night a store owner was attacked by two men which the F.B.I. claims was a direct order from you.

VINCENT

What? The hell it was, how they figure that?

JAKE AMANO

Cops had this guy's store bugged. They claim they have audio and visual surveillance linking you to these guys.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Get the fuck out of here. What, one of the two guys testifying this in court too?

JAKE AMANO

No, that's the thing, those two men our dead because of a shootout with the F.B.I. upon getting busted, but they're gonna use these tapes in court for the conspiracy charge.

FRANK

Well, without the two guys they don't have a case?

JAKE AMANO

Depends on what was said on the audio. If your name is in there like they claim, we gonna have a big fight on our hands in court. However, they have the store owner's testimony. Uh, Geronimo is his name.

Vince chuckles.

VINCENT

How do they know about this meeting?

JAKE AMANO

Honestly, who knows. There were thirteen men in that room considered mafia Dons of their own family. It could've been anybody who gave them a tip. All we know is that you're all here on conspiracy charges and that the F.B.I. main reason for getting y'all in this fashion was to expose you all to the public and embarrass you.

VINCENT

So, how this effects my previous case.

JAKE AMANO

Well, of course you got another trial on your hands as they're reopening the case. We bail you out and you get arrested on more charges you make it harder for me to defend you in court.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

So what you want me to do stay in here?

JAKE AMANO

No, I don't want you to stay in here, but what I do want is for you to listen to me just this once. Stay away from anyone who has a record. All of you stay out of trouble until the trial in a few months. Stay at home with you wives, girlfriends, and kids. I mean if any of you can't do that then, yeah, I want you to stay in here and save your bail money.

Vincent inhales a deep breath.

JAKE AMANO

I need you to do this one thing for me until we re-fight this case and if we prevail, resume to stay out of the limelight until your probation period is over.

VINCENT

Okay.

JAKE AMANO

Yeah?

VINCENT

Yeah.

JAKE AMANO

Alright, I bailed you guys out.

VINCENT

Y'all go ahead. I want to speak to Frank here for a few minutes.

Vincent orders the soldiers and Jake to leave as he now directs his attention to Frank.

VINCENT

Frank, how is it that anytime you order one of your guys to do something, it re-fucks back to me?

FRANK

I don't know Vincent, they're mostly always after the big fish like you said.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Then he says that your guys are using my name. Is this what you train your men to do?

FRANK

The men I sent for Geronimo were some of my best. They knew better it's no way they loose lipped. Hell, we haven't even heard the tapes yet Vincent and you're already going into speculation.

VINCENT

I just got off a case and back at it again. You damn right I'm speculating the worse out of this situation. Jake's right, these assholes are trying to embarrass me and they're doing a good job at it, let me tell ya.

FRANK

We'll beat this case just like we've done before.

VINCENT

Yeah, we'll see about that. You better hope.

Frank looks slightly threatened.

VINCENT

Listen, we're slipping. I just promised Uncle Mike intelligent decisions from henceforth since Junior's death and this ain't one. For now on no more mistakes. Put fear in your men and let them know the importance of every assignment.

Frank nods in agreement.

VINCENT

Like usually you're the head when I'm out of commission. Uncle Michael's there when needed so that's a big plus. Use that intelligent brain of yours; however, I don't want you drinking too much or you're going to make stupid decisions like saying what you said during our last

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
conversation. You know what I'm  
expecting of you.

The guard unlocks the cell for the guys' release.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

Jake Amano is standing in the middle of the courtroom facing the jury. The courtroom is packed with cameramen, family and friends of Vincent, and other spectators. Vincent is sitting at his table with Frank and the other soldiers who were arrested during the meeting. Geronimo is sitting with DA Robert Jameson and other agents at the table on the other side.

JAKE AMANO  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,  
what is this nonsense! Yes, I said  
it, nonsense! You got a guy over  
here who admittedly confesses that  
he is an illegal gambling addict  
who sold drugs out of his store for  
extra income and then got busted  
and was about to be sent to prison  
doing hard, long time, but failed  
because of one thing. He gets the  
F.B.I.'s attention by mentioning a  
man who just got off of the most  
forbidden trial of his life on  
false conspiracy charges just to  
save his own ass, literally.

Chuckles burst from some of the courtroom attendees. The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
Jake, you're out of line!

JAKE AMANO  
You're right, sorry your Honour!  
But it upsets me Judge Johnson, and  
angers me so much that Vincent  
Corleone who is a man that has a  
wife and a newborn son, and this  
liar wants to take him away from  
his family because he got in  
trouble. This man who sold drugs  
which takes people's souls, and  
kills people. It's apparent  
District Attorney Robert Jameson  
doesn't care about that. All he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE AMANO (cont'd)  
cares about is making headlines and  
letting a dope dealer off. Now  
let's be honest ladies and  
gentlemen, the only guilty man that  
we know for a fact sitting in this  
courtroom today, is not Vincent  
Corleone, it's Geronimo Nicci.

The attendees gives applause. The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
This is not a circus, control  
yourselves! District Attorney  
Jameson would you like to step up  
with any final words to plead your  
case.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Yes, your Honour!

