

Luca Brasi

by

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INT. COROLLA SLUM APARTMENT-NIGHT

INSERT: LITTLE ITALY NYC-1912

LUCA COROLLA sits on a tiny foot stool staring at the floor while clutching a small blanket in his chubby hands. He is eleven years old but could easily pass for fourteen or fifteen.

Seven GIRLS from five to fifteen sit on a couch across from him, whispering among themselves.

In the front room ADDOLORATA MARIE COROLLA, a buxom woman in her thirties, argues in Italian with SENOR BRASI, a very thin, immaculately dressed man in his forties.

ADDOLORATA

(in Italian)

No, no. You must take the boy, only the boy. I can't raise him. He's not normal. His sisters are scared to death of him. He's useless to me.

SENOR BRASI

(in Italian)

Senora Corolla, three hundred dollars is for the boy and your oldest daughter. I have too many boys as it is. It's a lot of money for a widow. You can start a new life with it.

ADDOLORATA

No. My daughters are not for sale. No. Luca is a strong boy. He's stupid but you can beat him. His father made him tough. God help his dark soul.

She crosses herself.

SENOR BRASI

For the boy I'll give you fifty dollars. He's not much use to me either. Fifty.

Addolorata snatches Luca off the stool and shoves him at Senor Brasi. She holds his hands out for the man to see.

ADDOLORATA

He is a strong boy, see. Luca hit the wall! Luca!

She spins the boy around toward a support beam.

LUCA

No!

She slaps the back of his neck. This barely registers on his face.

ADDOLORATA

I said hit! Luca! Hit!

LUCA

No! I don't want to!

The woman grabs a pin from her hair and sticks the boy's ear.

He howls and tries to cover his ear from the attack.

ADDOLORATA

Hit!

The boy starts to punch at a well worn out spot on the beam.

ADDOLORATA

Luca! Punch!

He punches harder. The THUMPS are loud.

He starts to head butt the same spot. Plaster falls on Luca, his mother and Senor Brasi.

Brasi is impressed.

ADDOLORATA

Luca stop! Go to your stool.

The young boy returns to his stool and blanket. He drops his head and cups his sore left ear.

SENOR BRASI

One hundred dollars.

ADDOLORATA

Two hundred dollars. To an important man like you, it is nothing.

SENOR BRASI

Oh, Senora, please. I think one hundred fifty is the right price.

ADDOLORATA

It's not enough. We leave next month to Chicago, to live with my sister. It is expensive.

He looks Addolorata up and down.

SENOR BRASI

I'll give you two hundred. Two hundred for the boy and I visit every Monday night for this month.

ADDOLORATA

Senor Brasi! I'm not-

SENOR BRASI

My last offer. Yes or no.

He takes his coat and hat off of a chair.

ADDOLORATA

Senor.

He steps in closer and places his right hand on her left breast, out of sight of the children.

SENOR BRASI

(softly)

Yes or no Widow Corolla.

Using his coat as cover, he grinds his thigh into her groin. She inhales deeply.

SENOR BRASI

Tonight is Monday.

ADDOLORATA

(to the children)

Katrina! Take your sisters to the back room.

The oldest girl quickly guides the other girls down the hallway into a back room.

Senor Brasi is all over Addolorata. He kisses her neck and pulls down the top of her dress. Her breasts spill out.

Luca, still on his stool watches, impassively.

Brasi pushes the widow to the chair and bends her forward. He pulls up her petticoat and unbuttons his pants. He takes her

from behind. Their passion causes the chair to move forward, scraping the floor.

Luca's eyes are transfixed on the chair's legs as they carve small grooves in the wooden floor.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR-NIGHT

Senor Brasi walks along the dilapidated dock-side. Luca, his belongings stuffed into an old flour sack slung over his shoulder, struggles to keep up.

The dock-side is littered with trash and full of gaps that could easily swallow a wagon. Very little light emanates from the rusty boats and barges.

Brasi walks effortlessly around the large gaps, Luca not so much.

SENOR BRASI

Hurry ,little mule, hurry.

He leads him to an abandoned barge.

An older boy, ALVIS (16), sits on a stool, guarding the front door. A double barreled shotgun sits across his lap and a lit lantern hangs next to him.

He sees someone walking toward him.

He stands and points his shotgun into the darkness.

ALVIS

You'll bloody well stop there if you know what's good for ya!

Brasi steps into the light.

Alvis lowers his shotgun.

ALVIS

Senor Brasi. I didn't know you were coming back tonight. Excuse me.

SENOR BRASI

My worry is with who tries to leave.

Alvis nervously unlocks and opens the door.

Brasi enters. As Luca passes he looks up at Alvis.

ALVIS

What the fuck are you looking at,  
fatso?

He kicks Luca in the ass. He barely moves.

ALVIS

Fat-ass.

INT. BARGE-SAME

The pair enter the dimly lit barge.

About thirty boys sleep on bunks, on floor mats, and in  
hammocks.

GIUSEPPE (17), climbs down from his chair at a small podium.  
He carries a baseball bat. He's a muscular boy with a scar  
across his nose.

SENOR BRASI

This is Giuseppe. Do what he says.

Luca looks at Brasi.

LUCA

What about my mother...

Giuseppe backhands Luca across the face. Luca wobbles but  
keeps his feet.

GIUSEPPE

No one said you could talk!

SENOR BRASI

Ah, the little mule talks. No, your  
mother sold you to me. She doesn't  
want you. You belong to me.

Giuseppe snatches Luca's flour sack and empties his  
belongings on the floor. He uses his foot to sort through it.

GIUSEPPE

Nothing here I want. Wait.

He grabs the blanket and holds it up.

GIUSEPPE

Mine. It'll be soft on my hard cock.

He stuffs the cloth into his shirt.

Luca steps forward to take back his blanket.

Giuseppe drops him with a right jab.

SENOR BRASI

Enough. You'll break your hand on the little mule.

Giuseppe rubs his fist.

GIUSEPPE

Paulo! Show him a mat.

PAULO (12) runs to help Luca up. Paulo is a wiry boy with very shaggy hair and a massive burn scar on the left of his neck stretching down to his hand.

PAULO

I'm Paulo. Come with me.

He drags a stunned Luca away.

SENOR BRASI

Give him to Tommy Red in the morning. He was cheap so don't go out of your way with him.

GIUSEPPE

(inspecting his fist)  
Si, Senor Brasi.

Paulo takes Luca to an empty mat in the corner.

PAULO

Here. Sleep here. In the morning we eat and then we go to work. They'll probably put you with Tommy Red. I'm with Tommy too. What's your name?

LUCA

Luca.

PAULO

Just kick the rats if they get too close. If you work hard you can get a bed or better, a hammock. Just like pirates.

Luca crawls under a dirty blanket onto an even dirtier mat.

He sees other boys crying.

As he rubs the new welt on the side of his head, Giuseppe approaches and stands over Luca.

He kicks Luca in the stomach, forcing him into a ball.

GIUSEPPE

That's mine, too.

He snatches the blanket off Luca.

Luca stays curled up.

INT. BARGE-MORNING

Luca stands in the back of a long line of boys waiting to eat breakfast.

Paulo approaches.

PAULO

(gives Luca a bowl and a cup)  
Here, these are for food. If you lose them you have to pay Giuseppe five cents.

LUCA

He's been hitting me. He took the blanket my sister Lisa made for me.

PAULO

How old are you?

LUCA

Eleven.

Paulo pokes Luca's belly.

PAULO

You're a giant for eleven! I'm twelve. You really have to pay attention and do what you're told. If you run away Senor Brasi will find you. You get the whip first, second time--

TOMMY RED

(Irish accent)  
You fuckin glockys!

Tommy Red (19) a large young man with flaming red hair and mustache walks to the two boys.



PAULO  
 (lightly)  
 Fucking hell.

TOMMY RED  
 You're fuckin right, fuckin hell! You  
 little shit stick! Feed your fat ass  
 little girlfriend there and grab your  
 boxes. We'll work mid- town today.

PAULO  
 Yes, sir.

TOMMY RED  
 (to Luca)  
 And don't eat all my food you fat  
 little wop! Give me any trouble and  
 I'll boot your ass all the way back  
 here. Then you'll feel my wrath. You  
 hear me! Do you speak my English?!

Luca barely nods.

TOMMY RED  
 Oh, sweet Mary. You've given me a mute  
 Wop monkey! Today I am blessed! Hurry  
 up!

Tommy Red storms off. Several boys scramble to get out of his  
 way.

PAULO  
 He's in a good mood today.

LUCA  
 What are the boxes?

PAULO  
 You don't know? We're shine boys. We  
 help the pick pockets.

LUCA  
 I don't want to shine shoes, pick  
 pockets.

PAULO  
 I didn't want my mother to set me on  
 fire but she did.

He holds up his scarred left hand.

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTEN-DAY

Tommy and his army of shine boys hit the busy streets.

Horse drawn carriages of every style fight to share the road with loud zigzagging automobiles. Street cars plow through the confusion, unabated.

Tommy circles the boys.

TOMMY RED

All right, looks like a bunch of marks begging for us to separate them from their money. Let's oblige them.

Luca struggles to keep his shine box shoulder strap in place.

TOMMY RED

Boyo!

He smacks Luca across the head.

TOMMY RED

You'll pay attention you fat monkey.

Luca puts his box down.

TOMMY RED

Right. I'll take monkey boy here. Everybody else take your common corners. If anybody tries to step in, come find me. Watch out for the Coppers. The Pickys will be here soon.

The boys saunter off, including Paulo.

TOMMY RED

(to Paulo)

Hey shit stick! You're with me and the wop.

Paulo slumps back to Tommy and Luca.

EXT. 42ND AND 6TH-LATER

Paulo shows Luca how to shine a shoe on an older, well-dressed MAN.

A dozen steps away Tommy talks to Senor Brasi, a teen boy, BILLY, and THERESA.

Theresa is a blonde beauty of fifteen years.

PAULO  
...and then finish it with the brush.

He vigorously wipes the man's shoes. Luca's face is wrinkled in concentration.

PAULO  
(to the man)  
There you go, sir. Shiny as the sun is bright.

The man leans forward to inspect his shoes. Paulo sees a gold pocket watch inside the man's left coat pocket.

He nudges Luca who sees the same.

MAN  
Well, I guess it will have to do. I am in a hurry.

He gives Paulo five cents.

PAULO  
Thank you, sir.

He pockets the money and pinches his left coat pocket leaving two fingers showing to Tommy.

The man stalks off.

PAULO  
(to Luca in Italian)  
Two fingers for watch, one for wallet,  
and pinch the area where it's at.

They watch Theresa and Billy go to work.

Billy bumps her into the man. The old man grabs both of her arms to keep her from falling.

THERESA  
Excuse me, sir.

MAN  
Quite alright. Young boys nowadays!

THERESA  
Sorry.

She hurries off in the opposite direction.

Brasi walks toward her. Theresa plops the watch in a folded newspaper he carries in his right hand. The pass-off is a blur.

PAULO

That is how it's done.

Luca smiles.

INT. BARGE-NIGHT

Luca is back on his dirty mat.

In the corner he sees Brasi pointing to Luca as he talks to Giuseppe.

Paulo plops down next to Luca.

PAULO

Look at this.

Paulo opens a damaged copy of Treasure Island.

LUCA

I can't read. What is it?

PAULO

It's Treasure Island. It's about a boy who becomes a pirate... I think. I don't read so good either. It's got pictures.

They both look at the book's drawings. Some flutter out.

PAULO

See. We save some money and sneak on one of those ships going South. The pirates hide in Cuba and a bunch of islands down there.

Luca looks on, fascinated.

PAULO

We can steal for them and they'll teach us to be pirates.

