

# ANGELS VENGEANCE

A  
Film Script

Written by  
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Based On,  
The Novella  
Angels Vengeance

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FADE IN:

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE - UP-SCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
Headquarters for Mob Boss John Lombardo

(CHYRON-typed: 'early May, 2009')

John Lombardo and Vito Coronza, his consigliere, are seated in a dimly lit alcove overlooking the restaurant that Lombardo owns

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(speaking to Vito  
Coronza)

Is that Rocco Farinella that just  
walked in?

JOHN LOMBARDO: boss of a crew for the Mangoni crime family.  
mid-60's portly, five-foot-eight, two-hundred-fifty pounds,  
bald across the top of his head

VITO CORONZA  
(Consigliere, and  
enforcer for the  
Lombardo crew)

Ya, Sonny probably sent him to  
arrange a sit-down about the  
Benito Marcella situation.

VITO CORONZA: Sicilian heritage, early (50's),  
six-foot-three, two-hundred-fifty pounds, overly muscular  
raw-boned

Farinella glances around and walks toward the bar. Coronza  
intercepts him

VITO CORONZA  
(blocking his path)  
What are you doing here?

ROCCO FARINELLA  
I need to speak to John.

ROCCO FARINELLA: a chronic gambler, late (60's),  
five-foot-ten, overweight, time-worn street soldier, for the  
rival Sonny Carbona crew

VITO CORONZA

About?

ROCCO FARINELLA

A way I can pay John the money I  
owe him.

VITO CORONZA

Are you packing?

ROCCO FARINELLA

You think I'm crazy? Never in here.

VITO CORONZA

(takes Rocco by  
his arm leads him  
to a backroom)

I'm going to check. If you are, I  
guarantee what's left of your body  
will be packaged in dog food cans.

Vito searches Rocco and finds no weapons. Walks behind him  
up the stairs to the alcove where Lombardo waits

JOHN LOMBARDO

A long way from home, Rocco.

ROCCO FARINELLA

(anxious)

John, I know you're pissed. I have a  
way to pay you back.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Pissed? You're into me for ten  
large. I'm more than pissed.

ROCCO FARINELLA

John, I'm sorry. The Patriots were  
a twelve-point favorite over New  
York. That fucken Eli Manning  
fucked me.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Manning did not fuck you, you  
(MORE)

LOMBARDO (cont'd)

You fucked yourself. You're a degenerate gambler. Do you have my money?

ROCCO FARINELLA

John, not right at the moment. But I made a connection with a guy who is connected to a Mexican cartel. Sonny won't let me deal in heroin. That's why I'm here.

JOHN LOMBARDO

You don't have my money and your here to complain that Carbona won't let you deal drugs? You're an asshole.

ROCCO FARINELLA

John, I want to join your crew. This connection will make us both rich. It's called Mexican mud. He gets almost ninety percent pure shit. He steps on it once and then passes it down.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Why do you think I need your help?

ROCCO FARINELLA

Word is you lost your connection in Marseilles. Plus, the French shit was stepped on so much before it got to you it wasn't worth your time.

JOHN LOMBARDO

When can you get me a taste?

ROCCO FARINELLA

Have some in my car.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Vito, take a walk with Rocco. Lets' see what he's got.

Vito walks behind Rocco to Rocco's car. Rocco opens his trunk and removes a small package from under the spare tire. Both return to the alcove where Lombardo waits with a test reagent kit

ROCCO FARINELLA

John, this will amaze you.

Lombardo opens the package the contents resemble brown sugar. Removes a small amount with a pocketknife and drops the sample into the test tube. Immediately the reagent turns a dark purple

JOHN LOMBARDO

Wow! That is an overdose waiting to happen. How much does he want for a kilo?

ROCCO FARINELLA

Fifty large. The return will be triple that for you.

JOHN LOMBARDO

All this pure?

ROCCO FARINELLA

Would I try to fuck you?

JOHN LOMBARDO

Yes! And you better not even think about it.

ROCCO FARINELLA

Understand John my cut is one large per kilo.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Your cut will take effect after the first ten are delivered.

ROCCO FARINELLA

If this works out will you take me on as part of your crew?

JOHN LOMBARDO

We'll see if this works out. Have you heard anything about one of my guys, Benito Marcella?

ROCCO FARINELLA

I know he owed Sonny five large. There was a sit-down with him I think last week. That's all I know.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Talk to your connection get me one kilo.

ROCCO FARINELLA

He doesn't work on consignment. Cash on delivery.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Let me know. I'll have the cash. It better all be of this quality.

ROCCO FARINELLA

(shaking  
Lombardo's hand)

It will be.

Farinella leaves the restaurant. Lombardo and Coronza huddle in the alcove

VITO CORONZA

Boss, you're really not going to have him join our crew?

JOHN LOMBARDO

Only until I meet his connection.

"CUT TO:"

INT. LAS VEGAS STARDUST/CASINO-POOLSIDE - AFTERNOON

(CHYRON-TYPED: 'MID-MAY 2009')

Cloudless sky, the sun bearing down on people who are relaxing

(MORE)

(cont'd)

around the hotel swimming pool. Many are young girls in bikinis, some frolicking in the pool, some sunbathing in lounge chairs.

ANGLE ON: SONNY CARBONA, partially reclined in a lounge a chair, sipping a glass of Scotch whiskey, occasionally raises his sunglasses to view the display of scantily covered tits and asses. Sonny is a boss for the Battaglia Chicago crime family, of Sicilian heritage and is a made man. Mid-(50's), six feet tall, two hundred and twenty pounds with black wavy hair. Sonny's muscular body is well toned and darkly tanned.

A girl in her mid to late twenties, wearing a white bikini that actuates her petite tanned body, kneels next to him carrying her suntan lotion.

GIRL IN WHITE BIKINI

Can you help me out and rub a bit  
of this on my back and shoulders?

SONNY CARBONA

(sits up taking  
the lotion)

Turn around, just your back and  
shoulders?

GIRL IN WHITE BIKINI

(seductive smile)

Where else would you like to rub  
it?

SONNY CARBONA

(applies lotion)

I have a meeting, or I'd show you.

GIRL IN WHITE BIKINI

(taking the bottle  
back, her eyes  
glance at the  
budge developing  
under his  
swimsuit)

Maybe later?

SONNY CARBONA

(winks)

Maybe.

Sonny's phone vibrates, he sees it is his consigliere, Mike Costello

SONNY CARBONA

(speaks into phone)

Hello.

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:

telephone)

Sonny, Mike here. Just unpacked.

Where are you?

MIKE COSTELLO: early 60's, six-foot-three, two-hundred-sixty pound enforcer and consigliere for Sonny's crew.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:

telephone)

At the pool. Meet me here.

Mike walks from the casino eyeballing all the girls in they're skimpy bikinis. Costello sees Sonny, who stands and they embrace in a gangster fashion.

SONNY CARBONA

Did you take care of that asshole Marcella?

MIKE COSTELLO

(winks)

He came up with what he owed you and will not be borrowing from anybody again.

Sonny nods in understanding

SONNY CARBONA

Mike, have you talked to Arturo?

MIKE COSTELLO

Ya said he would be here tomorrow

(MORE)



COSTELLO (cont'd)  
 morning. Say's Farinella  
 definitely is jumping ship,  
 joining the Lombardo crew, and  
 this definitely needs to be  
 handled.

SONNY CARBONA  
 (Sonny places his  
 empty glass on  
 a small table  
 stands stretches)  
 I've had enough sun for now. I'm  
 going to take a shower. Meet me  
 in the Cabana lounge in an hour.

Sonny and Mike walking back to Casino, passing the girl in  
 the white bikini, Sonny slaps her ass, she turns, seeing  
 it's Sonny and smiles.

GIRL IN WHITE BIKINI  
 Looks like the swimsuit snake went  
 back to sleep.

SONNY CARBONA  
 (winks)  
 It wakes up quick.

she smiles and dives into the pool

INT. STARDUST CASINO / CABANA LOUNGE - LATER

Mike enters Cabana lounge, sees Sonny already there sipping his  
 usual Johnny Walkers on the rocks. Mike sits beside  
 Sonny in the booth. A petite, Puerto Rican, raven-haired  
 cocktail waitress, late (20's), five-foot-one,  
 one-hundred-five pounds, almost black eyes highlighted by  
 long black lashes beautifully endowed wearing a string  
 bikini approaches.

WAITRESS  
 (speaking to Mike)  
 Can I get anything for you?

MIKE COSTELLO  
(looks up smiling)  
Jack on the rocks, double.

WAITRESS  
(speaking to  
Sonny, seductive  
stare)  
Do you want anything else?

SONNY CARBONA  
Another. Johnny Walker  
straight up. Make it a double.

WAITRESS  
(winks before  
walking away)  
Whatever you say.

Sonny's eyes follow her tanned legs that extend from a perfectly  
toned ass, that is barely covered by her bikini bottom

MIKE COSTELLO  
Sonny, your drooling.

SONNY CARBONA  
That is one hot chick.

MIKE COSTELLO  
I agree, think she is Puerto  
Rican, by her accent. A bit to  
petite for me.

SONNY CARBONA  
I don't care if she's Martian.  
That's one fine woman.

Waitress walking back with drinks on a tray. Passes group of  
drunk men seated around a table. One reaches out and grabs  
her ass causes her to jump, and drinks fall from her tray.

WAITRESS  
(glaring)  
Keep your hands to yourself,  
asshole.

Sonny stands up, walks to the man who grabbed her ass. Waitress walks back to bar.

SONNY CARBONA

(grabs the man by hair  
lands punch to his  
nose)

Jag-off, that was my drink that  
landed on the floor.

DRUNK

(startled, nose  
bleeding, eye  
turning black)

Who are you?

SONNY CARBONA

Don't worry about who I am. I know  
you're an asshole. I suggest you and  
your buddies get the fuck out of  
here before I lose my temper.

group scramble to pick up money from the table and all  
leave. Waitress walking back with drinks

SONNY CARBONA

(walking behind  
the waitress  
whispering to her)

What time do you get off?

WAITRESS

(seductive smile)

What do you have in mind?

SONNY CARBONA

I'm not proposing marriage.  
Thought maybe we could grab a bite  
to eat.

WAITRESS

(demurely)

It is against the rules for the  
girls to date customers.

SONNY CARBONA

I'll talk to your boss. Marco and  
I go back a long way.

WAITRESS

You don't have to talk to Marco.  
I'd have dinner with you  
regardless. I'm off at midnight.  
I'll meet you in the atrium  
restaurant at twelve-thirty.

the waitress leaves the drinks on the table. Sonny slips a "C"-  
note in her bikini bottom. Sits back down with Mike.

MIKE COSTELLO

Sonny, you let nothing get in your  
way. You're my hero.

SONNY CARBONA

When is Arturo going to get here?

MIKE COSTELLO

Probably tomorrow. His wife gets  
out of the hospital today with  
their new daughter. Six kids,  
Arturo is one horny fuck.

SONNY CARBONA

Don't forget he has a son with his  
Goomah.

SONNY CARBONA

When he gets here tomorrow, we need  
to settle what has to be done  
about Farinella.

MIKE COSTELLO

I think we both know the answer to  
that. What time are you hooking  
up with the waitress?

SONNY CARBONA

(looking at his watch  
stands up)

Twelve-thirty. What are you going  
to do?

MIKE COSTELLO

What do I always do in Vegas?  
Blackjack.

Sonny and Mike both leave the lounge.

"CUT TO:"

INT. STARDUST CASINO / ATRIUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sonny enters the restaurant, wearing a red silk shirt and black slacks. Sonny's shirt is opened, exposing a gold crucifix highlighted by his black chest hair.

SONNY'S P.O.V. - SEES HER SEATED AT A TABLE - THE BEAUTY OF HER FACE IS AMPLIFIED BY THE GLOWING LIGHT OF THE TABLE CANDLE

SONNY CARBONA

(sits at the table)

What happened to the bikini?

WAITRESS

Only when I'm working.

SONNY CARBONA

I'm Sonny Carbona, and you are who?

WAITRESS

(smiling)

I know who you are. I'm Angel.  
Angel Santoro.

SONNY CARBONA

Italian?

ANGEL SANTORO

No, Puerto Rican. If it makes a difference.

SONNY CARBONA

Absolutely not.

ANGEL SANTORO

Are you here with your wife?

SONNY CARBONA

What do you know about my wife?

ANGEL SANTORO

Asked Marco. He filled me in.  
Say's you're a good guy.

SONNY CARBONA

After dinner lets go to my room  
and I'll show you I'm a great guy.

ANGEL SANTORO

Are you trying to seduce me?

SONNY CARBONA

Without a doubt.

Angel stands and takes Sonny by the hand

ANGEL SANTORO

(stands takes  
Sonny's hand)

Forget dinner. Let's see what you  
got, big talker.

SONNY CARBONA

(stands and they  
walk together)

Big talker. I'm not going to break  
your heart, just going to slide  
this up next to it.

hand on his crotch

leave holding hands and walk to the elevator.  
waiting, for the elevator, Angel playfully grabs Sonny's  
crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

(laughing)

Is that a pair of socks stuffed in  
there?

SONNY CARBONA

Nothing artificial in there.

the elevator door opens, Sonny inserts his key card, and the elevator takes them to his high roller suite. As the elevator doors close, Angel moves facing Sonny. Reaching up with her arms around his neck, she pulls his face to hers, kissing him.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(catching her  
breath)

You are really one hunk.

the elevator door opens, Sonny has her pinned to the elevator wall. Both walk to Sonny's suite. Sonny guides Angel in with his hand on her ass

"CUT TO:"

INT. SONNY'S SUITE / BOTH ENTER DOOR CLOSES - MOMENTS LATER

in the suite, Sonny quickly lifts her off her feet bringing her face up to his and their mouths come together

SONNY CARBONA  
This is my lucky night.

Angel separates herself gasping

ANGEL SANTORO  
(slides her left  
hand onto his  
crotch)

I guarantee this will be a night  
for you to remember.

Angel opens Sonny's trouser that together with his shorts fall to the floor. Angel slowly slides to her knees

SONNY CARBONA  
(eyes closed  
grimacing with  
pleasure)

Yes, baby - yes -.

Angel stands kissing Sonny

ANGEL SANTORO  
Well, that didn't take long.

Sonny picks her up and roughly tosses her on the bed. Pulls her panties off

SONNY CARBONA

(smiling)

I see that turned you on. This  
will last a bit longer.

Angel spreads her legs wrapping them around Sonny's waist as he lays on her. Angel gasps arching her body in cat-like fashion

ANGEL SANTORO

(CLOSE-UP -  
HER-FACE)

Please, please, Harder! Harder!

Sonny's wild thrusting slows

ANGEL SANTORO

Don't stop, please don't stop.

Angel pushes her hips up hard against him

SONNY CARBONA

(body tenses)

Oh Baby,

Sonny violently thrusting into her

ANGEL SANTORO

(screaming in  
pleasure)

Sonny, Sonny, please, please!

Sonny's raises himself on his arms. Sonny collapses in exhaustion and rolls off. Both covered in sweat and gasping for breath

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Wow, you're a stud.

Sonny smiles and closes his eyes. Angel snuggles beside him

NEXT MORNING - ANGEL SLEEPING ON SONNY'S SHOULDER



SONNY CARBONA  
(shaking Angel)  
Baby, are you alive?

ANGEL SANTORO  
(opens her eyes squinting  
against bright sunlight  
streaming into the bedroom)  
Am I ever.

SONNY CARBONA  
(smiling)  
Told you I'd be great if you let  
me.

ANGEL SANTORO  
You were.

SONNY CARBONA  
(looks at clock)  
Baby, I have a meeting in an hour.  
Go back to sleep and when I'm back  
we'll have an encore.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(sleepy smile)  
Sounds good my Italian stallion.

Sonny walks to the bathroom naked, and Angel rolls over with her  
face in the pillow

"CUT TO:"

INT. STARDUST CASINO / BREAKFAST BUFFET RESTAURANT - MORNING

Sonny enters: SONNY'S P.O.V. - MIKE and ARTURO - EATING

SONNY CARBONA  
Artie, when did you get in? And  
congratulations on the new  
arrival.

ARTURO BIANCO

(shaking hands)

Got in about nine this morning.

WAITRESS

(approaches table)

Can I get something for you?

SONNY CARBONA

Coffee and a bagel with a little  
cream cheese.

ARTURO BIANCO

Have you decided what you want to  
do about the Farinella situation?

SONNY CARBONA

Do you know for a fact that he's been talking  
with Lombardo?

ARTURO BIANCO

Ya, I'm sure he's jumping our ship  
and wants to join the Lombardo  
crew.

SONNY CARBONA

Because I won't let him sell that  
poison from Mexico? What an  
asshole. We get involved selling  
that shit and we will all be in  
the joint.

MIKE COSTELLO

Sonny, you just can't let him  
disrespect you like that. I'll  
handle this if you say.

SONNY CARBONA

What do you think, Artie?

ARTURO BIANCO

Sonny, you're the boss, but I have  
to agree with Mike. You can't show  
weakness.

SONNY CARBONA

(thinking)

Mike, take care of this when you get back,  
be subtle and use our usual burying ground.

MIKE COSTELLO

Consider it done. If this has  
been decided I'm going back to the  
casino. Lost five large last night  
but feel lucky today.

ARTURO BIANCO

Think I'll join you, Mike. How  
about you, Sonny. Feel lucky?

SONNY CARBONA

I'm going back to my suite and get  
lucky there.

all leave table, Sonny leaves a fifty-dollar bill on the table.  
Sonny stops at elevator while Mike and Arturo walk into  
casino

ARTURO BIANCO

I'm surprised Sonny did not want  
to gamble. He always seemed to  
have a system with blackjack.

MIKE COSTELLO

He hooked up with hot Puerto Rican  
chick last night. Guess he did get  
lucky.

"CUT TO:"

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE / ALCOVE - EVENING

(CHYRON-TYPED: 'ONE WEEK LATER')

Lombardo and Coronza huddled sipping wine in Lombardo's  
private balcony alcove overlooking the restaurant

JOHN LOMBARDO

What time did he say he would be  
here?

VITO CORONZA

He said about nine. Looks like  
that's him walking in.

Coronza walks from the balcony and meets Farinella. Takes  
him into a backroom and searches him for weapons then  
follows him up to where Lombardo is seated

ROCCO FARINELLA

John sorry it took so long. My  
guy was in Mexico. He's got your ki.

JOHN LOMBARDO

When are you picking it up?

ROCCO FARINELLA

I'm flying out tonight. You'll  
have it tomorrow by this time.

Lombardo picks up attaché case and puts it on the table and  
opens it

JOHN LOMBARDO

There's fifty large here. You  
better not try to fuck me.

ROCCO FARINELLA

Fuck you? Never, this is going to  
make us both rich. I'll call you  
tomorrow when I get back and you  
can tell me where to meet you.

Farinella leaves

VITO CORONZA

(shaking his head)

You are a lot more trusting than I  
am.

JOHN LOMBARDO

He knows what will happen if he  
tries anything. I'll kill him, his  
whole family the dog and burn the  
house down. He knows better.

Farinella walks to his car and opens the trunk. Lifts the spare and puts the attaché case under the tire and drives away

"CUT TO:"

INT. ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB - LATER

Mike Costello and Arturo Bianco alone in the club. Costello dials his cellphone

MIKE COSTELLO

(speaks into phone)

Rocco where the fuck are you? I got the ring you wanted for your goomah. Cost one large.

