

WHACK JOB

by

Antonio Gangemi & Aimee Parrott

Registered WGAw No. 1188412

E-mail: [aimeeandtony@yahoo.com](mailto:aimeeandtony@yahoo.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - NORTH END - DAY

Springtime. Delis, bakeries and pastry shops. Fans gripe about the Red Sox.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Four OLD MEN sit on folding chairs, playing "Scopa" and drinking wine.

OLD MAN  
Che ha fatto scopa!

The other Old Men curse at him vociferously, in Italian.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Lively atmosphere. FAMILIES enjoy pizza.

ELOISA, 20s, robust, from the Old Country, hoists a tray onto her shoulder. She zips past ogling WAITERS into the

KITCHEN

and whisks by two busy COOKS. Her skirt billows in the breeze of an industrial fan, the Cooks stop for a quick peek.

ELOISA  
I see you!

She snags a Sicilian pizza and sashays into a

DIM HALLWAY

The chorus of conversation grows louder as she nears a door marked: "Keep Out. Or Else." Eloisa knocks three times.

DANTE (O.S.)  
You better have food or you're dead.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eloisa's greeted by a group of smiling THUGS, seated around a table. Red wine, fresh bread, cold cuts, the usual fixings. At the head of the table sits DANTE SFOGLIATELLE, 50, bulky.

DANTE  
Extra formagg'?

ELOISA

I give you more cheese, yes.

To Dante's right, his brother SAVIO, 45, oodles of duende.  
Across from him, other brother CASIMIRO, 48, constant simmer.

CASIMIRO

You ever cook with sesame oil?

SAVIO

What?

CASIMIRO

Sesame oil, open your ears.

SAVIO

Get the fuck out. That's for the  
Orientals.

CASIMIRO

Who told you that?

SAVIO

Nobody told me. I think for myself.

CASIMIRO

A smart consigliere, I like that.

SAVIO

Fuck off.

ANGELO, 25, sticks out like a sore thumb in a room full of  
middle fingers. An anxious, intellectual fantasy geek in a  
realm that favors neither books nor fantasy.

ANGELO

Oriental is considered a disparaging  
term. Actually.

SAVIO

Sorry I ruffled your feathers there,  
Miss Saigon.

ANGELO

(wipes his eyeglasses)  
And to tell you the truth, sesame  
oil is really more of a flavor  
highlight than a cooking medium.

CASIMIRO

Flavor highlight?

DANTE

Son, please.

Seated next to Angelo is NUNZIO, 40, dim bulb, gold tooth. Alongside, Nunzio's twin GIACOMO, 80s haircut, 70s suit.

DANTE

What do you know about that guy set to testify?

NUNZIO

We mocked him good.

DANTE

And that lowlife downtown?

NUNZIO

Which one?

DANTE

The one with the tail.

GIACOMO

Which one?

DANTE

Jesus Christ, we know more than one guy with a tail? The one from Southie.

GIACOMO

Moe Green Speciale.

Angelo glances around the room, bewildered by the lingo.

CASIMIRO

Dante, what do you want us to do with that faccia brutta in Eastie?

DANTE

Give 'im a week. If he doesn't give us a taste - make it twenty large - show 'im to Luca Brasi's bedroom.

SAVIO

And don't forget to do a little spring cleaning this time.

CASIMIRO

Don't you got papers to push?

NUNZIO

Angelo, what happened to your contacts?

ANGELO

It's my antihistamines. They make my eyes dry.

NUNZIO

Gee, that's a real --

He swipes Angelo's glasses.

ANGELO

Hey, I need those.

NUNZIO

Hey, I need those.

He flips them to Giacomo and around the table they go...

DANTE

Alright enough, give him back his glasses.

Nunzio tosses them to Angelo. He puts them back on.

VIEW FROM ANGELO'S GLASSES

The right lens is splintered, there's a crack in Dante.

DANTE

(to Casimiro)

Tomorrow I need ya to head down to Quincy and shake down that mortadella I was telling you about. You got it?

(peeks up at Angelo)

Oh! Did they break your glasses?

ANGELO

It's just a scratch.

DANTE

Just a scratch? They're fucking broken. Strunzo, you're paying for those.

Nunzio reaches into his pocket, tosses two c-notes at Angelo.

NUNZIO

Get yourself something nice. A nice Oriental dress. Like the gay-shas wear.

A few snickers. Dante gets up. The room goes quiet.

Dante strolls over to Nunzio. Puts his arm around him.

DANTE

If I knew we were gonna act like a bunch of fucking clowns, I woulda ordered us a tent. Right?

He picks up a slab of Sicilian.

DANTE

What's this -- pizza?

He drives it into Nunzio's face.

NUNZIO

Christ, it's hot!

DANTE

Course it's hot. I run a respectable joint.

Hearty laughter. Even Angelo joins in. Nunzio's a vision in mozzarella.

Dante peers over at Giacomo.

DANTE

You two are twins, right? Who's older?

Nunzio and Giacomo exchange looks, unsure what the right answer is in this situation. Dante picks up another slice of Sicilian, moseys over to Giacomo.

DANTE

Well?

GIACOMO

I'm older.... By a minute.

Wrong. Pizza facial. Giacomo groans and grimaces. Dante wipes his hand on Giacomo's suit, a pat on his shoulder.

DANTE

You're old enough to know better.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BASEMENT OFFICE - LATER

A mural of a forest, Dungeons & Dragons figurines, Lord of the Rings posters. A pet box turtle mopes around in a large tank. Angelo sits at his desk, putting in his contacts.

ANGELO  
(leans back)  
Much better.

He blinks incessantly. Tucks the saline solution away.

Angelo taps on a high-tech calculator. The buttons stick, he ditches the calculator. Adds the numbers in his head.

A knock at the door. Dante enters, lugging a large suitcase.

DANTE  
Keeping busy?

ANGELO  
You know me.

Dante sets the suitcase flat on the desk, takes a seat.

DANTE  
Go ahead, take a look.

Angelo opens it to find a sea of neatly wrapped \$20 bills.

ANGELO  
More than I thought.

DANTE  
Always think big, Angelo. Remember that.

ANGELO  
How do you want me to...?

DANTE  
You tell me. Don't you work here?

ANGELO  
How do you feel about the "virtual universe"? We could open up accounts there.

DANTE  
You finance guys...

ANGELO  
No, we'll buy up some real estate. Funnel the money into dummy accounts...

DANTE  
This is from all of that D 'n D bullshit you used to play.

ANGELO

Guilty.

DANTE

How will I know which accounts are fake and which ones are real? For *real* real.

ANGELO

I'll put a six-six-six in front of the fake ones.

DANTE

Why, because of my name?

ANGELO

We're all going to hell, Dad.

He matter-of-factly presses a button on a remote. The forest mural opens up.

Angelo stows the suitcase. Inside the wall, he presses another button and the mural closes. Dante stands up.

DANTE

Listen. As for what happened today. You gotta stick up for yourself. Day One. Starting right now. You don't let people walk all over you. You walk over *them*.

Angelo sulks.

DANTE

Hey. This shit reflects on me, too. You got that?

He drapes his arm over Angelo's shoulder.

DANTE

Wanna be your own man? Huh?  
(a pinch of his cheek)  
You start by trusting yourself.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

BIBIANA, 52, sovereign of superstition, stirs the sauce. Angelo strides in with a loaf of bread, sets it on the table.

BIBIANA

Uffa! What are you trying to do -- kill me?

ANGELO  
I thought we liked Scali bread.

BIBIANA  
You put it upside down. That's bad  
luck.

She turns the bread over, breathes a sigh of relief.

BIBIANA  
Oh thank God.

ANGELO  
What?

BIBIANA  
I just heard Fortunato sneeze. That's  
good luck.

She slips into the pantry. The family cat, FORTUNATO,  
saunters into the kitchen. Sleek black fur.

ANGELO  
No offense, Ma. Aren't black cats  
supposed to be bad luck?

BIBIANA (O.S.)  
He's got white speckles. Good luck.

Angelo moves to the saucepan, takes in a prolonged whiff.  
He goes for a taste.

BIBIANA (O.S.)  
When are you gonna give me  
grandbabies?

Angelo drops the wooden spoon. Gets sauce on his pants, and  
the tile floor.

He hurries to dampen a paper towel, wipes vigorously at his  
pants and the floor. Back and forth.

ANGELO  
Where's Dad?

BIBIANA (O.S.)  
He had some last-minute errands.

ANGELO  
(to himself)  
Errands, murders... whatever.

PANTRY

Bibiana pops open a briefcase filled with bearer bonds.

BIBIANA  
How was work today?

ANGELO (O.S.)  
We sold a lot of pizza. Boy oh boy.

BIBIANA  
That's nice.

She shuts the briefcase, tucks it away.

BIBIANA  
Like the new calculator I gave you?

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Works great, Ma.

KITCHEN

Bibiana returns with a jar of olives. Angelo grabs a seat.

BIBIANA  
What?

ANGELO  
What?

BIBIANA  
What were you doing?

ANGELO  
Nothing, what?

BIBIANA  
Just tell me.

ANGELO  
I was admiring your floor, that's  
all. How do you get it so shiny?

Bibiana stares down at swipe marks.

BIBIANA  
You were sniffing the sauce again.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Dante, Bibiana and Angelo are seated at the table, enjoying a spaghetti dinner.

DANTE

Spaghetti's so obvious, people don't even think about making it. Know what I mean?

Bibiana gives him a little smile, turns to Angelo.

BIBIANA

So when are you gonna give me grandbabies?

ANGELO

Right after dinner, Ma.

DANTE

Don't be disrespectful. And you need a girlfriend first, pal. What's for dessert?

BIBIANA

You know I don't make that.

DANTE

Ezactly. Don't you think you should pop a cake in the oven every now and again?

BIBIANA

Last time I did that...

She tilts her head toward Angelo, Dante grins.

ANGELO

Thanks a lot.

Bibiana pats his arm.

BIBIANA

Besides, I wouldn't wanna deprive you of your daily milk shake. That would be a travesty.

DANTE

You saying I'm fat?

Bibiana makes circles on his tummy, evaluating.

BIBIANA

Maybe you should switch to Medium.

Dante sucks in his gut.

BIBIANA  
Make it a Small.

Dante can't hold it in any longer.

DANTE  
Angelo, let's go, you and me. You  
want anything?

BIBIANA  
Bring me back an apple pie. Or how  
about some Black Forest Cake.

DANTE  
Yeah, I'm sure they'll have that.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Expressway. Angelo rides shotgun. A picture of the Madonna  
is perched on Dante's dashboard. Classic Italian music plays.

DANTE  
So how come I see zero girls in the  
total column?

ANGELO  
I'm trying, Dad.

DANTE  
You're trying. Angelo, listen to  
me. You're a good kid, you're good  
with books. But lemme tell ya  
something about girls.

Angelo grips the armrest.

DANTE  
They just wanna know you got a  
salsiccia -- that's it. There's no  
special math.

ANGELO  
Salseechka?

DANTE  
Sausage, Angelo. You're Italian,  
you should know this. As long as  
you got a salsiccia, things are great.  
She knows she can make babies with  
you. See that?

ANGELO

Huh.

DANTE

Otherwise, why the fuck's she hanging around you when she can just be out with her girlfriends?

ANGELO

I never thought of that before.

DANTE

You shoulda thought of that before.

ANGELO

Show her the sausage. Makes sense.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Parking lot's empty. The SUV veers into the drive-thru.

INT./EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Dante pulls up to the mic.

TEENAGE GIRL (over speaker)

May I take your order?

DANTE

Two strawberry shakes. Make 'em big ones.

TEENAGE GIRL

Dante, is that you?

DANTE

Is this Stacy or Tracy? I got my son here...

Angelo waves his hands "No." A muffled noise over the speaker.

DANTE

She plays hard to get, let's go.

He drives around...

ANGELO

Dad, I really don't wanna be set up this way. I mean it.

DANTE  
 What're you talking... This is just  
 like the cartoons.

He stops at the window.

DANTE  
 There she is. Woo, what a smile.

He hands cash to STACY, 19, ultra-nervous smile.

DANTE  
 You're single, too, right?

STACY  
 Umm...

Dante turns a grin at Angelo who ducks under the dashboard.

DANTE  
 What're you hiding for? What are  
 you -- a squirrel?

A cardboard holder protrudes from the window, bearing two  
 shakes. Only the arm attached to it is now draped in a suit  
 jacket. Dante reaches for the shakes without looking.

