

Honore e Famiglia

By

Wayne van Dalsum

wayne@vandalsum.de

FADE IN

EXT. MAIN STREET IN 1915 - DAY

Early morning. A chill in the air.

Model Ts share the town's dirt road with horse-drawn carriages.

The scene looks golden-brown under the rising sun.

Men go about their business in woolen coats and hats. Their breath condenses.

A newspaper boy calls out...

NEWSPAPER BOY

Read all about it! Ground stone
laid on Lincoln Memorial!

A handsome Italian man of around 25 (MARCO TERRANOVA) strides down the sidewalk with a determined look on his face.

He wears a tattered old fedora and a worn overcoat buttoned up to the neck against the cold. His hands are stuffed deep into the coat pockets.

He enters an Italian cafe.

INT. ITALIAN CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Marco goes over to the table at the front of the cafe by the big window, where three brash MAFIOSI-TYPE THUGS in expensive suits and spats are reclined, bragging.

Marco greets them cordially and shakes their hands, starting up a conversation with them.

He tells them a joke.

We tune in just as he gets to the punchline.

MARCO

e lui dice "Non *MI* rompere i
coglioni!"

It's in Italian, but we know it must be hysterical because all four men burst out laughing.

Then, without warning:

MARCO PULLS OUT A PISTOL and BANG! SHOOTS THE FIRST MAFIOSO THROUGH THE CHEST AT POINT BLANK RANGE.

(CONTINUED)

BLOOD SPLATTERS all over the table, the man is instantaneously stone cold dead.

The PATRONS in the cafe SCREAM AND DUCK UNDER THEIR TABLES FOR COVER.

The other two Mafiosi are shocked and go for their guns, but Marco has the jump on them.

The second Mafioso scrambles onto his chair, trying to get his gun out of his pants.

But this takes way too long and Marco PUMPS ONE, TWO SHOTS INTO HIS CHEST, causing the man to CRASH BACKWARDS THROUGH THE CAFE WINDOW and slam onto his back, offed, on the sidewalk, shattered glass raining around him.

The third Mafioso has had time to get his hand on his gun and is pulling it out to shoot at Marco when the first shot whacks him in the chest and knocks him back against the wall.

A BLOODSTAIN SPREADS FAST AROUND THE HOLE IN HIS WAISTCOAT.

The Mafioso's pistol hangs on his trigger finger as Marco clinically puts a second bullet in him next to the first.

SILENCE and stillness in the cafe. Stark in comparison to the loud blasts of the gun, breaking glass, screaming and scrambling that has now come to an abrupt end.

Some of the cafe patrons dare to poke their heads out from their hiding places to view the carnage.

Pumped with adrenaline, Marco considers his work.

Breathing fast and nostrils flaring, he turns to the horrified CAFE OWNER, a chubby, normally jovial old man, peering out fearfully from behind the bar.

Marco speaks to him with an Italian accent.

MARCO

Spiacenti.

You are now under the protection of Marco Terranova. These men will not bother you anymore, and neither will anyone else. If so, you come to me. Do you understand?

The Cafe Owner nods, frightened.

MARCO (cont'd)

I give you one month freedom from payments for your inconvenience here.

Marco gives him a stare so intense and malevolent that the Cafe Owner is frozen to the spot.

Marco puts the gun away beneath his overcoat and buttons it up as he walks out of the cafe.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN 1915 - CONTINUOUS

Marco exits, turns and walks briskly down the sidewalk, stepping indifferently over the dead Mafioso lying in a pool of blood among the shattered glass.

Two stores further down Marco enters a flower shop.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Marco has chosen a small bouquet of flowers, which he is now paying for at the counter.

FLOWER LADY
They are lovely sir.

MARCO
Yes. Today is a very special day.

In the background we hear SIRENS.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN 1915 - DAY

Marco exits the flower shop with the flowers as the police cars pull up in the street in front of the wrecked cafe two doors down.

In the background, POLICE OFFICERS leap out of the cars and charge inside the cafe or bend down to inspect the dead body.

Unperturbed, Marco turns and walks away in the other direction.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY

A beautiful Italian-looking woman (23) ROSETTA TERRANOVA reclines in bed in a Spartan hospital ward.

She holds TWO NEW-BORN BABIES - one in blue, one in pink.

It is a large, full ward for the poor. She has obviously just given birth and is tired.

Marco enters holding the flowers. His face is filled with love and adoration as he approaches the bed and gently sits down on it next to his smiling wife.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

Mi amore.

He kisses her tenderly and admires the babies.

MARCO (cont'd)

Mio figlio. E mia Piccolina, que
bella. My beautiful children. My
beautiful wife. Tiamo eternamente
mi amore.

Rosetta smiles.

MARCO (cont'd)

And today you not only gave me a
son, I also started my own
business.

Rosetta sees a spot of blood on Marco's overcoat, rubs at
it a little with her finger. She looks a little sad.

ROSETTA

Si?

MARCO

Yes. We did not come to this
country to be poor.

Rosetta works hard to remove the concern from her face.
Marco notices.

Her Italian accent is even stronger than Marco's.

ROSETTA

We did not come to this country
to do the same business as in
Napoli either. I thought you said
you find a normal job.

MARCO

I have worked those wop jobs for
long enough. I am a Terranova and
I am not going to have my
children grow up hungry in a
slum.

ROSETTA

But amore.

MARCO

No buts. It is not the same as in
Napoli. There I was a lackey to
the family. Here we will be the
family. And one day all of Napoli
and America will honor us for
what we have achieved.

Rosetta doesn't look convinced, but doesn't say anything more. She knows not to argue with Marco.

Marco lies down with his wife and holds her and his new children.

EXT. ITALIAN SLUM - DAY

Marco and Rosetta walk up to their decrepit, overcrowded apartment building in the middle of the industrial district.

Marco carries the blue baby, Rosetta the pink one. Rosetta walks gingerly, so soon after the birth, so they progress slowly.

There are masses of poor Italian immigrants swarming around the street.

Marco and Rosetta walk past a young POLICEMAN trying to question a powerfully built ITALIAN MAN (22), who is looking very confused.

The Policeman is talking loudly and gesticulating, as if yelling at the man might help to overcome the language barrier.

POLICEMAN

Marco Terranova! Have you heard that name? Do you know if he lives here?

ITALIAN MAN

Spiacenti. No speaka di English. Si. Here: Terra nuova per me. Gode blessa America.

The Policeman looks around, frustrated, and curses to himself:

POLICEMAN

Damn wops.

Marco and Rosetta enter the ramshackle building.

INT. ONE-ROOM APARTMENT - DAY

Marco and Rosetta enter the dingy one-room apartment.

Rosetta lays down on the little bed with the babies.

MARCO

Now you rest, my love. And I will go and get us out of here.

(CONTINUED)

In saying this, Marco looks full of hate at the destitution he lives in.

He kisses Rosetta and leaves.

EXT. ITALIAN SLUM - DAY

Marco exits the building and sees the Confused Italian Man now leaned up against the front of the building.

A few yards further down, the Policeman is still struggling to get a decent answer from the wops.

Marco goes up to the Confused Italian Man.

MARCO
Buongiorno.

ITALIAN MAN
Buongiorno.

MARCO
Do you know who I am?

ITALIAN MAN
(Grinning)
Si.

MARCO
Thank you for not telling him.

Marco nods in the direction of the policeman.

ITALIAN MAN
Prego signore Terranova.

Marco turns to leave. The Italian Man speaks - in almost perfect English:

ITALIAN MAN (cont'd)
I could do with a job.

Marco stops, amused to hear the man speak such good English.

ITALIAN MAN
I am also expecting a family soon.

Marco turns back to the big man and assesses him.

ITALIAN MAN
I heard about this morning. I think you have big plans and you could use some loyal assistance.

Marco eyes the man intensely.

MARCO
Everybody is looking for a job.
What can you do?

ITALIAN MAN
Anything you tell me.

Marco considers this for a moment.

MARCO
That is a valuable skill. Do you
have a gun?

The Italian Man opens up his tattered coat revealing a
pistol.

Marco thinks again, still assessing the man. Then he makes
his decision, turns and walks away, beckoning to the
Italian Man to follow him.

MARCO (cont'd)
Come. We have work to do.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Through the serving hole in the wall we can see the
patrons eating in the restaurant, unaware of what is going
on here in the kitchen:

Marco and LUCA (formerly known as Italian Man) have the
nervous CHEF backed up against the kitchen wall with their
pistols drawn.

Marco addresses the Chef:

MARCO
This is a very dangerous town.
Things happen - shootings,
kidnappings. I am offering you
protection from people who might
try to take away your livelihood.
We will be partners, you and I.
And considering the danger I face
for you, the price of my
protection is very fair.

CHEF
Protection?! I never needed
protection before, and I don't
need it now. Why should I pay you
to protect me from an imaginary
danger?

Luca grabs the Chef's hand, PUTS HIS ARM IN AN ELBOW LOCK
AND HOLDS THE HAND OVER A COOKING FLAME.

The Chef's eyes open wide.

(CONTINUED)

CHEF

What are you, crazy? You're hurting me you filthy son of a...

Luca presses the Chef's hand down into the flame and eventually the Chef screams out:

CHEF (cont'd)

AAHH! STOP! Stop! My hand!

Marco and Luca are unmoved. The Chef calls out frantically through the serving hole:

CHEF (cont'd)

Bessie! Give 'em the money!

A woman's hand reaches some banknotes through the serving hole.

Marco takes the money and leafs through the bills. He nods to Luca, who lets go of the Chef.

MARCO

Not so imaginary.

The Chef crumbles to the ground holding his throbbing hand.

Marco and Luca turn and leave through the back door of the kitchen that leads out into the back yard.

On his way out, Marco reminds the Chef:

MARCO (cont'd)

We will be back from time to time when payment is due.

EXT. YARD BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY

Marco and Luca exit the back door of the restaurant kitchen and walk through the yard.

MARCO

That was good what you did in there. You have experience.

Luca just grins.

Marco counts the money as they walk.

Then, behind their backs, the CHEF SNEAKS OUT THE BACK DOOR, WIELDING A MEAT CLEAVER.

The Chef creeps up behind Marco and Luca, trying to remain undiscovered as they walk away. He raises the cleaver...

(CONTINUED)

MARCO
25% for the capo...

Marco pockets the 25%.

MARCO
...and we share the rest.

Marco turns to Luca and gives him his share of the takings.

Out of the corner of his eye Marco sees the Chef bearing down on Luca with the meat cleaver, aiming to split Luca's skull wide open.

Marco reacts fast, body-checking Luca out of the way.

They both fall to the ground as the Chef's big swing hits nothing but air.

Marco quickly sits up and has his pistol drawn and aimed at the Chef.

We can see he's dying to pull the trigger, but isn't sure if someone might see it, and instead he just gets up.

Marco stands in front of the Chef, gun in one hand, wad of bank notes in the other.

He struggles to calm himself down enough to talk.

MARCO
That was very unwise. Normally I would shoot you for that. But this is your lucky day: I am only doubling your protection fee, because I evidently also have to protect you from yourself.

The Chef nods fearfully.

MARCO (cont'd)
Now get back into your kitchen and do your job. You will see: what you pay me is nothing. It is worth it. Now go. And never try to cross me again.

The Chef walks backwards across the yard and through the door to the kitchen, not daring to take his eyes off Marco and the gun.

Luca has now also picked himself up and dusted himself off.

He is still holding his money.

LUCA

Grazie.

MARCO

This is a dangerous job.

Marco takes a look at the bills in his hand and smiles.

MARCO (cont'd)

But well paid.

They both laugh and resume walking across the yard.

INT. ONE-ROOM APARTMENT - DAY

The gentle Marco brings home a bag of food to his family.

Here he is the loving father. He kisses Rosetta and the babies.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Marco and Luca roll up to the newsstand and grin menacingly at the owner, who nervously passes them a wad of money.

INT. TWO-ROOM APARTMENT 1917 - DAY

Marco is holding his two year-old daughter's hands as she tries to walk.

Rosetta sits on the bed with the little boy.

They have newer clothes now, better haircuts, and the new apartment is larger and looks a little more opulent than their old one.

Marco lifts his laughing daughter (BESSIE) high into the air and they all laugh. He smells something, puts his nose to Bessie's diaper and jerks away.

With an amused grimace he passes Bessie to Rosetta at arm's length.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

The BAKER and his STAFF are busy preparing the early morning bread when the door to the bakery crashes open.

Luca (also with greatly improved grooming and clothing) has kicked it in and walks in brandishing a Tommy gun and backed by two other ARMED THUGS.

(CONTINUED)

Marco enters the room last, nonchalant with his hands in the pockets of his new overcoat.

The Baker and his Staff are startled.

LUCA

Time to pay Mr. Terranova for his protection.

BAKER

Protection? What kind of protection is that? I can't pay protection to every damn Italian greenhorn that comes into the country.

LUCA

No, only to Mr. Terranova.

BAKER

What about the other two that were here yesterday demanding money. Where was your protection then?

LUCA

Is this true?

BAKER

I'd lie to the guy with the machine gun?

LUCA

Who was it?

BAKER

Skinny kid. Called himself Guido di Simoniti. You Italians always want to make a big name for yourselves.

Luca and Marco glance at each other. Marco considers for a moment, then turns to the Baker.

MARCO

Thank you.

Marco turns and leaves through the broken doorway. His men follow him.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT - DAY

Several young ITALIAN MEN are sitting around a small table in the dingy little apartment room, smoking and talking in Italian.

One of them is skinny (DI SIMONITI).

(CONTINUED)

There is a knock at the door. They freeze. A voice speaks through the door.

MARCO (OFF)
Scusi. Signore di Simoniti?

DI SIMONITI
Chi é?