ROCCO FARINELLA

(INTERCUT:

telephone)

Mike, sorry I did not know you picked it up. I'm in kind of a hurry can I meet you tomorrow night?

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:

telephone)

Rocco, you asked me to get this for you. I put up out of my pocket. Meet me at the club tonight and you better have my cash.

ROCCO FARINELLA

(INTERCUT:

telephone)

I'll be there in a half-hour. I have the cash. Thanks for getting it.

ARTURO BIANCO

What did he say?

MIKE COSTELLO

He'll be here in thirty minutes.  
Where's the bat?

ARTURO BIANCO

In Sonny's office. That's  
where we're doing this?

Later. Costello and Bianco are shooting pool when the door to the club opens. Farinella enters

ROCCO FARINELLA

Running a little late. Where is  
it?

MIKE COSTELLO

In Sonny's office. It's  
beautiful. Your goomah will give  
you a blowjob when she sees this.

Mike, Rocco, and Arturo all walk into Sonny's office. Arturo walking behind Farinella closes the office door. Costello opens a desk drawer. Farinella walks to desk to see the ring as Arturo swings the bat striking Farinella at the base of his skull. Farinella drops without a sound

MIKE COSTELLO

(smiling)

That was a home-run swing, Artie.

Costello leans down and checks Farinella's neck for a pulse

MIKE COSTELLO

He's dead. Bring his car around  
back. I'll have him by the back  
door.

Costello and Bianco drag Farinella and dump him in the trunk of his Lincoln. Arturo drives Farinella's car with Costello following in his Cadillac. They drive into and auto salvage lot

ARTURO BIANCO

(steps from

Farinella's car)

Sorry, we're late. The asshole was  
late getting to the club.

MARIO SCALIA

No problem had nothing to do  
tonight. I'll put the car in the  
crusher. I know you always want  
to watch to make sure.

MIKE COSTELLO

(hands Scalia  
one thousand in hundreds)  
Not that we don't trust you but  
Sonny is fanatical for details.

Scalia drives the Lincoln into the crusher. Leaves the car  
and pushes the button that activates the press that begins  
to turn the Lincoln into an unrecognizable block of crushed  
metal. As the press collapses the trunk area, some of the  
fifty thousand under the spare is released and floats in the  
air

MARIO SCALIA

(picks up one of  
the hundreds)  
Did you check the car?

MIKE COSTELLO

Maybe I should have. Took  
what he had in his pocket.  
Must have had a stash in his  
trunk. Too late now.

"CUT TO:"

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE / LOMBARDO'S ALCOVE - EVENING

'Two days later,' Lombardo and Coronza huddled

JOHN LOMBARDO

(angry)  
Where is that fuck Farinella?

VITO CORONZA

I have been calling him since last  
night. His phone goes to voice  
mail.

JOHN LOMBARDO

He knows better than to fuck me. I  
Wonder if he took a pinch?

VITO CORONZA

Maybe you should call Carbona and  
see if he knows what's going on.

Lombardo dials his cellphone

phone at the Italian American club rings. Mike Costello  
answers

MIKE COSTELLO

(speaking into  
phone)

Hello.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sonny?

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

No, Mike. Who is this?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Mike, this is John. I need to  
talk to Sonny.

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

John, Sonny, is out of town. Can I  
help you?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Have you seen Rocco in the last  
couple of days?



MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Not yesterday, I think the night before last, he said he would be out of town for a couple of days. That's the last I heard.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

He borrowed fifty large from me a couple of nights ago. Promised he'd have it back with interest the next night. That's the last I heard from him.

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

And you tried his cell?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

What the fuck is the matter with you? Are you retarded? Been calling his cell all day. It goes to voice mail.

MIKE COSTELLO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

With all due respect John, I know you're a made man, but that does not give you a right to disrespect me.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Your right Mike and I meant no disrespect. I'm upset. Maybe I made a bad decision trusting that

degenerate gambling fuck. If you hear from him tell him he better call me right away. When is Sonny going to be back in town?

MIKE COSTELLO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Any day now. I know he has some business to clear up. Maybe tomorrow. Ya, tomorrow is what Sonny told me last night.

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

When he get is have him call me.

MIKE COSTELLO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Will do John.

ARTURO BIANCO  
Who's looking for Sonny?

MIKE COSTELLO  
Lombardo. I think we fuck up with Farinella.

ARTURO BIANCO  
Did what Sonny wanted.

MIKE COSTELLO  
Ya, not that. I think we crushed fifty large.

ARTURO BIANCO  
Where did that bus-out get fifty large?

MIKE COSTELLO  
Lombardo said he loaned it to him. Sounds like it was for a drug deal.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB / NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

(CHYRON-TYPED: 'EARLY JUNE 2009')

Sonny swipes his key card, the door unlocks. Enters finding everyone in his crew except Mike Costello

SONNY CARBONA  
(looking around)  
Where's Mike?

ARTURO BIANCO  
He called should be here any minute. Handled the Farinella thing a couple of days ago

the front door opens, and Costello enters

MIKE COSTELLO  
(embraces Sonny)  
Hi boss. Glad your back. I think the shit is going to hit the fan.

SONNY CARBONA  
What's going on?

MIKE COSTELLO  
Lombardo called last night, looking for Farinella.

SONNY CARBONA  
Ya, and what's his interest in Farinella?

MIKE COSTELLO  
John said he gave Farinella a short term loan of fifty large. I think probably for a drug buy. We took care of Farinella a few days  
(MORE)

COSTELLO (cont'd)  
and I think we crushed Lombardo's fifty large. Wish we had checked the car.

SONNY CARBONA

Is John crazy giving Rocco fifty large. I wouldn't trust him with fifty bucks much less fifty large. What else?

ARTURO BIANCO

The "Fantasy Club" got raided.

MIKE COSTELLO

Ya, the Sheriff started a new anti-crime unit. Bunch of retired Chicago dicks.

SONNY CARBONA

Who is the boss?

ARTURO BIANCO

A guy named Bono.

SONNY CARBONA

Jimmy Bono? I've done business with him before. I can work this out. Remember when Alfredo --

cellphone rings Sonny looks at the phone and smiling answers

SONNY CARBONA

(talking to phone)

Hi, my little Angel. Was the limo waiting for you when you got in?  
(beat) Great, he will take you to an apartment I rented for you.  
(beat) Don't worry what it costs. Call me when you are settled in and I'll come by.

ARTURO BIANCO

Is the Puerto Rican your new Goomah?

SONNY CARBONA

Artie, my Goomah is none of your business.

"CUT TO:"

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE - LATER

the telephone rings Coronza seated with Lombardo answers

VITO CORONZA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hello.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Vito, Sonny here. Is John around?

VITO CORONZA  
(hands the phone  
to Lombardo)

For you, John, it's Carbona.

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sonny, I'm glad you're back in town. We have to talk.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

About what?

JOHN LOMBARDO  
Seems like I've got a little problem with one of your guys.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

One of my guys. Who?

JOHN LOMBARDO  
That fuck, Farinella. Did Mike tell you what's going on?

SONNY CARBONA  
Something about you giving him

fifty large. Why would you do that?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

He bet on the Patriot's in the Super-bowl. He's into me for ten large. Said he had a connection with the Mexican cartel. Said if I fronted him the cash he could pay me back with interest.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

John, I really thought you were smarter than that. He's probably in Vegas gambling your money. Why would you believe him?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

He brought me a taste of the smack. It tested better than anything I have ever seen.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

John looks like this is your problem. He asked me to back him a while ago and as you know, I don't fuck around with that shit.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

(MORE)

LOMBARDO (cont'd)

Farinella is one of your guys. If you talk to him, tell him he better bring my money back.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

When I talk to him. Bye.

"CUT TO:"

EXT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sonny parks his Cadillac in front of the apartment he rented for Angel. Walks to the door and before he can knock, the door swings open revealing Angel wearing a see-through lace robe. Angel's throws her arms around Sonny's neck and pulls herself up and off her feet, kissing him. Angel takes his hand and leads him into the apartment

ANGEL SANTORO

(giddy)

Sonny, I missed you so. What a great apartment. Did you pick out the furnishings?

SONNY CARBONA

Baby, apartment decorating is not my forte. Hired a professional decorator to handle it.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, it must have cost a fortune.

SONNY CARBONA

Baby, I want you to be happy here. Told you I would take care of you.

ANGEL SANTORO

How about I take care of you?

Angel drops her robe and begins rubbing her naked body against him as she begins undressing him. Angel lays on the bed, Sonny undresses and joins her

SONNY CARBONA

(kisses her)

Angel, I have a surprise for you.

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiles)

What, you're getting divorced?

SONNY CARBONA

Baby, we have been over this. No,  
I'm not getting divorced.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, please tell me.

SONNY CARBONA

Tomorrow I'm taking you to pick up  
your new car.

ANGEL SANTORO

New car? What kind?

SONNY CARBONA

You'll see tomorrow. It's a  
surprise.

Angel runs her fingernail across Sonny's chest hair twirling  
her finger before slowly dragging them across his abdomen  
and to his crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

Looks like my Italian stallion is  
ready.

Sonny laying on his back raises Angel on top of him. Angel  
sits on his abdomen and with her guidance, their bodies join.  
Sonny's thrusting causes her to gasp. Angels eyes are  
closes, her breast heaving. Sonny's body tenses as together  
their passion erupts

ANGEL SANTORO

(rolls off of him)

Sonny, I think I love you.

Sonny closes his eyes with Angle's head on his arm and falls  
asleep

"CUT TO:"



INT. ANGEL AND SONNY IN HIS CADILLAC - TRAVELING - DAY

turns into a Mercedes dealership

ANGEL SANTORO

(gasps)

Did you get me a Benz?

SONNY CARBONA

(smiles)

You'll see.

together they enter dealership showroom lined with a variety of Mercedes vehicles. The salesman looks up seeing Sonny and walks from his personal office shakes Sonny's hand

MERCEDES SALESMAN

Mister Carbona, how are you today.  
I'll have the vehicle brought to  
the front. Had it waxed, and its  
glow is blinding. Is this going  
to be titled in your name?

SONNY CARBONA

No, Angel give him your driver's  
license, this is yours.

ANGEL SANTORO

(dumbfounded)

Are you kidding me?

Angel removes her license and hands it to the salesman.  
Turns and joyfully embraces Sonny. Outside the window she  
sees a shining pink Mercedes S.U.V. being parked out-front

ANGEL SANTORO

Is that mine?

SONNY CARBONA

All yours.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I love you.

SONNY CARBONA

It's an SUV, airbags all around,  
don't want anything to happen to  
you.

ANGEL SANTORO

It will be easy to spot in a  
parking lot.

together hand in hand, they walk out and examine the car.  
Angel opens the door with an expression on her face, like a  
child on Christmas morning

SONNY CARBONA

(smiling at her  
response)

I'll follow you back to the  
apartment. Drive carefully.

Angel carefully maneuvers her Benz onto the street with  
Sonny following. She ignores her street and continues  
driving. Sonny call her on her cellphone

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaking into  
cellphone)

You missed your street.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Just follow me I know what I'm  
doing.

they continue driving for a few miles before Sonny sees her  
turn signal blinking as she approaches a forest preserve  
entrance. Turning in, Sonny follows her to a very deserted  
area. Angel parks, Sonny parks next to her. Angel moves  
to the back seat, waving for Sonny to join her. Sonny opens  
the rear door

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, what's going on?

ANGEL

(raises her hips and  
slides her panties off)

Thought we might Christen my new toy.

SONNY CARBONA

(gets into the car  
with her)

Angel, it's the middle of the  
afternoon.

Sonny's excitement builds; he unzips his trousers.  
Angel raises her hips, pushing her body against his. Angel's  
excitement builds, Sonny's muscular body tense; his breathing  
becomes rapid, and together their passion is satisfied

SONNY CARBONA

(perspiration  
dripping from his  
forehead)

Angel, you are something else.  
Never met a woman like you.

ANGEL SANTORO

Not even your wife?

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, we're not discussing my  
wife.

ANGEL SANTORO

I'm sorry, did not mean to break  
the mood. It's just --.

interrupted by a knock-on rear window glass.  
Angel sees a police officer standing outside the car

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, the cops are here.

Sonny hovers over her, securing himself, while she adjusts  
her skirt. Sonny rises and opens the window

SONNY CARBONA

Officer, just got a little carried away.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, just want to make sure this is all friendly.

Sonny opens the door and steps from the car. Angel sits up somewhat embarrassed

POLICE OFFICER

(speaking to Angel)

Is everything OK with you?

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

If you knocked on that window a minute earlier it would not have been, your timing was perfect.

POLICE OFFICER

(smiling)

Have a good day.

Sonny shakes hands with the officer and slips a "C" note into his hand. Officer drives away

ANGEL SANTORO

(Angel steps out  
of the vehicle)

Sonny, do you give everyone a hundred?

SONNY CARBONA

Not everyone, but you have to keep the cops on your side. Are you hungry?

ANGEL SANTORO

(adjusting her  
panties)

Starving! Baby, your fly, is open.

SONNY CARBONA

(Sonny looking  
down, zips up)

Glad I have some clothes at your  
place. These trousers look like I  
spilled a milkshake in my lap. I  
have to change before we go  
anywhere.

Sonny follows Angel back to the apartment. They shower  
together. Both in fresh clothing, leave the apartment

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, can we take my new toy?

SONNY CARBONA

Figured you would want to. Can I  
drive?

ANGEL SANTORO

(holding his arm)

You're the boss.

SONNY CARBONA

(Sonny starts  
engine, pulling  
from lot)

What do you have a taste for?

ANGEL SANTORO

A steak sounds good, but whatever  
you want.

SONNY CARBONA

Just what I had in mind. Someday  
I'll take you to the best  
steakhouse in the area. But not  
tonight.

ANGEL SANTORO

Why not tonight?

SONNY CARBONA

It's in Chicago Heights and that  
an hour away. Plus, I've got a  
bit of a rub going with the owner  
I need to straighten out.

Sonny drives to a local steakhouse, parks her Benz in a space designated by a sign, Reserved for Angelo Rossi, OWNER!

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, this is reserved.

SONNY CARBONA

Ya, for me.

Sonny enters the restaurant holding the door for Angel. The owner seeing Sonny stands and greets Sonny with an embrace and kiss on both cheeks

ANGELO ROSSI

Sonny, where have you been?

SONNY CARBONA

Spent a little time in Vegas.  
Angelo, this is my friend Angel.

ANGELO ROSSI

(takes Angels hand  
and kisses it)

Wow, with beauty like yours, you  
should be in Hollywood making  
movies.

SONNY CARBONA

Do you have a table open?

ANGELO ROSSI

Always for you, Sonny. Follow me.

Angel and Sonny seated, Angelo places menus on the table

ANGELO ROSSI

(bows slightly)

And as always, your dinner is on  
the house. Bon Appetit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO FARINELLA'S HOUSE - TWO WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

one in the morning, the house in flames, fire trucks arrive,  
firemen, scramble to fight the fire

GABRIEL FARINELLA  
(Farinella's son  
drives up screaming)  
My mother, sister, and grandparents  
are in there. Please do something.

later - fire out - fire-marshal and police searching the  
smoldering house

POLICE OFFICER  
(speaking to  
fire-marshal)  
There is one in this bedroom. Can't  
tell if it's male or female.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Found one in this bedroom, think  
it's a young girl and two elderly  
in the other bedroom. This is  
definitely arson.

POLICE OFFICER  
I think this is the home of a mob  
guy.

"CUT TO:"

INT. CARBONA HOUSE / KITCHEN - MORNING

Sonny sipping coffee watching a morning news show

SONNY CARBONA  
(yells)  
Sophia, Rocco's house went up in  
Flames last night. Looks like everyone  
but his son Gabriel was killed.

Sonny dials his cellphone

LOMBARDO'S HOUSE / BEDROOM CELLPHONE RINGING AND VIBRATING

Lombardo sleeping rolls to find the phone on the nightstand

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(speaking into  
phone)  
Hello.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
John, did you do this?

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Who is this? Did I do what?

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
It's Sonny. Did you torch Rocco's  
house last night?

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
It's on the news. Rocco's house  
went up last night. Looks like  
everyone except his son was  
killed.

JOHN LOMBARDO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Really? Wonder if my fifty large  
was burned up?



SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

John, I hope you're not  
responsible.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Why would you think I might be  
responsible. Do you think I would  
do something like that just  
because he stiffed me for fifty  
large?

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Crossed my mind.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Like it crossed my mind when my  
guy Benito Marcella's body was  
found with all his teeth pulled  
Out and fingers cut off. Don't  
Start your shit with me, Sonny.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Watch your back. If Rocco's son  
Gabriel finds out you did this; you may  
have a problem. Heard he already made his  
bones last year when Salvatore Aiello got wacked.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT / BEDROOM - MORNING

**ONE YEAR LATER**

Sonny buttoning his shirt, in the bedroom, Angel walks  
from the bathroom

ANGEL SANTORO  
(turning her back  
to Sonny)

Sonny, can you zipper me up?

SONNY CARBONA  
(pulls her dress  
zipper up)

Angel, the Sheriff, is an old man.  
When he sees you in this outfit,  
he will probably have a heart  
attack. You are just too sexy  
looking for your own good, but I  
love it.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Just want you to be proud of me.  
Where is this party?

SONNY CARBONA  
The sheriff has a lake house in  
Michigan, very private area right  
on Lake Michigan. About a  
three-hour drive. We better get  
going.

Angel slides next to Sonny as he drives his Cadillac from  
the parking lot

ANGEL SANTORO  
Are we coming home tonight?

SONNY CARBONA  
The sheriff has a big house. Invited  
us to spend the night.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Is it his birthday or what?

SONNY CARBONA  
No, a fundraiser. Everyone  
invited gives a contribution to  
his election campaign. Sheriff  
does it every year.

ANGEL SANTORO

(frowning)

You have some strange bedfellows.

SOFIA CARBONA

Cost of doing business.

three hours later, Angel sleeping on Sonny's lap. Sonny turns into a driveway and stops at the closed gate. Reaches out and pushes the buzzer

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Yes, how may I assist you?

SONNY CARBONA

Sonny Carbona, here for the fundraiser.

gate mechanically begins to open, and Sonny drives up a long winding driveway. Sonny's Cadillac is out of place as he parks it among the thirty or more unmarked police cars all with Illinois Sheriff's license plates

SONNY CARBONA

(gently shakes  
Angel)

Baby, we're here.

Angel sits up and checks her appearance in the Cadillac's vanity mirror before leaving the car. Hearing the sounds of revelers in the rear yard, they walk around the side of the thirty-room mansion that overlooks Lake Michigan and joins a group of over one hundred partygoers

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(sees Sonny and  
waves)

Sonny over here!

Sonny walks thru the crowd behind Angel guiding her with his hand on her waist. As they pass, groups of men stop their conversations, seeing Angel. Reaching the tent where the Sheriff is seated, Sonny shakes the Sheriff's hand and introduces Angel

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, this is Rick Cartwright the Sheriff in Cook County.

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(extends his hand  
taking Angels and  
kissing it)

Sonny, what a beautiful companion  
you have, does she have a sister?

