Godfather Part IV

By

Britt Holden

Crime Drama

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

EXT. DAY: GRAVEYARD (SPRING 1980)

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

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

PEOPLE (SIMULTANEOUSLY)
Amen!

LOW ANGLE SHOT: PAN LEFT

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

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

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

INT. DAY: MICHAEL’S HOUSE-DINING AREA

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

INT. DAY: MICHAEL’S HOUSE- OFFICE

Kay and Michael are sitting on a couch.

KAY
I should’ve seen this coming Michael.

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
No, Kay. No one could’ve seen this.

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

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

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

Kay stands and gets hysterically emotional.

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

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

KAY
I’ll tell you one thing, I’m not going to allow Tony to be another result of your life you hear me? You stay away from him! If you love him as much as you say you do, you will stay away from Tony. Stay away from me. Stay away from my family!
Vincent walks Kay out while she cries. Michael depressingly looks down.

INT. DAY: DINING AREA

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

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

ANDREW HAGEN
It’s very busy.

Al chuckles.

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

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

DEANNA DUNN
Hey Al!

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

They hug.

AL NERI
Long time no see.

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

Al greets them all with handshakes.

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

Al reaches into his pocket and gives Roman a dollar.
TONY LEWIS (SMILES)
That’s a good way to bribe him into liking you.

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

AL NERI
Good to see you Deanna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEANNA DUNN
Thanks Al.

Connie approaches and surprises Deanna.

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

Connie!

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

AL NERI

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

VINCENT

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

AL NERI

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

VINCENT

Okay Al.

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

INT. DAY: OFFICE

VINCENT

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

MICHAEL

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

VINCENT

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

MICHAEL (SMILES)

Sound like your grandfather.

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

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

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

Silent pause between them.

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

FRANK
Yeah, we’re meeting him Wednesday.

Michael stares at Vincent.

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

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

VINCENT
Uncle Mike, I respect your opinion on this deal. Very dangerous occupation I’m pursuing here. I won’t involve you as advisor on (MORE)
VINCENT (cont’d)
these matters as I got Frank and Santino here who can take that role.

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

VINCENT
Uncle Mi-

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

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

MICHAEL
Deanna? Really?

VINCENT
That’s what he said.

They all exit the office.

INT. DAY: DINING AREA

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

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

DON MARINELLI
No problem Michael, sorry for your loss.

MICHAEL
Deanna, still as beautiful as ever!
CONNIE (LAUGHING)
That’s what I just said!

DEANNA DUNN
Michael! Hey!

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

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

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

MICHAEL
How do you do?

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

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

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

DEANNA
Michael was in World War II as well honey.

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

Deanna interrupts the tension.

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

AL NERI
Is that right? I hope you get back on your feet soon.
TONY LEWIS
Makes two of us.

DEANNA DUNN
Anyway, where’s Kay, Michael?

MICHAEL
She’s somewhere in the back I believe.

Michael immediately spots Kay slowly approaching towards them.

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

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

Kay now greets the family as Deanna introduces.

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

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

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

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

MICHAEL
I understand.

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

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

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

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

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

MICHAEL
How old are you Frederica? What do you do?

FREDERICA
I’m twenty-two and I’m in law school.

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

FREDERICA
Really?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONNIE
No, don’t leave us. Stay a day longer.

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

MICHAEL
Where are you living now?

DEANNA
I’m residing in Michigan now.

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

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

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

DEANNA
Yeah! big handsome men. Hi!

Deanna shakes Santino Jr. and Frank’s hands.

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

They greet with handshake.

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

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
Thanks. Nice to meet you ma’am.

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

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

GERONIMO
Don Vincent, may I speak to you in private?

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

SANTINO, JR.
I’m going to take a smoke.

VINCENT
Alright.

INT. DAY: OFFICE

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

VINCENT
What can I help you with this time Geronimo?

Geronimo forces a laugh.

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

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

GERONIMO
Just for a week or so.

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

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

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

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

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

VINCENT  What does gambling mean?

Geronimo appears to be into deep thought.

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

(Continued)
GERONIMO
Thank you Godfather.

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

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

Vincent opens the door.

VINCENT
Alright, go on.

GERONIMO
Thank you, Godfather.

Vincent closes the door behind Geronimo and looks at Frank.

VINCENT
Can you believe this guy?

EXT. MICHAEL’S HOUSE

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

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

The three of them appear frantic.

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

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

SANTINO III
It’s depressing in there Pop. We’re just trying to relieve some stress.
SANTINO, JR.
You being a wise-ass with me boy?

SANTINO III
No!

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

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

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

INT. DAY: MICHAEL’S HOUSE-DINING AREA

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

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

They then spot Connie walking towards them.

VICTOR RIZZI JR.
Oh shit!

CONNIE
Where have y’all been?

VICTOR RIZZI JR.
We were outside.

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

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

Connie laughs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SANTINO III
I’ll take them Aunt Connie.

CONNIE
Okay.

Connie walks away.

SANTINO III
Look at you momma’s boy!

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

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

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

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

SANTINO III
Oh! Rim shot for the little man!

Victor Jr. grabs Francis into a rough play headlock.

INT. EVENING: DINING AREA

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

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

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

The Scipolas speak in deep Italian-English accents.

(CONTINUED)
MR. SCIPOLA
Heard a lot about you son.

Vincent greets them.

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

MR. SCIPOLA
How old are you son?

VINCENT
I’m thirty-one.

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

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

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

MARIA
Papa!

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
Your daughter is very beautiful.

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

(CONTINUED)
MRS. SCIPOLA
Well Maria, what do you say?

MARIA
Thank you.

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

VINCENT
I would be honored. With you and your husband’s blessing, Sir?

MR. SCIPOLA
Va bene. (Okay)

MICHAEL (SMILES)
Alright. It’s a date.

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

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

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

KAY
I know.

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

ANTHONY
Bye Dad!

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
Bye Anthony.

Michael and Vincent wave and watch them drive off.

VINCENT
Uncle Michael what was that with Maria?

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

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

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

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO III’S CAR

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

LARRY
So Lil’ Sonny, how the funeral go?

SANTINO III
How you think? Bunch of old people crying. I don’t get it.
JOEY
What you don’t get?

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

They laugh.

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

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

They laugh.

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

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

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

SANTINO III
Oh, really. Your father don’t like us Richie?

(CONTINUED)
RICHIE
Well, he knows about your family
Sonny. Larry and Joey, y’all just
bad kids to him.

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

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

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

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

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

SANTINO III
Who you talking to?

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

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

SANTINO III
He does have a date. Except he has
a rich dame with a car who’s going
to meet us there.
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

RACHEL (LAUGHS)
Okay. Don’t get an attitude. I’m going to have to add her to our circle. I could use a personal cab driver.

EXT. NIGHT: MOVIE THEATER

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

JOEY
Hey there she goes! Come on.

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

JOEY
Hey Michelle.

MICHELLE
Joey!

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
Who’s your friend?

MICHELLE
This is, I believe name is Marty, right?

MARTY
Yeah, Marty. You know what fuck you bitch!

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

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

GUY #1
Y’all little punks better back off of him!

SANTINO III
Or what? Vaffunculo!

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

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

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

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

GINA
Don’t do it, Richie! Back up douchebag!

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

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

SECURITY #1
I’m going to have to ask y’all to leave now!

GUY #1
That’s fine with us! We don’t have to watch a movie about Jake LaMotta when the raging bulls are right here!

SANTINO III
Raging bullshits!

GUY #2
This ain’t over you little prick!

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

SECURITY #1
Y’all get outta here! Right now!

RACHEL
C’mon Lil’ Sonny! Forget them!

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

SANTINO III
I swear to God, those pricks!

Joey looks at Michelle.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Santino III slightly chuckles.

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

RICHIE
How you doin?

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

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

RICHIE
I was about to Sonny, but security-

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

RICHIE
Fuck you Sonny! I’ll kick your ass right now!

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

SANTINO III (SMIRKING)
C’mon sucker!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
RACHEL
What?!

SANTINO III
You could’ve gave them a scratch or something!

RACHEL
Forget you!

Moment of silence as they stand around the Cadillac.

SANTINO III
What y’all want to do now?

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

SANTINO III
That’s too far I’m not driving out there.

JOEY
What you want to do Sonny?

SANTINO III
Let’s just go to my place. My Pops not coming home tonight.

RACHEL
What about your mother?

JOEY
His mom died when he was young.

RACHEL
Oh, I’m sorry.

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

MICHELLE
What?

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

(CONTINUED)
MICHELLE
Sure I’ll come, just no more fighting?

SANTINO III
Can’t promise you that.

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

MICHELLE
Okay.

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

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

RACHEL
What you wanna be with her now?

SANTINO III
What I say? I just said she’s a pretty woman. What’s wrong with that?

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

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

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

SANTINO III
What the hell is going on back there?

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

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

SANTINO III
Oh shoot! Joey!

LARRY
Turn around Sonny!

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

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

MICHELLE
Joey’s hurt bad!

RACHEL
Oh my gosh Lil’ Sonny!

SANTINO III
I’m hit! Them fuckers shot me!

MICHELLE
We got to get to the nearest hospital!

RACHEL
Where’s the closest one?

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

Larry gets out and runs toward Michelle’s car.
MELANIE
There’s a pay phone across the street. Forget driving, call the ambulances.

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

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

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

LARRY
Hurry up!

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

NEIGHBOR
I’ve called the police!

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

Camera fades.

INT. NIGHT: MICHAEL’S OFFICE

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

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

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

MICHAEL
The drug business is treason Vincent.

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

Michael sighs.

SANTINO, JR.
Uncle Mike. You alright?

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

SANTINO, JR.
That’s why we should take advantage of this opportunity. While we still have the muscle.

