

NETWORK OF KILLERS

An original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER QUAY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI - (1977) - NIGHT

A Kansas City Mafia soldier, MONTY "DIRTY FACE" PIRELLI, an Italian man with a heavily-scarred face and bullneck, leads a group of five Mafia EXECUTIONERS to a side street behind a group of buildings overlooking the "Mighty" Missouri River, in the historical *River Quay* section of Kansas City. The six MAFIOSOS hold several sticks of unlit dynamite in their hands.

PIRELLI

Listen up good, men. These joints ran by Boriello, Agnello, Marinelli, and Rosetti, they're to be blown all over the River Quay area. Since they don't wanna be a part of the Teamsters, then their businesses won't be a part of nothing. Angelo gave us the orders to blow these fucking places up until they're nothing but piles of junk. Am I understood, men?

The five HENCHMEN nod their heads with approval.

PIRELLI (CONT'D)

After tonight, all those bastardi will know that Angelo means business. As for me, four sticks are going under the car of Leonetti. Angelo gave me the orders to blow that sonofabitch straight to fucking hell. As far as the Galluccio family is concerned, Angelo owns the Teamsters and all of Kansas City.

PIRELLI shifts his frightening eyes in circular motions.

PIRELLI (CONT'D)

If I had my way, I'd shove one of these dynamite sticks up Leonetti's ass, and then watch his bowels shower every inch of the River Quay.

The band of six Mafia KILLERS scatter throughout the booming River Quay section of Kansas City. The five MAFIOSOS who took their orders from PIRELLI, individually sling sticks of lit dynamites into different buildings.

PIRELLI creeps towards a 1977 silverish Cadillac owned by a Kansas City MAFIOSO who is a bitter rival of the Galluccio Mafia Family. He slides under the Cadillac with four sticks of dynamite and some wire. PIRELLI wraps the wire and dynamite around the fuel tank, carbeurator, and transmission.

A serious boobytrap bomb is set in motion. He slides from under the car and sprints several blocks away.

EXT. RIVER QUAY - (MINUTES LATER) - NIGHT

Within a few short minutes, simultaneous explosions erupt and rock River Quay, downtown Kansas City, and several points beyond. Strips of wood, shards of glass, chunks of plaster, and bits of tile and marble, all shoot into the air like building materials raining from the sky. A very bright light illuminates the once dark skies over River Quay.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Inside his 1977 silverish Cadillac Sedan de Ville, DINO LEONETTI, a mobster with deep set eyes and thinning brown hair, desperately jerks the ignition of his car. A veteran mobster, TOMMY GALLUCCIO, a man with dark brown feathery hair, a slim build, and handsome facial features, watches from approximately twenty yards away.

LEONETTI
(frustratingly)
Goddammit, crank up, you sonofabitch!

After a third hard jerk, a monstrous explosion blows LEONETTI and his Cadillac to pieces. The angry blazes are seen burning through his tender flesh like weak wet tissue, leaving behind the charred remains of his body and the car. GALLUCCIO walks away and gets inside his automobile with a devious smirk on his face.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - (1994) - DAY

The newly-sanctioned Kansas City Mafia boss, TOMMY "THE CAVEMAN" GALLUCCIO, who has now aged to a balding and baggy-eyed Italian man, sits at a long conference table puffing on a fat cigar. He is joined by a veteran Teamsters Union boss, MASON SHELLENBERGER, who is a very wealthy, well-dressed, and conservatively handsome man. Both men conduct an important meeting inside the front room of an enormous and beautifully-decorated mansion, once owned by the "*Political Machine of Kansas City*", TOM PENDERGAST.

GALLUCCIO
Shell, my Uncle Angie pulled a lot of strings to put you in that top Teamsters Union boss spot. He's gone and now we've got to find a way to get you out of another one of these fucking federal indictments.

SHELLENBERGER grunts under his breath.

SHELLENBERGER

The law keeps right on coming, Tommy. Twice in the last ten years the grand jury indicted me for silly bullshit.

GALLUCCIO

And twice in the last ten years you haven't been convicted and sent off to jail for some silly bullshit.

SHELLENBERGER

How much longer is our luck going to last? We've slipped away time and time again.

GALLUCCIO

We'll just put together a few thousand bucks and grease the palms of one of the jurors.

SHELLENBERGER

It's good that you've always got a plan, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

What are the feds trying to come at you with now?

SHELLENBERGER

Embezzlement.

GALLUCCIO

How much?

SHELLENBERGER

A hundred grand.

GALLUCCIO

So.

SHELLENBERGER

They're charging that I payed myself a bonus without proper authorization from the other union officials.

GALLUCCIO

Do any of those other crooked union officials get authorization to take out bonuses for themselves?

SHELLENBERGER

Never, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO becomes upset, since dark redness covers his face.

GALLUCCIO

What do we have in the works right now as far as any of the unions?

SHELLENBERGER

We're negotiating a national freight-hauling contract. We're looking at some really big bucks pouring into the coffers of the unions.

GALLUCCIO

What's going on behind the scenes with this freight-hauling contract?

SHELLENBERGER

Since we've got complete control of the Central States Pension Fund, and the Central States Health and Welfare Fund, we can pull in more union funds by inflating expenses.

GALLUCCIO projects an uncertain stare at SHELLENBERGER.

GALLUCCIO

Give me some more information about this cocksucker out in California.

SHELLENBERGER

He's a Chicago insurance guy named David Bakewell. They gave him a new contract to administer the Central States Insurance claims.

GALLUCCIO

Do you trust this bum, Shell?

SHELLENBERGER

David's somewhat trustworthy.

GALLUCCIO unexpectedly snarls at SHELLENBERGER.

GALLUCCIO

Whoa! Put it in a fucking notch, Shell. Didn't he screw things up for you guys in Chicago?

SHELLENBERGER

He accepted two-hundred grand from a Beverly Hills insurance swindler who pleaded guilty to stealing millions from the Teamsters premiums.

GALLUCCIO

Let's hope that your men don't fuck things up like this prick. He's lucky the bosses in Chicago didn't have him clipped.

SHELLENBERGER

My men are loyal, Tommy, and I've got them in key positions.

GALLUCCIO

Keep a low profile until your trial comes up.

SHELLENBERGER

If the feds send me up on this case, then we could lose everything we've worked for within Teamsters ranks.

GALLUCCIO wildly nods his head.

GALLUCCIO

(furiously)

No goddam way! Nobody's going to take the Teamsters away from us. My Uncle Angie grinded his balls into the dirt to help build it into what it is today. He fronted the goddam cash for some of those casinos out in Las Vegas. He helped make that desert town what it is today, and some incompetent motherfucker screwed things up, just like that Bakewell prick screwed things up out in California for your people, Shell.

GALLUCCIO picks up his cocktail and slams down a straight shot of scotch. He then takes a drag off his cigar, as he reminisces about an important event from his uncle's past.

FLASHBACK - INT. APALACHIN MAFIA CONCLAVE (1957) - DAY

With over one-hundred top ranking MAFIOSOS from all over America assembled at the home of ROBERT "THE SHARK" GURINO in the upstate New York town of Apalachin, ANGELO "THE ANIMAL" GALLUCCIO from Kansas City, and JIMMY "NUTCAKE" RIZZITELLO from Chicago, sit at a huge conference table with their MAFIA COLLEAGUES discussing important Teamster Union business that takes place in their designated Midwestern cities.

GALLUCCIO

We've adopted some new stance on non-union labor.

RIZZITELLO

Non-union labor has threatened to undercut labor controlled by Cosa Nostra.

GALLUCCIO

Take a look at the locals that I control in Kansas City. I've got enough muscle to make my men fear me, and they, in turn, show me all the loyalty and respect in the world.

RIZZITELLO

Angie, some of those guys have become too powerful in the unions, and have virtually monopolized all the money that the unions are bringing in every year.

GALLUCCIO

In my city, Rizzo, I've got five Missouri State Representatives and eight State Senators that are dues-paying members of Local Forty-Five.

RIZZITELLO

It's good that you've got that strong political clout in Kansas City. Either we stand together in this thing of ours, or we'll crumble by the wayside.

GALLUCCIO

We can't allow non-union guys to sell memberships of Cosa Nostra and bogart on another boss's territory. Some day, my beloved nephew, Tommy, he's going to be the *Godfather of Kansas City*, and he's going to control all the unions in the Teamsters.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - (AGAIN) - DAY

GALLUCCIO returns to the present. He scans the tastefully decorated room with eyes of sheer contentment.

GALLUCCIO

My Uncle Angie's folks, my dear grandparents, they came to this goddam country with nothing. They both died poor and with nothing. They left my Uncle Angie, my old man, and their other brothers and sisters with nothing at all. I'll take a bullet straight to my head before somebody

(MORE)

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)
comes along and snatches the Teamsters
from up under us.

SHELLENBERGER displays a look of sadness.

SHELLENBERGER
Tommy, let's hope that I can beat
this case.

GALLUCCIO displays a cunning smile.

GALLUCCIO
I've got somebody in mind who'd be
willing to take a real big payoff.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

MASON SHELLENBERGER is on federal trial inside courtroom D. A secretary for the Local Union Forty-Five, RICHARD DELANEY, has been duly sworn and gives a crucial testimony before a packed courtroom. A special federal prosecuting attorney for the Western District of Missouri, BRIAN WODDELL, questions RICHARD about his affairs with the designated union.

BRIAN
Will you state your full name for
the record, please sir?

RICHARD
Richard Anthony Delaney.

BRIAN
And how are you presently employed?

RICHARD
Secretary for the Mid-American Truck
Lines.

BRIAN
Okay, Mr. Delaney. Are you presently
a member of the Local Union Forty-
Five, the Teamsters Union?

RICHARD
Yes.

BRIAN
How long have you been a member of
Local Forty-Five?

RICHARD
Since nineteen seventy-two.

BRIAN

Are you presently a candidate for office?

RICHARD

Yes.

BRIAN

Which office is that?

RICHARD

Treasurer.

BRIAN

Now, Mr. Delaney, have you ever held an office in Local Union Forty-Five?

RICHARD

Yes.

BRIAN

And which office is that?

RICHARD

Recording secretary.

BRIAN

What were your duties as a recording secretary?

RICHARD

Taking down minutes of the important resolutions that went on in the membership meetings.

BRIAN

Were you also to attend executive board meetings and take down the minutes?

RICHARD

Yes.

BRIAN

During those meetings, when you took down minutes as recording secretary, did you do your best to include all the matters passed by the board or membership?

RICHARD

Yes.

BRIAN

Did you ever intentionally leave anything out of your handwritten minutes?

RICHARD

No.

BRIAN

Mr. Delaney, didn't you willfully and knowingly make false and fictitious entries for labor organizations, and secretly increased union dues for thousands of union members, all at the request of Mr. Mason Shellenberger?

RICHARD

Well.....I.....

BRIAN

Well, what's your answer, Mr. Delaney?

RICHARD glances over at the defense table. He notices the intimidating stare on the face of SHELLENBERGER.

RICHARD

No, no, I didn't.

BRIAN

I don't believe you're telling us the truth about the meetings you were at, Mr. Delaney.

Renowned defense attorney, MICHAEL CURREN, shoots out of his chair from over at the defense table.

MICHAEL

Your honor, if the prosecution is going to ask questions of the witness about these meetings, I would like for him to ascertain whether he is testifying under the doctrine of past recollection that was recorded from the actual minutes.

The presiding judge, ALFRED MCNEAL, makes a grunting gesture and nods his head.

MCNEAL

Sustained. You may continue, Mr. Woddell.

BRIAN

Thank you, your honor. There'll be no further questions.

MICHAEL CURREN confidently approaches the witness stand to cross-examine RICHARD DELANEY.

MICHAEL

Mr. Delaney, you don't have any independent memory of what took place at any of those meetings, do you?

RICHARD

No.

MICHAEL

I guess that qualifies no past recollection. None of them were made at the time that you were at any of the meetings?

RICHARD

No, they weren't.

MICHAEL

Wasn't there a token of appreciation for the work, time, and energy expended by my client, Mr. Mason Shellenberger, on behalf of Local Union Forty-Five?

RICHARD

Yes, there was.

MICHAEL

To the best of your knowledge, did Mr. Mason Shellenberger authorize a one-hundred thousand dollar bonus for himself?

RICHARD exhales lightly, as he nervously glances out at SHELLENBERGER.

RICHARD

No.

MICHAEL

Did the esteemed president, Mr. Mason Shellenberger, on behalf of Local Union Forty-Five, recommend to delegates a resolution authorizing a payment of one-hundred thousand dollars to be paid for the compensation for vacations that he

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
had not used in the past years or
so?

RICHARD
No, that's not true at all.

MICHAEL
Are you testifying that you have no
independent memory, Mr. Delaney?

RICHARD
Yes, I am.

MICHAEL
I have no further questions, your
honor.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

A JURY FOREMAN stands before a semi-quiet courtroom holding
the verdict sheet.

JURY FOREMAN
We the jury, find the defendant,
Mason Lowenstein Shellenberger, not
guilty on all charges.

SHELLENBERGER and MICHAEL embrace one another rather tightly.
The CROWD files peacefully out of the courtroom.

EXT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

On the back lawn of the legendary Pendergast Mansion, many
GUESTS have come to pay tribute to the thirty-fifth wedding
anniversary of TOMMY and PHYLLIS GALLUCCIO. The GALLUCCIO
couple hold up champagne glasses for a toast.

GALLUCCIO
I'd like to propose a toast to my
beautiful and supportive wife of
thirty-five years.

PHYLLIS
And I'd like to propose a toast to
my handsome and wonderful husband of
thirty-five years.

A heartfelt expression falters on the face of GALLUCCIO.

GALLUCCIO
Phyllis, you're a very special woman,
and you've always made my life
complete.

A spark of happiness fills the eyes of PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS

Tommy, you've always been good to me for these thirty-five wonderful years. There's not a man more special on this Earth than you.

GALLUCCIO

When I first set eyes on you, Phyllis, I knew that you were that special one. My whole life changed the day that I met you.

PHYLLIS

Tommy, I'm looking forward to another thirty-five wonderful years with you.

GALLUCCIO

So am I, Phyllis.

The striking COUPLE kiss and hug one another. Lovingly, they daze into the eyes of one another. The many of GUESTS erupt into applauses and whistles and laughter. GALLUCCIO excuses himself to have a private talk with SHELLENBERGER.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

Shell, get Joey Weinberg and the Chicago bosses on the phone. Also, I want all the captains and soldiers to be a part of this important meeting.

SHELLENBERGER

Anything else, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO

That's it for now.

SHELLENBERGER

Consider it done, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

The feds and their G-men are going to be sniffing up our asses harder than the horniest male dogs.

SHELLENBERGER

I'll go and make those calls right now.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - (DAYS LATER) - DAY

Inside the immaculately-decorated dining room, MAFIOSOS from around the Midwestern territories are having an important meeting. GALLUCCIO acknowledges the presence of the supreme bosses, CARMINE and MICHAEL BERNAZZOLI, the Chicago Outfit leaders who control everything west of Chicago. Both BOSSES are in their late fifties with thick black and gray hair.

GALLUCCIO

Men, we are honored to be in the presence of two men who are a man's man. When I say this, I speak for myself and everyone present, how it is a great pleasure and privilege to have Carmine and Mikey Bernazzoli in attendance at this important meeting.

The Midwestern MAFIOSOS bow their heads in respect. CARMINE BERNAZZOLI points over at GALLUCCIO.

CARMINE

Tommy's also a man's man. He's someone we've come to trust and respect.

MICHAEL BERNAZZOLI gives strong eye contact to all the MEN.

MICHAEL

Men, everyone should be honored to be guests here in the Pendergast Mansion. We are thankful to Tommy for putting this meeting together. Tommy's a man of honor, and we've come to appreciate that greatly.

GALLUCCIO lifts his cocktail glass in the air.

GALLUCCIO

Men, it's time to get things out in the open. We've got big problems that I'm sure you already know about.

SHELLENBERGER has intense worry on his face.

SHELLENBERGER

The FBI Agent heading to Kansas City?

GALLUCCIO

(crackled voice)

Yes, the goddam FBI Agent coming to Kansas City!

SHELLENBERGER

Washington D.C. is sending him down here to Kansas City real soon.

GALLUCCIO
(irritably)
Yeah, Carlo and some of our contacts
in Washington already told me.

SHELLENBERGER
What are we going to do, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO has great worry etched onto his face.

GALLUCCIO
Recently, Carlo introduced me to an
older broad who works as a file clerk
in the FBI's office.

SHELLENBERGER projects a curious stare at GALLUCCIO.

SHELLENBERGER
How's she going to help us?

GALLUCCIO
This broad has access to all types
of files in the FBI's office.

SHELLENBERGER
That's some heavy duty shit, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO
In fact, she can get this agent's
name who's coming down from
Washington, and exactly where he'll
be staying once he gets here to Kansas
City.

SHELLENBERGER
(fizzles)
Shit!

GALLUCCIO
Men, the pressure's gonna come down
on all of us.

SHELLENBERGER
The U. S. Attorney's Office is ready
to drop a ton of boulders on top of
our heads.

GALLUCCIO
This broad is friendly with women
who supervises the division of the
prosecutor's office who handles
complaints about those selfish pricks
who aren't making their child support
payments. In fact, a couple of these
women are married to FBI Agents.

CARMINE interjects with a dictorial hand signal.

CARMINE

When is this agent supposed to be in
Kansas City?

GALLUCCIO clears his throat.

GALLUCCIO

Next week.

MICHAEL exchanges inquisitive eye contact with GALLUCCIO.

MICHAEL

Is there a name, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO

Not yet, Mikey. Understand he's some
Hispanic guy.

CARMINE softly giggles.

CARMINE

They're sending a spic to K.C. to
investigate us?

GALLUCCIO

(snarls)

The goddam government just don't
quit! They're still pissed off about
Shell beating that embezzlement case.

CARMINE

And their way of retaliating is to
sick one of their federal pitbulls
on us.