RICK CARTWRIGHT: late (60's), portly, five-foot-ten, gray  
balding hair, gray handlebar mustache

SONNY CARBONA

(smiles)

Rick if she did, you couldn't  
handle it, but she doesn't. She's  
one of a kind.

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(smiles)

Don't underestimate this old man.  
There is snow on the roof but  
still a fire in the furnace. Enjoy  
yourself, the food tent is over  
there next to the booze tent.

Sonny with Angel mingle with the gathering, many of which  
are sporting pistols in shoulder holsters or on their belts  
and Sheriff police stars. Sonny walks up behind two that  
are in conversation standing by the lake. Placing a finger  
in each of their backs

SONNY CARBONA

Stick-em-up.

both surprised turn and smiling shake Sonny's hand

SONNY CARBONA

(introducing Angel)

Angel these are a couple of  
friends, Jimmy Bono and Bobby  
Green.

JIMMY BONO

You really have the appropriate  
name, Angel. This is my partner  
Bobby Green.

JIMMY BONO: mid (40's), hard-faced, lean but toned, head of  
the Sheriff's, premier Special Investigation Unit

BOB GREEN

(lecherous look)

Angel, do you know what would look  
good on you?

BOB GREEN: LATE (40'S), a bit over six-feet, a few pounds  
over-weight piercing eyes. Three-inch scar outside right eye

ANGEL SANTORO

What Bobby?

BOB GREEN

Me, of course.

SONNY CARBONA

(intervenes)

Enough Bobby! Don't even think  
about it.

BOB GREEN

Sonny, I'm just joking.

ANGEL SANTORO

(Angel seeing  
Sonny's temper is  
flaring)

Sonny let's see what there is to  
eat - it's been nice meeting you.

together they walk to the food tent as Angel is calming  
Sonny

ANGEL SANTORO

Baby, don't get so worked up. I've  
dealt with bigger assholes back in  
Vegas.

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, he is a real asshole.  
Thinks because he's a cop he can  
pull shit like that. I'm two  
seconds from sticking his star up  
his ass.

they walk up to a man dressed as a chef, cooking burgers on  
a charcoal grill

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaking to the  
cook)

How about a burger with cheese.  
Sonny, do you want cheese?

SONNY CARBONA

(shakes cooks hand)

Hi Sam, this is my friend Angel.  
Ya, cheese for me.

SAM THE COOK

(wiping hands-on  
apron)

Angel nice meeting you. Baby you  
are hotter than this charcoal.

SONNY CARBONA

Calm down Sammy, your wife is  
giving you a hard stare.

Angel and Sonny carry their burgers and find an  
unoccupied umbrella-shaded patio table where they sit and  
begin eating. Sheriff Cartwright walks up and joins them

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

How have you been, Sonny? The only  
time I see you are at my summer  
parties.

Sonny takes a budging envelope from inside his jacket and  
hands it to Cartwright

SONNY CARBONA

For your campaign.

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

Thanks, Sonny I don't know what I'd do with people like you. If you ever need anything just call. Enjoy the party. Are you spending the night?

SONNY CARBONA

No, not this time. Got a big day tomorrow. Good luck with the election.

Cartwright leaves the table mingles with other guests

ANGEL SANTORO

Thought you said we were staying here tonight?

SONNY CARBONA

That asshole, Bobby Green is a lush and I know he's going to get loaded and do something or make some comment and I'll do something I will regret it. Best if we rent a room somewhere.

Midnight same day - Sonny's Cadillac turns into a Sybaris adult motel

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I've heard about these. They have a lot of couple stuff, right?

SONNY CARBONA

Ya, when I saw Green, I called and made a reservation. Better than motel six.

Angel and Sonny enter their suite. Looking things over

ANGEL SANTORO

(acting a bit  
giddy)

Rose petals on the bed, chocolate covered strawberries. Is that what I think it is?

SONNY CARBONA  
Ya Baby, a Taiwan basket.

Angel and Sonny both undress and together slip into a hot tub and cuddle

ANGEL SANTORO  
(her head on his  
shoulder)  
Can I ask you a question?

SONNY CARBONA  
What's on your mind, sweetheart?

ANGEL SANTORO  
How much was in that envelope?

SONNY CARBONA  
Twenty, large.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(surprised)  
For two cheeseburgers?

SONNY CARBONA  
For more than that. Believe me.

Sonny resting his head back, his eyes are closed. Angel's hand under the water starts caressing him

ANGEL SANTORO  
Let's try the Taiwan basket?

both stand and walk toward the basket. When they're adventure with the basket ends, both exhausted fall asleep laying on the rose peddles

CUT TO:

INT. CARBONA HOUSE - THANKSGIVING 2010 - AFTERNOON

Sonny walks from the kitchen carrying a mammoth turkey followed by his wife, Sophia, his Mother and Mother-in-law who are carrying bowls of food. Sonny's and Sofia's entire  
(MORE)



(cont'd)

family are seated around a massive dining room table all talking in Italian and broken English. Sonny begins carving the turkey while Sofia fills the wine glasses. Sofia's father stands to give a toast

SOPHIA'S FATHER

(speaking in  
broken English)

I wantta to propossia a toast toah  
my daughter and hera wonderful  
husabanda.

begins wobbling

SOFIA'S MOTHER

(shaking her head)

Lorenzo, see this is what I mean.

(turns to Sophia)

He drank a bottle of his home  
brewed vino before we left the  
house.

SOFIA CARBONA

OK, Papa, we all know how much  
you care. We all love you too.  
Let's get on with our dinner.

SOFIA CARBONA: early (40's) sultry Italian appearance, married to Sonny for fifteen-years, mother to one son

SONNY CARBONA

(cellphone RINGS.  
seeing Angel's  
number he walks  
to kitchen and  
answers)

Hello.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone crying)

Sonny just want to say hope you're  
having a happy Thanksgiving.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone  
whispering)

Angel, I really can't talk right now.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone, Angel  
continues crying)

Sonny, I love you and miss you.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Angel, I'll come by tomorrow and make it up to you.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone sobbing)

Goodbye.

Sonny joins the gathering of family members passing food and eating. Conversations in Italian and broken English are bouncing from person to person around the table

SOFIA CARBONA

(looks at Sonny)

Who was on the phone?

SONNY CARBONA

Arturo wanted to wish us a Happy Thanksgiving.

SOFIA CARBONA

(dubious)

Really, how very thoughtful of Arturo.

later that evening after the families have left, Sofia puts Marco, their son to bed and joins Sonny in the bedroom

SOFIA CARBONA

Sonny, we need to talk.

Sonny removes his clothes down to his underwear and lays on the bed

SONNY CARBONA

What's on your mind, Baby?

SOFIA CARBONA

Sonny, I've got a feeling somethings not right.

SONNY CARBONA

What are you talking about, things are beautiful. We just had a fantastic day with our families. Business is booming, and I'm married to the most beautiful woman in the world.

SOFIA CARBONA

If you feel that way, Sonny, why are you not spending more time around here?

SONNY CARBONA

Baby, things are a bit frantic lately. You know with the Farinella situation.

SOFIA CARBONA

Sonny, when your home all you do is sleep. We have not made love in three weeks.

SONNY CARBONA

I'm sorry just got a lot on my mind trying to deal with that fuck, Lombardo. He thinks Farinella disappeared because of me. Sex is the last thing on my mind at the moment. Just bear with me until this is straightened out.

SOFIA CARBONA

And your son is asking why you are gone so much? And I can't help but  
(MORE)

SOFIA (cont'd)

wonder when you spend all night at  
the social club, that maybe you  
have a goomah.

SONNY CARBONA

Sofia, why would I want a goomah  
when I have you? Let's get to  
sleep.

NEXT DAY - ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB - NOON

Sonny enters the social club, Mike and Arturo there shooting  
pool. Mike lays his cue on the table seeing Sonny enter

MIKE COSTELLO

How was Thanksgiving?

SONNY CARBONA

Always a pain in the ass. Every  
year it is just one big family  
argument. Think this is the last  
year I'm doing it.

MIKE COSTELLO

(smiling)

You say that after every family  
get-together.

telephone rings, Arturo answers

ARTURO BIANCO

(speaking into  
telephone)

Hello, yes, he is. For you, Sonny.

SONNY CARBONA

(takes the phone,  
speaks into phone)

Hello, what's up. Oh, shit turned  
it off during dinner and forgot to  
turn it back on.

looks at his cellphone and pushes the power on button

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sonny, I need to see you today.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Give me a couple of hours to get things situated, and I'll come by.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sonny, I love you.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Me too.

LATER - ANGEL'S APARTMENT SONNY AT FRONT DOOR

Sonny rings the doorbell. Angel answers crying. Sonny enters the apartment

SONNY CARBONA

(hugs Angel)

What's wrong baby?

Angel sits next to Sonny on sofa

ANGEL SANTORO

(crying)

Sonny, I think I'm pregnant. Have not had a period for the last two months. Yesterday did one of the drugstore test and it was positive.

SONNY CARBONA

(takes a deep  
breath then hugs  
Angel)

Baby, I'm so sorry. Don't worry I can take care of this.

ANGEL SANTORO

(surprised)

Take care of what?

SONNY CARBONA

You know, the pregnancy.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I don't want to take care of the pregnancy. I want to have your baby.

Sonny leans back on the sofa, running his hands through his hair

SONNY CARBONA

(speaking in  
troubled voice)

Angel, I don't want another kid. My son is seven, and I barely have time for him. It would not be fair for us to have a child now. Sometime maybe, time will tell, but not now.

ANGEL SANTORO

(sobbing)

Sonny, please, please, let me have this baby.

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, there is just too much going on in my life right now. Having another kid is out of the question. I really love you Angel, but please see my side of this.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, do you see my side of this. Like yesterday you had Thanksgiving with Sofia and your family, while I sat here alone eating a Cornish hen and French fries. The only time we're together is when you want sex.

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, that's not so, I try to spend all my free time with you. In fact, last night Sofia was asking questions about where I've been spending my nights.

ANGEL SANTORO

(angry)

Sofia, wonderful Sofia. I'm sick of hearing the name Sofia. Please no more Sofia!

SONNY CARBONA

Angel what would you have me do?

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, leave her. You always tell me what a nag she is and how you like being with me more than her. So, leave her, and we can have this beautiful baby.

SONNY CARBONA

(sternly)

Angel, out of the question. I'll contact my guy, and this will be taken care of.

ANGEL SANTORO

(crying)

Sonny, don't I have a say in this?

SONNY CARBONA

(sternly)

Short answer, No! I'll call you later.

Angel sobbing, as Sonny leaves the apartment

NEXT MORNING - ANGE'S APARTMENT / CELLPHONE RINGS

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaks into  
cellphone)

Hello.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hi Baby, I'll pick you up in an hour. Be ready.

ANGEL SANTORO

(crying softly)

Sonny, I love you and will do whatever you want.

SONNY CARBONA

That's my girl. See you in an hour.

one hour later, Sonny knocks on Angel's door. Angel opens her door, her eyes are swollen and red from crying and her eye makeup diluted by her tears is streaking her face

ANGEL SANTORO

(attempting to  
hold back her  
tears)

I'm ready.

SONNY CARBONA

Love you, Angel, wish things were different for us. This is our only choice.

TWO WEEKS LATER - ANGEL'S APARTMENT / ANGELS LIVINGROOM

Sonny, with Angel seated on her sofa. Sonny with arm around her

SONNY CARBONA

Has the bleeding stopped yet?

ANGEL SANTORO

Not yet, but it is slowing down some.

Sonny reaches into his jacket pocket and hands Angel a small Christmas wrapped box



SONNY CARBONA

Here is an early Christmas present.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, what is it?

Angel opens the box and takes a deep breath seeing a two-carat ruby suspended on a diamond-studded neckless, with a matching diamond bracelet

ANGEL SANTORO

(stunned and  
breathless)

Sonny, this is beautiful. Help me put it on.

Sonny encircles her neck with the neckless and secures the clasp. Angel runs to the bedroom to look in a mirror. Sonny follows her. Angel turns from the mirror throws her arms around Sonny

ANGEL SANTORO

Thank you, thank you. I haven't had a chance to shop for you yet.

SONNY CARBONA

Don't worry about me. You're my gift. You really make that neckless look good.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I love you so much.

Kissing Sonny, she moves her hand to his crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

It's been a couple of weeks since we have been together. I know you must be horny, but I'm still bleeding, so this will have to do.

Angel slowly moves to her knees

"CUT TO:"

INT. NEW YEARS EVE 2010 / CARBONA HOUSE - EVENING  
CRISIS

Sofia in her kitchen preparing hor's d' oeuvres to welcome in 2011. Sonny's entire crew and their wives are invited

SOFIA CARBONA  
(yells to Sonny)  
Are you going to pick up the  
champagne?

SONNY CARBONA  
(walks into  
kitchen)  
Ya, and some sparkling grape juice  
for Mario who suddenly realized  
he's a drunk and joined the A.A.

Sonny leaves the house and after picking up the champagne  
drives to Angel's

"CUT TO:"

ANGELS APARTMENT / ANGELS LIVING-ROOM - LATER

Sonny on the couch with Angel sipping from one of the  
champagne bottles. Sonny raises his glass toasting

SONNY CARBONA  
To the most beautiful girl in the  
world, you, my darling Angel.

Angel dressed in a low-cut evening gown. The ruby neckless  
dangles just above her enticing cleavage

ANGEL SANTORO  
Then spend the night with me.

SONNY CARBONA  
Oh Baby, wish I could. Have a  
house full coming tonight, the  
whole crew and their wives. But  
wanted to do a glass of champagne  
with my sweetheart.

ANGEL SANTORO

How about some sex with your  
sweetheart?

SONNY CARBONA

(looking at his  
watch)

Nothing I would sooner do, but  
have to get back before they start  
arriving. I'll spend all-day  
tomorrow in bed with you, I  
promise

ANGEL SANTORO

Is Sophia getting your first fuck  
of 2011?

SONNY CARBONA

I told you Baby, me and Sophia  
don't have sex anymore. You'll  
get the first. Have to run now,  
Happy New Year. See you tomorrow  
afternoon.

Sonny drives up to his house sees three of his crew already  
there. Sonny carrying a case of the champagne rings the  
doorbell with his elbow. Mike Costello opens the door and  
takes the case, Sonny returns to the car and brings a second  
case of assorted liquor into the house

CARBONA HOUSE / BEDROOM - NEW YEAR 2011 THREE A.M.

Sofia and Sonny undressing in the bedroom. Sonny kisses  
Sofia on the back of her neck

SONNY CARBONA

Want to bring the New Year in with  
a bang?

SOFIA CARBONA

What's got you so worked up?

SONNY CARBONA

Just looking at you, you're the  
most beautiful woman I have ever  
laid eyes on.

Sophia turns to see Sonny has a full erection

SOFIA CARBONA

(smiles)

If I don't take care of that, at  
least you won't roll out of bed.

Sonny moves close and embraces her. Sophia breaths deeply  
and begins removing her panties. Both move to the bed where  
Sonny rolls onto her. Sophia raises her hip as Sonny pushes  
deep into her. Sonny begins wildly thrusting, and this brings  
them both to organism

SOFIA CARBONA

(smiling while  
panting)

My New Year's resolution is, we're  
doing this at least every other  
day, and twice on Sunday.

SONNY CARBONA

Guess I better buy some of those  
little blue pills I've heard  
about.

SOFIA CARBONA

Don't waste your money, I'm the  
only thing you need. I know-how  
to make it work.

Sophia and Sonny sleeping when his cellphone rings and he  
recognizes Angel's number. Sonny walks from the bedroom into  
the bathroom, he turns on the shower and locks door

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, what time is it?

ANGEL SANTORO

It's two in the afternoon. Where  
are you? You said last night you  
would spend the day with me.

SONNY CARBONA

Baby, I'm sorry. The party went on till daybreak. Give me an hour or so and I'll be there.

Sonny takes a quick shower and walks back to the bedroom. Sophia opens her eyes seeing Sonny dressing

SOFIA CARBONA

Where you going?

SONNY CARBONA

Mike called; someone broke into the club last night. Thinks it may have been Lombardo. I'll call you.

"CUT TO:"

TWO HOURS LATER - ANGEL'S APARTMENT / ANGELS LIVING ROOM

Sonny and Angel seated on Angel's sofa, Angel in a see-thru baby-doll outfit that exposes her totally naked body underneath. Angel snuggles up next to Sonny and begins rubbing his crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

So how did the party go?

SONNY CARBONA

Same as every year. They get drunk and start fucking around with each other's wives.

ANGEL SANTORO

They fuck each other's wives?

SONNY CARBONA

No, that's taboo. You know dancing smooching, shit like that. And they never know when to go home.

ANGEL SANTORO

And did Sophia get your first of the year?

SONNY CARBONA

Angel, she was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. She's not into sex like you are.

ANGEL SANTORO

Makes me wonder, I've been rubbing you for five minutes and it's still sleeping.

SONNY CARBONA

I'm a bit hungover. Not to worry. How about some coffee? Give me some time to sober up. Then we'll get down to business?

Angel and Sonny in the kitchen sipping coffee and eating coffee cake. Looking at Angels breast and erect nipples he feels his excitement beginning to build

SONNY CARBONA

("V.O. (Sonny's Voice)")

Guess I don't need those blue pills.

Sonny stands, Angel sees the bulge in Sonny's slacks and taking his hand leads him to the bedroom

SONNY CARBONA

See Baby, a little coffee and look what happens.

Angel lays naked on the bed and spreads her legs. Sonny hurriedly removes his slacks and shorts and guides himself into her. Angel gasps and trusts her hips up burying him inside her. Sonny's pumping bringing them both to their climax

ANGEL SANTORO

You convinced me. I was your first this year.

cuddled together they fall asleep

"CUT TO:"

INT. UPSCALE LOBSTER RESTAURANT - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

BEGINNING OF THE END - EARLY FEBRUARY 2011

Tuesday night Angel and Sonny having dinner

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I've never seen lobsters  
this big.

SONNY CARBONA

This is the best place for lobster  
in the mid-west

Francisco, the owner of the restaurant, approaches Sonny's table

FRANCISCO

Sonny did not see you come in.  
And who is this lovely lady?

SONNY CARBONA

Francisco, this is my friend  
Angel.

Francisco bows and kisses Angel's hand

FRANCISCO

Sonny, as always, the meal is on  
the house. Thanks for bringing  
your lovely friend and please come  
back.

Francisco leaves the table

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, why is everyone so nice to  
you? I don't think I've ever seen  
you pay for a meal.

SONNY CARBONA

I just have a lot of friends. I've  
done favors for most of them.

ANGEL SANTORO

(stops eating)  
(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sonny, a good friend of mine, is in town for a week. Wants to go out this Friday night. She worked with me in Vegas. Don't remember if I introduced you. Her name is Alexandra, she's Puerto Rican. Wants to know if I would meet her at a Rican Club on North Western Avenue Friday night. Say's it has great music.

SONNY CARBONA

I'm not much into Rican music, but you go ahead. Friday would not be good for me anyway.

Sonny takes a roll of hundreds and gives Angel five

SONNY CARBONA

Have a good time. Tell her I'll meet her another time.

ANGEL SANTORO

One other thing, what's going on with you and Sofia?

SONNY CARBONA

(lays his fork  
down)

What? Why the question?