MARCO (OFF)
Mr. di Simoniti, I have a
delivery for you.

Di Simoniti pulls his pistol and walks tentatively over to the door.

As he reaches out to open it, the DOOR GETS KICKED IN ON TOP OF HIM AND MARCO, LUCA AND THE TWO OTHER THUGS OPEN FIRE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS.

THEY RIDDLE THE DOOR AND THE APARTMENT WITH BULLETS, KILLING ALL THE MEN INSIDE.

They shoot till their magazines are empty.

The room is in splinters. The bodies lie strewn over the floor as the dust settles.

After a beat, Luca walks into the room through the smoke and dust, takes the money that is lying on the table, and they leave.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS 1919 - DAY

A model T Ford pulls up in front of the house and Marco gets out.

He walks around to the passenger side, opens the door and helps Rosetta out.

She looks at the house in astonished happiness.

Bessie, now about 4, leaps out after her and runs up to the house, followed by her twin brother ROCCO, who runs rather awkwardly and stumbles on the lawn.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Marco sits by the fire with Bessie and Rocco (5) on his lap.

The house is fully furnished. They have obviously been living there for some time.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

But I don't want you to go away.

MARCO

Ah, but I must, Piccolina.

BESSIE

Why?

MARCO

Because the government has provided us with a big business opportunity, and a very great man wants to do business with me.

BESSIE

I want to come with you.

MARCO

(laughing)

I will only be gone a couple of days. Chicago is not all that far from here.

BESSIE

Why doesn't that man come here. You are the capo aren't you?

MARCO

In this town I am the capo. But in Chicago, Mr. Capone is the capo, and he wants to pay us well to ensure his products have good passage through our state. That is an opportunity I cannot pass up.

BESSIE

When I grow up I'm going to work in the family business too. Then we'll always be together.

MARCO

I would like that too, Piccolina. But you will have better things to do. Rocco will work with me.

He looks at his son, who is daydreaming, completely disinterested in the entire discussion.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Marco walks through the man-sized door in the big warehouse doors, into the vast space of the empty warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

He stops, sighs contentedly. Behind him in the doorway now, Luca also admires the warehouse.

On one side of the warehouse is a stair leading up to a glass office overlooking the empty space.

Marco walks over to the stairs and up them.

As he ascends, the warehouse fills up with crates, boxes, kegs, various types of merchandise: cigarettes, alcohol, etc. and men materialize, working in the warehouse, moving the boxes, doing inventories, etc.

When Marco reaches the top of the stairs he turns and looks down on the full warehouse with numerous MEN WORKING in it.

Then he turns and goes into the glass office.

INT. KITCHEN 1925 - DAY

Bessie, now 10 years old, is a skinny girl with signs of her mother's beauty and her father's intensity.

She stands staring out the window next to the stove, where a big pot of pasta is cooking.

In the back yard outside the window, 10 year-old Rocco is running around playing cops and robbers with himself. He runs and shoots his toy pistol.

ROCCO

Pow! Pow!

Bessie is watching him, seething.

Rosetta comes in and looks at the pot. She takes a cooking spoon and pulls a clumped mass of pasta out of the boiling water.

ROSETTA

Bessie! The pasta! All you had to do was watch the clock!

Bessie just looks hatefully at the lump of pasta.

Rocco runs in through the kitchen door and through the kitchen, shooting his toy pistol.

ROCCO

Pow! Pow!

As he draws level with Bessie, BESSIE STICKS OUT HER ARM AND CLOTHESLINES HIM without emotion, laying him flat out on his back on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Rosetta screams and runs to her groaning, prostrate son. Bessie just looks down at him with a snarl on her face.

ROSETTA
Oh mio dio! Rocco! Bessie! go to
your room SUBITO! Your father
will hear about this.

Bessie snorts and stomps out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marco comes in. The big Italian GUARD posts himself on the veranda outside the front door as the door closes.

Marco looks tired.

Bessie runs up to him and hangs herself around his neck, hugging him.

MARCO
Ah, Piccolina.

Rosetta comes out of the kitchen and helps him out of his overcoat. Bessie doesn't let him go.

ROSETTA
You look pale.

MARCO
It will pass.

ROSETTA
You should take some days off.

MARCO
I cannot take days off. I'll be
alright.

ROSETTA
But...

Marco snaps at her, raising his hand to hit her.

MARCO
DON'T! (beat) I said I'll be
alright.

They walk into the living room, where Rocco is sitting with black eyes under a blanket on the sofa.

MARCO (cont'd)
What is this? What happened?

ROSETTA
Bessie knocked him down.

Marco looks angrily at Rocco.

MARCO
Bessie knocked you down? YOU LET
A GIRL KNOCK YOU DOWN?!

Rocco starts crying.

MARCO
WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT?
BECAUSE A GIRL HIT YOU? SHAME ON
YOU. WHERE IS YOUR SELF-RESPECT?
NOW GO TO YOUR ROOM AND NEVER LET
ME SEE YOU CRYING EVER AGAIN.
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.

Rocco runs out, crying.

ROSETTA
Marco, he is a sensitive boy.

MARCO
No he is my son. And the way it
looks he will be my only son.

Rosetta looks to the ground, a tear in her eye.

MARCO
The only son of Marco Terranova.
And that means he cannot stay a
little mother's boy like you are
making him. One day he will take
over the family, and he will have
to be strong. This mollycoddling
will have to stop. And I am going
to put an end to it.

BESSIE
Don't worry Papa. I can take over
the family too.

Marco looks at her grimly.

ROSETTA
You go to your room as well.

Bessie tosses her head and storms out.

After a moment, Marco calms down a little.

MARCO
I am sorry my love. It is not
your fault. But Rocco doesn't
have the luxury of being

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCO (cont'd)
sensitive. I am going to have to
start taking him with me.

Rosetta is horrified.

ROSETTA
But he is just a child!

MARCO
That is final.

And when Marco says it's final, it is.

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE 1929 - DAY

Marco is holding a meeting in the office. He sits on a chair in front of his desk and about a dozen MAFIOSI of varying ages sit in chairs facing him.

The business has obviously grown.

They respect and fear Marco.

Next to Marco sits Rocco (11), still small, looking timid and totally out of his depth among these huge, violent men.

Rocco looks around at the brutal faces of these thugs - scars, cigars, snarls, bent noses.

None of them is a babysitter.

MARCO
My friends. We are all doing
well, no? We have money,
automobiles, respect. I have
always honored you and treated
those fairly who honor me.

There is a general mumbling of agreement among the men.

MARCO (cont'd)
Stefano: come here.

A young man, sharply dressed and groomed, (STEFANO) looks surprised and not entirely happy to have his name called out.

MARCO (cont'd)
Come. Come. It is alright.

Stefano gets up and makes his way to the front. Unsettled.

He knows something we don't, and it is not something good.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

You all know Stefano. Stefano came to me off the boat two years ago, looking for work. And I gave it to him. Isn't that right, Stefano?

STEFANO

Yes Capo. Thank you.

MARCO

I underestimated Stefano. All of you. Take an example from him. Come with me. I have a surprise for you.

Marco puts his hand strongly around Stefano's shoulder. It is difficult to say whether it is a gesture of friendship or whether Marco has him in a vice-like grip that there is no escape from.

Marco walks Stefano to the door of the glass office, opens it and ushers him through the door onto the landing.

Standing at the handrail, Marco takes his other hand and grabs Stefano by the belt of his pinstriped trousers, lifts him over the handrail and SENDS HIM PLUNGING HEADFIRST ONTO THE CONCRETE FLOOR 20 FEET BELOW.

Nostrils flaring, Marco turns to reenter the office, when he seems stricken by a sudden headache. He winces for a moment at the pain, then decides to use scare tactics to cover it up in front of the other men.

He marches inside, slams the door and starts a rampage, hurling a chair against the wall and shouting.

Even the grown thugs are afraid of him. Poor Rocco is frightened to death.

MARCO (cont'd)

NO POLICE!

There is an uncomfortable mumbling among the men.

MARCO (cont'd)

Do I deserve to have you go behind my back!?

More "no boss" mumbblings.

MARCO

I had hoped that I would not have to hold this conversation ever again. But it looks like I do: If you have an idea, come to me. You will be treated generously. If

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCO (cont'd)
you try to cheat me, I will
ensure that it is the last time
you do. Have I made myself clear?

General nodding.

Marco slumps down in a chair next to Rocco, startling the frightened boy. Marco has a bad headache.

MARCO (cont'd)
What a shame. Such a good future,
over, just like that.

But the mourning phase is over quickly, and Marco looks back up after a couple of seconds.

MARCO (cont'd)
Now, to the business.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS 1930 - DAY

Lunchtime.

The high-school kids sit at tables outside, eating, etc.

Bessie (15) is now a lanky teenager who has grown up but not yet filled out. She sits with a couple of girlfriends and eats her lunch.

In the background a big, strong, attractive redheaded boy in a letterman sweater, PATRICK MULRONEY (17), tosses a football with a friend.

At a table in the corner sits Rocco (15) alone, brooding.

A bully, PIETRO (15), saunters over to Rocco with his two HENCHMEN. He's a real asshole.

Rocco doesn't look up.

Pietro shoves him on the shoulder.

Rocco doesn't react, so Pietro clips him around the ear, causing Rocco to jump up and stand nose to nose with Pietro, snarling.

PIETRO
Ooooh, the Capo's boy is angry.

Rocco is breathing fast, nostrils flaring, like his father's when he is angry, but unlike his father Rocco doesn't do anything more.

He looks closer to tears than to fighting.

(CONTINUED)

Pietro puts his hand on Rocco's face and pushes him back down onto the bench where he was sitting.

Bessie and the other kids have seen what's going on.

Bessie goes over to Pietro and shoves him on the shoulder, turning him around. They stand toe to toe.

BESSIE
Leave him alone.

Pietro just looks at her derisively.

Rocco speaks quietly from behind Pietro.

ROCCO
Go away Bessie.

PIETRO
Yeah, go away Bessie. Go and get
some tits.

He reaches out and places his hand on her flat chest.

PIETRO
You look like a boy. More than
your prissy brother.

Bessie knocks his hand away, seething, but she doesn't dare attack Pietro, who is much bigger and stronger than her.

This is too much even for Rocco, who gets up and pushes Pietro from behind.

ROCCO
Leave my sister alone.

Pietro turns to him and laughs.

PIETRO
Why?

Pietro nods to his heavies, who grab Rocco's arms and hold him, struggling.

Pietro shapes up to Rocco, raises his fist slowly and then swings it at Rocco's face, stopping the swing when his fist is an inch in front of Rocco's nose.

Although he doesn't even touch Rocco, a stain spreads out in Rocco's crotch.

Pietro is highly amused. His heavies let go of Rocco, disgusted.

Rocco turns and runs away as they mock him:

PIETRO

Yeah, run little chicken.

Laughing, Pietro turns around and starts pushing Bessie backwards in the chest, flanked by his two heavies.

Then a big hand grabs Pietro's shoulder and a voice from behind him says:

PATRICK MULRONEY

That's enough.

Pietro pushes the hand off his shoulder and turns, seething.

PIETRO

Get your filthy mitts off me, Irishman.

Patrick stares him down, backed by some BIG GUYS FROM THE FOOTBALL TEAM. It's a stand-off:

PIETRO

You'll pay for this, Paddy. You know who I am?

PATRICK MULRONEY

I know who you are, and I know what your family does, so I can't whoop your ass like I'd like to. But I also know that your family wouldn't approve of you molesting girls. So this thing ends now.

Pietro, faced with an equal and opposite force, and realizing that Patrick is right, turns and leaves.

There is now no one between Patrick and Bessie. They stare at each other for a protracted moment. Then Bessie gets a grip.

BESSIE

That was family business. You should keep out of it.

PATRICK MULRONEY

That's what you spaghetitis call family business?

Patrick spits on the ground.

Then he nods chivalrously to Bessie and leaves, her watching him go and her girlfriends giggling.

INT. ROCCO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocco sits, depressed, on the edge of his bed. There is a knock on the door.

BESSIE (OFF)

Rocco?

ROCCO

Go away.

The door opens and Bessie comes in.

BESSIE

You ok?

ROCCO

What do you think?

BESSIE

You have to toughen up.

ROCCO

IS THAT WHAT YOU CAME TO SAY TO ME? THAT? WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING - LITTLE *PICCOLINA*! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A BULLS EYE BETWEEN YOUR EYES. YOU DON'T SEE THE GUNS AND THE BLOOD AND THE WAY THEY'RE ALL JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO OFF ME SO THEY CAN PUT THEIR OWN SONS WHERE I AM.

Bessie looks at her sobbing brother, unmoved. After a brief pause she just says:

BESSIE

You have to toughen up.

And she turns and leaves him in the dark, closing the door behind her.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS 1932 - DAY

The graduation day celebrations are over.

Marco, Rosetta and Luca stand together, congratulating their children: Bessie, Rocco and Pietro.

Yes: Pietro the bully is Luca's son.

Marco addresses the two boys.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

We have a special surprise for
the both of you.

Pietro is enthused. Rocco subdued.

MARCO (cont'd)

A graduation gift. Today you
celebrate with your friends, and
tomorrow you will celebrate your
friendship in the family.

Pietro snickers and runs off to his friends. Rocco tries
to smile.

EXT. ROADSIDE BY DISTILLERY - NIGHT

Rocco, Pietro, Luca and Marco stand beside the road next
to Marco's car. They are looking across a field at a big
wooden barn.

MARCO

Welcome to your graduation gift,
boys.

Luca and Marco each pull out a pistol and give them to
their respective son.

MARCO (cont'd)

There are people who think they
can take over the alcohol
business. But this is our
business, and we have to show
people that. This is your chance
to make your bones, and tomorrow
you will be made-men. All you
have to do is shoot the guards
and burn the distillery down. I
would say get in and out as fast
as you can, before the explosions
start.