He turns back... Three gunshots! Straight into Dante! The  
 alarm goes off.

Dante slumps over onto the passenger seat. Strawberry shakes  
 ooze onto Angelo.

ANGELO  
 Dad?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Casimiro steps up to the mic. Points a finger at FATHER  
 VERO, 50, who's not quite sure what to make of it. The church  
 is packed, the entire Sfogliatelle Crime Family in attendance.

CASIMIRO  
 My brother was a simple man. A good  
 man, ya know? Who did right by his  
 family.  
 (wipes away a tear)  
 This frickin pollen... Sometimes it  
 makes my eyes act up. Dante leaves  
 behind a legacy we can all be proud  
 of. Nuff said.

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Friends and Family lay flowers atop Dante's casket. Angelo stands by Bibiana. She's clad entirely in black (from this point forward).

Savio comes over with his wife YOLANDA, 40, bosomy and sweet.

YOLANDA

You look after your mother, okay?  
You're the man of the house now.

A few snickers. Savio turns a glare at Nunzio and Giacomo.

Savio trades looks with Casimiro across the way. He stands with his wife ORSOLA, 45, and their SIX KIDS, all plump and looking constipated, including MARIO, 16, and PASQUALE, 6.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Bibiana clutches her rosary beads. Angelo stares blankly out his window.

ANGELO

I wish I went to one of my proms.

BIBIANA

What are you talking about?

ANGELO

Now I hate limos. Big time.

BIBIANA

Who's gonna take care of me? No grandbabies. I'll have to walk to the bus.

Angelo furrows his brow at the streets passing by.

ANGELO

Why are we taking this way home?

BIBIANA

We do it to confuse the dead.

Angelo peers out the back windshield.

ANGELO

Think they're following us?

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Empty seat at the head of the table. Savio, Casimiro, Nunzio and Giacomo sip espresso and eat biscotti.

NUNZIO

I looked up to that guy.

GIACOMO

He was a foot taller than you.

CASIMIRO

My guess? It was those Pignoli fucks. Always yapping about Dante moving in on their territory.

GIACOMO

So what happens now?

CASIMIRO

I want your timecards on my desk by tomorrow.

Nunzio chortles.

CASIMIRO

What are you laughing at?

A knock. Three times. Eloisa enters.

ELOISA

Nunzio, Giacomo... telephone for you.

CASIMIRO

Jesus Christ, both of them?

ELOISA

They twins, no?

GIACOMO

I'd like a crack at her twins.

NUNZIO

Yeah.

They get up and head out. Savio waits for the door to close.

SAVIO

I think we should give it to Angelo.

Casimiro sprays his espresso.

CASIMIRO

Are you fucking nuts?

SAVIO

You heard them at the funeral.  
Snickering like a coupla schoolgirls.  
What if they did it? They're both  
fucked in the head, Casi.

CASIMIRO

What, Angelo's better?

SAVIO

No. But we could use him to draw  
those two Bozos out.

CASIMIRO

Dante trusted your judgment for ten  
years, Savio. Now you wanna go and  
do this?

SAVIO

It would just be temporary.

CASIMIRO

Temporary...

SAVIO

A month.

CASIMIRO

A month? We could lose everything  
in a month. You know he don't even  
got a girlfriend?

SAVIO

We'll work on that.

CASIMIRO

We could be dealing with one o' those  
special idiots people like to talk  
about. Know the ones I mean?

SAVIO

Idiot seville, I know.

CASIMIRO

And you wanna put him in charge?

SAVIO

Look. If those two goons come after  
you, what're you gonna do? You got  
a lotta mouths to feed.

CASIMIRO

Whoa, whoa, whoa. You saying my kids are fat?

SAVIO

No, they ain't fat. Just go easy with the starch, that's all.

CASIMIRO

Fuck you. Least I got kids.

SAVIO

Hey, I'm trying to protect you here.

CASIMIRO

Don't sound like it.

SAVIO

Angelo, hey... say whatever you want. But he ain't a bad seed, right? Christ, we're surrounded by criminals. So what if the kid likes Star Wars? In a month, the job's yours. Whaddaya say?

CASIMIRO

You better know what the fuck you're doing.

He chokes on his biscotti. Savio gets up and pats him on the back.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Savio pats Angelo on the back. He sits bug-eyed on his bed, playing a fantasy video game, wearing elf ears.

ANGELO

They want me?

SAVIO

That's right.

ANGELO

Why?

SAVIO

Whaddaya mean why? This is good news.

Angelo lets go of his joystick, rubs his jaw and grimaces.

SAVIO  
What'sa matter?

ANGELO  
I don't know anything about being a  
(lowers his voice)  
mob boss.

SAVIO  
You'll learn as you go. I'll teach  
ya.

He removes Angelo's elf ears.

ANGELO  
But I'm an accountant for Pete's  
sake.

SAVIO  
Fuck Pete. You were an accountant.  
Things change.

ANGELO  
Uncle Savio, this is nuts.

SAVIO  
So what's the problem, then?

He pinches Angelo's cheek.

ANGELO  
Ow!

SAVIO  
Cheer up, will ya?

ANGELO  
(pauses game)  
Look, I appreciate the offer. I  
really do. But I'm afraid I can't  
accept. You'll just have to find  
someone else.

He un-pauses the game, gets back into it. Savio shuts off  
the TV.

SAVIO  
Angelo. You like games, right?

ANGELO  
Before you turned it off, yeah.

SAVIO

That's all this is. One big fucking game. And this here's your joystick.

He grabs at his own crotch. Angelo winces.

ANGELO

What is it with this family?

SAVIO

Don't be disrespectful. Hey, you know what? You'll make more money. I bet these games don't come cheap.

ANGELO

Yeah, but...

SAVIO

But what? You could help out your mother, too. Don't you wanna do that?

Angelo looks keenly at his uncle.

ANGELO

Turn the TV back on.

Savio flicks it on, picks up a joystick.

SAVIO

Now push over. I'm gonna kick your ass.

ANGELO

Oh bring it, Uncle.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angelo glides in. Plops down at the table, digs into a bowl of Froot Loops. Bibiana eyes him, pours herself some tea.

BIBIANA

What's got into you?

ANGELO

Got some news.

BIBIANA

Are you gonna tell me, or do I need to keep asking questions?

ANGELO  
They made me Godfather.

BIBIANA  
Oh who had a baby? Was it Jeanie?

ANGELO  
Not that kind, Ma.

BIBIANA  
(giggles)  
What?

ANGELO  
It wasn't all about the pizza, was  
it.

Bibiana looks at him askew, Angelo munches on his cereal.

BIBIANA  
How long have you known?

A thud from outside. Angelo moves for the screen door.

BIBIANA  
Angelo, don't.

Angelo marches out, comes back with the newspaper. As he goes to shut the door, a bird flies in.

BIBIANA  
Get out, get out! Right now!

ANGELO  
What'd I do?

BIBIANA  
Not you, the bird! Do something!

Angelo spins in a circle... races to find a broom.

BIBIANA  
Hurry!

ANGELO  
I'm trying, Ma!

BIBIANA  
It's bad luck to have a bird in the  
house!

ANGELO  
I know, you told me! On several  
occasions!

He fetches Bibiana's wooden spoon.

BIBIANA  
No, not that!

ANGELO  
Beggars can't be choosers!

He chases the bird, wielding the wooden spoon.

BIBIANA  
Can't you just say no?

ANGELO  
What, about the job?

BIBIANA  
It's dangerous.

ANGELO  
Can we discuss this later, please?

He cracks a ceiling fan light.

BIBIANA  
If you talk to them, they'll understand.

ANGELO  
Ma, please!

Bibiana throws her hands up, shuffles away. Angelo tips over chairs, shoves the table out of the way. Lunges...

He finally coerces the bird to leave. Doubles over, gasping for air.

ANGELO  
I did it. Yup. That was all me.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Angelo strides in. Savio holds up two pinstripe suits.

SAVIO  
You like the two-button or the three-button?

ANGELO  
Those pinstripes look like prison bars to me.

SAVIO

A little optimism would be nice.

ANGELO

I want something sturdier than silk.

SAVIO

What, you mean like wool?

INT. ARMY NAVY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo tries on a Kevlar jacket in a full-length mirror.

ANGELO

Bulletproof. Me likey.

SAVIO

They're gonna make fun o' ya, you know that.

ANGELO

I'd rather be a clown than a corpse.

SAVIO

Hey, do me a favor. Show me a nod.

ANGELO

A what?

SAVIO

A nod. Show me a Don's nod.

In the mirror, Angelo's nod is more alluring than threatening.

SAVIO

What's that, a come-hither look?  
*Why don't you come up and fuck me  
sometime?*

ANGELO

That's not what I was going for.

SAVIO

Look at me, Angelo. The Don's nod's  
gotta be subtle. But powerful.  
Watch me.

He demonstrates in the mirror.

SAVIO

See what I just did? This means:  
You fuck with me, and I'm gonna bring  
you a world o' hurt you never dreamed  
of.

A COUPLE looks over, moves right along.

SAVIO

(continuing)

You and everyone you know will come  
to know my name. Your children...  
your children's children...

ANGELO

Think I got it.

SAVIO

... and anything that was ever good  
inside o' you I will personally erase.  
(steps out of character)  
But subtle, ya know?

ANGELO

Right.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Virtually empty. Angelo and Savio walk at a good clip.  
Angelo carries two large shopping bags.

SAVIO

Hey, you got a girlfriend yet?

ANGELO

Working on it.

SAVIO

What, are you polishing your résumé?

ANGELO

Yeah. I'll put Mafia under Hobbies.

SAVIO

Not when I'm done with ya.

ANGELO

Does everything have to sound like a  
threat?

SAVIO

That's when people listen.

A black '67 GTO screeches by. Spraying Uzi bullets...  
Savio ducks behind a pickup, Angelo reaches into his bag.

SAVIO  
What the fuck are you doing?

He yanks Angelo to the ground.

SAVIO  
Wanna get yourself shot?!

ANGELO  
No, not especially.

Shards of glass rain down. Tires pop.

ANGELO  
The owner isn't gonna be happy.

The GTO peels out of the lot... more gunfire... Savio peeks out.

SAVIO  
'67 GTO. I worked on a bunch when I was a kid.

ANGELO  
They're fast.

SAVIO  
Yeah, Angelo. They're fast.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Angelo enters. Ruffles bits of glass from his shirt onto the floor. He empties a shopping bag filled with mobster movies onto his bed. The Godfather trilogy, Goodfellas...

Bibiana wanders in, the crunch of glass, she stops.

BIBIANA  
It's nice to sweep sometimes. Don't get so big in the head.

She presents him with a Corno necklace - the infamous Italian horn amulet.

ANGELO  
What's this for?

BIBIANA

Turn around. It's for protection.  
I want you to wear it.

She clasps it around his neck.

ANGELO

Do I have a choice in the matter?

BIBIANA

No.

Angelo examines it.

ANGELO

Some funky talisman. Wait, are you  
saying Dad didn't wear one?

He spins, Bibiana's gone. Angelo peers down, wondering why  
he didn't hear the crunch of glass on her way out.

ANGELO

That wasn't rhetorical. So you know.

INT. SAVIO'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Expensive furniture, wrapped in plastic. Savio, Casimiro,  
Nunzio and Giacomo mill about, trading war stories.

CASIMIRO

Where is that kook?

SAVIO

He'll be here, don't worry.

CASIMIRO

I ain't worried. But the asylum  
closes at five.

Yolanda carries in anisette on a silver tray. Her heels  
clack along the hardwood floor.

YOLANDA

Here ya go, boys.

SAVIO

You're looking real bellissima today,  
you know that?

Yolanda winks at him and flits away. Nunzio peers out the  
window.

NUNZIO

Mannagge...

CASIMIRO

What?

NUNZIO

Wait for it.

The sound of the front door closing. The clamor of someone lumbering up the stairs. Chains rattling.

Nunzio and Giacomo exchange looks, draw their weapons...

Angelo appears in head-to-toe Kevlar with titanium plates. Gold Crosses dangle down the front of his jacket. Along with the Corno.

GIACOMO

Holy Capicola...

NUNZIO

It's RoboWop.

Giacomo makes the Sign of the Cross with his gun.

ANGELO

Do I arouse you? I make you laugh?

CASIMIRO

Arouse me?

The Thugs laugh. Savio shakes his head.

ANGELO

What?

Nunzio fires at Angelo! He's throttled back onto the couch.

YOLANDA (O.S.)