Giuseppe interrupts.

GIUSEPPE  
Get lost, flea.

Paulo puts his book back together and hurries off.

GIUSEPPE  
Here.

He drops Luca's blanket on the mat.

Giuseppe looks around and then kicks Luca in the stomach and walks away

Luca lays curled up in pain. He fights back tears as a rat comes close.

Luca brings his fist down like a hammer and crushes the rats head flat.

THUMP!

Another rat walks into his fist's range.

THUMP!

And another.

THUMP!

He picks up all three rats by the tail. He rolls to his back and holds them up, inspecting them in their death spasms.

Another BOY looks on in horror.

Luca places the carcasses on the floor at arms length away.

He pulls up the blanket, rolls onto his side and stares menacingly at Giuseppe sitting at his post.

EXT. STREET CORNER MANHATTEN-DAY

Luca and Paulo shine shoes of two male customers.

Theresa and Billy stand a few feet behind the customers waiting for their cue.

Paulo is a blur of activity while Luca can barely move his brush around. He gets black ink on his customers pants.

CUSTOMER  
Oh, you little gnat! Just leave it!

Why bother!

The customer kicks at Luca and nearly loses his balance.

PAULO

Sir, I'll take care of it. One minute.

The customer storms off.

Paulo finishes his customer as Luca kicks his box.

PAULO

Nice and shiny ,sir.

His customer drops a dime in Paulo's hand and walks off.

PAULO

A good day to ya, sir!

Paulo shakes his head to the two bored pick-pockets.

LUCA

I can't do this. I hate this!

He kicks the box again and misses.

PAULO

Luca don't break that box again.  
Giuseppe will beat you.

LUCA

I don't care! I wish he would beat me  
to death. I wish the rats would eat  
me.

PAULO

C'mon Luca. We'll never get to be  
pirates that way.

LUCA

I'll never be a pirate. I'll never  
leave the rats.

Billy and Theresa approach.

BILLY

What'd he give ya?

PAULO

A nick.

BILLY  
Bullshit cock stink. It was a dimer.

Paulo pulls the dime out of his pocket.

PAULO  
Oh, yeah.

Billy snatches it.

PAULO  
Hey! Tommy's gonna kick your head in.

BILLY  
No he ain't. He ain't gonna know.

Billy gives the dime to Theresa.

BILLY  
(pointing to Luca)  
Take Moby's dick there and go get us  
some bread and apples.

THERESA  
I can go on my own.

BILLY  
The hell you will. Too many gropers  
around.

Theresa grabs Luca's hand.

THERESA  
C'mon Moby.

Billy grabs Theresa butt.

BILLY  
(laughing)  
See.

Luca and Theresa walk across the street and around the corner  
nearly bumping into three large MEN in their early twenties.

All three have baseball bats. They walk toward Paulo and  
Billy.

Theresa pulls Luca faster.

EXT. MANHATTEN-SAME

Theresa picks through some apples at a cart as Luca watches by her side.

THERESA

You really don't talk much.

LUCA

My name's Luca.

THERESA

I know.

She pays an OLD MAN for a few apples. They start strolling back to their corner.

LUCA

You called me Moby. My name is Luca.

THERESA

Okay, little sister. Ya got a girly yet?

LUCA

I'm eleven.

THERESA

Dear Lord! I thought you were my age. I was going to snog ya!

Luca looks away, embarrassed.

THERESA

I bet ya got yourself a sizable willy, though.

She grabs at his groin.

He jumps out of her reach.

THERESA

(laughing)

Ha! Pure as a Bishop's root. Virgins.

EXT. STREET CORNER MANHATTEN-SAME

As Luca and Theresa round the corner, they see a group of people gathered around their spot.

Two POLICE OFFICERS arrive. They part the group. We see Paulo



and Billy laying face up, covered in blood.

THERESA  
Mother of Mary! C'mon!

Her and Luca weave through the bystanders.

Billy reaches out to Theresa. She grabs his hand.

THERESA  
Billy! Billy Boy, are you okay? Who  
did this?

Billy struggles to breath.

BILLY  
(barely audible)  
The Hyde brothers. They took our  
corner, the money, Paulo.

Paulo lays in a large pool of blood, eyes wide open. He's  
dead.

Theresa starts to cry.

OFFICER #1  
Is there a doctor here!?

The second officer blows his whistle.

OFFICER #2  
Someone get a doctor!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
They're just boys. Children.

OFFICER #1  
Pick pockets, Miss. Probably a turf  
squabble.

Billy's eyes start to close.

THERESA  
Billy!

Luca looks on emotionless.

OFFICER #2  
Miss, do you know these boys?

THERESA

No.

OFFICER #2

Miss?

Theresa grabs Luca's arm and hurries off.

OFFICER #2

Hey!

The officer loses sight of the two in the growing crowd.

INT. BARGE-NIGHT

Theresa sits crying on a crate while being comforted by an  
OLDER WOMAN.

Tommy and Giuseppe argue while all the boys look on.

Luca sits crossed-legged on his mat eating from his bowl.

GIUSEPPE

Where the fuck were you when one of my  
best pickers is getting his brains  
beat out!?

TOMMY RED

Go fuck yourself! We've been spread  
thin for weeks now. The Hydies' have  
never been this far out of their  
territory.

The two bulls go chest to chest.

GIUSEPPE

Maybe you're switching sides. You  
Irish always stick together.

TOMMY RED

You mother fucker!

Giuseppe pulls his knife. Tommy pulls a pistol.

Senor Brasi enters and slams his cane on the floor.

THWACK!

Tommy and Giuseppe part.

SENOR BRASI

I believe the Hydes originate from Scotland. Although I do understand the confusion.

Brasi looks at the brandished weapons. The two put away their toys.

SENOR BRASI

Better. Where's the little mule?

TOMMY RED

Senor?

GIUSEPPE

Luca! Get your ass over here!

Everyone looks over at Luca who puts down his bowl and sulks over to the center off the room.

GIUSEPPE

The silent mule. Where were you?

Luca looks around confused.

SENOR BRASI

You can't shine. You can't pick pockets. What do you think you were there for?

Theresa stands up.

THERESA

Senor Brasi, he's just a child. I took him to go get apples.

SENOR BRASSI

Just a child? Look at him. He's the one they beat while your brother and ...

Brasi looks over at Tommy.

TOMMY RED

Paulo.

SENOR BRASSI

Yes. Paulo. As they run away, he can be beat, maybe even fight back. But it's his brains that paint the sidewalk, not my workers.

Brasi takes off his coat and hands it to Giuseppe.

He rolls up his sleeve and takes a tight grip of his cane.

SENOR BRASSI

Closer mule. Time you earned your  
keep.

Luca steps closer.

CRACK!

The cane strikes the boy in the left thigh. He jumps.

Brasi is on him. Bringing his cane down over and over again  
like a fencing master.

Luca screams out from the pain. He tries to dodge and block  
the hits but they are too numerous.

He runs to Tommy Red.

TOMMY RED

Oh no you don't! Sorry, mate.

He pushes him off. Giuseppe grabs Luca.

GIUSEPPE

Here, Senor!

Brasi flails like a man possessed. Some blows land on  
Giuseppe forcing him to let go of the boy.

Luca seeks shelter under a table.

Brasi changes his strikes to hard jabs. Luca, cornered, takes  
the barrage.

Luca starts to cry. Brasi keeps up the attack.

LUCA

Momma! Momma!

Theresa runs to Brassi. She grabs his cane arm.

THERESA

Senor! Senor! Please!

She has no effect but Brasi finally runs out of juice.

THERESA

Senor!

The room is silent.

Brasi composes himself.

LUCA

(crying)

I want my mamma! Mamma!

Luca's cries are the only thing heard.

SENOR BRASI

(to Luca)

The fault is yours to bear.

Theresa reaches out for Luca. He swipes at her hand, still crying.

SENOR BRASI

Don't touch him. Luca, to your mat.

Now.

Luca reluctantly crawls out from under the table and over to his mat.

Giuseppe steps over and takes Luca's blanket back.

Luca lays on his mat, bleeding and crying.

Tommy takes Theresa away.

SENOR BRASI

(to Tommy and Giuseppe)

Tomorrow we'll deal with the Hydes.

GIUSEPPE

Si, Senor Brasi.

TOMMY RED

Yes, sir.

INT. BARGE-NIGHT

Everybody is asleep except Luca.

Seeing the coast is clear, he slowly gets up. Luca ties his shoes around his neck. His left eye is swollen shut. Dried blood cakes his entire body.

He stuffs Paulo's copy of Treasure Island in his waistband.

In his stockinged feet he crosses the large room and slowly opens a door to a room.

In the room he finds Tommy Red and Giuseppe is asleep in their beds.

Quietly Luca looks around Tommy's bed. He finds what he was looking for: Tommy's handgun.

He picks it up and walks over to Giuseppe's bed.

Luca points the gun at Giuseppe's face, holding it there.

Luca's face is blank.

He lowers the gun, leaves the room and makes his way to the front door.

EXT. BARGE-NIGHT

Alvis is sound asleep on his stool.

Luca slowly opens the front door and sneaks past him into the fog.

EXT. STREET CORNER MANHATTEN-MORNING

The Hyde brothers have already taken up the same street corner, standing watch over two shine boys already hard at work on the morning rush hour crowd.

One of the brothers has his arms around a GIRL.

Across the street Luca leans out from behind a parked horse drawn carriage.

HYDE #1

(to girl)

Lassie, you are a cold customer.  
Giving up your brother like that.

GIRL

He was a rotten bastard. He had it coming.

HYDE #2

She reminds me of Ma.

HYDE #3

With bosoms like those, I'd have to  
argue with you.

Hyde #1 and #2 slap fight as Luca calmly walks up behind them holding the gun down by his side.

He raises the gun to the back of #3's head.

BOOM!

Luca shoots the man in the back of the head. Before the other two brothers can react he shoots them both in the head. They all drop into the same heap.

The girl screams and turns around. It's Theresa.

THERESA

(hands up)

Luca. No.

He shoots her in the mouth. She grabs her throat and staggers around, wild eyed. Blood pours from her mouth and ears. She drops dead.

The two shine boys take off running. Luca aims and brings one down. His other shot misses the second boy and buries itself into the side of a horse.

People are now fleeing. Women scream. The horse is laying on its side, howling in pain. Luca walks over to the horse aiming at its head.

CLICK.

The gun is empty. He puts the gun to his head.

CLICK.

Luca is tackled by a police officer.

His copy of Treasure Island lays in Theresa's blood pool.

EXT. REFORM HOME-DAY

Senor Brasi stands next to the gate of a high walled compound.

Cut in stone above the gate reads: HOUSE OF JUVENILE REFORM.

A police paddy wagon pulls to a stop outside. Two POLICE

OFFICERS step off the wagon. Luca, hands bound in front of him, is handed down to them.

The gates open and a police SERGEANT walks out. He nods to Brasi.

SERGEANT  
(to officers)  
Stand him there.

He points to the ground in front of Brasi.

The two officers comply. They step back a few feet giving Luca and Brasi some privacy.

SEÑOR BRASI  
You have been treated well?

Luca nods.

SEÑOR BRASI  
Good. I have seen to that.

Luca looks down at his feet.

SEÑOR BRASI  
You did a good thing. You avenged your friend and you killed a traitor. Great men in history have done these very things.

The Sergeant approaches.

SERGEANT  
Senor Brasi, I have to take him.

SEÑOR BRASI  
One moment.

The Sergeant nods and backs off.

LUCA  
Senor, was Paulo buried?

SEÑOR BRASI  
He had a fine funeral service. He had many friends.

LUCA  
He was my best friend.