DA Robert Jameson stands up and approaches the middle floor  
as Jake Amano takes his seat.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Your Honour, I didn't think I would  
have to say anything today because  
they say a picture is worth a  
thousand words, but apparently the  
surveillance visuals and audio that  
was presented earlier wasn't enough  
for some of the people in this  
room. I mean we have an audience  
outside with pickett signs  
worshipping this Vincent Corleone  
like he's this god or good man. I  
dare any of these people open a  
store or any type of business in  
Brooklyn or Hell's Kitchen and you  
will see this man for what he  
really is. They produce movies  
about these guys like Vincent  
Corleone and try to make them into  
these Robin Hood legends, but these  
mobsters are evil and if these  
people knew the truth none of them  
would be cheering for him.

Vincent drinks his water as Jake Amano whispers something in  
his ear and they both smirk.

DA ROBERT JAMESON

We have several photos of Mr. Corleone, his brother Frank, and Santino together. Some time ago Santino was blown up in a car. Now, when ordinary people usually get murdered it's by gunfire or knives at least, but a car bomb? You have to be some special type of person to be killed like that and not be in the military. With him being with his brothers all the time there's no way Mr. Corleone is not aware of what his brother Santino had to be linked to. Jake wants to talk about drugs killing people? Bombs and gunfire are the leading cause and there's been a lot of that type of play going around Mr. Corleone. Santino's son, Vincent's nephew, was shot months before his death. Innocent people get caught in crossfires. You go on the avenue where the bombing occurred, there's a lot of people that live in that neighborhood that could've been walking or driving near the car, and there are many kids that live there who could've been playing on that sidewalk near the car when the ignition was turned. Now Jake is right, drugs are dangerous and Geronimo is going to serve some time for that, but when it comes to proven Mr. Corleone's conspiracy as head or even just part of this criminal organization he shows all the symptoms.

Jake Amano stands up urgently.

JAKE AMANO

Your Honour, I would just like to say that audio and visual surveillance said absolutely nothing!

JUDGE JOHNSON

Hold on Jake! The DA has the floor.

DA ROBERT JAMESON

No, that's alright your Honour, I'm finished. He can talk.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright go ahead Jake.

DA Robert Jameson goes to his seat as his cohorts quietly congrat him on his plead. Jake Amano approaches the floor.

JAKE AMANO

I would just like to mention that the tapes did not imply Mr. Corleone on any conspiracy. Mr. Nicci here is the only one who used his name for some strange reason I guess was trying make it seem they were there for Mr. Corleone, but the two men obviously stated that they were not there for him, but was there for another anonymous figure. Now about the pictures of these same two men outside of Mr. Corleone's club meant nothing. It's a small world, how many people do you meet on a weekly basis that you have no knowledge of everything they're associated with. They were just some men that he met from around the way. Mr. Corleone has no control on what a person does outside his presence. Mr. Nicci is just taken advantage of a person he knows that was falsely in trouble with the law. He tried to reopen a federal case to save himself from imprisonment.

JUDGE JOHNSON

I'm curious to know how does Mr. Corleone and Mr. Nicci know each other if not by extortion alone?

JAKE AMANO

Mr. Corleone I believe knew Mr. Nicci because it was his local grocery store.

Judge Johnson looks at the Geronimo's law team.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Is this true?

DA Robert Jameson stands up with Geronimo.

(CONTINUED)

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Yes your Honour!

GERONIMO (YELLS)  
His uncle and grandfather knew my  
parents who originally owned the  
store which they extorted money  
from too your Honour!

Geronimo's law team tries to console him meanwhile shaking their heads in a disagreeing manner. Jake approaches his seat. Judge Johnson continues to speak with Geronimo's law team.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
Do y'all have any evidence proving  
Mr. Nicci's parents were extorted  
from the other Corleone men?

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
No, your Honour we do not have any  
more evidence on the extortion.  
However, might I remind you that  
Mr. Corleone was arrested with  
twelve other conspired mafia  
leaders. One of which was recently  
convicted as a conspirator. A Don  
Marinelli, is what they called him.

Judge Johnson looks at Geronimo's team and sighs in disappointment. Jake, Vincent, Frank, and their soldiers smirk.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
Alright, we're going to let the  
jury decide a vote. Recess is one  
hour. You're dismissed!

Judge bangs gavel.

Newsanchorwoman is shown on a television.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN  
Supposed mafia leader, Vincent  
Corleone, was on trial for the  
cause today as a conspired mafia  
Don and extorter. He was arrested  
along with his brother Frank  
Corleone, and some supposed mafia  
soldiers as co-conspirators of a  
criminal organization. The verdict  
found him not guilty dodging  
another bullet from the judicial

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (cont'd)  
system. You have to only wonder how the Federal Bureau of Investigation feels about this second loss to this charismatic figure. You can hear car horns and celebratory yells from this crowd behind me as Vincent Corleone makes his way towards his car. However, Don Marinelli of Little Italy, who was convicted of conspiracy recently and arrested on the same day as Corleone, is in struggle to appeal his verdict. Marinelli's lawyer states his medical records indicate he is too ill to run illegal activities, better yet, be a leader of a criminal organization.

INT. DAY: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

Television sound fades out as a visual of Don Marinelli in a wardrobe walking on a sidewalk while being aided by one of his men appears.

TV SHOT PANS DOWNWARD TOWARDS VINCENT.

Vincent sitting with Alberto and Frank at the bar.

VINCENT

Look at this son of a bitch. He really believes this crazy, illness act is really gonna work.

ALBERTO

Ay, you gotta give it to him. He deserves an Oscar. He might can beat it.

VINCENT

Get outta here. That ain't gonna work. They can see right through his ass.

FRANK

You still sound a little bitter over him.