Everything okay in there?

NUNZIO

Wow. It really works.

Angelo moans and twists, the plastic on the couch ripples.

SAVIO

Angelo, heads up.

He tosses him a set of car keys.

ANGELO

What's this?

SAVIO  
You didn't notice the Cadillac out  
front?

CASIMIRO  
You bought him a fucking Caddy?

SAVIO  
Relax, it's a gift.

CASIMIRO  
Have him return it.

ANGELO  
What am I supposed to do with my  
car?

SAVIO  
Don't be a jamook. Get ova here.

Angelo rises from the couch, labors over. The weight of his  
boots shakes the knickknacks on the marble coffee table.

SAVIO  
Raise your right hand. And rest  
your other paw on this.

Giacomo hoists an enormous Bible.

ANGELO  
Holy Sh --

SAVIO  
Don't. You don't wanna swear in  
front of this thing. Believe me.

Angelo raises his right hand.

NUNZIO  
You swear to tell the truth, the  
whole truth --

SAVIO  
Quiet down. This ain't Law 'n Order.  
Now repeat after me: My brothers are  
my brothers. And my brothers come  
first.

ANGELO  
(robotic)  
My brothers are my brothers. And my  
brothers come --

SAVIO  
Loosen up a little.

ANGELO  
Loosen up a little.  
(Savio glares)  
Oh.

SAVIO  
Without my brothers, there ain't no  
family. And that's the biggest sin  
of all.

ANGELO  
Without my brothers, there isn't any --  
(another look)  
... there ain't no family. And that's  
the biggest sin of all.

SAVIO  
Good. Now go have some anisette,  
will ya?

ANGELO  
Thanks. But I need to get going.

CASIMIRO  
Oh, you gotta be somewhere?

ANGELO  
Yeah, I'm having my --

CASIMIRO  
(pulls down his zipper)  
Here ya go.

ANGELO  
That's real great. Special. Y'all  
have fun now.

He heads down the stairs...

The sound of Angelo tumbling and crashing into the screen  
door does nothing to disturb the Thugs and their war stories.  
Casimiro yanks up his zipper.

EXT. DENTIST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo drives up in his new Cadillac. He wears a bulletproof  
helmet. A picture of a wizard emblazoned on the side.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Angelo plods in, wipes his boots, removes his helmet, a big ol' smile. The RECEPTIONIST, 30s, looks at him askew.

ANGELO

Yes, I have a two o'clock appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Is there some kind of disturbance?

ANGELO

You mean with me?

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo sits on a bench by himself, enjoys a comic book. He looks up to find KIDS staring at him from all sides.

Angelo fidgets in his Kevlar. A bulky mass of discomfort.

The Kids move closer to their PARENTS. Angelo shields his face with the comic book. Grabs another for better concealment.

EXT. DENTIST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - LATER

A woozy Angelo stumbles out of the office, he clutches his jaw. A MAN in shades, 40s, peers over from a dark sedan.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

An open laptop sits on the passenger's seat (on screen: a picture of Angelo walking down a sidewalk, he wears a suit, holds a briefcase in one hand, a lunchbox in the other).

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, he's out.

Through the windshield, Angelo loses his balance as he opens the door to the Cadillac. Clonks his head on the pavement.

MAN (O.S.)

In every conceivable way.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - DAY

The Thugs are out in full force. They stare at the head of the table. There sits Angelo. In full Kevlar regalia. His cheeks, puffy. He pats his box turtle, who sits in his lap.

ANGELO

(odd Vito Corleone)

It's nice to see that all of you could make it. Important that we keep our appointments. Builds characters.

He flicks debris from his cheek. And then some. The Thugs exchange looks.

ANGELO

Why I called you all here is very simple. I want the person who perpetrated this crime against my family to be apprehended. By any means available to you. The person who is able to accomplish this task shall receive a sum of five million dollars. In cash. That's a five, followed by a comma, followed by three zeros, followed by another --

Casimiro groans.

ANGELO

Who said that?

CASIMIRO

Yo, Vito. What the fuck is this? I need to pay a cover charge to be in here?

ANGELO

It's vital that you show me no signs of disrespect.

CASIMIRO

Oh yeah? Why not?

ANGELO

Why not? I'll tell you why not.

His eyes drift as he searches for the answer... he goes cross-eyed in the pursuit.

ANGELO

Because of what I said before. Weren't you taking notes?

CASIMIRO

No. I wasn't taking notes.

ANGELO

A man who doesn't take notes... is  
not a man.

NUNZIO

What's he talking about?

GIACOMO

I don't know anymore.

ANGELO

I want my father's killer brought to  
justice. To me, and to justice.  
And I will smack him myself.

NUNZIO

Yo, I think you mean whack.

ANGELO

What he said. Because whacking is  
what I do best. Capeachy?

The Thugs snigger. Sweat beads on Angelo's forehead.

ANGELO

So call up your associates. Open up  
(air quotes)  
The Books. Talk to your Capos and  
your Cazzis and your Stugots...

Savio shakes his head.

ANGELO

Fornicate with your goombahs...

SAVIO

The word is goomar.

ANGELO

... and find me that provolone.

SAVIO

Mortadella for chrissake.

GIACOMO

At least pick a different cold cut.

ANGELO

So... you know what to do.

He makes a dramatic nod. No one moves.

ANGELO

That means you can leave now.

The Thugs get up, voicing their displeasure, Nunzio flips Angelo the bird. Except for Savio, they all head out.

SAVIO

What the fuck was that?!

Angelo spits cotton balls in the trash.

ANGELO

I made them an offer they couldn't refute.

SAVIO

Refuse, Angelo. Refuse. You think this is funny?

ANGELO

I don't understand.

SAVIO

You're not Vito Corleone, okay? Wake the hell up! Not even Vito Corleone was Vito Corleone.

ANGELO

That's a little confusing.

SAVIO

They're laughing at you out there. Is that what you want? And take this shit off! I can't look at you this way no more.

He strips off Angelo's bulletproof jacket.

ANGELO

But I wanna be prepared. To do battle.

SAVIO

You think this is one of your fantasy games? This is real. Where do you expect to get five million dollars?

ANGELO

I have the money.

SAVIO

Yeah. You live at home and your mom irons your clothes.

ANGELO

I'm telling you, I have the money.

SAVIO  
Let's go. Field trip. Gonna show  
you what grown up really is.

Angelo follows him out.

ANGELO  
Who irons your clothes?

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Five gunshots aimed straight at us, courtesy of Savio. Angelo  
peeks over. Nearly all the shots are perfect hits.

ANGELO  
Is that good?

SAVIO  
Yeah, Angelo. It's good. Now you  
try.

Angelo steps up to the plate. Savio hands him the gun.

SAVIO  
It's about stillness. Stillness and  
concentration.

Angelo nods. Holds the gun sideways.

SAVIO  
Whoa, whoa, whaddaya think you're  
doing?

ANGELO  
What?

SAVIO  
We're gangsters, alright? Not  
gangstas. There's a difference.  
Lesson number one.

Angelo shakes out the kinks, straightens out the gun.

SAVIO  
Good. Now focus.

Angelo takes aim.

SAVIO  
And try not to shake so much.

Angelo's gun twitches left, right, all over.

ANGELO

See, you shouldn't have said that.  
Now the thought's in my head.

SAVIO

Sometimes thoughts are good.

Angelo squints... And blasts away. Five bull's-eyes. Only the targets don't belong to him.

ANGELO

I did it!

SAVIO

No. You didn't do it.

PATRONS peek out from behind their shooting stands.

RANGE MASTER (O.S.)

(megaphone)

You're gonna have to do better than that.

Angelo looks toward the heavens.

SAVIO

Angelo, listen. That gun belongs to you now. Okay? Take good care of it.

ANGELO

You can count on me.

SAVIO

I'll be back. Try not to kill anyone while I'm gone.

He leaves. Angelo's cell phone jingles the X-Files theme. He fishes for it, waving the gun around.

Stepping into the stall is FRIDA, 28, sexy mom, packs a lunch and a punch.

FRIDA

You might wanna put that down.

ANGELO

Oh, right. Thanks.

He sets the gun down, flips open his phone.

ANGELO

Yeah?

He listens... his jaw drops. He gapes over at Frida.

She studies him. Angelo winces, his face contorts... He finally shuts his phone.

FRIDA

What was that?

ANGELO

My first ever death threat.

FRIDA

Why didn't you just hang up?

ANGELO

Damn, I should've thought of that.

FRIDA

Are you alright?

ANGELO

Do I look feverish to you?

He takes her hand, places it on his forehead.

FRIDA

A little warm. What'd they say?

ANGELO

It was definitely mean-spirited. A lot of ethnic clichés I don't wanna repeat.

FRIDA

Take some deep breaths.

Angelo takes her advice. And then some.

FRIDA

Don't overdo it.

ANGELO

Right.

He tones it down. Frida adjusts his jacket, pats down his hair.

FRIDA

It's all gonna be fine.

ANGELO

If you say so.

FRIDA

I'm Frida.

ANGELO

Angelo. That's me.

He smiles nervously, fidgets.

ANGELO

Come here frequently?

FRIDA

Nope.

ANGELO

What's your astrological sign?

FRIDA

I'm a Cappy. Why do you ask?

ANGELO

That's a good question.

He checks his watch, surveys the grounds.

DANTE (V.O.)

The salsiccia! The salsiccia!

Angelo goes silent. His eyes shift left and right.

FRIDA

Are you okay?

Angelo yanks down his zipper.

ANGELO

Here ya go!

FRIDA

Oh my God, what?!

ANGELO

Uhh...

FRIDA

What do you think you're doing?

ANGELO

Umm...

FRIDA

Yeah, umm...

RANGE MASTER (O.S.)  
(megaphone)  
You're gonna have to do better than  
that.

ANGELO  
(peers up)  
Dad?

FRIDA  
Hey, I'm talking to you.

ANGELO  
My name's Angelo. Sfogliatelle. I  
live at home with my mother.

FRIDA  
Okay... Do you --

ANGELO  
No. She irons my clothes.

FRIDA  
Why would you share that?

ANGELO  
Not sure. But it seemed really  
important to someone I know.

Frida squints at him.

FRIDA  
You've never...

Angelo shakes his head, deflates.

FRIDA  
Not even a girlfriend?

ANGELO  
Rub it in. Frida.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

They hop out of Frida's car, traipse across the parking lot.

FRIDA  
So you know, this is not my idea of  
fine dining.

ANGELO  
And I hate this place.

FRIDA

Then why're we here?

Angelo stoops by the drive-thru window, scans the pavement.

FRIDA

Do you wanna get run over?

Angelo spots a gold glint. Snatches up a pinky ring with a large "Z" on it. Studies it. A car honks.

Angelo glances up. A NUN, 50s, points at him from behind the wheel of a station wagon. Angelo yells and takes off.

FRIDA

Where are you going?

Angelo sprints to an iron railing. Breathes a sigh of relief as he touches it.

He looks back at Frida, her arms raised in disbelief.

ANGELO

We can go in now.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Frida bites into a hot dog. Angelo perks up, stares at her. Frida rolls her eyes.

FRIDA

So you know, this is why. The "no girlfriend" thing?

ANGELO

Thanks for the *tip*.

FRIDA

(eye roll and a sigh)  
I'm listening.

ANGELO

For...?

FRIDA

The nun? You running for your life?

ANGELO

It's bad luck to see a nun. So we touch iron. To counteract it.

FRIDA

We?

ANGELO  
The Italian genre.

FRIDA  
I thought nuns were good.

ANGELO  
Not always.

FRIDA  
So the sprinting... the screaming...?

ANGELO  
That was all me.

FRIDA  
What were you looking for?

ANGELO  
A life. Something shiny.

FRIDA  
You're not gonna order anything?

ANGELO  
I'm not big on fast food. But I  
could watch you eat all day.

FRIDA  
Keep it up and you'll never iron  
your clothes.

Three 15-year-old BOYS come to the table, holding notebooks.

BOY 1  
Hey Godfather, what's up? Can we  
have your autograph?

ANGELO  
(nervous glance at  
Frida)  
Whoa... hey...

FRIDA  
Godfather?

ANGELO  
It's just a silly nickname.

BOY 2  
Can you whack my brother? He's a  
real dick.

BOY 3

Yeah. You can borrow my allowance.

FRIDA

Whack his brother? Angelo, what is this?

Angelo hurries to sign the notebooks.

ANGELO

Oh, not to worry. I was once their age. You boys run along now. Ciao.