SENOR BRASI

Si'. You will spend a long time here. The people that put you here know nothing of honor and loyalty. But you will leave here one day and I will be waiting for you. I understand honor and loyalty.

LUCA

Si, Senor Brasi.

The officers walk up to both sides of Luca.

SENOR BRASI

Luca. I will not forget.

Brasi puts his hand on Luca's shoulder. Luca nods and is led into the gate. He looks back at Senor Brasi, whose eyes follow him. Luca looks away, his eyes watering.

INT. BLACKWELL PRISON-DAY

Luca sits in his cell on his bunk eating a piece of bread. He's a huge man with broad shoulders. His face is scarred with a boxer's broken nose.

DAVID GREEN, early twenties with a deep scar across his throat, leans in the open doorway.

GREEN

My uncle will take care of everything. He knows how important you were to us.

LUCA

I'll have a place to stay?

GREEN

Yes. It's all been arranged. He's a good man.

Luca nods.

An OLDER MAN steps up behind Green.

MAN

Mr. Green, here come the Bulls.

Green looks down the tier to see two GUARDS and a SUITED MAN walk towards the cell.

GREEN

Well this is it. Give my regards to  
Senor Brasi.

He holds out his hand.

Luca wipes his hands and stands up. He straightens his  
dungarees. He pretends not to notice Green's out-stretched  
hand.

The Bulls arrive. Green and the other convicts back up to the  
next cell door.

SUITED MAN

Luca Corolla. Number two-six-five-  
alpha two-two three-eight. Roll it up.

Luca grabs a stuffed sack cloth off of his bed.

BULL #1

Let's go. You can change downstairs.

Luca exits the cell and follows the Suit with the guards  
falling in behind him.

OLD MAN

Mr. Green where are you gonna get  
another Luca?

GREEN

(relieved)

Don't think I want another.

EXT. PRISON-LATER

Luca stands outside the prison gate. He's dressed in an ill-  
fitting suit, a good size too small. His sack rests on the  
ground. He takes in the view. The water stretches out before  
him The city skyline fills up the horizon. He breathes deep  
and pulls his sack over his shoulder.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT NYC-DAY

Luca gets off a trolley.

He looks across the street then at the address on a scrap of  
paper he holds.

As he crosses the street a delivery truck slams on its brakes  
to avoid hitting Luca. He BLASTS his HORN.

Luca stands in the middle of the street. He glares at the driver then kicks in the trucks radiator. Steam BLASTS into the air.

The driver freezes. Luca steps out of the steam cloud and walks to the driver's door. The driver slides to the passenger seat to escape.

DRIVER

Senor, I'm sorry. It's my fault. My apologies!

LUCA

You son of a whore!

The driver slips out the passenger window and runs for his life down the street. Luca readjusts his sack and continues across the street.

INT. GOTT'S FAMILY LUNCHROOM-SAME

Two waiters, MYRON, late thirties, stocky with wire glasses and MORTIMER, early forties, stare at the commotion from behind the service counter.

MYRON

Oh, oh my, he's coming in here.

MORTIMER

Please keep going, please. Oy vey.

Luca walks up to the glass door and peers in. The two men freeze.

MYRON

Mr. G!

MORTIMER

Mr. Gottlieb!

Luca opens the door, stomps in and approaches the counter. The two clerks are frozen in terror.

Luca calmly looks around the empty restaurant.

MYRON

Sir, are you alright? That truck almost---

LUCA

Senor Gottlieb.

MORTIMER

Mr. G! I'll go find him.

Myron grabs Mortimer's sleeve only to have it yanked away. Mortimer disappears into the back room.

It's just Myron and Luca.

MYRON

(nervous)

I'm sure he's here somewhere... Mortimer will find... That truck almost hit you. Those drivers nowadays, they'll hire anybody.

Myron looks around nervously.

LUCA

Senor Gottlieb is here, Si?

MYRON

I believe he's still---

LUCA

I am not here to shoot him.

Myron freezes he stares at Luca.

GOTTLIEB (O.S.)

Well that is comforting to know.

Gottlieb, early sixties and bespectacled, stands in the doorway. He holds a cut down double barrel shotgun behind his back, out of sight. Mortimer peeks out from the other side of the doorway.

MYRON

Mr. Gottlieb, this gentleman is here to see you.

GOTTLIEB

So I heard.

He brings the shotgun into view and hands it to Myron.

GOTTLIEB

Here, I'll see to our new friend.

Myron takes the gun, de-cocks the large hammers and hands it to Mortimer. Mortimer queasily takes the weapon back into the rear room.

Luca never bats an eye as he extends his hand.

LUCA

Senor Gottlieb, I am Luca Corolla.  
Your nephew, David Green, said I am  
needed here.

GOTTLIEB

So you're Luca. My, my David sure can  
fill the bill. I was not expecting  
your visit 'til later in the week.

LUCA

I was released this morning.

GOTTLIEB

Yes, I just figured you might want to  
breathe some fresh air after your  
lengthy imprisonment.

LUCA

It is the same air, Senor.

Luca looks back to where his incident with the truck  
occurred.

GOTTLIEB

Yes, of course. Davie has told you of  
our particular need?

LUCA

He has.

GOTTLIEB

Good, good. Please come back Friday  
night at eleven, around to the back  
door.

LUCA

Eleven. Si.

GOTTLIEB

You can stay here until you get  
yourself situated.

Gottlieb scribbles on a scrap piece of paper and hands it to  
Luca.

GOTTLIEB

It's a bachelors house. Do you know  
where that is? I know it's been

awhile.

LUCA  
Yes, I'm familiar. Graci.

Luca leaves as the three men look on.

MORTIMER  
Mr. G, what kind of goyim was that?

GOTTLIEB  
I am told he is the worst kind.

MYRON  
Should you really bring him in?

GOTTLIEB  
At this point I have no choice. At least he'll be our goyim.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR-DAY

Luca stands in front of the old barge. It lists slightly. He looks around. Drunks lay in the shade. The corpse of a horse rots against a pole. Somehow this bad area has gotten worse.

He enters.

INT. BARGE-DAY

The interior is dark with furniture strewn about. Rats scurry as Luca steps further into the barge.

CLICK. A shotgun's hammer is cocked back.

Luca stops and peers further into the dark to locate the origin of the noise.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Who are you?

LUCA  
Does everybody own a shotgun now?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
I said who are you?

LUCA  
I am looking for Senor Brasi.

An old woman appears from the shadows. She holds her shotgun

on Luca.

WOMAN

Senor Brasi is gone. He's not here.

Ignoring the gun, Luca finds a wooden box, sets it up on its end and sits nonchalantly.

LUCA

I'll keep you company 'til Senor Brasi returns, old woman.

WOMAN

Senor Brasi is dead.

Luca freezes.

LUCA

No. No. I talked to Senor Brasi two months ago.

WOMAN

If you are Luca then you talked to him five months ago.

WOMAN

You are Luca. He talked of you many times. Of how you avenged your young friend and at such a young age.

Luca stands and steps toward the woman, who lowers the shotgun.

LUCA

What do you know old woman!? You know nothing of me!

WOMAN

I know you are Luca Corolla! You have come here for Senor Brasi. I know that Senor Brasi died last month from the water lung. I know he asked me to be here this week, for your return! I know this, I know this!

LUCA

I should kill you for your mouth! For your lies! Lies!

Luca stops in his tracks when the woman produces a worn baby blue blanket.

LUCA  
That was taken from me.

WOMAN  
He made me swear I would give you  
this. And this.

She hands him the small blanket and a letter.

Luca gently takes them.

WOMAN  
I have done what I swore to do.

She quickly wraps the shotgun in a large quilt, grabs a sack off the floor and pushes past Luca as she walks out the door into the sun light.

Luca is left alone in the dark.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR-DAWN

Luca sits on the dock-side, feet dangling over. He tears open the letter and begins to read.

SENOR BRASI (V.O.)  
Luca, It disappoints me knowing that we will no longer meet in this world. I know that you have had a hard life up to this point. A life that I had a lot to do with. As painful as it is to say, I have no regrets. I think the past fifteen years have made you into the man you need to be.

SENOR BRASI (V.O.)  
You will live in treacherous times with treacherous men. You now have the skills to rise above. I cherished the times we had during our prison visits. I will not waste your time with female salutations. I respect you, Luca. I stopped thinking of you as a worker long ago, and have since thought of you as a son.

My best to you. Michelangelo

Salvatore Brasi.

Luca carefully folds the letter and places it back in his



coat.

He stares into the distance.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY-NIGHT

Two very well dressed couples make their way down the trash strewn alley behind Gottlieb's lunchroom. They pass a large man dressed as a vagrant, STEAMER, twenties, in a flipped up collar and hat. He nods toward a small black steel door. They smile and walk to it. He then pulls a small cord hidden in the garbage, it leads to small hole in the door frame.

INT. GOTTLIEB SPEAKEASY-SAME

We follow the cord up from the hole to a small light sconce. It blinks twice.

Luca stands guard at the door with a massive sliding bolt. He is dressed stylishly in a tuxedo. Seeing the signal he slides back a piece of metal revealing a slit in the door. He can see the two couples standing out side.

LUCA

What do you want?

EXT. ALLEY-SAME

One of the MALES leans forward.

MALE #1

Uncle Teddy's glasses.

FEMALE #1

Oh Rodney, you're so cloak and dagger.

The male turns and smiles devilishly. The noise of the massive bolt SLIDING gets their attention. The door swings open. Luca fills the door. The four freeze.

LUCA

Hurry up.

He steps aside slightly.

They enter in single file and take the short steps down into the club.

INT. SPEAKEASY-SAME

The dance floor and tables are full. A very upscale crowd. On

stage a multi-racial band in white dinner jackets belts out fast tempo jazz songs.

Luca takes in the club from his perch. He sees a TUXEDOED MAN arguing with the waitress LADONNA, 19. He points his finger at the girl and then grabs a drink and spills it all over her tray. He storms back to his table.

She looks around for help.

Luca moves quick through the club.

LUCA  
Ladonna, what's the problem?

LADONNA  
That mook won't pay his bill and I  
can't find Mr. G.

Luca locks eyes with Tux Man. He has three good sized MALE FRIENDS and a red haired WOMAN sitting with him. They return his menacing stare.

Luca walks over.

TUX MAN  
Listen palooka, don't try that moose-  
head shit with me. In my neighborhood---

Luca front kicks the Tuxman into the next set of tables. His friends are immediately up and swinging at Luca.

Luca takes five of their shots to give them one of his. Mook #1 takes a haymaker and crumbles. Mook #2 grabs an arm only to be shoved into the Red Head. The third mook stops a full bodied jab with his face.

Mook #2 regains his footing and comes in swinging tight. He has skills but is no match for the massive blunt force trauma that Luca delivers.

The Red Head, in her own little fury, attacks Luca who stands over the sleeping foursome. He short punches her in the ribs. She drops to her knees and struggles to catch her breath, her face hovering inches from Luca's crotch.

The other bouncer, TURNER, early thirties, runs up.

TURNER  
God damn it, Luca! Save some for me.

Fuck, Mr. G is gonna be pissed.

Red Head slowly pulls a straight razor out from under her dress. She eyes Luca's crotch. Before she can carve, Luca grabs both of her wrists and lifts her 'til they're both eye level. They hold the eye contact for a second.

Chemistry.

She spits in his face. He head butts her unconscious.

Luca drops her and turns to Ladonna who stands among stunned partygoers.

LUCA  
How much anyway?

LADONNA  
They just owed ten.

INT. RESTAURANT-LATER

Luca walks into the back of the restaurant. It's dark and empty. The chairs are upside down on the tables.

Something to his left gets his attention.

Three SUITED MEN stand in the shadows.