GALLUCCIO

Shell beating that last case, they
look at it like a spit right in the
face.

CARMINE

Tell us more about this broad.

GALLUCCIO sucks in and exhales a strong breath.

GALLUCCIO

When my Uncle Angie was still alive,
she helped him with some tax
collector's property tax receipts
that he needed for getting some
license plates and property lease
documents.

MICHAEL abruptly interjects.

MICHAEL

Do you trust her, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO

Sure, I trust her. She'll give us the information that we need, and that's all that counts at this point.

MICHAEL

What exactly will we have to do for her?

GALLUCCIO

Grease her palms real good. Nothing more.

MICHAEL

Her name?

GALLUCCIO

(nonchalantly)

Sally McNeil.

MICHAEL

Guess that's the name of a broad that you can trust.

As the meeting proceeds, GALLUCCIO turns his full attention to a corrupt senator who represents Jackson County in Kansas City, Missouri, JOSEPH WEINBERG, a semi-handsome Jewish man with thinning salt and pepper hair in his early sixties.

GALLUCCIO

Joey, you're gonna have to help us out on this one.

SENATOR WEINBERG returns a tender smile at GALLUCCIO.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Tommy, you've been good to me the last few years. You've made substantial contributions to my political campaigns over the years. You've been good to all the staff in my office, not to mention all the other special favors you've given me.

GALLUCCIO

And that's why we'd like to ask this special favor of you.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Just name it, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

This Sally McNeil gaining access to those private FBI files won't be easy. With you being a senator strongly representing Jackson County, can you use your contacts to help us infiltrate that FBI office?

SENATOR WEINBERG

(confidently)

Shouldn't be a problem. Senate hearings occur all the time. Some of those hearings require information from FBI sources who usually hand over documents from their field office.

GALLUCCIO

You see, Joey, when Sally's in that FBI's office, we're going to need workers in that very office to look the other way. We don't need no shit like Watergate happening all over again right here in Kansas City.

SENATOR WEINBERG

I personally know several agents who work out of that office. I can arrange for the right agents to disappear while she's getting the information you're needing. All you have to do is let me know the exact time she'll be present in their offices.

GALLUCCIO

Joey, don't know what we'd do without you.

SENATOR WEINBERG gives GALLUCCIO a discerned look.

SENATOR WEINBERG

For the record, Tommy, with the federal government cracking down on organized crime and the Teamsters all over the country, there's a chance everybody might feel the pinch.

GALLUCCIO

Everybody? Whaddaya mean, everybody?

SENATOR WEINBERG

Before long, the feds up there in Washington, they're going to be on our backs.

GALLUCCIO

Not you guys. Why would they come after you?

SENATOR WEINBERG

Officials with The Department of Labor are coming down hard on everybody. Questions about politicians on the city, state, county, and federal levels, not monitoring unions in the fashion that pleases them, have become part of their agendas.

CARMINE points his authoritative finger at SENATOR WEINBERG.

CARMINE

Question stands, Senator, can you handle this piece of work for us?

SENATOR WEINBERG

Should be a breeze, Carmine.

GALLUCCIO looks around at everyone with exclusivity.

GALLUCCIO

They're putting heat on Teamsters officials all over the fucking country!

SHELLENBERGER aggressively nods.

SHELLENBERGER

Just when we thought we'd gotten those cocksuckers off our backs.

GALLUCCIO

(huffs)

Exactly!

CARMINE nods with sheer disappointment.

CARMINE

This go round, the government's serious.

MICHAEL points to everyone at the table.

MICHAEL

Either we move fast, or we're all dead meat.

GALLUCCIO

Like I told ya earlier, they're pissed-the-fuck-off that Shell beat that embezzlement case.

CARMINE

Sounds like it's become a personal vendetta against us.

SHELLENBERGER

What are we going to do about this agent when he gets to Kansas City?

GALLUCCIO speaks in a strong, Napoleonic voice.

GALLUCCIO

I say he's gotta be hit. Carmine and Mikey, with your permission and your blessings, I'd say we take out this G-man once he gets here to Kansas City.

CARMINE

Tommy, my permission and my blessings you already have.

MICHAEL

Like my brother, Tommy, you also have my permission and my blessings.

SHELLENBERGER moves quite aggressively in his chair.

SHELLENBERGER

(coarse voice)

Say what!

CARMINE

Something wrong, Shell?

SHELLENBERGER

Talk about heat. We bump this G-man off, the feds and their watchdogs will come after us with everything they've got.

MICHAEL

Not if the hit is executed the right way. It's never what you do, Shell, but it's how you do it.

SHELLENBERGER

Are you sure, Mikey? Now's not the time for the feds to be sticking their hot blowtorches up our asses.

CARMINE respectfully hisses at SHELLENBERGER.

CARMINE

Shell, do you know what we're up against? Do you realize what we stand to lose? Wasn't it you who told us that if this agent finishes his matter of business here in Kansas City, that all of us will be crippled to our knees? Toted into jail cells?

SHELLENBERGER

Sure, Carmine, I said all of that. If he collects all of his data from the local FBI files, and then takes all of that information back to Washington, the U. S. Attorney's Office can build a strong case against us and the Teamsters. If solid indictments and convictions come down, then we're all finished.

CARMINE

(revved voice)

My point exactly. Normally, we don't clip honest FBI Agents or cops or politicians, not unless we do special favors for them, and then they turn around and fuck us royally. But in this case, this agent has gotta be hit.

MICHAEL nods in agreement with his brother.

MICHAEL

Carmine's right. Every since the days of Capone and Giancana, coppers and sheriffs and G-men were left alone. But we're dealing with some real serious shit here. Keep in mind, Shell, the bosses from the old days were the ones who built this Teamsters empire into what it is today. Ask yourself, do we really want to jeopardize our '*billion dollar baby*' that we've nurtured over the years?

GALLUCCIO arises from his chair to slip a tape into the VCR. He presses the play button to a large widescreen television.

GALLUCCIO

Men, this explains what we're going up against.

Flashing across the widescreen television is a top reporter with NBC News in New York, GEORGE HEDDINGS. HE reports a recent story surrounding controversy with organized crime figures and The Teamsters Union. All the MAFIOSOS present tune in tight to the television.

GEORGE

(from on the tv screen)

The Justice Department moved to wipe the mob out of The Teamsters once and for all. Armed with over two-hundred criminal convictions of Teamsters officials and Mafia members within the last twenty years, the Justice Department is suing to have the top national union officials thrown out of office.

GALLUCCIO pauses the television.

GALLUCCIO

(angrily)

It only fucking gets worse!

He presses the play button. As a part of the same news segment, a top New York U. S. Attorney, STEVEN LEONARD, appears onto the widescreen television standing before a podium and a large crowd of PEOPLE.

STEVEN

(from on the tv screen)

Today, the United States Government is bringing a major lawsuit to attack and reverse, once and for all, a major American scandal, organized crime's unholy alliance with the Teamsters Union is coming to an end.

GALLUCCIO angrily presses the stop button.

GALLUCCIO

You see, they're blowing flames up the asses of every Teamsters official. That includes Shell, too.

CARMINE

The contract for this agent's head is already in the works.

MICHAEL

As we all know, a hit like this can't be carried out without us covering up our tracks.

GALLUCCIO breathes rather deeply.

GALLUCCIO

Either we clip this G-man now, or we're all headed straight to the poorhouse, maybe even the jailhouse.

MICHAEL

A little extra manpower for this job wouldn't hurt things.

CARMINE

Tommy, you can brief your men on the ins and outs of clipping this G-man. Mikey and I can ship some backup guys into Kansas City from one of our street crews in Chicago.

GALLUCCIO

Who'd you have in mind?

CARMINE

Calabrese and Gagliano. They're the best from our toughest street crew in Chicago.

MICHAEL

They can serve as backup shooters for your men.

GALLUCCIO

We haven't been rode this hard with Teamsters affairs since Bobby Kennedy rode Hoffa back in the fifties.

CARMINE

Hoffa would roll back over into his grave if he saw what was going on right now.

MICHAEL

Now the sons of J. Edgar Hoover are coming after us with everything they've got. Whatcha think Hoover would try and do to us if he was still alive?

CARMINE

That half-fag would be on his knees sucking another faggot's dick.

MICHAEL

Correction. That whole fag would be on his knees sucking another faggot's dick.

GALLUCCIO stretches out his arm to the middle of the table.

GALLUCCIO

Men, before we leave here today, I'd like to tell you all that I made a promise to my dying Uncle Angie. I promised him that I'd never go back to those crazy, destructive days of the River Quay Wars. I promised him that I wouldn't go around clipping guys unless it was absolutely necessary. Bumping off Leonetti down in the River Quay was definitely necessary. Bombing his car certainly helped get that thorn out of our sides. But we all agree that clipping this G-man is absolutely necessary.

The meeting among the Midwestern MAFIOSOS adjourns.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

On Grand Avenue in downtown Kansas City, a petite woman with reddish-brown and coiffed hair is seen, SALLY MCNEIL, driving up in front of a granite building. The complex serves as a federal courthouse and offices for the FBI and for SENATORS and CONGRESSMEN.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

On the fifth floor of the federal courthouse, SALLY walks across a carpeted area and to the doorway of the FBI office. She is an FBI file clerk who reports to work at eight o'clock a.m. Using a digitally-sensored identification card, the locks on the hard oak door click and allows her entry. A RECEPTIONIST sitting behind an enclosed glass area greets her with a bright smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Morning Sally.

SALLY

Morning Marsha.

SALLY walks down a long carpeted hallway and notices that very few AGENTS are in their offices. The plan orchestrated by SENATOR WEINBERG and the MAFIOSOS seem to have fallen into place. She knows that she has to move fast; therefore rushes to the file room for information about upcoming investigations. She pulls a file for an active investigation involving The Teamsters Union and organized crime in Kansas City. Next, she goes to one of the running computers for further information.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

This is who they'll be looking for.

SALLY prints out vital information about the FBI SPECIAL AGENT on his way to Kansas City.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

GALLUCCIO and SHELLENBERGER meet in the den of his enormous mansion. Preliminary plans for the killing of the FBI SPECIAL AGENT are still in the works.

SHELLENBERGER

I'm sure I can get access to the information about which hotel this G-man will be staying at.

GALLUCCIO

How?

SHELLENBERGER

He'll be on the lists at one of the Kansas City hotels.

GALLUCCIO

And you can get access to those lists?

SHELLENBERGER

At my disposal.

GALLUCCIO

How about access to names on the hotel rosters?

SHELLENBERGER

Fred Weinstein has access to all the hotel rosters around the city.

GALLUCCIO

Good.

SHELLENBERGER

Once Fred passes the information on to me, then I'll pass the information on to you.

GALLUCCIO

Calabrese and Gagliano will be in from Chicago tomorrow. We better move fast if we're going to bump this G-man off.

SHELLENBERGER

I agree.

GALLUCCIO

When are you supposed to meet with this Sally McNeil broad?

SHELLENBERGER

Tomorrow.

GALLUCCIO

Let's just hope everything goes as planned.

SHELLENBERGER

Don't we all.

GALLUCCIO

Once you get the information from her, I'll be passing the same information on to my men.

INT. CAR OF SHELLENBERGER - DAY

SHELLENBERGER has his car parked on a side street in the West Bottoms near a set of railroad tracks. Inside his car, he hands SALLY MCNEIL a thick envelope with cash, while she hands him a large brown envelope with federal documents.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

Days following the meeting with the Midwestern MAFIOSOS, GALLUCCIO summons four contract killers to his mansion. First, he briefs two feared executioners from his Kansas City Mafia Family, FRANCISCO "FRANKIE BONECUTTER" PROVENZANO, and ROBERT "BOBBY CRUSHER" RANDAZZO, two vicious killers in every sense of the word.

PROVENZANO has menacing dark eyes, a compact build, and a head of thick black hair. RANDAZZO is short, stocky built, and has a smooth olive complexion.

GALLUCCIO

Do you understand how this hit is supposed to be carried out?

The sinister, dark eyes of PROVENZANO are directed at GALLUCCIO.

PROVENZANO

We fully understand, Tommy.

RANDAZZO signals with a strong head gesture.

RANDAZZO

Yeah, every single detail.

GALLUCCIO holds up a photo of the AGENT, who is due to arrive in Kansas City the following day.

GALLUCCIO

This is who you'll be snuffing out.

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO study the photo carefully.

PROVENZANO

So, this is the G-man they're sending down from Washington?

RANDAZZO

For us, this picture is worth a million words and a few bullets.

PROVENZANO

Did Shell's people find out which hotel he'll be staying at?

GALLUCCIO produces a mischevious grin.

GALLUCCIO

The Holiday Inn in Westport.

PROVENZANO

Doesn't matter where he'll be staying here in K.C., he's gonna get clipped.

GALLUCCIO

You men are going to be equipped with pistols, walkie talkies, all-black clothing, binoculars, and a getaway driver.

PROVENZANO

The job should go smoothly.

GALLUCCIO

(jolts)

Frankie and Bobby, I don't want no goddam screwups! Carmine and Mikey wanted to send a hit team in from Chicago to do the job. Since this Agent's coming on Kansas City turf, then I asked them to let me handle most of the arrangements.

PROVENZANO

I promise, Tommy, there won't be no fuckups.

GALLUCCIO points to two more vicious killers, LOUIE CALABRESE and BART GAGLIANO out of Chicago, a pair of men in their early forties with solid builds and frightening appearances.

GALLUCCIO

Frankie and Bobby, this is Louie Calabrese and Bart Gagliano. They're from Carmine and Mikey's top Chicago

(MORE)

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)
street crew. We're going to use them
as backup shooters.

Handshakes and smiles among the four MAFIOSOS take place.

PROVENZANO
We're going to pump as many shots
into this FBI punk as possible.

RANDAZZO
Tommy, he's as good as dead.

INT. KANSAS CITY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A tall, lean, and very handsome Puerto Rican man, WILFREDO FELICIANO, walks over to the baggage carousel inside the semi-busy airport. He is an FBI Special Agent assigned to come to Kansas City from Washington, D.C. The deep piercing eyes of PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO watch every move of FELICIANO.

PROVENZANO
There's our man.

RANDAZZO
That's him alright.

PROVENZANO
Too bad he won't be leaving K.C.
alive.

RANDAZZO
That you can rest assure.

FELICIANO grabs his luggage off the carousel. PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO discreetly exit the airport.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE (FBI OFFICE) - DAY

FBI Special Agent, WILFREDO FELICIANO, searches through a sophisticated FBI computer database inside Kansas City's FBI Field Office. Top secret information showcases organized crime figures who have been linked with the Teamsters Union in Kansas City over the years.

FELICIANO
(gruffs)
Wow!

One of FELICIANO'S FBI colleagues, FBI Special Agent DYLAN HUNTER, a slim-built man of medium height, steps away from his desk to see what has excited FELICIANO.

DYLAN
What is it, Willie F?

FELICIANO

What hasn't Shellenberger done when it comes to running the Teamsters here in Kansas City?

DYLAN

He's quite a remarkably durable guy.

FELICIANO

That's to say the least.

DYLAN

Those River Quay Wars opened up vast territory for the Teamsters here in Kansas City. There's no doubt in anybody's mind that Angelo Galluccio had a lot of those River Quay businesses blown to the high heavens.

FELICIANO

Yeah, I remember hearing about the River Quay wars here in Kansas City when I was a kid.

A vivid picture of SHELLENBERGER appears across the computer screen with his criminal stats. FELICIANO points to some of the crimes SHELLENBERGER has been indicted for.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

He's violated most of the RICO statutes. Jesus Christ, Dylan, Shellenberger has violated companies, corporations, firms, associations, and organizations by extorting in the aid of racketeering, embezzlement of union funds, welfare and pension funds, unauthorized payments by employers to their employees, and to officials of labor organizations.

FELICIANO studies more information on the computer screen, as his head swings back and forth.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

Shellenberger was also indicted for the falsification of reports and maintenance of records by unions and union officials, deprivation of the rights of a union member by force, obstruction of justice, obstruction of criminal investigations, obstruction of state or local law enforcement, and travel and transportation in the aid of racketeering.

FELICIANO inhales strongly from amazement, since SHELLENBERGER has evaded the law every step of the way.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

They tried indicting him for the transmission of bets, wagers, and related information by wire communications, perjury, mail fraud, false declarations, interstate transportation of wagering paraphernalia, and the prohibition of illegal gambling businesses.

DYLAN moves closer to the computer screen and points to the vivid photo of SHELLENBERGER.

DYLAN

Some good attorneys and a few breaks will get those big-time union bosses off most of the time.

FELICIANO guides his finger across the computer screen.

FELICIANO

Says here that he's had ongoing ties with the Galluccio Kansas City crime family.

DYLAN

Shellenberger's been the Teamsters Union boss here in Kansas City for nearly thirty years.

FELICIANO

Also says that Angelo Galluccio was the organized crime leader of Kansas City for nearly thirty years until his death at the Federal Penitentiary in Springfield, Missouri.

DYLAN

The numbers match up precisely. Galluccio handpicked Shellenberger when he became the anointed boss. It's a known fact that he used him to help put the finishing touches on Vegas back in the sixties and seventies.

FELICIANO

Who's the big boss now?

DYLAN

Good question. If there's still members of that crime family running around here in Kansas City, then hopefully somebody can lead us straight to the hierarchy.

FELICIANO

If the Galluccio family is still functional, then some of the members will lead us to the hierarchy.

DYLAN

If we can take out the hierarchy, then Shellenberger and the rest of the family will be in total disarray.

FELICIANO

Hope this is enough information to take back to Washington with me.

DYLAN

I think it's more than enough.

FELICIANO

Surely, those ambitious federal prosecutors and U.S. Attorneys in Washington can build a solid case from this information.

DYLAN

And finally send Shellenberger and his Mafia cronies where they belong.

FELICIANO

There's got to be big political clout behind Shellenberger.

DYLAN

Why do you think Hoover stayed away from the mob for so long?