The Boys hoot and holler, making Italian hand gestures at each other as they head out. Angelo spies Casimiro, Nunzio and Giacomo staring at him from a

CORNER BOOTH

Nunzio and Giacomo slurp chocolate shakes. Casimiro wears an ugly sneer as he glares over at Angelo.

GIACOMO

Want something to eat?

CASIMIRO

Not hungry.

NUNZIO

Kid can't get laid and he's signing autographs.

BACK TO ANGELO AND FRIDA

Angelo shields his face from the Thugs.

FRIDA

You know those guys?

ANGELO

No. But they don't seem too friendly.

FRIDA

Maybe they just saw a flock of nuns. Or is it a gaggle? Maybe it's a gaggle.

ANGELO

(smiles)

So what do you do?

FRIDA  
Me? I work for the government.

ANGELO  
Nice. State?

FRIDA  
Bigger.

ANGELO  
Excellent.

INT. FRIDA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They climb in. Angelo spies a small toy on the floor, picks it up and studies it.

ANGELO  
Everyone's getting sex but me.

FRIDA  
I have a daughter, Angelo. She's eight.

ANGELO  
Oh.

INT. FRIDA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They head down the Massachusetts Turnpike.

ANGELO  
Thanks for driving me back.

FRIDA  
Not a problem.

ANGELO  
Are you doing anything later? Like in the evening... hours?

FRIDA  
You know. The whole mother thing.

Angelo nods, he removes the pinky ring from his pocket. Examines it, turns it sideways: "N." Closes his fist over it.

ANGELO  
Were you married before?

FRIDA  
Before what?

ANGELO  
It's just a question.

FRIDA  
He left me for some redhead tax  
attorney two years ago.

ANGELO  
... I hate tax time.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Savio fixes himself an Italian sub. He sniffs the cold cuts.

SAVIO  
Fucking disgrace.

He drops the sandwich on the table. Angelo breezes in.

SAVIO  
Where the hell were you? You fucking  
leave without telling me?

ANGELO  
I met a girl.

SAVIO  
Get the fuck out.

Angelo turns and leaves.

SAVIO  
Ohhh...! It's just an expression.

Angelo comes back.

SAVIO  
I'm taking you on a job tomorrow.  
Gonna toughen you up.

ANGELO  
I really need to talk to you.

Casimiro bursts in. Savio draws his gun.

SAVIO  
Nobody knocks no more?

CASIMIRO  
(pointing at Angelo)  
I want him the fuck out. Understand?

SAVIO  
Relax. Have something to eat.

CASIMIRO  
He's turning us into a bunch o' screw-  
ups and you're here making sandwiches?

SAVIO  
What, I can't eat now?

Casimiro gets in Angelo's face. Angelo backs himself into  
the wall behind Dante's old chair.

CASIMIRO  
You ain't cut out for this, kid.  
And I know you know that. So go  
back to your Candyland or whatever  
the fuck it is that you do. You got  
me?

ANGELO  
Get the fuck out.

CASIMIRO  
What'd you say?

ANGELO  
... It's an expression?

Casimiro turns to leave, a glare at Savio.

CASIMIRO  
I ain't asking again.

ANGELO  
I don't think you should leave.

Casimiro stops, spins to face Angelo.

ANGELO  
(suddenly somber)  
My father taught me many things in  
this room. He taught me: Keep your  
enemies close. But your friends  
closer.

CASIMIRO

I ain't your friend. And it's the other way around, dickhead.

ANGELO

Okay. Keep your friends far. But your enemies farther.

Casimiro loses his shit. Upends the table. Cold cuts, olive oil... crash... all on the floor.

SAVIO

The meat was rotten anyway.

Casimiro fumes, exits.

ANGELO

I want my old clothes back.

INT. FBI BOSTON - OFFICE - DAY

CURT, 40s, the guy who surveilled Angelo in the dentist's parking lot, sits at his desk, scrolling through his laptop.

A knock on the door. Frida enters, carrying takeout.

FRIDA

How goes the research?

CURT

Says here he once stole a candy bar in the third grade. Probably ruined his dinner and everything.

They dig into their food.

FRIDA

Was it a Hershey's? No, a Whatchamacallit. 100 Grand Bar! Yup. That's the one.

CURT

Wanna tell me about the fast food joint?

FRIDA

You had me tailed?

CURT

Heard about it this morning. So much for my omelette. All those green peppers.

FRIDA

Curt, he's harmless.

CURT

Harmless? When you step out with this clown, you're putting our lives at risk, too. Capeesh?

Frida pouts.

CURT

Couldn't resist. So tell me about him.

FRIDA

He's real superstitious. Like, crazy.

CURT

Crazy nuts?

FRIDA

Not that crazy. But he's getting close. He was telling me about this ritual his mom does -- malokey?

CURT

Malocchio. I'm half-Abbruzzese. What else?

FRIDA

I dunno... His mom irons his clothes?

CURT

Are you being wise?

FRIDA

No, he told me that.

CURT

Is this gonna be a problem for you?

FRIDA

Is what gonna be a problem?

CURT

You know. Wrangling in the Kevlar Don. Is it all strictly business?

FRIDA

Look, he's a sweet guy, but --

CURT

Sweet guy? Great. Do me a favor. Go eat in your office.

FRIDA

Curt, c'mon.

CURT

I'm not having agita twice in one day. What do you think -- I'm twenty-five? You owe me an omelette. Now get out.

Frida gathers up her food and leaves. Curt swivels back to his laptop.

CURT

Madonn'...

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - CONTINUOUS

On the dashboard, a picture of the Madonn' (the *Material Girl*, that is). Savio rides shotgun.

ANGELO

So what kind of job is it?

SAVIO

It's called a shakedown, Angelo. Weren't you taking notes?

ANGELO

Sounds exciting.

Savio gives him a discerning look.

SAVIO

Pull over here.

ANGELO

Class is in session. Well okay then.

He pulls over with a grin and parks.

ANGELO

What's up?

SAVIO

Now, I'm doing this because I love you. You know that, right?

ANGELO

Right.

Savio smacks him in the face.

ANGELO

Oww! What'd you do that for?

SAVIO

I told you. Because I love you. I'm taking you under my wings.

ANGELO

Plural?

SAVIO

Who?

ANGELO

Never mind.

SAVIO

One o' these days you gonna wake up and smell what the good Lord's brewing here. You understand me?

ANGELO

No. I'm sorry, but... no.

SAVIO

If you come face-to-face with the guy that whacked your dad, what're you gonna do? Sing him a song?

ANGELO

Wasn't planning on it. Hey, I found this yesterday.

From his pocket, he removes the pinky ring and hands it to Savio.

ANGELO

Turn it sideways. You think Nunzio might've done it?

SAVIO  
Thanks for showing me this, Angelo.  
Now come on, we're gonna be late.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BENNY, 60, weathered skin, twinkling eyes, answers the door.

BENNY  
Yeah?

ANGELO  
Hello there. Fine sir. I'm a  
delegate with the Boy Scouts. And  
today we're conducting a unique  
study...

Savio sneaks out from behind the steps, aiming his gun.

SAVIO  
You done good, Angelo. Step aside.  
You shut that door and I'm going  
after all your ugly nieces and  
nephews.

Benny gives it a think, shuts the door.

SAVIO  
Mannagge...

He kicks the door. No dice. Tries the shoulder. Denied.

SAVIO  
(a look at Angelo)  
What're you, supervising?

He trots back down the steps.

SAVIO  
You should put on some weight. Eat  
some calzones for chrissake.

Angelo nods. Savio gets a running start.

He scales the stairs... Benny opens the door... whoosh...  
Savio crashes inside!

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Savio shoves Benny into an expensive leather recliner.

SAVIO  
Nice place for a sit-down.

BENNY  
Christ, my hip.

SAVIO  
Quit complaining. We doing this the  
easy way or you want the hard way?

ANGELO  
Me, personally, I think we should  
opt for --

SAVIO  
I'm talking to him.

BENNY  
I don't have the money, I swear.  
Funeral expenses took everything.

SAVIO  
Uh huh. Angelo, start making notes.

Angelo searches himself.

SAVIO  
In your head.

ANGELO  
Oh.

BENNY  
You're Dante's kid, right? Christ,  
they said you weren't real.

SAVIO  
Who said he weren't real?

ANGELO  
Wasn't.

Savio turns a glare at Angelo.

SAVIO  
Who said he *wasn't*... real?

BENNY  
Nobody.

SAVIO  
Yeah? And where does Nobody live?

Benny shrugs.

ANGELO  
I don't understand the question  
either.

Savio spots something in the other room, quickly exits.

BENNY  
Where's he going?

ANGELO  
I really don't know.

A cutting noise. Benny gives Angelo the once-over, shakes his head. Savio returns holding a dried Italian sausage.

SAVIO  
Angelo, take this.

ANGELO  
What's this for?

SAVIO  
Just take it! You're gonna beat him  
over the head with it.

ANGELO  
What? I can't do that. With a  
sausage?

SAVIO  
Either you're gonna beat him, or I'm  
gonna beat you. What's it gonna be?

BENNY  
Nice mentor.

Savio raises his hand like he's going to backhand Benny. Angelo reluctantly takes hold of the sausage.

ANGELO  
So you know, I'm getting some real  
mixed messages here.

SAVIO  
Nobody's mixing nothing. Just do  
it.

Angelo steps back.

SAVIO  
Where ya going? Not backwards, come  
forwards.

Angelo holds the sausage high over his head.

SAVIO

That's better. Now show him who's boss.

Angelo squints. Begins to pant...

BENNY

He's really an emotional kid.

SAVIO

Shut up.

Sweat pours down Angelo's cheeks.

ANGELO

I'm sorry... He looks too much like my grandpa.

Benny chuckles, Angelo drops the sausage.

SAVIO

See what you did? He's laughing at you.

ANGELO

Wouldn't be the first time.

SAVIO

That's your answer?

ANGELO

My dad's dead, Uncle Savio. Now you want me to go around beating old people with a sausage?

SAVIO

He's not that old.

BENNY

I'll be sixty-five next --

SAVIO

I said shut up. Angelo, what the fuck do you think we do? Go around dropping off gift baskets?

ANGELO

No. But there's gotta be something in between that and this.

SAVIO

There ain't.

Benny props up his footrest. Savio looks at him sidelong.

SAVIO  
 You put that footrest down right  
 now, or I'm gonna beat you to death  
 right here in this room.

BENNY  
 The kid has a point, though, right?  
 Don't you --

Savio plants the gun in Benny's forehead.

BENNY  
 It's down, it's down.  
 (sets it down)  
 You guys want some coffee?

Angelo turns expectantly to Savio.

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo and Savio ride in silence.

Angelo turns on the radio, Savio shuts it off.

SAVIO  
 Pull over here.

ANGELO  
 I'm not letting you slap me again.

SAVIO  
 It's not that.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Mario Sfogliatelle shows off his car to his BUDDIES: a red  
 '67 GTO.

Savio gets out and marches over, Angelo on his heels.

SAVIO  
 Yo, Mario. You bought this yourself?

MARIO  
 Yeah, right. My dad gave it to me.  
 She's a sweet ride.

SAVIO  
 (to Angelo)  
 Recognize the model?

ANGELO

Should I?

SAVIO

Yeah, you should.

He stoops to scrutinize the rear quarter panel.

Savio strides toward the Caddy without a word. Angelo hurries to catch up.

ANGELO

What's wrong?

SAVIO

That car was black not too long ago.

ANGELO

What're you saying?

(off Savio's look)

You're saying Casimiro's the one who tried to kill us?

Savio looks coolly at Angelo.

ANGELO

But he's my godfather.

Savio maintains the cool stare, gets in the car and shuts the door.

Angelo looks about, confused. He turns a look at the GTO, Mario, and the group of Buddies.

Confusion turns to ire. Angelo snatches up a large rock.

With a yell that grows louder and louder, he charges full throttle at the GTO...

BUDDY 1

Who's this whack job?

MARIO

My cousin. He's twisted, let's go.

They all jump in the GTO. Angelo holds the rock over his head. PATRONS gape out the store window.

Angelo hurls the rock, Mario guns it in reverse... the rock shatters the store window!

The GTO peels out of the lot. Mario honks the horn.

MARIO

Yo Angelo, fuck you!

Angelo watches them go. Approaching him from behind, the STORE OWNER, 40s, thick glasses. Savio beeps the horn...

Angelo spots the Store Owner, sprints for the Caddy.