Luca, still fired up, walks toward them. They see him coming and close ranks.

LUCA  
Who the fuck are...

GOTTLIEB (O.S.)  
Luca, these are our friends.

Luca stops. The suited man part to reveal Gottlieb sitting in a booth with Alvi and a TALL THIN MAN.

GOTTLIEB  
(to Thin Man)  
This is Luca. He's been with us for a few months. Luca, come meet someone important.

Luca tentatively advances.

The Thin Man whispers something in Italian. Two of the Suits slightly part . The third stays next to the thin man.

Luca strains to see the three seated men in the hazy lighting.

GOTTLIEB

Luca this is Senor Vito Corleone and Senor Clemenza. They're Sicilian too. You are kinsmen.

The thin man, Vito extends his hand out of the dark. Luca ignores it.

VITO

So you are Luca Corolla? The feared enforcer of Blackstone prison.

LUCA

I am Luca Brasi. That's all you need to know.

CLEMENZA

(in Italian)

Now is the time to show respect.

VITO

(slightly laughing)

Well then that's all I need to know.

He withdraws his hand.

GOTTLIEB

Luca! He's our friend. He may help us.

LUCA

And of the arrangement with Zwillman?

Alvi nervously looks at Vito.

GOTTLIEB

Thank you, Luca. Were there problems in the room?

LUCA

No, Senor. Nothing that couldn't be handled.

GOTTLIEB

Thank you Luca.

Luca glares at both guards, turns and walks back into the club.

GOTTLIEB

(to Vito)

He's, he's a good man. A good worker.  
He's really kept the rif- raf out---

ALVI

He's a mad dog. It's only a matter of  
time 'til he turns on---

GOTTLIEB

(interrupting)

He's a good man.

Vito smiles and nods his head slightly.

EXT. GOTTLIEB SPEAKEASY-DUSK

Luca, Turner, and Steamer keep watch as the bus boys empty  
their mop buckets and dump the trash in the alley. All three  
smoke after the long night has ended.

STEAMER

C'mon Luca, I wanna wear the tux,  
stand inside.

TURNER

That'll be the day.

STEAMER

I can think of better things to do  
than stand among the garbage all  
night.

TURNER

What, like lead the band?

STEAMER

I would be---

LUCA

You two repetizione the same argument  
last week and the week before. Your  
argument should be with Gottlieb and  
the lack of money in your pockets.

STEAMER

Easy to say when you wear the tux.

Luca tosses his smoke to the ground.

LUCA

You want to wear the tux to work? You wear the tux to work. Me, I want to wear a tux as my choice. So when I go out, men who have to wear a tux, worry about me.

Turner's attention is caught by a woman walking up the alley.

He nods. All three turn to look at her. Its the fighting red head from earlier.

STEAMER

Isn't that?

TURNER

Yep. Didn't you kiss her, Luca?

LUCA

Si, with my head.

She stops at a safe distance.

Her name is KELLY. She is packed tight in a dress that shows off her trim, but female figure. Her red hair started in a pulled back elegant bun but now a scarf barely contains the red mess. Her left eye is slightly black, compliments of Luca's "kiss".

KELLY

Hiya again, Luca. D'ya miss me?

Turner and Steamer spread out on both sides of Luca.

TURNER

She looks like she's alone.

KELLY

Don't worry boys, I gave my escorts the slip, long ago.

Luca steps closer to her, a little cautious.

LUCA

You know my name.

KELLY

Didn't then, do now.

LUCA

So, you'd like a round two?

KELLY

Sure. Why not? It's not that late. I can have my flap jacks and sausage later, Senor Corolla.

Turner looks at Steamer and raises his eyebrows.

LUCA

You look familiar.

KELLY

I used to get that a lot. Sisters tends to look like their brothers.

LUCA

(nods knowingly)

Ah... Tommy--

KELLY

--Red.

LUCA

-Red

LUCA

How could I forget.

KELLY

Yes, we tend to leave a wake. Can I have my toy back? I feel naked without it.

Steamer play punches Turner in the arm. They both play up the bashful look.

She flirtatiously holds her hand out.

Luca steps a little closer, reaches into his pocket and pulls her pearl handled straight razor out. He steps even closer and hands it to her.

She gracefully opens it and examines the blade. Satisfied she closes it and drops it in her small pocket book.

KELLY

I'll put it in it's place later.

Before Luca can reply, Ladonna steps out into the alley.

LADONNA

Luca, are you still going to walk me

home?

LUCA  
(turning to her)

Si.

Luca turns back to Kelly. She's already turning the corner, disappearing from sight.

EXT. NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD-EARLY MORNING

Luca and Ladonna stroll down the sidewalk as the city starts it's day.

LADONNA  
Ten blocks and not a word Luca. You  
don't like me?

LUCA  
I counted eight.

She nudges him.

LADONNA  
So, do you like me?

LUCA  
Enough to go out of my way to walk you  
home.

She smiles.

LADONNA  
Well, here we are.

They stand in front of a residential building. A drunk lays curled up on the stoop.

LADONNA  
Come in. I'll make you breakfast.

INT. LADONNA'S APARTMENT-SAME

Her apartment is clean and decently furnished.

Luca pokes around as Ladonna searches her ice box. He examines some pictures of Ladonna in ballet poses adorning the wall.

LUCA  
You are young to have your own place.



LADONNA

I lived here with my grandmother. She died two years ago. I just stayed. I tell the landlord that she is out whenever he comes around. He'd have a fit if he knew I was here alone.

LUCA

I doubt a fit is what he would have. I think he would force you into an arrangement.

LADONNA

(lightly laughing)

I think you are right.. (pause) I heard things about you Luca.

LUCA

(impersonating Kelly)

I tend to leave a wake.

LADONNA

How long were you in prison?

LUCA

Not long.

LADONNA

I heard you shot your girlfriend when you were a child.

LUCA

She was not my girlfriend.

LADONNA

But you shot a girl?

LUCA

(lying)

I was a young boy, I barely remember.

Ladonna pulls out a milk container, some sausages and eggs.

LADONNA

This is all I have. Is it enough?

LUCA

Sure. I'm not that hungry.

LADONNA

After that fist-a-cuffs, I figured you

would be.

Luca closes in fast. Pressing her into the wall.

LUCA

It's not food I want.

LADONNA

Luca, I don't think you, I'm not that kind of---

Luca takes the food from her hands and lays it on the breakfast table.

He looms over her, inches away. He firmly palms her right breast. Squeezing.

LADONNA

Luca, no. Luca.

He pulls her to him. She tries to fight him off but he's too much.

LADONNA

Please, Luca, no.

Luca slows his passion. He locks eyes with her.

LUCA

You invited me in---

LADONNA

Luca, you make me feel safe. I just don't want it to start like this. I really am a nice girl. I do like you, but please, not like this.

He backs off, watching her tremble.

LUCA

I will leave.

LADONNA

Luca, I can still make you breakfast. Stay, please.

Luca looks at the food.

INT. LADONNA'S APARTMENT-LATER

Breakfast plates are now empty

Awkwardness still lingers.

LADONNA

I do my auditions during the day.  
There are so many pretty girls that  
dance in this town. It can be a sore.  
Want some more coffee?

He pushes his cup forward and nods in silence. She pours.

LADONNA

Ever go to the theater?

Luca shakes his head.

LADONNA

Mr. G knows a guy with the Ziegfield  
Follies who...

Loud knock on the door causes them to look at each other.

Luca goes to the door and opens it. JACOB, 12, stands there holding his hat.

JACOB

Luca! There's trouble at the place.

LUCA

What kind of trouble?

JACOB

Zwillman!

Luca grabs his coat and starts to head out.

LADONNA

How does the busboy know you were  
here?

JACOB

C'mon!

Luca is out the door and down the street before Ladonna can get up.

EXT. GOTT'S RESTAURANT NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Luca and Jacob round the corner. A black Buick is parked out front.

LUCA  
Damn goat fuckers.

JACOB  
That's them.

LUCA  
C'mon!

They enter the restaurant as a crowd starts to gather.

INT. GOTT'S FAMILY LUNCHROOM-SAME

Luca pushes in.

Morti sits on the floor; his nose bleeding. Gottlieb stands over him.

Four HUGE MEN stand behind Morti.

Luca tears off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. The Four start to encircle him.

GOTTLIEB  
Luca, it's over. No. This is my fault.  
Stop!

Luca looks over at Gottlieb, puzzled.

GOTTLIEB  
Stop. This is my doing.

LONGY ZWILLMAN, 45, walks out of the kitchen wiping his bloody fist with a towel.

ZWILLMAN  
Oh, Luca, why do you work for this indecisive man?

LUCA  
(points to Morti)  
Why do you beat on him? You should beat on me.

ZWILLMAN  
I am afraid that may happen sooner rather than later.

Zwillman turns to Gottlieb.

ZWILLMAN

(nods to Morti)

Mr. G. we will leave you now with only this little message.

ZWILLMAN

If I find out that you were trying to get outsiders to protect you and yours again, the message will come in a bigger box.

GOTTLIEB

Longy, this is a misunderstanding. I will get to the bottom of this rumor.

Zwillman shakes his head and heads for the door followed by the Four. He passes Luca.

LUCA

(whispering)

Now is always a good time for me.

This catches Longy off guard. He double takes but continues.

EXT. GOTT'S FAMILY LUNCHROOM-SAME

As they start to pile into the Buick, Zwillman turns to the biggest guard, MOISHE, early thirties.

ZWILLMAN

Moishe, when I find out for sure Gottlieb has been talking to that Olive Importer, I want you to take care of that godless Wop first. Understand?

MOISHE

I can do it now, boss, not a problem.

He pantomimes a gun in his waist band.

ZWILLMAN

Not yet, boychik. Gottlieb is small potatoes. But I gotta tell ya, I may just take this club from Gott.

MOISHE

I don't see you as a restaurateur, no offense.

ZWILLMAN

Naw, I'll shit can the diner. I want the cantina. Ah, we'll see.

Car door slams.

INT. GOTT'S FAMILY LUNCHROOM-SAME

Luca puts his coat back on as the staff starts to clean up.

LUCA

Senor Gottlieb, why don't you let me do my job? That was mine to take care of.

MYRON

Oh Luca, they have guns. They are not drunken goyim. This isn't prison.

Luca ignores Myron.

LUCA

And you make a deal with that Sicilian Corleone? Mister Gottlieb, I am more than a doorman. I'm ---

GOTTLIEB

Luca, Myron is right for a change. Things outside of prison are more complicated. One has to handle situations on a more diplomatic level. I'm afraid Senor Corleone will pass us by, we are not that big of an outfit for his needs. All will be well.

Luca finishes his coat and stands there embarrassed.

LUCA

I am only trying to return the favor that was given to me.

GOTTLIEB

I understand but I'm afraid that this little incident may be out of your comprehension. We hebes can be an odd bunch.

Luca shakes his head and walks out the door. Ladonna rounds the corner and acts surprised to see Luca heading to her.

GOTTLIEB

Okay everyone lets clean this up and  
let these nice people in for some  
lunch.

He points to the gathering crowd outside the window. In the  
background Ladonna turns and tries to keep up with Luca.

Gottlieb notices this.

EXT. NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD-SAME

Ladonna walks briskly to keep the pace of a pissed off Luca.

LADONNA

Luca please slow down, please. What  
happened back there? Was there  
trouble? Oh slow down!

She tries to grab him.

LUCA

All my life people treat me as an  
idiot! An ape! As a child with no  
sense of reason! Those mother fuckers!  
That old man, he thinks I can't see  
without a feed bag!

He spits.

LADONNA

Luca. Okay. Please calm down.

LUCA

What? You ask me what is wrong and you  
don't like the answer!