FELICIANO turns to look up at a photo of J. Edgar Hoover hanging on the wall.

FELICIANO

Our former, now deceased boss, huh?

DYLAN

A lot of those guys had politicians and judges and police chiefs right in their hip pockets.

FELICIANO

It's a known fact that Tom Pendergast had Kansas City hemmed up.

DYLAN

Like Capone had Chicago hemmed up, Pendergast practically owned Kansas City at one time.

FELICIANO zooms in closer on the face of SHELLENBERGER.

FELICIANO

The fun for Shellenberger and his Mafia cronies are coming to an end.

DYLAN

Isn't that the truth.

FELICIANO

Speaking of fun. Hey Dylan, any good nightclubs in Kansas City?

DYLAN

Aren't you staying at the Holiday Inn in Westport?

FELICIANO

Yeah.

DYLAN

Kelly's Inn Westport. You'll love that spot.

FELICIANO

Then Kelly's it is.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO, CALABRESE, and GAGLIANO are all inside an abandoned warehouse in the West Bottoms. Cautiously, all four MAFIOSOS clean their pistols and check their walkie talkies. PROVENZANO turns his full attention to RANDAZZO.

PROVENZANO

Bobby, you remember Tommy's orders?

RANDAZZO

Play-by-play, Frankie.

PROVENZANO

How many shots?

RANDAZZO

Until our pistols are empty.

PROVENZANO turns his attention over to CALABRESE and GAGLIANO.

PROVENZANO

Louie, do you remember Tommy's orders?

CALABRESE

Like a prime piece of pussy that
I've been fucking for a long time.

PROVENZANO

Bart, how about you?

GAGLIANO

Like a pair of musty old underwear
that I change everyday.

PROVENZANO holds his .38 revolver up to his face.

PROVENZANO

What happens if we miss our target
or our pistols jam up?

CALABRESE

Fall in behind you guys and start
blasting away.

GAGLIANO

Make sure he's dead from lead
poisoning.

PROVENZANO

Okay, the driver's already been given
his instructions. Let's move out,
men.

INT. KELLY'S INN WESTPORT - NIGHT

A Mafia soldier shipped in from Chicago, SILVIO SASSO, keeps a very close eye on FELICIANO inside Kelly's Inn Westport. It is an immensely popular nightclub in the thriving Westport District of Kansas City. SASSO watches FELICIANO weave through the thick CROWD in his nice, tailor-made suit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

SASSO is in the men's restroom with his body pressed to the entrance door for means of privacy. He switches on his miniature walkie talkie.

SASSO

(into walkie talkie)
Frankie Bonecutter, Frankie
Bonecutter.

SASSO waits a few seconds. No response from PROVENZANO comes over his walkie talkie.

SASSO (CONT'D)
(into walkie talkie)
Come in, Frankie Bonecutter.

A crackling noise shoots through the walkie talkie.

PROVENZANO
(over walkie talkie)
This is Frankie Bonecutter. Sasso,
am I coming in clear?

SASSO confirms the clear reception.

SASSO
(into walkie talkie)
Yes, Frankie Bonecutter, your response
is clear.

PROVENZANO
(over walkie talkie)
Where are you posted now?

SASSO
(into walkie talkie)
In the bathroom at Kelly's Inn.

PROVENZANO
(over walkie talkie)
What's the latest?

SASSO
(into walkie talkie)
Feliciano's out in the club having a
few drinks.

PROVENZANO
(over walkie talkie)
Don't let him out of your sight.

SASSO
(into walkie talkie)
Definitely not. Where are you guys
now?

PROVENZANO
(over walkie talkie)
We're going to be leaving the
warehouse in the West Bottoms. We'll
be en route to Westport real soon.

SASSO
 (into walkie talkie)
 I'll be posted up in the club until
 he leaves.

PROVENZANO
 (over walkie talkie)
 The second he's steps out of Kelly's,
 I want you to contact us.

SASSO
 (into walkie talkie)
 You've got it, Frankie.

SASSO shuts off his walkie talkie and exits the restroom.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Inside a 1977 Caprice Classic with dark smoked windows, PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are in the front seat riding with the GETAWAY DRIVER. In the backseat are CALABRESE and GAGLIANO. All four MAFIOSOS check their pistols and walkie talkies for final precautionary measures. PROVENZANO gives the final orders to the other three MEN.

PROVENZANO
 Men, we're about to do something
 that we've never done since we've
 all been made guys in the Galluccio
 and Bernazzoli families. We're going
 to be taking out an FBI Agent. As
 you already know, this is some serious
 shit, nothing to be taken lightly.
 Sasso, our watchdog from Chicago,
 he's posted up right now in Kelly's.
 He'll be the key to us staying on
 schedule when it's time to hit this
 G-man. Bobby, the second he steps
 out of the club, we're going to rush
 up on him and start blasting away.
 Remember this, G-men usually keep
 their service revolvers on them at
 all times.

RANDAZZO
 Which is saying that he'll probably
 have a pistol on him.

PROVENZANO
 Nine times out of ten, yes. Bobby,
 you and I are gonna have to blast on
 this guy way before he can reach for
 his pistol, before he can even get
 one shot off. And for Christ's sake,
 (MORE)

PROVENZANO (CONT'D)
we've got to be perfect with our
aims. We don't want to accidentally
hit none of the innocent bystanders.

RANDAZZO
We blast away at him and run like
fucking demons out of hell.

PROVENZANO shifts his attention back at CALABRESE and
GAGLIANO.

PROVENZANO
(intensely)
Bart and Louie, are you ready?

GAGLIANO signals by holding up his pistol.

GAGLIANO
Ready.

CALABRESE also holds up his pistol.

CALABRESE
Same here.

The GETAWAY DRIVER cruises into the busy Westport District
and parks in a dark lot down the street from Kelly's. A
crackling noise comes over the walkie talkie of PROVENZANO.

SASSO
(over walkie talkie)
Come in, Frankie Bonecutter. Come
in, Frankie Bonecutter.

PROVENZANO moves his walkie talkie close to his mouth.

PROVENZANO
(into walkie talkie)
Sasso, what's the latest?

SASSO
(over walkie talkie)
Feliciano's coming out of the club.

PROVENZANO
(into walkie talkie)
How's the crowd in front of Kelly's?

SASSO
(over walkie talkie)
Real heavy.

PROVENZANO
 (into walkie talkie)
 Goddammit!

SASSO
 (over walkie talkie)
 You men better make your move now.

EXT. KELLY'S INN WESTPORT - NIGHT

FELICIANO steps out of KELLY'S and into the midst of a massive CROWD on the sidewalk. PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO rush from behind a smoking hotdog stand with their pistols drawn. FELICIANO sees them and reaches for his service revolver, but realizes it's much too late. Both MAFIOSOS immediately open fire on FELICIANO with their fully-loaded pistols.

FELICIANO
 (excruciating shout)
 Ooooooooooooooh my gooooooooooooood!

FELICIANO jumps forward and then falls backwards. The first shot comes from the pistol of PROVENZANO. The bullet pierces FELICIANO into his right hip. By now, he is disoriented and lunges closer to the sidewalk. His service revolver goes slinging into the street. The CROWD is in absolute hysteria. They can be heard screaming and wildly dispersing to other areas of the Westport District.

With both pistols being fired simultaneously, a series of gunshots go crashing into the skull, stomach, and chest of FELICIANO. A very frightened bystander, SHEILA BRIDGESTONE, stands at the doorway of Kelly's crying and screaming while cupping her mouth with both hands. She sees that both SHOOTERS have their faces partially covered.

SHEILA
 (screechy yell)
 Noooooooooooooo!

Blood and jellyish brain matter splatters all over the sidewalk. A trio of cars violently crash at the busy intersection of Westport Road and Pennsylvania Avenue. While fleeing the gruesome murder scene, there is a frightening, split-second eye contact between PROVENZANO and SHEILA. The bullet-riddled body of FELICIANO lies in a pool of his own blood.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - NIGHT

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are running behind CALABRESE and GAGLIANO down a busy street. The four MAFIOSOS yell into their walkie talkies.

PROVENZANO

(into walkie talkie)

The job's done! I repeat, the job's done!

RANDAZZO

(into walkie talkie)

Let's get ready to move out! I repeat, let's get ready to move out!

CALABRESE

(into walkie talkie)

Start the car up! We're on our way!

GAGLIANO

(into walkie talkie)

We're en route to the car!

DRIVER

(over the walkie talkie)

The car's running and we'll be ready to take off.

EXT. KELLY'S INN WESTPORT - (HOUR LATER) - NIGHT

Ambulances and firetrucks and police squad cars are at the scene of the brutal murder. PARAMEDICS attend to FBI Agent WILFREDO FELICIANO. He is pronounced dead at the scene. News vans and hungry REPORTERS rush to the horrific scene. A lead homicide detective with the KCPD, BRITTANY GOLDBERG, who is a strikingly beautiful woman with feathered, strawberry blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, and a very shapely body, ducks under the crime scene tape. She consults with a twenty-five year veteran homicide detective, Captain JERRY OVERSTREET, a tall and lean man with a thick mustache and flyaway brown hair.

BRITTANY

What do we have here, Jerry?

OVERSTREET

A one-eighty-seven of an FBI Special Agent.

BRITTANY

You're kidding me!

OVERSTREET

Happened almost an hour ago.

BRITTANY

Any positive identification of the victim?

OVERSTREET

Been identified as Wilfredo Feliciano. Sent down from Washington to investigate the Teamsters Union's ties with organized crime.

BRITTANY

Any recognizable motive?

OVERSTREET

None at the moment. Looks like the work of a bunch of hoodlums from a Mafia family.

BRITTANY

Any witnesses?

OVERSTREET

Some woman, Goldberg. She claimed to have seen something while coming out of Kelly's.

BRITTANY and OVERSTREET step over to the medical examiner's van where the stretcher holds the body of FELICIANO. BRITTANY unzips the bodybag and studies the gunshot wounds to the head of FELICIANO.

BRITTANY

What a handsome fella he was.

OVERSTREET

What a waste to have lost one of the FBI's own at such a young age.

BRITTANY zips the bodybag up, while WORKERS load the stretcher into the back of the medical examiner's van.

OVERSTREET (CONT'D)

This had to be a professional job.

BRITTANY

What'd you say, Jerry?

OVERSTREET

Either the Galluccio family here in Kansas City, or the powerful Mafia family out of Chicago, had to be behind Feliciano's murder.

BRITTANY

I thought Angelo Galluccio died in the Federal Penitentiary down in Springfield, Missouri.

OVERSTREET

He did. Somebody within that crime family had to have taken over. There couldn't have been a void left within the Galluccios.

BRITTANY

You're saying there are surviving beneficiaries within the Galluccio crime family here in Kansas City?

OVERSTREET

When the government put Angelo Galluccio away for skimming those millions from Las Vegas casinos, all the members in his family didn't go down with him.

BRITTANY

From what I recall, the government did a clean sweep on all those Mafiosos in the entire Midwest.

OVERSTREET

Let's just hope this Special Agent getting taken out tonight isn't a throwback to the River Quay Wars.

BRITTANY

What makes you say that?

OVERSTREET

The River Quay Wars of the seventies was about mob goons here in Kansas City fighting over who's gonna control the Teamsters. Besides, Washington sent that Special Agent down here to investigate the Teamsters.

BRITTANY

We'll find out soon enough.

OVERSTREET

Look Goldberg, if anyone from the crime lab finds any clothing, fingerprints, fibers, hairs, or tire and foot impressions, I want it rushed to the lab right away. I want all reports on my desk bright and early by tomorrow morning.

BRITTANY

What about the witness?

OVERSTREET points to the side of Kelly's Inn.

OVERSTREET

Find out what you can from the woman who was standing in the doorway of Kelly's when they gunned down Feliciano.

BRITTANY

You've got it, Jerry.

BRITTANY walks over to the star witness. An attractive and medium-built brunette, SHEILA BRIDGESTONE, commences to answer questions about the brutal murder of FELICIANO. BRITTANY uses a small notepad to take notes.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Miss, what exactly did you witness here in front of Kelly's?

SHEILA

Detective, I was coming out of Kelly's Inn and saw two men shooting the FBI Agent.

BRITTANY

Two men?

SHEILA

Yes.

BRITTANY

How many shots did they fire?

SHEILA

Six, seven, eight, maybe more.

BRITTANY

Alright, what happened next?

SHEILA

After they shot the FBI agent, the two men wearing all-black ran real fast and were shouting into walkie talkies. One of the two men gave me this real scary look before he took off running.

BRITTANY

Did you hear what they were saying into the walkie talkies?

SHEILA

I heard one of them say that the job was done.

BRITTANY writes rather fast as she listens to the story.

BRITTANY

Did you get a good description of them?

SHEILA

Fairly good description.

BRITTANY

White men? Black men? Young? Old?

SHEILA

They were two middle-aged white men.

BRITTANY

How tall would you say they were?

SHEILA

Five-eight, maybe five-nine.

BRITTANY

Did you get a good look at their faces?

SHEILA

Certainly did, detective. Even though part of their faces were covered up.

BRITTANY

Anything stood out?

SHEILA

One of them had bushy black eyebrows and a long, sharp nose. The other had a mole on his right cheek.

BRITTANY

Miss, we're going to need you to come down to headquarters and give a statement and look at some police mugshots. It's very, very important to us.

SHEILA

Certainly will, detective.

EXT. KELLY'S INN WESTPORT (HOURS LATER) - NIGHT

A very attractive and graceful reporter, STEPHANIE HARRISON, from K.C.'s News Channel 7, looks deep into one of the cameras. She reports live from in front of Kelly's Inn Westport. STEPHANIE points over to the front of Kelly's, as the CAMERA CREW follow her along the blood-stained sidewalk.

STEPHANIE

Not since the Union Station Massacre of 1933 Kansas City, and not since the River Quay Wars of the 1970's Kansas City, has terror openly struck Kansas City, Missouri. Known as 'Willie F' among friends and colleagues, FBI Special Agent Wilfredo Feliciano was sent down from Washington by the Organized Crime's Special Division of the Justice Department to investigate the Teamsters Union and their ties with Kansas City organized crime. Police and the FBI are needing your help in solving the case. If you have any information about this homicide, please contact the TIPS hotline at 474-TIPS. This is Stephanie Harrison reporting live from Westport.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

One Day following the killing of WILFREDO FELICIANO, GALLUCCIO sits comfortably in his private office upstairs reading a fresh copy of the *Kansas City Times*. He stares very hard at a front page caption that reads: FBI AGENTS NOT QUITTING UNTIL SUSPECTS ARE CAPTURED.

GALLUCCIO

(snarls)

Well, the sonofabitches should quit while they're still ahead!

GALLUCCIO sits the newspaper aside. He presses the power button to the remote of his sixty-inch widescreen television. He watches the five o'clock edition of News Channel 7. The pale and patchy-red face of lead anchorman, TODD GWYNN, flashes upon the large screen from inside the news studios. A split screen quickly appears across GALLUCCIO'S large television. A veteran reporter, NANCY POWERS, reports live from in front of Kelly's Inn.

TODD

(inside news studio)

Nancy, do homicide detectives or police have any leads in the shooting death of FBI Special Agent Wilfredo Feliciano?

NANCY

(live from Kelly's)

Todd, local law enforcement agencies have no solid leads, but tells News

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Channel 7 that they're not letting
up on their investigation.

TODD
(inside news studio)
Are there any potential suspects in
the shooting death?

NANCY
(live from Kelly's)
Composite sketches of the two men
thought to be responsible for the
killing of agent Feliciano have been
posted around the city.

Drawings of the two SUSPECTS flash upon the colorful
television screen. GALLUCCIO clenches his teeth and fumes
with much anger.

GALLUCCIO
Nice try, assholes! Send your fucking
sketch artists back to art school!

The composite drawings dissolve from the screen, and the
split screen appears once again across the large television.

TODD
(inside news studio)
Nancy, what is the reward up to?

NANCY
(live from Kelly's)
The FBI have posted a fifty-thousand
dollar reward for any information
leading to the capture of the two
assailants.

TODD
(inside news studio)
We understand that an FBI sketch
artist has spent a good part of the
week adding greater detail to existing
sketches based on any information
from witnesses.

NANCY
(live from Kelly's)
Yes, Todd, that's correct.

GALLUCCIO springs up from his recliner and nearly explodes.

GALLUCCIO

(violently)

Witnesses! There weren't supposed to be any goddam-motherfucking-cocksucking witnesses!

GALLUCCIO nervously fires up a cigar and pours a drink.

TODD

(inside news studio)

Nancy, News Channel 7 has learned that police has a solid witness.

NANCY

(live from Kelly's)

Yes, Todd, a credible witness saw two men wearing all-black who were shouting into walkie talkies fleeing the scene of the murder. We were able to talk to one of those witnesses.

In an earlier news broadcast, the star witness, SHEILA BRIDGESTONE, talks with STEPHANIE HARRISON. She reveals what she saw the tragic night in Westport. GALLUCCIO turns the volume up high, as he watches SHEILA being interviewed by STEPHANIE. He breathes with great fury while circling the room with both fists balled up tightly.

GALLUCCIO

Fucking bitch! Fucking cunt! Fucking twat! Fucking slut! Why can't whores like her mind their own goddam business! No, she just had to stick her nose where it didn't belong.

Again, the faces of TODD GWYNN and NANCY POWERS return to the split screen. GALLUCCIO turns the volume up even higher.

TODD

(inside news studio)

Nancy, aren't law enforcement officials believing that agent Feliciano's murder was related to his job?

NANCY

(live from Kelly's)

That's correct, Todd. Police and the FBI believe that non-descript, organized crimes figures were involved in the homicide.

TODD

(inside news studio)

News Channel 7 has also learned that Agent Feliciano had been sent down to Kansas City from Washington, to gather evidence in helping U.S. Attorneys eliminate organized crime members from the Teamsters Union under the civil racketeering statutes. Nancy Powers reporting live from Kelly's Inn Westport. Thanks for that story, Nancy.