VINCENT

He kills our brother and I got to turn the other cheek like some schmuck. I hope he gets a thousand

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (cont'd)  
years in there. I'm going to tell  
you right now, I get an opportunity  
with him, forget about it.

Vincent takes a sip of his drink at the bar. Frank stares at  
him and nods his head in agreement.

FRANK  
I hear you. Listen, I'm a little  
worried about this war in Mexico.  
This could really interfere with  
our business if things get leaked  
out.

VINCENT  
Don Cascio says it's under control.  
He's doubled his stoolie security  
down there. We probably just need  
to do the same on our end.

ALBERTO  
This Alejandro guy is a billionaire  
down there. They're saying on the  
news the other day that he  
supposedly owns most of the north  
side of the country.

VINCENT  
Hell, we broaden our horizons and  
expand on more territories we could  
be billionaires too.

Vincent looks at Frank. Commode flushing noise is in  
background.

VINCENT  
I mean Frankie boy, just think. If  
we had Marinelli's territory, who  
knows?

FRANK  
Vincent, I would love to, but you  
just shook hands with the guy in  
front of the rest of families. They  
won't give you an okay.

VINCENT  
What're you talkin' about? I was  
using him as an example.

FRANK

You're my brother. I know what goes on in your head.

VINCENT

What you a mind reader now? I said he was an example.

Michael appears in background slowly walking away from bathroom.

MICHAEL

That was a perfect example.

Vincent and Frank glance at each other for a moment, then look back at Michael. Michael walks to jukebox and throws quarters in. Music plays.

FRANK

What's that you said Uncle Mike?

Michael sits down in stool at the bar between Vincent and Frank.

MICHAEL

Never underestimate your enemies.

Frank and Vincent appear puzzled.

MICHAEL

I know Don Marinelli more than you two. He's a snaky old fuck, but very smart. I guarantee you he's plotting your demise as much as you're plotting his. He knows you can never forgive a man for killing his brother, or father, or mother, sister, wife, or child.

Vincent appears mysterious.

VINCENT

So what you thinking Uncle Mike?

MICHAEL

What you're thinking. It has to be done. No way I could go back to Sicily knowing your beef with him.

VINCENT

So why did you have Don Carmine set up the peace meeting? Have me bow down.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Get him out of hiding. Give him some comfortability in thinking that you won't avenge. It's possible he still thinks you will, but he doesn't know for sure. The meeting buys us time to come up with a plan that won't lead back to us being that we're doing this without commission's approval. One strategy I've kept over the years which I believe is why I'm still here today, and that is dispose off all your enemies.

Vincent looks satisfied.

FRANK

When do we do it.

MICHAEL

When he beats the appeal.

FRANK

What makes you think he'll beat it.

MICHAEL

He'll beat it, but he won't beat the Corleones.

EXT. NIGHT: RESTAURANT

Sitting in a car is Vincent's chauffeur who's reading a book while simultaneously listening to radio.

RADIO ANCHOR

7:00a.m. this morning Congressman Garcia of Colombia was shot and killed while exiting the lobby at Horizon Plaza where he was greeting guests. The several suspects were wearing the Plaza's employee uniforms before drawing weapons and releasing multiple gunfire which wounded several standbys, including some of Congressman's security. Some injured are in critical condition. A getaway car approached seconds after the ambush which aided the suspects to drive out of sight. Many are disturbed of the criminal violence that has

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANCHOR (cont'd)  
erupted around the city. All fingers are currently pointing towards Alejandro Manuel, who has been rumored as druglord over most of the northern part of the country. Congressman Garcia has been the lead enforcer over getting justice against this criminal and whether or not he did it, the heat will be on Manuel as there's now a \$300,000 bounty on Alejandro Manuel...

The sound fades out as the camera pans out of the car and enters a restaurant.

INT. NIGHT: RESTAURANT-TRACKING

Vincent and his wife are sitting with Frank, and Frank's wife Lillian at a diner table. They all appear to be laughing and having a great time.

VINCENT

You remember when Mikey tossed that football and hit Coach Ramsey while aiming at- I forgot who he was trying to hit.

FRANK

Yeah, Coach already didn't like Mikey, cause Mikey's dad threatened him on several occasions about him getting Mikey in the game.

VINCENT

Had us run five laps, full sprints when we got in trouble! And there's the coach sitting at that table.

Waitress approaches.

VINCENT

Excuse me, ma'am. Can you give that man over there a bottle of the same champagne we're drinking on my behalf?

WAITRESS

Yes, sir. Right away.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Thanks. He's a good coach and good man.

MARIA

So, wait! You two cross paths several times growing up and didn't know you were brothers.

VINCENT

No.

FRANK

Me and Junior didn't know.

VINCENT

My mother kept a picture of our father next to her bed. I asked her one day when I was like eight, who was he? She stated that he was my father.

They all look around at each other with disbelief.

VINCENT

When I was younger she never answered any other questions like, "Why doesn't he live with us?", "What does he do?", or "Is he still alive?"

LILLIAN

Never? How did you find out about his family?

VINCENT

I mean until I started getting in trouble with the law, my mother came to Uncle Mike for assistance. Coach Ramsay sitting over there...

Coach Ramsay and his date receive the champagne from waitress. Waitress points over in Vincent's direction. Coach Ramsay waives at Vincent. Vincent waives back.