Pietro is champing at the bit. Rocco is his usual
depressed self.

MARCO (cont'd)

Off you go. Make us proud.

Pietro and Rocco still hate each other, but find
themselves forced to get along on account of their
fathers' friendship.

They set off across the field toward the distillery.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

PIETRO

Try not to mess this up, Mommy's boy.

ROCCO

Look: I don't like having to be around you either. Let's just get this over with.

PIETRO

I'm going in through the front. Take 'em by surprise. They'll be dead before they know it. Don't get in my way. Then we set the fire and scarper.

ROCCO

Whatever. I'll still be the son of the Don, no matter what you do.

Pietro stops, looks at Rocco, scowling, then turns away again resumes walking.

Saying this has given Rocco a lot of satisfaction.

EXT. BEHIND THE DISTILLERY - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco are crouched down behind a bush near the barn.

An armed GUARD walks around the edge of the building, along its back end and around the corner again.

Pietro takes out a knife and sprints off toward the barn.

EXT. BESIDE THE DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

The Guard walks along the long side of the barn. Behind him, Pietro pokes his head around the corner of the building, then sneaks up on the Guard from behind.

When he reaches him, he slits the man's throat expertly from behind. The man reaches for his neck in horror as Pietro watches him fall to the ground and die.

In the background Rocco peers around the corner of the barn now too.

Pietro wipes the blood off his knife on the dying man's shirt, stows the knife, pulls his pistol and runs down to the far corner of the barn. He peeks around it and then disappears from sight around the corner.

Rocco follows him.

EXT. FRONT OF DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

Pietro cocks his gun, opens the door and charges inside.

Sounds of GUNFIRE AND SHOUTING from inside the barn.

EXT. POV FRONT DOOR OF DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

Rocco looks through the door and sees one MAN slumped dead over a small table where the men were apparently playing cards.

Behind the table are the vats, etc. of a distillery, filling out the inside of the large barn.

Pietro has taken cover behind an open door on the side of the entrance and is holding a shootout with the last GUARD, a young man who is hiding behind a vat.

They shoot at each other a few times without success, then Pietro tries to shoot but is out of ammo.

The guard sees this and makes a run for the door where Rocco is standing.

The guard passes Pietro, who looks up from his gun in time to see him go.

Pietro looks at the door and sees Rocco, watching.

PIETRO
SHOOT HIM FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

The guard sprints through the door and Rocco moves aside.

PIETRO (cont'd)
SHOOT HIM!

But Rocco freezes and lets the man go.

Pietro runs up to Rocco and grabs Rocco's gun as he runs through the door into the night.

EXT. FRONT OF DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

Pietro looks around for the guard but doesn't see him. It is very dark.

He turns back to Rocco, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO

What was that? I served him up on
a golden platter for you.

Rocco just stands there.

PIETRO (cont'd)

It's the devil's cruel joke that
you're the son of the capo.
Let's just go inside and have
some fun and get out of here.

Pietro gives Rocco his gun back and walks inside. Rocco
follows him.

INT. DISTILLERY - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco smash things up something awful. Then, on
the way out, Pietro lights a match and tosses it onto the
dirt floor, where the liquid catches light and the fire
burns back to the vats.

They hightail it out of there.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco run back to the car as behind them the
barn burns.

There is a HUGE EXPLOSION that blows the roof right off
the barn as they run. They turn to see, then resume
running.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco arrive at the car, where Marco and Luca
are leaned up against the car, watching the fire, smoking
cigars.

The boys arrive, panting, and fall to the ground, excited.
Marco and Luca both smile.

INT. HALLWAY OF TERRANOVA HOUSE - NIGHT

Marco enters ahead of Rocco after the distillery hit.
Rocco is still dirty.

Marco is angry.

ROCCO

...he was only my age, and he was
wearing a wedding band. I just
thought, why kill him? We'd done
what we went there to do.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

You cannot show weakness like that. Never! If you show weakness, someone will use it against you. You have to be more like Rocco.

Skinny Bessie sits at the top of the stairs in her nightgown, where she has been waiting for them to return.

Rosetta enters from the kitchen. She looks in concern at her two men.

ROSETTA

How did it go?

ROCCO

(moping)

I let one of them get away.

MARCO

That is not so serious. He will spread the word that you need permission to open up a business like that in my town. But still, don't let it happen again.

BESSIE

Take *me* with you. I wouldn't show any mercy.

Marco glances up at her, angrily, then returns his attentions to giving Rosetta his coat.

Then he makes his way to the living room. The others follow him.

Bessie hurries down the stairs behind them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BESSIE

Papa?

MARCO

There is no place for a woman in what I do, Piccolina. You had good schooling. You find a nice Italian boy, settle down and give me grandchildren.

BESSIE

If I can't join the business, I want to go to university.

Marco is taken aback by this suggestion.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

Out of the question! That is
enough education now!

BESSIE

EVEN NEGROES CAN GET AN EDUCATION
NOWADAYS!

MARCO

NO! DO NOT TRY MY PATIENCE
ANYMORE!

BESSIE

But...!

MARCO

ENOUGH. Go to your room!

Furious, Bessie storms out, slamming the door behind her.

Marco is getting another headache.

MARCO (cont'd)

Rocco. You go to bed too. And
don't forget what I told you
today.

Rocco gets up in silence and leaves. Rosetta strokes
Marco's hair.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marco is in bed. Rosetta wafts in wearing a silk nightgown
that accentuates her gorgeous figure. Marco is the
attentive husband. She lies down with him.

MARCO

Mi Amore, you have to talk to
Bessie. I cannot have her
disrespecting me like this.

ROSETTA

Amore, all she wants is to be
with you.

MARCO

You know that's ridiculous.

ROSETTA

Yes, but there are new all-girl
colleges now. If she wants to go
to university...

MARCO

What does she need education for?
I will provide for her until her

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCO (cont'd)
husband does. What will become of her at university in this country: a suffragette? One of those mini-dress-wearing, cigarette smoking, flapper putani?

ROSETTA
She is very unhappy Amore. Look at her. She doesn't think she will find a man. She is still a child.

MARCO
What she needs is to learn to cook, put on some weight and meet a nice Italian boy.

ROSETTA
She says there are no nice Italian boys here.

MARCO
Then I will send her to Italy.

ROSETTA
To Mussolini?

MARCO
Mussolini does not bother Napoli.
(beat)
She could stay with the Theresa. There she would learn not to frighten away the boys with her cooking and speak proper Italian. If she can't find an Italian boy in Italy, then I can't help her either.

Marco grabs Rosetta and kisses her passionately.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

All the Mafia Men are seated around a big table in an Italian restaurant that is otherwise empty.

At the head of the table are Marco, Luca, Rocco and Pietro. Marco is making a toast.

MARCO
And so I ask you to raise your glasses and drink a toast to my son and Luca's, who are as of today officially made men.

They all toast the boys and line up to shake their hands.

(CONTINUED)

The men all shake Pietro's hand in a perfunctory way, to move on and really congratulate Rocco.

Luca notices this and Pietro's disappointment. He is not entirely happy about it, but accepts it.

EXT. NAPLES PORT 1934 - DAY

A trans-Atlantic cruise liner is docked in Naples harbor.

Bessie walks down the gangplank and is greeted by a little ITALIAN AUNTY in the typical black mourning gown, and a boy COUSIN ANGELO of about 20 who carries her bags but otherwise ignores her, or looks down on her as if she were a little girl.

As they walk away from the ship, two CURVACEOUS YOUNG WOMEN walk past and Angelo gives them the typical macho come-on. The girls giggle and walk on.

Bessie sees this but pretends not to be bothered by it.

INT. HALLWAY IN AUNTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The three arrive in the apartment.

Angelo takes Bessie's suitcases to her room.

Bessie takes off her coat and hangs it up by the front door.

This is the first time Aunty has seen Bessie without her coat on. She sees how skinny Bessie is.

Aunty looks at her in horror and starts babbling on in Italian. We follow her speech in SUBTITLES.

She squeezes Bessie's skinny arm...

AUNTY
(subtitles)
Oh my God you poor child...

She pulls the baggy pullover down over Bessie's flat chest and does the two-handed Italian gesture of despair and pity.

AUNTY (cont'd)
(subtitles)
Nothing but skin and bone. Oh well. At least we don't have to worry about protecting your honor.

Bessie doesn't yet understand enough Italian to know what her Aunty has said, so she just smiles and nods.

Aunty gestures to Bessie to come with her into the living room, and Bessie follows her.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Luca and Pietro are loading crates of whiskey into a truck.

Above them, Marco is talking with another man in the glass office.

Rocco sits behind the desk, watching.

Pietro looks up as he angrily heaves the crates up into the truck.

INT. AUNTY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Aunty is teaching Bessie to cook, babbling away in Italian.

She takes off her apron, folds it up and leaves Bessie to herself and the food.

INT. AUNTY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aunty walks in. Angelo is leaning against the dining table, cleaning under his fingernails with the tip of a knife.

AUNTY

(subtitles)

Angelo. Why don't you help your cousin? She has been here three months now and you don't pay her any attention. All she does is sit inside and study Italian. You take her out and introduce her to your friends.

ANGELO

(subtitles)

No, mama! I can't take that bag of bones out, not even as a chaperon. They will say I'm a pedophile.

Bessie brings in plates of pasta the consistency of porridge in a lumpy, watery tomato sauce with bits of green in it. The two Italians look at it and her, aghast.

INT. GAMBLING SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

An illicit casino. People playing craps, roulette, drinking, smoking, the whole works.

There are Henchmen posted around the edge of the room, overseeing everything.

Jazz music played by a black piano player accompanies the general excited buzz in the casino.

Pietro and Luca walk in through the front door.

Pietro is a little older now. He has a new haircut, new suit, spats on his shoes and sports a mustache.

They walk purposefully through the gambling den, acknowledging the mobsters strewn around the room with an almost imperceptible nod of the head.

They reach a nondescript door, open it and go in. A BURLY MOB GUARD comes out and stands in front of the door as it closes, blocking any access to it.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A very nervous MAN is sitting strapped to a wooden chair at the wrists and ankles. He has a gag tied around his head, pulling hard at the corners of his mouth. He makes some attempts to say something, but only manages to get out:

MAN
aah uhh aaah.

Luca and Pietro ignore him and go to the shelves in the corner, where they grab two barber's capes that are lying there, neatly folded, waiting for them.

PIETRO
I just don't get how you can be happy being his underling like this.

They pull them on over their heads to protect their pinstriped suits.

LUCA
Ah Pietro. Try not to see it like that.

Then they walk over to the frightened Man.

PIETRO
We're always doing their dirty work.

(CONTINUED)

They take positions either side of the man, facing each other.

LUCA

We have a great life. He's a great boss. He pays well. Not all the dons do that. Look at what goes on in New York or Chicago. Nobody has ever gone hungry in our organization...

We are semi-close on them and see only the very top of the captive's head at the bottom of the screen and Luca and Pietro above it on either side.

LUCA (cont'd)

...and you and I are second in charge.

Pietro looks down at the man, swings a fist and WHACK! the man's head jerks violently to the side as a splash of blood and a tooth fly up and across the screen.

We hear the man whimpering.

PIETRO

Without us where would they be?

Luca swings his fist out of frame in the same fashion and "WHACK", the top of the man's head jerks back in the other direction, then falls forward so we are looking right at his bald spot.

LUCA

You shouldn't look at it like that. If it weren't for Marco I'd probably still be working the docks or dead already.

PIETRO

But him and his pathetic Rocco take the lion's share, and they get all the respect.

Pietro whacks the top of the head with the heel of his hand.

LUCA

You underestimate what it takes to be the capo. Marco is damn good at leading this operation. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't do what he does.

They both lean down to the level of their captive. We follow them down and see the now bloodied, bulbous face of the man, who is crying and bleeding horribly.

LUCA

Don't try to cheat Mr. Terranova.

The man shakes his head lightly and groans.

Luca and Pietro take off the bloodied capes and hang them up in the corner.

PIETRO

See? It's all about the goddamn Terranovas.

On their way out Pietro spits in the man's face and kicks the chair over.

INT. LUCA'S AND PIETRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Pietro and Luca are sat at their dining table putting crosses in the boxes on mayoral voting forms and tossing them in a ballot box while listening to the baseball on the wireless.

The crosses all go in the box opposite the name "Counselor Whitby".

Some time has passed since the last scene. Pietro has another new look.

The commentator on the wireless is shocked.

BASEBALL COMMENTARY

The crowd is hushed. Bottom of the ninth. Nobody in the stadium wants to believe what is happening here. How could the Athletics blow a seven run lead in the space of one at-bat? Seven runs a piece and bases empty. Ragnieri is up to bat and he hasn't hit a pitch since the end of the War. The pitch! Ragnieri swings and HITS THE BALL! RAGNIERI HAS HIT THE BALL! which rolls out gently to shortstop where Michaels picks it up, turns to first as Ragnieri jogs in resignation along the first base line. Michaels throws the ball and HE FIRES IT A YARD OVER THE HEAD OF THE FIRST BASEMAN. THE BALL IS A GONER! IT'S GONE A MILE DOWN THE FIRST BASE LINE AND IT'S STILL ROLLING. RAGNIERI CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK. HE STARTS SPRINTING, REACHES FIRST AND GETS THE SIGNAL TO KEEP GOING. BUT HE

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BASEBALL COMMENTARY (cont'd)

JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S RUNNING TO SECOND AND LOOKS OUT INTO THE OUTFIELD TO SEE IF IT'S NOT ALL JUST A DREAM. RIGHT FIELD IS AFTER THE BALL BUT RAGNIERI ROUNDS SECOND. AND - WHAT'S THAT? RIGHT FIELD GRABS HIS HAMSTRING, SEIZES UP AND FALLS OVER LIKE A FELLED TREE JUST YARDS SHORT OF THE BALL. RAGNIERI GETS THE SIGNAL AT THIRD TO KEEP GOING. FIRST BASE MAKES AFTER THE BALL BUT HE WON'T GET THERE IN TIME. HE WON'T GET THERE IN TIME AND RAGNIERI MAKES IT HOME STANDING UP IN THE FIRST HOME RUN OF HIS CAREER - WHAT AM I SAYING, THE FIRST *HIT* OF HIS CAREER, WHICH DIDN'T EVEN MAKE IT OUT OF THE DIAMOND, AND THE BROWNS ARE UP OUT OF THE DUGOUT AND GOING...