ANGEL SANTORO

You said you're not having sex anymore. I think it's time for you to split and hook up with me.

SONNY CARBONA

Where did this come from? You know I'm Catholic and could never divorce her. Leave my son. Are you crazy?

ANGEL SANTORO

I thought about calling her the  
(MORE)



ANGEL (cont'd)  
 other day, then even thought about  
 going to your house and telling  
 her how much we love each other.

SONNY CARBONA  
 (angry, throws  
 fork on the table)  
 Get your coat we're done here. I'll  
 be in the car.

Sonny lays a hundred on the table and storms out. Angel runs to coat check gets her coat and runs to the car. Barely in the car with the door still open and Sonny stomps on the gas, car tires screaming. The car door closes hard on Angels leg that she had not gotten in

ANGEL SANTORO  
 (crying, sobbing)  
 Sonny, please don't be mad. I said  
 I only thought about it. I love you  
 So much and want to be with you. I  
 promise I will never bring it up  
 again, on my mother's grave, I  
 swear I will never try to contact  
 Sophia.

Sonny not saying a word looking straight ahead drives to Angels apartment stops on the street

SONNY CARBONA  
 Get out!

ANGEL SANTORO  
 (crying)  
 Please, Sonny, don't be mad. Come  
 in and I'll make it up to you.

SONNY CARBONA  
 Get out! I'll call you tomorrow  
 after I cool off.

Angel steps from the car and before she can close the door Sonny floors the gas and speeds away. Angel, in tears, walks limping, to her apartment

"CUT TO:"

INT. SHERIFF'S SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE - EVENING  
(CHYRON-typed: 'February 25, 2011' three days later)

cigar-smoke filled room wanted posters on walls in-need of painting. Six desks each with a Smith/Corona electric typewriter

JIMMY BONO  
(answers telephone)  
Hello.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Jimmy, it's Sonny. What we talked about yesterday; tonight, Contreras night-club. Did you get the package?

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Got the package. What's with the glasers?

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Their the best for what you're doing. There's ten large in there for you and Bob. Call me in the morning.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
I'll let you know.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Keep this just between the three  
of us. Understand?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Understood. Talk to you tomorrow.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Bye.

BOB GREEN

Is it on?

JIMMY BONO

(pushes the box of  
glaser bullets  
across table)

Ya, and he wants us to use these.

JIMMY BONO

(smoking a cigar  
while loading  
Glock 45 cal.  
pistol with  
glaser rounds)

Bobbie, load up with the glasers.

BOB GREEN

(removes magazine  
from Colt  
semi-automatic  
pistol, replacing  
original bullets  
with glaser  
rounds)

Boss, you know they do not have  
much penetration.

JIMMY BONO

For what we're doing tonight these will be perfect.

BOB GREEN

I never wacked a broad before.

JIMMY BONO

No different than a guy. These glasers break-up inside, no ballistics to worry about.

BOB GREEN

Are you sure she will be there?

JIMMY BONO

If Sonny says she will be there she will be there.

BOB GREEN

What happened that Sonny wants her gone? Thought he was hot for her.

JIMMY BONO

It's better not to ask questions. What I heard is she has been pushing him to leave his wife. Becoming a pain in the ass.

BOB GREEN

Most guys would just tell her it's over. Not put a hit on her.

JIMMY BONO

I think Sonny tried that but she threatened she would tell his wife.

BOB GREEN

He could never hook up with a Puerto Rican broad, his Sicilian parents would roll over in their graves.

JIMMY BONO

Sonny would never leave Sofia.

BOB GREEN

But have to admit his goomah is  
one hot broad. I'd love to do her.

JIMMY BONO

Would suggest you not even think  
about it or you will be next on  
Sonny's hit list. Let's get  
moving.

"CUT TO:"

EXT. CONTRERAS'S PUERTO RICAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

PARKING-LOT BEHIND CLUB. BONO AND GREEN SIT IN DARK CAR

BOB GREEN

Don't see her Benz in the lot.

JIMMY BONO

Can't miss that one of a kind pink  
Benz. Sonny paid extra for that  
pink paint job.

BOB GREEN

What time does this place close?

JIMMY BONO

They turn off the lights at four  
but never really closes. Beat cops  
are taken care of.

BOB GREEN

It's two-thirty, maybe we should  
check her apartment. See if the  
car is there.

JIMMY BONO

I was sure she would be here by  
now. We'll take a ride.

Bono turns car key, engine starts, and he pulls from parking  
lot with headlights off. TRAVELING

JIMMY BONO

Her place is just fifteen minutes  
from here.

Bono turns into the parking lot behind Angel's apartment  
building

JIMMY BONO

(parks turns of  
headlights)

That's her car.

BOB GREEN

I think someone is in her car.

Bono and Green walk from their car pistols in hand.  
Approaching Angel's pink Mercedes seeing the car is rocking  
slightly

JIMMY BONO

(whispering)

The dirty bitch fucking some guy  
in the car Sonny got for her.  
They're both history.

Bono pulls open the car's rear door and together he and  
Green begin firing their pistols into the naked couple on  
the back seat, then run back to their car

JIMMY BONO

(starts car drives  
from lot)

I don't think I'll tell Sonny she  
was fucking a guy when we caught  
her.

BOB GREEN

Jimmy that is going to be  
impossible. Tomorrow's papers will  
tell how two people were found  
murdered in the parking lot.

JIMMY BONO

Ya, your right. I just hate to  
hurt his feelings.

BOB GREEN

Are you nuts? Hurt his feelings!  
He just paid us ten grand to get  
her out of his life for good!

"CUT TO:"

INT. ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB CICERO, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

club empty as Bono and Green enter. Each grab a beer from  
refrigerator and sit at kitchen type table

JIMMY BONO

(sipping beer from  
bottle)

I'll wait till seven before  
calling Sonny.

BOB GREEN

(reloading his  
pistol magazine)

That went pretty smooth. They  
could not have survived that many  
bullets.

JIMMY BONO

They got nine from me.

BOB GREEN

My mag hold eight and I dumped  
them all. That asshole with her  
was coming and going at the same  
time. It's almost seven, call  
Sonny, so we can get to bed.

JIMMY BONO

(dials telephone)

He'll be happy she is out of his  
life. I can't believe she was  
fucking another guy after all  
Sonny did for her.

BOB GREEN

Good riddance, I say.

JIMMY BONO

(speaking into  
phone)

Sofia, Jimmy here. Is Sonny home?

SOFIA CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

No Jimmy. He left about eleven  
last night said he had to take  
care of something and would be  
home in two hours. He's not  
answering his cell.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

When he gets home have him call  
me. Thanks.

BOB GREEN

(half-asleep in  
chair)

What did he say?

JIMMY BONO

He's not at home. I'll fill him in  
later. Let's get out of here.  
Talk to you later.

Jimmy puts the left-over glazier rounds back in the box and  
locks them in his glove box and drives to his apartment

"CUT TO:"

INT. JIMMY BONO'S HOUSE / BEDROOM. - AFTERNOON

Bono sleeping alone in a rumpled bed. Cellphone RINGS and  
vibrates on nightstand

JIMMY BONO

(finds the phone with  
eyes still closed)

Hello.



BOB GREEN  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Jimmy, did you hear?

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Hear what?

BOB GREEN  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Sonny got wacked last night. It's  
all over the news.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
What! Sonny got wacked?

BOB GREEN  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Unbelievable and guess where?

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Where?

BOB GREEN  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Angel's parking lot, in her Benz.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
What!

BOB GREEN  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Jimmy, I think the guy she was  
fucking was Sonny.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

What the fuck. We killed Sonny and  
Angel?

BOB GREEN

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

No mention of her. Just Sonny.  
The news thinks it was a mob-hit.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Bob, meet me in the office. I'm  
sure the Sheriff will be looking  
for me.

"CUT TO:"

INT. SHERIFF'S SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bono walks into office greeted by Bob Green and six other  
members of the unit.

SEAN O'REILLY

Jimmy, where the fuck have you  
been? The sheriff has been calling.  
Did you hear, Sonny Carbona got  
wacked last night?

JIMMY BONO

Ya, heard it on the news coming  
in. I was shackled up with a broad  
I met last night. Horny bitch  
wore me out. Crashed at her pad  
and my cell battery was dead.

BOB GREEN

Better call the Sheriff.

JIMMY BONO

(picking up the  
telephone)

Was Sonny alone?

SEAN O'REILLY

Ya, found in a pink Benz, in a  
parking lot on north Melrose. The  
Benz registered to a broad that  
lived there.

JIMMY BONO

(speaking into  
telephone)

Sheriff, Jimmy here. "beat" Ya,  
heard on the news coming in.

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

And where the fuck were you. I  
have been trying to reach you for  
five hours.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sorry Sheriff picked up a broad  
last night and she wore me out. My  
cell battery and my pecker battery  
both went dead.

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Should have known. Anyway I'm  
getting a lot of heat on this.  
Want your unit to do the  
investigation.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I understand he was found in a  
broad's Benz. Was he alone?

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Ya, no one seems to know what he was doing in that car naked. They do know he was shot seventeen times in his back and head, not one slug came out.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Maybe he got caught fucking a guy's wife and she got her out before Sonny was killed. Has anyone talked to the owner of the car?

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

She was not in her apartment and has not been located, as far as I know. According to the E.T.'s it appeared he was cumming when he died. Somehow the girl escaped.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'll get my guys on this right away. What was the address where this happened?

SHERIFF CARTWRIGHT

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

7214 North Melrose Ave. High class apartment neighborhood. Almost soundproof apartments. Probably why no one heard that many shots.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hope this is not the start of a  
(MORE)

BONO (cont'd)  
gang war. We're on top of this  
Sheriff. I'll keep you in the  
loop.

BOB GREEN  
What did he say?

JIMMY BONO  
We're in charge of the  
investigation. Everyone hit  
the bricks and see what the  
word is on the street.

"CUT TO:"

INT. BONO AND GREEN TRAVELING IN BONO'S SQUAD - EVENING

BOB GREEN  
Jimmy, I'm worried. You spoke to  
Sonny's wife this morning. She  
might put two and two together.

JIMMY BONO  
She has no idea who I am. I never  
met her and only talked to her  
once before on the phone. If anyone  
checks the phone records both calls  
were from the Italian social club  
where Sonny hung-out.

BOB GREEN  
Wonder if he told his crew what he  
was doing?

JIMMY BONO  
Don't think so. Said on the phone,  
just between the three of us.  
Don't think he wanted his crew to  
know he was going to wack her.

BOB GREEN  
How in the fuck is she not dead.  
We both emptied our guns into the  
car.

JIMMY BONO

I guess those glasers were not the best choice. Sonny was a bullet sponge for her.

BOB GREEN

She's probably scared shit-less. I hope she did not see who we were.

JIMMY BONO

I really doubt it. It was so dark we did not know it was Sonny fucking her. What was he doing? Sonny knew we were getting her out of his life.

BOB GREEN

Our job was to happen at that Rican club, not at her apartment.

JIMMY BONO

Let's pin this on Lombardo. Make it look like retaliation for Carbona putting the hit on Marcella, two years ago.

BOB GREEN

He'd be the logical suspect.

JIMMY BONO

I think we should let things cool down till tomorrow and then pay Mike Costello a visit. I'm sure his crew is expecting it.

BOB GREEN

Then we will know if it was only between the three of us. Better be ready for a battle and fuck those glazers, I'm loading up with hollow points.

JIMMY BONO

And where the fuck is Angel?

"CUT TO:"

INT. HENDERSON NEVADA - JADZA SANTORO'S HOME - LATE MORNING

(CHYRON-typed: ('Morning after Sonny's murder'))

Angel steps from a cab outside a large house, on a sprawling Arabian horse ranch. The home of Angel's older brother Jadza.

JADZA SANTORO  
(embraces Angel)  
Little sister. Glad you're here.  
What happened in Chicago.

JADZA SANTORO: Angels older brother, late 30's, six-feet tall, one-hundred-ninety, dark thin mustache, oiled black hair combed straight back, muscular, deals drugs for a Mexican cartel.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(crying while  
embracing her  
brother)  
Let's get inside, and I fill you  
in.

Angel and Jadza seated facing each other in a large room. Animal head trophy's line one wall.

JADZA SANTORO  
Angel, tell me what happened.

ANGEL SANTORO  
They killed Sonny. I think a  
retaliation for a guy Sonny had  
disappear a couple of years ago.

JADZA SANTORO  
Baby, tell me the truth. Did you  
kill him.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(upset)  
Jadza, I knew you would say that,  
(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
because of that asshole Tony. That  
was self-defense, when he got all  
weird. No, I did not kill Sonny  
but intend to find out who did.

JADZA SANTORO  
Sorry, Tony was an asshole and is  
filling a hole in the desert. Tony  
was a real pervert. So, tell me  
what happened?

ANGEL SANTORO  
(("V.O. (Angel's  
Voice)"))

Last night Sonny called and said  
he wanted to see me.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

"CUT TO:"

EXT. ANGELS PARKING LOT/PINK-BENZ ANGEL UNLOCKS CAR DOOR - NIGHT

ANGEL SANTORO  
(cellphone rings.  
speaking into  
cellphone)  
Hello.

SONNY CARBONA  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Baby, I need to talk to you.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Sonny, I've been trying to reach  
you since the night at the  
lobster-house. Wanted to  
apologize for what I said.



SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Where are you now?

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'm just about to leave for the club to meet my friend, Alexandra. I told you about her.

SONNY CARBONA

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'm just a couple of blocks from your place will be there in five. Wait for me!

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'll wait for you by my car in the lot.

Sonny turns his black Cadillac into Angels parking lot. His headlights spotlight Angel standing outside her pink Benz. Sonny parks next to her and steps out. Angel attempts to embrace him, but he stops her

ANGEL SANTORO

Hi baby, something wrong?

SONNY CARBONA

(moves her hands  
from his face)

Angel, we have to end this. It's not fair for you. I'm not leaving Sophia.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny, I'm sorry about the other night. I'd never tell her anything. I just love you so much. I'll stop nagging you. I just want to be with you.

SONNY CARBONA

We have been down this road before  
and then in a week your  
threatening to call Sofia and tell  
her everything.

ANGEL SANTORO

(starts crying)

I promise I'll never contact  
Sophia.

SONNY CARBONA

(removes envelope  
from jacket)

It's been great while it lasted.  
Here is fifty large and a ticket  
to Vegas. I want you to pack your  
thing, I'm taking you straight to  
the airport. The flight leaves in  
two hours.

ANGEL SANTORO

(embraces Sonny)

If that is what you really want.  
I'll leave. I don't want your  
money. I have to stop by the club  
and tell Alexandra.

SONNY CARBONA

We're stopping nowhere. We leave  
here it's right to the airport.

ANGEL SANTORO

(kissing Sonny  
moves her hand to  
his crotch)

I'll miss my Italian Stallion.

Sonny starts to remove her hand but stops, pulls her tight  
against him and pins her against the Benz fender, kissing  
her and rubbing his pelvis against hers

ANGEL SANTORO

(breathing heavy  
gasps)

Sonny, this would be more  
comfortable in the car.

Both strip. Sonny pushes her back on the seat. Angel slides her hand between their bodies and guides him into her

ANGEL SANTORO

(panting)

Oh Sonny, please harder --!

car door flies open car interior is illuminated by DEAFENING bright FLASHES of GUN-FIRE

END FLASHBACK.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JADZA SANTORO'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

JADZA SANTORO

You were balling him when he got wacked?

ANGEL SANTORO

Ya, it happened so fast. Bright flashes, can't tell you how many, and then it was over. Sonny lying dead on top of me.

JADZA SANTORO

Baby, how as it you were not killed?

ANGEL SANTORO

I don't know. Seems Sonny took all the bullets. I pretended to be dead, did not move for maybe ten minutes, until I felt it was safe. Had a hard time getting out from under him. Took the fifty grand, went upstairs, showered and took his car to the airport.

JADZA SANTORO

Hope his crew doesn't think you killed him. Mike Costello in one crazy bad motherfucker.

ANGEL SANTORO

Only two of Sonny's crew knew we had a thing going. Sonny was freaky afraid his wife would find out. Only met them once in Vegas, the night I first met Sonny.

JADZA SANTORO

Did he say anything to you that he might be worried.

ANGEL SANTORO

He was in a business where he was always worried about everything. But about a year ago he hooked up with a cop, high ranking with the Sheriff. After that, he seemed more relaxed.

JADZA SANTORO

Did you meet this cop?

ANGEL SANTORO

Only met him once at a fundraiser for the Sheriff. Sonny just briefly introduced me. The cop, I think his name was (beat) Jim or Jimmy. He seemed OK but his partner wanted to eat me up. Sonny saw it and kept me away after that.

JADZA SANTORO

Word on the street is that Sonny put a hit out on Farinella who was dealing for me.

ANGEL SANTORO

He really never discussed his business with me.

JADZA SANTORO

Did you ever tell him what happened with Tony Marsiglia.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(thinking back)  
Fuck no.

"CUT TO:"

"BEGIN FLASHBACK"

INT. STARDUST CASINO / MARSIGILIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

(CHYRON-typed: 'THREE YEARS EARLIER')

Tony in a recliner watching television in his bathrobe. Door opens, Angel enters wearing her string bikini

TONY MARSIGILIA  
Hi Baby, big night?

TONY MARSIGILIA: late 40's, six-feet, two-hundred-fifty pounds, full black beard, receding black hair. Deals for Jadza

ANGEL SANTORO  
Ya, the fucken carpenters union convention is in town. They all think they are God's gift to women. I need a shower.

TONY MARSIGILIA  
Hurry up, I was reading this book from India called Kamasutra. Gives instructions on how to do it in several ways. Got one I want to try.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Really not in the mood tonight.

Angel drops her bikini work outfit and walks naked into shower

TONY MARSIGILIA  
(yells after her)  
Better get in the mood, this book has me all wired up.

LATER - Angel walks from shower starts to put on fresh underwear

TONY MARSIGILIA

(opens robe  
exposes his less  
than attractive  
naked hair cover  
body)

Don't put those panties on.

Angel looks toward him - ANGEL'S P.O.V. - TONY - SMILING - EXPOSING - HIMSELF

ANGEL SANTORO

Not tonight.

TONY MARSIGILIA

(angry)

This is not a negotiation.

Tony grabs her arm and throws her on the bed and pulls off her panties

TONY MARSIGILIA

(angry)

This is something new. You just cooperate, and I will do all the work.

ANGEL SANTORO

Tony please, how about tomorrow.

Angel laying across the head portion of bed, Tony, kneeling on the bed turns her on her side with one of her legs across his shoulder.

TONY MARSIGILIA

You have to relax for this. We've never done anal before.

ANGEL SANTORO

Tony, please don't try this. It will tear me apart.

TONY MARSIGILIA  
(continuing his  
effort)

Angel, I told you we are not  
negotiating this. Cooperate.

Hand on his penis pushing against her anus's resistance

ANGEL SANTORO  
(crying softly)  
Please don't it really hurts!

TONY MARSIGILIA  
(continuing)  
It's starting to go in. See how  
easy that was. You just have to  
relax.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(screams)  
Tony, please stop, your killing me!

TONY MARSIGILIA  
(smiling pushing  
deeper)  
See I'm in. Relax.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(crying, in pain)  
Stop, stop, I can't take it.  
Please, you're killing me.