FRANK
Our friend in Florida, Don Cascio, is one of the top earners in our thing when it comes to drugs. Because he’s working with that Mexican, he gets them fresh off the boat with pure product. We get in (MORE)
FRANK (cont’d)
business with him we’ll outdraw the other families.

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

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

VINCENT
See Uncle Mike we got it planned.

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

VINCENT
Sicily? Why so far out Uncle Mike?

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

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

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

Knock on the door.

VINCENT
Come in!

Connie walks in the room.

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

SANTINO, JR.
What? Shot? Which hospital?

CONNIE
Mount Sanai Medical Center.

MICHAEL
Jesus Christ!

VINCENT
Come on! Uncle Mike let’s get up.

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

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

They all exit the house and drive to the hospital.

INT. NIGHT: MOUNT SANAI MEDICAL CENTER- ER

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

SANTINO, JR.
Richie, what in the world happened?

Richie immediately stands up and speaks nervously.

(CONTINUED)
RICHIE
Lil’ Sonny and Joey got shot.

Santino looks around at the girls who are with them.

SANTINO, JR.
Who are they?

RICHIE
They’re are dates.

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
Alright.

EXT. NIGHT: MOUNT SANAI MEDICAL CENTER

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

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

RICHIE
We took the girls to the movie theater out East. Joey spotted his girlfriend Michelle whom we were meeting there talking to some guy. When Joey spoke to Michelle I guess (MORE)
RICHIE (cont’d)
the guy felt disrespected for the interruption and called her a "bitch". Joey got heated and we got the fighting along with three other of the guy’s friends. Security broke it up and then we left towards your place. We were halfway there and I guess those guys had been following us. Joey was in Michelle’s car and the rest of us were in Sonny’s. Michelle was behind us and we heard them shoot at them first. Sonny U-turned and then they charged at us with gunshots and drove off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANK
How you want to play this?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
He’s going to be alright Santino.

SANTINO, JR.
I know.

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

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

CONNIE
There’s Sonny’s father.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Same here.

ANGELA
Did they tell you what happened?

SANTINO, JR.
Yes.

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

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

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

VINCENT
Jesus Christ.

ANGELA
Oh my gosh!

A male doctor approaches.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTOR
Corleone family?

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

Everyone gets up and surrounds the doctor.

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

They all rejoice.

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR
I’m afraid I have bad news.

Angela cries immediately.

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

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

ANGELA
No! My Joey!

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

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

DOCTOR
I’ll say within the next thirty minutes.

VINCENT
Thank you doctor.

Doctor leaves. Camera fades.

INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER- SANTINO’S ROOM

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

FRANK
Let me talk to you for a minute?

INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER- HALLWAY

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, okay. Be careful down there.

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

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO, JR.
Naw. I’m a let my boy handle this himself when he gets better. He just lost his best friend. It’s time for him to get his chance.

FRANK
Okay. Whatever you say Junior.

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

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

CONNIE
Okay.

VINCENT
You ready Frank?

FRANK
Yeah.

VINCENT
Let’s go.

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

EXT. DAY: AIRPORT

A shot of a jet plane landing.

INT. DAY: AIRPORT TERMINAL

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

TONY
I’m okay Vincent. Frank?

FRANK
Hey Tony.

TONY
Come on. Our rides are out front.

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

TONY
So tell me, how’s Michael?

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

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

VINCENT
Yeah, well he’s old traditioned.

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

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

INT. DAY: FREDDIE’S BAR

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

(CONTINUED)
DON CASCIO
Vincent, Frank! How ya’s doin?

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

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

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

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

Tony walks to the bar.

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

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

VINCENT
Okay, so let’s talk figures.

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

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

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

VINCENT
Fifty keys only.

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

(MORE)
DON CASCIO (cont’d)

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

VINCENT

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

DON CASCIO

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

VINCENT

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

DON CASCIO

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Vincent pauses into thought.

VINCENT
Okay. Let’s test your product.

DON CASCIO
Alright, no problem.

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

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

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

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

TONY
Alright, here you go.

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

VINCENT
I could use a brief vacation tonight.

DON CASCIO
Alright, we’ll see you tonight.

EXT. DAY: FREDDIE’S BAR
Vincent and the rest of the crew leave the bar premises as Don Cascio and his men watch them.

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

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

FRANK
This is a nice place y’all have here Tony.

TONY
The best spot in Miami.

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

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

The redhead woman sits in Vincent’s lap dancing.

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

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

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

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

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

ALEJANDRO
Hola, my friend!

VINCENT
Nice to finally meet ya.

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

VINCENT
I’m sure we will be very prosperous.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

LEO
Hola!

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

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

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

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

ALEJANDRO
Okay.

EXT. NIGHT: SPADES CASINO

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

INT. NIGHT: SPADES CASINO

Vincent is seen making out with the redhead woman inside of a vacant room in the casino.
INT. DAY: MEDICAL CENTER—SANTINO’S ROOM

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

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

Santino III mumbles.

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
Nurse! he’s awake.

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

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

The nurse looks at Santino III.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Alright. Thank you Nurse.

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

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
What?

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO III
Everybody...okay?

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

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

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

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

FRANK
Hey, how is he?

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, okay.

VINCENT
Frank, let’s go see how our nephew’s doing.

INT. DAY: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
Well, I don’t discriminate like these Old Mustache Pete’s when it comes to business. My cousin Victor gave me a call from the inside and told me y’all became the quite of friends in there.
REGINALD
Yeah, Victor is a good dude man. Funny as hell, and crazy as a son of a bitch! But you can trust the guy, you know?

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

REGINALD
So, what’s the business?

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

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

VINCENT
Well, I hope so.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah? Okay, hold on a minute.

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

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

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

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

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

Vincent gives Reginald a cold stare.

VINCENT
You calling me a fool?

REGINALD (SMIRKS)
No...wait a minute you got Duran?

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

REGINALD
Three hundred? Try four hundred?

Vincent extends his hand out and they shake hands.

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

REGINALD (LAUGHS)
Ah, that’s cold, but I don’t see it that way. That Panamanian is gonna get it handed to him.

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

REGINALD
He ain’t fast enough for Sugar Ray baby!

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

(CONTINUED)
REGINALD (SMIRKS)
You’re right, as long it’s the black race they go to. I see that’s a movement you’re slowly progressing on.

They stand up.

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

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

VINCENT
We’ll see, but I doubt it.

EXT. DAY: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

Reginald leaves. Vincent walks outside with Santino Jr.

VINCENT
What y’all think of him?

FRANK
He seems alright? Funny guy.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, you got a point. Hey, I just got a tip on this Marty. He’s associated with the Cuneo family, but not a friend of ours.

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

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

Vincent stares at Santino Jr. for a few seconds.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Thanks Vincent. I appreciate your blessing.

VINCENT
Speaking of kids, look at this.

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

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

FRANK
She has to say yeah. That’s a nice rock!
SANTINO, JR.
Y’all have been dating long enough. She’s a pretty woman. You’re a lucky man.

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

SANTINO, JR.
I heard, I’m glad for you Vincent. I think I’ve also found a woman.

VINCENT
Oh, yeah? Who?

SANTINO, JR.
Remember Angela?

VINCENT
Lil Sonny’s friend mother, right?

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah.

FRANK (LAUGHS)
Oh, look at him. It’s bout time you let those disgruntled grapes breathe.

Vincent and Frank laugh.

SANTINO, JR.
Fuck the both of ya’s!

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

EXT. NIGHT: HOTEL

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

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

INT. NIGHT: THE MOCHA

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

WAITER #1
Mr. Corleone! Senorita! Right this way.

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

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

EXT. NIGHT: THE MOCHA

Vincent and Maria exit The Mocha into the car.

INT. NIGHT: VINCENT’S CAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vincent focus his attention on his driver.

VINCENT
Pull over for a minute will ya?

BODYGUARD #1
Yes, sir Mr. Corleone.

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

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

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

VINCENT (SMILES)
I’m glad he did. Otherwise, we wouldn’t have this moment together. He sees something in me I guess.
MARIA (SMILES)  
I’m sure, cause I see something too.

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

Vincent pulls out the wedding ring and shows Maria.

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

MARIA (SMILES)  
Yes!

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

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

INT. DAY: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

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

SANTINO, JR.  
Ay, look who I got here!

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

VINCENT  
Hey, there he is! JFK lives, huh?

They all laugh.

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO III
Hey Uncle Vinnie!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SANTINO III
Yes sir.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, wassup?

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, I just heard this morning from Guido.

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

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
I’ll get on it and find out who this snitch is. Also, there’s another issue. Marty, he’s the (MORE)
SANTINO, JR. (cont’d)
nephew of Don Marinelli of the Cuneos. I doubt he gives us the okay.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Okay.

INT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH

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

VINCENT
I do.

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

MARIA
I do.

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

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

ANDREW HAGEN
I hereby, the powers invested in me, to officially announce the newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Vincent and Maria Corleone. Groom you may now kiss the bride.
All the guests stand on their feet and give a standing ovation as Vincent and Maria confirm their marriage with the kiss.

**EXT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH**

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

**INT. DAY: WEDDING BANQUET HALL**

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

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

**EXT. DAY: NATIONAL PARK**

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
DON MARINELLI
Hey Vince? Why don’t we walk this way?

They walk along the park’s concreted sidewalk.

DON MARINELLI
How you doing Vince? And, how’s Michael?

VINCENT
He’s doing okay. Enjoying the grapes in Sicily.

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

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

DON MARINELLI
I’ve heard of such the rumor, but it’s just not true.

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

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

VINCENT
Yeah, right after he shot my nephew and killed his best friend.
DON MARINELLI
Like I said it’s a rumor. I trust my nephew.

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

DON MARINELLI
What did you just say?

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
You sure you want to go this route with me?

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

(MORE)
DON MARINELLI (cont’d)
go against me is suicide for an amateur like you.