NANCY

(live from Kelly's)

Back downtown to you, Todd.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SHEILA BRIDGESTONE observes a computer screen which displays a series of past and present police mugshots. Detective BRITTANY GOLDBERG stands to her left with her hand cupped around the handle of her service revolver.

BRITTANY

Recognize any of the men yet?

SHEILA

None look familiar, detective.

BRITTANY

Take your time.

SHEILA

None of these men match up with the men that I saw that night in Westport.

BRITTANY

Are you sure, Miss Bridgestone?

SHEILA

Positive.

BRITTANY

Concentrate harder, Miss Bridgestone.

SHEILA

It all happened so fast, detective.

BRITTANY

Wait here a second.

BRITTANY momentarily exits the room. She returns with homicide detective JERRY OVERSTREET. She stares hard at SHEILA with eyes of pity, possibly eyes of worry.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Sheila, we might be the only friends
that you have right now.

SHEILA

Whaddaya mean, detective?

BRITTANY

You witnessing the FBI agent being
killed in front of Kelly's was carried
out by a bunch of heartless gangsters.

SHEILA

How do you know that for sure?

OVERSTREET moved closer to stare down at BRITTANY.

OVERSTREET

Miss Bridgestone, what you witnessed
the other night was a mob hit. The
agent killed was targeted by some
ruthless men. You're going to be
much safer being in protective
custody.

BRITTANY

Your identity has been exposed to
some very dangerous men. I've
consulted with Lieutenant Overstreet
here, the chief of police, and the
FBI. I have agreed to protect you
personally.

SHEILA

(worried)

Are you saying that my life is in
danger?

BRITTANY

That's exactly what we're saying.
Until we find out who exactly was
behind agent Feliciano's murder,
you'll be much safer agreeing to
protection from the KCPD and the
FBI.

SHEILA

So you're saying that these men won't
hesitate to kill anyone who gets in
their way?

BRITTANY

Our sentiments, exactly. So, you and
I are going to be sticking together
(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

like paint stuck on a wall. If the agent's killers are apprehended, you'll be the most valuable witness in solving the case.

SHEILA

Looks like I've just found a new best friend.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

GALLUCCIO and SHELLENBERGER are sitting inside the den of his mansion having their own brief conference.

GALLUCCIO

Shell, call Chicago and get Carmine and Mikey on the phone.

SHELLENBERGER

Anything else, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO

Get Joey Weinberg, too, and all the soldiers and captains here.

SHELLENBERGER

Consider it done, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

We all might be swimming in some deep, thick shit.

SHELLENBERGER uses a cordless phone that's hooked up to a sophisticated electronic device to block out an eavesdropper.

INT. HARRY S. TRUMAN MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, and Jackson County Chief Medical Examiner, DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS, stand at the side of the dead body of former FBI Special Agent, WILFREDO FELICIANO. Inside the morgue at the Truman Medical Center, there is an overcrowding of other dead bodies.

OVERSTREET

Finished with the autopsy, doc?

DR. MCKINNIS

Put the finishing touches on it earlier today.

OVERSTREET

What the hell's been taking so long?

DR. MCKINNIS
The FBI warranted further
investigation, detective.

OVERSTREET
This guy's got to be flown back to
New York.

DR. MCKINNIS
He's ready to be turned over to the
FBI.

OVERSTREET
Didn't we get our reports from
toxicology?

DR. MCKINNIS
Yes, lieutenant, we did.

OVERSTREET
And reports about the gunshot wounds?

DR. MCKINNIS
Straight to the FBI and the Jackson
County Medical Examiner's Office.

OVERSTREET pulls the white sheet back. He studies the bullet
wounds still visible in the head of FELICIANO.

OVERSTREET
He had some good years left in him.

DR. MCKINNIS
So very young and strong.

OVERSTREET
Alright doc, wrap things up for me
so we can finish our work at the
headquarters.

DR. MCKINNIS
Right away.

OVERSTREET
We've got to turn Feliciano's body
over to his family for burial.

EXT. LOOSE PARK - DAY

In the Country Club Plaza section of Kansas City, detective
BRITTANY GOLDBERG, and her new love interest, SCOTTY
BORTHWICK, a handsome, clean-cut, and studious young man,
hold hands while walking by a pond filled with ducks at a
multi-acre public park. They look into one another's eyes as
though they are madly in love.

BRITTANY
I love you, Scotty.

SCOTTY
Love you, too, Britt.

BRITTANY takes a deep breath and pulls SCOTTY closer.

BRITTANY
When are you going to get a divorce?

SCOTTY huffs with a strong dose of nervousness.

SCOTTY
I'm not sure.

BRITTANY
This sneaking around is getting old.

SCOTTY
It inconveniences the both of us.

BRITTANY
Where do we stand as of right now?

SCOTTY
You know I love you, Britt.

BRITTANY
Then tell your wife you want a
divorce. I want us to be together.

SCOTTY
You make it sound so easy.

BRITTANY
I'm giving you an ultimatum at this
very moment, Scotty.

SCOTTY
What ultimatum?

BRITTANY
Get the divorce, or it's over between
us.

SCOTTY
I want us to be together and you
know that.

BRITTANY displays a very sad expression.

BRITTANY
I can't keep being second best.

SCOTTY

It's become this triangle love game.

BRITTANY

And I'm sick of it, Scotty.

SCOTTY leans forward to give BRITTANY a seductive kiss.

SCOTTY

Aren't you still going to take the trip with me?

BRITTANY

Sure I am.

SCOTTY

New Orleans here we come.

BRITTANY

Fun times it'll be.

SCOTTY

Mardi Gras is about to start up down in New Orleans real soon.

BRITTANY

Great! But what about your wife?

SCOTTY

Don't worry about her.

BRITTANY

I have reason to worry.

SCOTTY

I'll tell her that I'm going to New York on business for my father.

BRITTANY

Think she'll believe you?

SCOTTY

She knows that my father has business offices in New York and New Jersey.

BRITTANY

Let's hope she doesn't find out.

SCOTTY

I'm going to ask her for a divorce when we get back from New Orleans. I've booked a couple of airline tickets and hotel accommodations for us. Everything's taken care of.

BRITTANY

I want us to be married. It'd make me so proud to be Mrs. Scotty Borthwick.

SCOTTY

I'd be happy to divorce my wife and make you my new wife.

BRITTANY

I love you, Scotty.

SCOTTY

Love you, too, Britt.

BRITTANY lowers her head in disappointment.

BRITTANY

But I've got a bit of bad news.

SCOTTY

What bad news?

BRITTANY

I've been assigned to protect the witness to the Feliciano killing.

SCOTTY

The FBI agent killed in Westport?

BRITTANY

Yes.

SCOTTY

Three's a crowd, Brittany.

BRITTANY

Don't worry, Scotty, she won't get in the way.

SCOTTY

Who's paying for her hotel and air?

BRITTANY

The KCPD and the FBI are picking up the tab.

SCOTTY

Isn't that going to make us targets, too?

BRITTANY

Remember, babe, I'm a perfect shot, and my awareness is as sharp as a hawk.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY step over by the pond to engage in a long, passionate kiss.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

Mafia DIGNITARIES from Chicago and Kansas City are in attendance, once again, for another important meeting. GALLUCCIO fires up a fat cigar and the meeting commences.

GALLUCCIO

Men, I thank you again for being here. I especially thank Carmine and Mikey Bernazzoli, once again, for flying in from Chicago on such short notice. As you all know, we've got serious matters of business to discuss concerning our families.

CARMINE respectfully raises his arm towards GALLUCCIO.

CARMINE

We're also grateful to Tommy, once again, for putting this meeting together here at the Pendergast Mansion. We still know him as a true man's man.

MICHAEL joyfully points right over to GALLUCCIO.

MICHAEL

We've come to respect Tommy for keeping family business matters in full tact.

Applauses come from all the Mafia DIGNITARIES.

GALLUCCIO

Clipping that G-man the other night might've compounded our fucking problems.

SHELLENBERGER releases a hissing sound.

SHELLENBERGER

We should all be worried about this broad's face that keeps popping up on every television screen here in Kansas City.

GALLUCCIO

(quizzical)

Who wouldn't have their eyes fixed on that fifty-grand reward money?

SHELLENBERGER

The Sheila Bridgestone broad?

GALLUCCIO

Who else? Every station that I flip to, there's her mug, flapping off her chops. Men, check this out.

GALLUCCIO presses the play button to the VCR. He recorded an earlier broadcast of SHEILA BRIDGESTONE being interviewed live by NANCY POWERS of News Channel 7.

NANCY

Sheila, could you tell News Channel 7 what you saw in front of Kelly's here in Westport?

SHEILA

Coming out of Kelly's, I saw two men rush from out of nowhere and start firing guns at this man in a suit. At the time, I didn't know that he was an FBI Agent.

NANCY

Did you get a good description of the two gunmen?

SHEILA

A very good description.

NANCY

And you are working with FBI sketch artists in drawing detailed composite sketches of the two gunmen?

SHEILA

Yes I am.

NANCY

Thank you for that information.

SHEILA

(smiles)

You're very welcome.

A flash of two composite sketches appear on the split television screen. NANCY speaks in a voice-over while the sketches linger on the screen.

NANCY

(voice-over)

The FBI and the KCPD are asking any other witnesses to call the TIPS

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

hotline at 475-TIPS. A fifty-thousand dollar reward is being offered for anyone with information leading to the arrest of the two men who gunned down Agent Feliciano. Callers can remain anonymous.

GALLUCCIO pauses the taped news broadcast to confer with his criminal COLLEAGUES. He becomes very upset.

GALLUCCIO

Men, this is what we're dealing with. Some motherfuckers just don't know when to shut their goddam mouths!

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO signal with the strong jerking of their heads.

PROVENZANO

Those sketches do show some strong facial similarities of me and Bobby.

RANDAZZO

Looks like the coppers and G-men are hungry to haul all of our asses in.

GALLUCCIO presses the play button to continue. In this segment of the news broadcast, NANCY interviews beautiful homicide detective, BRITTANY GOLDBERG, live from the Westport District with crucial information about the FELICIANO killing.

NANCY

Detective Goldberg, what leads do you have so far in the Agent Feliciano killing?

BRITTANY

So far, the FBI and the KCPD have real strong leads. But as we mentioned earlier, we're not letting up until this case is solved.

NANCY

What measures are you taking to hopefully solve the case?

BRITTANY

Command posts are being set up all over the city. Several FBI Agents have been called down from Washington to assist other agents in finding leads. A very credible witness has come forward to assist us in finding the killers.

NANCY

Detective Goldberg, thanks for that information.

BRITTANY

You're welcome.

GALLUCCIO presses the stop button. The menacing look of murder falters onto his face.

GALLUCCIO

We need to take care of these Sheila Bridgestone and Brittany Goldberg broads as soon as possible.

SHELLENBERGER gives GALLUCCIO a curious stare.

SHELLENBERGER

Whatcha have in mind, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO moves his attention over to Senator JOSEPH WEINBERG.

GALLUCCIO

Some of Joey's watchdogs, they've got some inside information on these broads.

SHELLENBERGER gives SENATOR WEINBERG a deep, yet very inquisitive stare.

SHELLENBERGER

Joey, what did your people find out?

SENATOR WEINBERG takes a quick sip from his cocktail.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Some of my people have strong ties with the police department. The other day, they overheard the homicide detective, Brittany Goldberg, say that she'll be taking the witness, Sheila Bridgestone, on a trip down to New Orleans for Mardi Gars. She's become like her personal bodyguard.

GALLUCCIO

And this was at the police headquarters?

SENATOR WEINBERG

Yes.

GALLUCCIO

Any specific date she mentioned that she'll be leaving?

SENATOR WEINBERG
I believe this coming Sunday.

SHELLENBERGER
What are our plans, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO
There's only one thing left to do,
Shell.

SHELLENBERGER
Which is?

GALLUCCIO
We need to get rid of the detective
and the witness with the quickness.

SHELLENBERGER
You want them clipped?

GALLUCCIO
(serious stare)
Like an umbilical cord.

SHELLENBERGER
How?

GALLUCCIO projects a mischevious smile over to CARMINE and
MICHAEL.

GALLUCCIO
Carmine, Mikey, and myself, we came
up with a brilliant plan to get rid
of them. After we're done, there
won't be nothing left of them. The
KCPD, the FBI, the CIA, the Sheriffs,
none of them will have a clue as to
who was behind them being killed.

SHELLENBERGER
How, Tommy?

GALLUCCIO breathes heavy, while leaning forward to speak.

GALLUCCIO
The Chicago and Kansas City families
have strong ties with the family
down in New Orleans. Tuffy Fontanello
have men in his organization who are
experts at disposing of any of our
undesirables.

SHELLENBERGER
Sounds clever so far, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

The New Orleans family have got crews who can take out the detective and the witness, leaving behind no clues, whatsoever.

SHELLENBERGER

Clipping both of those broads in such a notorious fashion can be rather non-inflammatory.

GALLUCCIO gives the BERNAZZOLI BROTHERS a stare, one which begs for their ultimate approval.

GALLUCCIO

Dumping dead bodies in the swamps is something of legend for Tuffy Fontanello's New Orleans family. Carmine and Mikey, with your blessings and with your approval, I'd like to see these plans followed through.

CARMINE

Tommy, my blessings you have. Someone stands in our way when it comes to our empire, then they've got to go. Like I said, the Teamsters is our '*billion dollar baby*'.

MICHAEL

Tommy, you have our blessings. Like my brother said, our empires are our life's blood.

CARMINE

We can't afford to let the government come along and take something away from us that we started with our own blood, sweat, and tears.

GALLUCCIO powerfully thrusts his arm into the air.

GALLUCCIO

(authoritatively)

We're sitting on America's most richest and powerful labor unions. The Teamsters is our bloodline. We derive our biggest source of power from it. We lose control of it, we lose all sense of power. I can't disappoint my Uncle Angie.

CARMINE grunts as his own brand of gesture.

CARMINE

What else is on the table?

SENATOR WEINBERG taps the table to get everyone's attention.

SENATOR WEINBERG

The homicide detective that we all saw in the news broadcast videotape, she isn't your average detective. She's very diligent about cracking this Feliciano case. I've never heard or seen anyone in law enforcement as committed as her.

GALLUCCIO

If she stays determined like she is, then we're all dead meat.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Talk about a renegade, this detective has helped the KCPD solve a record number of homicides in the last four years.

CARMINE makes dead-serious eye contact with SENATOR WEINBERG.

CARMINE

Senator, I trust that all matters discussed at these meetings are held in the strictest of confidence.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Absolutely, Carmine.

CARMINE

Nothing discussed in these meetings go outside these doors. Is that understood, senator?

SENATOR WEINBERG

Most certainly, Carmine.

CARMINE

It's best that we get rid of the witness and detective as soon as possible. We've got those insurance contracts going to the Teamsters guys down in New Orleans. We can't waste a second with a deal as big as this one. We're talking mega-millions.

MICHAEL

And we'll be meeting with Tuffy Fontanello here in Kansas City once
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
we get the witness, the detective,
and whoever else out of the way.

CARMINE points his authoritative finger in the direction of
PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO.

CARMINE
Frankie and Bobby, I want you guys
to go down to New Orleans to work
with Tuffy Fontanello's crew in
getting rid of the detective and the
witness. You'll be supplied with
everything you need to make it happen.

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO nod their heads with approval.

PROVENZANO
Understood, Carmine.

RANDAZZO
Crystal clear, Carmine.

CARMINE then points his dictatorial finger at CALABRESE and
GAGLIANO.

CARMINE
Louie and Bart, we have access to
the itineraries for the flights that
the witness and the detective will
be on. I want you two guys to go to
New Orleans with Frankie and Bobby.
You guys can also work with
Fontanello's crew in wiping out the
detective and the witness.

CALABRESE and GAGLIANO submissively shake their heads.

CALABRESE
Like clockwork, Carmine.

GAGLIANO
The plans are well understood,
Carmine.

CARMINE gives SASSO a very direct stare.

CARMINE
Silvio, I also want you posted up
down in New Orleans. Tuffy's men
will take good care of all five of
you guys.

SASSO
Understood, Carmine.

CARMINE

(exhaustingly)

Now, is there anything else on the table?

SHELLENBERGER shifts his disgruntled eyes around the table.

SHELLENBERGER

Richard Delaney's gotten way out of control. He's been stealing big money from Local Forty-Five. The selfish prick doesn't want to share none of the chips with us.

GALLUCCIO

(snaps)

The greedy, ungrateful motherfucker!

SHELLENBERGER

Something's gotta be done about him.

GALLUCCIO

Talk about a slick sonofabitch! We treat him like a brother, and this is how he shows his appreciation?

MICHAEL

There's only one thing to do to a thief who steals from the very people who put him in that top union position.

SHELLENBERGER

He's been passing a lot of that stolen money on to his friends.

CARMINE

(growls)

Fucking thieving bastard!

MICHAEL

He's gotta be hit.

GALLUCCIO

I agree with Carmine and Mikey. After Shell's embezzling trial, I figured that he'd eventually go crying to the fucking feds about crooked union business. Turns out that he's the biggest crook in the goddam union. Now's the best time to clip that pukebag.

CARMINE

That way, we won't have to worry
about Delaney's ass anymore.

MICHAEL gives fierce eye contact to PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO.

MICHAEL

Frankie and Bobby, we want you two
guys to handle this piece of work
for us. We want that Delaney scumbag
clipped. Send a message to any other
fuckhead in the union who wants to
steal from us. Do you understand
your orders?

PROVENZANO

Understood, Mikey.

RANDAZZO

In the finest details, Mikey.

INT. BORTHWICK RESIDENCE - EVENING

NANCY BORTHWICK, a semi-attractive brunette with a voluptuous set of breasts and a curvy backside, storms around the bedroom that she shares with her husband, SCOTTY BORTHWICK. She snatches dresser drawers open and shuffles through many stacks of papers.