Luca gets up and turns off the wireless.

LUCA

See how good we have it? Let's go and get our money off the bookie before he realizes he's been had. And we can drop off the ballot box when we pay the tribute.

PIETRO

So we fill out the boxes and *he's* the one they all love.

LUCA

We just made ten grand profit - and sporting history, and we elected the next mayor while we were at it. I just don't know what it is you want.

PIETRO

More.

EXT. NAPLES UNIVERSITY 1934 - DAY

Bessie walks into the university. There are only boys here.

They all look at her wondering what she is doing there, but she is oblivious and determined.

She is still a bag of bones.

INT. LECTURE THEATER - DAY

Bessie enters the lecture theater and sits down at the back, trying to remain unnoticed.

It is an economics lecture.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Rocco sits at a table alone drinking a coffee. Pietro comes in and sits down at the table.

They are obviously not happy to see each other and stare each other stormily in the eye for a long time once Pietro is seated.

You could slit the air's throat with a switchblade.

Pietro is the first to speak. The conversation is forced to say the least.

PIETRO
So what is it?

ROCCO
The capo says...

PIETRO
Your dad says.

ROCCO
My dad the capo says we should do some of our own things.

PIETRO
I do my own things.

ROCCO
Yeah, well he wants us to do some together.

PIETRO
Forget it. I don't work with losers.

ROCCO
Good, I'll tell my father that.

Pietro is forced to relent.

PIETRO
Sonofabitch.

ROCCO
I don't know why you're fighting this so much. If you play along
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO (cont'd)
we can be first and second in
command when our father's retire.

PIETRO
Second to you? Hah!

ROCCO
Look, I'm working on myself, ok?
I know I'm not a natural, but we
can't change what is, so why
don't we try to go with it?

Pietro returns to staring at Rocco, looking like he's on
the verge of vomiting.

PIETRO
Alright. What is it? But don't
write the novel, I've got work to
do.

Rocco leans over the table to Pietro, conspiratorially.

INT. BESSIE'S ROOM AT AUNTY'S 1935 - DAY

Bessie is getting ready to go to university.

Some time has passed and Bessie now speaks Italian with
Aunty.

AUNTY
(subtitles)
More Italian lessons?

BESSIE
(subtitles)
Yes Aunty.

Bessie has also filled out a little in the interim.

Aunty notices some little breasts poking through the
pullover. She grabs the bottom of the pullover and pulls
it down tight over them with some relief.

AUNTY
(subtitles)
Well thank God for that, you poor
child. Here, let me show you how
to make the most of what God has
given you. I will get you a bra -
and some socks for inside it. And
do your hair like this...

Bessie shoos her away with a laugh.

EXT. PIAZZA 1935 - DAY

Bessie walks across the piazza.

As she walks, she observes all the young girls flirting with the boys.

Angelo is loafing around with his pals, not far away.

The boys give her a glance. Bessie gives them a glare. The boys laugh in mock fear of her and stick out their chests, mocking her new little rack.

Angelo grins but doesn't get involved in the teasing. He feels a little sorry for her.

They all laugh as Bessie walks away, still observing all the flirting going on at the piazza out of the corner of her eye.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

We see Pietro in a clandestine meeting under a bridge with two POLICE OFFICERS.

EXT. PIAZZA 1936 - DAY

More months have passed. Bessie has blossomed.

She walks through town with the same pullover on, but now, her curves fill it out magnificently. She looks like one of the girls we saw as she just got off the boat.

As she walks across the piazza, heads all turn to watch her and the boys all whistle at her now. Angelo's buddies who he hangs out with at the piazza are no exception.

Angelo can be seen angrily pushing his friends around, warning them not to whistle at Bessie, defending her honor.

INT. LECTURE THEATER - DAY

Bessie enters the lecture theater and the students all fight to give her a seat next to them.

She has gained a lot of confidence in her femininity.

She takes her seat in the economics lecture and the students around her have great difficulty concentrating on anything but her.

INT. AUNTY'S HALLWAY - DAY

When Bessie comes in through the front door after the lecture, Aunty sees her with her new curves and is horrified. She pulls the pullover down as always, then out, trying desperately and in vain to hide all those devilish curves.

AUNTY

(subtitles)

Oh my goodness. Those things, those enormous things. Oh and back here as well. (she looks at Bessie's rounded backside in horror) Child you cannot run around like that, that is blasphemous. You will go to hell you poor child!

Bessie is amused.

Angelo breezes past them to go outside.

Aunty walks away crossing herself and saying Hail Marys.

ANGELO

(subtitles)

Don't worry Mama. In two years the only dish she has learned how to cook, they are calling the pastity belt. No man is going to get past her cooking.

Bessie boxes him playfully, but hard, in the chest. She hurts her hand doing it.

BESSIE

(subtitles)

What is that? Don't tell me you've grown muscles overnight.

Angelo smiles.

ANGELO

(subtitles)

No *Piccolina*. I'm doing a courier job tonight for the family. It might be dangerous, so I got a bullet-proof vest.

He lifts up his shirt to reveal a military bullet-proof vest.

BESSIE

(subtitles)

Bullet-proof? You really can't get shot through that?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO
(subtitles)
Nope. And it might come in handy
against the Duce and the Germans
soon as well.

Bessie is still feeling the vest in admiration.

ANGELO (cont'd)
(subtitles)
I know it must be hard for you,
but you have to stop feeling me
up like this.

Bessie kicks him in the shin, painfully.

BESSIE
(subtitles)
Oops. Sorry. Missed the vest.

Rubbing his shin in pain, Angelo takes his leave with a
laugh.

ANGELO
(subtitles)
I have to go now. See you later.

And he limps out into the stairwell.

A TELEGRAM MESSENGER passes him on the way up.

TELEGRAM MESSENGER
Signorina Terranova?

BESSIE
Si?

TELEGRAM MESSENGER
Per Lei.

And he gives her a telegram. She hands him a coin and he
leaves.

Bessie reads the telegram. Her face falls. She calls out
to Aunty:

BESSIE
(subtitles)
Aunty, something terrible has
happened. I have to go to the
post office to call mother.

Bessie grabs a coat and hurries out.

EXT. OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco arrive at a jewelry store and check to see that the coast is clear.

Rocco pulls out a key and opens the door. They go inside.

INT. MAYORAL ELECTION DINNER - NIGHT

It is a huge celebratory affair. A huge hall has been filled with lavish tables, at which are seated fashionably dressed, respectable men and women.

Camera flashbulbs are going off, flags and garlands everywhere.

Marco and Rosetta arrive, fashionably late, and attract all glances. They are like movie stars. They look fantastic. Rosetta wears some major ice.

They make their way through the crowded hall to the long table at the front, next to newly elected MAYOR WHITBY.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Pietro and Rocco ransack the store, filling their pockets with jewelry. Even Rocco seems to be enjoying himself.

All the while, Pietro keeps half an eye on Rocco. Then, when Rocco turns his attention to a glass showcase that causes him to turn his back on Pietro and the front of the store, Pietro turns and walks out the front door.

INT. MAYORAL ELECTION DINNER - NIGHT

Later. The dinner is over and the speeches are taking place over champagne.

Mayor Whitby is just finishing his thank you speech.

MAYOR WHITBY

And finally I would like to thank a great man, a man who has helped shape this town for the last twenty years and without who's help I wouldn't be standing here tonight as the newly elected mayor of this town: Mr. Marco Terranova.

He gestures down to Marco, who stands up to graciously accept the roaring standing ovations.

EXT. OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Pietro exits and the two policemen, whom we recognize as those from under the bridge, walk past him into the store, pulling their guns.

INT. MAYORAL ELECTION DINNER - NIGHT

Mayor Whitby gestures to Marco to come up on stage, but at that moment we see Luca come hurrying in through the door and push his way through the crowds toward Marco.

He catches up with Marco on the way to the stage, grabs him by the arm and whispers something in his ear.

Marco's face goes pale. He freezes to the spot.

He reaches up to his temple: the headache is back. He hesitates for a moment but then nods to Luca.

Luca goes back outside as Marco walks up the steps, looking serious.

On the second step Marco hesitates. His right arm is hanging loosely and Marco seems to be losing his sense of orientation.

Mayor Whitby comes over to help him, looking concerned. Marco gestures that he is alright and struggles up the last of the steps and onto the stage. He limps toward the dais.

Once there he looks out over the crowd, which has also gone strangely quiet, but somehow he can't think of what to say. His mouth is drooping a little on one side.

Marco looks angry, trying to say something, but instead, turns, leaves the dais, stumbles down the stairs and hobbles, his balance all out of whack, out through the hall, with Rosetta hurrying after him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pietro is sitting on a crate in the warehouse surrounded by mobsters. He looks shocked.

Marco and Luca come through the warehouse door in a hurry. Marco is still lopsided. He reaches Pietro.

MARCO

Thpeak!

Pietro is putting on an Oscar-winning performance, all shaken up and concerned.

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO

They got Rocco. Someone must've snitched. I don't know how. Maybe they were just close by. The police. They came in, and before I could call out they had him. They didn't see me so I ran for it. I don't even know if he's still alive.

Marco looks overtaxed for the first time ever. He doesn't know what to do. Then he turns and walks out.

Before following him, Luca takes a good long look at Pietro.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Marco makes it to the car but then stumbles against it. He tries to lift his leg to get in but can't. Then he loses his balance and blacks out, falling against the car and sliding onto the ground.

Luca picks him up and together with some of the other mobsters puts Marco in the car, where he lies, motionless.

Then Luca drives them away.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TERRANOVA HOUSE - NIGHT

The car stops in front of the house and Luca gets out and drags Marco out like a sack of potatoes.

The guard by the front door runs out to help shoulder Marco into the house.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They drag Marco in.

LUCA

ROSETTA!? ROSETTA!

Rosetta comes hurrying downstairs.

ROSETTA

Oh mio dio!

LUCA

Where can we put him?

ROSETTA

Here. In the living room, on the sofa.

She leads them into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They lay Marco on the couch and Rosetta sits down next to him, stroking his face. Marco just stares into the distance.

ROSETTA
Call the doctor Luca, please. And
tell him to hurry.

INT. AUNTY'S HALLWAY - DAY

Bessie comes into the apartment in shock after having been at the post office.

Aunty is concerned.

AUNTY
(subtitles)
What's the matter, child?

Bessie looks at her with tears in her eyes.

BESSIE
(subtitles)
It's time for me to go home.

They hug.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

Pietro and the police officers are there having a face-off. Pietro is really angry.

PIETRO
I told you I wanted him dead! How
difficult could it be to put a
bullet through his head? Huh?

POLICEMAN 1
We couldn't just shoot him in
cold blood. He didn't even pull
his weapon.

PIETRO
What?! Typical. He didn't even
pull his goddamn gun the cowardly
...
So what now?

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN 1

He's in custody. They'll keep him there until the trial, and then, well it's armed robbery, even if no shots were fired. With a good lawyer he'll get two to three. With his father's help, he'll be out tomorrow.

PIETRO

Damn it! Everything you want done you have to do yourself.

INT. LUCA'S AND PIETRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Pietro and Luca are screaming at each other.

PIETRO

THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!

LUCA

THIS ISN'T A CHANCE, IT'S A GODDAMN TRAGEDY.

PIETRO

WE CAN TAKE OVER!

LUCA

I DON'T WANT TO TAKE OVER!

PIETRO

YOU'RE THE SECOND IN COMMAND. YOU HAVE TO.

LUCA

I'm ashamed of you. Your mother would be ashamed of you, God rest her soul. You set him up, didn't you? You've been dealing with the police!

Pietro stares for a second, unsure of what to say.

LUCA (cont'd)

That man saved my life - more than once, and this is how my own flesh and blood repays him?

Luca is beside himself and lashes out at Pietro, striking him in the face.

This ignites Pietro's temper and he charges his father, pushing him across the room and ramming him into the glass cabinet against the wall and shattering it to smithereens.

(CONTINUED)

Luca looks in horror at his son, who still has his forearms pressed against Luca's neck. They stop fighting and just look at each other for a protracted moment.

Now suddenly shocked by his own actions, Pietro pulls his arms off his father's neck and backs away.

Luca remains leaned up against the remains of the wall cabinet, eyes wide open. He slowly tilts forwards and

Then, suddenly MACHINE GUN FIRE SMASHES THE WINDOW and RIDDLES THE LIVING ROOM.

Pietro dives behind the sofa as the hailstorm of bullets tear into the furniture, the walls and INTO LUCA.

Luca shudders with each bullet that hits him, overbalances and crashes head first to the floor.

We now see that he has a large pointed shard of glass sticking out of his back from the cabinet.

After an eternity, the shooting subsides and a car pulls away from in front of the house.

As the dust settles, we round the sofa to see Pietro sitting there staring at his dead father.

Pietro is stricken. Did I kill him?

Eventually the shock gives way to the little orphaned kid in him and his chin quivers.

He crawls over to Luca and takes him in his arms, rocking back and forth and crying.

Then, still holding his dead father in his arms, he stops crying and rocking and a serious, determined, almost excited look comes over his face.