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

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

Santino hangs the phone.

INT. NIGHT: WAREHOUSE

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

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

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

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

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

Santino, Jr. turns his attention to Marty.
SANTINO, JR.
Hey you little prick? You better hope your uncle pays up, or that’s your head!

Santino walks towards the door with Guido.

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

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR’S SOCIAL CLUB

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

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

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

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

FRANK
Downstairs with Alberto.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR’S SOCIAL CLUB—BASEMENT

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

SANTINO, JR.
How’s he doin’?

ALBERTO
Nervous as hell.
SANTINO III
The hell I am.

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

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

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

ALBERTO
Alright.

Alberto goes upstairs out of sight.

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

SANTINO III
I won’t. I promise.

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

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

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

FRANK
Junior.

Santino Jr. approaches Frank alone.
SANTINO, JR.
Yeah?

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

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah. Lil Sonny, c’mon.

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

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

SANTINO III
This is for Joey!


(CONTINUED)
SANTINO, JR.
You did good son.

Guido looks at Santino, Jr.

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

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

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

Santino, Jr. whispers to Alberto.

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

ALBERTO
Alright.

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
ALBERTO
We’re about to cut their bodies up into pieces.

SANTINO III
Aw, fuck!

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

INT. DAY: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

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

VINCENT
So, Junior how are boy do?

SANTINO, JR.
He did good.

VINCENT
What about our friend in Manhattan?

Frank throws up his middle finger.

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

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

FRANK
Our boys are getting our mattresses fixed up.

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

Police sirens are heard outside.

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
What the hell is this?

Six federal agents storm into the lounge.

F.B.I. #1
Freeze! Don’t fucking move!
Everybody get down. We want Santino Corleone Jr. and Vincent Corleone.

SANTINO, JR.
Officer, what is this?

F.B.I. #1
You two are under arrest for violating the R.I.C.O. Act. You are to remain silent, and anything you say or do will be used against you in the court of law.

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

VINCENT
You know what to do! Call Jake!

Frank runs to phone and dials a number.

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

Frank hangs up.

INT. DAY: NEW YORK JAIL

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, I don’t know what’s going on.

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

OFFICER #1
Vincent, Santino! You made bail.

VINCENT
’Bout time.

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

VINCENT
Jake!

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

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

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

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

JAKE AMANO
There’s an informant. A John Schwartz. He was picked up for transporting narcotics.

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

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

VINCENT
What the fuck?!
JAKE AMANO
The good news is it’s our word against his.

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
He has nothing on none of us. I’ve never talked to him directly.

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

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

JAKE AMANO
I’ll contact Frank on the details.

VINCENT
Alright. Thanks Jake.

INT. EVENING: VINCENT’S HOME

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

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Don’t get yourself too worked up.
Jake’s confident we can beat it.

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

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

VINCENT
Y’all go ahead and get out of here.

FRANK
We’ll see ya Vince.

VINCENT
Alright.

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

M aria
What you want me to do? I’ve seen
the news.

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

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

VINCENT
Maria, what did I just say? Sweety
everything is going to be fine. My
lawyer says I’m going to beat this
with no worries. I got to go out of
town for a few weeks or so and I’ll
(MORE)
VINCENT (cont’d)
be back. I’ll call you, but by pay
phone at the station down the
street, okay?

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

VINCENT
Thank you.

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

INT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

SANTINO, JR.
Vince.

VINCENT
Hey, how many rooms we got in here?

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

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

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

EXT. DAY: APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

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

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

Vincent hangs up and dials another number.

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

Vincent hangs up and exits the booth.

INT. DAY: APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
That’s good news?

VINCENT
I tell you what, we found out where
Luigi is, we could cap either/or.
Eventually, whichever one we keep
alive will lead us to Marinelli at
some point. Now listen, I want you
to go meet Jake.
SANTINO, JR.
What, you not coming?

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

SANTINO, JR.
Alright.

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

SANTINO, JR.
Lil’ Sonny I gotta go, I’ll be back.

SANTINO III
Alright, Pop.

Santino, Jr. exits with his two guards.

INT. DAY: JAKE AMANO’S OFFICE

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

SANTINO, JR.
Hey Jake.

JAKE AMANO
Hey, where’s Vincent? He needs to hear this too you know?

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

JAKE AMANO
Like I said, this might be a weak case.

(CONTINUED)
SANTINO, JR.
Might be? What happened to how we’re going to beat the case easy?

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

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

Santino, Jr. looks around the room suspicious.

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

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

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

Santino, Jr. hesitates.

SANTINO, JR.
Okay, he’s...

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
SANTINO, JR. (SMIRKS) (cont’d)

race, now we got this Irish rat up
our ass. How you think he feels
about that now?

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

INT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX– VINCENT’S ROOM

Santino, Jr’s with Vincent.

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

VINCENT
What? All that motivation he gave
us about-

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

VINCENT
How many is that?

Santino, Jr. blows his breath and sighs.

SANTINO, JR.
Shhh. I don’t-

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
Jesus Christ, that many?

SANTINO, JR.
To be honest with you I don’t know.
I’ve done so many with so many people. I don’t keep a receipt Vincent.

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

Knock on the door.

VINCENT
Get that.

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

VINCENT (SMIRKS)
Oh, shoot what?

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

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

SANTINO, JR.
Yeah, I’m going to check it out.

Vincent walks with Santino, Jr. to the door.

VINCENT
Hey, use another payphone. Go to the gas station down the street.
SANTINO, JR.
I know, I know. I’ve been switching it up.

VINCENT
Alright.

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

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

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

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

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

SANTINO III (SMILES)
Rachel.

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

All the guards laugh.

SANTINO III
I have wet my beak.

VINCENT
Aw, you have huh?

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

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT AND THE GUARDS (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

Oh!

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

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

Everyone laughs.

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

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

VINCENT
Lil’ Sonny you alright?

Lil’ Sonny nods.

VINCENT
Santino!

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

EXT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

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

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

SANTINO III (SOBBING)
Pop! Pop!

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

   GUARD #1
   We got to get out of here!

   ALBERTO
   He’s right.

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

   VINCENT
   Lil’ Sonny you alright?

Santino III nods his head up and down.

   VINCENT
   Alright, come on we got to go.

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

INT. NIGHT: WAREHOUSE

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

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

   BIG FISH TARANTELLA
   I don’t know squat! I ain’t telling you nothing.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
FRANK’S GUARD #1
Frank, you got a phone call.

FRANK
Who is it?

FRANK’S GUARD #1
Fat Man Gino.

FRANK
Alright.

Frank walks toward the phone posted on the wall.

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

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

FRANK
Aw, fuck!

Frank sobs tearlessly. The guard approaches Frank.

FRANK’S GUARD #1
Boss, you alright?

FRANK
Get away from me.

Frank puts the phone back to his ear.

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

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

FRANK
Vincent.

VINCENT
Frank. Where is he?

FRANK
In the back.

Vincent walks hurriedly to the back towards Big Fish. He runs and attacks him with punches. Frank sees a guard tempting to stop Vincent.
FRANK
Don’t you dare fucking touch him!
None of you!

VINCENT
Where is he Fish?

BIG FISH TARANTELLA
Like I told your scumbag brother. I
don’t know.

Vincents points at two guards.

VINCENT
You two carry him towards those
vice grips.

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

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

BIG FISH TARANTELLA
Vince I don’t know.

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

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

Big Fish hesitates.

VINCENT
Tell me!

BIG FISH TARANTELLA
105 8th Street in Manhattan. His
mom’s house.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
His mom’s house? Get the fuck out of here!

BIG FISH TARANTELLA
He figured it’ll be too obvious for you to even think he would be there.

FRANK
He’s definitely a smart fuck.

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

VINCENT
Gut the Fish!

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

BIG FISH TARANTELLA
No, Vincent! I told you where he was! I told you where he was! Ah!

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

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

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

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

FAT MAN GINO’S GUARD #1
Where’s this guy?

FAT MAN GINO
I don’t know, but I gotta a feeling Big Fish played us like fools.
FAT MAN GINO’S GUARD #2
Maybe he switched to a new location.

Guard #1 spots a mailman down the street.

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

FAT MAN GINO
Yeah, go ahead.

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

FAT MAN GINO
Any problems?

FAT MAN GINO’S GUARD #1
No.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The two of them get down on the floor.

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

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

EXT. DAY: CATHEDRAL CHURCH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
Well, there’s a time for everything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
DA ROBERT JAMESON (cont’d)

honor Mr. Michael Corleone? Now
they’re selling cocaine and heroin
with these foreigners overseas.
What happened to deal or die Mr.
Michael Corleone? I’m ashamed to be
in your presence Vincent.

VINCENT

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

DA ROBERT JAMESON

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

FRANK

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

DA ROBERT JAMESON

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

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

VINCENT

I’m gonna kill that son of a bitch too.

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

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

EXT. DAY: CONNIE’S HOME (1981)

Frederica and Michael sit down together outside while Roman
roams around the yard.
FREDERICA
So Uncle Michael, tell me about my father.

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

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

MICHAEL (SMILES)
Yeah, your mother was very hysterical back in those times, but outrageously beautiful.

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

Michael sighs.

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

FREDERICA
Why would he do that? What happened?

MICHAEL
Your father had a strong heart spiritually, but physically it was (MORE)
MICHAEL (cont’d)
very weak. He suffered from pneumonia early as a baby and his heart continued to grow weaker as he got older. It affected him alot. He couldn’t deal with the pain.

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

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

FREDERICA
Yeah, I would like that.

MICHAEL
Bring Roman also. He looks just like you.

FREDERICA
Thank you.

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

Michael looks at Frederica while she smiles.
INT. EVENING: CONNIE’S HOME—LIVING ROOM

Vincent and Michael sit in the office.

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

MICHAEL
Yeah, but you already got a trial?