STORE OWNER

Where do you think you're going?

He gives chase... Angelo scurries back, climbs in.

He starts it up, dings the car in front, takes out the taillight.

STORE OWNER

That's my car!

ANGELO

(muffled)

Sorry!

The Store Owner thumps away on Angelo's hood. Punches the windshield. Tugs at a windshield wiper.

STORE OWNER

See how you like it.

Savio motions to try going backwards. Angelo throws it in reverse. Up onto the sidewalk. PEDESTRIANS try to evade.

The Store Owner loses his balance, tumbles. His glasses crack on the pavement. He agonizes...

Angelo burns rubber.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angelo gazes at his fantasy movie posters. He plunks down at the foot of his bed, lost in contemplation. An old-time mobster movie plays on the TV.

He retrieves a shoebox from underneath the bed. Uncovers a stack of photographs. He slides out one

PICTURE

Angelo's tenth birthday party. He blows out the candles. His father alongside. Beside him, Uncle Casimiro. Smiling.

Time lapse: Angelo flips through old photos. As he does, the darkness outside his window turns to morning sunlight...

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Angelo steps into the stall. Positions himself squarely. Puts on his earmuffs. Slowly slides on his safety glasses.

He fires away. Six shots, six misses. Angelo reloads.

He looks right, he looks left. No sign of Uncle Savio. Angelo turns the gun sideways. Unloads six perfect hits.

ANGELO

Aight?

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - EVENING

The doorbell rings. Frida answers the door to Angelo. He holds an antique jug of red wine.

FRIDA

Homemade?

ANGELO

(holds up jug)

This, too.

Frida smirks, opens the door wider. Angelo saunters in.

Turning away from her canary cage is JULIA, 8, big saucer eyes.

JULIA

Hello.

ANGELO

(stops in his tracks)

You have a bird. In the house.

JULIA

I'm Julia. What's your name?

Angelo stares morbidly at the bird.

ANGELO

... Okay.

JULIA

Her name is Suzie.

ANGELO

... Okay.

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frida sets lasagna on the table. Angelo plays with his silverware, arranging it and rearranging it.

FRIDA  
Are you feeling okay?

ANGELO  
I'm good. Why?

FRIDA  
You seem down.

The canary chirps like mad, it ripples across Angelo's face. He does his best to reassure Frida with a smile.

She sits down. They all dig in. Angelo studies his food. Julia pokes him.

JULIA  
You're handsome.

ANGELO  
Get out. Really?

Julia nods emphatically.

FRIDA  
Why do you say that?

JULIA  
I don't know.

She swings her legs. Angelo stares at his plate.

FRIDA  
I don't think so.

ANGELO  
Wow, thanks. Dinner was great.

FRIDA  
Why do you think he's handsome?

Julia stops swinging her legs, peeks at Angelo.

JULIA  
He's got a nice smile.

Angelo can't help but smile.

JULIA  
See?

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia plays with finger paints on the coffee table.

Angelo plops down beside her.

ANGELO  
Whatcha making?

JULIA  
A sunflower. Wanna try one?

Angelo admires her work. Rolls up his sleeves.

He paints Julia a sunflower, she examines his technique.

JULIA  
You're good.

ANGELO  
Nah, you're just saying that.

JULIA  
Look, Mom. He can paint, too.

ANGELO  
Yeah, but I'm ugly, so...

FRIDA  
I never said you're ugly. Play back  
the tape.

Julia hands Frida the finger painting. She studies it.

FRIDA  
I think you can do better.

ANGELO  
There's a shocker.

FRIDA  
Lots of smearing going on here. I  
don't pay you to be lazy.

Angelo gawks. Frida sits down next to him, fetches a fresh  
piece of paper.

ANGELO  
Here we go. Monet in the house.

FRIDA  
Get your fingertips nice and wet.  
But not too wet.

ANGELO  
Control freak.

FRIDA  
You just wait.

ANGELO  
Like I said.

Frida turns a look at him, Angelo dampens his fingertips, smiling at her.

FRIDA  
I'll help guide you.

ANGELO  
That's not an easy job, so you know.

FRIDA  
Agreed.

She takes hold of his right index finger.

FRIDA  
We're gonna press down gently but firmly.

ANGELO  
I like the way you think.

FRIDA  
You be quiet.

She presses down neatly. Takes Angelo's thumb and does the same.

ANGELO  
Nice rolling action. You've done this before.

FRIDA  
You can say that.

ANGELO  
I did say that.

Frida makes no effort at forming a cohesive flower, Angelo furrows his brow at the painting.

ANGELO  
Shouldn't that petal go next to the other one?

FRIDA

Think of it as abstract.

ANGELO

My favorite. But this isn't a very good flower.

FRIDA

Maybe a gust of wind blew the petals off.

ANGELO

Or a tornado?

FRIDA

That works.

Angelo nods. Frida finishes printing Angelo.

FRIDA

Masterpiece. We'll hang it up on the fridge later.

JULIA & ANGELO

Okay.

Frida disappears into her bedroom.

ANGELO

I think your mom's humoring me.

JULIA

What's that mean?

ANGELO

She's trying to make me laugh. Sort of.

JULIA

Is it working?

ANGELO

I laugh a lot. Maybe not as much as I used to.

Julia slugs him in the arm, Angelo turns to her.

ANGELO

Okay, now that was funny.

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo looks on as Julia feeds her canary.

ANGELO  
How long have you had Suzie?

JULIA  
A while. She likes to sing at night.

ANGELO  
And you don't mind?

JULIA  
Nope.

Suzie flutters about inside the cage.

ANGELO  
That would drive me ape --  
(a look at Julia)  
Bonkers.

Frida stands in the doorway behind Angelo.

ANGELO  
She looks happy.

JULIA  
Of course she is. She has me.

Angelo smiles at her.

JULIA  
I have to go to sleep now.

ANGELO  
Okay. Sweet dreams.

Julia skips by Frida down the hall. Angelo turns, he and Frida trade a prolonged look.

ANGELO  
I don't know who's luckier. You or  
the bird.

FRIDA  
What about Julia?

ANGELO  
Some things go without saying.

Frida holds his look, bows her head.

ANGELO

I don't wanna be late for Watercolor class. If you flunk, they give you a grey "F".

Frida buries a smile.

Angelo walks over to her. Leans in. Frida can't bring her cheek up to receive his kiss.

ANGELO

I'll talk to you later.

A look back at her as he exits. Frida stands there frozen.

She unfreezes herself. Strides out after him... Stops.

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - NIGHT

Angelo travels down a deserted road. He plays with the radio dial, can't seem to settle on a station. Turns it off.

He pivots a look at the passenger seat.

ANGELO

What'sa matter with you? She was waitin' there for ya. Waitin' for you! Don't you want your face all up in there? Huh? What were ya thinkin'? Mannagge...

He adds an array of hand gestures, cracks himself up.

Back to silence.

ANGELO

Miss you, Dad.

He turns a look out his window. Another set of headlights suddenly flicks on. The car swerves at Angelo...

Boom! Down into a ditch. Angelo never saw it coming.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Nunzio and Giacomo laugh hysterically.

NUNZIO

Fuck you, Cadillac...

GIACOMO  
Ya see his eyes?

NUNZIO  
Like Bambi on crack.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Angelo wobbles out of the Cadillac. Examines the wreckage, shakes his head.

He climbs up a small hill. Teeters down the road...

The sound of an oncoming car. Angelo holds out his thumb. The car blows by him. Angelo lowers his thumb and raises his middle finger.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angelo trudges in, ragged, shirt untucked, pale as a ghost. Bibiana irons a black dress. On a rack behind her, a row of black dresses.

BIBIANA  
Angelo, you don't look so good.

ANGELO  
Had a nice walk.

He drops into a chair.

BIBIANA  
Did someone look at you wrong?

ANGELO  
You mean today?

BIBIANA  
Wait right there.

She goes to the cupboard. Angelo rests his cheek on the table. He stares at Dante's empty chair.

Bibiana carries over a plate of water, a bottle of olive oil, and a medicine dropper.

ANGELO  
Not this again.

BIBIANA  
We need to know for sure.

ANGELO

Nothing's for sure, Ma. Don't you get it?

BIBIANA

I'm a little older than you.

She fills the medicine dropper, drips the oil onto the plate. And waits...

BIBIANA

It's not breaking up, Angelo.

ANGELO

It's oil and water. They're not supposed to mix.

BIBIANA

(shuts her eyes; chants)

La maledizione è tolta questo santo giorno. Sbarazzarci di questa sporcizia e siamo restaurato l'intero.

Angelo shuts his eyes as well. His cell phone jingles the X-Files theme. He doesn't react.

BIBIANA

... Il signore, può lei porta per favore mio figlio tutta la fortuna che ha bisogno di in quest'ora...

ANGELO

... No grandbabies.

BIBIANA

I want you to go talk to Father Vero. He'll know what to do.

ANGELO

Can't you just send me to a witch doctor?

His cell phone beeps a funky tune.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The size of a small conference room. No tables, no barriers. Just three chairs and a Crucifix on the wall. Father Vero lights one of three candles, waves out the match. He gives it another thought, lights the remaining candles.

Angelo slinks in.

FATHER VERO  
Angelo, welcome.

ANGELO  
Hello.

He glances around the room, tries to appear casual.

FATHER VERO  
Where's your mother?

ANGELO  
She's parking the car. Can I talk  
to you a second?

FATHER VERO  
Sure, what's on your mind?

ANGELO  
It's about my dad. I came into some  
information.

FATHER VERO  
Alright.

ANGELO  
About a family member. A close family  
member.

FATHER VERO  
I see.

ANGELO  
I can't really be sure. Maybe it  
sounds crazy. Or people are right --  
I'm crazy. You have any idea what  
I'm trying to say?

FATHER VERO  
I think I do. Your dad got clipped,  
everyone knows it. And now that you  
been made, you got a hunch some faccia  
bruta in the administration might've  
done it. Some lowlife strunz who  
wouldn't care if he ratted all you  
goons out. At the same time, you  
don't wanna start spreading rumors  
amongst your Capos or you might catch  
one through the mouth. How am I  
doing so far?

ANGELO  
Finally. Someone understands me.

Bibiana strides in, gripping a satchel.

BIBIANA  
Thank you for seeing us, Father.

FATHER VERO  
Certainly.

Bibiana shuts the door firmly, garnering a look from Angelo.

FATHER VERO  
You two have a seat.

Angelo reluctantly sits next to Bibiana. He squints at the satchel she holds in her lap.

FATHER VERO  
Now what can I do for you?

BIBIANA  
We did the malocchio. The results  
turned out negative.

FATHER VERO  
By negative, you mean...?

BIBIANA  
I didn't like it.

FATHER VERO  
Right.

BIBIANA  
And I just think...

She peers over at Angelo, who furrows his brow back at her.

BIBIANA  
I think Angelo might be light in the  
shoes.

ANGELO  
What?

Father Vero holds up a stop sign.

ANGELO  
What're you talking about?

FATHER VERO

Hang on, hang on. So I understand.  
You're telling me you think Angelo  
is gay?

Angelo throws up his arms with a big sigh.

BIBIANA

Where are my grandbabies? I don't  
see them. Do you see them?

She peeks under her satchel.

ANGELO

How could you do this to me?!

FATHER VERO

But you told me you wanted to do an  
exorcism.

Angelo bolts for the rear exit...

Where he's greeted by a BEEFY PRIEST, 30s. Angelo hollers,  
jumps back.

BIBIANA

I brought these herbs here.

ANGELO

You brought herbs?!

Bibiana removes the herbs from her satchel. Angelo sprints  
for the entrance. Two ALTAR BOYS await. One carries a bell.  
The other, a thurible, swinging from a chain.

ANGELO

Help!

He turns to the Crucifix.

ANGELO

Help!!

BIBIANA

We're willing to try something  
experimental.

ANGELO

No, we're not. We're definitely  
not!

He snatches up his chair, backs himself into a corner. Beefy  
Priest approaches.

ANGELO

Get back, you!

The bell is rung.

FATHER VERO

Did you bring garlic?

BIBIANA

I brought garlic salt.

FATHER VERO

That should be fine.

Smoke releases from the thurible.

ANGELO

Oh God help! Help me please! Right  
now would be nice!

He dekes around Beefy Priest. Bibiana sticks out her foot.  
Angelo hops over it!

He lays a leg of his chair over the candles.

ANGELO

Yeah? Come on! I'll take all o'  
ya's!