NANCY flips through a tall stack of papers, until she discovers a computerized confirmation print out of a travel package for two to New Orleans. She concentrates heavily on the dates given by the confirmation. NANCY begins to turn beet red in the face and huffs rather strongly.

NANCY

New Orleans, huh!

INT. RICHARD DELANEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

RICHARD DELANEY drives into the garage of his home after spending a long night at one of the local bars. Just as the garage door closes completely, and just as his car's ignition is turned off, PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO dash from behind a thick sheet of darkness.

PROVENZANO jerks open the driver's door, while RANDAZZO jerks open the passenger's door. A thick bull rope is wrapped three times around the neck of RICHARD. Both MAFIOSOS exert all of their strength by pulling against one another. Squeezing the very life out of RICHARD by violently playing tug-of-war with the rope, he seriously gags for air. A surprised expression of terror fills the evil eyes of PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO.

PROVENZANO

(viciously)

Only dirty motherfuckers steal from
their friends!

RANDAZZO

(angrily)

You stinking piece of a rotten turd!

The oxygen-deprived face of RICHARD turns a bluish-purplish color. A big glob of foamy saliva discharges from his mouth, and then drools down his chin and neck. Tighter and tighter, PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO pull the rope until all life leaves his body.

Waste from his lifeless body oozes down from the driver's seat and onto the floor. The foul odor absolutely irritates their sense of smell.

PROVENZANO

Goddammit! What the fuck did this
scumbag eat today?

RANDAZZO

Do they always shit?

PROVENZANO

Sometimes they shit, sometimes they
piss. Sometimes they do both.

RANDAZZO

Smells like a rotten sewer in this
goddam garage.

PROVENZANO

Alright, let's get this prick's body
in the trunk.

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO pull the dead body of RICHARD out of the car. Using a very large burlap mail bag, his body is stuffed inside and dumped inside the trunk of his car.

EXT. DELANEY RESIDENCE (HOURS LATER) - EARLY MORNING

POLICEMEN and HOMICIDE DETECTIVES arrive several hours after the execution of RICHARD DELANEY from a tip given by a nearby NEIGHBOR. Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET drives up in his dark blue Ford Crown Victoria. OVERSTREET makes his way over to a veteran police sergeant, STEVEN FISHER.

OVERSTREET

Steve, what're we looking at here?

STEVEN

Strangulation death of a top union guy.

OVERSTREET

The vic been positively identified?

STEVEN

Uh, been identified as Richard Delaney.

OVERSTREET

The Teamsters guy? He just went on trial a few months ago for corrupt union business.

STEVEN

Well, he doesn't have to worry about going on trial again.

OVERSTREET

Steve, I want you guys to finish processing the scene. Get a report to me as soon as possible. Mmmm, I wonder if there's a connection between the murders of Delaney and Feliciano.

STEVEN

We should be finished pretty soon.

OVERSTREET

Someone's looking to leave a long trail of bodybags behind.

INT. KANSAS CITY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A TICKET AGENT stands behind a counter at the north end of the airport announcing the flight departure to Chicago. BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA are the first three passengers to board the plane with their carry-on bags. Two FBI AGENTS stand right behind the trio wearing plain clothes. Covertly, PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO, GAGLIANO, CALABRESE, and SASSO all stand unnoticed towards the very end of the line.

INT. FIRST CLASS COACH - DAY

BRITTANY and SCOTTY are all smiles, while they enjoy the royal treatment they receive in the first class section. SHEILA sits just to the right of SCOTTY. The two lovebirds make a toast, as they gaze at one another in absolute romance.

SHEILA reads a recent copy of "The Kansas City Times" newspaper. Her weary eyes are heavily fixed on yet another eye-catching front page headline, which surrounds the controversial death of FBI Special Agent WILFREDO FELICIANO.

In big and bold letters, the caption reads: *FBI FINDS MORE LEADS IN DEATH OF SPECIAL AGENT.*

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are sitting towards the very back of the passenger's cabin. GAGLIANO and CALABRESE sit right behind them, while SASSO is just across the aisle.

INT. PILOT'S CABIN - DAY

The PILOT of the TWA flight makes an important announcement.

PILOT

(over intercom)

Ladies and gentlemen, we are flying at an altitude of thirty-thousand feet. Smoking is prohibited aboard the cabin. We will be arriving in Chicago in approximately thirty-five minutes. The temperature in Chicago is fifteen degrees with light snow drizzles. You are free to move about the cabin. Our flight attendants are here to serve you. Thank you for flying TWA, and we hope you enjoy the rest of your flight.

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

SHEILA walks in front of SCOTTY and BRITTANY through the crowded Chicago airport, while spectating the many TRAVELERS and shops and restaurants. The two FBI Agents flank her on opposite sides.

PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO, CALABRESE, GAGLIANO and SASSO all stand at a distance from one another, still able to remain anonymous near one of the men's restroom. BRITTANY looks over and detects something unusual about SCOTTY'S behavior.

BRITTANY

(inquisitive)

What's wrong, Scotty?

SCOTTY

Do you ever feel like we're being followed?

BRITTANY

Not really.

SCOTTY

Since we've gotten here to O'Hare, something has started to give me the creeps.

BRITTANY

Why do you feel that way?

BRITTANY cleverly displays her service revolver.

SCOTTY

I just don't know.

SCOTTY looks in the direction of the men's restroom. The five MAFIOSOS act normal and casually watch people move through the busy airport.

BRITTANY

Don't worry Scotty, we're all safe.

SCOTTY

Isn't the KCPD and the FBI investigating some mob guys?

BRITTANY

Yes we are.

SCOTTY

Mob guys aren't people who you play around with.

BRITTANY

They can be relatively dangerous.

SCOTTY

(fascinated)

My dad grew up watching gangster movies with Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, and Edward G. Robinson. I grew up watching gangster movies with Al Pacino, Robert DeNiro, and Marlon Brando. Whoever those Mafia guys wanted killed, they could've had them killed. That doesn't exclude high-profile people like politicians, policemen, and FBI agents.

BRITTANY

(laughs)

Scotty, you've gotten caught up in those celluloid images that Hollywood has created in the minds of the public. It amazes me how people are so fascinated with gangsters.

SCOTTY

Remember the scene in *'The Godfather'* when Michael Corleone shot Captain McCluskey in the throat?

BRITTANY

Who could forget that bloody scene?

SCOTTY

The agent killed in Kansas City wasn't some celluloid character. If they can bump off a U.S. President, then they can kill anybody, even FBI Agents.

BRITTANY

Talking about Kennedy?

SCOTTY

Yes, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, too.

BRITTANY

Sure, for most of those mobsters, it's a win at all cost.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY usher SHEILA over to one of the overhead boards which displays the schedules for various flights. Very rudely, a WOMAN wearing dark sunglasses, a wig, and a dark gray, felt tip brim bumps BRITTANY.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Hey lady, do you have some type of major malfunction! If there's a problem here, I can sure solve it.

SCOTTY studies the WOMAN closely, as she quickly walks with others through the busy airport. The shape of her body and her height he almost recognizes.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

The nerves on that dam woman!

When the strange WOMAN is out of the eyesight of BRITTANY and SCOTTY, she removes the sunglasses and wig and the brim. It turns out that it's SCOTTY'S wife, NANCY BORTHWICK. She puts back on the sunglasses and wig and hat and goes to the very end of the line.

A TICKET AGENT comes over the loud clear intercom to announce their flight to New Orleans. BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA grab their belongings. The line begins to move forward. TRAVELERS go through the metal detectors, while sitting their luggage on the conveyor belt. The two FBI AGENTS are at the middle of the line.

PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO, GAGLIANO, CALABRESE and SASSO discreetly wait for the last person to board the TWA flight to New Orleans. They fall in line behind the others and board the plane

INT. CHATEAU LE MOYNE - (HOLIDAY INN) - NIGHT

BRITTANY and SCOTTY have unpacked their belongings after arriving in New Orleans. They circle their elaborate room wearing matching terry towel robes. Their room is a creole cottage that's right off a tropical courtyard. BRITTANY studies the reproductions and antiques.

SCOTTY fixes his rolling eyes on the room's amenities. The hotel room for SHEILA is directly across the hall. She too has the exact amenities as theirs. Both FBI AGENTS have a room right next to SHEILA, which is closely guarded by SHEILA and the agents.

SCOTTY

Didn't know that New Orleans had hotels as fancy as this one.

BRITTANY

These gold and marble fixtures must've cost a fortune.

They walk out on the balcony, and look towards the breathtaking view of Bourbon Street in the French Quarter.

SCOTTY

Still can't get over this hotel. You'd probably think that kings and presidents and bigtime movie stars have stayed here.

The phone inside the room suddenly rings.

BRITTANY

Were you expecting a call from someone?

SCOTTY

No I wasn't. Were you?

BRITTANY

No, not me.

SCOTTY

Wonder who it could be?

BRITTANY

There's only one way to find out.

BRITTANY enters the room and answers the phone.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Hello?

The deep, somewhat disguised voice of a STRANGE WOMAN answers.

STRANGE WOMAN
Is this Brittany Goldberg?

BRITTANY
Yes, this is she.

STRANGE WOMAN
You've got something that exclusively
belongs to me.

BRITTANY
Who is this, and what're you talking
about?

STRANGE WOMAN
I'm warning you to back off. You've
already got mob men on your trail,
now you're about to have a real mean
monster-of-a-bitch on your trail.

BRITTANY
What in the hell are you talking
about? Whaddaya mean by mob men?

STRANGE WOMAN
The man who you're with, return him
to rightful owner, or you're going
to find yourself swimming in some
deep shit. You've got that, bitch!

BRITTANY
Wait a minute here. Are you
threatening me? By the way, is this
Nancy playing on the phone?

STRANGE WOMAN
Watch yourself, or you're gonna end
up hurt like those men from the River
Quay War days.

BRITTANY slams down the phone. She goes on the balcony and
stares at SCOTTY with hard eyes of confusion.

SCOTTY
Who was that, Britt?

BRITTANY
I don't think you're telling me
everything, Scotty.

SCOTTY
What are you talking about?

BRITTANY

That your wife is keeping close tabs on you.

SCOTTY

Nancy doesn't know that we're down here in New Orleans.

BRITTANY

Do you still love her, Scotty?

SCOTTY

What kind of question is that?

BRITTANY

One that deserves an honest answer.

SCOTTY

Where's all this coming from?

BRITTANY

(grumbles)

I believe that that was just her on the phone. Why don't you be a man and ask your wife for a divorce?

SCOTTY

Oh, you make it sound so easy.

BRITTANY

You're going to have to make a decision sooner or later. There's no better time than the present.

SCOTTY

Are you gonna break up with me before we get back to Kansas City? We were supposed to come down here to New Orleans to have a good time.

BRITTANY

Must you remember, that I'm still committed to the Feliciano homicide case. I wasn't even supposed to leave K.C. with all the things still going on with that case. The department and the FBI are working around-the-clock to solve his killing.

SCOTTY

Well, aren't you one of the lucky ones.

BRITTANY

Yes, lucky I am.

SCOTTY projects the glare of personal fear in his eyes.

SCOTTY

Britt, we're all skating on thin ice. You, me, and the witness right across the hall.

BRITTANY

What're you saying?

SCOTTY

Mob goons killed that FBI agent that night down in Westport. God only knows who'll be their next target.

BRITTANY

Certainly not us.

SCOTTY

Have you heard of the Galluccio Mafia Family in Kansas City?

BRITTANY

The feds sent those Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, and Milwaukee gangsters away for skimming all that money from those Las Vegas casinos back in the early eighties. Those mob guys aren't even around anymore.

SCOTTY

Think again, darling. They still control the Teamsters Union. Somebody had to be there to take their place.

BRITTANY

Scotty, you're letting worry get the best of you.

SCOTTY

Maybe the River Quay Wars have carried over into the present day.

BRITTANY

Maybe, maybe not.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY step back into the room. She leaves their room to go across the hall and check on SHEILA.

INT. SHEILA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A soft knock sounds off at the door of the room assigned to SHEILA. She looks out the peephole, and opens the door once she sees that it's BRITTANY.

BRITTANY
How're you doing, Sheila?

SHEILA
Great. Yourself?

BRITTANY
Couldn't be better. Look, if you
need anything, just let me know.

SHEILA
Certainly will.

BRITTANY leaves her room to retire for the night.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are sitting inside a car given to them by FONANTELLO. The car is parked on a side street that is near the French Quarter. They have pairs of binoculars up to their eyes, keeping close watch on the hotel room of SHEILA. The blinds are partially open, which gives them a clear enough view of SHEILA inside the hotel room.

PROVENZANO
We take care of the witness, while
Bart, Louie, and Silvio take care of
the detective.

RANDAZZO
Yep, those were the orders given by
the bosses.

INT. O'REILLY BONDING COMPANY - DAY

Two FBI AGENTS are inside the offices of O'Reilly Bonding Company in downtown Kansas City. The AGENTS flash FBI sketch photos of the predicted killers of AGENT FELICIANO right before the owner, DAVID O'Reilly, and some of his EMPLOYEES.

INT. SAL'S BONDING COMPANY - DAY

More FBI AGENTS flash composite sketches inside the offices of another bonding company owner, SALVATORE SPINELLI, and some of his EMPLOYEES.

EXT. WESTPORT ROAD - DAY

FBI AGENTS wearing blue FBI jackets, and POLICE OFFICERS and HOMICIDE DETECTIVES with the KCPD, scour every area of the Westport District. The MEN investigate the actual sight of the FELICIANO killing, in search of any clues or evidence.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

In the heart of downtown Kansas City, more KCPD OFFICERS and VOLUNTEERS stick flyers of sketched composite drawings on buildings and light posts.

EXT. BROADWAY BOULEVARD - DAY

Just west of downtown Kansas City, more KCPD OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS stick several flyers on other buildings and light posts.

EXT. PROSPECT AVENUE - DAY

KCPD OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS talk with a large group of AFRICAN-AMERICANS at a busy street corner where strip malls are located. They hold up sketch composites for them to view.

INT. FONTANELLO SWAMPLAND ESTATE - DAY

Reigning New Orleans Mafia boss, STEFANO "TUFFY" FONTANELLO, a short bulldog of a man, with a prominent Roman-like nose befitting an emperor of crime, and thinning gray hair, meets with PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO, CALABRESE, GAGLIANO, and SASSO.

The MAFIOSOS are inside a soundproof conference room, housed at a private swampland estate along the banks of the Mississippi River in New Orleans. A top Louisiana Teamsters Union official, CARL BERNSTEIN, and some of FONTANELLO'S MAFIA SOLDIERS, are also in attendance.

FONTANELLO

These two women, Sheila Bridgestone and Brittany Goldberg, I spoke with Tommy, Carmine, and Mikey about them the other day. We all agreed that they've both got to go. Billions of our hard-earned union dollars will evaporate if this witness and this detective keep their sweetheart relationship with one another going.

PROVENZANO heavily grunts to get FONTANELLO'S attention.

PROVENZANO

Tuffy, the bosses in Chicago gave Tommy the orders to take these two broads out. Tommy gave us our orders before we left K.C. to come down here to New Orleans. Now, we're ready to get the orders from you.

FONTANELLO

You men have been given specific orders to not let them out of your sight. Isn't that right?

PROVENZANO

Yeah, that's right.

FONTANELLO and the others puff on their cigars and cigarettes, sip on their cocktails, and eat an assortment of appetizers.

FONTANELLO

Men, I gave it a lot of thought. If you're going to bump someone off, no matter who it is, you've got to do it with expert precision.

PROVENZANO

Those were the lessons that we've learned since we've been made into the Galluccio family.

FONTANELLO

We're more clever than any civilian.

PROVENZANO

And we ready to prove it, Tuffy.

FONTANELLO is the mastermind and central planner of the would-be assassinations of BRITTANY and SHEILA. He acts in a top advisory role in helping formulate a plan.

FONTANELLO

Follow me, men.

INT. WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

The group of MAFIOSOS follow FONTANELLO into a large room with an assembly of weapons and miscellaneous equipment. The men are in complete awe after looking around at the highly-specialized handguns, rifles, silencers, grenades, binoculars, knives, machetes, night goggles, remote control explosives, and other military and civilian weaponry and clothing.

RANDAZZO

Hey Tuffy, how'd you get access to all this?

FONTANELLO

Bobby, it pays to know people in high places. Gentlemen, before your very eyes is how Brittany Goldberg and Sheila Bridgestone will die.

PROVENZANO

We've got to move quickly, Tuffy.

FONTANELLO

Exactly.

FONTANELLO grabs two .38 silencers and two large hunting knives from racks that are drilled into the wooden panels.

FONTANELLO (CONT'D)

Frankie and Bobby, these two pistols and these two knives will be all that you'll need to rub out Sheila Bridgestone. After you're done, the KCPD or FBI won't have a witness who'll try and identify you guys as the ones who took Feliciano.

PROVENZANO

The challenge will be getting past the detective, who's been like her personal bodyguard ever since we clipped Feliciano.

FONTANELLO

I have faith that if you two guys can't pump a few into her with these .38 silencers, then you can dissect her up like a science experiment with these hunting knives.

PROVENZANO

In order to do that, we've gotta catch the detective slipping up.

FONTANELLO

Before you get back on that plane to Kansas City, I'm sure that you can get the job done.

PROVENZANO

Sure, I think we can get it done.

FONTANELLO hands the pistols and knives over to PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO. Next, he lifts two high-powered assault rifles with scopes off the wall racks.

FONTANELLO

Louie and Bart, you two are pretty good shots. Carmine and Mikey told me about all the bums that you helped clip with the other Chicago street crew guys.

CALABRESE

I'm a certified expert marksman.

FONTANELLO hands both men the assault rifles.

FONTANELLO

Great. It'll come in handy when you hit your target, which is the detective.

GAGLIANO

I can pretty much hit anything that I set my eyes on.

FONTANELLO

The sooner that we get the job done, the better it'll be for all of us.