VINCENT

...was closest to the only father figure I would ever had. I mean him and the other football and baseball coaches I had. I had no other father figures until Uncle Mike came along, but by this time I'm seventeen, almost a man.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

That must've been weird when you found out they were your brothers.

VINCENT

Yeah, but I couldn't have had better brothers than Frankie boy here and Junior.

FRANK

Thanks Vinnie! I appreciate that.

MARIA (SMILES)

Awe!

LILLIAN

That's so adorable you two.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)

Y'all better stop that!

FRANK (SMIRKS)

Seriously.

Vincent starts to tease and tickle Maria before kissing her. He sees his chauffeur enter the restaurant from a distance while a waiter points in Vincent's direction. Vincent eyes Chauffeur who nods for a talk.

VINCENT

I gotta use the restroom, I'll be back.

They all look at Vincent while he walks away towards Chauffeur in the distance.

VINCENT

What's up?

CHAUFFEUR

A problem just arose. Alejandro under extreme heat for killing a politician.

VINCENT

What?

CHAUFFEUR

Just on the radio.

EXT. NIGHT: LUIGI'S LOUNGE

A lobster truck appears to be parking behind the Lounge. Corleone men appear to be waiting for the truck to stop as the driver then gets out and lifts the door in the back. Leo and several men appear inside the truck as they begin to step out. Luigi and his men are lead by the Corleone men into the Lounge.

INT. NIGHT: LUIGI'S LOUNGE (BASEMENT)

Leo walks down the Lounge's basement behind Corleone men, where he meets Vincent and Don Cascio. They shake hands and all have a seat in chairs.

LEO

Vincent, Cascio, I come on Alejandro's behalf. I'm sure by now you know his status and why he's not here.

VINCENT

I hope you didn't come to tell us you here to stop doing business with us now the heats on you. I can't afford to stop now. Well, don't want to stop now.

LEO

No, we came to do more business with you and to see if you're willing to be up for the task.

VINCENT

What business is that.

LEO

We need to get rid of something. Political. We need your help.

DON CASCIO

Who would that be?

LEO

Mexico's new commander and chief.

DON CASCIO

Shh, no way.

LEO

This virtue won't go unrewarded. Matter of fact, we know how expensive this will be.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

First, you already got heat from one figure's elimination, now you want more.

LEO

Listen, as long as this guy's breathing it's going to make our jobs more complicated in continuing our business. It's not going to stop it, but we rather continue to do business with comfortability.

DON CASCIO

I'm not sure why y'all can't handle this since this is in you neck of the woods? If it was here, we wouldn't bother y'all as we take care of our own.

LEO

We need non-civilians to carry this task. That way they're in and out, and no one knows their name.

Vincent and Don Cascio looking at each other.

LEO

Listen, I can understand why y'all are scared. I mean I can find someone else.

DON CASCIO

Aye, don't bring that scared business towards me son. I been in this type of game a long time. Here in this country, they don't take killing politicians lightly. It brings a lot of heat, and you over here talking like it's going to reduce it which I seriously doubt.

LEO

We got things in control, just need this problem gone so we can have our guy in the seat. Then the pressure's gone.

DON CASCIO

Who's this guy that's going to replace the problem?

(CONTINUED)

LEO

I'm disclosing that information. However, this guy has a way with words, and can throw focus off our business. But I need to know, are y'all in or out?

Vincent and Don Cascio continue to hesitate.

DON CASCIO

I'm not. I need to speak to Alejandro directly.

LEO

He's not coming. He can't risk the transportation and getting exposed. He's got Mexico's military looking for him.

Don Cascio looks at Vincent.

DON CASCIO

That's exactly why we don't need to be apart of this.

LEO

Listen, you don't help us draw the heat, we're going to have to find different business partners once this is over.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)

So y'all are going to stop doing business with us? Just like that.

DON CASCIO (LAUGHS)

You see Vincent? Leo, you and Alejandro are asking a lot here. This don't sound like him. You know what, where is he? We'll come to him?

LEO

Too dangerous. I'm even keeping my distance from him cause I'm sure there are spies hoping I trail back to him.

DON CASCIO

You should be able to look a man in the eye when asking a favor like this-

(CONTINUED)

LEO

So you've made it clear your answers "no" Don Cascio. Vincent, what about you? I mean look at your finances, I guarantee our business is the most income you earn.

Vincent thinks deeply.

VINCENT

I'm down.

Don Cascio turns towards Vincent and whispers privately.

DON CASCIO

What are you doing?

VINCENT

Listen, they're desperate. This is a perfect opportunity to get something out of this.

DON CASCIO

First, we won't be able to make a dime if even get suspected of being a part of this. F.B.I. will be all on our asses. Second, we have to get approval from the Families to take out a politician.

VINCENT

Some of the families still refuse to get in the drug business. They can't relate so you know they're not going to vote on our behalf. We have to decide independently. Besides, he's right. The drug money is the most my family earns. We both knew the risks for dealing. What if it was us? Alejandro needs our help.

DON CASCIO

Well let him come here and ask us.

VINCENT

He can't. So lets see if we can squeeze something out of this like, lowering the price of the product? Yeah?

Don Cascio hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

DON CASCIO

Yeah.

Vincent looks at Leo.

VINCENT

However, Leo I'm on a scheme where I'm going to need way more product. I mean that's if you're able to handle it.

LEO

More product?

VINCENT

Yeah.

LEO

Seems like you guys are doing enough with the amount of product we're already providing you with. Why you need more?