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

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

Michael stares at Vincent for a moment.

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

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

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

VINCENT
Okay.

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

VINCENT
Of course not. What makes you think that?

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
Well, it sounded like you were headed in that direction at the funeral.

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

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

VINCENT
Okay.

MICHAEL
Now I need you to do me a favor.

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

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

VINCENT
I thought they were disclosed.

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

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

Michael starts to breathe heavily.

MICHAEL
Vincent! Can you just do this for me?

VINCENT
Yeah, sure. You’re alright?
MICHAEL
Yeah. Where’s Connie? Go get her for me will ya? And, get some orange juice.

VINCENT
Okay.

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

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

Connie looks at Vincent.

VINCENT
No problem Uncle Mike.

CONNIE
I got it Vincent.

VINCENT
I’ll be out front if you need anything.

CONNIE
Okay.

Connie tends towards Michael.

CONNIE
What’s the matter Michael?

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

CONNIE
What you talking about? Frederica?

Michael looks at Connie and gives her a slight nod.

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

MICHAEL
You ain’t no help here Connie.

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

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

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

MICHAEL
I know.

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

Michael nods his head in agreement.

MICHAEL
You’re right. Thank you Connie.

(CONTINUED)
CONNIE
You’re welcome.

INT. DAY: SANTINO JR’S SOCIAL CLUB

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

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

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

ALBERTO
Yes, Vincent.

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

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

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

ALBERTO
Thank you Godfather.

Tony Cascio enters the club. Tony and Vincent greet.
TONY CASCIO
Vincent, how are you?

VINCENT
Doing fine Tony, have a seat.

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

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

VINCENT
Yeah, we got this.

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

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

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

VINCENT
So what you tryna say?

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

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

VINCENT
What kind of results?

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

Tony hands Vincent a piece of paper.

INT. DAY: SECRETIVE HOTEL SUITE

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

JOHN SCHWARTZ
I’m gonna hit the shower.

F.B.I. AGENT #2
Okay John.

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

F.B.I. AGENT #2
Come on. He’s in the bathroom.

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

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

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

Disguised Guard runs out of sight.

INT. DAY: SANTINO JR’S SOCIAL CLUB

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAKE AMANO
I’m amazing! What can I say?

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

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
Are you kidding me? Without that kid they have mush.

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

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

JAKE AMANO
It’s not hiding Vincent. Just stay away from these guys with records.

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

JAKE AMANO
What you got these other guys for? Frankie Boy here? They can’t meet for you?

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

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

VINCENT
No, you are an old wiseguy Jake. You’re one of us. Come here you son of a–

Vincent gives Jake a celebratory kiss on the forehead.

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

JAKE AMANO
Oh, I heard! A boy, right?

VINCENT
Yeah, little Vincent Mancini Andolini Corleone!

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

JAKE AMANO
Little V-Mac huh?

VINCENT (SMILES)
You know what? I actually like that, V-Mac.

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

VINCENT
Let’s hope not for awhile anyway.

Jake hugs Vincent and Frank, then leaves.

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

VINCENT
You’re right.

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

VINCENT
Now, that my paper done got a little thin from these cases, and Marinelli still on my ass I need to get back on my feet. Gimme a hundred thousand.
FRANK
You should have something coming in soon.

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

FRANK
Alright.

INT. NIGHT: SANTINO JR’S SOCIAL CLUB– BACKROOM

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

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

FRANK
I’ll drink to that.

Frank and Vincent toast.

FRANK
You know everything happens for a reason?

VINCENT
Yeah, okay and..?

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

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

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

FRANK
What?

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

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

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

Vincent starts to walk out the club.

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

VINCENT
No more drinks for you pal! I’m outta here. Going home to my family.
INT. NIGHT: VINCENT’S HOME- BEDROOM

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

MARIA (SMILES)
What’re you doing? What is that?

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

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

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

MARIA
Little V-Mac?

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

MARIA
I’m not sure about that name. I like Little Vincent.

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

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

VINCENT (LAUGHS)
C’mon, you need help with the necklace?

Vincent lays Little Vincent down on the bed and walks behind Maria to clip on the necklace around her neck.
MARIA
How I look?

VINCENT
You look beautiful.

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

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

MARIA
Thank you for what?

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

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

VINCENT
You heard that huh?

MARIA
I know who you are Vincent. There’s men like you all through Sicily. My father use be one of them. It doesn’t scare me, because I’ve seen the man behind the mask who’s sweet, caring and...
VINCENT
Oh, I’m glad you’re the only one that’s seen me behind the mask otherwise I’ll be dead.

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

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

MARIA
Okay.

EXT. NIGHT: GERONIMO’S STORE

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

GERONIMO
What is this, what’s going on?

FRANK’S MAN #1
You know what’s going on. Pull that gate up and open the door.

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

GERONIMO
What do you want?

FRANK’S MAN #1
You know what I want. His money.

GERONIMO
His? You mean Vincent Corleone?

(CONTINUED)
FRANK’S MAN #2
Vincent Corleone? Who the hell is that? You know who I’m talking about.

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

FRANK’S MAN #1
Who the hell is Vincent? Stop acting ignorant and give the man his money! You got ten seconds or I’m blowing your brains out on the floor!

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

INT. DAY: HOTEL DINING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The rest of the Dons nod heads in agreement.

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

(CONTINUED)
DON CARMINE (cont’d)
One of you got a trial coming and the other just got off a trial so there’s no need of more controversy than there already is.

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

DON CARMINE
Gentlemen!

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

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

DON VINCENT
What you mean?

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

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

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

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

VINCENT
How are you with Leo?

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

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

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

DON CASCIO
What the hell is this?

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

EXT. DAY: HOTEL

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

INT. DAY: POLICE STATION

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

Yeah I can hear his mouth now.

So what now?

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

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

Come on, go ahead and give me the earful.

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

Yeah!

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

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

Cops had this guy’s store bugged. They claim they have audio and visual surveillance linking you to these guys.
VINCENT
Get the fuck out of here. What, one of the two guys testifying this in court too?

JAKE AMANO
No, that’s the thing, those two men our dead because of a shootout with the F.B.I. upon getting busted, but they’re gonna use these tapes in court for the conspiracy charge.

FRANK
Well, without the two guys they don’t have a case?

JAKE AMANO
Depends on what was said on the audio. If your name is in there like they claim, we gonna have a big fight on our hands in court. However, they have the store owner’s testimony. Uh, Geronimo is his name.

Vince chuckles.

VINCENT
How do they know about this meeting?

JAKE AMANO
Honestly, who knows. There were thirteen men in that room considered mafia Dons of their own family. It could’ve been anybody who gave them a tip. All we know is that you’re all here on conspiracy charges and that the F.B.I. main reason for getting y’all in this fashion was to expose you all to the public and embarrass you.

VINCENT
So, how this effects my previous case.

JAKE AMANO
Well, of course you got another trial on your hands as they’re reopening the case. We bail you out and you get arrested on more charges you make it harder for me to defend you in court.

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
So what you want me to do stay in here?

JAKE AMANO
No, I don’t want you to stay in here, but what I do want is for you to listen to me just this once. Stay away from anyone who has a record. All of you stay out of trouble until the trial in a few months. Stay at home with you wives, girlfriends, and kids. I mean if any of you can’t do that then, yeah, I want you to stay in here and save your bail money.

Vincent inhales a deep breath.

JAKE AMANO
I need you to do this one thing for me until we re-fight this case and if we prevail, resume to stay out of the limelight until your probation period is over.

VINCENT
Okay.

JAKE AMANO
Yeah?

VINCENT
Yeah.

JAKE AMANO
Alright, I bailed you guys out.

VINCENT
Y’all go ahead. I want to speak to Frank here for a few minutes.

Vincent orders the soldiers and Jake to leave as he now directs his attention to Frank.

VINCENT
Frank, how is it that anytime you order one of your guys to do something, it re-fucks back to me?

FRANK
I don’t know Vincent, they’re mostly always after the big fish like you said.

(Continued)
VINCENT
Then he says that your guys are using my name. Is this what you train your men to do?

FRANK
The men I sent for Geronimo were some of my best. They knew better it’s no way they loose lipped. Hell, we haven’t even heard the tapes yet Vincent and you’re already going into speculation.

VINCENT
I just got off a case and back at it again. You damn right I’m speculating the worse out of this situation. Jake’s right, these assholes are trying to embarrass me and they’re doing a good job at it, let me tell ya.

FRANK
We’ll beat this case just like we’ve done before.

VINCENT
Yeah, we’ll see about that. You better hope.

Frank looks slightly threatened.

VINCENT
Listen, we’re slipping. I just promised Uncle Mike intelligent decisions from henceforth since Junior’s death and this ain’t one. For now on no more mistakes. Put fear in your men and let them know the importance of every assignment.

Frank nods in agreement.

VINCENT
Like usually you’re the head when I’m out of commission. Uncle Michael’s there when needed so that’s a big plus. Use that intelligent brain of yours; however, I don’t want you drinking too much or you’re going to make stupid decisions like saying what you said during our last

(MORE)
VINCENT (cont’d)

conversation. You know what I’m expecting of you.

The guard unlocks the cell for the guys’ release.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

Jake Amano is standing in the middle of the courtroom facing the jury. The courtroom is pact with cameramen, family and friends of Vincent, and other spectators. Vincent is sitting at his table with Frank and the other soldiers who were arrested during the meeting. Geronimo is sitting with DA Robert Jameson and other agents at the table on the other side.

JAKE AMANO

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what is this nonsense! Yes, i said it, nonsense! You got a guy over hear who admittedly confesses that he is an illegal gambling addict who sold drugs out of his store for extra income and then got busted and was about to be sent to prison doing hard, long time, but failed because of one thing. He gets the F.B.I.’s attention by mentioning a man who just got off of the most forbidden trial of his life on false conspiracy charges just to save his own ass, literally.