PROVENZANO

We better move fast.

FONTANELLO

Fast with accuracy and efficiency. Men, there absolutely, positively can't be any fuckups. We get the witness and the detective out of the way, we can go back to it being business as usual.

FONTANELLO reaches for a remote control bomb on the shelf, which has a powerful detonator device.

FONTANELLO (CONT'D)

Silvio, Carmine and Mikey tell me that you're also an expert in explosives and demolition.

SASSO

That was my main military occupation during my tour of duty in Vietnam.

FONTANELLO

Superb. We're looking to cover all the bases when it comes to getting rid of the pesty witness, and even pestier detective. I want you to put a bomb under their car and blow them halfway around the Universe. We've got to get rid of them at all cost.

SASSO

Sounds great, but what if innocent civilians are in the car with them?

(MORE)

SASSO (CONT'D)

The other guys didn't tell you, but the detective brought some guy down here to New Orleans with her

FONTANELLO

What guy?

SASSO

Don't know, but I know he is married.

FONTANELLO

Well, just do what you can do. If you happen to luck up and see just the witness and the detective in the car together, then blast the both of them through the stratosphere.

CARL BERNSTEIN interjects with crucial information.

BERNSTEIN

A lot's at stake here, men. Unions in Kansas City, Chicago, and New Orleans are our very bloodline. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the money we make and spend, we can't put none of that in jeopardy. Getting the witness and the detective out of the way will prove beneficial to all of us.

FONTANELLO

The meeting in Kansas City about the mega-million dollar Teamsters insurance contracts is coming up real soon. Brittany Goldberg and Sheila Bridestone simply have'ta die. That's all it is to it, men.

INT. BROUSSARD'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA have picked out one of the finest cuisine restaurants in all of New Orleans to dine at. Broussard's is located in the heart of the French Quarter, overlooking a lush, tropical courtyard. The pair of FBI AGENTS are at the table right behind them.

Pictures of the BROUSSARD family line the walls inside the restaurant. The premiere restaurant is packed. Everyone is viewing the menu while trying to decide their meals.

BRITTANY

Scotty, the shrimp with remoulades sounds real good.

SCOTTY

Sure does, Britt. The pecan stuffed salmon also sounds good.

BRITTANY

The Creole spinach salad has my mouth watering.

SCOTTY

The crab and shrimp gulf seafood cake really sounds delicious.

BRITTANY moves the menu to the side. She notices how SHEILA is staring aimlessly at the fine print on the menu.

BRITTANY

Sheila, everything okay?

SHEILA has an uncertain, distraught look on her face.

SHEILA

Everything's fine, Brittany. Having a hard time trying to figure out what I want.

BRITTANY

There's quite a selection to choose from.

SHEILA

It certainly is. The Broussard Burger seems quite delicious.

BRITTANY

Then go ahead and order it.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

CHEFS are ultimately busy trying to prepare the meals for the many hungry anticipating CUSTOMERS. The kitchen inside Broussard's is steamed rather heavily, with pots, pans, and skillets cooking the food.

One of FONTANELLO'S HENCHMAN has shrewdly disguised himself as a waiter inside the kitchen. He is a tall Italian man with dark, deep set eyes and a menacing looking face. FONTANELLO has strong ties with the BROUSSARD'S, which easily gave his HENCHMAN access to the restaurant kitchen.

The HENCHMAN has volunteered to prepare the beverages for the CUSTOMERS. Using a cunning tactic when the others preparing the food aren't looking, he quickly dumps considerable amounts of cyanide powder into three tall glasses of soft drink beverages. The powder is stirred into the drinks until it is completely dissolved.

INT. DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

The FONTANELLO HENCHMAN arrives at the table of BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA. The FBI AGENTS behind them look him over thoroughly, something strange about him arousing their suspicions, but they calmly remain in their seat. The HENCHMAN places the soft drink before BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA.

HENCHMAN

One for you, one for you, and.....one
for you.

BRITTANY

Thank you, sir.

HENCHMAN

You're welcome, ma'am.

He walks away from the table with a satisfactory smirk on his face. Seconds later, a WOMAN walks into Broussard's wearing a large Panama straw hat with a spring dress that's bursting with bright rainbow colors. A large pair of Blues Brothers sunglasses covers the upper portion of her face.

Just as SCOTTY and BRITTANY are lifting their tall glasses of soft drinks up to their mouths, the WOMAN uses her muscular hip to forcefully bump the table. Their drinks are practically forced out of their hands, causing serious spills all across the table. A considerable amount has also spilled from SHEILA'S glass.

BRITTANY jumps out of her seat in total rage.

BRITTANY

Hey, you rude bitch, you need to
learn some manners!

SCOTTY also raises up out of his seat.

SCOTTY

Britt, it's okay. There's absolutely
no excuse for her rudeness.

BRITTANY

I'll bet she's the same woman who
bumped me inside O'Hare Airport.
Who is that disgusting bitch, and
why does she keep popping up out of
nowhere?

SCOTTY

Your guess is just as good as mines.

BRITTANY

I'll also bet she's the same woman who called our hotel room. If she was any type of woman, she'd come to me and show me who she really was.

SCOTTY

Calm down, Britt.

BRITTANY

She's got one more time to disrespect me. I'm going to forget that I'm a lady and a police detective, and just flat out let her have it.

The WOMAN has left Broussard's without a trace. The FONTANELLO HENCHMAN peeks out from one of the windows of the double doors leading into the kitchen. The sheer look of disappointment is on his face, knowing that his attempt to poison BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA was unsuccessful. After BRITTANY calmed down, the MAITRE D steps up to the table.

MAITRE D

Brittany Goldberg?

BRITTANY

(surprised)

Yes?

MAITRE D

You have a phone call.

BRITTANY

Phone call for me?

MAITRE D

Yes.

BRITTANY

Who'd be calling me at this restaurant?

MAITRE D

That I do not know, ma'am.

BRITTANY excuses herself to go up to the desk where the MAITRE D greets CUSTOMERS. She is handed the phone, sort of hesitating to put it up to her ear.

BRITTANY

(into phone)

This is Brittany.

A WOMAN'S voice replies with great anger.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over phone)

Listen up, bitch! You need to find your own man. Just because you're a police detective, that doesn't give you the right to take whatever you want, from whoever you want. You got that? Do yourself a favor and find a single man. You've been warned a final time, bitch! Be smart and give back to me what rightfully belongs to me.

The WOMAN slams the phone in BRITTANY'S ear. BRITTANY is outraged at this point. The MAITRE D is gently handed the phone. She shakes her head and looks at the MAITRE D with a set of the raged eyes.

BRITTANY

You know, I'd like to put a trace on this phone, in order to find out who the anonymous called was. But truly, I don't think it'd be worth it.

MAITRE D

I understand, ma'am.

BRITTANY returns to the table in a somber mood. SCOTTY reaches over to add his support.

SCOTTY

Britt, what's wrong?

BRITTANY

(sadly)

Nothing worth talking about.

SCOTTY

Oh, you can tell me about it.

BRITTANY

Let's just order our food.

SCOTTY

Sounds good, babe.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - EVENING

TOMMY GALLUCCIO and his mistress, SUSAN O'DONNELL, a breathtaking red head with aqua green eyes and a statuesque body, have an exclusive suite at the Marriott Hotel in downtown Kansas City. They have just finished making love, and lie across the bed in the total nude.

GALLUCCIO fires up one of his favorite cigars and raises up from the bed to fix himself a cocktail at the bar. SUSAN leans over and notices a week old copy of *The Kansas City Times* newspaper. She focuses her attention on the front page headline which reads: FBI NOT LETTING UP ON AGENT'S KILLERS.

SUSAN

Hey Tommy, why ya have this newspaper with you?

GALLUCCIO

Had some pretty interesting articles in it.

SUSAN

This front page story looks rather interesting. Every since that FBI agent got killed in Westport, that's all they've been talking about.

GALLUCCIO

Ask my opinion, there's a lot more important things going on besides that.

SUSAN

Like what?

GALLUCCIO

Like people dying of AIDS and cancer. Like kids being molested, and like people being out of work.

SUSAN

You've got a good point, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO returns to the bed with his cocktail. He removes the cigar from his mouth to kiss SUSAN.

GALLUCCIO

I want you give me some real good head. Then, I want you to fix me something to eat.

SUSAN

Coming right up, honey.

SUSAN rolls over to start giving GALLUCCIO oral sex.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - EARLY MORNING HOUR

BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA, along with the two FBI AGENTS, are sleeping peacefully inside their rooms at the Chateau Le Moyne hotel in the French Quarter.

On a semi-lit side street there in the French Quarter, SILVIO SASSO stands near the Lincoln Continental Towncar rented by BRITTANY. SASSO is cleverly dressed as a parking valet, careful not to arouse suspicion among the PATRONS and THRILLSEEKERS who are still out walking the streets of the French Quarter.

When it appears as though no eyes are watching him, he drops to the ground and slides halfway under the car. A detonated bomb is pulled out of a paper sack and magnetically placed underneath the passenger seat. Once the bomb is in place, SASSO slides from under the car and quickly disappears. SASSO has no clue that SCOTTY'S wife, NANCY BORTHWICK, who'd settled well into New Orleans, was watching him the whole time with a pair of highly visible binoculars.

Maneuvering in the capacity as a sort of stalker, she has been keeping the closest eye on BRITTANY and SCOTTY during her stay in New Orleans. NANCY'S rent-a-car is about a half-block down the street from the Lincoln rented by BRITTANY. She slowly climbs out of her car and waits by the front of the car. Her heart beats at a much faster than normal pace.

NANCY

(voice-over)

I can't let Scotty die. I love him so much. He can't be blown up like a worthless piece of trash. Yes, he's cheated on me, but I can find it in my heart to forgive him. I've got to do what I've gotta do to save his life and the detective's life.

Acting on sheer impulse and bravery, NANCY creeps over to the Lincoln and stoops down on the drivers side. She breaks out into a cold sweat, her hands shivering and teeth chattering. After a series of deep breaths, she lies down flat on her back and slides under the car.

Not knowing whether or not the bomb will go off, she cautiously cradles it with her left hand. Gently, yet calculating, she pulls on the explosive device. With no resistance, the bomb is removed from underneath the car. NANCY takes a deep breath and returns to her own car.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Veteran homicide detective, Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, sits inside his office at police headquarters in downtown Kansas City. His eyes are focused heavily on an eight-by-ten, black and white photo of Teamsters Union secretary, RICHARD DELANEY. He picks up a stack of papers and reads over some information about DELANEY'S history with the Teamsters Union.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - EVENING

In the heart of the thriving French Quarter, the final day of the Mardi Gras festivities has come. The wild REVELERS have jammed the streets of the French Quarter. The drunk euphoria and general abandon has created an electricity of many loose MEN and WOMEN, all running wild along the streets slinging beer and hard liquor every which direction.

Costumed KREWE MEMBERS ride the highly-decorated floats with extreme pride and energy. They toss strings of assorted colored beads and glittering trinkets into the crowd of many SPECTATORS. WOMEN lift up their shirts and pull down their pants. Explicitly, they show their breasts and buttocks to EVERYONE.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY walk through the thickness of the active CROWD reaching for the beads and trinkets.

SCOTTY

Look at that float there, Britt.

BRITTANY

Where, Scotty, where?

SCOTTY

The man with the white beard and the golden crown on top of his head.

BRITTANY

Yes, the float of King Cotton.

SCOTTY

That's neat, huh?

BRITTANY

Real cool, babe.

SHEILA is several short feet away from BRITTANY and SCOTTY. The two low-key FBI AGENTS are only a few feet away from the three of them. Their eyes watch the trio like a hungry hawk from high above. Expertly disguising herself in a wig, hat, and sunglasses, NANCY travels through the thick of the crowd, keeping her watchful eyes on BRITTANY and SCOTTY.

Clandestinely, PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO make their way towards SHEILA through the very heavy crowd. Both henchmen have large hunting knives in the tight grip of their hands. Their arms are hung down by their sides to conceal the knives.

Slowly, they make their move towards SHEILA. In just a split-second reaction, SHEILA does a one-hundred and eighty degree turn and sees PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO coming towards her.

Instantly, she experiences a sudden flashback of the night down in Westport in Kansas City when FBI Agent WILFREDO FELICIANO was gunned down by both MEN.

EXT. FLASHBACK - WESTPORT DISTRICT - NIGHT

SHEILA watches as FBI Agent WILFREDO FELICIANO is shot multiple times by GALLUCCIO henchmen, PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER (AGAIN) - NIGHT

SHEILA exchanges fearful and fierce eye contact with PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO. Both executioners creep towards her, while sort of lifting up their knives for the would-be stabbing death of SHEILA.

SHEILA
(yells)
Detective! Detective!

BRITTANY rushes over to SHEILA while drawing her service revolver.

BRITTANY
What is it, Sheila?

SHEILA
(points)
There go the two men who killed agent Feliciano that night in Westport.

BRITTANY
Where, Sheila, where?

SHEILA
Over there! The ones with the dark hair and the dark piercing eyes.

BRITTANY
Are you sure it was them?

SHEILA
More than positive, detective.

BRITTANY and both FBI AGENTS make a run towards PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO with their weapons drawn. The known killers boulder their way through super-jammed CROWD there in the French Quarter. Great speed and expert maneuvering allows them to jump into a waiting car and speed off.

INT. FONTANELLO SWAMPLAND ESTATE - NIGHT

PROVENZANO nervously circles the main meeting quarters inside the huge swampland estate owned by FONTANELLO. He is out of control after being sighted once again by SHEILA.

All of those present watch him as he paces back and forth across the floor while sweating profusely.

PROVENZANO

We're fried geese. All of us are.
Especially me and Bobby.

FONTANELLO steps up to try and console PROVENZANO.

FONTANELLO

Frankie, try and calm down. We'll get rid of the witness and the detective before they both leave New Orleans. That I can promise you.

PROVENZANO

Tuffy, that broad saw me and Bobby again. She looked us both in the eyes. The g-men and the coppers have enough to catch us and haul our asses in. They'll want us to talk.

FONTANELLO

You're worrying for nothing.

PROVENZANO

The detective came at us, along with a couple'a other guys, with their pistols drawn. This shit has gotten to be real serious.

FONTANELLO

We'll figure something out.

PROVENZANO

If the feds nab us, they're gonna try and get us to rat everybody out.

Right then, FONTANELLO became quiet. He exchanged dead serious eye contact with GAGLIANO, CALABRESE, SASSO, and several of his HENCHMEN.

FONTANELLO

Uh, won't you guys excuse me for a second.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

FONTANELLO leaves the main meeting quarters to enter a soundproof room near the back of his estate. He presses a button on a computerized device which is hooked up to his cordless phone. It is used to block out other parties from listening to his conversations. He dials seven digits.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GALLUCCIO has many guests over to his home, which includes his five CHILDREN and several of his GRANDCHILDREN, along with some FRIENDS and ASSOCIATES. He hears the phone inside his upstairs office ringing. GALLUCCIO holds his seven year old grandson in his arms.

GALLUCCIO

Oops! I think the phone upstairs is ringing.

His GRANDSON leans forward to kiss his grandfather on the cheek.

GRANDSON

I love you, grandpa.

GALLUCCIO

I love you, too, grandson.

He lowers his GRANDSON to the ground and sort of rushes upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

GALLUCCIO walks inside his office and shuts the door. He makes sure that no one makes their way nowhere near his office. He too has a computerized device hooked up to his cordless phone to prevent other parties from listening in.

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

Tuffy, what's going on?

FONTANELLO

(over phone)

The witness and the detective saw Frankie and Bobby at Mardi Gras earlier today.

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

How'd that happen? They were supposed to whack out the witness and the detective real nice and smooth.

FONTANELLO

(over phone)

Didn't work out as planned. Worst part of it, Frankie's done got nervous. He's paranoid to the point that he believes the feds might nab him and get him to talking.

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

How about Bobby? How's he taking it?

FONTANELLO

(over phone)

Not so much as nervous as Frankie. He's not saying much, but he looks mighty scared to me.

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

Tuffy, we've got that meeting coming up here in Kansas City real soon. Carmine and Mikey will be rolling into Kansas City, as with yourself, for this Teamsters meeting. Seems to me that Frankie and Bobby might be developing a serious case of loose lips. Their loose lips could somehow destroy the future of the Teamsters Union. That's the second time that they've been spotted by the witness. Since the detective has now seen them, the g-men and the coppers could easily bring their investigation to a close. Tuffy, I say that both Frankie and Bobby have got to go.

FONTANELLO

(over phone)

Do you have'ta clear it with Carmine and Mikey?

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

No. Since they're made guys in my family, I'm making that call right now. Dispose of the both of them right away. Make'em disappear.

FONTANELLO

(over phone)

You've got it, Tommy.

GALLUCCIO

(into phone)

See ya in Kansas City real soon.

GALLUCCIO hangs up and returns downstairs.

INT. SWAMPLAND ESTATE DINING AREA - LATE NIGHT

An assembly of at least sixteen MAFIOSOS are gathered around a huge dining room table eating an assortment of Italian dishes. FONTANELLO sits at the head of the table, with his eyes heavily concentrated on PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO.

FONTANELLO

Frankie and Bobby, how's that lasagne?

PROVENZANO shakes his head with delight.

PROVENZANO

Simply delicious, Tuffy.

RANDAZZO wipes his mouth and belts out a long burp.

RANDAZZO

Finest Italian food that I've ever had.

FONTANELLO

I had my chef prepare it especially for you two guys.

A creepy moment of silence falters into the room. Cunningly, two of FONTANELLO'S HENCHMEN come through a door that is adjacent to the dining area. They sneak up behind PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO with .38 silencers and pump a volley of shots into the back of their heads. Blood and brain and skull matter splatters over parts of the table and onto the floor. FONTANELLO points to a couple of doors further down the hallway.

FONTANELLO (CONT'D)

Alright, let's get'em in the bathrooms.