Tony in feverish pleasure, ignores her cries, and thrusts  
deeper

ANGEL SANTORO  
(screaming)  
Stop, stop, please stop!

TONY MARSIGILIA  
(thrusting while  
kissing her)  
Shut up, bitch!

Angel, in agony, reaches to the nightstand for something to stop him finds a rat-tailed comb and jams the four-inch tail into his left ear.

TONY MARSIGILIA

(screams as his  
eyes roll back and  
he collapses)

What the fuc --!

CLOSE-UP - TONY'S FACE - COMB STUCK IN HIS EAR. Blood begins to flow from ear across his left cheek. Angel pushes him off. Angel stands seeing his legs doing a death dance, his eyes frozen wide open in a death stare

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaking into  
telephone)

Jadza, I need to come to the  
hotel. I just killed Tony.

"END FLASHBACK."

"CUT TO:"

EXT. ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB - NEXT DAY - NIGHT

CHYRON-typed: ('February 2011 - Day after Sonny's murder')

Jimmy Bono and Bob Green at the door, Bono RINGS buzzer. Door opened by Arturo Bianco

ARTURO BIANCO

What can I do for you?

JIMMY BONO

Artie, is Mike here?

ARTURO BIANCO

Hold on I'll check.

Arturo starts to close the door, Bono pushes door open, he and Green walk in just as Mike Costello walks from another room

JIMMY BONO

Mike, we need to talk.



MIKE COSTELLO

Let's go into the office.

Costello, Bono, and Green in office, Green closes door

MIKE COSTELLO

(angry)

What's up?

JIMMY BONO

Mike my unit has been assigned  
Sonny's murder. Is there anything  
you can tell us?

MIKE COSTELLO

I know you and Sonny go back away.  
I never thought it was a good idea  
for Sonny to pal around with a  
cop. But Sonny was the boss.

JIMMY BONO

He told me you said that. I did  
your crew a lot of favors you  
don't know about. We both want to  
clear this up, so I'm asking for  
your help.

MIKE COSTELLO

My guys are looking into it. Word  
on the street is it might be a  
retaliation for Rocco Farinella.  
He disappeared a couple of years  
ago. For some reason everyone  
thought Sonny had something to do  
with it.

BOB GREEN

Our info is that Sonny got hit in  
some girls car. Do you know who  
she was?

MIKE COSTELLO

I'm sure Sonny introduced you guys  
(MORE)

COSTELLO (cont'd)

to her a year ago at the Sheriff's fundraising party in Michigan at his lake-house.

JIMMY BONO

Have a vague memory. (beat) small Italian girl with big tits.

MIKE COSTELLO

Puerto Rican to be exact. Sonny met her in Vegas a couple of years ago. Really had a thing for her but lately, I think he was ready to dump her.

BOB GREEN

She was not in the car when Sonny got hit?

MIKE COSTELLO

I don't know where she was, but I'm sure she was not in the car.

JIMMY BONO

Why?

MIKE COSTELLO

I went with Sofia, Sonny's wife, to the morgue to identify him. He looked like the hit was done with a machine-gun. If anyone had been in the car with him, they would have been laying on a morgue slab next to him.

BOB GREEN

Have you spoken to the owner of the Benz? What did you say her name was?

MIKE COSTELLO

Angel. Angel Santoro. And no one seems to know where she is.

JIMMY BONO

Is it possible she hit Sonny?

MIKE COSTELLO

We've considered that. Sonny has been talking about breaking it off with her. She has been nagging him to leave his wife and kid. Sonny would never do that. If I find out she did this, they will never find her body.

JIMMY BONO

We went through her apartment. All her things are there. A mink coat, and a lot of expensive jewelry. She left in a hurry.

BOB GREEN

Did Sonny's wife know he had a Goomah?

MIKE COSTELLO

We all have one. Most wife's suspect, I'm sure but keep it to themselves.

JIMMY BONO

We are going to interview Sofia, where is she staying.

MIKE COSTELLO

(looking at  
notebook)

With her parents, for now, who only speak Italian. Address is in Highland Park, 4215 Mulford Lane. Big house, can't miss it. Sonny bought it for them when they arrived from the old country.

JIMMY BONO

(hands Mike his  
business card)

Mike, if you hear anything call me.

MIKE COSTELLO

If we hear anything, you will read  
about it in the paper.

"CUT TO:"

EXT. ANGEL SANTORO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(CHYRON-typed: 'THREE WEEKS AFTER SONNY'S MURDER')

Angel steps from a taxi, apprehensively she walks to her apartment. Opening the door, she is aware that things have been disturbed. Angel opens her jewelry box and finds the diamond and ruby neckless and matching bracelet Sonny had given her are missing

ANGEL SANTORO

("V.O. (Angel's  
Voice)")

Motherfucker how did they get in?

Angel calls the police to report the burglary. A police officer arrives and takes the report. Before leaving he recognizes this was the location of Sonny's murder.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you the woman that owns the  
pink Benz, that a guy was murdered  
in a few weeks ago?

ANGEL SANTORO

I own a pink Benz. It's parked in  
the lot behind this building. Who  
got murdered? I've been visiting  
my brother in Nevada for the last  
couple of weeks.

POLICE OFFICER

Miss, you're in for a shock. A  
mob guy was murdered in your Benz  
three weeks ago. The department  
has been trying to locate you. The  
detectives want to interview you.  
I have to stay with you until one  
of our detectives arrive. Your car

(MORE)

OFFICER (cont'd)  
has been impounded.

(speaking into  
telephone)

This is Robinson, I'm down on the  
burglary at 7214 North Melrose.  
Notify Commander Bono that the  
woman who owns the pink Benz, that  
the guy got murdered in, is here.  
They have been looking for her.  
I'll wait here till a detective  
arrives.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(runs to her  
bedroom  
pretending to be  
alarmed, looks  
out the window)

My car's not there. You said  
someone was murdered in it?

POLICE OFFICER  
Miss, I'm only a patrolman, so  
your questions have to be answered  
by one of our Detectives.

Jimmy Bono's office, phone rings. Bono answers

JIMMY BONO  
(speaking into  
telephone)  
Commander Bono.

RADIO OPERATOR  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Commander, I have a beat car down  
on a burglary at seventy-two  
fourteen North Melrose. He says  
the woman that owns that pink Benz  
your looking for is there.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Really? I'll have one of my guys  
respond. Have the officer wait  
with her till we get there.

BOB GREEN

What's up?

JIMMY BONO

(speaking to Green)

Looks like Angel is back in town.  
Reported the neckless and bracelet  
missing.

BOB GREEN

You got the best of that deal. The  
neckless is worth ten times what  
the bracelet is worth.

JIMMY BONO

Rank has its privileges. Send  
O'Shay in. I'll send him.

BOB GREEN

Good idea, he couldn't find his  
father in a phone booth.

O'Shay knocks on the commander's door

JIMMY BONO

Come in. Dave, I need you to  
interview the woman that owes that  
Mercedes that Carbona was murdered  
in. There is a patrol officer  
with her now. She reported a  
burglary and he recognized her as  
the woman we are looking for.

DAVID O'SHAY

Ah, Commander, I don't have much  
experience dealing with murder.  
This is really a high-profile

(MORE)

O'SHAY (cont'd)

case. Perhaps you should consider someone with a bit more experience.

DAVID O'SHAY; nine years a police officer, youngest member of the Special Investigation Unit, early 30's, five-feet-eleven, one-hundred-ninety pounds, Marine hardened, rawboned

JIMMY BONO

That's why I choose you. You'll never get the experience unless you work a murder. I think Carbona was murdered by a mob guy named Lombardo. This should be an open and shut case. Do a little leg work. See what you can come up with. In short order, we'll have Lombardo locked up and you'll be a hero.

DAVID O'SHAY

I'll do my best.

JIMMY BONO

Interview her, see where she has been for the last three weeks and find out why Carbona was in her car. Her name is Angel Santoro. We already checked with the Benz dealer and found that Carbona bought the car for her two years ago and paid cash. She was probably his girlfriend. Keep me in the loop.

Angels apartment one hour later. O'Shay RINGS the doorbell, Angel responds with the patrol officer

DAVID O'SHAY

(showing his badge)

Miss Santoro, I'm Detective O'Shay and I need to ask you a few question.

POLICE OFFICER

Detective can I talk to you in private?

O'Shay and Officer step from the apartment

POLICE OFFICER

Detective, she claims she was in Nevada for the last few weeks. Did not seem to know about the murder. Thought her car was still parked in the lot. Claims someone stole a neckless and matching bracelet that was valued at thirty grand.

DAVID O'SHAY

Thanks for the info.

O'Shay KNOCKS and Angel opens the door

ANGEL SANTORO

Detective, sit down. The other officer tells me someone was murdered in my car?

DAVID O'SHAY

Miss, it was the man that bought the car for you.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny Carbona?

DAVID O'SHAY

Yes.

ANGEL SANTORO

(begins crying)

Not Sonny, please not Sonny.

DAVID O'SHAY

Miss what was your association with Sonny?

ANGEL SANTORO

He was my boyfriend until a few weeks ago. We broke up because he would not leave his wife.



DAVID O'SHAY

And how long had you been dating him?

ANGEL SANTORO

Met him a couple of years ago in Vegas. Had me move here shortly after. Really a nice guy. He bought me the Benz, and the neckless and bracelet that was stolen

DAVID O'SHAY

(nods)

Generous guy.

ANGEL SANTORO

Let's say I knew how to keep him happy.

DAVID O'SHAY

("V.O. (O'Shay's Voice)")

I'd let her keep me happy. Great tits.

DAVID O'SHAY

And where were you the night he was murdered?

ANGEL SANTORO

I really don't know exactly what night it happened. I was visiting my brother in Henderson Nevada for the last few weeks.

DAVID O'SHAY

That would have been Friday February twenty-fifth.

ANGEL SANTORO

(thinking)

The twenty-fifth (beat) I think that was the night I flew to Nevada.

DAVID O'SHAY

How long were you in Nevada?

ANGEL SANTORO

Almost three weeks. I hope you don't think I killed Sonny.

DAVID O'SHAY

Just trying to fill in some blanks. Sonny was murdered on the night of February twenty-fifth. Is there anyone that can confirm you were in Nevada that night?

ANGEL SANTORO

(thinking)

I was not in Nevada, I would have been on my way. My brother who lives in Nevada can tell you when I got there. How about this?

(rummaging in her purse)

Ya, here, United flight 1432 from O'Hare to Henderson Nevada, four-forty-five that morning.

DAVID O'SHAY

How did you get to the airport if your car was still in your parking lot?

ANGEL SANTORO

Sonny drove me. I hate to leave the Benz in the airport parking area, (beat) you know people are careless opening their doors and chip the paint, or worst steal it.

DAVID O'SHAY

Thought you said you broke up with him?

ANGEL SANTORO

Really, he broke up with me. We were still, friends.

DAVID O'SHAY

Why do you think he would have  
come back and get himself murdered  
in your car?

ANGEL SANTORO

He was a bit pissed that the oil  
change for the Benz was a couple  
or thousand over. Told me he  
would have the oil changed.  
Probably came back to take the  
Benz and got ambushed.

DAVID O'SHAY

Naked in your car?

ANGEL SANTORO

(shrugs)

Have no idea.

DAVID O'SHAY

What's your brother's phone number?

Angel dials Jadza's number on her cellphone

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaking into  
cellphone)

Jadza I have a policeman here who  
wants to talk to you. My friend  
Sonny was murdered in my car while  
I was visiting you. Here talk to  
him.

Angel hands the cellphone to O'Shay

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Mister Santoro, I've been talking  
with your sister and she tells me  
she has been visiting you for the  
last couple of weeks. Is that  
correct?

JADZA SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Officer yes, she often comes during the winter to escape the Chicago winter cold. What's this about her old boyfriend being murdered?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sir, I'll leave that for her to explain to you. Can you remember what day she arrived at your place?

JADZA SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Date (beat) three weeks ago, I recall on a Friday late morning.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Can you remember the date?

JADZA SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hold on while I check my calendar. (beat) I had a meeting the next day. (beat) Yes, my meeting was on the twenty-seventh so she got here on the twenty-sixth, sometime close to noon.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Thanks for your time, here's your sister, goodbye.

Angel takes the phone from O'Shay

ANGEL SANTORO

(speaking into  
cellphone)

Jadza, I'll call you back when I  
know more. Bye.

DAVID O'SHAY

On your return was Sonny picking  
you up?

ANGEL SANTORO

Hell no. There was no way I could  
call him with that bitch wife of  
his always checking his cellphone.  
I took a cab today from the  
airport.

DAVID O'SHAY

Do you own a gun?

ANGEL SANTORO

Never have and never will. When  
can I get my car back?

DAVID O'SHAY

It was processed at our impound  
lot. You can get it anytime, just  
bring your identification. I'll  
check and make sure it is cleaned  
up and ready for you.

ANGEL SANTORO

Where is the impound lot?

DAVID O'SHAY

On west Monroe street. They're  
closed now. Kind of a bad  
neighborhood. I think it best  
if I take you.

ANGEL SANTORO

That would be most kind. What time  
could we do that?

DAVID O'SHAY

Any time after say, one.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(walking O'Shay to  
door)  
I'll be ready at one.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

ANGEL SANTORO  
(doorbell RINGS  
answers door)  
Hi detective. I'm all set.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(in O'Shay's car  
TRAVELING)  
Miss. Santoro, I had the auto  
pound clean up the car. Did not  
want you to see that.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Thank you, how very considerate.  
Please call me, Angel.

DAVID O'SHAY  
OK, and you can call me Dave.

police impound yard O'Shay drives Benz to the front gate

DAVID O'SHAY  
They could have done a better job  
cleaning this up. I know a detail  
shop not far from here. We can  
leave the car and grab lunch. I  
guarantee when we pick it up it  
will be like it just came off the  
showroom floor.

"CUT TO:"

INT. EL POLLO CANTINA / MEXICAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

FOUR HOURS LATER

ANGEL SANTORO

David, don't you have to go back  
to work today?

DAVID O'SHAY

No after the fifth shot of  
tequila said fuck-it and called  
my boss. Told him I was following  
up a lead on the case. Should we  
do one more shot?

ANGEL SANTORO

I have a better idea. Let's go  
back to my place. I have a bottle  
of the real tequila. You know with  
the worm at the bottom.

DAVID O'SHAY

(looking at his  
watch)

Sounds good to me. Too late to pick  
up your car now.

ANGEL SANTORO

(in O'Shay's car  
TRAVELING)

I'll take a cab tomorrow and get  
it. You are really a nice guy.

DAVID O'SHAY

You're not bad yourself.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave sitting on the couch, Angel brings bottle of tequila, lime  
wedges and salt, and sit on couch next to Dave

ANGEL SANTORO

(pours two shots)

Down the hatch.

both down the shots and then suck the lime wedge

DAVID O'SHAY

Thought it was lemon used with  
tequila?

ANGEL SANTORO

Either or. I find lime better.  
They say if you swallow the worm  
you will have a vision.

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, looking at you is the only  
vision I need.

laughing, nonchalantly lets her hand fall on Dave's thigh  
close to the bulge in his crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

Is that a gun in your pants or are  
you just happy to see me?

DAVID O'SHAY

(takes her head in  
his hands)

I'm thrilled to see you.

both embrace, Angel begins rubbing the bulge in Dave's pants  
while they kiss. Angel finds his zipper, open his fly

ANGEL SANTORO

You're hard already.

Angel kneels on the floor in front of Dave. Dave unbutton his  
slacks raises himself while Angel pulls his trousers and  
underwear down

CAMERA ABOVE-WIDE ON ANGEL KNEELING - BACK OF ANGEL'S HEAD

CLOSE-UP - DAVE'S FACE - HEAD LEANING BACK - EYES CLOSED

Dave thrusting slightly, Dave's body arches, becomes ridged  
and begins to convulse slightly as his organism begins. His  
body gyrations continue through the conclusion of his  
organism. Dave's body finally relaxes back on the sofa. Angel  
stands and sits next to Dave



ANGEL SANTORO  
(cuddling close)  
You were really excited.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(panting, eyes  
closed)  
Angel, sorry I didn't warn you.  
Just couldn't stop.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(smiling)  
That's OK it's what I want you to  
do.

Angel snuggling closer. Dave's head resting on the back of the  
sofa with his eyes closed. Angel gently runs her fingers over  
his now flaccid penis

ANGEL SANTORO  
(quietly speaking)  
Are you married?

DAVID O'SHAY  
(head back eyes  
closed)  
Was, divorced now for two years.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(whispers)  
Kids?

DAVID O'SHAY  
No. Had one started but she had it  
aborted.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Sorry, don't mean to pry.

Angel continues fondling his penis

DAVID O'SHAY  
Baby, you're making it hard again.

Angel's hand excitedly begins stroking, faster and faster

ANGEL SANTORO

Wow, you recover fast.

Angel reclines on the sofa, raising her hips, slipping off her panties and spreads her legs. Dave moves between her legs and Angel's hand guides him into her. Angel is pinned to the sofa as Dave thrusts into her

ANGEL SANTORO

(moaning)

Dave, more, harder, harder!

Angel raising her hips greeting his thrusts. Dave reach the very depth of her. Angel is forcing herself against his hardness.

ANGEL SANTORO

(screams, her body  
arches)

Oh, yes, yes!

Dave's body again goes ridged caught in the paralysis of his organism

both covered in sweat collapse panting

DAVID O'SHAY

(panting)

Wow. That was some ride.

ANGEL SANTORO

(catching her breath  
raises from the sofa)

Let's go to the bedroom where it is  
more comfortable.

both naked in bed, Angel, facing Dave her head resting on his right arm

DAVID O'SHAY

Did not even get to the worm at  
the bottom of the bottle and had  
an out of the body experience.

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Well I had a vision of our future  
together.

"CUT TO:"

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE - NEXT DAY - MORNING

JIMMY BONO

So what happened with your lead on  
the Carbona case?

DAVID O'SHAY

Not much, really. I interviewed Angel  
Santoro. Turns out she was in  
Nevada or on her way to Nevada the  
night Carbona got hit.

BOB GREEN

(glances toward  
Bono)

Really, what was she doing in  
Nevada?

DAVID O'SHAY

Her brother lives in Henderson and  
she went to get away from the  
cold.

JIMMY BONO

If that is the case, how was it  
Carbona got himself murdered in  
the backseat of her car?

DAVID O'SHAY

She said Carbona took her to the  
airport and went back to get her  
car that needed an oil change.

JIMMY BONO

Did you check to see if she flew  
out that night?

DAVID O'SHAY

She still had the boarding pass  
stub showed the flight number and  
that she flew out at  
four-forty-five the morning of the  
twenty-fifth. Spoke with her  
brother on the phone and he  
confirmed what she was saying.

JIMMY BONO

Did it occur to you that maybe  
she killed him and then flew to  
Nevada?

DAVID O'SHAY

Might be the case but as small a  
woman she is, I doubt she could  
fire one forty-five round much  
less seventeen. She is really  
demure.

BOB GREEN

No one's demure with a forty-five  
in your hand.

DAVID O'SHAY

Seventeen rounds? It had to be two  
shooters.

JIMMY BONO

Talk to her again. See if she  
willing to take a lie box.