BIBIANA

(confiding)

He thinks he's a mobster now.

FATHER VERO

I see.

Angelo nudges Beefy Priest back with the fiery chair. Spins  
to face Father Vero.

ANGELO

I'm glad I stopped coming.

He charges full throttle at the Altar Boys. At the last  
second, they reconsider...

Angelo goes barreling out of the Confessional Room. Crash!  
Father Vero and Bibiana both turn a look.

ANGELO (O.S.)

Amen!

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Casimiro sparks up a cigar in his car. Parked adjacent in their Chevy Nova, Nunzio and Giacomo. They all face the pizzeria. The neon sign flickers.

CASIMIRO

Beautiful night.

NUNZIO

And how...

CASIMIRO

Look at that. Sign's going, too.

He blows a smoke ring at the moon.

CASIMIRO

Shame he didn't get a chance to see Angelo take the reins.

NUNZIO

That kid? You serious?

CASIMIRO

Still his son, ya know.

GIACOMO

(hard look at Nunzio)

Yeah, that is a shame.

CASIMIRO

Always with those fuckin' milk shakes. In this day and age? He was like a broken record with that place.

NUNZIO

You figure with the cholesterol... that couldn't've been too smart.

GIACOMO

Hey, we all got our vices.

CASIMIRO

Must've known he was coming.  
(off Giacomo's look)  
The workers, I mean. Always with those milk shakes.

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frida pours a glass of orange juice. She shuts the fridge door, a finger painting of a red rose prominently displayed.

LIVING ROOM

Julia stares blankly at the TV. Frida meanders in.

FRIDA

What're you watching? Anything good?

JULIA

I dunno.

FRIDA

You don't know what you're watching?

JULIA

Nope.

FRIDA

Want some orange juice?

JULIA

No thank you.

FRIDA

Why're you being so quiet?

JULIA

You ask a lot of questions, Mom.

A banging on the door. Frida whisks out of the room.

KITCHEN/ENTRYWAY

She opens the door to find Angelo. Hyperventilating.

FRIDA

What's wrong? Why're you --

ANGELO

Just thought I'd... you know... stop by.

FRIDA

Angelo, you're way out of breath. How did you get here?

ANGELO

I walked... Briskly.

He staggers in, hunches over, gasping for air. Julia scurries in.

JULIA  
Hi, Angelo!

ANGELO  
Hey... Julia... So nice to see you again.

He collapses to the carpet. Julia shrieks.

FRIDA  
Oh my God. Angelo!

She smacks him. He is out.

JULIA  
Do something, Mom!

FRIDA  
I'm trying.

She frets... tilts his head back, checks his airways...

FRIDA  
I'm going in.

She gives him mouth-to-mouth.

JULIA  
Should you be kissing him right now?

FRIDA  
I'm trying to help.

JULIA  
Is he sick?

FRIDA  
I don't know. No more questions.

She continues. Julia spins in circles, crumples at Angelo's side.

JULIA  
Angelo, wake up, wake up!

FRIDA  
Come on...

JULIA  
Should you try slapping him again?

Angelo coughs his way back to clarity. Julia cheers and does a dance.

FRIDA

There he is...

Julia pats Angelo on the head.

JULIA

I like you better awake.

ANGELO

This is really the star treatment.

FRIDA

You're bleeding.

ANGELO

On second thought...

There's blood on Frida's fingertips.

FRIDA

Sweetie, go get some peroxide.

JULIA

Peroxide?

FRIDA

It's the brown bottle.

Julia scampers away. Frida removes a tissue from her pocket, presses down on his scalp.

ANGELO

I didn't mean to get blood on your rug.

FRIDA

Don't worry about it.

ANGELO

I bet it's new, too. It looks new.

FRIDA

Shut up, Angelo. Tell me what happened.

ANGELO

It's just been a really... cosmic... day. Ever have one of those?

FRIDA

Try once a week.

She brushes her hand across his cheek.

FRIDA  
You're warm again.

ANGELO  
Do you blame me?

Frida half-smiles.

ANGELO  
Something on your mind?

FRIDA  
Why do you ask?

ANGELO  
You have that look.

FRIDA  
I always have that look.

ANGELO  
I love that look.

Frida turns. No sign of Julia. She kisses Angelo full on the lips, he twitches a bit...

His eyes close. He lies perfectly still.

ANGELO  
Paradise Found.

He reopens his eyes. Gazes up at her, she smiles back.

FRIDA  
Wanna try sitting up?

ANGELO  
No.

His cell rings. An ordinary tone.

ANGELO  
Should I?

Frida shrugs. Angelo checks the display, answers.

ANGELO  
What's up?

SAVIO (over phone)  
Angelo, it's time we took care of that thing.

ANGELO  
I told you, I met a girl.

He hangs up on his uncle.

FRIDA  
Who was that?

ANGELO  
Not important.

He sits up, gazes at Frida. Leans in...

JULIA (O.S.)  
Mom, I found it!

Angelo turns, Julia stands in the doorway. Holding her mom's FBI badge!

Angelo's jaw hits the floor.

He bolts to his feet. Gapes at Frida.

FRIDA  
Julia, time for bed. Right now.

JULIA  
But you were looking for this.

Angelo spins in a circle, beside himself.

ANGELO  
No, no, not...

FRIDA  
Angelo, you don't understand. This was complicated. I didn't have a choice.

ANGELO  
How could you...?

JULIA  
What happened?

FRIDA  
Julia, I said go to your room.

Julia doesn't move.

FRIDA  
I swear, I didn't wanna hurt you. I didn't. This is just part of my job.

JULIA  
You hurt him? Why?

FRIDA  
Julia!

ANGELO  
You kissed me on the lips.

Julia beams at Angelo. His face crumbles.  
Deathly silent as he studies both of them.  
Angelo spots the rose painting on the fridge, a final thorn.  
He trudges to the door. A look back.

ANGELO  
You broke my heart, Frida.

JULIA  
Don't go!

Angelo gives her a pained look and exits.  
Julia hurls the FBI badge against the wall and leaves the room. The canary chirps away.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Angelo gets off the bus alone. It's raining cats and dogs.  
A look up at the street light.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

The place is jumping. Angelo enters from the back door.  
Sopping wet. He passes a COUPLE making out by a pay phone.  
Stumbles over the woman's outstretched foot.

ELOISA  
Angelo, what happen to your umbrella?

Angelo sits at the bar. Looking more out of place than usual.  
Through the crowd, he spots Casimiro at a corner table.  
Angelo unzips his jacket slightly.

A husky BARTENDER, 30s, comes over.

HUSKY  
What're you doing here? Shouldn't  
you be in the basement?

ANGELO

(cool look)

No.

Husky galumphs away. A BARFLY, late 30s, scarlet lipstick and a big cigar, sneers at Angelo.

BIG CIGAR

Don Sfogliatelle. All grown up and doing the town.

Angelo shifts his head, notices that Casimiro is actually dining with his Wife and Children.

BIG CIGAR

Are you as shy as they say?

Angelo peeks at the exit door closest to Casimiro's table. Big Cigar comes over and sits next to Angelo.

BIG CIGAR

Don't you talk?

She leans in, bites down suggestively on the cigar. Angelo gazes at her...

Casimiro doubles over at his table, laughing. Angelo spies a bulge by the vent of his suit jacket.

He looks down. Big Cigar runs her hand down his thigh.

BIG CIGAR

Your dad and I used to get along.  
Sure you're related?

Angelo's eyes shift back and forth.

BIG CIGAR

I know how to tell.

His eyes bulge.

BIG CIGAR

That's a Yes. A *freaky* Yes.

Angelo spots Casimiro's son Pasquale leaving the table, turns to Big Cigar.

ANGELO

I appreciate your support.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo washes his hands. He peeks down at his erection.

A PATRON, 40s, looks over. Exits without drying his hands.

Angelo peers back at a stall. Continues washing his hands. Begins to sing an old Italian tune. Miserably.

Paquale emerges from the stall with a frown, washes his hands.

ANGELO

Pasquale, what's up?

PASQUALE

Nothing.

ANGELO

Did you get the new Final Fantasy?

PASQUALE

Have to wait until Christmas.

Angelo dries his hands. Leans back against the wall.

ANGELO

What if you didn't have to wait?

PASQUALE

What are you talking about?

Angelo snaps a c-note from his pocket.

ANGELO

I need a favor.

PASQUALE

Why are you standing like that?

ANGELO

How am I supposed to stand?

PASQUALE

Normal.

ANGELO

(crinkles hundred)

Do you really wanna wait six months?

PASQUALE

Is this a trick?

ANGELO

You could buy it tomorrow.  
 (mutters)  
 And much, much more if you act right  
 now.

PASQUALE

What?

ANGELO

Nothing.

PASQUALE

What do you want I should do?

ANGELO

All I need is for you to jump on  
 your dad's back. That's it.

PASQUALE

You're all wet.

ANGELO

It's pouring out.

PASQUALE

I mean you don't know what you're  
 talking about.

The restroom door opens. A MAN in business attire, 40 and  
 rangy, enters. Angelo shields the c-note.

ANGELO

(under his breath)  
 Come on...

PASQUALE

But I don't wanna do it.

The Businessman stares over from the urinal. Angelo turns  
 his back, mimes playing with a joystick. And loving it.

BUSINESSMAN

Kid, are you okay?

PASQUALE

(a sneaky smile at  
 Angelo)  
 I'm not sure.

Angelo grimaces, shows Pasquale the hundred. Holds up three  
 fingers.

Pasquale gladly holds the door open for Angelo.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They exit the restroom. Pasquale pockets the c-note.

ANGELO

Make sure you jump high. By his  
shoulders. You don't wanna hurt  
him.

PASQUALE

Are you saying I'm fat?

ANGELO

No, goddamnit.

DINING HALL

Pasquale ambles toward his family's table. He peers back.

Angelo waggles four fingers. Realizes that's one too many,  
retracts one. Pasquale gives him a sidelong look. Angelo  
angrily puts the fourth finger back up.

Pasquale drops back. Gets a running start. Angelo moves  
in.

Pasquale leaps atop Casimiro's shoulders, he hollers. Angelo  
stoops and ties his shoes.

ANGELO

(to himself)

Light in the shoes, my foot.

He sticks his hand through the vent of Casimiro's jacket,  
snags his gun. A spin move and Angelo's gone.

EXT. SAVIO'S HOUSE - LATER

Angelo shuts the door of a beat-up Chrysler. Waves inside,  
the car leaves.

He rings the bell. Savio answers the door in his bathrobe.

SAVIO

Angelo, it's late. How'd it go?

Angelo hands him Casimiro's gun.

SAVIO

What's this for?

ANGELO  
I got it off him. We need a  
ballistics report. You know anyone?

SAVIO  
You mean you didn't do it?

ANGELO  
What, kill your brother in front of  
his kids? No, I didn't do it.

SAVIO  
Don't make him out to be a saint.

ANGELO  
Don't worry, I won't. Can you give  
me a ride home?

SAVIO  
Where's your car? You know, the one  
I gave you.

ANGELO  
I dropped it off.

SAVIO  
Dropped it off where?

ANGELO  
Off.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Angelo sits at the head of the table, alone. Bibiana carries  
in a bowl of penne with sausage 'n peppers. She fills up  
both plates. Dives into her meal.

ANGELO  
I'm moving out, Ma.

BIBIANA  
You're moving out? Where?

ANGELO  
I don't know yet.

BIBIANA  
You don't know yet? That's not how  
it works.

Truce. Bibiana eats, Angelo plays with his food.

BIBIANA  
I got a lovely package today. Some  
beautiful mackerel.

The doorbell rings. Bibiana hobbles away.

ANGELO  
Mackerel? In a package? Ma, don't  
answer that!

He bolts up, seizes the steak knife. Bibiana returns - all  
smiles - with Frida. She holds a store-bought Panettone.

BIBIANA  
Angelo, somebody's here to see you.

FRIDA  
Hi.

Angelo stares down at what Frida's carrying.

ANGELO  
Panettone.  
(pointing the knife)  
Oh you're good.

BIBIANA  
Angelo, put the knife away. Are you  
his girlfriend?

FRIDA  
Umm...

ANGELO  
No, she's not my girlfriend.

He smiles smugly at Frida.

BIBIANA  
You're telling me you just hang out  
together?

ANGELO  
Something like that. Why?

BIBIANA  
I knew it. I knew it, I knew --

ANGELO  
Ma, she's my girlfriend, okay?!

Frida tilts her head with a smile.