This is his big chance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Mafia men are arguing and talking amongst themselves like an unattended school class.

Pietro reaches the top of the stairs and enters the room, looking solemn.

The talk subsides. They all watch Pietro, who walks to the desk at the front of the room as if it were the most natural thing in the world, stands in front of it and addresses the men.

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO

Somebody has tried to take advantage of the situation and push my family out of our rightful position at the top of this organization!

MOBSTER 1

You set the kid up. In cahoots with the cops.

Pietro pulls out his pistol and aims it at Mobster 1.

PIETRO

Don't you ever speak about me like that again or I'll blow your goddamn head off you lousy sonofabitch. Now sit down, all of you. I don't know who it was. All I know is that with my father dead, I am next in line until Mr. Terranova recovers from whatever he has or Rocco gets out of jail. Now I'm asking you to remain calm and I'll go and see what I can do for them and I'll report back to you in a couple of days. In the meantime, you all know what your business is, so go out and do it. Give me two days and we'll meet here again on Thursday. Okay?

The men mumble their reluctant approval.

PIETRO (cont'd)

Alright!

And Pietro marches back out of the office.

EXT. TERRANOVA HOUSE - DAY

Pietro walks up the path to the front door guard.

PIETRO

I'm here to see Mr. Terranova.

GUARD

He's not taking visitors.

PIETRO

But it's important. We need to know how long he'll be gone, what to do while he's sick.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

I can't help you.

PIETRO

Then let me speak to him.

The guard looks at him, unamused. Faced with an immovable force, Pietro turns and walks away.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor Whitby sits behind his desk. Pietro sits in front of it, doing his impression now of a polite young man.

PIETRO

Mayor Whitby, I've spoken to Mr. Terranova, but I'm afraid he's not able to leave his bed at this time. He has asked me to ask you if you could be lenient on his son. He knows it was a terrible thing his son did, on the eve of your great triumph, and he would like to find a solution acceptable to all of us.

MAYOR WHITBY

And what does Mr. Terranova suggest?

PIETRO

He is sensitive to the fact that Rocco has to go to jail. It would not look good for any of us if he were to be acquitted after being caught red-handed. Your voters wouldn't accept that.

MAYOR WHITBY

That's true.

PIETRO

So he was thinking that a sentence of two or three years would be enough.

MAYOR WHITBY

That sounds very reasonable. I will speak to the district attorney. I'm sure that can be arranged. After all, we owe Mr. Terranova a great deal. Will you give him our thanks?

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO

I will. And please contact me if you need any help until Mr. Terranova recovers. We all hope it will be soon, but he needs his rest.

MAYOR WHITBY

Certainly. Thank you.

They both rise and shake hands.

INT. BESSIE'S ROOM AT AUNTY'S - DAY

Curvaceous Bessie is packing her things. Aunty comes in carrying black robes for her.

AUNTY

(subtitles)

You wear this while you are in mourning, until your father gets well again.

She unveils the flowing black robe and gestures to Bessie to put it on.

Bessie pulls it on over her head and her figure disappears beneath the swathes of flowing black.

Aunty looks at Bessie's chest area, pats down the loose frock with great relief - those enormous breasts are hidden.

AUNTY (cont'd)

(subtitles)

God be praised - another problem solved.

INT. CUSTODY CELL - DAY

Rocco sits at the table in his prison clothes, looking down at the table.

A smartly dressed man comes in carrying a briefcase (DEFENSE ATTORNEY)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

So, hello Mr. Terranova. How are you today?

Rocco is not in the mood for a chat. The Attorney is at pains to appear cheerful.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO

Who the hell are you?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I understand. This is not where you had hoped to be at this juncture.

ROCCO

Just tell me where our lawyer is.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid I have been appointed this case. I'm sure you'll be more than...

ROCCO

Where is consiglieri Ronconi!?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid you were recorded as being without a defense.

ROCCO

Well I'm not. Get him for me.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid that won't do any good, Mr. Terranova. counselor Ronconi has declined. You're stuck with me.

Rocco is stunned

ROCCO

WHAT?! Where's my father? Get me the fuck outa here!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Please calm down Mr. Terranova. I know this must be very taxing for you, but you were caught with your pocket full of jewels, with a gun.

ROCCO

I know what happened. My father should have spoken to someone by now. I shouldn't be in here.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid there has been a meeting, and the district attorney has offered us a plea bargain of 30 months imprisonment with time off for good behavior.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO

What!? I'm not going to jail! Get me my father!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid your father is unwell and not able to get out of bed at the moment.

ROCCO

What? What happened?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

A stroke, so I'm told.

ROCCO

A stroke? My father? Is he going to be okay?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'm afraid I don't know the answer to that question, Mr. Terranova, and it's not what we should be concentrating on here. Now, it is a very fair offer from the DA, and I think you would be well advised to take it. If this makes court, you could get life.

ROCCO

That's unbelievable!

The Defense Attorney takes pity on Rocco and spells it out for him.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Mr. Terranova. The organization has pulled the plug on you. This has turned into a political thing. I'm your counsel now and I can only advise you to take the offer and do your time. I've known several men of your - persuasion - who have spent very profitable stays in our correctional facilities. As a member of the family you are protected from physical harm and you are afforded generous privileges. After two years with good behavior you can come back out, well rested and your - business partners - will have even more respect for you than before.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO
This is a joke, right?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
I'm afraid not, Mr. Terranova. I would suggest you accept that you are going away and try to make the most of it.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Rocco walks into the crowded penitentiary in his prison clothes and carrying his bedding and looking very nervous.

He walks passed the inmates as they catcall and whistle at him.

Two THUGS talk as they watch Rocco go to his cell.

THUG 1
Well looky here.

THUG 2
Fresh meat.

THUG 1
That ain't no fresh meat. Don't you know who that is?

THUG 2
Who?

THUG 1
The Terranova kid. No touchy.

THUG 2
Damn.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Pietro sits at a table opposite a very big, cocky looking INMATE, talking quietly.

They get up and shake hands before leaving the table in their respective directions.

Pietro goes over to the HEAD GUARD and strikes up a conversation with him.

While they are exchanging pleasantries, Pietro unobtrusively takes a banknote-sized package out of his jacket pocket and passes it to the HEAD GUARD, who takes it just as secretively and stows it away.

They talk a few moments longer, then Pietro turns and walks out of the visiting room.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Pietro walks down the street with his two closest HENCHMEN - the same ones we know from the school skirmish all that time ago, only now they are also gangsters. Pietro is explaining something to them

A dark Model T rolls along slowly and menacingly behind them, unnoticed. It speeds up a little and as it pulls alongside them a Tommy gun is pointed through the window and opens fire on them.

The FIRST HENCHMAN GOES DOWN, but Pietro and the other man manage to take shelter behind a big letterbox and remain unscathed.

An INNOCENT WOMAN walking behind them goes down too, hit by the machine gun fire. People are horrified.

The car drives off and we close in on Pietro, who is really angry.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BARBERSHOP - DAY

Pietro walks past the big glass window of the barbershop. In it, a MOBSTER is getting a shave.

As Pietro passes the doorway, he pulls out a little round bomb, lights the fuse and tosses it through the open door.

He hurries on as behind him an explosion blasts the glass window all over the pavement.

Again INNOCENT BYSTANDERS are injured.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A NEWSPAPER BOY is calling out the headlines as he sells his papers.

Behind him a POLICE CAR drives by.

NEWSPAPER BOY
 Read all about it! Police head of
 Organized Crime gunned down in
 gang war!
 Read all about...

Suddenly, the police car EXPLODES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, BLOWING THE NEWSPAPER BOY THROUGH THE AIR.

Bits of the car fly everywhere and the chassis catches fire as it rolls to a gentle stop.

People scramble.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

A Hill Street Blues type meeting of all the police in a briefing room. Only, these cops are very quiet and subdued.

The POLICE CHIEF is addressing them.

POLICE CHIEF

The whole thing is getting out of hand: we've lost three officers and civilians are being injured left, right and center. I need someone willing to take over the Organized Crime unit to get a grip on this Cosa Nostra bullshit. What I need is a volunteer. Let me see your hands.

Nobody budes in their chairs. No one wants the job. The Police Chief waits.

POLICE CHIEF

Look, I know it doesn't look like the kind of job... It will involve a promotion for anyone willing to do it.

No response.

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

Two ranks?

Nada.

The Chief surveys the frozen sea of policemen in front of him. Then, a hand raises. It is a handsome, strongly built redheaded man of 22: Patric Mulroney.

PATRICK MULRONEY

I'll try it, sir.

The Chief looks at him skeptically.

POLICE CHIEF

What's your name, son?

PATRICK MULRONEY

Mulroney sir.

POLICE CHIEF

How long you been on the Force?

PATRICK MULRONEY

I'm... in my first year, sir.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE CHIEF

Look kid. I appreciate you raising your hand, but I was thinking of more senior officers, okay? This is a dangerous job. You need more experience.

Patrick nods his reluctant acceptance.

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

Alright, so I'm gonna have to find another way of getting this town back under control. Be careful out there today, huh? Nobody's safe with these madmen around.

The men get up off their chairs and make for the exit.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Police Chief sits at his desk, working. Patrick leans his head around the door.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Excuse me, sir? can I have a word.

POLICE CHIEF

Sure kid. Come on in. Mahoney, right?

PATRICK MULRONEY

Almost, sir: Mulroney.

POLICE CHIEF

What can I do for you?

PATRICK MULRONEY

Well sir, I was just wondering what you planned to do since you didn't get any volunteers this morning.

POLICE CHIEF

To be honest with you, I don't know. I've kinda been hoping that Terranova would get back on board and sort the problem out for us, but nobody knows what he has or how long he's gonna be out of it, and god knows they won't talk to the police.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK MULRONEY

I'd like to raise my hand again,
sir.

POLICE CHIEF

Look, I understand that you think
this is a great chance to make
sergeant.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Two ranks would be lieutenant,
sir.

The Police Chief gives him the stare.

POLICE CHIEF

It's not for you.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Why not, sir? I mean, I know I'm
young, but I'm a local. I know
these people and I know this
town, and I can't stand watching
it being turned into a bloodbath
by these thugs.

POLICE CHIEF

Apart from everything else,
you're the only one willing to
take the enormous risks involved
here - life and death risks if
you understand me. How are you
going to stop this madness alone?

PATRICK MULRONEY

I can't stop them, but I went to
school with some of them. Maybe I
can talk to them.

The Commissioner thinks this over.

POLICE CHIEF

If you think I'm gonna promote
you to sergeant for talking to
some old school buddies...

PATRICK MULRONEY

Lieutenant, sir, and no, if
that's the problem, don't promote
me. I mean, a pay rise would be
great, but I've been thinking:
the Italians have people
everywhere, even in the force. It
may be safer for me if nobody
knows I'm doing this except you.
I mean, I can go and talk to them
unofficially like that. If I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK MULRONEY (cont'd)
the head of an Organized Crime
unit, that just makes me more of
a target.

The Police Chief is obviously considering this.

POLICE CHIEF
So just a raise?

PATRICK MULRONEY
Sir! I'm saying I'm willing to go
out there and risk my life to try
and save this precinct and this
town. If you don't want to give
me a raise for that, then don't.
I probably won't live to spend it
anyway, if I screw this up.
What's your alternative?

POLICE CHIEF
That's just the point my boy: I
don't have any.

INT. ROCCO'S CELL - DAY

Rocco is writing a letter in his cell when the two THUGS
turn up at his cell door.

THUG 1
Well hello there. I've been
waiting for this a long time.

ROCCO
Well you can go on waiting, 'cos
if you touch me you won't live
out the week.

THUG 1
Ahh, now that was the case. But
that has changed. Now, you are
finally fresh meat, and my mouth
is watering.

The two Thugs enter Rocco's cell and close the door behind
them.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE TERRANOVA HOUSE - NIGHT

Bessie comes through the door in her black robe, which she
now always wears. She is straight off the boat from Italy.

She puts down her luggage and goes straight up the stairs
to her father's bedroom.

INT. IN FRONT OF MARCO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is another big guard sitting by the door to the bedroom, with a Tommy gun across his lap.

Bessie acknowledges him and goes to open the door. The man stands up and bars her way.

GUARD
Sorry. No entrance.

BESSIE
Get the hell out of my way
Francis! Don't act more stupid
than you are.

The realization hits him.

GUARD
Bessie? You're Bessie?

BESSIE
Well of course I'm Bessie,
Francis! Who the hell do you
think I am?

GUARD
I'm sorry Piccolina. I didn't
recognize you like thi... It's
been a long time. You've...
grown.

BESSIE
So now sit down, get over it and
get out of my way.

GUARD
Of course.

And Bessie goes into the bedroom, leaving the stunned guard to ponder the wonders of nature.

INT. MARCO'S BED - NIGHT

Bessie enters. Rosetta gets up from her chair beside the bed where Marco lies, motionless.

Rosetta and Bessie hug.

Rosetta considers her daughter at arm's length with some astonishment.

Bessie turns to Marco.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Papa?

ROSETTA

(whispering)

He cannot answer you, dear. The stroke has lamed his whole left side. I think he understands, I can see it in his eyes, and he groans sometimes, but he can hardly move. Come, I will tell you what happened.

She ushers Bessie out.

The NURSE, who had been seated in the dark in the corner, takes Rosetta's place on the chair by the bed.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Bessie sits in her black garb, waiting for Rocco.

When he comes in, the young man she sees is like the living dead. Rocco's eyes stare from out of dark rings. He has bruises and contusions in various different phases on his face and hands.

Rocco sees her, sits down at the table in front of her and starts crying.

ROCCO

Bessie. You have to get them to put me back under protection. You can't imagine the things they do to me in here.

Bessie just stares at him.