VINCENT

Like I said, I got something in stored where I'm going to need more. I, and Don Cascio has agreed, to supply you with whatever you need in order to take this problem out, but I want more product for 15 percent less than you already charging me, Don Cascio wants his current product 15 percent lower. That's the expense if you want our help. Don't forget I'm asking for more product, meaning more money in your pockets nonetheless.

Don Cascio looks at Vincent mysteriously.

LEO

Okay, I'll tell you what, y'all got a deal.

Leo extends his hand out, while Vincent reaches to shake it.

VINCENT

You sure you don't want to talk to Alejandro first before accepting?

LEO

No, he stated whatever it takes to get you guys on board. We will need

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEO (cont'd)  
a few of your best guys and at  
least one who can handle and  
accurately aim a rifle.

Don Cascio stares at Leo as he leaves. Don Cascio waits for Leo to completely exit the basement.

DON CASCIO  
I do not like this fucking guy. I  
don't believe Alejandro would send  
him over here alone to ask us  
something as severe as that.

VINCENT  
Out of desperation.

DON CASCIO  
Ah! Please. No way. I don't know  
what he's thinking about. Now, what  
is this about you going to need  
more product?

VINCENT  
I got some new ventures I'm working  
on. Don't worry the more product  
you help load and deliver to me,  
the more money you get too.

EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

Video footage of Senator Luiz Guzman on television arriving in front of the Congress Hall building. He exits the car with a high level security team surrounding him while he walks in the building. A huge crowd of citizens surround the front of the building with picket signs supporting Guzman as he enters the building.

INT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

Scene footage captures the television footage of the surrounding images of the day of Guzman's acceptance speech as new Congressman, the audio overlaps to his speech in spanish (w/english subtitles).

During the speech, images of dead men, homeless people and kids, militants firing guns, flaming cars, and snippets of footage during Congressman Garcia's assassination appear.

INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

Scene footage of an Italian man staring out of a window of a nearby building of the Congress Hall in a secluded room. The Italian man preparing a sniper rifle on its tripod. He patiently awaits for the Congressman Luiz Guzman to exit the building.

LUIZ GUZMAN

...I am honored to accept your invitation as the Congressman of our District. I am honored and humbled to accept this offer after a man who himself, was a great leader. A strong leader. I only hope that myself can influence those to be as strong, as Congressman Garcia has influenced me. I am honored to be the man who will protect our citizens from those who will not comply to our judicial system. To protect our citizens from those who continue to victimize and take the law into their own hands. This will no longer be tolerated.

Crowd of people are heard cheering.

LUIZ GUZMAN

I, as many as you today, have had enough with the predatorial standards of these hoodlums who pollute our country with poisons that have harmed so many of our own. I stand here with an invitation to those who believe they can continue to get away with their scare tactics to just persevere. Keep trying, and you will get caught. We will get justice. The corrupted will be punished and those who live by the positive moral standards will be rewarded with the promised liberation that they so honestly deserve.

EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

A crowd of people cheer as Congressman Guzman makes his way down the steps of the Congress Hall.

INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

The Italian sniper is seen aiming his sniper rifle. He attempts to pull the trigger until he hears a gunshot from another distance.

EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

A fatal gunshot blow to Congressman Guzman's head is shown. Guzman body drops to ground as a frightening panic erupts surrounding him by the crowd of people. Guzman's security team tries to aid him instantly.

INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

Italian sniper looks panic as he views down at the chaos in front of the building. The secluded room door is burst open by a Mexico military team of men who immediately enter the room and shoot him dead. One of the militants grab the sniper rifle, aims at the doorway and intentionally shoots into a wall nearby alternating the evidence.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

An ill-fated Don Marinelli is being supported by his lawyer and Agnello Luigi towards his seat. He's carrying an oxygen machine which is connected to his nostrils. He sits down as judge approaches his seat. Everyone in courtroom stands except Don Marinelli until the Judge sits down.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Court vs. Marinelli is now in session. Will the state present their case?

STATE'S LAWYER

Thanks, your Honour. The State of New York our hereby charging Mario Marinelli, a.k.a. Don Marinelli of the Cuneo family, as a conspirator of being a head of a criminal organization and attempted murderer along with his considered Underboss Agnello Luigi. Marinelli and Luigi

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STATE'S LAWYER (cont'd)  
were arrested along with thirty-six other conspirators while meeting at the Plaza Hotel in Lower Manhattan. Marinelli and Luigi have a long sheet of criminal behavior that backs up the case of having the potential in being apart of the organization.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
Where's your evidence statesman?

STATE'S LAWYER  
Luigi drives a cadillac and Marinelli lives on 110 acre land. Who could afford such a thing with this type of rap sheet? No way could either of them just afford to have a chicken meat business, or nightclub without any evidence of working in a legitimate business from ground up, or hitting the lottery. This is no doubt illegal money being used in order to own these businesses. Marinelli has been in and out of state incarceration since he was fifteen.

JUDGE JOHNSON  
Do you have a witness, wiretap, or any direct evidence pinning this against the defendants? We have thirty-eight men that are on trial for this R.I.C.O charge, fifteen have already beat their case, what makes sixteen and seventeen different?

STATE'S LAWYER  
Well your honour we do in fact have a wiretap presented by a deceased Confidential Informant.

State's Lawyer inserts the tape with audio of the two men in discussion.