Two of FONTANELLO'S HENCHMEN slide their hands under their armpits and drag them down the hallway.

INT. FIRST BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

The murdered PROVENZANO is stripped of all his clothing and dumped into a bathtub filled with very large contents of caustic acid. FONTANELLO spits into the bathtub, having a nasty scowl on his face.

FONTANELLO

Three can keep a secret, if two are dead.

INT. SECOND BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Like PROVENZANO, RANDAZZO is also stripped of his clothing articles and placed in the bathtub saturated with the caustic acid. FONTANELLO decides to pour more of the acid in the tub.

FONTANELLO

If the head is cut off first, then
the tail will die along with it.

Both bathroom doors are shut tightly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BRITTANY sits at the edge of the bed, while SCOTTY takes a long hot shower. She reads a Danielle Steele novel while she waits for him to finish.

BRITTANY

(shouts)

Scotty! What are you doing, trying
to wash the skin off your bones?

SCOTTY opens the bathroom door with a cloud of steam bursting into the air. He appears with a towel wrapped around his waist, with water dripping from his muscularly chiseled body.

SCOTTY

Just trying to smell good for you.

BRITTANY closes the book. She sensually moves over to SCOTTY, seductively wearing her pure white terry towel robe.

BRITTANY

How thoughtful of you, babe.

SCOTTY drops the towel and moves closer to BRITTANY in the total nude.

SCOTTY

(macho)

How about we make steamy love?

BRITTANY unties the belt from around her robe and drops it to the ground. She moves her totally nude body closer to SCOTTY.

BRITTANY

I'm game if you're game.

SCOTTY

(excitingly)

Then let the games begin.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY engage in a long, succulent kiss as a method of foreplay. He moves down to her ripe breasts and caress her pointed nipples with his anxious tongue. They fall onto the bed with their hands roaming freely over their erotic body parts. She climbs on top of him and they quickly engage in passionate, heated lovemaking.

EXT. SIDE STREET - EARLY MORNING HOURS

During her stay in New Orleans, NANCY has sort of done her own private detective work. She becomes obsessed with keeping very close tabs on SCOTTY and BRITTANY. She sits inside the rent-a-car on a side street near Canal, scrupulously looking up at the windows for the exact hotel room occupied by SCOTTY and BRITTANY, with a pair of high-powered binoculars.

She can't see into the room, but desperately wants to know what's going on up there. The atmosphere around the French Quarter is relatively quiet and abandoned. A black automobile with smoked window drives up towards the rear of the hotel.

Two men emerge from the car with high-powered rifles with scopes. This seriously arouses NANCY, getting her adrenaline pumped by causing her to break out into a sudden cold sweat. She gets a very good look at them with her binoculars.

The men are actually GAGLIANO and CALABRESE. The duo look around to make sure there aren't any potential witnesses. NANCY acts quickly by jumping out of the car and searching for the nearest pay phone. She discovers a pay phone and quickly makes a call.

INT. BRITTANY AND SCOTTY HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING HOURS

BRITTANY and SCOTTY are stretched out across their large bed sound asleep. The phone in their room suddenly rings. It rings several times before BRITTANY decides to roll over and answer.

BRITTANY
(drowsy voice)
Hello?

NANCY
(over phone)
Listen to me good! There isn't a precious second to waste. There are two men near the back of the hotel that you're staying in with rifles.

BRITTANY
(into phone)
Who is this?

NANCY
 (over phone)
 Never mind. Just do it, or you're
 dead.

BRITTANY shakes SCOTTY profusely.

BRITTANY
 Scotty! Scotty! Get up, now!

SCOTTY
 Why? What's going on?

BRITTANY
 We've been warned by the same woman
 who called this hotel room before.
 Two men are right outside this hotel
 with rifles.

SCOTTY
 You're kidding.

BRITTANY
 No I'm not.

BRITTANY and SCOTTY slip on their robes. She and SCOTTY rush
 over to SHEILA'S room.

INT. SHEILA'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING HOURS

Seconds after their entry into SHEILA'S room, a series of
 shots crash through the windows. By now, SHEILA, BRITTANY,
 and SCOTTY are already on the ground, shielded by the king-
 sized bed. They can also hear a series of shots crashing
 into their own room from across the hall. Once the shots
 cease, the trio cautiously ease up from the floor and go
 into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING HOURS

The shots were clearly heard by other OCCUPANTS on the floor
 and from the floor below. The FBI AGENTS have their weapons
 drawn while looking up and down the hallway. BRITTANY consoles
 SHEILA as she is really shook-up.

BRITTANY
 You okay?

SHEILA
 Yeah, I'm okay. I guess they really
 want both of us dead.

BRITTANY
 Yeah, they do.
 (MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

But I won't give'em the satisfaction of ever achieving that.

SHEILA

Where do we go from here, detective? Are we going to make it out of New Orleans alive?

BRITTANY

Sure we will. Won't be long before our would-be killers are all locked up for life.

SHEILA

Look, I'm sorry if I've put your life in danger.

BRITTANY

No, that's okay. You've been brave right from the start. Most people could've cared less about Agent Feliciano getting killed.

SHEILA

Seems like with us getting involved, we've now become moving targets.

BRITTANY

Don't worry, these punks will be captured and spending the rest of their lives behind bars.

SHEILA

Hey detective, thanks a lot.

BRITTANY

No, I should be telling you thanks.

SHEILA

It's obvious that we've been followed from Kansas City down here to New Orleans.

BRITTANY

Yes, that's quite true.

SHEILA

We're lucky to be alive.

EXT. SWAMPS IN THE BAYOUS - MORNING

FONTANELLO and several of his HENCHMEN travel along the banks of the swamps in a high-powered speed boat owned exclusively by FONTANELLO.

The large boat stops at the heart of the swamp waters, right near the section of the muddy banks and multiple cypress trees.

Two large one-hundred gallon drums containing the decomposed remains of PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are rolled to the side of the boat. FONTANELLO and several of his HENCHMEN slip on surgical masks and gloves. The lids are removed from the drums. The decomposed liquid containing the bodily remains of PROVENZANO and RANDAZZO are dumped into the swamps.

Large alligators are seen snatching the arms and legs, taking the body parts to their inner sanctum in order to feast on them. The boat starts up. FONTANELLO looks across the swamps with a cunning smirk.

FONTANELLO

So long, Frankie and Bobby. Your services to the Galluccio family are no longer needed.

The boat speeds off through the bayou waters.

INT. BRITTANY AND SCOTTY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Since the shooting through the hotel windows, a host of many POLICE OFFICERS from the New Orleans Police Department, and the local FBI'S field office, have tightened up on security for BRITTANY and SHEILA. INVESTIGATORS with the NOPD scour the room for possible clues. Shell casings are collected to hopefully find the type of weapon used to try and kill BRITTANY, SHEILA, and SCOTTY.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

DETECTIVES, POLICEMEN, and FBI AGENTS search the parking lot for further clues.

INT. BALCONY - MORNING

BRITTANY and SCOTTY are standing on the balcony overlooking the captivating view of the buildings and streets of the French Quarter. They lean against the glossy black railing, engaging in candid conversation.

SCOTTY

The phone call, the one that warned us about the gunshots coming. Who was it, Britt?

BRITTANY

A woman.

SCOTTY

What woman?

BRITTANY

Probably the same woman who called when we first came to New Orleans.

SCOTTY

Did the voice sound at all familiar?

BRITTANY

No. But something tell me that it's your wife.

SCOTTY

Nancy doesn't know that we're down here.

BRITTANY

Are you sure about that? How do we know that she didn't somehow find out?

SCOTTY

There's no way that she could've found out.

BRITTANY

Maybe somebody tipped her off. We women have a way of finding out things, especially when it comes to a man cheating on them.

SCOTTY

Nancy is still in Kansas City.

BRITTANY

The woman who bumped me in O'Hare. The woman who bumped our table at the restaurant. The phone calls here at the room. It has to be somebody that either one of us know.

SCOTTY

I'd say all of that is coincidental.

BRITTANY

We'll find out in due time.

SCOTTY

Us coming down here was supposed to be an exciting getaway. You're more or less hired to protect Sheila from a buncha mob goons. Seems like while somebody's trying to kill us, somebody else is trying to save our lives.

BRITTANY

From this point on, Sheila's going to need beefed up security. I truly believe that she's the hunted one.

SCOTTY

Are you're not? Britt, you might be in more danger than you realize. Whoever shot through the windows, I think they want you and Sheila dead. Let's just hope that we make it out of this city alive.

BRITTANY places her hand around the waist of SCOTTY.

BRITTANY

We will, Scotty.

INT. NEW ORLEANS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

A TICKET AGENT makes an important announcement for the TRAVELERS inside the crowded airport.

TICKET AGENT

(over loud intercom)

Attention passengers! Attention passengers! TWA Flight Number Twenty-Three-Zero-Nine to Chicago, with connections to Kansas City, Minneapolis, Cleveland, and Milwaukee, is now boarding at Gate C.

BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA are surrounded by six FBI AGENTS, who've been assigned to protect them as they prepare to make their departure out of New Orleans.

TRAVELERS destined for the Midwest have found their place in line. The line moves at a steady pace. BRITTANY, SCOTTY, SHEILA and the FBI AGENTS board the plane.

EXT. TARMAC - LATE AFTERNOON

The TWA Boeing 747 moves away from the airport and speeds down the runway.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS walk along the aisle to make sure that all of the PASSENGER'S seat belts and overhead compartments are secure. The PILOT makes an announcement.

EXT. THE CLOUDY SKIES - DAY

The plane now flies among large, white powdery clouds at an altitude of about thirty-thousand feet.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

BRITTANY, SCOTTY, and SHEILA are sitting in row Twenty-Six C. BRITTANY sits at the end near the aisle, as SCOTTY sits in the middle, and SHEILA sits near the window. Three FBI AGENTS are sitting in the seats behind them, while three more FBI AGENTS are sitting in the seats in front of them. The FBI AGENTS wear dark sunglasses and have their service weapons on them.

Everything appears calm on the plane. The FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are going up and down the aisle asking PASSENGERS what will be their selection of snacks and beverages. Once the FLIGHT ATTENDANT moves up to the next row, NANCY BORTHWICK, the estranged wife of SCOTTY, steps up and parks her body right next to the seat occupied by BRITTANY.

NANCY
 (intimidating stare)
 Hello Scotty. Hello Detective Brittany
 Goldberg. And hello to you, too,
 Sheila Bridgestone.

SCOTTY draws in a strong, heaved voice. He simply can't believe his eyes.

SCOTTY
 Nancy?

NANCY
 Yes, Scotty, it's me. How was your
 New Orleans vacation?

SCOTTY
 (stutters)
 It was.....uh.....was.....

NANCY
 Great I hope.

SCOTTY
 What are you doing on this plane?

NANCY points directly in the face of BRITTANY.

NANCY
 So, is this your new whore?

BRITTANY jerks forward, but hesitates to jump out of her seat.

BRITTANY
 I'm no whore, you understand.

NANCY

Only whores sleep with other women's men. Who do you two take me for? My intuition told me that you were messing around, Scotty.

SCOTTY throws up a waving hand gesture.

SCOTTY

Nancy, I can explain.

NANCY

(furious)

Explain what? That you've been fucking this golden girl bitch! What kinda fool do you take me for? You lied to me, you asshole.

SCOTTY

No Nancy, I didn't lie.

NANCY

You told me that you were going on a business trip to New York for your father. Last I remember, a map of the U.S. shows New York City and New Orleans in two different geographical locations.

SCOTTY

Nancy, please don't make a scene on the plane. Let's talk it out.

All six FBI AGENTS assigned to protect the three of them, are beginning to raise up out of their seats.

NANCY

There's nothing to talk about. If you were gonna sneak off with this whore-bitch, then at least you could've covered up your tracks.

SCOTTY

Whaddaya mean?

NANCY thrusts her arm forward to flash photocopies of his travel confirmation and itinerary to New Orleans.

NANCY

This, you disgusting shitbag!

SCOTTY'S eyes widen with surprise and heavy water.

SCOTTY

Nancy.....I.....I just wanna

NANCY

Wanna what? Lie about having an affair with this man-stealing slut.

BRITTANY jumps out of her seat and gets right into the face of NANCY. By now, the entire plane have their eyes planted on them.

BRITTANY

(hostile)

That's enough of the insults! If you were taking care of home, then none of this might've happened. I'm not going to sit here and listen to you run me down. Scotty hasn't been happy for a long time, and that's exactly why we fell in love?

NANCY

In love? The man who I gave my heart to? That's absolutely crazy. Whether you know it or not, sweetheart, the three of you are still alive because of me.

BRITTANY

What're you talking about?

NANCY

Don't you know? The syndicate wants to take out your girl right there. They also want to take you out, too. While they were watching you in New Orleans, I happened to be watching them by accident. Detective, they want you and the witness real, real bad.

BRITTANY

Who's they?

NANCY

You see, I know all about Sheila right here witnessing the FBI agent being killed in Westport. One hand washes the other. But what bothers me more than anything, is that you've gotten my husband involved. You've put his life in danger. Though Scotty has stepped out on me, I still love him very, very much. Do you understand that, bitch.

BRITTANY has had enough. She grabs NANCY around the throat. NANCY retaliates by grabbing BRITTANY around the throat.

Both women maliciously choke one another. They turn beet red in the face. The six FBI AGENTS break them apart. NANCY and BRITTANY cough and gasp for air. Two of the FBI AGENTS escort NANCY back to her seat. BRITTANY sits down and looks over at SCOTTY with a set of the angriest eyes. SHEILA sits there with a blank expression on her face.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY - DAY

A special memorial gravesite ceremony for FBI Special Agent WILFREDO FELICIANO, is being held at St. John's Cemetery in Queens, New York. A massive array of floral displays surround the shiny silverish casket. Included in this ceremony is an HONOR GUARD armed with rifles and ST. VINCENT'S PIPE AND DRUM CORPS. FBI Director, JOSPEH AHERN, stands up on a podium inside the cemetery speaking before a massive crowd of FAMILY, FRIENDS, fellow FBI AGENTS, and other MOURNERS.

DIRECTOR AHERN

We are here today to honor one of our agents who gave his life while in the performance of Law Enforcement Duty. Agent Feliciano displayed a bravery as an agent that catapults the human spirit beyond unprecedented heights.

The shaken-up widow of WILFREDO FELICIANO, MARIA FELICIANO, sits on the front row with their three DAUGHTERS. FBI Special Agent from the FBI'S Kansas City Field Office, DYLAN HUNTER, steps over to her seat with his arm stretched out.

DYLAN

Mrs. Feliciano, can I have a second?

MARIA dries her eyes with a white handkerchief. She raises out of her seat and follows DYLAN to a more private section of the cemetery.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Feliciano, we're going to do everything in our power to catch the men responsible for killing your husband. The FBI and the KCPD in Kansas City are working around-the-clock to catch these men.

MARIA

Thank you.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION - DAY

STEFANO "TUFFY" FONTANELLO, as well as CARMINE and MICHAEL BERNAZZOLI, have come to Kansas City to help preside over a crucial meeting at the Pendergast Mansion.

Some of the top SOLDIERS, CAPTAINS, and HENCHMEN are also in attendance. Senator JOSEPH WEINBERG, MASON SHELLENBERGER, and New Orleans Teamsters Union Chieftain, CARL BERNSTEIN, sit around the huge conference table sipping on their favorite cocktails and puffing on cigarettes. Speaking very calm-voiced, GALLUCCIO opens the important meeting.

GALLUCCIO

Men, your presence at this meeting is greatly appreciated. As always, I thank Carmine and Mikey Bernazzoli of the Chicago Outfit for helping me to arrange this meeting. I thank Stefano Fontanello and his Teamsters representative, Carl Bernstein, for coming up from New Orleans to be a big part of our future plans. It goes without saying, that it is an honor and a privilege, to have Mason Shellenberger present, with him being the man who holds the strings together when it comes to our strength over running our '*billion dollar baby*', the Teamsters Union.

GALLUCCIO acknowledges SENATOR WEINBERG with delight.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

When I think of the political muscle that we have access to here in Kansas City, as well as other parts of Missouri, it is a pleasure, once again, to have Joey Weinberg present at this meeting.

GALLUCCIO continues with his personal news bulletin.

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

And last, we're all aware that Frankie and Bobby are no longer with us. Unfortunately for us, we didn't get rid of the witness and the detective. But we'll deal with that problem later. Men, welcome, once again, to my home, the Pendergast Mansion.

CARMINE projects a gracious stare around the entire conference table.

CARMINE

Men, we are very grateful to Tommy Galluccio for helping to arrange this meeting here at the Pendergast Mansion. We all agree, that Tommy
(MORE)

CARMINE (CONT'D)
remains a man's man. His fierce
loyalty and dedication to our families
are to be treasured for all times.

MICHAEL thrusts his erect arm high in the air.

MICHAEL
It is through our vision and
dedication that we move into the
future. We are a united blood
brotherhood, and no one will come
along and tear down what we've built
up. The G-man was taken care of.
The detective and the witness are
still alive, but that won't be for
long. That you can rest assured.

CARMINE points his index finger over to FONTANELLO.

CARMINE
Tuffy, what do we have first on the
table to kick this meeting off?

FONTANELLO leans back and releases a heavy breath.

FONTANELLO
In my city, we've got the Teamsters
under control. We're looking to pull
off one of the biggest deals ever.
Right now, my family controls the
Farmers International Life Insurance
of New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and
Shreveport. We also control the
Central States and Southeast Teamsters
Health and Welfare Fund. I have a
man posted up in Baton Rouge who's
overseeing the International American
Life Insurance Company. We're looking
to get all the Building Trade Union
insurance business in Louisiana.

GALLUCCIO chirps as a gesture towards FONTANELLO.

GALLUCCIO
To accomplish all of this, aren't we
gonna have'ta pass along some hush
money?

CARMINE
I'd think so, Tommy.

MICHAEL

We're constantly on the lookout for public officials who'll be quiet and take the money under the table.