She grabs his flailing arm only to be sent spilling into the  
street

A MALE LABORER steps in.

LABORER

(German accent)

Iz there a problem, Fräulein?

He helps her up.

Luca grabs the man and throws him to the street causing a  
truck to lock its brakes. It stops inches from the man.

LUCA

Leave her!

Ladonna gets her feet under her.

LADONNA

Luca, stop!

Jacob arrives. Out of breath he pushes his way through the gathering crowd.

The Laborer gets to his feet and is on Luca, swinging.

Luca back-steps a roundhouse and returns a flurry of punches, sending the German sprawling.

He knocks out another PEDESTRIAN wandering too close to the action. The rest of the crowd is more than happy to keep its distance.

LADONNA

Luca, Luca, we can't stay here. Please come with me.

She latches onto his forearm. He starts to calm down.

LUCA

I am not a mule! Not an animal.

LADONNA

I know, I know. We can't stay here. Come.

She leads Luca away through the gathering crowd.

Police WHISTLES are heard as Jacob runs in the opposite direction.

INT. GOTT'S FAMILY LUNCHROOM-LATER

Jacob holds court in the kitchen. Morti, Myron, Gottlieb and other staff listen on.

JACOB

And then this Hun, bigger than the Chrysler building, charges Luca. Friends, I'm here to tell ya, Luca showed him the old Jack Dempsey...

Jacob throws some over exaggerated punches in the air.



JACOB

... then this average Joe walks in and  
its good night ladies to ya too! Pow!  
Bang!

His next punches put him off balance and he crashes to the  
ground. Everyone laughs except for Gottlieb and Morti.

MORTIMER

(whispers)

See. Luca is out of control. This  
could get real bad.

Gottlieb barely nods.

GOTTLIEB

(to Jacob)

Mr. Brasi was angry at Ladonna? I  
didn't know they were a couple.

JACOB

Well, I don't think it was her he was  
mad at. He was just tooting over  
Zwillman, I think. I don't know, but  
Luca sure can handle his cake, I'll  
tell ya!

Gottlieb gives Morti a slight worried look.

MORTIMER

I bet you Mr. Zwillman will give you a  
fair deal on both the businesses.

GOTTLIEB

I don't know. This business changed so  
quick. What have I gotten myself into?  
Paying off the police. This Corleone  
fellow. Now Mr. Zwillman is upset. I  
don't know, just don't know.

EXT. CITY PARK-SAME

Luca and Ladonna walk around a fountain on the grounds of a  
small park. Definitely a less than blue collar atmosphere.  
Luca is still a little wound up.

LADONNA

I think we will be okay here.

LUCA

It doesn't matter. Let them come.

LADONNA

You don't mean that, Luca. You don't want to go back to prison.

LUCA

There is honor in prison. Out here nothing.

LADONNA

Even so, prison compared to here?

LUCA

Out here, you see imbeciles with more money than you can imagine. Living off of daddy's lap. Disgusting. No honor.

LADONNA

You're in a different world now. How long have you been out, a few months?

He shrugs.

LADONNA

Give it time, you'll find your purpose. We all do.

Luca sits on the fountain's. Ladonna sits next to him and rubs his back. She seems so tiny and fragile compared to this mountain of a man. He looks her in the eye.

They hold contact for a moment.

LUCA

I have to go. I'll see you at work tonight.

INT. GOTTLIEB SPEAKEASY-NIGHT

Luca walks in as the staff starts preparing for the evening's illicit activities.

Nobody makes eye contact with him. He stops SARAH, a waitress.

LUCA

Sarah, where's Ladonna?

SARAH

Ah... she's sorting table cloths in the restaurant. Why?

He walks off.

SARAH  
(to herself)  
Such gall.

Luca brushes past Morti on the way to the luncheon room.

GOTTLIEB (O.S.)  
Luca, a minute, please.

Luca turns to see Gottlieb in his office door.

GOTTLIEB  
Could you step in here please.

INT. OFFICE-SAME

Turner stands nervously to the side. Next to the desk where Gottlieb sits. Moishe and DAVID, 20s, stand.

LUCA  
What's this?

GOTTLIEB  
Luca, you've been like family but we have to let you...

MOISHE  
You're out, you fucking ape. Hit the bricks.

Moishe steps closer, but not that close. Luca ignores Moishe.

LUCA  
Senor Gottlieb, I am being fired?

GOTTLIEB  
Luca, I'm sorry.

The other man moves closer.

MOISHE  
(in Yiddish to Gottlieb)  
Shut up, old man!

TURNER  
(putting his hand on Luca's shoulder)  
C'mon Luca lets talk outside.

Luca pushes Turner's arm away.

GOTTLIEB

Please no, Luca. Here.

He tries to hand Luca a stuffed envelope.

LUCA

No. Why am I being fired? Then I go.

GOTTLIEB

It's time for some changes... and that temper. Luca. I'm sorry.

He still extends the envelope.

MOISHE

Why ya so nice to this fuck? It's your ugly wop face, now get the fuck out!

He pulls back his coat to reveal his revolver in a shoulder holster. Ignoring him, Luca leans forward, both arms outstretched on the desk.

LUCA

Senor Gottlieb, I will not stand for this horse fucking.

Both men step even closer with Moishe putting his hand on the butt of his gun.

TURNER

Guys, I have this. Luca is my friend.

Luca gracefully steps forward and pins Moishe's right hand to his body. The danger of the cross draw. Moishe tries to break loose but it's too late. Luca's head butt sends him crashing backwards into some shelves.

The other man swings tight and catches Luca on the right jaw. They both stagger out into the club floor, swinging.

INT. CLUB MAIN FLOOR-SAME

TURNER

(grabbing Luca's left arm)  
Luca, stop! They'll shoot you!

Luca swings and drops Turner. He and David grapple onto the main floor knocking over tables and wait staff.

Morti grabs a tray and hits Luca on the head to no effect. Luca kicks his feet out from underneath him while biting David's ear whom he holds in a head lock.

Two more of Zwillman's TOUGHS come out of hiding from behind the bar and are on Luca. They kick and stomp in a frenzy.

Luca gets to his feet and swings away.

Ladonna runs in from the restaurant.

LADONNA

Luca, stop! They'll hurt you.

Gottlieb, shotgun in hand, holds her back.

The four battling bulls tear apart the club in the epic brawl. Finally, Luca gets the upper hand as he drops tough #1 and then tough #2.

Moishe, now conscious, runs up behind Luca, points the gun at the back of his head and pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

Moishe's eyes go wide.

CLICK! CLICK!

Just as Luca turns, Moishe smashes Luca's skull with the butt of his pistol.

BLACK.

INT. PADDY WAGON-LATER

RINGING in the ear noise

Luca lays in the back of a paddy wagon. He's covered in blood His eyes adjust as he raises his hands to rub the ringing in his ears. His hands are cuffed in front of him. He has to roll slightly to bring his fingers to his ears.

Ringling FADES.

He slowly stands and peers through the wagons barred window.

A crowd of people and several cops have gathered.

Gottlieb is palming money to the police sergeant. Moishe and his thug buddies hold iced towels on their injuries.

Luca smiles.

He sees Zwillman consoling Ladonna, rubbing her back and nodding as she laments.

Zwillman shoots Luca a smile as he guides Ladonna back into the club.

Luca tightens his hold on the small window's bar.

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY.

Luca is chained to the bunk in his cell. He is covered in bandages. Testament to his last day on the job.

A big SERGEANT and three other OFFICERS walk up to his cell, ready with their billy clubs.

SERGEANT

Okay you wop, get on your fucking feet!

Luca just glares.

SERGEANT

I said on your feet! You made bail. Someone likes you.

Confused, Luca stands up.

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY.

Luca walks out of the precinct house, a free man.

KELLY (O.S.)

Took 'em long enough.

LUCA

It was you? You posted bail? Why?

KELLY

What can I tell ya, I have a thing for strays.

Luca grunts and walks in the opposite direction.

Surprised Luca's not playing her game, Kelly scrambles off after him.

KELLY

Wait, where do you think you're going?

Luca ignores her and takes off his head bandage.

KELLY

Back to the club? News for you, Tall Drink, Zwillman's is waiting for you, he's running that show. Got lots of fellas packing heat. Just waiting for ya.

LUCA

I'll take my chances.

KELLY

You won't make it on the block.

He stops in his tracks.

KELLY

You have a place to go? No, you don't. They tossed your stuff days ago, if you call what you have stuff.

Luca starts to get mad.

KELLY

Don't worry, I have it all in a box sitting at my flat.

LUCA

You have my belongings?

KELLY

Yeah, next to my hope chest. C'mon. We'll get you fed and hosed down.

She wafts air before her.

KELLY

You smell like... jail.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT-LATER

Luca sprawls out in a soapy tub smoking a huge cigar. His legs hang over the sides.

Life is good.

Kelly enters with a shaving cup, a stool, and a small towel draped over her shoulder.

KELLY

Hope you're decent.

Though indecent, Luca doesn't budge.

KELLY

Boy, you are the shy type.

She parks in next to the tub. She whips the shaving brush into a frenzy, producing a thick foam.

LUCA

What happened to Tommy Red?

KELLY

Dead. Dead as a door knob. Your boss Brasi had him done in.

LUCA

Yeah?

Kelly carefully applies the cream to Luca's face, working around the cigar.

KELLY

You didn't know? Thought you were close. Tommy started his own crew which was fine, 'cuz they paid tribute to Brasi. Then one day him and Giuseppe got into it. This time there was no one to step in and Seppe sprung a load of fresh leaks.

LUCA

So that was the end of Tommy? Si.

KELLY

Well, Seppe was Brasi's top earner and with Tommy bragging on the streets, ole Tommy woke up with his throat slit.

Kelly produces the straight razor from a leather thigh garter.

Luca stares at the blade and then Kelly.

KELLY

Chin up please.

Luca complies, but not breaking eye contact. Kelly carries on



unperturbed

She shaves slowly but with enough pressure to keep Luca on edge.

KELLY

Don't worry I've become an expert with this.

LUCA

You don't worry me.

KELLY

There. Finished.

Luca stands, dripping in the tub. Kelly, caught off guard retreats a bit. She's impressed.

LUCA

A towel.

Kelly snaps one off a rack and hands it to him. He begins drying himself off.

LUCA

Are you going to tell me what you have planned for me, or are you being a good Catholic woman?

KELLY

Plans?

LUCA

(lightly laughing)

Okay, Miss Kelly. You speak a lot without saying much. You have an agenda, as have I. We will use each other to further our causes and then we will see.

KELLY

You're over thinking this. We'll be a good team. And a good team needs money.

LUCA

How much do you have?

KELLY

Are you kidding, my friends took it when they got out of Dodge.

LUCA  
Friends, huh?

KELLY  
But I know how I can get some. How we  
could get some.

LUCA  
How?

KELLY  
Don't worry, you're perfect for it.  
Just play along and we'll get the  
money train moving. We'll have to  
start tonight at one of my offices.

LUCA  
Tonight? What offices?

KELLY  
(ignoring him)  
Yeah, yeah, you'll be perfect.

Luca grins on lustfully as he steps forward.

LUCA  
First things first.

Kelly stiff arms Luca stopping his advance.

KELLY  
Put it on simmer, doll. We're business  
partners.

Behind her back she holds her razor, ready to go.

Luca, towering over her, steps back.

LUCA  
Okay, okay, we'll see what we'll see.

He wraps the towel around him.

INT. FLOPHOUSE-NIGHT

A giggling Kelly enters the flophouse room with a DRUNK in  
tow.

She pushes him down on the bed as she takes a hit from a  
flask.

He starts to undo his pants as best as he can.