Chuckles bursts from some of the courtroom attendees. The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Jake, you’re out of line!

JAKE AMANO

You’re right, sorry your Honour! But it upsets me Judge Johnson, and angers me so much that Vincent Corleone who is a man that has a wife and a newborn son, and this liar wants to take him away from his family because he got in trouble. This man who sold drugs which takes people’s souls, and kills people. It’s apparent District Attorney Robert Jameson doesn’t care about that. All he

(MORE)
JAKE AMANO (cont’d)
cares about is making headlines and
letting a dope dealer off. Now
let’s be honest ladies and
gentlemen, the only guilty man that
we know for a fact sitting in this
courtroom today, is not Vincent
Corleone, it’s Geronimo Nicci.

The attendees gives applause. The judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE JOHNSON
This is not a circus, control
yourselves! District Attorney
Jameson would you like to step up
with any final words to plead your
case.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
Yes, your Honour!

DA Robert Jameson stands up and approaches the middle floor
as Jake Amano takes his seat.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
Your Honour, I didn’t think I would
have to say anything today because
they say a picture is worth a
thousand words, but apparently the
surveillance visuals and audio that
was presented earlier wasn’t enough
for some of the people in this
room. I mean we have an audience
outside with pickett signs
worshipping this Vincent Corleone
like he’s this god or good man. I
dare any of these people open a
store or any type of business in
Brooklyn or Hell’s Kitchen and you
will see this man for what he
really is. They produce movies
about these guys like Vincent
Corleone and try to make them into
these Robin Hood legends, but these
mobsters are evil and if these
people knew the truth none of them
would be cheering for him.

Vincent drinks his water as Jake Amano whispers something in
his ear and they both smirk.

(CONTINUED)
DA ROBERT JAMESON
We have several photos of Mr. Corleone, his brother Frank, and Santino together. Some time ago Santino was blown up in a car. Now, when ordinary people usually get murdered it’s by gunfire or knives at least, but a car bomb? You have to be some special type of person to be killed like that and not be in the military. With him being with his brothers all the time there’s no way Mr. Corleone is not aware of what his brother Santino had to be linked to. Jake wants to talk about drugs killing people? Bombs and gunfire are the leading cause and there’s been a lot of that type of play going around Mr. Corleone. Santino’s son, Vincent’s nephew, was shot months before his death. Innocent people get caught in crossfires. You go on the avenue where the bombing occurred, there’s a lot of people that live in that neighborhood that could’ve been walking or driving near the car, and there are many kids that live there who could’ve been playing on that sidewalk near the car when the ignition was turned. Now Jake is right, drugs are dangerous and Geronimo is going to serve some time for that, but when it comes to proven Mr. Corleone’s conspiracy as head or even just part of this criminal organization he shows all the symptoms.

Jake Amano stands up urgently.

JA Jake AMANO
Your Honour, I would just like to say that audio and visual surveillance said absolutely nothing!

JUDGE JOHNSON
Hold on Jake! The DA has the floor.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
No, that’s alright your Honour, I’m finished. He can talk.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE JOHNSON
Alright go ahead Jake.

DA Robert Jameson goes to his seat as his cohorts quietly congrat him on his plead. Jake Amano approaches the floor.

JAKE AMANO
I would just like to mention that the tapes did not imply Mr. Corleone on any conspiracy. Mr. Nicci here is the only one who used his name for some strange reason I guess was trying make it seem they were there for Mr. Corleone, but the two men obviously stated that they were not there for him, but was there for another anonymous figure. Now about the pictures of these same two men outside of Mr. Corleone’s club meant nothing. It’s a small world, how many people do you meet on a weekly basis that you have no knowledge of everything they’re associated with. They were just some men that he met from around the way. Mr. Corleone has no control on what a person does outside his presence. Mr. Nicci is just taken advantage of a person he knows that was falsely in trouble with the law. He tried to reopen a federal case to save himself from imprisonment.

JUDGE JOHNSON
I’m curious to know how does Mr. Corleone and Mr. Nicci know each other if not by extortion alone?

JAKE AMANO
Mr. Corleone I believe knew Mr. Nicci because it was his local grocery store.

Judge Johnson looks at the Geronimo’s law team.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Is this true?

DA Robert Jameson stands up with Geronimo.

(CONTINUED)
DA ROBERT JAMESON
Yes your Honour!

GERONIMO (YELLS)
His uncle and grandfather knew my parents who originally owned the store which they extorted money from too your Honour!

Geronimo’s law team tries to console him meanwhile shaking their heads in a disagreeing manner. Jake approaches his seat. Judge Johnson continues to speak with Geronimo’s law team.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Do y’all have any evidence proving Mr. Nicci’s parents were extorted from the other Corleone men?

DA ROBERT JAMESON
No, your Honour we do not have any more evidence on the extortion. However, might I remind you that Mr. Corleone was arrested with twelve other conspirated mafia leaders. One of which was recently convicted as a conspirator. A Don Marinelli, is what they called him.

Judge Johnson looks at Geronimo’s team and sighs in disappointment. Jake, Vincent, Frank, and their soldiers smirk.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Alright, we’re going to let the jury decide a vote. Recess is one hour. You’re dismissed!

Judge bangs gavel.

Newsanchorwoman is shown on a television.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN
Supposed mafia leader, Vincent Corleone, was on trial for the cause today as a conspired mafia Don and extorter. He was arrested along with his brother Frank Corleone, and some supposed mafia soldiers as co-conspirators of a criminal organization. The verdict found him not guilty dodging another bullet from the judicial

(MORE)
NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (cont’d)
system. You have to only wonder how
the Federal Bureau of Investigation
feels about this second loss to
this charismatic figure. You can
hear car horns and celebratory
yells from this crowd behind me as
Vincent Corleone makes his way
towards his car. However, Don
Marinelli of Little Italy, who was
convicted of conspiracy recently
and arrested on the same day as
Corleone, is in struggle to appeal
his verdict. Marinelli’s lawyer
states his medical records indicate
he is too ill to run illegal
activities, better yet, be a leader
of a criminal organization.

INT. DAY: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

Television sound fades out as a visual of Don Marinelli in a
wardrobe walking on a sidewalk while being aided by one of
his men appears.

TV SHOT PANS DOWNWARD TOWARDS VINCENT.

Vincent sitting with Alberto and Frank at the bar.

VINCENT
Look at this son of a bitch. He
really believes this crazy, illness
act is really gonna work.

ALBERTO
Ay, you gotta give it to him. He
deserves an Oscar. He might can
beat it.

VINCENT
Get outta here. That ain’t gonna
work. They can see right through
his ass.

FRANK
You still sound a little bitter
over him.

VINCENT
He kills our brother and I got to
turn the other cheek like some
schmuck. I hope he gets a thousand
(MORE)
VINCENT (cont’d)
years in there. I’m going to tell you right now, I get an opportunity with him, forget about it.

Vincent takes a sip of his drink at the bar. Frank stares at him and nods his head in agreement.

FRANK
I hear you. Listen, I’m a little worried about this war in Mexico. This could really interfere with our business if things get leaked out.

VINCENT
Don Cascio says it’s under control. He’s doubled his stoolie security down there. We probably just need to do the same on our end.

ALBERTO
This Alejandro guy is a billionaire down there. They’re saying on the news the other day that he supposedly owns most of the north side of the country.

VINCENT
Hell, we broaden our horizons and expand on more territories we could be billionaires too.

Vincent looks at Frank. Commode flushing noise is in background.

VINCENT
I mean Frankie boy, just think. If we had Marinelli’s territory, who knows?

FRANK
Vincent, I would love to, but you just shook hands with the guy in front of the rest of families. They won’t give you an okay.

VINCENT
What’re you talkin’ about? I was using him as an example.
FRANK
You’re my brother. I know what goes on in your head.

VINCENT
What you a mind reader now? I said he was an example.

Michael appears in background slowly walking away from bathroom.

MICHAEL
That was a perfect example.

Vincent and Frank glance at each other for a moment, then look back at Michael. Michael walks to jukebox and throws quarters in. Music plays.

FRANK
What’s that you said Uncle Mike?

Michael sits down in stool at the bar between Vincent and Frank.

MICHAEL
Never underestimate your enemies.

Frank and Vincent appear puzzled.

MICHAEL
I know Don Marinelli more than you two. He’s a snaky old fuck, but very smart. I guarantee you he’s plotting your demise as much as you’re plotting his. He knows you can never forgive a man for killing his brother, or father, or mother, sister, wife, or child.

Vincent appears mysterious.

VINCENT
So what you thinking Uncle Mike?

MICHAEL
What you’re thinking. It has to be done. No way I could go back to Sicily knowing your beef with him.

VINCENT
So why did you have Don Carmine set up the peace meeting? Have me bow down.
MICHAEL
Get him out of hiding. Give him some comfortability in thinking that you won’t avenge. It’s possible he still thinks you will, but he doesn’t know for sure. The meeting buys us time to come up with a plan that won’t lead back to us being that we’re doing this without commission’s approval. One strategy I’ve kept over the years which I believe is why I’m still here today, and that is dispose off all your enemies.

Vincent looks satisfied.

FRANK
When do we do it.

MICHAEL
When he beats the appeal.

FRANK
What makes you think he’ll beat it.

MICHAEL
He’ll beat it, but he won’t beat the Corleones.

EXT. NIGHT: RESTAURANT

Sitting in a car is Vincent’s chauffeur who’s reading a book while simultaneously listening to radio.