(WIRETAP)

**Man #1:** Yeah, we got that phone record around nine o'clock, it's thirty minutes after so they should still be in there. **Man #2:** Did he say it was okay? **Man #1:** Who? **Man**

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(WIRETAP) (cont'd)

**#2:** Marin- **Man #1:** Motherfucker! I know you are not 'bout to say names? You know better than that. You know how to reference. **Man #2:** I'm sorry, The Robe? **Man #1:** What d'ya think? Boys think they spotted more than one of the olive oils are in there. **Man #2:** The big can of olive oil? **Man #1:** They're not sure. They're at 333-32-NA. Once we spot at least one of 'em getting in, we'll light 'em up, preferably both. If we don't get two for one stone it'll show'll bring the rest out and then we'll throw fire on their asses. As many of 'em as possible. **Man #2:** Why not just wait on the big can of oil to arrive and be done with it. **Man #1:** Cause The Robe wants results. Besides, did you not just here me say they're not sure of a second one.

State's Attorney stops the tape.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright, elaborate and translate what we just listened to?

STATE'S LAWYER

Yes, your Honour. According to our C.I., this was a murder plot for two of the top lieutenants of the Corleone Family, the boss Vincent Corleone and underboss Santino Corleone II. He stated that *Olive Oil* was a code name Marinelli's men used for the Corleone crime syndicate being that the Corleones had a huge stake in the olive oil business dating back to when Vincent Corleone's grandfather, Vito Corleone, who was supposedly initial Don of that family who owned a Genco's Olive Oil company. This actually led to the bombing of Santino II.

Don Marinelli breathes heavily into his oxygen mask.

(CONTINUED)

## STATE'S LAWYER

He was blown up, which is the "light 'em up" mention in the tape. "The bombing should bring the rest of them out", meaning more Corleone men, "out in the open afterwards where the second team of Cuneo men would throw fire on their asses", meaning bullets. This is the reason for the bullet holes and shell casings we found near and on the side of the apartment complex of code name 333-32-NA, in translation 333 32nd North Avenue where Santino, Jr's homicide scene was located.

State's Lawyer hands Santino II's homicide pictures and documents to Judge Johnson.

## STATE'S LAWYER

"*Big Can of Olive Oil*" was a name for Vincent Corleone, whom we still believe to be the head of the current Corleone Family. Apparently, the Cuneo Family has been in war over the last year with the Corleones over Marinelli being rumored and considered responsible for the shooting of Vincent Corleone's nephew, Santino II's son.

Don Marinelli's Lawyer stands up and interjects.

## DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

Your Honour, I object. That's not true.

## JUDGE JOHNSON

Object sustained.

## DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

Santino Corleone III as far as we're concerned did not press charges or inform police on any matters of my client being the cause of his injuries as I have not been notified of so.

Judge Johnson looks at State's Lawyer.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Is this true?

STATE'S LAWYER

That comes from a direct written statement from my C.I. listed in those documents I've given you your Honour.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Since you C.I. is not here to support his claim, let's just stick to the audio evidence facts

STATE'S LAWYER

Okay, your Honour. Last, but not least, "The Robe" is a code for Mario Marinelli here who has a reputation for always wearing a house wardrobe, just like the one he's wearing at the current moment. Might I also mention, that The Robe is the one considered calling the shots on the tape, and Marinelli's name was pre-fixed by our C.I. in the tape prior to the use of "The Robe" code name which was denounced by Agnello Luigi, who is listed as second voice heard giving the instructions of the murder.

Don Marinelli's Lawyer yells out.

DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

You have no real evidence backing that up.

Judge Johnson looks at Don Marinelli's lawyer.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Quiet!

Judge Johnson directs attention back to State's Lawyer.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Is that all?

STATE'S LAWYER

Yes, sir your Honour.

Judge Johnson looks back at Don Marinelli's Lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE JOHNSON

Now you can approach the floor.

State's Lawyer approaches his seat as Don Marinelli's Lawyer approaches floor.

DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

Thanks, your Honour. Your Honour, my clients, Mario Marinelli and Agnello Luigi, is here to appeal the verdict of the false charges of criminal conspiracy and attempted murder brought upon by the State. However, they are innocent. The State has no written documents that could've been made by anyone. There's no C.I. on their part and all they have is audio of two men, who is not in fact either of my two clients.

JUDGE JOHNSON

May I ask what is wrong with your client Mario Marinelli?

DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

He's suffering from heart failure, your Honour. He shouldn't even be here, which is against his doctor's orders, but he was determined to appear in this courtroom today and prove to everyone that he is innocent.

State's Lawyer smirks and shakes his head in denial. Agnello Luigi is sniffing and appears to start looking in Don Marinelli's direction mysteriously.

DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

You have fifteen out of thirty-eight that have already beaten this case. Only right my clients beat this as well. They were obviously just a group of men meeting with one another doing legitimate business. By the way, one of my clients too sick to even live in a manner of this magnitude. His mental prognosis is not even capable of these affairs. It's a shame that the State would stoop so low out of desperation and waste everyone's time with this nonsense.

(CONTINUED)

State's Lawyer stands up. Luigi motions a man who appears as Marinelli's doctor to approach them.

STATE'S LAWYER

Your Honour, these old mafia hoods  
always perform this sick act to  
avoid prison sentences-

Men console around Marinelli. Marinelli's Lawyer turns his attention to Don Marinelli.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright, what's going on here?

Don Marinelli's Lawyer interjects.