DAVID O'SHAY

I'll handle it tomorrow.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

DAVID O'SHAY

(at Angels  
apartment door  
KNOCKS)

Angel, it's me, Dave.

Angel takes the chain off the door, unbolt the deadbolt opens the door standing in a see-thru lace robe

ANGEL SANTORO

Hi, honey back for more?

DAVID O'SHAY

Wow Angel, hope you know I can't afford anything near a Benz.

ANGEL SANTORO

I'm not looking for anything from you, except you. You really know how to trip my trigger.

DAVID O'SHAY

(steps into  
apartment)

My boss wants me to ask if you would take a lie box about what you did on the night Sonny was murdered?

ANGEL SANTORO

(step close  
embraces Dave)

Whatever you say. But right now, I want some more of what you gave me yesterday.

Angel leads Dave into the bedroom, turns, raises her mouth to his. Kissing her passionately, Dave pulls her tight against him, as her hand finds his crotch

DAVID O'SHAY

(moves his mouth  
off of hers,  
catches breath)

Angel, you are unbelievable.

Dave removes his shoulder holster lets it drop to the floor as Angel unbuttons his shirt, then his trousers. She kneels down in front of him. Dave gasps in anticipation

ANGEL SANTORO

(looking up  
seductively)  
(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Baby just relax. Your cock is  
doing the cha-cha-cha dance to no  
music.

CLOSE - UP - DAVE'S FACE - EYES CLOSED

DAVID O'SHAY

Let your tongue dance with it.

CLOSE-UP - BACK OF ANGEL ON HER KNEES HEAD MOVING

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, I'm going to explode.

CLOSE-UP - BACK OF ANGELS HEAD MOVING FASTER

Angel stands after his organism ends.

DAVID O'SHAY

(embarrassed)

Angel, I'm sorry I could not stop  
myself.

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Don't apologize, when I give you a  
blowjob I expect that just not so  
soon.

DAVID O'SHAY

Give me a couple of minutes to  
recover in bed. I promise round  
two will make us both happy.

Angel drops her robe both get into bed with Angel's head on  
Dave's chest.

ANGEL SANTORO

So I guess your boss thinks I  
killed Sonny.

DAVID O'SHAY

I don't think so. I over-heard my  
boss and the second in command,  
Green talking. They really believe  
(MORE)

O'SHAY (cont'd)

this was retaliation by John Lombardo. A couple of years ago a guy named Marcella disappeared. Lombardo was his boss. Everyone is sure, Sonny, had Marcella killed.

ANGEL SANTORO

Tell your boss I will take the fucken lie box, if the only question is did I kill (beat) or did I participate in killing Sonny?

DAVID O'SHAY

I'm sure that will work.

ANGEL SANTORO

Let's see if this works.

Angel slides her hand slowly down Dave's chest, over his toned abdominal muscles and ever so slowly to his penis

DAVID O'SHAY

Don't think that is going to be a problem.

Angel's hand moving under sheet stroking him

ANGEL SANTORO

Wow, you really recover fast.

Angel starts to move her head toward his crotch

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS BEDROOM - CAMERA ABOVE - WIDE ANGLE - AFTERNOON

DAVID O'SHAY

(stops her, rolls  
her onto her back)

My turn.

the sheet is off, Dave Kisses her and begins a tongue bath starting with her nipples, to her breast, leaving a small  
(MORE)

(cont'd)

trail of saliva across her abdomen and as his tongue touches her pussy hair, she arches her body like a cat stretching. Dave nuzzles his face between her legs and moves his body so she has access to his penis. Dave rolls on his back, Angel on top her face in Dave's crotch

Angels body begins to convulse as Dave's stimulation brings her to organism

"CUT TO:"

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE NEXT DAY - DAY

JIMMY BONO

Where were you yesterday?

DAVID O'SHAY

Had a case of the shits. I called that Santoro girl about a lie test. She is willing to answer two questions. Is she the one that killed Sonny? Or did she participate in any way?

JIMMY BONO

(looks at Green)

Those are the only questions we need to ask. I'll get a date for the box.

DAVID O'SHAY

Let me know when and I'll have her here.

JIMMY BONO

Don't get too friendly with her, she's a murder suspect.

DAVID O'SHAY

Don't worry boss, she's not my type.

BOB GREEN

(speaking to Bono)

(MORE)



GREEN (cont'd)

In the meantime, let's do a little undercover intelligence with Dave here.

DAVID O'SHAY

What are you thinking?

JIMMY BONO

(speaking to O'Shay)

The guy we think murdered Carbona is John Lombardo. He works out of his restaurant in Chicago Heights. You're new to the unit, and no one really knows you. How about you start hanging out at his place and see if you hear anything. The joint is called Augustine's Char-House.

Bono opens wall safe, takes expense money cash box out, gives O'Shay five-one-hundred-dollar bills

JIMMY BONO

Keep track how much you spend every day and give me the expense vouchers at the end of the week. The place is a bit pricey.

DAVID O'SHAY

My black four-door Crown Victoria is recognized as a police car by kids on the street. Is there anything else available?

JIMMY BONO

(removes the key  
from keyring)

Take my undercover Cadillac and I'll use your Ford. Don't fuck up my car. Take a ride over there tonight and see what's going on.

O'Shay turns key, and the engine starts. Pulls from lot "TRAVELING" dials cellphone

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (speaking into  
 phone)  
 Angel, Dave here. Are you free  
 tonight?

ANGEL SANTORO  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 Always free for you. Come on over,  
 the sound of your voice gets me  
 hot.

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 I'll be there in fifteen. Need to  
 ask a favor.

ANGEL SANTORO  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 What would that be?

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 I'll explain when I get there.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGELS APARTMENT ANGEL WITH DAVID ON SOFA - LATER

DAVID O'SHAY  
 Angel did Sonny ever take you to  
 Chicago Heights?

ANGEL SANTORO  
 No, Sonny really kept me under  
 wraps. Only met two of his guys,  
 once in Vegas.

DAVID O'SHAY  
 Did the name John Lombardo ever  
 come up?

ANGEL SANTORO

Lombardo (beat) sounds familiar  
but Lombardo is a common name. I  
don't think Sonny ever mentioned it.

DAVID O'SHAY

So with Sonny, you're sure you never  
met John Lombardo?

ANGEL SANTORO

No, like I said, Sonny did not  
involve me with his business or  
friends. Why are you asking about  
this?

DAVID O'SHAY

My boss thinks that Lombardo was  
the one that killed Sonny. Wants  
me to go undercover and see what I  
might find out. Want to join me  
for dinner.

ANGEL SANTORO

Why go out. I'll put something in  
the oven for us here, and you can  
put something in my oven.

DAVID O'SHAY

When we get back. We are going to  
dinner in Chicago Heights. A  
upscale Italian joint where  
Lombardo does business. If I walk  
in alone it would draw attention.  
Get dressed, I'll handle your oven  
when we get back.

"CUT TO:"

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE - LATER - EVENING

Angel and Dave enter Augustine's dimly lit restaurant. White  
tablecloths glow from candles on every table. Well dressed,  
couples having dinner. No children present

HOSTESS  
(smiling holding  
menus approach  
Dave)

Do you have a reservation?

HOSTESS: Italian girl late 20's wearing a black sequined mini-skirt and low-cut matching blouse that compliments her ample breasts, her shapely legs are accentuated by black stiletto heels.

DAVID O'SHAY  
No, do I need a reservation.

HOSTESS  
Not tonight, there is a table available. Follow me. In the future I suggest you make a reservation if you are coming for dinner. We're usually booked till late at night.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(with Angel  
following Hostess)  
I will keep that in mind.

at the table, Angel removes her mink coat revealing she is wearing a silver dress that clings to her body like liquid mercury and provides an enticing view of her ample breasts

HOSTESS  
Lovely coat, I'll hang it up for you. Your waiter will be with you in a minute.

Dave and Angel seated; Angels face is radiant in the glow of the table candle

DAVID O'SHAY  
You are so beautiful. Just looking at you gives me a har--

WAITER  
(approaches table  
with wine list)  
(MORE)

WAITER (cont'd)

Good evening. I am Alfredo and I will be serving you tonight. This is our wine list. Can I get you anything now?

DAVID O'SHAY

Thank you, give us a minute.

Angel and Dave look over the menu

DAVID O'SHAY

See anything that interests you?

ANGEL SANTORO

Other than you, the filet looks appealing.

DAVID O'SHAY

Sounds good to me. With a bottle of red wine?

seated on upper-level John Lombardo's attention is drawn to Angel.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Vito, who is that girl in the silver dress?

VITO CORONZA

Don't think I have ever seen her before. I know I would remember something like that.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(snaps fingers and  
waiter responds)

See that couple, the girl in the silver dress. If they order wine the bottle is on me. Capisce?

WAITER

(nods smiling)

Understood boss. I'll handle it.

LATER - Angel and Dave leaving. Lombardo approaches helps Angel with her coat

JOHN LOMBARDO

Hope to see you again. I'm John Lombardo and this is my associate Vito.

Dave shakes Lombardo's hand then Vito's

DAVID O'SHAY

Thanks again for the wine.

JOHN LOMBARDO

My pleasure, a welcome to the neighborhood present. A token of appreciation for your patronage. Hope you will return. Your lady gives this place a lot of class.

Lombardo kiss Angel's hand

JOHN LOMBARDO

And your name?

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Gina Montaglia.

Angel and Dave leave the restaurant. The valet brings car to front door

JOHN LOMBARDO

(speaks to Vito)

Get the plate on their car before it leaves. I'd like to find out who she is.

Vito takes a paper from counter and as the Cadillac pulls away, copies the plate number

DAVID O'SHAY

(puzzled)

Gina? Where did that come from?

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiles)

Just in case Sonny ever mentioned me. Pretty quick-thinking ha ugh?

"CUT TO:"

INT. DAVE AND ANGEL IN CADILLAC TRAVELING - NIGHT

DAVID O'SHAY

That is someplace, great meal.

ANGEL SANTORO

The waiter said the wine was a  
gift from Lombardo. Why would he  
do that.

DAVID O'SHAY

(laughing)

Because after seeing you, I am  
sure he fell in love.

"CUT TO:"

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE - NEXT DAY - DAY

David enters office finding Bono and Green talking.

JIMMY BONO

(looking over  
toward Dave)

How did it go last night?

DAVID O'SHAY

Took one of my squeezes with.  
Great food but pricey.

JIMMY BONO

What's pricey?

DAVID O'SHAY

Our dinner was one and a half.  
Lombardo sent a bottle of wine, on  
him, or it would have easily been  
over two.

JIMMY BONO

Why did Lombardo send the wine?

DAVID O'SHAY

(smiling)

I think he was trying to impress my squeeze. He came to our table and introduced himself. Asked if we were new to the area. Said the wine was a welcome to the neighborhood gesture.

JIMMY BONO

First night and you already met John.

DAVID O'SHAY

And a guy with him called Vito.

JIMMY BONO

That would be Vito Corozza. One bad motherfucker. Cuts throats. Be careful. When are you going back?

DAVID O'SHAY

Let it rest for a day. But you better open that cash box if you want me to keep going back there.

Bono opens safe and removes ten one-hundred-dollar bills from cash box and hands them to O'Shay.

JIMMY BONO

Fill out an expense ticket for last night. And keep me in the loop.

O'Shay leaves the office

JIMMY BONO

(speaking to Green)

Bobby, I don't trust him. Should not have let him interview Angel. If somehow, she saw us that night she might have told him.



BOB GREEN

(frowning)

He's been acting strange since  
ever since he interviewed her.

JIMMY BONO

I'll keep him on a short leash.

INT. AUGUSTINE'S CHAR-HOUSE - TWO WEEKS LATER - EVENING

Angel alone drives up in a rented Ford Mustang. Valet takes  
the car. She enters and walks to the bar where she sits and  
orders a Margarita

JOHN LOMBARDO

(walks up sits  
next to her)

Gina, have not seen you for a  
while. Your husband has been in a  
couple of times.

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Dave's not my husband, my  
boyfriend.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Not a great idea to let you out  
alone. Someone may kidnap you.

ANGEL SANTORO

(seductive stare)

Don't tell Dave I came in by  
myself.

JOHN LOMBARDO

And why did you come by yourself?

ANGEL SANTORO

Something here the other night  
intrigued me.

JOHN LOMBARDO

Hope it was not just the bottle of  
wine.

ANGEL SANTORO

(seductive look)

Not at all. I was very attracted to you.

JOHN LOMBARDO

(broad smile)

As I was to you. Let's move to the balcony. I have a private area there where we could get better acquainted.

together they move to the balcony and sit next to each other in a booth

WAITER

(approaches)

Can I bring you anything?

JOHN LOMBARDO

How about some bruschetta and a few breadsticks. Another Margarita for the lady and a glass of my favorite wine.

the waiter leaves the area

JOHN LOMBARDO

Where is your family from?

ANGEL SANTORO

Palermo, they grow olives on a small farm.

JOHN LOMBARDO

And what do you do?

ANGEL SANTORO

Trying to become a movie actress. Have done a few commercials, and a few auditions that did not pan-out. How about you, is this your place?

JOHN LOMBARDO

This and a couple more.

Lombardo puts his arm around Angel's shoulders and inhales the aroma of her hair

JOHN LOMBARDO

You really smell good. What do you have on?

ANGEL SANTORO

A French perfume Dave got for me. You smell good too. What do you have on?

JOHN LOMBARDO

(smiling)

I've got a hard-on but didn't know you could smell it.

Angel places her hand on his crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

Wow, that is some piece of equipment you have in there.

JOHN LOMBARDO

I have an apartment here in the building. Let's go there and you can check it out.

Angel follows Lombardo up a rear staircase to the apartment. Inside Lombardo pulls her close kissing her as his hand explores her breasts

ANGEL SANTORO

Whoa, big guy. Let me freshen up before we go any further.

Lombardo begins removing his clothes as Angel closes bathroom door

JOHN LOMBARDO

(laying naked on bed)

Gina, don't be long.

Angel opens door naked. Walks to bed places her purse on nightstand. Angel lays next to Lombardo who is breathing heavily

ANGEL SANTORO

That really is some piece of heavy equipment. Not sure I can take all of that.

JOHN LOMBARDO

I guess I'm going to have to get you good and wet.

Lombardo rolls Angel onto her back, slides down spreading her legs, and buries his face in her crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

Oh, John, that feels good.

Angel slowly reaches into her purse and feels the rat-tailed comb she placed on the very top and ever so gently takes the comb from her purse

ANGEL SANTORO

John, I think I am ready for you.  
I want to feel you inside me.

Lombardo raises up and brings his face to hers and begins kissing her. With his hand, Lombardo guides his penis to her. Angel feels it touching her opening

ANGEL SANTORO

(swings comb  
burying the  
rat-tail  
completely in his  
left ear)

You motherfucker this is from  
Sonny.

Lombardo gasps in shock

Angel pushes his now convulsing body off and stands and watches his legs do the same death dance that Tony legs did. Angel begins dressing while looking at Lombardo's lifeless eyes

(MORE)

(cont'd)

that are fixed on her. Blood begins to drain from his ear, around the comb, his body still quivering slightly as she walks out the back door

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Angel in a bathrobe sitting next to Dave on the sofa

DAVID O'SHAY

What happened to you last night? I called and you did not answer I came over here and you were not home.

ANGEL SANTORO

Sorry baby, a friend of mine, called crying. Caught her husband with another woman. She was hysterical. Just needed a shoulder to cry on. We had dinner and a few drinks. I had my phone turned off.

DAVID O'SHAY

I was just concerned. You know Sonny had some --

Dave's cellphone RINGS. Sees call is from office

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaking into  
cellphone)

Hello.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Dave, where are you?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Getting some groceries. What's up?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Someone killed John Lombardo last night.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Holy Fuck! Where?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

They found him this morning with a rat-tailed comb sticking out of his ear.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

A comb? What the fuck is that.

Angel looking down with a slight smile on her face

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

He was naked on a bed in an apartment he keeps for entertaining his ladies. Probably came too early for his broad and she put her comb in his ear.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Guess we can cross him off our list of suspects on the Carbona murder.

JIMMY BONO

Me, Green and the Sheriff are sure Lombardo killed Sonny. It was just

(MORE)

BONO (cont'd)  
a matter of time till we locked  
him up and you would have your  
first high profile murder under  
your belt. When you bring my Caddy  
back today bring the expense money  
that you have left so, I can close  
out this case. What time are you  
going to be here?

DAVID O'SHAY  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

In a couple of hours. Need to  
finish shopping and put the food  
away. On my way in I'm going to  
get the Caddy's oil changed, it's  
fifteen hundred over. See you  
then.

Angel opens her robe. Dave sees she is naked

ANGEL SANTORO  
Hope you don't need to run off.

DAVID O'SHAY  
Angel, you're not going to believe  
this. Remember when we ate at that  
restaurant in Chicago Heights a  
couple of weeks ago?

ANGEL SANTORO  
Great steak. Why?

DAVID O'SHAY  
The guy that bought us the bottle  
of wine was found murdered this  
morning. someone stuck a  
rat-tailed comb in his ear.

ANGEL SANTORO  
A comb. Who would kill someone  
with a comb?

Angel begins kissing Dave while rubbing his crotch. How  
about some afternoon delight before you go? Both walk to the  
bedroom

"CUT TO:"

INT. DAVE LEAVING THE OIL CHANGE FACILITY - TRAVELING - EVENING

Two hours later Dave drives the Caddy from the oil change shop and does not see an approaching car that collides with the driver's side door, temporarily stunning Dave.

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (("V.O. (O'Shay's  
 Voice)))  
 What the fuck!

police and ambulance SIRENS approaching

POLICE OFFICER  
 (speaking to Dave)  
 Are you OK? Take a seat on the  
 curb. The ambulance is coming. You  
 have a cut on your forehead.

CAR DRIVER  
 (dazed speaking to  
 officer)  
 He pulled out right in front of  
 me.

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (speaking into  
 cellphone)  
 Jimmy, Dave. Been involved in an  
 accident.

JIMMY BONO  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 How bad? Are you hurt?

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (INTERCUT:  
 telephone)  
 Just a little shaken up. The  
 Cadillac got T-boned and is not  
 drive-able. It will be towed to  
 our lot.



JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Where did this happen?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

The lube shop Belmont and Western.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'll send a car to get you.

police officer removing personal items from Cadillac

POLICE OFFICER

(approaches Dave)

Here's your personal stuff before  
we tow the car. These were in the  
glove box. Are you an air-marshal?

DAVID O'SHAY

Air-marshal. No, I'm Sheriff's  
S-I-U-. Why would you think I was an  
air-marshal?

POLICE OFFICER

The only guys I know that use 45  
glasers are air-marshals.

DAVID O'SHAY

What are you talking about,  
glasers?

POLICE OFFICER

Kind of like an exploding bullet.  
Used by air-marshals because they  
will not penetrate an airplane  
hull. If they shoot someone on the  
plane the bullet breaks up in the  
body.

DAVID O'SHAY

Those were in the glove box?

POLICE OFFICER

The glove box was locked but the impact sprung it open.

DAVID O'SHAY

Thanks for your help.

Dave puts the bullets in his briefcase

DAVID O'SHAY

("V.O. (Dave's  
Voice)")

Glaser why does Jimmy have  
glasers?