DRUNK MAN  
C'mere, my little chickadee.

KELLY  
Hold your horses, bub. Where's the  
ten?

DRUNK MAN  
(laughing)  
I got nine, how 'bout that!

He paws at his crotch.

KELLY  
I don't ride for nothing, daddy. Let  
me see that you have it, something.

The man lays back and flashes a wad of money from his front  
pant pocket.

DRUNK MAN  
There's that and this.

He pulls a small pistol out of his other front pocket.

DRUNK MAN  
Just in case, lots of suspicious  
characters around here.

KELLY  
You don't need that, daddy.

She carefully guides the gun back into the pocket.

KELLY  
Let's see that nine you're talking  
about.

She gets his pants down around his ankles.

KELLY  
Luca.

DRUNK MAN  
(sitting up)  
Huh?

The closet door opens, Luca steps out.

DRUNK MAN  
Hey, what the fuck?!

He reaches for his waist. No pants, no gun.

DRUNK MAN  
(to Kelly)  
You fuckin' cunt! I'll...

LUCA  
(enraged)  
You'll what? What! This is my woman!

The drunk tries to slither back across the bed with his ankles entwined in his pants, causing Luca to break character and laugh.

LUCA  
Oh, sweet Mary.

Kelly slaps Luca across the arm and shoves him toward the man. Luca tries to get back in tough guy mode.

LUCA  
You fuckin bastard!

The man falls off the bed head first. He is balls up, ass in the air, knees around his head.

KELLY  
(jumping up and down)  
Kill him, kill him!

Luca looks over at Kelly surprised at her ferocity.

KELLY  
Kill that motherfucker! Luca!

Exasperated, she produces her straight razor and leans down to deliver a coup de grace.

Luca grabs her wrist.

LUCA  
No. No murder. No.

Kelly's eyes are wild, like an animal's. Luca squeezes her wrist harder. The pain snaps her back to reality. She relaxes and retreats, still clutching the blade. She closes it.

Luca gently lets go.

KELLY

He'll go to the Coppers.

Luca rolls the crouched drunk onto his side. He rummages through his pockets, retrieving the gun and the small wad of cash.

LUCA

See. Twelve dollars. Murder a man for twelve dollars? That's a sin.

KELLY

I'll hold the gun.

LUCA

Ha! I'll sell the gun. I can get five dollars for it.

He puts it in his back waist band. Kelly looks at the gun and then glares at Luca.

LUCA

Don't worry partner. Fifty-fifty.

Like a flash, she snatches the gun.

KELLY

Fifty-fifty of eight dollars...  
partner.

EXT. CHINATOWN-NIGHT

Jacob leads Luca to a corner. He points to a building across the street.

JACOB

This is the place. He loves his opium.  
You really gonna ice him?

Luca hands him a five dollar bill, his eyes never leave the building.

JACOB

Wow! A fiver! Coney Island here I  
come!

LUCA

That's for bringing me here and  
forgetting.

JACOB

I don't know nothing about nothing.

Jacob runs off with his new found bounty.

Zwillman's black Buick pulls up to the door of the building. Luca stays in the shadows.

Two Chinese men gently guide Moishe out of the building and to the car. Still high on the drug, he fights to stay on his feet.

Luca looks around, pulls up his coat collar and lowers his hat. He pulls a pistol from his pocket and holds it down by his side. He quickly walks toward Moishe from behind.

On the other side of Moishe, more people exit the opium den. Luca can't make out who they are due to Moishe's huge bulk. Luca walks faster, a tight grip on his pistol.

Luca, still in the shadows, a dozen yards from Moishe. He slows to a halt, brings his gun up and puts the sights on the back of the man's head.

He notices something to the left of Moishe.

Ladonna.

Ladonna is in the same condition as Moishe. She is supported by a beautiful Chinese girl, who giggles as she guides Ladonna to the car.

Luca is stunned, he freezes, his gun still outstretched. Moishe leans onto the car giving Luca a clean shot at Ladonna.

Nobody sees Luca in the shadows.

Luca stares at Ladonna. She leans against the Chinese hostess.

MOISHE

C'mon, almost there.

Ladonna giggles and then kisses the hostess. They embrace passionately.

MOISHE

That's enough, you two!

Moishe falls on his ass. Everybody starts laughing.

Luca pulls the hammer back. He aims at the back of Moishe's head then at Ladonna's.

The hostess pulls Ladonna against the car, they both laugh.

The girls start kissing again as Moishe pulls them both into the car.

One of the Chinese men yells in Chinese and tries to pull the hostess out of the car.

MOISHE  
(from in the car)  
She'll be coming with us!

The man is pushed back, a large wad of cash now in hand. He smiles broadly and bows.

Windows down, the sedan pulls a quick u-turn with the trio laughing in the back seat.

Luca lowers the gun and stands still watching as the car drives off.

Ladonna makes eye contact with Luca for a split second. She shakes the fog for a second, something connects. They hold contact for a moment, then she returns to the back seat antics.

The sedan drives away leaving Luca alone in the shadows.

INT. FLOPHOUSE-NIGHT

Luca sits on a bed drinking from a bottle of rye. He hears Kelly talking outside of the door. He finishes the bottle and tosses it out the window.

Casually he rises and stations himself the closet.

Kelly enters pulling a new GOOFY DRUNK behind her.

INT. CLOSET-SAME

Through the slats of the closet door; he watches Kelly fumble with the man's belt and zipper.

INT. FLOPHOUSE-SAME

Kelly get his pants to his ankles and pushes the drunk onto the bed. A goofy grin spreads across his face.

KELLY

Luca.

GOOFY

(confused)

Luca? Sure doll, Luca. Steve, Pope Pius, what ever works for you.

He removes his tie and shirt.

KELLY

(to closet)

Luca. Okay.

INT. CLOSET-SAME

Luca watches intently through the slat. He grabs the door knob.

INT. FLOPHOUSE-SAME

Kelly backs up to the closet door. Folding her arms behind her back she tries the door knob. It doesn't budge.

KELLY

Luca.

Goofy man gets his pants off and stands up.

GOOFY

You're way over there.

She tries the door again. It holds.

KELLY

(pissed whisper)

Luca.

The man walks over.

GOOFY

Let's see the goods.

He tugs her top down by the collar. Her breasts spill out.

KELLY

You son of a bitch!

Her slap is blocked. He throws Kelly on the bed and dives on her.



Her buries his face in her breasts.

GOOFY  
C'mon doll, what kind of whore are  
you?

KELLY  
Luca!

Kelly is no match for the man's strength. He pulls her dress  
up.

GOOFY  
(laughing)  
Like to fight, huh!

INT. CLOSET-SAME

Luca shakes his head. He's seen enough.

INT. FLOPHOUSE-SAME

Luca grabs Goofy and slams him against the wall so hard, he's  
knocked out instantly.

Kelly springs to her feet, reaches into her boot, and  
brandishes her razor.

She leaps toward Goofy. Luca stops Kelly mid-flight and  
throws her onto the bed while holding her wrist.

GOOFY (O.S.)  
Fuck. What the fuck?

Goofy starts to stir.

KELLY  
(hissing)  
Son of bitch, touched me.

Luca looks over at Goofy, then Kelly.

He lets her go.

She springs on Goofy, slashing his throat, his chest. He  
tries to fight her off but her slashes take an immediate  
toll.

He gurgles, then silence.

Kelly, panting, stands. She's covered in blood but still wild

eyed.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM-MORNING

Luca enters to find Kelly face down, naked in bed. He takes a swig from a half filled bottle of rye on her night stand.

The bloodied pile of clothes from last night are next to the bed.

LUCA

You need to burn the clothes.

He nudges her. She curls up slightly.

LUCA

Hey! Burn those clothes today. We'll buy some more...

KELLY

I'm sleeping. Fuck. I'll get those later.

LUCA

You'll get those now!

He slaps her ass hard.

KELLY

God damn it! God damn it!

She sits up and starts slapping him.

He takes the assault.

KELLY

I'm sleeping, you motherfucker!

He backhands her with a right. She slams back against her pillow, stunned. Luca mounts and starts to choke her.

She fights as best as she can, to no avail.

Her face turns red as she gasps for air.

She grabs at his hands, scratches his eyes. Nothing works.

LUCA

(in Italian)

You whore, when I say something, you do something! Whore!

She nods.

KELLY  
(gasping)  
Okay. Si, Luca.

LUCA  
Whore!

Kelly's eyes roll up. She arches her back and grinds her hips into Lucas thigh.

Luca is confused as he hears her slightly moan. She lays her arms out, no longer fighting. Luca eases his grip.

He takes in her naked body as she presses herself into him. With one hand Luca quickly undoes his belt and zipper.

He fucks her violently.

MONTAGE-VARIOUS

EXT. RAILYARD-NIGHT

Luca stands over a dead man. He leans down and releases a cord from around the man's neck. Kelly quickly races through the now deceased's pockets.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT-NIGHT

Luca, slightly out of breath wipes his hands as Kelly introduces her razor to another John laying on the floor.

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT

Luca and Kelly quickly walk away from a bleeding man slumped against the wall.

EXT. BROADWAY THEATER ALLEY-NIGHT

Kelly and a very well-dressed John face each other next to a support column. Kelly undoes her blouse. From the shadows behind the man, Luca appears and slips a garrote around the man's neck, yanking him back and out of sight. Kelly pounces on the man with her trusted razor.

EXT. BACK ALLEY-NIGHT

Luca pulls the body of a MAN out of the backseat of a sedan. He's obviously dead. Kelly climbs into the driver seat from the back. Luca goes through the man's pockets. He tosses her

the keys. Luca barely gets in the car before Kelly peels out.

INT. FANCY HOUSE-DAY

Luca and Kelly stack vases, silverware, lamps, and other small valuable items near a large opened window. Turner and Jacob are outside looking around. Luca starts to hand the booty to the two, through the window. A dead man lays on the floor, bleeding.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. CITY STREETS-DAY

Luca sits at a shine stand, across the street from Gott's, getting his shoes done.

Luca is dressed in a tailored suit and puffs on a cigar. A black boy, KENNY, works in a blur on Luca's shoes.

Gott's window's are newspapered over. A large OUT OF BUSINESS sign hangs from the awning.

A dark sedan pulls up. Several men come out of the front door to unload wood boxes from the back seat and trunk. A bottle of whiskey falls out and clanks on the sidewalk with out breaking. A man scoops it up, looks around nervously and enters Gott's, slamming the door shut. The sedan speeds off.

Luca looks at his watch and smiles.

Another man, WILSON, 30s, takes a seat next to Luca, waiting to be next.

WILSON

Hiya, Kenny.

KENNY

Morning Mr. Wilson. Just finishing up.  
Be right with ya.

WILSON

That'll be fine, Kenny. (to Luca)  
Hiya, champ. How ya doing?

Luca raises an eyebrow, grunts, and continues with his cigar.

Kenny speeds up, now a little nervous.

WILSON

I see. Glad I brought my funny pages.

He unfolds and starts to read the newspaper.

WILSON

(to Kenny)

Looks like that slasher broad is at it again. Another sucker turned up with a cut throat.

KENNY

Oh. She's back at it?

WILSON

Yeah, she's pretty enterprising. This one was at the Waldorf. Moving up.

KENNY

Some ladies ought to be left alone. Momma always said that some women folk are just plain old craz...

LUCA

We are done, yes?

Kenny snaps the rag and stands up.

KENNY

Oh, yes sir! Sorry I tend to...

Luca stands, adjusts himself and hands Kenny fifty cents.

LUCA

Keep it. For your momma.

KENNY

Thank you sir!

Luca takes a large drag and blows smoke directly at Wilson.