DON MARINELLI'S LAWYER

Your Honour, may I ask for a break  
apparently one of my clients is  
getting very sick. I told you this  
is not the best time for him to be  
here.

People around Marinelli tend to hold their noses shut while men try to help him out of his seat.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright, lets take a thirty.

Judge bangs his gavel.

INT. NIGHT: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Guests are approaching the entrance of the school's auditorium with their kids. Kids are dressed up in Christmas costumes. Ornaments are mounted all around the building. Vincent and Maria hold hands with V-Mac who's wearing a Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer costume. They let him go off with a teacher that approaches them who eventually leads V-Mac to the back. Vincent and Maria are attending with Connie, and Alberto being guard.

A speaker host approaches the stage podium as guests get to their seats and announces the introduction to special Christmas event played by the school's students.

The first and only Christmas skit features V-Mac and his classmates in a chorus singing "Oh Christmas Tree" with a beautiful well-lit Christmas tree presented beside them.

(The following scenes  
transition simultaneously with  
the children singing.)

## EXT. MEXICO CITY- CABIN

One mexican guard standing on top of cabin with rifle. Two of Leo's mexican cartel guards are smoking cigarettes on the side of cabin. Behind them approaches a Mexican army team coming from the woods surrounding the cabin. Leo's guard on top of cabin is shot down by sniper rifle in the head and his gun slips down the side of cabin.

The two of Leo's guards standing guard on side of cabin hear and see the gun sliding down the cabin and are now aware the Mexican army approaching with guns aimed at them. One Leo guard aims his automatic gun and starts shooting. The guard who shoots is shot in back of the head. The second guard is attempting to aim his gun but one of the soldiers behind him press the end of the gun to the back of his head. The guard now puts his hands up.

MEXICAN SOLDIER #1 (IN SPANISH)  
Are they in there?

LEO'S GUARD #1 (IN SPANISH)  
*Si.*

The Mexican soldiers slowly attempt to enter the cabin, but some of Leo's guards starts shooting from the interior as the army duck for cover. One of the soldiers motions for another to approach. The one soldier approaches with a big weapon and quickly shoots two smoke bombs into the cabin. After a few seconds, one of Leo's guards runs out choking and shooting, and the soldiers gun him down. A few more of Leo's guards along with Leo are coughing and are exiting with their hands up peacefully. The soldiers aggressively grab Leo and his guards and puts them under arrest.

## EXT. NIGHT: FISH'S SOCIAL CLUB

Don Marinelli's car arrives in front of the Social Club. The driver gets out and opens the car door for Don Marinelli who is sitting in the back seat. Don Marinelli's first bodyguard exits passenger seat, and second guard exits the door behind driver seat, and then walks around to aid Don Marinelli into the Social Club as if he's very ill. The driver opens the club's door for the men and continues to stand outside near the door.

INT. NIGHT: FISH'S SOCIAL CLUB

One bodyguard leads Marinelli into the club where he changes up and starts to walk normally without aid from guards. Marinelli's and guards walk to the very back of Social Club towards the kitchen where Agnello Luigi appears to already be in there cooking food on the stove. Agnello hugs Marinelli. They clinch.

DON MARINELLI

I deserve an Oscar, I played those pricks, huh?

AGNELLO LUIGI

You're a sick fuck. I don't think I could've shit my ass in public just to save it. Hell, but I appreciate you help us beating it.

DON MARINELLI

Made them fools clean it up too.

Agnello then grabs Marinelli's wardrobe and hangs it while Marinelli and his guards sit down laughing. Don Marinelli is now wearing a flamboyant black suit while smoking a cigar looking very healthy. Don Marinelli grabs a pack of cards on the table, and starts shuffling. Agnello grabs some plates of food and wine to Don Marinelli and his men while they simultaneously play cards. Agnello excuses himself to the restroom.

Agnello walks towards the front of the Social club and sees Don Marinelli's driver standing outside the entrance and he then gives the driver a slight nod as he enters the restroom. The driver acknowledges the nod and then walks to the car. The driver turns the ignition on. Three anonymous men enter the Social Club. Agnello exits the restroom with coat and sombrero hat on. Agnello motions his head pinpointing towards the back for Marinelli and his guards location to the three men. Agnello quickly exits into the car with Marinelli's driver. They speed out of sight.

The three gunmen quickly walk to the back and draw their weapons on Don Marinelli and his two guards and open several rounds of fire on them.

As Don Marinelli and his men lay lifeless on the ground, one of the gunmen approaches Don Marinelli's body. The gunman finds the ace of spades card and lays it between the fingers of Don Marinelli's hand where his cigar was still entwined.

The camera focuses revealing the man being Alberto. The other two gunmen are now revealed as Santino III, and his friend Larry Lombardi.

Two black cops, appear behind the three of them as they stare at the lifeless bodies. Victor signals for Santino III, and Larry to drop guns down and put hands up. The cops aim their guns at the three of them.

EXT. NIGHT: FISH'S SOCIAL CLUB

The cops escort them out into the police van while the three men appear outside.

The cops get in the van, turn on the sirens, and hurries out of site. Reginald Johnson and Frank appear parked in a car down the street, and they nod to the police officers when they drive past.

EXT. NIGHT: ROADSIDE (LOBSTER TRUCK)

Cops, and F.B.I. agents are shown around one of Vincent's drug trucks. DA Robert Jameson appears in front of the truck. Truckload of drugs are seen in the rear part of the truck. DA Robert Jameson talks to one F.B.I. agent.