RADIO ANCHOR
7:00a.m. this morning Congressman Garcia of Colombia was shot and killed while exiting the lobby at Horizon Plaza where he was greeting guests. The several suspects were wearing the Plaza’s employee uniforms before drawing weapons and releasing multiple gunfire which wounded several standbys, including some of Congressman’s security. Some injured are in critical condition. A getaway car approached seconds after the ambush which aided the suspects to drive out of sight. Many are disturbed of the criminal violence that has (MORE)
RADIO ANCHOR (cont’d)  
erupted around the city. All  
fingers are currently pointing  
towards Alejandro Manuel, who has  
been rumored as druglord over most  
of the northern part of the  
country. Congressman Garcia has  
been the lead enforcer over getting  
justice against this criminal and  
whether or not he did it, the heat  
will be on Manuel as there’s now a  
$300,000 bounty on Alejandro  
Manuel...

The sound fades out as the camera pans out of the car and  
enters a restaurant.

INT. NIGHT: RESTAURANT-TRACKING

Vincent and his wife are sitting with Frank, and Frank’s wife  
Lillian at a diner table. They all appear to be laughing and  
having a great time.

VINCENT  
You remember when Mikey tossed that  
football and hit Coach Ramsey while  
aiming at— I forgot who he was  
trying to hit.

FRANK  
Yeah, Coach already didn’t like  
Mikey, cause Mikey’s dad threatened  
him on several occasions about him  
getting Mikey in the game.

VINCENT  
Had us run five laps, full sprints  
when we got in trouble! And there’s  
the coach sitting at that table.

Waitress approaches.

VINCENT  
Excuse me, ma’am. Can you give that  
man over there a bottle of the same  
champagne we’re drinking on my  
behalf?

WAITRESS  
Yes, sir. Right away.

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
Thanks. He’s a good coach and good man.

MARIA
So, wait! You two cross paths several times growing up and didn’t know you were brothers.

VINCENT
No.

FRANK
Me and Junior didn’t know.

VINCENT
My mother kept a picture of our father next to her bed. I asked her one day when I was like eight, who was he? She stated that he was my father.

They all look around at each other with disbelief.

VINCENT
When I was younger she never answered any other questions like, "Why doesn’t he live with us?", "What does he do?", or "Is he still alive?"

LILLIAN
Never? How did you find out about his family?

VINCENT
I mean until I started getting in trouble with the law, my mother came to Uncle Mike for assistance. Coach Ramsay sitting over there...

Coach Ramsay and his date receive the champagne from waitress. Waitress points over in Vincent’s direction. Coach Ramsay waives at Vincent. Vincent waives back.

VINCENT
...was closest to the only father figure I would ever had. I mean him and the other football and baseball coaches I had. I had no other father figures until Uncle Mike came along, but by this time I’m seventeen, almost a man.
MARIA
That must’ve been weird when you found out they were your brothers.

VINCENT
Yeah, but I couldn’t have had better brothers than Frankie boy here and Junior.

FRANK
Thanks Vinnie! I appreciate that.

MARIA (SMILES)
Awe!

LILLIAN
That’s so adorable you two.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)
Y’all better stop that!

FRANK (SMIRKS)
Seriously.

Vincent starts to tease and tickle Maria before kissing her. 
He sees his chauffeur enter the restaurant from a distance while a waiter points in Vincent’s direction. Vincent eyes Chauffeur who nods for a talk.

VINCENT
I gotta use the restroom, I’ll be back.

They all look at Vincent while he walks away towards Chauffeur in the distance.

VINCENT
What’s up?

CHAUFFEUR
A problem just arose. Alejandro under extreme heat for killing a politician.

VINCENT
What?

CHAUFFEUR
Just on the radio.
EXT. NIGHT: LUIGI’S LOUNGE

A lobster truck appears to be parking behind the Lounge. Corleone men appear to be waiting for the truck to stop as the driver then gets out and lifts the door in the back. Leo and several men appear inside the truck as they begin to step out. Luigi and his men are lead by the Corleone men into the Lounge.

INT. NIGHT: LUIGI’S LOUNGE (BASEMENT)

Leo walks down the Lounge’s basement behind Corleone men, where he meets Vincent and Don Cascio. They shake hands and all have a seat in chairs.

LEO
Vincent, Cascio, I come on Alejandro’s behalf. I’m sure by now you know his status and why he’s not here.

VINCENT
I hope you didn’t come to tell us you here to stop doing business with us now the heats on you. I can’t afford to stop now. Well, don’t want to stop now.

LEO
No, we came to do more business with you and to see if you’re willing to be up for the task.

VINCENT
What business is that.

LEO
We need to get rid of something. Political. We need your help.

DON CASCIO
Who would that be?

LEO
Mexico’s new commander and chief.

DON CASCIO
Shh, no way.

LEO
This virtue won’t go unrewarded. Matter of fact, we know how expensive this will be.

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
First, you already got heat from one figure’s elimination, now you want more.

LEO
Listen, as long as this guy’s breathing it’s going to make our jobs more complicated in continuing our business. It’s not going to stop it, but we rather continue to do business with comfortability.

DON CASCIO
I’m not sure why y’all can’t handle this since this is in you neck of the woods? If it was here, we wouldn’t bother y’all as we take care of our own.

LEO
We need non-civilians to carry this task. That way they’re in and out, and no one knows their name.

Vincent and Don Cascio looking at each other.

LEO
Listen, I can understand why y’all are scared. I mean I can find someone else.

DON CASCIO
Aye, don’t bring that scared business towards me son. I been in this type of game a long time. Here in this country, they don’t take killing politicians lightly. It brings a lot of heat, and you over here talking like it’s going to reduce it which I seriously doubt.

LEO
We got things in control, just need this problem gone so we can have our guy in the seat. Then the pressure’s gone.

DON CASCIO
Who’s this guy that’s going to replace the problem?
LEO
I’m disclosing that information. However, this guy has a way with words, and can throw focus off our business. But I need to know, are y’all in or out?

Vincent and Don Cascio continue to hesitate.

DON CASCIO
I’m not. I need to speak to Alejandro directly.

LEO
He’s not coming. He can’t risk the transportation and getting exposed. He’s got Mexico’s military looking for him.

Don Cascio looks at Vincent.

DON CASCIO
That’s exactly why we don’t need to be apart of this.

LEO
Listen, you don’t help us draw the heat, we’re going to have to find different business partners once this is over.

VINCENT (SMIRKS)
So y’all are going to stop doing business with us? Just like that.

DON CASCIO (LAUGHS)
You see Vincent? Leo, you and Alejandro are asking a lot here. This don’t sound like him. You know what, where is he? We’ll come to him?

LEO
Too dangerous. I’m even keeping my distance from him cause I’m sure there are spies hoping I trail back to him.

DON CASCIO
You should be able to look a man in the eye when asking a favor like this-
So you’ve made it clear your answers "no" Don Cascio. Vincent, what about you? I mean look at your finances, I guarantee our business is the most income you earn.

Vincent thinks deeply.

VINCENT
I’m down.

Don Cascio turns towards Vincent and whispers privately.

DON CASCIO
What are you doing?

VINCENT
Listen, they’re desperate. This is a perfect opportunity to get something out of this.

DON CASCIO
First, we won’t be able to make a dime if even get suspected of being a part of this. F.B.I. will be all on our asses. Second, we have to get approval from the Families to take out a politician.

VINCENT
Some of the families still refuse to get in the drug business. They can’t relate so you know they’re not going to vote on our behalf. We have to decide independently. Besides, he’s right. The drug money is the most my family earns. We both knew the risks for dealing. What if it was us? Alejandro needs our help.

DON CASCIO
Well let him come here and ask us.

VINCENT
He can’t. So let’s see if we can squeeze something out of this like, lowering the price of the product? Yeah?

Don Cascio hesitates.
DON CASCIO

Yeah.

Vincent looks at Leo.

VINCENT
However, Leo I’m on a scheme where I’m going to need way more product. I mean that’s if you’re able to handle it.

LEO
More product?

VINCENT
Yeah.

LEO
Seems like you guys are doing enough with the amount of product we’re already providing you with. Why you need more?

VINCENT
Like I said, I got something in stored where I’m going to need more. I, and Don Cascio has agreed, to supply you with whatever you need in order to take this problem out, but I want more product for 15 percent less than you already charging me, Don Cascio wants his current product 15 percent lower. That’s the expense if you want our help. Don’t forget I’m asking for more product, meaning more money in your pockets nonetheless.

Don Cascio looks at Vincent mysteriously.

LEO
Okay, I’ll tell you what, y’all got a deal.

Leo extends his hand out, while Vincent reaches to shake it.

VINCENT
You sure you don’t want to talk to Alejandro first before accepting?

LEO
No, he stated whatever it takes to get you guys on board. We will need (MORE)
LEO (cont’d)
a few of your best guys and at
least one who can handle and
accurately aim a rifle.

Don Cascio stares at Leo as he leaves. Don Cascio waits for
Leo to completely exit the basement.

DON CASCIO
I do not like this fucking guy. I
don’t believe Alejandro would send
him over here alone to ask us
something as severe as that.

VINCENT
Out of desperation.

DON CASCIO
Ah! Please. No way. I don’t know
what he’s thinking about. Now, what
is this about you going to need
more product?

VINCENT
I got some new ventures I’m working
on. Don’t worry the more product
you help load and deliver to me,
the more money you get too.

EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

Video footage of Senator Luiz Guzman on television arriving
in front of the Congress Hall building. He exits the car
with a high level security team surrounding him while he
walks in the building. A huge crowd of citizens surround the
front of the building with picket signs supporting Guzman as
he enters the building.

INT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

Scene footage captures the television footage of the
surrounding images of the day of Guzman’s acceptance speech
as new Congressman, the audio overlaps to his speech in
spanish (w/english subtitles).

During the speech, images of dead men, homeless people and
kids, militants firing guns, flaming cars, and snippets of
footage during Congressman Garcia’s assassination appear.
INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

Scene footage of an Italian man staring out of a window of a nearby building of the Congress Hall in a secluded room. The Italian man preparing a sniper rifle on its tripod. He patiently awaits for the Congressman Luiz Guzman to exit the building.