ROCCO (cont'd)

I'm a Terranova. I should be untouchable! Help me for God's sake!

BESSIE

I can't help you. They won't listen to a woman. And I don't think I would even if I could. If you are a Terranova, it's about time you learned to act like it.

Rocco is speechless.

Bessie gets up and leaves.

As she walks away we see the tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick waits for some kind of reply, but none is forthcoming. Then:

PIETRO

You came here to say that? I could have blown your head off.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Well that's not everything. I just wanted you to know that I know we had our differences but that...

PIETRO

Cut the bullshit, Irishman. He's dead and buried. Tell me why you're on my property and why I shouldn't pull this trigger.

Patrick looks unhappily down at the barrel of the gun pointing at him through the door. Sighs.

PATRICK MULRONEY

I've come to ask you a favor.

Pietro laughs cynically.

PATRICK MULRONEY (cont'd)

There are people getting hurt. Innocent people. I'm here to ask you if you couldn't talk to your organization and restore peace to the streets. The town is frightened and I think you could help.

PIETRO

What are you? The Good Fairy?

PATRICK MULRONEY

Could you put the gun away? I'm not armed. I'm no risk to you.

PIETRO

I'll be the judge of that.

There is a pause. Patrick opens up his jacket to show he is not armed.

PIETRO (cont'd)

The question still stands. What do you care?

PATRICK MULRONEY

It's our town, Pietro. That's all. We grew up here. They're just ordinary people trying to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK MULRONEY (cont'd)
live their lives. If this doesn't
stop it will just keep getting
worse. In the end the police
won't stand for it anymore and
there'll be a war. They'll pull
in forces from other towns and
eventually they'll get you all,
including you. You understand? If
this goes on, it's your death
sentence.

PIETRO
Seem to know a lot about the
police, Irishman.

PATRICK MULRONEY
Well, yeah. I'm kind of here on
their behalf.

Beat.

PIETRO
For the cops? They know you're
here?

Patrick looks nervously down at the gun barrel and
considers his answer carefully.

PATRICK MULRONEY
I don't know why that matters...

PIETRO
You a cop, Irishman?

Patrick shuffles sideways a little, trying to take himself
out of the line of fire. The barrel of the gun follows
him.

PIETRO (cont'd)
You're a fucking cop, aren't you,
Irishman!

The gun slips back through the door. The door opens and
Pietro stands there with a big grin on his face and the
shotgun at his hip, aimed at Patrick.

He takes a step through the door.

PIETRO (cont'd)
You're a fucking cop and you
think you can get your
Talk-to-a-Mobster badge if you
come here and... So that's what
happens to high-school jocks. How
much they pay you as a filthy
cop, Irishman? You like my house?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO (cont'd)
Nice, isn't it? You pathetic worm. Tell me why I shouldn't just shoot you right here and now.

Patrick senses the very real danger.

PATRICK MULRONEY
I don't want any trouble. I'm just trying to help us all. I'm not here as a police officer. I'm here as a - well - friend, to warn you that if...

PIETRO
Hah! You're warning me? You? Go and plant some fucking potatoes you stinking piece of cop shit. I'll give you a warning, Irishman. You've got three seconds to get the hell off my property before I start shooting. Show me your high-school quarterback shuffle, Paddy.

PATRICK MULRONEY
Wait. Pietro. Be reasonable.

PIETRO
One.

Patrick starts moving slowly backwards, not sure if he should take Pietro seriously.

PATRICK MULRONEY
I'm not.

PIETRO
I'd hurry if I were you, Paddy. Two.

Patrick turns and starts hurrying away.

Pietro is loving every minute of it.

PIETRO (cont'd)
Two and a half. My god this is perfect. It's even going to be legal when I blow your head off.

Pietro picks up the shotgun, aims and FIRES into the air.

Patrick ducks and starts running, jaggng right and left, trying not to get shot as he hustles off the property.

Pietro is laughing maniacally and shoots the second cartridge in Patrick's general direction, not really caring if he hits or not.

Patrick seeks refuge behind a tree by the roadside.

Laughing hysterically and shaking his head, Pietro goes back inside and closes the door behind him.

Patrick is left to catch his breath, leaning up against the tree.

EXT. TERRANOVA HOUSE - DAY

Patrick walks up the path to the house, this time in his police uniform.

The burly guard on the veranda at the front door gets up and stands in his way.

PATRICK MULRONEY
I'm not here to cause trouble.
I'm an old school friend of
Bessie and Rocco.

The guard is not moved and starts pushing Patrick backwards down the path.

Patrick calls out.

PATRICK MULRONEY (cont'd)
Bessie? Bessie Terranova?

The guard deposits Patrick at the edge of the property on the sidewalk, turns and walks back to his seat by the front door.

Patrick is frustrated. He calls out again.

PATRICK MULRONEY (cont'd)
Bessie Terranova!

Bessie's head appears at the front door. She asks the guard:

BESSIE
What's the commotion, Tony?

Tony nods in Patrick's direction.

Bessie sees Patrick and the old flame rekindles.

PATRICK MULRONEY
Bessie?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bessie closes the door in a hurry and checks her look in the mirror by the front door.

She fluffs up her cheeks and hair and opens the door and walks down the path, coolly, to Patrick.

BESSIE

What are you doing here?

PATRICK MULRONEY

I want to talk to your father.

BESSIE

My father can't be disturbed right now.

PATRICK MULRONEY

I know, I know. I'm sorry. Really I am. But I have to talk to someone in your family. You used to run the city and everything was safe - not good, but at least safe. Now it's bedlam out there and I'm pretty sure Marco Terranova is the only person capable of getting things back under control.

Bessie thinks for a moment.

BESSIE

I can't invite the police into my home. The only thing my father's friends hate more than the police are Italians being on friendly terms with the police. It's very dangerous for us both to be seen here together.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Can't you help somehow, talk to your father?

Bessie thinks, then says quietly to Patrick, while looking as though she is sending him away, gesturing with her arms that he should leave.

BESSIE

Look, this is bad. We're sitting ducks out here, and we're almost certainly being watched. Come back this evening. Don't tell anyone you are coming. Come through the back yard, in the dark. I'll leave the gate open

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE (cont'd)
for you. And for God's sake don't
wear that uniform.

She turns and leaves.

Patrick is a little stumped, but eventually turns to go.

Then he takes a glance back at Bessie, who has somehow pulled the black robe tight around her, showing off her curvy hindquarters, which she is wagging provocatively as she sashays back up the path to the front door.

INT. BESSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bessie is making herself pretty. She even doffs the black robe and wears something much more figure-hugging.

The doorbell rings and she hurries downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bessie opens the back door and ushers Patrick in.

BESSIE
Come in.

PATRICK MULRONEY
Thank you. You have a lovely...
house.

BESSIE
Thank you.

PATRICK MULRONEY
That's not to say I approve of
how you got it.

BESSIE
That's alright. Your approval
isn't necessary.

They go into the living room and sit down.

There is a fire in the fireplace and candlelight.

Patrick takes this in as he sits opposite Bessie. She offers him some wine.

It's a very first-date kind of feeling.

PATRICK MULRONEY
You've, um, grown.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

I've been hearing that.

PATRICK MULRONEY

I mean, it's been, what, 8 years, right?

BESSIE

A lot can happen in 8 years.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Evidently.

BESSIE

You didn't come here to admire my growth.

PATRICK MULRONEY

No. Of course not. I was just. Look: the town is in an uproar. Innocent people are getting hurt. And that's making the mayor unhappy and that's making my chief unhappy.

BESSIE

Listen, I've only been back from Italy a few days and I don't know entirely what's going on yet. From what I gather, that bastard Pietro is trying to take over the family, and none of the others want that, so it's no wonder all hell's broken loose.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Can't your father restore peace?

BESSIE

My father is not well.

PATRICK MULRONEY

Is it bad? I mean, I'd ask Rocco, but well. Your dad is the only man they all respect.

Bessie thinks. There is a long silence.

BESSIE

Alright. I'll talk with my father and try to find a solution. Come back tomorrow, same time, the same way, and I'll let you know what he says.

PATRICK MULRONEY
That's great. We all really
appreciate that.

BESSIE
And don't tell anyone.

PATRICK MULRONEY
I won't. Thanks. This really
means a lot to me.

They get up and make their way out towards the back door.

Bessie let's him out and watches him walk through the
garden and out of the gate.

She stands there for a moment, thinking hard.

INT. MARCO'S BED - NIGHT

Bessie enters. Rosetta sits by the bed.

BESSIE
Mama. Go to bed. Let me sit with
Papa for a while.

Rosetta kisses Marco's forehead and leaves.

BESSIE (cont'd)
Papa, I know this isn't a woman's
job, but I can't just sit around
and watch your life's work be
destroyed. I hope you will
forgive me for what I am going to
do.

She looks into Marco's intense eyes, kisses him, and
leaves.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Some JAILBIRDS toss a limp, bleeding Rocco back onto the
floor of his cell, where he lies, motionless.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bessie arrives at the warehouse, driven by her Bodyguard.

She gets out of the car in her black robe, carrying a
handbag.

She walks over to the door, where a guard stands with a
Tommy gun.

He blocks her way into the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

You get the goddamn hell out of my way. I'm Bessie Terranove and this entire property belongs to my family, so don't you even try to stop me going in.

The guard swallows.

GUARD

Um, it's strictly no weapons inside Miss Terranova.

BESSIE

Good, then I won't get shot. Now get out of my way.

And she pushes past him and enters the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bessie walks in and looks around. She looks up to the glass office and sees all the men shouting at each other, Pietro at the front by the desk.

She goes over to the stairs.

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bessie appears at the door and the shouting stops as the men see her.

She opens the door and enters and walks straight across to the desk at the front of the room.

The men don't know how to react. They just turn and stare at her.

Pietro is the first to speak.

PIETRO

This is no place for women.

BESSIE

I'm not here as a woman. I am here as the representative of my family.

PIETRO

No!

BESSIE

This warehouse belongs to my father, so you have no right to tell me anything while we're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE (cont'd)
here. In fact I'd like to know
what the hell gives you the right
to be holding meetings here.

Pietro just gawks at her, speechless. So she continues to
him:

BESSIE (cont'd)
My father cannot be here on
account of his health. In the
absence of any other male member
of my family, I allow you to
talk, and I will sit down and
listen.

Pietro can't really say anything against this, although
she makes him very uncomfortable.

She sits down behind the desk, provocatively pulls out a
nail file and starts filing her nails.

Scowling, Pietro resumes:

PIETRO
Where was I?

Bessie interrupts him.

BESSIE
One question: My father founded
this organization. He gave you
all jobs, treated you like
family, made you rich. How can
you be so impertinent as to
assume you can take over?

Pietro is fuming.

PIETRO
Woman, this is a man's business.
If we let you sit here, hold your
tongue. You go home to your
father and report to him that I
am now in charge. Don't get to
thinking you can tell a man what
to do. Get some tits first.

The men all chuckle.

Bessie stops filing her nails, thinks for a moment, gets
up and walks calmly around to the front of the desk where
Pietro is standing.

They stare each other in the eye and then, without
warning, BESSIE TAKES THE NAIL FILE IN HER FIST AND RAMS
IT UP THROUGH PETRO'S SOFT PALATE, NAILING PIETRO'S TONGUE
TO ROOF OF HIS MOUTH.

(CONTINUED)

Pietro's eyes open wide and all the color drains out of his face as he struggles to maintain his balance by leaning against the desk.

Then Bessie pulls out a pistol as well and aims it into the room.

The men stand up, horrified.

BESSIE
(screaming)
Sit back down! All of you! Or
I'll slit him open like a pig on
the spit and then I'll shoot you
for your disloyalty to my father.

The men sit down again, looking in concern at the gun and Bessie's fist, which is nailed to the underside of Pietro's jaw.

BESSIE
I do think I prefer holding your
tongue.

Pietro sinks to the floor, unconscious.

The nail file slips out of his jaw and Bessie looks down at him in disdain, the bloodied file sticking out of her fist.

BESSIE (cont'd)
(to the room of men)
You'd follow that?

There is some mumbling among the men, then one of them pipes up.

MAFIA MAN
This is unheard of. A woman has
no right to be here.

BESSIE
Get used to it. Nobody takes over
my father's business while there
is still a member of his family
alive. If it helps, try not to
think of me as a woman; think of
me as my father's messenger. And
I know none of you would dare go
against my father. Any disrespect
against me is disrespect of my
father, and he won't tolerate
that. The killing stops, now.
This cannot go on. The town is
turning against us. That is bad.
We can only go about our business
if everyone is happy. My father

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE (cont'd)
will see to it that peace returns
to this town, and we can all go
back to the business of earning
money, rather than killing each
other.

MAFIA MAN
When can we talk to the capo?

BESSIE
My father isn't seeing anyone
outside the family except his
doctor. You'll just have to be
patient. Now that we know what
the situation is, we can all go
home, relax and tomorrow we all
come back here again and I will
tell you what my father's orders
are.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Rocco pulls himself up off the floor to a seated position
and leans exhausted against his bed.

His eye is beaten bulbous and his bloodied nostrils flare.

A look of determination comes over him, similar to the
look we know from his father.

He has had enough.

INT. BESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bessie sits in her bedroom, hacking away at the
typewriter. She takes out a piece of paper and reads what
she has written.

From the hallway we hear Rosetta crying.

Bessie notices it too, and gets up and goes out to see
what the problem is.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door to Marco's bedroom is open.

Through it we see Rosetta lying on Marco, crying bitterly.

The Nurse stands by her, stroking her back gently.

Bessie rushes into the bedroom.

INT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BESSIE

What's the matter?

But Rosetta is not to be placated. Bessie goes over and looks at her father's face. He is not breathing.