A shocked Wilson can only blink his eyes and slightly cough.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT-LATER

Kelly sits on a couch in her new apartment talking to FILOMENA, 42, seated ramrod straight, across from her. Kelly adjusts and readjusts herself, saddled with a nine month pregnant belly.

Luca enters carrying a newspaper. He's a little pissed.

KELLY

Luca! We were just talking about you.

LUCA  
Who's this?

KELLY  
This is Filomena. She's from your  
country.

LUCA  
So is half this city.

KELLY  
She's here to help me.

Luca pours himself a drink.

LUCA  
Help do what?

KELLY  
Luca, she's a midwife. Darling, Luc,  
it's almost time. She's going to  
deliver.

LUCA  
What do I care? I told you to kill it  
months ago.

Filomena crosses herself and whispers something in Italian.

KELLY  
Luca!

Luca lights another cigar.

LUCA  
That's what she's here for, isn't it?

Kelly palms her swollen belly protectively.

KELLY  
Luca! She's a midwife for pregnant  
wives. Luca, no!

LUCA  
Wives! Ha! There are no wives here!

KELLY  
Not now, you fucking bastard!

LUCA  
 (to Filomena in Italian)  
 She's no wife! She's a whore who'll  
 spawn a demon! What kind of Catholic  
 are you!

Filomena, terrified, stands to leave.

FILOMENA  
 Senora, I will leave. This does not  
 concern me.

LUCA  
 (Italian)  
 Yes, go find some wives!

Before Filomena can close the door, a bottle crashes into the side of Luca's head.

KELLY  
 You wop piece of shit! How dare you!

Luca goes after her. Kelly is quick; she keeps a large table filled with stolen vases between them.

LUCA  
 What are you, some kind of princess  
 that I dare to insult you! You evil  
 murdering whore!

He throws the newspaper at her.

LUCA  
 Read that! Is that where you were last  
 night? With that! ?

He points to here belly.

KELLY  
 Some men pay big money for this!

LUCA  
 You crazy whore! You're cursing that  
 child!

KELLY  
 It's already cursed, you retarded ape!

Luca howls and turns the table over. The vases crash across the floor. Kelly jumps back and starts throwing several glasses at Luca. Some crash into the wall behind him, a few

find their mark and impact on his face. He trips over a fallen chair and lands on his back.

Kelly whips out her blade and leaps at Luca. He pulls his thirty-eight and stops Kelly dead in her tracks.

TURNER(O.S.)

You two lovebirds fighting again?

In the open doorway, stand Turner and Jacob.

JACOB

Golly Luca, are you going to shoot her?

KELLY

(out of breath)

Yeah, Luca. Shoot her.

Luca gets to his feet and takes a small pouch from his coat pocket.

Kelly rights one of the chairs and sits down. She pours herself a drink.

LUCA

Here's your cut from last night's job.

Turner hands Jacob some of the cash. He counts it.

TURNER

(to Jacob)

Next time a gambler gets tough, you shoot him in the face.

JACOB

Okay, it won't happen again. Wow! Eleven dollars! I'm rich!

LUCA

(to Turner)

Did you get the shotguns? It's not going to be a two bit poker game.

TURNER

Yep. So we're on for tonight?

LUCA

Si. They loaded a lot of booze for tonight. Should be a large score.



JACOB

I can't believe we're gonna rob Gotts.  
We'll show those Kykes a thing or two.

LUCA

Did you get a third gun?

TURNER

Yep, Steamer. Remember him? He wants a  
little revenge on Zwillman for firing  
him.

LUCA

How many of the old staff are left?

JACOB

Just me and the charmer, Ladonna. Ol'  
Moishe is giving it to her. Once they  
chased away Mr. Gottlieb, most of the  
staff just up and left.

LUCA

Where did the Old Man end up?

JACOB

My rabbi said Mr. G. is working for  
his brother down in Philly

TURNER

Yeah, Gott developed an allergy to  
having a gun in his face.

KELLY

Oh, so I'm not the only one?

Luca puts his gun away, grabs his coat and walks to the door.

KELLY

Where are you going?

LUCA

(turning to Kelly)  
Clean this mess up.

KELLY

(raging)  
That's right, go to one of your  
whores! You fucking ape!

She fast balls another glass at Luca, who shuts the door just  
in time. Jacob and Turner stand totally still.

KELLY

What the fuck are you looking at? Some kind of crew you are! You mooks ready for tonight?

TURNER

Yep.

JACOB

Yes ma'am.

KELLY

Christ, a Protestant and a Jew being led by an ape.

INT. LADONNA'S APARTMENT-LATER

Ladonna is curled up in a blanket on her couch. She listens to the radio. She looks tired and her apartment is a mess.

DOOR KNOCK.

She gets up slowly and opens the door.

Luca stands in the doorway.

LADONNA

Luca?

LUCA

Ladonna. How are you?

LADONNA

Luca is here. Hi ,Mr. Brasi.

Luca enters.

LUCA

Ladonna, what happened to you?

Ladonna looking through Luca, returns to her couch and flops down in a drugged stupor.

LADONNA

Just relaxing. Maybe sleep.

Luca looks around, disgusted.

LUCA

This is your opium. This. See what you've done?

LADONNA  
Come fuck me, Luca.

Luca walks over to the couch. He stands over her.

LUCA  
Don't go to Gott's tonight. You hear me?

LADONNA  
Oh, Luca. Scary, scary Luca. I had a dream about you. You were pointing a gun at me. On the street, at night, you were going to shoot me.

Luca leans forward and pulls Ladonna up by the wrists. She barely reacts.

LUCA  
Ladonna! Don't go to work tonight. Stay away from work! You hear me!?

LADONNA  
(still groggy)  
I need money. I need...

Luca presses a small wad of money in her limp hands.

LUCA  
Stay home. I'll come by tomorrow to pick you up. Okay?

Ladonna starts to slip into sleep.

LADONNA  
Okay. Stay home. Fuck me tomorrow?

LUCA  
Stay home!

EXT. LADONNA'S APARTMENT-SAME

Luca rushes from the apartment. Across the street, Kelly watches from behind a tree.

INT. LADONNA'S APARTMENT-SAME

Ladonna still lays on the couch half asleep.

KNOCK

LADONNA  
(to herself)  
Luca, you came back.

Kelly gets up and opens the door.

Ladonna looks Kelly up and down, stopping at her belly.

KELLY  
(Irish accent)  
I beg ya pardon miss. I'm collecting  
for the widows and orphans fund at St.  
Jerkoffs.

Ladonna, drugged and confused can't muster a reply.

KELLY  
Oh, another cheap wop.

She grabs Ladonna's throat and shoves her back into the  
apartment, slamming the door behind her.

Ladonna SCREAMS.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Luca, Turner and Steamer wait in the sedan. All three wear  
hats and handkerchiefs tied around their necks. They look at  
the darkened front of Gott's. Though it appears closed, live  
band music can be heard.

STEAMER  
Thanks again, Luca, for bringing me  
along. I really do appreciate it.

Luca nods, his eyes never leaving Gott's front door.

TURNER  
(nervously)  
Fuck. Where's Jacob? It's time.

LUCA  
Don't worry about Jacob. When he lets  
us in, go straight to the office. Stay  
out of the main room.

STEAMER  
Yeah, Luca. Thanks again.

TURNER  
There he is.

Jacob leans halfway out of the darkened front door and waves at them.

LUCA

Let's go.

EXT. GOTT'S SAME

The three men hurry to Jacob, securing their shotguns under their long coats. They pull up the handkerchiefs so only their eyes are visible.

As they reach the door, Jacob steps back into the darkened restaurant.

The music is louder, clearly from the back room.

INT. GOTT'S -SAME

Luca and the others follow Jacob through the dark space. The tables and booths have been replaced with stacks of discarded boxes and upturned tables.

Luca strains to see.

LUCA

(whispering)

Jacob?

STEAMER (O.S.)

Luca!

A baseball bat swings into FRAME.

CRACK!

INT. GOTT'S -LATER.

The music still plays from a neighboring room.

Luca lays face down on the floor of a large utility room. His hands are tied behind his back and a handkerchief is stuffed in his mouth.

He slowly comes to.

TURNER (O.S.)

(yelling in pain)

I don't know! It's his crew, I don't know who he's working for! Don't fucking kill me!

Turner screams.

Luca is face to face with Steamer. His face is wildly expressive, mouth wide open. The screams appear to come from him. Luca looks closer. Steamer's throat has a deep cut. His wind pipe exposed. Small air bubbles slowly rise from the gash.

Another scream.

Luca rolls to his back and struggles to sit up.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Holy shit! Boss, come here! It's  
alive!

Luca now sees Turner is tied to a huge pipe coming out of the ground. He has been beaten badly. His left eye is dangling from the socket. Two men stand around him.

The noise of the door being opened and shut.

Steps.

Moishe has entered the makeshift torture chamber.

MOISHE  
What did I tell ya boys? The wop's  
head is as hard as a stale matzo ball.

They laugh.

MOISHE  
(motioning to Turner)  
What's he said so far?

MAN #2  
Ah, same as him. They are a new crew,  
small time stuff, yada, yada, my cock  
in his sister's ass.

MOISHE  
Alright, time for the main event.

He nods toward Luca.

The door opens again, this time Zwillman enters wearing a sharp tux.

ZWILLMAN  
What a mess. Thank god we'll torch

this place next month. Corleone?  
(motions toward Turner)

MOISHE

Don't think so, boss. We were just  
moving to the ape.

Zwillman leans down toward Luca and pulls his gag out.

DAVID

Careful, boss.

Zwillman waves David away.

ZWILLMAN

I can't believe you tried to rob me.  
Thankfully your looney girlfriend  
dropped a dime on you.

DAVID

Looney? Boss, the broad is out of her  
mind. The way she went to town on his  
waitress pal.

ZWILLMAN

Oh, uh, sweet gal... Madonna...

MOISHE

(slightly disheartened)

Ladonna.

ZWILLMAN

Ladonna. Such a sweet girl. Nice  
tuckus.

LUCA

Ladonna's dead?

MOISHE

Dead? More like cole slaw. Bitch  
ripped her to pieces and then went  
into labor. I was just warming up to  
Ladonna too.

Luca looks away.

ZWILLMAN

Circle of life.

Zwillman stands up.

JACOB (O.S.)  
 (struggling)  
 Mr. Zwillman. Please.

Zwillman wipes his hands off with his silk hanky, drops it on the floor and exits.

Jacob is curled up in a ball under a small table. He took a beating as well.

LUCA  
 (to Moishe)  
 The boy, too? Fucking pig.

MOISHE  
 At least I won't die like one.

Moishe takes a large knife and slices Turners throat, stopping at the spine.

Turner gurgles and dies.

Jacob whimpers.

MOISHE  
 (to Jacob)  
 And you. You fuckin' treacherous little hebe.

Luca struggles against his bindings.

LUCA  
 Jacob, no! Die like a man! Silence!  
 Look the Philistine in the eye.

Jacob sits up as man #2 kicks at him.

Moishe pulls out his pistol, and shoots Jacob in the top of his head. The boy goes ramrod straight then falls over onto his face. Blood streams from the bullet hole.

Man #2 kicks Luca in the head. He falls to his side.

Luca starts to pull on his leather strap binding.

MOISHE  
 Move him, tie the ape up. This is going to be fun.

The men untie Turner and toss him onto Steamer. They then drag Luca to the now vacated pipe. Luca, subtly fights his



bindings.

Sitting Luca up, they tie him to the pipe by his throat causing him to choke.

MOISHE

Easy. We want him awake for this.

The man eases up lessening the pressure on Luca's throat.

The men still haven't noticed Luca trying to pull apart his bindings.

MOISHE

You got him?