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Angel and Dave sleeping together. Angel on Dave's right  
shoulder. Angel rouses and kisses a small cut on his forehead.  
Dave opens eyes

ANGEL SANTORO

Morning Dave, how you feeling?

DAVID O'SHAY

Headache is better but have a  
stiff neck.

ANGEL SANTORO

Do you have coffee in the kitchen?

DAVID O'SHAY

Should be some in the cabinet by  
the microwave. Don't know if I  
have any cream that's not sour.

ANGEL SANTORO

(moves from bed  
naked)

I'll put a pot on and see what you  
have available for breakfast.

DAVID O'SHAY

Not much food in the house. The  
eggs are two months old; I think.

Angel enters bedroom still naked, carrying toast and coffee  
on a small serving platter

ANGEL SANTORO

Not a gourmet breakfast. The toast  
is buttered and I found a little  
jelly for the toast. Your cream  
turned to cottage cheese. Coffee  
is black. OK?

DAVID O'SHAY

Thanks.

tray with coffee and toast between them on bed both eating  
and sipping coffee

DAVID O'SHAY

("V.O. (Dave's  
Voice)")

Glasers, did I dream that?

Dave leaves bed naked walks to dresser opens briefcase and  
finds the box of glasers. Walks back with glasers in his  
hand and sits on edge of bed contemplating

ANGEL SANTORO

(curious)

What's in the box that is more  
interesting than your breakfast  
and the sexy waitress who served  
it?

Dave sitting on the edge of bed, his back to Angel, glaser box  
open looking at empty spaces counts seventeen missing

DAVID O'SHAY

What did you say?

ANGEL SANTORO

(stands and walks  
around bed and  
kneels looking at  
(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
the box)  
Honey, you look troubled. What's  
with the box of bullets.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(removes one  
glaser to show  
her)  
These are not regular bullets.  
Shows her one. See here it's  
not lead, it's a composite that  
just explodes on impact with no  
over-penetration.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Where did they come from and who  
would use them?

DAVID O'SHAY  
Guys who guard planes in flight.  
Because these will not penetrate  
the hull of an airplane.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Where did you get them?

DAVID O'SHAY  
The officer who handled the  
accident said they were locked in  
Bono's glovebox that sprung open  
during the accident.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Why is this a concern for you?

DAVID O'SHAY  
Curious why Bono has these?

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE/BONO'S OFFICE - DAY

Bono and Green huddled. Day after the accident

JIMMY BONO

Where in the fuck are those  
glaziers?

BOB GREEN

Why did you leave them in the car?

JIMMY BONO

Pretty much forgot them until  
O'Shay called about the accident.

BOB GREEN

I check the car. Looks like the  
glove box sprung on impact. I  
looked everywhere in the car, and  
even check where the crash  
happened. They're gone.

JIMMY BONO

Do you think O'Shay found them?

BOB GREEN

The only possibility left.

Bono dials telephone

JIMMY BONO

(speaking into  
phone)

Dave, Jimmy here. How you are  
you feeling?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hi Jimmy, sore all over can hardly  
turn my head. Neck is really  
stiff.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Take a couple of days off, until  
you feel better. Did you get all  
the personal things out of the  
car?

DAVID O' SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Ya, everything I could find.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I had a box of ammo in the glove  
box did you see it?

DAVID O' SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Ammo? What kind?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

45's for my Glock. Did some target  
shooting a couple of weeks ago and  
left a few rounds in the glovebox.

DAVID O' SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I did not see them. Maybe they fell  
out onto the street?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Bobby already checked the street.  
Really important we find them  
before some kid does, and the  
Department gets sued.

DAVID O' SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

If I had known, I would have  
checked for them. Sorry.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hope they didn't fall into the wrong hands. OK, kid get some rest. Call me when you're ready to come back to work. Don't forget to bring a note from the doctor.

Bono hangs up the phone, turns to Green

BOB GREEN

What did he say?

JIMMY BONO

Said he did not see them. There was something about the tone of his voice. He may be bullshitting.

BOB GREEN

We had him interview Angel and he had her take the lie box. Wonder if she said anything that he hasn't told us.

JIMMY BONO

I don't think he's had any contact with her after she took the lie box.

BOB GREEN

I think we should pay her a visit and find out how she is doing.

JIMMY BONO

You handle that. Might seem strange if we both showed up.

BOB GREEN

I'll handle that when we get back from our trip to Springfield with the Sheriff.

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - LATER

ANGEL SANTORO

Who was that?

DAVID O'SHAY

My boss checking up on me. Seemed really concerned about what happened to these bullets.

ANGEL SANTORO

Why not just tell him you have them.

DAVID O'SHAY

Somethings not right. He said he left them in the glove box after target shooting a couple of weeks ago.

ANGEL SANTORO

So?

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, you don't use glasers to target shoot. You told me, when we first met, that Sonny and my boss were friends?

ANGEL SANTORO

Yes, we were at a party for the Sheriff and Sonny introduced me to (beat) I think his name was Jimmy and another guy who I could tell wanted to eat me up. Looked like a real lecher.

DAVID O'SHAY

That probably was Bobby Green. He is a drunk and a lecher. They were partners in Chicago before coming on with the Sheriff. A bit shady I always thought.

"CUT TO:"

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT OFFICE/BONO'S OFFICE - LATER



Bono on the phone speaking with police radio-room, Green relaxing on a sofa

JIMMY BONO  
(speaking into  
phone)

This is Commander Bono of S-I-U-.  
Would you check the record of who  
handled detective O'Shay's  
accident two days ago. (beat)  
Belmont and Western, (beat) about  
five-thirty in the afternoon. Call  
me back.

BOB GREEN  
Maybe the patrol cop grabbed them.

JIMMY BONO  
Better than --

telephone RINGS Bono answers

JIMMY BONO  
(speaking into  
phone)

Hello, yes, this is Commander Bono.  
(beat) is he working now? (beat)  
Ask him to call me. Thanks.

BOB GREEN  
What she say?

JIMMY BONO  
An officer Bridges. He is working  
now. She will have him call.

Bono walks to coffee pot pours a cup

JIMMY BONO  
Want some?

BOB GREEN  
Not this time of day, it's --

telephone RINGS Green answers

BOB GREEN  
(speaking into  
phone)

Hello, (beat) yes, he is. One  
minute.

hands phone to Bono

BOB GREEN  
It's Bridges.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Officer Bridges, I understand you  
handled O'Shay's accident two days  
ago. (beat) I had a box of bullets  
in the glove box and no one seems  
to know what happened to them.

AL BRIDGES  
(INTERCUT;  
telephone)

Commander, check with O'Shay. I  
found them and gave them to him.  
Glaser, he had no idea of what  
they were. I'm sure they were not  
his, he didn't know what a glaser  
was. But he has them.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Thanks, officer, I had them in the  
glove box. Took them off a punk a  
couple of weeks ago. Want to make  
sure they did not fall on the  
street where some kid might have  
found them. Bye, and thanks again.

BOB GREEN  
(sits up on sofa)  
What did he say?

JIMMY BONO

O'Shay has them. Bridges said he  
had to explain to him what they were.

BOB GREEN

Jimmy, this bothers me. Why did  
O'Shay not tell you he had them?

JIMMY BONO

Tomorrow I'm paying him a visit.

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY - - DAY

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaking into  
phone)

No baby, I rarely eat at home.  
Don't waste your money. (beat) Ya,  
I'll be home all day, neck and knee  
are killing me. (beat) What time? Stop  
and get some Chinese for us.  
(beat) See you then.

LATER - doorbell RINGS. Dave pushes intercom

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaks into  
intercom)

Hi Baby, that was quick.

JIMMY BONO

(voice on intercom)

Dave, I'm not your baby, it's  
Jimmy let me in.

Dave dressed only in pajama bottoms, presses door unlocking  
button. Opens his apartment door waits in the hallway. Sees  
Jimmy and Bobby get off the elevator

JIMMY BONO

(shaking Dave's  
hand)

How are you doing sport?

DAVID O'SHAY

Come in. What brings you here?

BOB GREEN

Just in the neighborhood and  
thought we'd check in with you.

DAVID O'SHAY

Can I get you anything? Don't have  
much to offer.

JIMMY BONO

No, we just had lunch.

Jimmy and Bobby both sit on the sofa, Dave sits facing them

JIMMY BONO

Is the neck getting any better?

DAVID O'SHAY

A little, really stiff. Doc says  
that is normal. I should be back  
to work in a week or so.

JIMMY BONO

I look forward to having you back.  
Something I want to talk to you  
about.

DAVID O'SHAY

What might that be?

JIMMY BONO

Remember on the phone I asked you  
about a box of bullets that I had  
in the Cady's glove box.

DAVID O'SHAY

Bullets in the glove box, not  
really.

JIMMY BONO

I had a box of bullets in the  
glove box. The officer that  
handled the accident said he  
remembers giving them to you.

DAVID O'SHAY

To me? Do not remember that. As far as talking to you about bullets I do not recall. Let me check in my briefcase.

Dave walks into the bedroom. Jimmy and Bobby looking at each other quizzically. Dave in bedroom removes ammo box from dresser top and hides it in his underwear drawer brings his briefcase back to living room empties it on coffee table

DAVID O'SHAY

(opens case)

This is everything from the car.  
No bullets here.

Jimmy takes case and checks

JIMMY BONO

And you don't remember seeing them?

DAVID O'SHAY

Commander, why would I steal your bullets? The department gives us all we want. Maybe the beat cop grabbed them and was afraid to tell you.

JIMMY BONO

Maybe? We'll be on our way now.  
Glad to see you're feeling better.

Jimmy and Bobby TRAVELING Jimmy driving

JIMMY BONO

I don't know what he's up to.

BOB GREEN

I think he's full of shit.

MOMENTS LATER - ANGEL IN CHINESE RESTAURANT PAYING

BOB GREEN

(loudly)

Jimmy, go around the block.

JIMMY BONO

What, why?

BOB GREEN

I think I just saw that Santoro  
broads car parked by the Chinese  
restaurant.

Jimmy breaks hard and turns right-tires SQUEALING

BOB GREEN

I'm positive it was a pink Benz.

JIMMY BONO

Not many pink Mercedes on the  
street. Maybe one of those Mary  
Kay cosmetic cars they let the top  
salesgirl drive for a month.

BOB GREEN

I think those are Cadillac's.

Angel walks from the restaurant puts the bag on rear floor and  
drives away

JIMMY BONO

(stopped waiting  
for traffic to  
clear points)

Is that the joint?

BOB GREEN

Ya, and there is a vacant spot in  
front. The car must have left.  
Could have sworn it was her Benz.

JIMMY BONO

We have that fundraiser for the  
Sheriff in half an hour. We don't  
have time now to be looking for a  
ghost pink Benz.

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT BELL RINGS - LATER

DAVID O'SHAY  
(speaks into  
Intercom)

Hello.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(speaking into  
intercom)

Me baby, buzz me in. I have  
the Chinese.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(speaking into  
intercom)

Angel, wait there we have to get  
out of here. I'm coming down.

Starts to leave. Stops and runs back to bedroom grabs ammo box  
and then dashes down staircase sees Angel waiting outside  
door. Opens door takes Angel by the arm

ANGEL SANTORO  
(confused)

What's going on?

DAVID O'SHAY  
(catching his  
breath)

Want you to drive three blocks  
west then turn right for about  
five blocks. There's a high  
school there. Pull into the  
parking lot. I'll meet you there  
and explain.

Angel drives away. Dave runs to his personal car and with  
tires SQUEALING heads west, turns the corner, tires SQUEAL as he  
turns into school lot

ANGEL SANTORO  
(in her car)

What's going on, baby?

DAVID O'SHAY

(parks next to her, gets  
in the Benz)

Angel, something is going on and I  
have a real bad feeling about it.

ANGEL SANTORO

(concerned)

Tell me, baby. What is it?

Dave explains his visit with Bono and Green

ANGEL SANTORO

Why are this bullets so important?

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, these are specialty bullets.  
Remember I explained, these are  
used by air-marshals because they  
do not over-penetrate.

ANGEL SANTORO

So?

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, Bono, and Green both knew  
Sonny. Sonny took seventeen shots  
and none exited his body. There  
are seventeen bullets missing from  
the box that was in Bono's Cady.

ANGEL SANTORO

Do you think they killed Sonny?

DAVID O'SHAY

Looks that way. You have to get  
rid of this car. It stands out  
like a sore thumb.

ANGEL SANTORO

Already traded it for a black  
Corvette. Being delivered Friday.  
Was going to surprise you.

DAVID O'SHAY

I'm moving you out of your  
(MORE)



O'SHAY (cont'd)  
apartment, just to be safe. I  
don't think they know I've been  
seeing you, but you never know.  
They're a couple of corrupt and  
sneaky fuckers.

ANGEL SANTORO  
They knew Sonny, so they have  
friends that police should not  
have.

DAVID O'SHAY  
I'm putting you up in a motel  
until I figure this out. First off  
we have to ditch your car. I have  
a friend that has a small farm  
west of Barrington. Has a couple  
of horses, he keeps in a barn. We'll  
leave your car there till Friday.

Dave dials cellphone

DAVID O'SHAY  
Red, Dave. Need a favor. (beat) No  
want to park a car in your barn  
till Friday. (beat) no, it's not  
hot. (beat) Be there in forty-five  
minutes. Have Chinese if you  
haven't eaten.  
(speaking to Angel)  
It's OK with him. Follow me.

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT - TWO DAYS LATER. - DAY

telephone RINGS

DAVID O'SHAY  
(speaks into phone)  
Hello.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Dave, Jimmy here. How's the  
recuperation going?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Slower than the doc figured. Still  
can't hardly turn my head. Doc  
says maybe a couple of weeks.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Not rushing you just a courtesy  
call to make sure you're alright.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Appreciate that. It's just taking  
awhile.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Oh Ya. Have you talked to Sonny's  
girlfriend lately?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Not since she took the lie box.  
Why?

JIMMY BONO

Had a couple of questions about  
the night of the murder. Bobby  
went by her apartment a couple of  
times. She or her car are never  
there.

DAVID O'SHAY

May have gone back with her  
(MORE)

O'SHAY (cont'd)  
brother. Have someone check the  
airport parking lots for her car.  
Can't miss her car.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
When you interviewed her did you  
get her brothers phone number?

DAVID O'SHAY  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
No, she dialed from her cell and  
handed me the phone. He confirmed  
she was there for a little over  
two weeks.

JIMMY BONO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Well so much for that. Anyway hope  
you get better soon. Talk to you  
later.

Dave dials Angels phone

ANGEL SANTORO  
(answers phone)  
Hello.

DAVID O'SHAY  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Baby just got off the phone with  
Bono. Somethings up. Said they  
were at your apartment a couple of  
times. Ask if I had talked to you  
recently.

ANGEL SANTORO  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)  
Why are they look for me?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Don't really know. I told them  
maybe you went back with your  
brother.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Are you coming by tonight? I miss  
you.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I'll spend the night and tomorrow  
we can pick up your car and be rid  
of it. You can't go back to your  
apartment until I figure this out.

ANGEL SANTORO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I love you, Dave. Don't think I  
ever said that before. See you  
soon.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Angel, I love you too. I'll bring  
dinner. See you in an hour.

Dave about to leave his apartment, look out the window and sees  
what looks like his Ford squad car parked down the block  
with two men in it

DAVID O'SHAY

("V.O. (O'Shay's  
Voice)")

Shit.

paces thinking, turns on bedroom light sets timer to go off,  
in four hours. Then walks to a neighbor's apartment KNOCKS on  
door. Neighbor opens door

CHUCK

Hi Dave. How you doing?  
A couple of days ago your  
new squeeze was coming in just as  
I got home. She's a knock-out.

CHUCK MONROE: Dave's neighbor for two years, late 50's  
divorced, lives alone

DAVID O'SHAY

Chuck, need to ask you for a  
favor.

CHUCK

Anything buddy.

DAVID O'SHAY

Can I borrow your car for a few  
days. You can use mine. It's parked  
right in front.

CHUCK

Your new Impala for my old rusty  
Plymouth? I like this deal. What's  
going on?

DAVID O'SHAY

Staking out a drug dealer. My car  
stands out. Yours would be  
perfect.

they exchange keys

CHUCK

Parked in the back lot. Can't miss  
the rust bucket.

DAVID O'SHAY

Thanks Chuck. Have it back in a  
couple of days. Maybe a week.

Dave TRAVELING drives in the alley for three blocks, turns on  
side street, then to expressway and to the motel

"CUT TO:"

INT. ONE STORY MOTEL - RESEMBLES - BATES MOTEL - LATER

Angel and Dave seated on the bed eating cheeseburgers and fries

ANGEL SANTORO

If Bono or Green shot Sonny, who do you think they were working for?

DAVID O'SHAY

That's something I need to figure out. We can cross off Lombardo.

ANGEL SANTORO

Why cross him off. Everyone thought Sonny was hit in retaliation for him putting the hit on, Marcella.

DAVID O'SHAY

Well they would not have sent me to investigate a guy they were working for.

ANGEL SANTORO

I see your point.

DAVID O'SHAY

I just can't figure how a boss of a crew for the Mangoni crime family is found dead with a comb sticking out of his brain.

ANGEL SANTORO

(smiling)

You heard the expression, Hell has no fury like a woman too early spermed? Probably finished before his Goomah was ready.

DAVID O'SHAY

(laughing)

That's a funny theory.

Angel's moves her hand to Dave's crotch

ANGEL SANTORO

(laughing)

Are you going to make me happy, or  
should I get out my comb?

Dave smiling embraces her and both fall back on the bed

"CUT TO:"

INT. CHUCK'S PLYMOUTH ANGEL WITH DAVE TRAVELING - AFTERNOON

NEXT DAY

ANGEL SANTORO

Where did you get this piece of  
shit car?

DAVID O'SHAY

(TRAVELING)

Belongs to a neighbor. Borrowed it  
because I think Bono has my  
building staked out.

ANGEL SANTORO

Why not your car?

DAVID O'SHAY

Mine was parked in front of my  
building. Bono would have seen me  
leave. Did not want to be  
followed.

LATER - Angel in her Mercedes, Dave following, TRAVELING to  
auto dealership. Angel drives her Benz to the rear of  
dealership, Dave following in the old Plymouth. Both enter  
showroom

CAR SALESMAN

(stands from his desk)

Good afternoon Miss. Santoro.

ANGEL SANTORO

Good afternoon. This is my friend  
Dave. Is my car ready?

CAR SALESMAN

Sure is, had it waxed and it  
sparkles like a jewel. Do you have  
the keys to the Benz? A porter is  
bringing your Vet. around front.

Angel removes Benz keys from key ring. Black Corvette is  
parked outside

CAR SALESMAN

There it is. Plates are on it.  
Have a good day. A pleasure doing  
business with you.

Angel and Dave walk to the Corvette, Angel gets in and  
turning the key and the engine roars to life

ANGEL SANTORO

How do you like it?

DAVID O'SHAY

I love it, Baby. I'll look at it  
back at the motel. I want you out  
of the city. Go back to the  
motel, I'll see you there later.  
Don't joy-ride around.

ANGEL SANTORO

Are you coming with me?

DAVID O'SHAY

I've got a stop to make, then I'll  
be there. Now get out of here  
before someone recognizes you.

