

MURDER AND LOVE

by
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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SONNY "TOMMY GUN" GOTTI, 1950 mobster in a nice suit, sits at the table with his feet up, playing with some matches in his hands. He smokes a cigarette. On the back of his chair is a tan mob hat and a tan long trench coat.

An ash tray sits in front of him.

He aims his fingers like a pistol, shooting at different spots around the room.

The door opens. In steps POLICE DETECTIVE SUSIE SUE. Beautiful. She holds a police folder. Sonny reaches his brow.

SONNY
(surprised)
You.

Susie, a bit pissed, stares at him, not letting her eyes leave for a second.

She sits the police folder on the table and knocks Sonny's feet down.

SUSIE
Still haven't learned feet belong
on the ground I see.

She walks to the empty chair across from Sonny and sits. A stare.

SONNY
Nice to see you again too,
gorgeous. How you been?

SUSIE
Living. Opposite of what a lot of
your enemies seem to be doing.

SONNY
Ah, they live. They just have
problems living sometimes, so I
help fix them.

SUSIE
Fixed like you murdering Tony
Giovanni?

SONNY

Get outta here. I didn't murder nobody. Tony is up and walking. Alive as ever. Probably having coffee.

Susie slams a picture of a dead Tony on the table. Sonny scans it with his eyes, not caring much.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Coffee does that to people who drink too much I guess.

SUSIE

You killed him!

Sonny sits up in his chair, upset.

SONNY

I said I didn't murder nobody!

Susie reaches for a pistol on her side. Sonny notices and smiles. He sits back in his chair and goes back to playing with the matches.

Susie stares at the matches as Sonny flips them through his fingers. Flip, flip, flip. Susie gets uneasy. Flip, flip, flip. Susie grabs the folder and binds it. Flip, flip, flip --

SUSIE

(slamming hand on table)
Will you stop playing with the damn matches?! Do you still have to play with everything you get your hands on?!

SONNY

Still bored, sweetheart.

He grins at her. She looks away.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

SUSIE

To bring you down, you prick.

SONNY

Whoa, easy with the language. You're too beautiful to be talking like that, alright?

SUSIE
Whatever you say, Tommy Gun.

SONNY
Sonny... it's Sonny. Tommy Gun is my business friend that can't be here on accord of other business... now like I was saying.

SUSIE
And what was that?

SONNY
Why you're here.

SUSIE
To see you in chains.

SONNY
We both know that's a lie. Those other cops out there, them, they want me chained. But not you.

SUSIE
And why the hell not?

SONNY
You love me.

SUSIE
Would love to see you swimming with the fishes.

Sonny smiles. He leans back in his chair and puts his feet on the table.

SONNY
You would make a great wise guy if you weren't so wise. Well, and if you weren't so beautiful.

SUSIE
Screw you.

SONNY
On the table or the chair?

Susie, starring at Sonny, opens the folder. She scans the report.

SUSIE
Where were you --

SONNY
I like your hair.

SUSIE
Where were you on the night of --

SONNY
I've always liked it. The smell the most.

SUSIE
Where were you on the hair -- I mean night --

SONNY
The feel of it wasn't bad either.

Susie gets a little uneasy but tries to hide it.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Got a new man? Italian?

SUSIE
No and no. Can you please shut up with the side talk long enough for me to --

SONNY
Get a confession.

SUSIE
Yes!

Sonny moves around in his seat, then takes his feet off the table.

SONNY
Please, go on.

SUSIE
Where were you eleven o' clock the night of Tony Giovanni's murder?

SONNY
I was leaving the flower shop.

SUSIE
You were leaving the flower shop?

SONNY
Yeah, leaving the flower shop. That's what I said.

SUSIE
At eleven o' clock?

SONNY
Eleven o' clock. Not a moment
later.

SUSIE
All flower shops in this state are
closed before eleven.

SONNY
Not for Sonny they aren't.

They exchange a stare. Susie writes something on the folder
with a pen she takes from her coat.

SUSIE
Why were you leaving the flower
shop?

SONNY
Your birthday is tomorrow.

Susie's hand stops writing. She looks up at him.

SUSIE
My birthday?

SONNY
Yeah. I never forgot... did you
think I would forget?

SUSIE
No. Yes. I, I don't know what to
say.

SONNY
Say what's on your heart, because
I'm saying what's on mine.

SUSIE
What's on yours?

SONNY
Marry me again, Susie. Make me
happy again like you used to.

SUSIE
I can't. I --

SONNY

Why can't you? Look, I know I'm a fool and a bad man, but my heart isn't bad. It's just empty that's all. Empty without you.

Susie is speechless.

Sonny puts the cigarette out in the ash tray. He gets up and walks to her. Susie places her hand on her pistol.

Sonny gets behind her. After a smell of her hair, he rubs her neck and shoulders. Susie closes her eyes and takes her hand off her pistol.

Sonny leans Susie's head back. Like looking into the sun, they stare into each others eyes. Susie starts to talk, but Sonny puts a finger on her lips. They kiss passionate. They stop. A stare.

SUSIE

Oh, I love you, Sonny.

SONNY

I love you too, baby but I have to go now. I'll be back for you one day. Will you wait for me?

SUSIE

Till my heart can't race anymore.

Sonny kisses her once more and takes her pistol.

SONNY

Happy birthday, babe.

At his chair he puts his hat on, throws his coat over his shoulder and hides the pistol on his waist.

He walks past Susie, running the back of his hand on her face.

He gets to the door --

SUSIE

(in same position that
Sonny left her)
What kind of flowers?

Sonny smiles, sure of himself.

SONNY

Roses.

Susie smiles.

Sonny leaves, closing the door behind him.

Susie remains the way Sonny left her.

FADE OUT.