BIBIANA

Are you hungry? Have a seat. You want some of Angelo's sausage?

ANGELO

Don't offer her that!

BIBIANA

Why not?

ANGELO

Just don't. I have my reasons.

BIBIANA

You two get comfortable. I'll be back.

She heads out. Angelo looks to make sure she's gone.

ANGELO

You got a lot of nerve coming here.

Frida reaches for Angelo's sausage, he covers his plate.

ANGELO

You're not getting any.

FRIDA

I'm not the only one.

ANGELO

(glowers)

It's funny you caught me here. I was just on my way to look for some redhead tax attorney.

FRIDA

I'm sure she would've said yes.

ANGELO

Oh you're mean.

FRIDA

You started it.

ANGELO

I started it? You've been playing me this whole time.

Bibiana returns with items she's knitted for future grandkids. Pink booties, etc. Angelo spots the worry in Frida's eyes.

ANGELO

What have you got there, Ma?

BIBIANA  
Just a few things I knitted.

She flips through a bunch of kid sweaters on hangers.

BIBIANA  
This one is good for a boy or a girl.

ANGELO  
Win-win, don't you think?

Frida gapes at Angelo. He nods a devilish grin.

ANGELO  
Show her the Christmas sweater, Ma.  
She's gonna love it.

The doorbell rings. Bibiana sighs and shuffles away.

BIBIANA  
It's always something...

ANGELO  
What'd you think of the booties?  
Did you like the booties?

FRIDA  
Angelo, is this the life you want?  
Lying all the time?

ANGELO  
Oh, that's rich. And what are you,  
my mother?

FRIDA  
Definitely not.

Savio appears in the doorway. Angelo casts a nervous glance at Frida.

BIBIANA  
Savio, this is Angelo's girlfriend.

SAVIO  
No shit...

BIBIANA  
I'm sorry, I never got your name.

FRIDA  
I'm Frida.

BIBIANA

How lovely.

Savio takes a seat next to Angelo. Leans over.

SAVIO

We need to talk.

ANGELO

That's great, we'll talk later.

SAVIO

Angelo, now. This is important.

FRIDA

Mrs. Sfogliatelle, how do you cook these sausages here?

BIBIANA

On the stove, what do you think.

FRIDA

No, I mean, for how long? I never know how long to wait before I flip them. Do I wait two minutes and then flip them. Or do I wait three minutes, and then try to flip them.

Angelo throws a nervous look at Savio who furrows his brow.

BIBIANA

You flip them when they're ready, what?

ANGELO

Maybe the sausages don't wanna be flipped. Did you ever think of that?

FRIDA

But if you don't flip them, they might get burned.

ANGELO

You know what, Frida? If you're cooking, those sausages are gonna burn no matter what.

Frida gapes. Angelo bolts from his chair, out of the room.

BIBIANA

Angelo, that was rude.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo paces like mad. Savio enters, barricades the door with a statue of Gandalf.

ANGELO  
I don't know who's crazier.

SAVIO  
We'll call it a tie.

ANGELO  
I'm not eating sausages ever again.

Savio reaches into his jacket and removes a ballistics report.

Angelo scans it.

ANGELO  
What am I looking at?

SAVIO  
They're a match, Angelo. Both .44  
Magnums. I'm sorry.

Angelo goes pale. Stares at Savio.

He tears the report to shreds. Stomps on it.

Then proceeds to tear apart his room. Lord of the Rings posters, the statue, the action figures, the figurines. Banging, smashing, shattering. It's a different Angelo.

Savio checks his watch.

EXT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frida bids good-night to Bibiana, who is all smiles. More banging from upstairs. Frida holds a stack of cookbooks.

FRIDA  
Thanks so much for these.

BIBIANA  
It's my pleasure. Maybe we'll cook  
up a storm together. Soon, I hope.

Frida turns, spots Fortunato leaping from Angelo's window with a *riirrr*...

FRIDA  
Okay, then. Good-night.

BIBIANA

Bye for now...

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo stands atop his bed, surveying the destruction of his fantasy world. He spins to Savio.

ANGELO

Let's go take care o' that thing.

INT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

The top is up. Angelo rides shotgun through suburbia.

ANGELO

I didn't wanna believe it was him.

SAVIO

He's at his goomar's on Wednesday.  
This is good.

ANGELO

Why do you think he did it?

SAVIO

Why? Who cares why. The guy's a  
murderer.

He spots a car in his rear-view keeping pace.

SAVIO

Who's this now?

Angelo spins around.

SAVIO

You're making us look guilty. Turn  
around. You're smarter than that.

Angelo spins back around. Savio gives it a little gas, the car behind them veers course.

ANGELO

This family never had a chance.

SAVIO

Don't upset yourself. All families  
are the same.

ANGELO

No they're not.

They exchange a hard look.

SAVIO  
Show me. Show me where the happy  
people live.

ANGELO  
Not on my street.

Savio turns down a dimly lit driveway. Parks behind a row of bushes.

ANGELO  
(glaring at the house)  
We're here. *Uncle*.

Savio goes to open the glove compartment, Angelo stops him.

SAVIO  
Two shots to the head.

ANGELO  
I know.

INT. CASIMIRO'S GOOMAR'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

A vanilla milk shake rests on the coffee table. On a wide screen TV, Casimiro watches a fantasy movie from the couch.

He slurps his shake.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
My favorite part.

Casimiro drops the drink, spins. Angelo stands five yards away, pointing the gun at his heart.

CASIMIRO  
Angelo, what the hell is this?

ANGELO  
Courtesy call.

CASIMIRO  
Don't look like courtesy. Now what's  
this about?

ANGELO  
(gestures with gun)  
How many guesses do you want?

CASIMIRO  
Did you finally go nuts on me?

ANGELO

Finally?

He nears. They make circles around the couch.

ANGELO

What'd my father do to you, you  
fucking jamook? Besides give you a  
job.

CASIMIRO

What are you talking about?

He trips over his shake. Spies his shotgun across the room,  
it rests atop an old chest. A deer's head looms high above.

ANGELO

You want that gun, don't you.

CASIMIRO

You saying I killed your father?  
Are you fuckin' nuts?

ANGELO

It was you that night. Admit it.

CASIMIRO

You're making a big mistake here,  
Angelo. Bigger than usual.

ANGELO

I don't think so. For the first  
time I think I'm right on target.

He fires and takes out a dartboard.

Angelo snags the remote, turns the volume up.

ANGELO

Probably should've done that first.

Casimiro backs away, toward the old chest.

CASIMIRO

You think I'd kill my own brother?  
Is that what you think?

ANGELO

So you're an innocent gangster. I  
like that.

CASIMIRO

Angelo, you're wrong. You're dead  
wrong. I wouldn't do that.

ANGELO

Uncle Savio checked it out. You know, the brother who's still breathing. It was your .44 that did it.

Aims high, cocks his gun.

CASIMIRO

Angelo, no!

POW! POW!

A thud on the tile floor.

Casimiro slowly opens his eyes. The deer's head lies on the floor. Two shots to the head.

ANGELO

All that practice...

Casimiro seizes the gun from him.

CASIMIRO

Oops.

Angelo holds his hands up and backs away.

ANGELO

Let's be reasonable about this.

CASIMIRO

I'll give you a reason. I'll kill you cos you're stupid.

ANGELO

Maybe we can reach some middle ground?

Casimiro bops Angelo over the head. He crumples to the floor.

CASIMIRO

Middle enough?

Angelo rubs his head, gazes up at Casimiro.

CASIMIRO

My gun's a .45, dipshit. Your father gave it to me.

Angelo's head plunks down on the floor.

ANGELO

It's always something...

INT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Savio brushes his hair in the rear view mirror.

Casimiro glares at him from the den window.

INT. CASIMIRO'S GOOMAR'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Casimiro jerks away from the window.

CASIMIRO  
Cocksucking consigliere.

He marches for the glass slider.

ANGELO  
Hold on.

He latches onto Casimiro's arm.

CASIMIRO  
You let go or your dad's gonna be  
pissed when you show up today.

ANGELO  
There might be a better way.

CASIMIRO  
Don't give me that middle ground  
shit.

Casimiro's GOOMAR, 21, creeps down the stairs in her nightie.

ANGELO  
You're not Aunt Orsola.

GOOMAR  
This is the one you were telling me  
about.

INT./EXT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo gets in, frozen stiff.

ANGELO  
It's done.

Savio backs out of the driveway. They drive off in silence.

SAVIO  
Any last words from GTO?

ANGELO  
Said he was sorry. For flipping  
out.

SAVIO  
Flipping out?

ANGELO  
Back at the restaurant.

SAVIO  
Oh.

Quiet...

Savio brings the car to a screeching halt.

SAVIO  
What about the goomar?

Angelo wavers. Slowly turns to face Savio.

ANGELO  
The goomar?

SAVIO  
Yeah yeah, the goomar. Did you get  
her, too?

ANGELO  
What's a goomar again?

SAVIO  
Don't you lie to me.

ANGELO  
I'm not lying. The house was empty.  
(off his look)  
Except for him. Of course he was  
there.

Stare-down. How stupid is Angelo, *really*?

SAVIO  
I'm buying you a new notebook. A  
goomar is a mistress for chrissake.

ANGELO  
Good to know.

Savio gives him a look. The Lincoln edges away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Casimiro's wake. He looks as good as dead. The sound of people crying. Flowers abound. Friends and Family are seated in a circle around the room.

A MOURNER, 50s, next to Bibiana keels over in tears.

BIBIANA

I know...

Angelo and Savio solemnly approach the casket.

Savio tries for the kneeler. So does Angelo.

SAVIO

Angelo, one at a time. Please.

Angelo steps back. Savio kneels down. Examines his brother.

He rolls his eyes as he prays. Rushes the Sign of the Cross, steps back to Angelo.

SAVIO

You didn't get him in the head.

ANGELO

I let you down.

SAVIO

No, that's okay.

The Mourner limps past Savio and Angelo. Past Orsola and the kids. And climbs into the coffin!

SAVIO

What's this now?

Friends gasp. Angelo panics. The Mourner shouts in Italian.

Casimiro slowly reaches over and twists her ankle. The Mourner shrieks... teeters... tumbles to the floor!

Friends cry out. Casimiro quickly resumes his position. Mario and Pasquale usher the Mourner away...

A sneeze.

Everyone stops. Looks around. Nobody said "God Bless You." They turn and stare at Casimiro.

Angelo zeroes in on the flowers that hang above the casket. And fake sneezes.

ANGELO

'Scuse me. Wow... that was a good one.

He strides to the coffin, plucks out the offending flowers.

SAVIO

Where you going with those?

ANGELO

People are sneezing, Uncle Savio.

SAVIO

That's disrespectful, put 'em back.

ANGELO

There's plenty of flowers here.

He turns to leave, Savio gets in his way. Angelo tries the other side, no can do.

ANGELO

What're you doing?

SAVIO

You're not taking the flowers.

He reaches for them, Angelo pulls them back. Savio swipes again. Denied.

ANGELO

Not so fun, is it.

SAVIO

You're embarrassing us.

ANGELO

I'm okay with it.

Savio waves over Nunzio and Giacomo. They box Angelo in.

Angelo gets in a bizarre stance.

NUNZIO

What the hell is that?

ANGELO

You don't wanna know.

He tries to barge past Nunzio. Gets knocked to the ground.

Nunzio tries to pry the flowers away as Angelo squirms. Giacomo comes over to assist. As does Savio. Friends and Family look on in sheer horror.

Another sneeze. Everyone freezes. They peer at the coffin.

BIBIANA

Excuse me.

Angelo senses his chance and takes off!

SAVIO

Get back here!

Angelo runs around the room, trying to evade Savio. Kids begin to giggle.

Nunzio and Giacomo join in the mix. Angelo weaves in and out of chairs like an obstacle course. Friends and Family raise their hands in disbelief.

SAVIO

Jamooks R Us.

Angelo gets a clear shot at the exit. Full steam ahead.

Savio bears down hard...

Father Vero stoops to tie his shoe. Savio goes barreling into a display of flowers. Crash!

Kids burst out laughing. Angelo makes the Sign of the Cross on his way out the door.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - HALL/BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Savio strolls down the dim hallway, knocks on Angelo's door.

SAVIO

Everyone decent?

Angelo bids goodbye to Benny, who sneers at Savio as he exits.

SAVIO

What'd he want?

ANGELO

Came to pay his respects.

He shuts a drawer filled with cash.

SAVIO

Look, Angelo, about yesterday...