Bessie bursts out crying and lies down on her father as well, with her arm over her mother as they mourn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The two guards, the nurse and Rosetta are seated around the lounge.

All are very sad.

Bessie is pacing up and down. Then she stops and addresses them.

BESSIE

This can't get out. Only those of us here can ever know what has happened, and we will continue telling the world what we have been telling them up till now: My father is recovering slowly but surely and he hopes to soon be back on his feet and able to resume work. NOBODY, and I say nobody outside this room ever finds out that he is gone. Do you understand me?

She looks straight at the guards and nurse. They nod.

BESSIE (cont'd)

Good. Then it's settled. Because this town needs my father, and if the famiglia finds out he's gone, the power struggle we've been seeing recently will seem like a childhood spat in comparison to what hell will break loose on the streets.

Everyone understands.

BESSIE (cont'd)

Francis, Tony. I want you to dig a good, deep grave for my father tonight in the garden, underneath the maple tree. I know this isn't fitting of him, and it is not the burial we would have wished for,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE (cont'd)
but this family and his
organization meant everything to
my father, and he would
understand.
Celia?

NURSE
Yes, Ma'am?

BESSIE
You are to continue on as if
nothing has changed. If anybody
ever confronts you, you know what
to say.

NURSE
Yes, Ma'am.

BESSIE
Can you cook?

NURSE
Yes, Ma'am.

BESSIE
Then your responsibilities in our
house may change, but NOBODY
finds out.

NURSE
Yes, Ma'am.

BESSIE
Good. Boys, get digging. I'll go
and get the priest.

Tony and Francis get up slowly.

The Nurse, Celia, looks a little lost.

Rosetta stares in shock at her daughter. Bessie notices.

BESSIE (cont'd)
Mama, I'm not cold. My heart is
broken too. But I am his flesh
and blood, and someone has to do
something. Our lives are at
stake!

Rosetta is not entirely convinced.

After a brief pause, Bessie gets up and leaves.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

The two THUGS come to the door of Rocco's cell.

THUG 1
I'm feeling frisky baby. Time to
satisfy daddy.

Rocco is sitting on his bed, the bruises and contusions
still readily visible on his face.

He turns to the thugs at the door and we can see in his
eye that he is not easy pickings anymore.

ROCCO
Then come and get what you
deserve.

INT. OUTSIDE ROCCO'S CELL - DAY

Thug 1 comes flying out of the cell so fast that he can't
stop himself hitting the handrail, overbalancing and
falling to the floor one storey below.

THUG 1
Aaaaaaggghhh!

Now that he has the attention of the entire prison, Rocco
then emerges from his cell holding a makeshift knife at
the neck of Thug 2.

With all the inmates as his audience, he calls out.

ROCCO
Listen to me! Listen to me every
damn one of you! I am Rocco
Terranova: the son of Marco
Terranova. And enough is enough.

Rocco pushes Thug 2 up against the handrail and makes him
look down at Thug 1 lying groaning and broken on the floor
below.

He pushes Thug 2's torso right over, bending him at the
waist.

THUG 2
Please, please no. Please don't.

Rocco starts thinking, and eventually lets the thug go and
allows him to stand up and turn around.

Rocco turns and walks into his cell as the man straightens
himself up, relieved at not having been pushed over the
edge.

(CONTINUED)

THUG 2 (cont'd)

Thank you.

Then the thug turns his head again and looks down over the railing to where his companion lies, and then, when he turns back...

Rocco charges out of his cell door again and leaps at the unprepared man, giving him a mighty two-footed kick to the middle of the chest that sends him cartwheeling over the railing to his death or maiming.

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bessie is seated at the desk facing the men, who sit on the chairs facing her. On the chairs are the same men we recognize from Marco's meeting a few years ago - only older and fatter - but around the edge of the room are also many new, younger faces. These men stand or lean against the walls or fittings.

Right at the back of the room, snarling alone, stands Pietro.

Everyone listens to Bessie.

BESSIE

My father has had a lot of time to think about the business of late, and he wishes to make some changes:

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

Bessie, in her loose black robe, is sitting in the brothel with the MADAME and all the PROSTITUTES in their frilly underclothes, holding a meeting.

The girls raise their hands, discuss with her, and Bessie takes notes.

BESSIE V.O.

Luca, the Generetti family does a good job with prostitution, my father wants you to continue in charge of that division, but he has dictated to me some ideas for improving revenues and protecting our customers.

Mayor Whitby walks in on the meeting with a happy smile on his face, sees that there is a meeting going on and is disturbed.

All the girls look over at him as he stands there uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

The Madam nods to one of the girls at the back, who gets up and goes over to the Mayor, takes his hand and leads him away into a corridor.

The girls resume their meeting as if nothing has happened.

BESSIE V.O.

We have to take more care of our girls' health. It's bad for business if men are afraid to visit our brothels for fear of taking syphilis home to their wives. Here is what my father wants you to do.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

A burly MAFIA GUY sits in the gynecologist's waiting room (Presumably a Generetti) among all the waiting women and a few of his rather conspicuous girls from the brothel.

He looks very out of place and the other women aren't too happy about the prostitutes being there either.

The DOCTOR's door opens and one of the prostitutes comes out of the treatment room, straightening her dress.

The happily smiling Doctor beckons for the next girl to go in.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

In the back of a vegetable stall, a MAFIOSO (RUGGIERO) stands face to face with a vegetable vendor, whom another BURLY MAFIOSO is standing menacingly close behind.

The vendor is shaking his head vehemently and pointing to the turnips he already has, while Ruggiero stares him down and argues with him.

BESSIE V.O.

Ruggiero. I don't know what the story is with all those turnips you got, but they're going to go bad if we don't sell them fast.

Several MAFIOSI walk into the stall lugging heavy sacks of turnips over their shoulders.

They toss them onto the growing pile of sacks and go back out for more.

As they file in and out and Ruggiero argues, Bessie continues:

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE V.O. (cont'd)
My father says a fifty percent profit margin will have to do so we can move them quickly. Now all you have to do is convince the vegetable sellers what a bargain they are. Can you do that Ruggiero?

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ruggiero sits among the men and replies to Bessie.

RUGGIERO
Sure. No problem. They're good turnips.

The others are giggling a little to themselves.

RUGGIERO (cont'd)
What's so funny?

BESSIE
Yes gentlemen. As my father says: there are no bad ideas as long as he is getting his give-up. I'll be expecting that by the end of the week, Ruggiero.

RUGGIERO
Sure boss.

Everybody suddenly freezes. Did he just say "boss" to Bessie?

Bessie, too, is taken aback, regains composure again and quickly glosses over the situation by starting a new point.

All the while, Pietro is sitting at the back of the group with nothing to say, but he looks very aggravated.

BESSIE
Due to the recent troubles on the streets, my father finds himself forced to liaise with the police. Now we only have ourselves to blame for this, and my father is not happy.

INT. TERRANOVA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bessie is sprucing up the living room for a romantic evening, setting up candles, etc.

She is dressed very fetchingly.

She catches sight of herself in the mirror and straightens up her look.

BESSIE V.O.

But he has decided that this is the best way to keep them off our backs.

There are unsettled rumblings at this.

BESSIE V.O. (cont'd)

I know, I know. We don't work with police normally, but my father has a man on the inside who he is going to meet with from time to time to make sure they don't interfere. The man's name is Mulrone, and he is not to be touched. This is regrettable, but my father says we cannot carry on as we have done in the past. The city will make our life very difficult if we try.

Bessie hears something and goes to the back door. Walking toward the house through the back yard is Patrick, not looking too bad himself.

INT. DINING HALL IN PRISON - DAY

Rocco struts into the dining hall at mealtime with an entourage of several rough-looking inmates.

His posture, attitude, body language have all changed. He is now an alpha male.

He goes to a table, people get up and vacate the table for him and his following.

INT. BESSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bessie is making herself pretty in front of the mirror. Rosetta comes in.

ROSETTA

Is that police officer coming again?

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Yes Mama. It's important for the business.

ROSETTA

Is this a man who is important to you?

Bessie turns to her mother, takes a deep breath.

BESSIE

I'm not sure yet. Perhaps.

ROSETTA

Is he Italian?

BESSIE

No.

Rosetta thinks briefly about this.

ROSETTA

All the better.

This surprises Bessie and also makes her happy.

ROSETTA (cont'd)

Can I give you some advice?

BESSIE

Mama?

ROSETTA

Do not cook for him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bessie is holding another meeting. It is a couple of years later and there are even more men there now.

BESSIE

I promised you last week that my father would come into the meeting today, but I'm afraid his doctor recommends that he wait a few more days. Again.

There is disappointment in the room, and skepticism from Pietro, way up the back.

RUGGIERO

We all wanted to thank the Capo for all he's done for us this last year, despite his infirmity.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

I'll pass that on, and I know he appreciates it. I'm sure you'll be able to see him in the next weeks, if his condition improves.

(beat)

Oh, but my father did ask me to congratulate you on the birth of your fourth son Alfredo.

The men congratulate the proud-looking Alfredo.

BESSIE (cont'd)

He also says it surprises him every time you have a child, considering what a frocio you are.

Alfredo jumps up, indignantly, but the men all laugh so much that he has to smile and sits down.

ALFREDO

Tell you father thank you for his sentiments and he can kiss my frocio ass.

The men laugh again - except Pietro, of course. Bessie also smiles.

BESSIE

I will also pass that on to him. And I am sure he will be back soon to do whatever it is with your frocio ass that your heart desires.

More laughter.

BESSIE

Now to business: My father says it is time to find new opportunities. We have made a lot of money, now he wants us to find things to spend it on. Legal things. The future of this operation, gentlemen, is legitimate.

INT. JAZZ CLUB SPEAKEASY - DAY

Bessie sits at a table in the empty speakeasy with the CLUB OWNER, who looks unhappy, and several of her Mafiosi.

Bessie hands the man a bundle of banknotes, which the Club Owner reluctantly accepts.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE (V.O.)
My father needs your help
acquiring legitimate businesses
to sell the alcohol we make in
our breweries and distilleries.
That is the first step. With the
money we have we can afford to be
generous and keep everybody
happy.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SPEAKEASY - DAY

Bessie exits the club holding the deed of ownership of the
jazz club, followed at close quarters by her heavies.

Two police officers walk by and tip their hats to Bessie
before moving along.

BESSIE (V.O.)
Everybody.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bessie, looking beautiful, opens the door to the back yard
for Patrick.

As he comes through the door, she grabs him by the lapels
and plants a PASSIONATE KISS on his lips.

Unable to keep their hands off each other, they struggle
to remove his coat and stumble their four-legged way into
the...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

... where they hurry up the stairs and into Bessie's room.
The door closes behind them.

INT. BESSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bessie and Patrick lie entwined in bed after the act.

PATRICK MULRONEY
They'll kill us if they find out
what we're doing.

BESSIE
It's kind of exciting, don't you
think?

PATRICK MULRONEY
I think frightening is the word
you're looking for.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

We just have to stay one step ahead of them. They're gangsters, not geniuses. They're all making money, the streets are safe.

PATRICK MULRONEY

If totally corrupt.

BESSIE

Safe and corrupt, just the way things should be. You saw what happened. It's not like you can do away with the family. You just have to be grateful someone has it under control.

Patrick mulls this one over.

PATRICK MULRONEY

This is not the kind of discussion I ever thought I'd have after making love.

BESSIE

After? You mean between.

and she rolls on top of him and kisses him.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Rocco saunters out into the exercise grounds with his entourage. Everyone makes space for him.

He comes up against another INMATE, also with an entourage.

ROCCO

I'm taking over.

OTHER INMATE

(laughing)

You can try.

ROCCO

No, I'm taking over. You either accept that and join me, or I kill you, right here, right now.

The Inmate laughs at Rocco again.

ROCCO (cont'd)

Your decision.

And Rocco plants him one.

(CONTINUED)

The prisoners form a large circle around the two men. The prison guards watch from their towers.

Rocco and the Man go at each other until finally, exhausted, covered in blood from him and his opponent, Rocco has pummeled the man to a pulp.

The Man lies bleeding, barely breathing. Rocco picks up his head by the hair and says quietly in the Man's ear:

ROCCO (cont'd)
Sorry, but I can't afford to have
you around.

And he sits down on the man and puts his hands over the Man's mouth and nose.

The Man struggles all he can, but he is wasted.

Eventually he stops moving altogether.

Rocco stands up and raises his arms to the heavens and roars a primeval roar, as all the other inmates cheer.

INT. CEMETERY - DAY

Pietro is standing at his father's grave as half a dozen of the older, respected Mafiosi walk up.

They pay their respects to Luca and nod to Pietro.

As they are preparing to go again, Pietro takes his opportunity to speak.

PIETRO
Thank you for coming, gentlemen.

They nod and mumble something before turning to go again.

PIETRO (cont'd)
A lot has happened since my
father's death. The worst of all
is that our organization is being
run by a woman in cahoots with
the cops.

The Mafiosi stop and turn back to him, looking serious.

PIETRO (cont'd)
You do know, I expect, that if
word gets out of this, we will be
the laughing stock of the
organizations across the country
and in Italy.

The Mafiosi mumble unhappily to each other.

(CONTINUED)

PIETRO (cont'd)

In the end they will see it as a sign of weakness and come to take us over.

RUGGIERO

Look. They let you stay in the family. You are your father's son. But things are going fine. Marco is still in charge.

PIETRO

Is he? Are you sure it's not her and her police friends? I mean, has anyone seen or heard Marco since his attack? She could be infiltrating us, waiting to send us all down.

OLDER MAFIOSO

This is Marco's daughter we're talking about, right? No offense, but just be grateful she didn't have you offed right from the start. We came to pay our respects to your old man, and now we're leaving. Don't push your luck.

Pietro is left standing there as the men walk away.