DAVID

He ain't going nowhere.

Moishe picks up a baseball bat off a table. He swings and hits Luca in the left arm. Luca recoils from the pain.

MOISHE

Did Corleone send you? You working for him?

LUCA

Fuck you!

He swings and hits the thigh. Luca recoils again.

MOISHE

That psycho bitch of yours should be squeezing a kid out about now.

MAN #2

Fuck boss, imagine what kind of offspring those two made.

Moishe stops mid swing.

MOISHE

Holy shit, that's gonna be one fucked up kid. (To Luca) You'll never know.

He swings at Luca's head. Luca instinctively leans to the right causing the bat to smash into the pipe. The bat breaks.

Luca presses one last time, the bindings finally give. Luca's hands are free but stays still, for now.

DAVID

Oh shit, close but no cigar.

MOISHE

Did ya see that bat come apart? Look  
at the pipe, shit!

All three lean in to examine the dent near Luca's head.

Luca snaps forward causing the man holding the belt to smash his face into the pipe. The other two jump back.

Luca is on his feet.

Moishe, surprised, fumbles for his gun. Luca kicks him into David. They both slam into a heavy duty table.

Luca turns to the choker man. He gets to his feet, nose bleeding heavily. Luca throws a round house and drops the man onto his back. Luca stomps on the mans throat, killing him.

Luca charges Moishe and the other. He's all over both of them swinging and kicking. Moishe's gun is kicked under the table during the scuffle. He staggers due to one of Luca's punches.

The man #2 pulls his knife and slices Luca across his left hand. Luca returns the favor by pinning the man against the wall and gouges out both his eyes.

The man screams and drops the knife. Luca picks it up and guts the blinded man.

Luca turns to see Moishe crawling to the door. He calmly walks over and grabs his ankle stopping his forward motion.

Luca lords over his catch.

LUCA

Where's Kelly?

INT. WHOREHOUSE CELLAR-EARLY MORNING

Kelly lies in a bed sweating and pale from having a baby.

Filomena sits in a rocking chair holding a BABY wrapped in a blue blanket.

FILOMENA

It's a beautiful baby, Senora.

Kelly looks up at the basement window. The sun slowly rises.

Kelly cries.

EXT. WHOREHOUSE-EARLY MORNING

Luca kicks in the front door.

Women start to scream as Luca enters the foyer.

He knocks a surprised doorman out cold. Luca grabs a frantic  
PROSTITUTE.

LUCA  
Where's the redhead?! The pregnant  
woman?!

PROSTITUTE  
Don't hurt me!

He pins her against the wall, sending hung pictures flying.

LUCA  
Where is she!?

PROSTITUTE  
(pointing to the cellar door)  
In the cellar!

INT. CELLAR-SAME

Kelly hears the commotion upstairs. She's too weak to move.

Filomena carries the baby to a corner next to a furnace. She  
balls up among several blankets and broken furniture.

Door SLAMS open.

Luca pounds down the stairs freezing at the bottom.

He walks over to Kelly. Her eyes never leave his.

KELLY  
Luca, I'm sorry.

A rustling noise makes him look to his right. He sees  
Filomena cowering in the corner holding the baby.

Kelly uses the last of her strength to slice at Luca with her  
blade. Luca grabs her wrist with one hand and her throat with  
the other.

He slowly grips her throat and then squeezes again. Kelly's face turns red to blue. She doesn't fight off Luca.

She dies.

Luca, breathing heavily, maintains his vise-like grip. Slowly he releases it. He stares at her body, panting.

Luca walks over to Filomena. She holds the baby up for him to see. She shakes.

FILOMENA  
(Italian)  
It's a healthy girl.

Luca looks at the child.

He opens the furnace ignoring the burn to his hand from the door.

LUCA  
Throw it in.

FILOMENA  
Senor?

LUCA  
(Italian)  
Throw it in. I don't want that demon  
to live.

FILOMENA  
(Italian)  
But... it's healthy. A female.

LUCA  
(rage)  
Throw it in!

Filomena recoils in horror.

Luca walks back over to Kelly's body and retrieves the straight razor.

He quickly walks to within inches of the terrified midwife and holds the blade to her eyes.

LUCA  
Throw the spawn in!

The glow from the furnace makes Luca look like a satanic

creature.

                    FILOMENA  
                    (pleading)  
            Senor! Please I can't! I can't! It's  
            baby!

She holds the child close to her.

                    LUCA  
            Do it! Do it or you'll both go in!

                    FILOMENA  
            It's a girl! Your baby girl! Senor,  
            please!

Seeing this mad man raging at her with this blade inches from her, Filomena crosses herself.

                    FILOMENA  
                    (Italian)  
            Holy Father forgive me.

She brushes past Luca and throws the bundled baby into the furnace.

She drops to her knees and cries.

                    FILOMENA  
            Forgive me! Forgive me!

Luca lets out a blood curdling SCREAM and slams the furnace shut.

SIRENS can be heard outside of the building.

INT. WHOREHOUSE-SAME

Several police storm into the trashed lobby of the whorehouse. Several women tend to the unconscious doorman and hooker.

                    POLICE SERGEANT  
                    (to Madam)  
            Emily, where is he.

An older woman stands to point at the cellar door just as Luca returns. Everything goes quiet as they stare at the blood soaked mad man.

Luca calmly walks over to an ornate mirror. He stares at

himself. He punches the mirror. Every one jumps as if electricity passed through all of them.

Luca takes a huge shard of mirror, faces the crowd, and cuts his own throat.

The police officers jump on him.

He screams as a dozen pile on.

INT. CORLEONE HOME-DAYS LATER

Filomena sips tea nervously while sitting on a modest chair.

In front of her, Vito Corleone leans forward from his foot stool, listening to her finish her story.

FILOMENA

(Italian)

What I have told you is true. He is a devil Senor Corleone. He will kill me as he has killed all the others. Only you can protect me. Please, Senor.

Her eyes well up with tears.

VITO

This man is not unknown to me. He is very dangerous.

FILOMENA

Please, Senor.

VITO

I will protect you. I will send you away, where you will be safe. I will take care of you.

Filomena drops to her knees takes his hand and kisses it.

FILOMENA

(relieved)

Bless you Senor Corleone. You are a saint. I pray God forgives me.

INT. JAIL-DAY

Luca sits on the floor of his cell staring at the wall. He is shackled to his bed.

He looks up to see a police CAPTAIN and four other OFFICERS.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY-SAME

Luca, still shackled, is escorted by the five officers. They pass doors, not jail cells.

INT. LOADING DOCK/GARAGE-SAME

A massive door opens. In walk Luca and his escorts.

Clemenza stands in the middle, alone. Behind him near the massive closed garage door lies a closed casket.

Luca eyes both.

CLEMENZA

Remember me?

Luca glares at Clemenza.

CLEMENZA

Well, tough guy, if you don't remember me, you'd better remember my boss.

Clemenza nods behind Luca. Out steps Vito Corleone.

VITO

Luca Brasi

Vito looks over to the Captain as he motions to Luca's shackles

VITO

Please, Henry.

HENRY

Mr. Corleone, he is very dangerous.  
The worst I've seen.

Vito gestures and points to the shackles.

Henry steps in and nervously unlocks Luca. He quickly steps back.

VITO

We will be fine, Henry.

Henry shrugs and motions for the other guards to leave. The three men are left alone.

VITO

Your throat is mending?

Luca ignores Vito.

CLEMENZA

He thinks we're here to just kill him.

LUCA

Do it and be gone. I don't have time for this.

VITO

You do have time. For what you have done, you will have all the time in the world. A great sin requires a great punishment.

LUCA

I don't care.

VITO

Yet you cut your throat. Not the action of an uncaring man. You do care. It was your daughter.

Luca's chin starts to shake. He fights back tears.

VITO

Such a sin. Perhaps you had a reason. Who knows?

LUCA

The child would have been a demon. I...

Luca's eyes well up.

LUCA

It was for her own good.

VITO

Perhaps so. Perhaps you did the world a great favor. At this point it's between you and God.

Luca drops to his knees, still fighting tears.

LUCA

For her own good. For her own good.

VITO

The matters of family are never easy to understand, especially to



outsiders. As head of your family, for however brief it was, you had to make a decision. One I pray I, or my sons never have to make.

Luca still on his knees, listens intently.

VITO

It says a lot about you, Luca. You are a man that I understand.

Clemenza walks over to the casket and opens it.

Luca glances over at it.

The casket is empty.

VITO

I have brought a casket that will be filled today.

Luca stands up.

VITO

Here's my offer, Luca Brasi. We need a man like you in our family. A man that understands how important loyalty and family are.

Luca looks around. It's only Clemenza and Vito.

VITO

You will be taking orders from me and me only. You will be brought into the family.

LUCA

What of this place?

VITO

I have very powerful friends, Luca. I gather more every day. I want you to be my greatest friend.

LUCA

Or, Senor Corleone?

VITO

Or you pay for your sin now and fill the casket.

Luca looks over at Clemenza, who seems bored, then back at Vito. The two hold the eye contact.

VITO

We may even be able to put you right to work.

Vito and Clemenza trade looks.

Luca composes himself.

LUCA

I will be able to have my own crew?

VITO

No, Luca. Your skills are more suited to working alone. Like I said, you will report to me and me only. We are a very generous family to work for.

Luca ponders his new change of fortune.

Slowly, Luca kneels to one knee. He gently takes Vito's hand and kisses it.

LUCA

Vito Corleone, I pledge my eternal loyalty and my dying breath to you.

VITO

Si, very good.

Clemenza pulls on a chain that opens the massive garage door.

Outside the large dark sedan sits idling. Clemenza walks down to it.

VITO

There is still the matter of the casket.

Luca returns to his feet a little puzzled.

EXT. LOADING DOCK/GARAGE-SAME

Clemenza opens the trunk of the sedan and pulls a hooded, bound man out. He walks him back to Vito and Luca.

INT. LOADING DOCK/GARAGE-SAME

Vito walks over to the casket and pulls a metal pipe about

two feet long out. It has an elbow joint still attached.

He hands it to Luca

VITO

Use this if you like. If not, it  
doesn't matter.

Clemenza walks the man to Luca and takes off the hood.

It's Zwillman.

VITO

He refused an offer.

Zwillman, gagged, reacts in horror at the sight of Luca  
holding the pipe.

Luca smiles.

EXT. LOADING DOCK/GARAGE-SAME

The driver holds the rear door open as Vito and Clemenza walk  
toward the car.

CLEMENZA

Vito, you weren't concerned. I had a  
hard time hiding my fear.

VITO

Fear? My fear is that we will miss my  
wife's dinner if we don't hurry home.

Clemenza laughs as he enters the car first.

Before he climbs in, Vito notices his right hand is shaking.  
He looks back at the dock. The door lowers, noisily .  
Zwillman is on his knees crying. Luca slowly circles, rolling  
up his sleeves.

Vito makes a fist, stopping the shaking, then climbs in the  
car.

INT. LOADING DOCK/GARAGE-SAME

The door lowers all the way. Luca and Zwillman are all alone.

ZWILLMAN

Luca stop, don't do this! I have a  
family!

Luca finishes rolling up his sleeves.

He steps closer.

ZWILLMAN

(pleading)

Luca, listen, I'm sorry about the boy.  
Moishe... I didn't know that he was  
gonna kill the... Moishe was out of  
control. But you took care of him.

Luca takes a few practice swings.

ZWILLMAN

(whining to himself)

Not like this. I don't deserve this. I  
worked so hard only to be killed by a  
fucking ape.

LUCA

People have been calling me an ape all  
my life. So do me a favor, when you  
see those people, tell them that Luca  
Brasi says hi.

Luca swings.

THE END.