ANGELO

Hey, if you can't have a little fun  
at a funeral...

Savio takes a seat across from him.

ANGELO

So what's up?

SAVIO

I got some news. The fellas want me  
to take the lead.

ANGELO

Nunzio and Giacomo.

SAVIO

To name a couple, yeah. This was  
bound to happen.

ANGELO

It's a little sudden, don't you think?

SAVIO

We're in the business of sudden.  
Would you have a problem stepping  
down?

ANGELO

No. In fact... today might be your  
lucky day.

SAVIO

Lucky why? What're you talking about?

Angelo opens his top drawer, lays out 20 wire transfer forms  
across his desk, overlapping them like playing cards.

SAVIO

What's all this?

ANGELO

That special bonus I talked about?

SAVIO

You're telling me you had the money.

ANGELO

I told you I had the money.

Savio gives Angelo a discerning look.

SAVIO

But you were the one who took care  
of that.

ANGELO

Not without your help.

SAVIO

Angelo. This is generous.

ANGELO

What can I say. You deserve it.

He sets a pen on the desk.

ANGELO

I already filled them out. Just  
need your autograph.

SAVIO

So we're talking...?

He holds up five fingers. Angelo gives him a Don's nod.

Savio studies the transfers. Each emanates from a different  
"666" number. Each for \$250,000. All going into one account.

SAVIO

I don't know what to say.

ANGELO

Thank you, would be nice.

Savio gives him a look, chortles. He signs the transfers.

SAVIO

Signing my life away ova here.

He's too busy signing to notice Angelo's smirk.

ANGELO

For the record, I think you'd make a  
great Don.

SAVIO

Thank you, Angelo.

He stands up.

SAVIO

One of the first things I wanna do?  
Is build a statue for your father.

(MORE)

SAVIO (CONT'D)

We'll put it right outside. So people can see him when they walk in.

ANGELO

You don't have to do that.

SAVIO

Hey. For family, we gotta do a lot of things.

Angelo eyes him closely. Savio surprises him with a bear hug. Won't let go...

Angelo squints at a framed picture of himself and Dante across the way.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fortunato lies on the center of Angelo's bed. Purring. The room is still a disaster area.

Angelo steps over the broken statue of Gandalf on his way in. He's dressed in a black suit and white oxford shirt.

He opens a gift box on his bureau, removes a red tie. Ties it in the mirror.

Angelo takes his dad's funeral card off the mirror, tucks it into his breast pocket.

He turns to leave, Bibiana appears in the doorway.

BIBIANA

(re: room)

You gonna do something about this?

ANGELO

I'll fix it, Ma.

BIBIANA

You going somewhere?

ANGELO

(doesn't mean a physical location)

I think so.

From his pocket, he removes the Corno necklace. Hands it back to his mother. Kisses her on the cheek and departs.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Kid's birthday party. A dozen KIDS with their PARENTS. A CLOWN works the table, passing out kazoos and birthday hats.

Angelo strides in, spots Julia at the table. Frida stands in the corner by a dartboard. Angelo approaches.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

A white stretch limo pulls up.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Angelo and Frida both decline to speak first. They turn away from each other. Roll their eyes.

ANGELO

Thanks for the phony funeral.

FRIDA

Fugghedaboutit.

Making a grand entrance is Savio. Dressed to the nines. With him are Nunzio, Giacomo and a host of assorted Thugs.

Savio holds out his arms like: What about me, jackass? Angelo heads over.

ANGELO

You made it.

SAVIO

C'mere, ya little twit.

He pinches Angelo's cheek, puts him in a headlock. The Thugs guffaw.

SAVIO

What's going on ova there?

ANGELO

Kid's birthday.

SAVIO

Rugrats trying to steal my limelight?

He messes up Angelo's hair.

SAVIO

C'mon, let's celebrate.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entire gang enters. On the table, a feast fit for a Don. A large sign overhead reads: Congratulations, Savio!

SAVIO  
Ohh... You did all this?

ANGELO  
It's for you.

Savio struts to the head of the table, takes a seat. Smiles proudly at his comrades.

SAVIO  
Anyone hungry?

Hoots and howls, everyone goes to take a seat. Angelo tries for the chair to Savio's right.

SAVIO  
Angelo, push down one.

Nunzio takes the seat instead. Giacomo sits to Savio's left.

NUNZIO  
Hey, I hear we got a new accountant.

Savio points at Angelo, he feigns embarrassment.

SAVIO  
Dig in, everyone.

Everyone digs in.

SAVIO  
Angelo, why don't you go fetch me a drink, huh?

Sniggers litter the table.

ANGELO  
Sure. What would you like?

SAVIO  
Surprise me.

Angelo wipes his mouth, gets up.

SAVIO  
Just a sec. C'mere.

Angelo walks over. Savio pinches his cheek again.

SAVIO  
Don't take too long.

A slap for good measure. Angelo heads for the door. Giacomo waits for it to close.

GIACOMO  
Piece o' work, that kid.

NUNZIO  
Must be great to be so stupid.

Savio chuckles. Swills his wine.

SAVIO  
Never thought I'd pull off a coupe  
de tat.

NUNZIO  
Did the money hit?

SAVIO  
(sparks up a cigar)  
Checked it this morning.

A Thug at the other end of the table throws on a pair of prop glasses and does an unflattering impression of Angelo. Another gust of laughter.

SAVIO  
Gather 'round, everyone, gather  
'round. I got a surprise for ya.

The Thugs flock to Savio.

SAVIO  
Nunzio, when's Christmas? I'll give  
you three guesses.

NUNZIO  
December.

SAVIO  
He's right. But this year, we're  
moving it to June.

GIACOMO  
What're you talking about?

SAVIO  
Each of you goons gets twenty G's  
just for showing up today. Whaddaya  
think o' that?

The Thugs couldn't be more pleased. High-fives, laughter and cheers... A Thug grabs Eloisa and proposes marriage.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Uncle Savio. Your drink.

Savio reaches for it without looking.

A strawberry shake is placed in his hand. The outstretched arm is draped in an especially colorful sleeve.

The crowd parts. Angelo is a clown.

ANGELO  
Do I amuse you?

Everyone chuckles.

GIACOMO  
He got it right!

NUNZIO  
You switched into your work clothes?

SAVIO  
Angelo, what's with the shake? I  
wanted a drink.

Angelo slides a kazoo from his costume. Blows on it hard.

ANGELO  
Say Hello to my little friend!

All the Thugs hit the deck. Only Angelo is left standing.

The Thugs finally peek up. Angelo offers them a little wave, points to the doorway. Standing there is another clown, FBI Agent Curt. And like Angelo said, he's little.

Doing cartwheels into the room are a dozen more CLOWNS. They surround the table with pomp and circumstance.

SAVIO  
What's all this?

CURT  
(flashes badge)  
Curt McHenry. FBI. You're all under  
arrest.

The Clowns draw their weapons, the smiles are gone.

SAVIO  
Angelo... this a joke?

ANGELO  
I believe you're sitting in my seat.

Oohs fill the room. Followed by dead quiet.

Savio blinks rapidly, convulses, clutches at his chest... collapses to the floor.

CLOWN 1  
Get a medic in here.

ANGELO  
Take your time.

Savio opens fire, the Clowns reply!

Nunzio knocks over the table. Giacomo and six other Thugs are sitting ducks, cut down in the crossfire...

Wine glasses shatter, windows splinter... A bullet parts a Clown's green hairdo down the middle. Giacomo catches another pizza in the face.

Savio shoots at Angelo. He ducks behind a sideboard.

ANGELO  
Madonna...

Savio scrambles to his feet, hurls himself through the window.

Angelo ties his clown shoe, dives out the window after him. Narrowly evades bullets.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Angelo lands hard, spots Savio in the parking lot.

He dusts off his clown suit and gives chase.

ANGELO  
Where ya goin', Uncle Douche Bag?!

Savio turns and fires. Takes out a windshield.

Angelo picks up the pace. Savio's 20 yards ahead.

ANGELO  
We were just getting to know each other! One big happy family!

He aims... shoots... misses.

Angelo turns the gun *sideways*. Catches Savio in the leg!

ANGELO

I did it! I did it!

Savio twirls to the pavement. He twists about...

Angelo pounces. Begins the reunion with a barrage of slaps.

He grabs Savio by the lapels.

ANGELO

I trusted you!

A hard right.

ANGELO

My father trusted you!

A hearty backhander.

SAVIO

Angelo, my arm. I think you broke it.

ANGELO

Oh.

He slugs Savio in the mouth.

ANGELO

Better?

Savio slides a gun from his ankle holster. Buries it in Angelo's forehead.

SAVIO

Oops.

Angelo freezes.

SAVIO

Your dad was overbearing. You know what overbearing means?

He pulls the trigger, click. Click. Click.

ANGELO

Bullets would be nice.

He knocks the gun out of Savio's hand. Lets fly a series of punches.

Angelo chokes Savio. Frida comes pelting down the sidewalk.

FRIDA

Angelo, stop!

SAVIO

Your dad would've been ashamed.

ANGELO

No. My dad would've been proud.  
You fucking clown.

He pinches his uncle's cheeks like lobster claws. Gritting his teeth.

FRIDA

Angelo, let go! That's just... too... weird!

She catches up.

FRIDA

Mr. Sfogliatelle, you're under arrest for fraud and racketeering. Oh. And murder.

Angelo finally lets go. He glares down at Savio. Gives him a kick to the ribs with his clown shoe, to boot.

Frida turns Savio over and cuffs him. He spots a pair of shiny wingtips staring back at him.

Angelo and Frida hoist Savio up, his cheeks bright red. Casimiro blows a smoke ring in his face.

CASIMIRO

Looks like somebody got pinched.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - LATER

OFFICERS yellow-tape the restaurant. Angelo stands on the sidewalk. The neon sign shines brightly overhead.

Frida approaches. Angelo examines the cuts on his knuckles.

ANGELO

Any idea where they'll send me?

FRIDA

No.

A moment of silence.

FRIDA

I didn't mean for it to end this way.

Angelo remains quiet. Frida nudges closer...

ANGELO

See, that's the problem with "strictly business."

He walks away.

ANGELO

Say bye to Julia for me.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sausages are being flipped on a barbecue grill.

SUPER: Two months later... Somewhere in Iowa.

Casimiro wipes the sweat from his brow. He looks over at Angelo who leads five of his kids in a round of calisthenics. They're a sweaty - but thinner - bunch.

ANGELO

Wait a sec, where's Pasquale?

MARIO

Playing Final Fantasy.

ANGELO

Pasquale, get out here!

Orsola sets the picnic table. Bibiana tosses a salad. She wears black shorts and a black halter top. Glances up...

BIBIANA

Oh. It's you.

BARBECUE GRILL

Angelo hovers over Casimiro, admiring his technique.

CASIMIRO

You flip them when they're ready, Angelo.

ANGELO

Makes sense.

Pasquale jumps on Angelo's back with a roar. He staggers about, turns...

Finds Frida. Standing there in a summer dress and half-smile.

FRIDA

Hi.

ANGELO

Send in the clowns.

FRIDA

Is it alright if we talk?

ANGELO

Sure, talk.

FRIDA

Can we find someplace more private?

ANGELO

I assume you don't have anything to hide, so... here's good.

Casimiro squints at Frida, Pasquale hangs on tight to Angelo. Bibiana and Orsola shuffle over, along with the kids.

FRIDA

Sort of feel like I'm on trial.

A nervous smile. Her audience is silent.

FRIDA

I just wanted you to know... that I liked you. Genuinely... liked you. It was hard for me from the start. From the first time I saw you waving that gun around.

BIBIANA

Angelo.

ANGELO

Ma...

FRIDA

Now that everything's out in the open... I just wish it didn't have to end.

She looks keenly at Angelo, but he's not ready to speak.

FRIDA

She asks about you. Julia, I mean.  
Reminds me everyday. That I'm just  
a liar.

Pasquale sticks his tongue out at her.

FRIDA

I deserve that.

She bows her head and walks away... Kids high-five each  
other. Casimiro returns to the grill.

Angelo catches up to Frida with a sausage on a bun.

ANGELO

Care for some?

Frida turns. Through misty eyes, she smiles.

She grabs hold of Angelo's sausage. Takes a bite.

ANGELO

Well?

FRIDA

A little burnt, maybe. But good.

Angelo smiles proudly.

ANGELO

You can get down now, Pasquale.

PASQUALE

But I like it up here.

ANGELO

Would you just get down?!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END