DA ROBERT JAMESON

Where are they now?

F.B.I.

Vincent's at P.S. 31 school on Mulberry Avenue. Don't know where Frank is.

DA ROBERT JAMESON

Okay, well let's surprise him and tell him what we found.

(The chorus song of "O' Christmas Tree" ends)

INT. NIGHT: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Police storm into the auditorium. DA Robert Jameson spots and approaches Vincent Corleone who stands up hurriedly.

DA ROBERT JAMESON

Vincent Corleone, you are now under arrest for the distribution of narcotics, and being apart of a criminal conspiracy as part of the R.I.C.O. Act. You are to remain silent...

The audio fades out with sad instrumental playing in background. DA Robert Jameson clicks the handcuffs on Vincent.

EXT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Frank's two bodyguards surveil the area before motioning Frank to come out of apartment. Frank walks out cautiously before getting into a car with guards. They drive off. As they make it a few feet away, police car lights flash around the car and Frank's driver accelerates attempting to make an escape, but cops shoot at the car eventually gunning the driver down. Frank gets out with other bodyguard and try making a run for it while shooting with their handguns simultaneously at the cops before getting gunned down themselves.

News photographers stand around Frank's body taking pictures.

EXT. DAY: CORLEONE, SICILY- MICHAEL'S HOME

Michael finishes a glass of wine outside on lawn. Frederica appears and grabs the glass from him. They smile at each other before she walks out of sight.

Michael slowly declines in health and collapses out of seat dying on ground. The camera slowly pans to front door window.

INT. DAY: CORLEONE, SICILY- MICHAEL'S HOME

Frederica is holding her son Roman in her hand staring out the window at Michael dying on the ground. Frederica appears to be shedding cold, eye-staring tears. She then wipes her eyes dry. She calls out to Connie.

FREDERICA

Connie!

Connie rushes towards Frederica. Frederica attempts to open front door.

CONNIE

What's the matter?

FREDERICA

Look, something's wrong with Michael. He's layed out on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

They both run out towards Michael, as the camera pans up towards Frederica's guest bedroom. The camera pans to her suitcase and focuses on a forensic report of her father's death specifying a bullet entry through the back of Fredo Corleone's head. Next to it lies a letter signed by Don Marinelli along with a small container of poison next to the letter.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

Leo is seen on the witness stand of Vincent's trial along with a couple others who were driving the truckload of guns testifying against Vincent.

Brief dialog audio of Leo testifying.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
Why would you kill your own cousin  
Alejandro?

LEO  
Because he brought too much  
unnecessary heat on our  
organization. Started with him  
making bad decisions like killing  
politicians.

DA ROBERT JAMESON  
So why you follow his footsteps and  
kill a politician?

LEO  
I had to clean up by cousin's mess.  
Guzman seemed determined to bring  
our borgata down, so in order to do  
so we needed him gone to bring our  
own into office. I kept my cousin's  
death a secret and used his name to  
bring Corleone and Cascio along for  
the plot...

Leo gives a condescending smirk.

Maria and Connie appear in background sobbing while Vincent, alongside Don Cascio, gets his sentence of life imprisonment for aiding the homicide of Congressman Luiz Guzman, violating R.I.C.O., and selling of narcotics.

INT. NIGHT: REGINALD'S WAREHOUSE

Reginald is surrounded by three black men. He appears to be staring out of his office with them, looking at his men grabbing drugs off the truck from some Asian men and placing them in containers.

EXT. DAY: HOUSE LAWN

Richie appears with his father lawnmowing the front of a customer's yard.

INT. DAY: BASEMENT

Santino III, and Larry appear in a basement with several made men. In particular is Alberto sitting head of the table, Victor Rizzi, Sr., and Al Neri. Also, Agnello Luigi sitting at head of other side of table. Alberto pricks Larry and Santino III right index fingers with a nail and make them hold burning saints which they continue to pass on each hands preventing themselves from getting burned. Brief dialog audio appears.

SANTINO III & LARRY (SIMULTANEOUSLY)  
 ...like this saint, may my soul  
 burn for eternity if I ever reveal  
 this brotherhood...

They both are eventually congratulated and hugged by everyone in the room. Alberto interjects.

ALBERTO  
 Also, we're here for another  
 occasion. Every man in here should  
 stand up with their wines in the  
 air and congratulate a man's man,  
 Agnello Luigi here as new head of  
 the Cuneo family. *Salut!*

ALL THE MEN (SIMULTANEOUSLY)  
 Salut!

INT. DAY: VINCENT'S HOUSE

Vincent walks into the kitchen where several of family are all around a table with a candle-lit birthday cake on the table. Maria has V-Mac in her arms. Vincent sits in the chair at head of table while Maria hands V-Mac to Vincent. Everyone sings Happy Birthday to V-Mac.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT  
Make a wish, son.

V-MAC  
Okay.

VINCENT  
You make a wish?

V-MAC  
Yes.

VINCENT  
Okay, blow the candles.

V-Mac blows the six candles as everyone laughs and congratulates. All of a sudden Vincent disappears from behind V-Mac in his lap, to V-Mac only being in a high chair. Frank and Santino, Jr., and Michael, who were standing up around the table, disappear as well. Everyone else remains. A sad look is on V-Mac's face as camera slowly zooms in on his eyes.

INT. DAY: PRISON CELL

Camera slowly zooms out off of Vincent's eyes. Vincent appears laying down staring at the ceiling in his cell.

Credits.