"CUT TO:"

INT. - CRIME LAB / SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - LATER - AFTERNOON

Dave parks behind Sheriff's police headquarters and  
cautiously walks into the building using a back door. Seeing no  
one in the area he rushes to the crime lab located in the  
basement. Enters the lab quickly closing the door.



ED JOHNSON

Dave, how you doing? Heard you were in a car accident driving your bosses Cadillac.

ED JOHNSON: evidence technician, mid 30's. Had been in the police academy with Dave

DAVID O'SHAY

Ya got T-boned. Been off for a couple of weeks.

ED JOHNSON

What do I owe the honor of your presence, S-I-U- investigator.

DAVID O'SHAY

Don't bust my ball. That transfer may have been a mistake.

ED JOHNSON

What! S-I-U- is the prestige unit of the department.

DAVID O'SHAY

We'll see. I need you to do me a favor. Did you process the Carbona murder a couple of months ago?

ED JOHNSON

Ya, the mob hit in a pink Mercedes.

DAVID O'SHAY

Were the empty casings dusted for prints?

ED JOHNSON

Yes, I dusted them. A lot of partials and two with enough points that could be an identifiers. Sent them to the "G" who ran it through their criminal database and did not get a hit.

DAVID O'SHAY

Ed, what I'm going to ask you must remain just between us.

ED JOHNSON

What is it?

DAVID O'SHAY

Run the print you found against personnel prints on file for the our department.

ED JOHNSON

You mean the officers prints that are taken when they are hired?

DAVID O'SHAY

Ya, and I only hope I can trust you to keep this between us, or people might die.

ED JOHNSON

Dave, you think someone on the job killed Carbona?

DAVID O'SHAY

Strong possibility. Will you do it.

ED JOHNSON

Sure but it will take a few days. I have access to departments personnel records. And I hope you're wrong.

DAVID O'SHAY

Me too. When you finish, call me on my cell. You have my number.

"CUT TO:"

EXT. MOTEL / ANGELS CORVETTE PARKED BY ROOM - EVENING

Dave parks Plymouth next to Angels Corvette. Carrying a container of K-F-C- chicken, and a six-pack of beer, he examines the Corvette before knocking on room door

DAVID O'SHAY

Babe, it's me.

ANGEL SANTORO

(opens the door)

Hi honey, glad you picked up  
dinner, I'm starving. Do you like  
my car?

DAVID O'SHAY

Love it.

ANGEL SANTORO

Where have you been all afternoon?

DAVID O'SHAY

Checking out a couple of things.  
Let's eat.

ANGEL SANTORO

When things get back to normal I  
hope you will take me back to that  
steakhouse in Chicago Heights for  
a good meal.

DAVID O'SHAY

Baby, I promise I'm --

Dave's cellphone RINGS

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaks into phone)

Hello.

JIMMY BONO

Dave, Jimmy here. Where are you?

DAVID O'SHAY

Why the question?

JIMMY BONO

Stopped by your apartment today.  
Your car was there, but you did not  
answer the bell.

DAVID O'SHAY

Did not hear the bell. Doctor's got me on muscle relaxers and hydrocodone. It really knocks me out.

JIMMY BONO

That explains it. How much longer do you think you will be off?

DAVID O'SHAY

Hard to say. I'll call you when I know more. Thanks for checking up on me.

hangs up phone

ANGEL SANTORO

Your boss?

DAVID O'SHAY

Bono. Was at my apartment today.

"CUT TO:"

INT. MOTEL ROOM / TWO DAYS - LATER - DAY

Angel walks from the bathroom naked, David resting on bed covered by sheet

ANGEL SANTORO

Like being cooped up with you like this. Never met a guy that was able to do it as often as you can.

DAVID O'SHAY

Sweetheart only because of you. You're the sexiest woman I have ever seen. I was thinking --

Dave's cellphone rings

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaks into phone)

Hello.

ED JOHNSON

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Dave, this is Johnson. Think you better meet me somewhere. Got something I'm sure you want to see.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

What is it?

ED JOHNSON

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Not on the phone. Do you remember the place where we had lunch, while in the academy, Rosie's Café?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sure do.

ED JOHNSON

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Can you meet me there in a half an hour?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Will take me a bit longer, say in an hour. (beat) OK, see you there.

ANGEL SANTORO

Are you leaving?

DAVID O'SHAY

Ya Baby, this could be important. I'll call you.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ROSIE'S CAFE - TYPICAL GREEK STYLE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Dave enters, DAVE'S P.O.V. - JOHNSON SEATED - BACK TABLE

ED JOHNSON

Better sit down to hear this.

Dave sits across from Johnson. Waitress approaches

WAITRESS

Can I get you something?

DAVID O'SHAY

Just coffee for now. I want two  
Greek salads to go. Thanks.

ED JOHNSON

Dave, I ran both the partials thru  
the department database. They  
belong to Bono and Green.

DAVID O'SHAY

Fuck, Bono, and Green. Did you tell  
anyone.

ED JOHNSON

No, I was shocked. Called you  
right away.

WAITRESS

(brings coffee and  
menu)

In case you change your mind.

DAVID O'SHAY

Where are the lifts you got off  
the shell casings.

ED JOHNSON

In the evidence locker with the  
case file.

DAVID O'SHAY

Hide them somewhere so if Bono  
goes looking, he will not find  
them.

ED JOHNSON

Dave, be careful. Heard they were  
a couple of bad sons-of-bitches in  
Chicago.

DAVID O'SHAY

The word is, between them they  
killed nine guys and I learned  
recently that they were connected  
the Chicago mob.

"CUT TO:"

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER - EVENING

KNOCK on motel-room door

ANGEL SANTORO

(opens curtains  
seeing Dave opens  
the door)

Hi honey. What's in the bag?

DAVID O'SHAY

Greek salad.

ANGEL SANTORO

Great! what happened with the  
meeting?

sitting with salads on a small table begin eating

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, Bono, and Green killed  
Sonny. Found their prints on two  
of the empty bullet casings.

ANGEL SANTORO

What are you going to do?

DAVID O'SHAY

I know Green hangs out at a club  
called the Jesters, on Devon in  
Niles. Green's a lush and is in  
there almost every night.

ANGEL SANTORO

So?

DAVID O'SHAY

The owner of the joint owes me.  
A couple of years ago I pinched a  
hooker he was dating. Gave her a  
break at his request. I'll call him,  
see if he heard anything. A long shot but --

ANGEL SANTORO

Why not just tell the Sheriff  
about the prints on the bullets.

DAVID O'SHAY

They would just say they looked  
over the evidence and that's how  
the prints got there. Besides, I'm not  
sure, I can trust the Sheriff.

ANGEL SANTORO

You're probably right. I saw Sonny  
give him twenty thousand at the party.

Dave's cellphone RINGS

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaks into phone)

Hello.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Dave, Jimmy here, where are you?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

What's up Jimmy?

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I've been to your place four times.  
Your car is there, but you're not.



DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Sorry Jimmy should have called you. I had to leave town, my brother got hit by a car, he's in critical condition. I rushed out and flew to Ohio.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

You didn't take your car?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

No called a cab. Still, do not have full motion with my neck, can't drive.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Did not know you had a brother. Where does he live?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Why? You don't believe me.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

I believe you, just curious. Any idea when you are coming back.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Was going to call you and ask for emergency vacation. My brother takes care of my Mom and Dad, who are elderly but still live on their small farm outside Cleveland.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Did not know your family was from  
Ohio. You're a farm boy?

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Just a small truck farm. Dad is  
too old and does not farm anymore.  
I'm staying until my brother gets  
on his feet and can take over  
caring for them.

JIMMY BONO

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

OK, I'll approve the emergency  
time. Call me every Friday  
morning and let me know how it's  
going.

DAVID O'SHAY

(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Thanks Jimmy. Will do.

ANGEL SANTORO

(puzzled)

Did not know you had a brother?

DAVID O'SHAY

Don't, and both my parents died a  
few years ago in Indiana.

"CUT TO:"

INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATION OFFICE / BONO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS  
LATER

Bono hangs up the phone

BOB GREEN

What did he say?

JIMMY BONO

Think he's full of shit. Said his brother got hit by a car and is in the hospital. He's in Ohio tending to his parents. I think he's up to something.

BOB GREEN

I agree. Never really trusted him. Something has to happen to him.

JIMMY BONO

I got a feeling he hooked up with that Santoro broad. She's still not around.

BOB GREEN

If he is, I can't say I blame him. I'd love to do her. One hot Rican chick. Never completely understood why Sonny told us to wack her and then was fucken her in her car.

JIMMY BONO

Grabbing a last goodbye, fuck? Who knows? The five-grand came in handy.

"CUT TO:"

EXT. JESTERS BAR - ONE WEEK LATER - NIGHT

A black Corvette parks in front of the bar. A shapely blond wearing stiletto heels exits the car and enters the bar that is occupied by a few patrons. She takes a seat at the bar. Her dress reveals her ample breast cleavage and her shapely legs accentuated by the stiletto heels. Bartender walks up and leans against the bar

BARTENDER

((V.O. (Bartender'  
Voice))

Wow, where have you been all of my life?

(MORE)

BARTENDER (cont'd)

(leans on bar)  
What can I get this beautiful  
lady?

BLOND WOMAN

(seductive look)  
Margarita easy on the salt.

BARTENDER

Coming up.

sets drink on the bar, he takes the twenty-dollar-bill she hands  
him, and brings back her change

BARTENDER

(leaning on bar)  
Haven't seen you in here. Where you  
from.

BLOND WOMAN

Just flew in from Vegas. Used to  
date a guy that hung out here.

BARTENDER

His name?

BLOND WOMAN

Gene Davis.

BARTENDER

Names not familiar.

the bartender is called by man at the end of the bar

BARTENDER

What can I do for you, Bobby?

BOB GREEN

Give me a double Crown Royal and  
another whatever she's drinking  
for that blond.

the bartender puts second Margarita on bar

BARTENDER

From the gentleman at the end of  
the bar.

the blond raises her glass and nods in appreciation. Bobby  
with his drink moves to the seat next to her

BOB GREEN

Hi beautiful, want a little  
company?

BLOND WOMAN

(smiles)  
I'm waiting for a friend.

BOB GREEN

Where are you from? Never saw you  
in here before. And I know I  
would never forget something so  
beautiful.

BLOND WOMAN

A few years ago, I used to date a  
guy that hung out here. Supposed  
to meet me here tonight. I just  
flew in from Vegas and the flight  
was a little late. Hope he didn't  
think I stood him up.

BOB GREEN

What's his name?

BLOND WOMAN

Gene Davis, a big guy, football  
player. Played for the Bears a  
number of years ago.

BOB GREEN

I've been here for the last three  
hours and saw no big football  
player.

BLOND WOMAN

I'll wait and finish my drink. If  
he doesn't show it's his loss.

BOB GREEN

I'm Bobby. You are who?

BLOND WOMAN

Gina Montaglia, thanks for the drink.

BOB GREEN

If he does not show how about me.  
I volunteer to be a boy-toy.

BLOND WOMAN

Ah, don't think you could handle it. Looks like you've had too much Crown. Puts the trouser snake to sleep.

BOB GREEN

Really!

Bobby takes her hand puts it on his crotch

BOB GREEN

Does that feel like it's sleeping?

BLOND WOMAN

Wow, that's some package. I hope he doesn't show. I'd like to get acquainted with that.

BOB GREEN

Why take a chance. There's a motel half a block down. Want to join me?

BLOND WOMAN

After feeling that, I'd be crazy to say no.

both finish their drinks and walk together from the bar

"CUT TO:"

EXT. MOTEL / ANGELS ROOM - LATER

Dave hears KNOCK on door, picks up his pistol, pulls blinds open  
sees a blond at the door wearing no shoes

DAVID O'SHAY

(opens the door)

Angel, where the hell have you  
been. I've been calling you for  
the last five hours.

ANGEL SANTORO

Baby, I'm sorry. Remember a few  
weeks ago my girlfriend called  
crying about her husband cheating  
on her. Today he started slapping  
her around and she called me. My  
phone battery is dead, or I would  
have called.

DAVID O'SHAY

Where are your shoes?

ANGEL SANTORO

Getting into the car to come home,  
my heel got caught in a manhole  
and shaped off. I dumped the fucken  
heels.

DAVID O'SHAY

What's with the blond wig?

ANGEL SANTORO

Today after you left, I got bored  
and drove into Barrington just to  
look around. Saw a wig shop and  
thought what the hell. This  
looked good on me, so I thought  
I'd give you a little variety. Was  
just paying for it when she called  
all hysterical.

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, I don't need any variety. I  
want you just as you are.

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGEL'S MOTEL ROOM/ THREE DAY LATER - AFTERNOON

Dave's phone continually ringing. Calls are all from Jimmy. Dave does not answer. Walking from the shower his phone again rings and he sees it's Ed Johnson

DAVID O'SHAY  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Hello Ed.

ED JOHNSON  
(INTERCUT:  
telephone)

Dave, have you heard?

DAVID O'SHAY  
Heard what?

ED JOHNSON  
Bob Green was found dead in a motel room, this morning.

DAVID O'SHAY  
Greens dead? Heart attack?

ED JOHNSON  
Bono hasn't called you?

DAVID O'SHAY  
He's been calling all morning. I've been ignoring his calls. He thinks I'm in Ohio taking care of my elderly parents. What happened to Green?

ED JOHNSON  
Found him in a motel room this morning, naked on the floor, with a rat-tailed comb sticking out of his ear. Been dead about two days. Do not disturb sign on the door so the maid did not check till the second day. I processed the scene.



DAVID O'SHAY

Just like Lombardo. This happened when?

ED JOHNSON

Not last night or the night before, he checked in two days ago, ten at night. Had a rubber on but nothing in it, was killed before he got off.

DAVID O'SHAY

That's why Bono has called me nine times this morning. Thanks for the call. I'll call you later.

Dave hits redial on Bono's number

DAVID O'SHAY

Jimmy, Dave. Just landed at O'Hare. Had my phone off on the plane. See you've been calling. What's up?

JIMMY BONO

Been calling all morning. Bobby was found dead this morning.

DAVID O'SHAY

You mean, Bobby Green?

JIMMY BONO

Ya, Bobby Green!

DAVID O'SHAY

Heart attack?

JIMMY BONO

No murdered in a motel room. Someone pushed a rat-tailed comb in his ear and into his brain.

DAVID O'SHAY

That's how Lombardo was killed. This is fucked up. I'm getting my luggage. I'll grab a cab and

(MORE)

O'SHAY (cont'd)  
 should be home in an hour. I'll  
 drop my shit and head into the  
 office.

Dave turns to Angel who has been listening

DAVID O'SHAY  
 Bobby Green was found dead this  
 morning in a motel room. A  
 rat-tailed comb sticking out of  
 his ear. Just like Lombardo.

ANGEL SANTORO  
 Sounds a little crazy. A serial  
 rat-tailed comb killer?

DAVID O'SHAY  
 (calls Johnson  
 back)  
 Ed, I talked to Bono. This is  
 really fucked up. Take the print  
 lifts and the casings that tie  
 Green and Bono to the Carbona  
 murder to the F-B-I- and fill them in  
 on what's going on.

DAVID O'SHAY  
 Baby stay here, I have to go and  
 meet Bono. Have to get my own  
 car back. I'll call you.

ANGEL SANTORO  
 Love you. Be careful.

"CUT TO:"

INT. O'SHAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING / CHUCKS DOOR - LATER

Dave parks the Plymouth and walks to his neighbor's door and  
 KNOCKS. The door is opened by Chuck

CHUCK  
 Where have you been? Figured you  
 fell in love with my rust bucket.

DAVID O'SHAY

Just took a little longer than I  
expected. Here are your keys. Thanks  
again.

Dave back in his apartment - MOMENTS LATER - bell RINGS

JIMMY BONO

(speaks into  
intercom)

Hello.

JIMMY BONO

(voice on intercom)

Dave, it's me. Buzz me in.

Dave pushes door buzzer then walks into bedroom picks up his  
pistol tucks it into his pants, near the small of his back

DAVID O'SHAY

(looks thru the  
peephole and sees  
Bono alone and  
opens the door)

Jimmy, why are you here? I told  
you I would come in after I dumped  
my suitcase.

JIMMY BONO

(Bono walks in  
looking around)

Are you alone?

DAVID O'SHAY

Ya, why?

JIMMY BONO

(continues looking  
around draws his  
pistol)

OK, asshole, where are the  
Bullet you found in my glovebox?

DAVID O'SHAY

I told you I don't have any  
bullets from your car.

Bono levels pistol pointed at Dave's head

JIMMY BONO

I'm counting to three and before I  
can say four your brains will be  
decorating the wall behind you.

DAVID O'SHAY

Calm down Jimmy. You're upset  
because of Bobby.

JIMMY BONO

One, two --

KNOCK on Dave's door

JIMMY BONO

See who it is.

Bono hides behind the door, Dave looks thru peephole his  
posture hides his pistol

CHUCK

("V.O. (Chuck's  
Voice)")

Dave, it's me.

DAVID O'SHAY

(speaks thru door)

Chuck, I'm in the middle of  
something. Come back later.

CHUCK

("V.O. (Chuck's  
Voice)")

You forgot your keys. If your  
girlfriend is naked I won't look.

(laughing)

Maybe just a little.

Dave looks to Jimmy for approval, Jimmy nods OK. Dave  
unlocks the door and violently swings the door into Jimmy.  
GUNSHOT from Jimmy's gun. Dave draws his pistol from his  
back. Jimmy pushes door back, fires two shots, one hitting  
Dave in left shoulder. Dave fires three shots, two-strike  
Jimmy's chest the third his forehead just above his nose

CHUCK  
(stand frozen in  
doorway)  
What the fuck was that?

"CUT TO:"

INT. ANGEL APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TWO MONTHS LATER. DAVE IS LIVING WITH ANGEL IN HER APARTMENT

Dave enters and sees Angel sleeping on the sofa. Angel's  
three-month pregnancy is noticeable

ANGEL SANTORO  
(hearing him she  
struggles  
slightly to sits  
up)  
How did the hearing go?

DAVID O'SHAY  
They felt I was justified shooting  
Bono. Clearly self-defense. Chuck  
saw the whole thing and testified  
for me.

ANGEL SANTORO  
I'm glad you did not lose your  
job. You're a good cop.

DAVID O'SHAY  
After the hearing, the Captain in  
charge of Internal Affairs told me  
the F-B-I- was just about to  
arrest the Sheriff, Bono, and Green  
for official misconduct. They were  
all on the mob payroll.

ANGEL SANTORO  
Great time to tell you. You must  
be beat. Let's go to bed. I'll take  
your mind off your problems.

holding hands together they walk to the bedroom

DAVID O'SHAY

I'm going to take a shower. Don't  
fall asleep. Be just a minute.

Dave enters the shower. Angel drops her robe and lays naked on  
the bed

DAVID O'SHAY

("V.O. (Dave's  
Voice)")

Drying off, be right there.

Dave walks from the bathroom naked, carrying a rat-tailed comb

DAVID O'SHAY

Angel, I didn't know you used  
rat-tailed combs.

Angel rolls on her side facing him CLOSE-UP - ANGELS FACE

ANGEL SANTORO

(winking)

Just every now and then.

"FADE OUT:"

THE END