LUIZ GUZMAN

...I am honored to accept your invitation as the Congressman of our District. I am honored and humbled to accept this offer after a man who himself, was a great leader. A strong leader. I only hope that myself can influence those to be as strong, as Congressman Garcia has influenced me. I am honored to be the man who will protect our citizens from those who will not comply to our judicial system. To protect our citizens from those who continue to victimize and take the law into their own hands. This will no longer be tolerated.

Crowd of people are heard cheering.

LUIZ GUZMAN

I, as many as you today, have had enough with the predatorial standards of these hoodlums who pollute our country with poisons that have harmed so many of our own. I stand here with an invitation to those who believe they can continue to get away with their scare tactics to just persevere. Keep trying, and you will get caught. We will get justice. The corrupted will be punished and those who live by the positive moral standards will be rewarded with the promised liberation that they so honestly deserve.
EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

A crowd of people cheer as Congressman Guzman makes his way down the steps of the Congress Hall.

INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

The Italian sniper is seen aiming his sniper rifle. He attempts to pull the trigger until he hears a gunshot from another distance.

EXT. DAY: CONGRESS HALL

A fatal gunshot blow to Congressman Guzman’s head is shown. Guzman body drops to ground as a frightening panic erupts surrounding him by the crowd of people. Guzman’s security team tries to aid him instantly.

INT. DAY: BUILDING ACROSS CONGRESS HALL-ROOM

Italian sniper looks panic as he views down at the chaos in front of the building. The secluded room door is burst open by a Mexico military team of men who immediately enter the room and shoot him dead. One of the militants grab the sniper rifle, aims at the doorway and intentionally shoots into a wall nearby alternating the evidence.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

An ill-fated Don Marinelli is being supported by his lawyer and Agnello Luigi towards his seat. He’s carrying an oxygen machine which is connected to his nostrils. He sits down as judge approaches his seat. Everyone in courtroom stands except Don Marinelli until the Judge sits down.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Court vs. Marinelli is now in session. Will the state present their case?

STATE’S LAWYER
Thanks, your Honour. The State of New York our hereby charging Mario Marinelli, a.k.a. Don Marinelli of the Cuneo family, as a conspirator of being a head of a criminal organization and attempted murderer along with his considered Underboss Agnello Luigi. Marinelli and Luigi

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STATE’S LAWYER (cont’d) were arrested along with thirty-six other conspirators while meeting at the Plaza Hotel in Lower Manhattan. Marinelli and Luigi have a long sheet of criminal behavior that backs up the case of having the potential in being apart of the organization.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Where’s your evidence statesman?

STATE’S LAWYER
Luigi drives a cadillac and Marinelli lives on 110 acre land. Who could afford such a thing with this type of rap sheet? No way could either of them just afford to have a chicken meat business, or nightclub without any evidence of working in a legitimate business from ground up, or hitting the lottery. This is no doubt illegal money being used in order to own these businesses. Marinelli has been in and out of state incarceration since he was fifteen.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Do you have a witness, wiretap, or any direct evidence pinning this against the defendants? We have thirty-eight men that are on trial for this R.I.C.O charge, fifteen have already beat their case, what makes sixteen and seventeen different?

STATE’S LAWYER
Well your honour we do in fact have a wiretap presented by a deceased Confidential Informant.

State’s Lawyer inserts the tape with audio of the two men in discussion.

(WIRETAP)
Man #1: Yeah, we got that phone record around nine o’clock, it’s thirty minutes after so they should still be in there. Man #2: Did he say it was okay? Man #1: Who? Man (MORE)
(WIRETAP) (cont’d)

#2: Marin- Man #1: Motherfucker! I know you are not ‘bout to say names? You know better than that. You know how to reference. Man #2: I’m sorry, The Robe? Man #1: What d’ya think? Boys think they spotted more than one of the olive oils are in there. Man #2: The big can of olive oil? Man #1: They’re not sure. They’re at 333-32-NA. Once we spot at least one of ’em getting in, we’ll light ’em up, preferably both. If we don’t get two for one stone it’ll show’ll bring the rest out and then we’ll throw fire on their asses. As many of ’em as possible. Man #2: Why not just wait on the big can of oil to arrive and be done with it. Man #1: Cause The Robe wants results. Besides, did you not just here me say they’re not sure of a second one.

State’s Attorney stops the tape.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Alright, elaborate and translate what we just listened to?

STATE’S LAWYER
Yes, your Honour. According to our C.I., this was a murder plot for two of the top lieutenants of the Corleone Family, the boss Vincent Corleone and underboss Santino Corleone II. He stated that Olive Oil was a code name Marinelli’s men used for the Corleone crime syndicate being that the Corleones had a huge stake in the olive oil business dating back to when Vincent Corleone’s grandfather, Vito Corleone, who was supposedly initial Don of that family who owned a Genco’s Olive Oil company. This actually led to the bombing of Santino II.

Don Marinelli breathes heavily into his oxygen mask.
STATE’S LAWYER
He was blown up, which is the "light ’em up" mention in the tape. "The bombing should bring the rest of them out", meaning more Corleone men, "out in the open afterwards where the second team of Cuneo men would throw fire on their asses", meaning bullets. This is the reason for the bullet holes and shell casings we found near and on the side of the apartment complex of code name 333-32-NA, in translation 333 32nd North Avenue where Santino, Jr’s homicide scene was located.

State’s Lawyer hands Santino II’s homicide pictures and documents to Judge Johnson.

STATE’S LAWYER
"Big Can of Olive Oil" was a name for Vincent Corleone, whom we still believe to be the head of the current Corleone Family. Apparently, the Cuneo Family has been in war over the last year with the Corleones over Marinelli being rumored and considered responsible for the shooting of Vincent Corleone’s nephew, Santino II’s son.

Don Marinelli’s Lawyer stands up and interjects.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
Your Honour, I object. That’s not true.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Object sustained.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
Santino Corleone III as far as we’re concerned did not press charges or inform police on any matters of my client being the cause of his injuries as I have not been notified of so.

Judge Johnson looks at State’s Lawyer.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE JOHNSON
Is this true?

STATE’S LAWYER
That comes from a direct written statement from my C.I. listed in those documents I’ve given you your Honour.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Since you C.I. is not here to support his claim, let’s just stick to the audio evidence facts

STATE’S LAWYER
Okay, your Honour. Last, but not least, "The Robe" is a code for Mario Marinelli here who has a reputation for always wearing a house wardrobe, just like the one he’s wearing at the current moment. Might I also mention, that The Robe is the one considered calling the shots on the tape, and Marinelli’s name was pre-fixed by our C.I. in the tape prior to the use of "The Robe" code name which was denounced by Agnello Luigi, who is listed as second voice heard giving the instructions of the murder.

Don Marinelli’s Lawyer yells out.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
You have no real evidence backing that up.

Judge Johnson looks at Don Marinelli’s lawyer.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Quiet!

Judge Johson directs attention back to State’s Lawyer.

JUDGE JOHNSON
Is that all?

STATE’S LAWYER
Yes, sir your Honour.

Judge Johnson looks back at Don Marinelli’s Lawyer.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE JOHNSON
Now you can approach the floor.

State’s Lawyer approaches his seat as Don Marinelli’s Lawyer approaches floor.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
Thanks, your Honour. Your Honour, my clients, Mario Marinelli and Agnello Luigi, is here to appeal the verdict of the false charges of criminal conspiracy and attempted murder brought upon by the State. However, they are innocent. The State has no written documents that could’ve been made by anyone. There’s no C.I. on their part and all they have is audio of two men, who is not in fact either of my two clients.

JUDGE JOHNSON
May I ask what is wrong with your client Mario Marinelli?

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
He’s suffering from heart failure, your Honour. He shouldn’t even be here, which is against his doctor’s orders, but he was determined to appear in this courtroom today and prove to everyone that he is innocent.

State’s Lawyer smirks and shakes his head in denial. Agnello Luigi is sniffing and appears to start looking in Don Marinelli’s direction mysteriously.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER
You have fifteen out of thirty-eight that have already beaten this case. Only right my clients beat this as well. They were obviously just a group of men meeting with one another doing legitimate business. By the way, one of my clients too sick to even live in a manner of this magnitude. His mental prognosis is not even capable of these affairs. It’s a shame that the State would stoop so low out of desperation and waste everyone’s time with this nonsense.
State’s Lawyer stands up. Luigi motions a man who appears as Marinelli’s doctor to approach them.

STATE’S LAWYER

Your Honour, these old mafia hoods always perform this sick act to avoid prison sentences-

Men console around Marinelli. Marinelli’s Lawyer turns his attention to Don Marinelli.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright, what’s going on here?

Don Marinelli’s Lawyer interjects.

DON MARINELLI’S LAWYER

Your Honour, may I ask for a break apparently one of my clients is getting very sick. I told you this is not the best time for him to be here.

People around Marinelli tend to hold their noses shut while men try to help him out of his seat.

JUDGE JOHNSON

Alright, lets take a thirty.

Judge bangs his gavel.

INT. NIGHT: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Guests are approaching the entrance of the school’s auditorium with their kids. Kids are dressed up in Christmas costumes. Ornaments are mounted all around the building. Vincent and Maria hold hands with V-Mac who’s wearing a Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer costume. They let him go off with a teacher that approaches them who eventually leads V-Mac to the back. Vincent and Maria are attending with Connie, and Alberto being guard.

A speaker host approaches the stage podium as guests get to their seats and announces the introduction to special Christmas event played by the school’s students.