INT. DOCTOR'S PRACTICE - DAY

Bessie sits in front of the Doctor's desk. The DOCTOR looks over the desk at her, looking serious.

DOCTOR

Well, Miss Terranova - I understood correctly, it is MISS Terranova.

BESSIE

Yes.

DOCTOR

I'm going to tell you straight:
You are pregnant.

Bessie's eyes open wide. She doesn't quite know what to say.

BESSIE

Are you sure?

The doctor nods and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

Now it's not too serious yet. You won't start to show for a while. Perhaps there is time to talk with... the father? and get things sorted out before you announce...

Bessie gets up and leaves.

INT. TERRANOVA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bessie sits at the dining table, in shock. She stares down at the tabletop, sighs and reaches for the telephone.

BESSIE

(on the phone)

Get me Mayor Whitby.

As she waits to be connected, she still looks as though she can't believe the turn of events.

BESSIE (cont'd)

(on the phone)

Hello, Mayor Whitby... Thank you... My father says my brother has learned his lesson. It's time for him to be released.

(beat)

My father doesn't care if he's killed a hundred men.

(beat)

Then you talk to the people you have to talk to, and we won't talk to the people we could talk to, and I'll be at the prison tomorrow noon to pick up my brother.

(beat)

Mayor Whitby, are you there?

(beat)

My father says thank you. Good bye.

And she hangs up the phone.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Rocco walks, silent, tall, strong, accompanied by prison guards.

They walk passed a barred counter where the prisoners' belongings are held. The guards stop at the counter. Rocco just keeps walking, solemn, to the next door and stands there, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD AT COUNTER
Mr. Terranova? We have the things
you brought with you.

Rocco just stands facing the door.

The guards look at each other questioningly, shrug, and deciding that Rocco doesn't want his things, they go and unlock the door where Rocco is standing.

EXT. FRONT OF PRISON - DAY

Rocco is let out of prison.

The gate opens revealing Rocco - a totally changed man. He strides, emotionless, through the door.

Bessie and Rosetta are there to pick him up, driven by a bodyguard, but Rocco walks straight past them, head high, chest out, and sits down in the car, without a word.

The women get in and they drive off.

INT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Still in the clothes he wore leaving the prison, Rocco pushes open the door and charges in.

ROCCO
Father?

But Marco, of course, is not there.

Rocco is shocked and angry.

ROCCO (cont'd)
WHERE IS HE?

Rosetta follows him into the room.

ROSETTA
He is in the garden.

Rocco pushes past Rosetta on his way...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...down the stairs...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...out through the back door and into the...

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

...garden, where he looks around, confused.

Then he spies the little white cross under the maple tree, frowns and goes over to it.

When there he looks down at it, then turns back to where Rosetta is standing in the doorway.

She lowers her head to the ground and he turns back to the cross.

Rosetta comes across the lawn and places her hand on Rocco's shoulder.

Rocco, still staring at the cross:

ROCCO
When did this happen?

ROSETTA
When he heard they locked you up.

Rocco is again shocked.

ROCCO
Two years? My father has been dead for two years, and nobody told me?

ROSETTA
I'm so sorry, Rocco, but it had to be kept secret.

ROCCO
And what's become of the famiglia?

Rosetta doesn't know what to answer.

Marco has a revelation and marches back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rocco storms in. Bessie is waiting for him, sitting at the table writing.

Rocco is beside himself, but now his anger is much more menacing than it used to be.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO
It's you, isn't it?

Bessie raises her head proudly.

ROCCO (cont'd)
You've been running the organization? You could have had me protected in there and you didn't! And you've been soiling the family name with your lies and deceit!

BESSIE
I've been soiling the family name? I'm the only one who's been upholding the family name!

ROCCO
There's no honor in what you have done!

He hits her in the face.

Her nose bleeding she screams at him.

BESSIE
Well you weren't doing the family honor a whole lot of good! Tough guy! Wetting your pants at the first sign of danger. I didn't reinstate your protection in there because you had to learn how to survive! You had to grow up! And now you show me you have by hitting your sister?!

ROCCO
Do you have any idea what it was like in there? What they did to me? I could have been killed, damn you!

BESSIE
Do you have any idea what it was like out here? Your murder was only a matter of time the way you were. If you weren't man enough to survive in there, where there are walls around your little world and locked doors to hide behind, how do you think you would have survived out here with pezze di Merda like Pietro running wild and free?

ROCCO

If father knew this... I'm taking over. I have to defend the family's honor.

BESSIE

I'm not giving up what I have done here. You wouldn't even understand the organization now. We are three times the size we were when I saved this town and the whole goddamn operation. I am good at this! I always knew I would be! I even studied it at university!

ROCCO

But it has to stop, Bessie. You are a woman. You have to be stopped.

She shakes her head at him and he storms out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rocco drives up and parks in front of the warehouse and strides past the guard at the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is a hive of activity. There are high-bay shelves and even a couple of forklifts driving around. The workers wear hard hats, overalls. Pietro takes this in.

The big doors to the warehouse open and a truck backs in. When it parks, Pietro gets out of the truck and goes to unload it.

Rocco and Pietro see each other for the first time since the jewelry store.

PIETRO

Rocco! Oh god, Rocco. It's so good to see you. I'm so sorry. I wanted to come and explain to you so often, but your sister wouldn't let me.

Rocco raises a hand to stop him talking.

Then he starts up the stairs and beckons to Pietro to follow him.

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rocco and Pietro enter.

Rocco leans on the edge of the desk and points to a seat for Pietro.

Pietro seizes his chance to say his piece before he is interrupted.

PIETRO

I spotted the cops as they came through the door and managed to hide before they saw me. I'm so sorry. It's been so terrible while you were gone. A woman, Bessie, imagine it. It was so smart of you not to go for your gun. And then she took away your protection.

Pietro is putting on his typical show.

We can't tell if Rocco is buying it or not.

PIETRO

And then she started working with the cops, with that Irish football player from high school, remember?

Rocco remains silent, sizing up Pietro.

PIETRO

And she's reduced me to errand boy. Look at me, I'm driving a truck, picking up cigarettes. With no respect for our fathers and their friendship and what their plans were for us, for us two, Rocco. You and me.

ROCCO

Yes.

PIETRO

Man, together we could restore some respect to this organization.

ROCCO

Let me think about it. You got work to do anyway.

PIETRO

Right, hah. Right, I do. Look, let's talk when you're settled in, ok?

Rocco nods, then nods toward the door. Pietro takes the hint and leaves.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Patrick, Bessie and Rosetta are sitting around a table, discussing Bessie's pregnancy and waiting for Rocco.

Rocco comes out through the house and sees Patrick. He balks for a moment, recognizing that at least this part of what Rocco said is true.

ROCCO

What's this filthy pig doing in my house?

He storms over to Patrick, with murder in his eyes, out but Bessie manages to stand in his way and stop him.

BESSIE

NO! WAIT! PLEASE ROCCO! Wait. It's not what you think.

ROCCO

How do you know what I think? Except that he has no right to be here. Get out! Now!

BESSIE

Please, listen to what I have to say first, before you do anything you'll regret.

Rocco glares at Patrick over Bessie's head.

ROCCO

Who says I'll regret it?

BESSIE

Just give me five minutes. Please. I'll explain everything. There's so much you don't know, about us and about everything that's gone on. Hear me out. Please hear me out.

She offers Rocco a chair at the table. Rocco scowls down at her, but then takes the chair and joins their gathering.

Bessie starts explaining:

BESSIE (cont'd)

All I ever wanted was to be in the organization, but Patrick and I are going to have a baby...

(CONTINUED)

Rocco just keeps getting angrier.

BESSIE

... and that means it is time for me to get out. I have an offer for you that I think serves all our purposes.

EXT. PIETRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rocco walks up to Pietro's door and knocks.

Pietro answers and shows him in.

INT. PIETRO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocco and Pietro are talking alone together.

ROCCO

I never thought I'd say this, Pietro, but you're right. I understand now. Terrible things have gone on. Terrible things that disgrace my family and us as an organization. We have to set that right. You and me together. We will do this together and I will reinstate you as my partner. I know that you are as good at this job as me, better in fact. I had time to think about that while I was in prison.

Pietro grins.

ROCCO (cont'd)

I have a plan to do away with Bessie.

Pietro is very happy to hear this.

ROCCO (cont'd)

And you even get to pull the trigger.

And this.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bessie is seated alone in a cafe. She wears her flowing black robe.

In front of the cafe stands her bodyguard.

(CONTINUED)

Pietro and Rocco come in from the street together. They go over to her table and stand there, looking menacing.

Bessie looks at them, fear slowly showing in her face as she realizes why they are here.

BESSIE

No. NO!

Pietro pulls out his handgun. Rocco does nothing. He just continues to stare at Bessie.

BESSIE (cont'd)

No, please. Rocco.

But Pietro SHOOTs BESSIE IN THE CHEST twice.

Bessie slumps backward in her chair, motionless.

A bloodstain seeps through the black material of her robe.

Full of hate, Pietro raises his gun to her face, but Rocco stops him.

ROCCO

No! Open casket! For my mother.

We agreed.

It is a true struggle for Pietro not to shoot her in the face. He really despises her.

He holds the pistol at point blank between her closed eyes for a long while, so tempted to shoot.

But then Pietro hears a siren and starts.

PIETRO

Shit!

He puts his gun away and hurries out. But just as he exits the restaurant, Patrick comes out of nowhere and snaps the cuffs on him.

PATRICK MULRONEY

You're going down for life, you son of a bitch. You murdered the daughter of the Capo, and no one will ever protect you ever again.

Pietro struggles, but Patrick has great pleasure in whacking him a couple of times upside the head to calm him down.

Pietro falls to his knees and then Patrick heaves him up to his feet and leads him off.

(CONTINUED)

But not before exchanging a long glance through the cafe window with Rocco, who is standing over Bessie's motionless body.

The ambulance arrives. Siren blaring, and two men in white coats get out and run to Bessie in the cafe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bessie's funeral.

A coffin stands in the living room surrounded by wreaths and flowers.

Rocco closes the lid of the coffin as the Mafiosi come in to pay their respects.

Rosetta accepts their condolences with tears in her eyes.

Then, one of the OLDER MAFIOSI, still holding her hand for his condolences says:

OLDER MAFIOSO

Rosetta; we would also like to
pay our respects to the Capo
after his terrible loss.

Rosetta sighs, wipes a tear and nods.

Rocco, who is standing next to her, supports her as they leave the living room.

INT. MARCO'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Rosetta and Rocco come in, followed by the Mafia men and the guard from the veranda.

The bed is empty.

The Mafiosi approach the bed and stand around it, looking perplexed.

The Older Mafioso is the first to speak.

OLDER MAFIOSO

What does this mean? Where is the
Capo?

ROSETTA

He is dead.

The Mafiosi are all shocked.

OLDER MAFIOSO

Dead? That is terrible news. I am
so sorry. When did this happen?

Now Rosetta has the moment she has been waiting for - her
moment of gratification.

She enjoys what she is about to say more than anything
else for a very long time.

ROSETTA

My husband died two years ago.

She pauses a moment to let this sink in.

ROSETTA (cont'd)

You have been doing the bidding
of my daughter and my daughter
alone, ever since she returned
from Napoli. And now leave my
home, before I have you all shot.

Rocco and the guard pull out Tommy guns and aim them at
the stunned Mafiosi.

Rosetta enjoys the horrified looks on their faces as the
men walk past her and leave.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Rocco is overseeing the installation of an ornate statue
of Mary and the Christ Child under the maple tree where
the cross formerly stood.

The inscription reads:

honore e famiglia

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

The whole organization is here. The mainstays again seated
and the new kids standing at the edges.

Rocco is sitting on the desk facing them.

ROCCO

Ever since the day I was born, my
father has been preparing me to
take over his business. Except he
never called it his business, he
called it his family. And nothing
- nothing was ever more important
to my father than his family.
Having said that, I, as your new
capo, must express my anger at

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO (cont'd)
the disgrace you have brought
upon us by allowing a woman to
take over our affairs. I forbid
anybody to speak of my sister or
what went on here over the last
two years. She is gone now, and I
don't want anyone to waste a
thought on her. My father ran
this town, and now he has passed
it on to me. That is the final
word.

INT. PRISON SHOWERS - DAY

Pietro is having a shower in the roughly tiled mass shower room.

Several big thugs come through the entrance door to the showers and stand in the doorway, threateningly.

The other men taking showers all leave the room without wasting a moment. But Pietro is letting the water run over his head and doesn't see them.

When he opens his eyes he sees the thugs standing there, watching him, and after a brief balk, he reacts with his typical aggression:

PIETRO
What's your fuckin' problem? You
seen my dick, now go and jerk off
to it in your own cells.

But the men don't answer. They just slowly move in on Pietro like a pack of hungry wolves.

PIETRO
I'm warning you. I'm a protected
man.

But the men keep closing in on him and he starts backing away into the corner.

PIETRO (cont'd)
Don't you...

The men grab him in a scrum.

PIETRO
HEY! Get your filthy... Ummpff!

We fade out as the men do whatever it is convicts do with a man in a shower

EXT. HOUSE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Bessie, Patrick, Rosetta and two beautiful little children: one red-headed little girl and one dark Italian-looking little boy, are romping and picnicking on a meadow in front of a beautiful house in a picturesque country landscape that could be in America or in Italy or anywhere else.

Bessie and Patrick are obviously very much in love, the kids are happy and even Rosetta is smiling.

The camera moves into the house, travels past the kitchen, where a maid is cooking, up the stairs to the attic, where we see the bulletproof vest hanging in a corner.

It has two holes in the outer fabric where Pietro's bullets hit Bessie. Although these holes do not penetrate the vest, there is a large, faded "blood"stain on the vest around the holes.

FADE OUT