The first and only Christmas skit features V-Mac and his classmates in a chorus singing "Oh Christmas Tree" with a beautiful well-lit Christmas tree presented beside them. (The following scenes transition simultaneously with the children singing.)
EXT. MEXICO CITY—CABIN

One mexican guard standing on top of cabin with rifle. Two of Leo’s mexican cartel guards are smoking cigarettes on the side of cabin. Behind them approaches a Mexican army team coming from the woods surrounding the cabin. Leo’s guard on top of cabin is shot down by sniper rifle in the head and his gun slips down the side of cabin.

The two of Leo’s guards standing guard on side of cabin hear and see the gun sliding down the cabin and are now aware the Mexican army approaching with guns aimed at them. One Leo guard aims his automatic gun and starts shooting. The guard who shoots is shot in back of the head. The second guard is attempting to aim his gun but one of the soldiers behind him press the end of the gun to the back of his head. The guard now puts his hands up.

MEXICAN SOLDIER #1 (IN SPANISH)
Are they in there?

LEO’S GUARD #1 (IN SPANISH)
Si.

The Mexican soldiers slowly attempt to enter the cabin, but some of Leo’s guards starts shooting from the interior as the army duck for cover. One of the soldiers motions for another to approach. The one soldier approaches with a big weapon and quickly shoots two smoke bombs into the cabin. After a few seconds, one of Leo’s guards runs out choking and shooting, and the soldiers gun him down. A few more of Leo’s guards along with Leo are coughing and are exiting with their hands up peacefully. The soldiers aggressively grab Leo and his guards and puts them under arrest.

EXT. NIGHT: FISH’S SOCIAL CLUB

Don Marinelli’s car arrives in front of the Social Club. The driver gets out and opens the car door for Don Marinelli who is sitting in the back seat. Don Marinelli’s first bodyguard exits passenger seat, and second guard exits the door behind driver seat, and then walks around to aid Don Marinelli into the Social Club as if he’s very ill. The driver opens the club’s door for the men and continues to stand outside near the door.
INT. NIGHT: FISH’S SOCIAL CLUB

One bodyguard leads Marinelli into the club where he changes up and starts to walk normally without aid from guards. Marinelli’s and guards walk to the very back of Social Club towards the kitchen where Agnello Luigi appears to already be in there cooking food on the stove. Agnello hugs Marinelli. They clinch.

DON MARINELLI
I deserve an Oscar, I played those pricks, huh?

AGNELLO LUIGI
You’re a sick fuck. I don’t think I could’ve shit my ass in public just to save it. Hell, but I appreciate you help us beating it.

DON MARINELLI
Made them fools clean it up too.

Agnello then grabs Marinelli’s wardrobe and hangs it while Marinelli and his guards sit down laughing. Don Marinelli is now wearing a flamboyant black suit while smoking a cigar looking very healthy. Don Marinelli grabs a pack of cards on the table, and starts shuffling. Agnello grabs some plates of food and wine to Don Marinelli and his men while they simultaneously play cards. Agnello excuses himself to the restroom.

Agnello walks towards the front of the Social club and sees Don Marinelli’s driver standing outside the entrance and he then gives the driver a slight nod as he enters the restroom. The driver acknowledges the nod and then walks to the car. The driver turns the ignition on. Three anonymous men enter the Social Club. Agnello exits the restroom with coat and sombrera hat on. Agnello motions his head pinpointing towards the back for Marinelli and his guards location to the three men. Agnello quickly exits into the car with Marinelli’s driver. They speed out of sight.

The three gunmen quickly walk to the back and draw their weapons on Don Marinelli and his two guards and open several rounds of fire on them.

As Don Marinelli and his men lay lifeless on the ground, one of the gunmen approaches Don Marinelli’s body. The gunman finds the ace of spades card and lays it between the fingers of Don Marinelli’s hand where his cigar was still entwined.

The camera focuses revealing the man being Alberto. The other two gunmen are now revealed as Santino III, and his friend Larry Lombardi.
Two black cops, appear behind the three of them as they stare at the lifeless bodies. Victor signals for Santino III, and Larry to drop guns down and put hands up. The cops aim their guns at the three of them.

EXT. NIGHT: FISH’S SOCIAL CLUB

The cops escort them out into the police van while the three men appear outside.

The cops get in the van, turn on the sirens, and hurries out of site. Reginald Johnson and Frank appear parked in a car down the street, and they nod to the police officers when they drive past.

EXT. NIGHT: ROADSIDE (LOBSTER TRUCK)

Cops, and F.B.I. agents are shown around one of Vincent’s drug trucks. DA Robert Jameson appears in front of the truck. Truckload of drugs are seen in the rear part of the truck. DA Robert Jameson talks to one F.B.I. agent.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
Where are they now?

F.B.I.
Vincent’s at P.S. 31 school on Mulberry Avenue. Don’t know where Frank is.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
Okay, well let’s surprise him and tell him what we found. (The chorus song of "O’ Christmas Tree" ends)

INT. NIGHT: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Police storm into the auditorium. DA Robert Jameson spots and approaches Vincent Corleone who stands up hurriedly.

DA ROBERT JAMESON
Vincent Corleone, you are now under arrest for the distribution of narcotics, and being apart of a criminal conspiracy as part of the R.I.C.O. Act. You are to remain silent...
The audio fades out with sad instrumental playing in background. DA Robert Jameson clicks the handcuffs on Vincent.

EXT. NIGHT: APARTMENT COMPLEX

Frank’s two bodyguards surveil the area before motioning Frank to come out of apartment. Frank walks out cautiously before getting into a car with guards. They drive off. As they make it a few feet away, police car lights flash around the car and Frank’s driver accelerates attempting to make an escape, but cops shoot at the car eventually gunning the driver down. Frank gets out with other bodyguard and try making a run for it while shooting with their handguns simultaneously at the cops before getting gunned down themselves.

News photographers stand around Frank’s body taking pictures.

EXT. DAY: CORLEONE, SICILY- MICHAEL’S HOME

Michael finishes a glass of wine outside on lawn. Frederica appears and grabs the glass from him. They smile at each other before she walks out of sight.

Michael slowly declines in health and collapses out of seat dying on ground. The camera slowly pans to front door window.

INT. DAY: CORLEONE, SICILY- MICHAEL’S HOME

Frederica is holding her son Roman in her hand staring out the window at Michael dying on the ground. Frederica appears to be shedding cold, eye-staring tears. She then wipes her eyes dry. She calls out to Connie.

FREDERICA
Connie!

Connie rushes towards Frederica. Frederica attempts to open front door.

CONNIE
What’s the matter?

FREDERICA
Look, something’s wrong with Michael. He’s layed out on the ground.

(CONTINUED)
They both run out towards Michael, as the camera pans up towards Frederica’s guest bedroom. The camera pans to her suitcase and focuses on a forensic report of her father’s death specifying a bullet entry through the back of Fredo Corleone’s head. Next to it lies a letter signed by Don Marinelli along with a small container of poison next to the letter.

INT. DAY: COURTHOUSE

Leo is seen on the witness stand of Vincent’s trial along with a couple others who were driving the truckload of guns testifying against Vincent.

Brief dialog audio of Leo testifying.

    DA ROBERT JAMESON
    Why would you kill your own cousin Alejandro?
    
    LEO
    Because he brought too much unnecessary heat on our organization. Started with him making bad decisions like killing politicians.
    
    DA ROBERT JAMESON
    So why you follow his footsteps and kill a politician?
    
    LEO
    I had to clean up by cousin’s mess. Guzman seemed determined to bring our borgata down, so in order to do so we needed him gone to bring our own into office. I kept my cousin’s death a secret and used his name to bring Corleone and Cascio along for the plot...
    
Leo gives a condescending smirk.

Maria and Connie appear in background sobbing while Vincent, alongside Don Cascio, gets his sentence of life imprisonment for aiding the homicide of Congressman Luiz Guzman, violating R.I.C.O., and selling of narcotics.
INT. NIGHT: REGINALD’S WAREHOUSE

Reginald is surrounded by three black men. He appears to be staring out of his office with them, looking at his men grabbing drugs off the truck from some Asian men and placing them in containers.

EXT. DAY: HOUSE LAWN

Richie appears with his father lawnmowing the front of a customer’s yard.

INT. DAY: BASEMENT

Santino III, and Larry appear in a basement with several made men. In particular is Alberto sitting head of the table, Victor Rizzi, Sr., and Al Neri. Also, Agnello Luigi sitting at head of other side of table. Alberto pricks Larry and Santino III right index fingers with a nail and make them hold burning saints which they continue to pass on each hands preventing themselves from getting burned. Brief dialog audio appears.

SANTINO III & LARRY (SIMULTANEOUSLY)
...like this saint, may my soul
burn for eternity if I ever reveal
this brotherhood...

They both are eventually congratulated and hugged by everyone in the room. Alberto interjects.

ALBERTO
Also, we’re here for another occasion. Every man in here should stand up with their wines in the air and congratulate a man’s man, Agnello Luigi here as new head of the Cuneo family. Salut!

ALL THE MEN (SIMULTANEOUSLY)
Salut!

INT. DAY: VINCENT’S HOUSE

Vincent walks into the kitchen where several of family are all around a table with a candle-lit birthday cake on the table. Maria has V-Mac in her arms. Vincent sits in the chair at head of table while Maria hands V-Mac to Vincent. Everyone sings Happy Birthday to V-Mac.

(CONTINUED)
VINCENT
Make a wish, son.

V-MAC
Okay.

VINCENT
You make a wish?

V-MAC
Yes.

VINCENT
Okay, blow the candles.

V-Mac blows the six candles as everyone laughs and congratulates. All of a sudden Vincent disappears from behind V-Mac in his lap, to V-Mac only being in a high chair. Frank and Santino, Jr., and Michael, who were standing up around the table, disappear as well. Everyone else remains. A sad look is on V-Mac’s face as camera slowly zooms in on his eyes.

INT. DAY: PRISON CELL

Camera slowly zooms out off of Vincent’s eyes. Vincent appears laying down staring at the ceiling in his cell.

Credits.