CARL BERNSTEIN motions with a snap of his fingers.

BERNSTEIN

(domineering voice)

With the power consolidated between Chicago, Kansas City, and New Orleans, we can exercise considerable influence in both the Teamsters and Longshoremen's Unions. Everyone sitting here in this meeting know that in order to do this, we must contribute funds to political figureheads here in Kansas City, as well as Chicago and New Orleans. Yes, it's going to take the passing of money under the table for us to yield this power that we're seeking.

SHELLENBERGER speaks with much relevancy.

SHELLENBERGER

(consultative voice)

In order for this plan of ours to work in gaining control over the Teamsters Southeast and Southwest Health and Welfare Fund life insurance contracts, we'll have to slip the money under the table to the fund's trustees. I've been involved with Teamsters business for almost thirty years, so I know about these things. In order for us to garner more labor insurance business contracts, we'll have to offer union officials big kickbacks.

GALLUCCIO

Union officials don't care if we dip our fingers into that bottomless cookie jar. We're all on the same team when it comes to the unions.

BERNSTEIN

Tuffy suggested that I submit a bid to the New Orleans City Council. With this bid, we're trying to change health insurance coverage for fifty-thousand employees from Health South to another carrier. The same can be done for Chicago and Kansas City.

CARMINE

Does that translate into more money going into the pension fund?

BERNSTEIN

Absolutely. Here's where we stand. If we can get these major Teamsters funds insurance contracts switched to Mutual Fidelity, I figure it'd be worth three million dollars a month in commissions.

SHELLENBERGER

For the Teamsters officials in your state, those who make it possible for the unions to award the contracts to Mutual Fidelity, how much money in kickbacks would have to go into the hands of those same officials who'd make it possible?

BERNSTEIN

At least a half-a-million bucks in kickbacks.

SHELLENBERGER

That's fair, I guess. Tommy, Carmine, and Mikey, do you all agree with that?

Respectively, GALLUCCIO, CARMINE, and MICHAEL express their consent.

CARMINE

Half-a-million a month is within reasonable boundaries.

MICHAEL

I'd have no problem with half-a-million a month.

GALLUCCIO

Five-hundred grand a month is fair.

BERNSTEIN

This is the big one, fellas. If we can gain control and keep'a hold on something like this, we're really looking to fatten our pockets.

FONTANELLO

(ecstatic)

Men, this is going to be the biggest fucking deal ever!

(MORE)

FONTANELLO (CONT'D)

Two-and-a-half million bucks a month.
You can't beat that any day of the
week.

BERNSTEIN

It's a sweetheart deal.

CARMINE exchanges fierce eye contact with BERNSTEIN and
FONTANELLO.

CARMINE

With a half-a-million siphoned off
for the union officials, that leaves
two-and-a-half million. I've always
been a man of reason, a man of strong
business principles. That two-and-a-
half million left for the Chicago,
Kansas City, and New Orleans families,
it can be split fairly three separate
ways. I figure that the Bernazzoli,
Galluccio, and Fontanello families
take eight-hundred grand and some
nice little pocket change a piece
every month.

GALLUCCIO

Eight-hundred grand a month is some
nice pocket change.

MICHAEL nods his head towards FONTANELLO.

MICHAEL

(bossy tone)

Tuffy, we know that you've got a lot
of juice down there in New Orleans.
Our weak brothers from the past in
the Chicago and Kansas City families,
they've allowed others to reap the
harvest from a field where we've
planted our seeds of hard work. Now,
when I say weak brothers, I'm speaking
of the incompetent shitbags who fucked
up our operations out in Las Vegas.
Tommy's Uncle Angie, and our old
man, they both convinced the Teamsters
to turn over loans to guys to build
one casino after another in that
goddam desert town. They were the
men who made the Teamsters what it
is today. They were the same men who
made Las Vegas what it is today.
Working class men and women have
opportunities they've never dreamed
of because of the Teamsters.

MICHAEL takes a sip from his scotch and then continues.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Tuffy, every man sitting at this table knows how important it is to us. What I'm saying to you is to make sure you know the people you're dealing with. There are rats and stoolies all over the place. Always have been, and always will be.

CARMINE pats the arm of his brother MICHAEL.

CARMINE

My brother's right, Tuffy. Be absolutely, one-hundred percent confident about the men that you're dealing with down there in New Orleans. We have made this *infamia*, these bargaining agreements with these little unknowns in the unions willing to do business with our families. A lot of these scumbags that we're dealing with today are nothing but spineless jellyfish, and their blood is as diluted as watered down cool-aid. Tommy's Uncle Angie, and our old man, they were men of honor, men of respect, men of loyalty, and men of vision. If this deals go through, then we're looking to take the prize home.

FONTANELLO

Before I establish liaisons with anybody in my state, I check out their backgrounds real thoroughly. I pay my men good money to check out their backgrounds, I mean right down to the bare bone. I've never dealt with people who had the potential to become rats and stoolies later on. I can smell those so-called hard asses who become soft asses later on a country mile away. The people in New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Shreveport, and Tunisia, I've dealt with them since the early days.

SHELLENBERGER

Tuffy, don't you exclusively control all of Jefferson Parish?

FONTANELLO

I exclusively control Jefferson Parish and all of New Orleans.

SHELLENBERGER

What are your means of control?

FONTANELLO

I've been with the president of the Jefferson Parish Council for many years. Once these contracts go through, we wouldn't have to grease him up too heavy.

SHELLENBERGER

Sometimes those politicians present us with the biggest problems.

FONTANELLO

In my state, I'd know better than anyone about them politicians. If you're not careful, they'll take your fucking money, then they'll tell you goodbye without a kiss.

SHELLENBERGER

Disgusting dirtbags!

FONTANELLO

One time, I put ten grand in a guy's pocket who was running for the Louisiana Senate. I ended up hating the motherfucker, because he took my money and did not a goddam thing for me. I believed in this sonofavitch when he was a nobody in my state.

CARMINE shakes his head as a gesture of sheer disapproval.

CARMINE

Your heart is softer than ours, Tuffy. Had some political punk taken our money and screwed us later, then that would've been grounds for him to be hit.

MICHAEL

We don't play take the money now and fuck us later. We're used to dealing with standup type of guys with a solid pair of *cajones*.

FONTANELLO

Politicians want money, just like everybody wants money. Anytime a politician goes into office, he's going in there for money. They've got a racket just like we've got a racket.

GALLUCCIO

After this operation's up and running, what type of advance share commissions are we looking at?

BERNSTEIN gives GALLUCCIO a look of triumph.

BERNSTEIN

Here's our initial plan. We front the money to purchase insurance companies. We'll then slip the payoff money to the union and government officials, in order to gain health insurance contracts for the insurance companies. After that, we let the money accumulate in the company's accounts, and then siphon off the money.

SHELLENBERGER

Now, after siphoning off this three-million every month in commissions, are these companies going to be left high and dry?

BERNSTEIN

Absolutely not. We'll collect the monthly commissions and move on to more prosperous pastures.

SHELLENBERGER

Wouldn't be wise to invest in these companies and then milk them dry.

GALLUCCIO grunts at SENATOR WEINBERG to get his attention.

GALLUCCIO

Joey, I know that as a senator, you're not involved with '*coonass politics*'. I know that you've got a vast network of powerful acquaintances up there in Washington. With this deal about to take flight with Tuffy and his man Bernstein, the same deal with the government employee insurance contracts through the Teamsters down

(MORE)

GALLUCCIO (CONT'D)

there in New Orleans, we'll need you to convince your friends in politics to cooperate with union officials. We don't need the FBI sending anymore of their G-Men to Kansas City or elsewhere to investigate us.

SENATOR WEINBERG

Tommy, when it comes to politics here in Missouri, politics in Illinois, or politics down in Louisiana, we're all cut from the same cloth. There's a vast collection of useful, powerful, and potentially dangerous acquaintances of mines in Washington who exercise considerable influence in every aspect of government. These acquaintances of mines have arms of influence that reaches all over America. But in order for their arms to stretch to the max, there's a need for campaign contributions and special favors.

GALLUCCIO

We can't leave behind a trail for the government to pick up a scent.

SENATOR WEINBERG

None of my associates in politics leave dirty trails behind.

GALLUCCIO

Good.

SENATOR WEINBERG

We're all playing a high-stakes game.

GALLUCCIO

Carmine and Mikey, with your permission and blessings, we're ready to get this operation up and running.

FONTANELLO

Under your guidance, protection, and stewardship, Carmine and Mikey, we'd like to get started with our plans. We're all looking to peel off some really big cash here.

CARMINE

Three-million bucks a month is a sweetheart deal. You're right, Tuffy,
(MORE)

CARMINE (CONT'D)

this might turn out to be one of the biggest fucking deals ever. I give my blessings and my permission.

MICHAEL

Tuffy, I couldn't have thought of a more clever plan to peel off three-million bucks a month. Like my brother, you have my permission and blessings.

CARMINE

Now, is there anything else on the table?

GALLUCCIO rests his arms on the table and throws his head back.

GALLUCCIO

It's the witness and the detective. Carmine, it scares me shitless to know that as long as they're alive, we might end up losing the Teamsters and going straight to the fucking can. *Quelle femmine che dovrebbe morire.*

CARMINE points directly to SASSO with vehement eyes.

CARMINE

Sei assolutamente il diritto, Thomas. Silvio put the bomb under the car, and the both of them are still alive. Just like we're trying to dispose of them, somebody's trying to keep them alive.

GALLUCCIO

But who? Bart and Louie blasted through their hotel windows down in New Orleans, and they somehow made it back to Kansas City alive. I'll betcha that they've got security out the fucking yen-yen. Somebody's watching their back twenty-four/seven.

CARMINE

Trying to poison them didn't work.

GALLUCCIO leans back and travels many years back in time.

EXT. FLASHBACK - RIVER QUAY - NIGHT

TOMMY GALLUCCIO watches from about a quarter of a block, as DINO LEONETTI is blown to pieces inside his Cadillac Sedan de Ville.

INT. PENDERGAST MANSION (AGAIN) - DAY

GALLUCCIO drifts back into the present, as he gives all of the ATTENDEES dead-serious eye contact.

GALLUCCIO

Uncle Angie didn't let me down, and I'm not going to let him down. The wild cowboy days of the River Quay Wars are over. We've got lots of money to make here in the present.

All the ATTENDEES at the meeting shift into a crippling silence.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Inside a conference and media room on the fifth floor of the KCPD headquarters in downtown Kansas City, BRITTANY GOLDBERG, veteran homicide detective Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, FBI Agent DYLAN HUNTER, Chief of Police MEYER KIRKPATRICK, and a host of other HOMICIDE DETECTIVES, FBI AGENTS, and POLICE OFFICERS have come together for a very important meeting.

FBI Agent DYLAN HUNTER presides over the meeting, with controversy surrounding the killings of WILFREDO FELICIANO and RICHARD DELANEY. Issues also concerning the safety of BRITTANY and SHEILA are to be a part of the discussion. DYLAN stands at the front of the room before a large computerized projector screen.

DYLAN

Everyone, there's a phantom that operates among us in the shadows. This phantom is known as organized crime or the Mafia. My esteemed colleague, Wilfredo Feliciano, was gunned down while on assignment here in Kansas City. Finding his killers has required a lot of manpower and resources.

BRITTANY waves her erect finger in the air.

BRITTANY

Any clues thus far?

DYLAN

None, Detective Goldberg.

BRITTANY

That sure dampers our spirits.

DYLAN

We believe that someone in a crime family is calling some serious shots, and those shots are ending in murder. It is highly speculated that the shooting death of Agent Feliciano was ordered by the hierarchy in a crime family.

BRITTANY

Here in K.C. or elsewhere?

DYLAN

We're not for sure at this point. We believe that Kansas City still has a functional family, which would derive it's immense power from the Chicago family. The attempt on your life in New Orleans might've involved crime families from different cities.

OVERSTREET interjects into the discussion.

OVERSTREET

But who would be the boss of those families?

DYLAN

We're yet to find out, but we do have our suspicions.

OVERSTREET

After Angelo Galluccio died, his family was believed to be void of leadership.

DYLAN

That belief can be both true and false. Angelo highly regarded his nephew, Tommy Galluccio, as his handpicked successor.

OVERSTREET

If Tommy is the present boss of the Galluccio family, then why haven't we picked up on any trails that could lead us straight to him?

DYLAN picks up a device which controls shifting of picture frames up on the projector screen. He presses a button on the control and a photo of TOMMY GALLUCCIO appears with him standing near the front entrance of his exclusive mansion.

DYLAN

We've learned that Galluccio is hard to get on our radar screen. His cronies are probably even harder to pick up on, their vice activities underground and all. He doesn't go bouncing at night. He doesn't keep routine schedules.

BRITTANY throws up a quick hand gesture.

BRITTANY

Galluccio sounds like an elusive character, and deliberately so. Lowkey in nature probably has always been his modus operandi.

DYLAN

His invisibility, that's ultimately his power.

BRITTANY

Do you believe there's any possibility that he ordered the killing of Agent Feliciano?

DYLAN

Very strong possibility. Operating far away from the public's eye is how these gangsters can kill high-ranking government officials like Feliciano.

OVERSTREET makes a squealing sound to get DYLAN'S attention.

OVERSTREET

What about the murder of Richard Delaney? He carried a lot of weight with the Teamsters here in K.C. as a treasury secretary. We're still investigating that homicide, in which I believe that Feliciano and Delaney's murders are connected.

DYLAN presses the control button, and a large photo of RICHARD DELANEY appears on the screen.

DYLAN

You're right, Lieutenant Overstreet. Agent Feliciano was sent down from Washington to investigate the Teamsters alliance with organized crime, and he ends up dead.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Delaney was involved heavily with Teamsters affairs, even having gone on trail for corrupt union business, and he also ends up dead. There has to be a direct correlation to the gangsters who still have major influence in the unions. Their killers are a buncha of homicidal maniacs.

BRITTANY releases a strong wind.

BRITTANY

What correlation, Agent Hunter?

DYLAN

Mason Shellenberger has been their front man for many years. With his shrewdness and guidance, organized crime continues to prosper through corrupt unions. He's probably backed by the Bernazzoli Brothers out of Chicago, whose influence stretches across many territories. As I exchanged information with my colleague when he first arrived in Kansas City, the River Quay Wars opened up vast territory for the Teamsters.

BRITTANY

As you have already learned, the star witness to the killing of Agent Feliciano might've become their next target. I agreed to provide her with personal protection. It seems as though we both became targets to these merciless men.

DYLAN

Yes, Detective Goldberg, the bureau has learned about your misfortunes down in New Orleans. Though two agents from the bureau were assigned as beefed up protection, we also learned that shots were fired through your hotel window.

BRITTANY

It's true, Agent Hunter. The star witness, as well as myself, spotted the two men who might've been the ones who gunned down Agent Feliciano.

DYLAN

Did you contact the authorities?

BRITTANY

Yes, the proper authorities in New Orleans were contacted.

DYLAN

So these suspects were never apprehended and arrested?

BRITTANY

No.

DYLAN gives BRITTANY a respectful, yet intimidating stare.

DYLAN

(suspicious)

I'm curious Detective Goldberg. Why was the witness taken down to New Orleans under such extraordinary circumstances?

BRITTANY takes a deep swallow. Her eyes almost go blank.

BRITTANY

(hesitant)

Well.....uh.....I thought it'd be a good idea to confuse her potential killers. I wanted to keep her alive, just in case the suspects were apprehended and brought to trial.

DYLAN

Oh, I see. Anyway, we're going to need to step up our efforts to investigate Shellenberger, as well as Galluccio and all his button and front men. Constant surveillance through audio and visual resources will help us get some teeth in our bite.

BRITTANY gestures to get her question in.

BRITTANY

The two suspects who could easily be implicated in Agent Feliciano's murder. How about them?

DYLAN

If they're still in circulation, they'll slip up and lead us straight to the crime family hierarchy.

BRITTANY

You take out the hierarchy, you'll
put all the others in total disarray.

DYLAN

Absolutely!

BRITTANY

Well, it sounds like we've got a lot
of work to do.

DYLAN

Certainly, we do. The star witness
to the Feliciano killing will be
receiving complete immunity. She
must be kept under constant guard.

INT. BORTHWICK RESIDENCE - EVENING

Inside the bedroom of the home shared by SCOTTY and NANCY,
they engage in a heated argument. They stand face-to-face,
swapping spit and literally blowing their hot breath onto
one another. There seems to be no immediate resolution in
sight.

NANCY

You're the one who decided to be a
man whore and sneak off to New Orleans
with a bitch whore.

SCOTTY

(raged)

I don't want to talk about it no
more.

NANCY

Well, we're going to talk about it.
Since we've been together, I've been
nothing but loyal to you. Is this
how you repay me?

SCOTTY

Nancy, the damage is already done.
You and I both know that we haven't
been happy for quite some time.

NANCY

Sneaking off to New Orleans with the
detective didn't help matters. Do
you want a divorce?

SCOTTY steps away from NANCY with his mouth dropped open.

SCOTTY

It crossed my mind. But a divorce won't solve none of our problems. I will admit, that you've never questioned your love for me.

NANCY steps up and places her hands around SCOTTY'S waist.

NANCY

(compassionately)

Neither will I ever question it. Scotty, I love. I will always love you. I've got living proof that I love you.

SCOTTY

Living proof?

NANCY

I saved the life of the man who has my heart on lock and key, and that man is you, Scotty.

NANCY goes over to the side of the bed where she sleeps and bends down to slide a box from underneath. She sits the box on top of the bed and displays a remote control bomb.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Scotty, the rent-a-car that you guys rode around in, this same bomb was placed underneath. I'd been watching you guys's hotel room from outside every since you got to New Orleans. I saw a man slide under the car with a pair of binoculars, placing the bomb right underneath the passenger's side. This here, is proof that I love you. I took the bomb from under the car to keep you guys from being blown up.

SCOTTY reaches forward to hold the bomb in his hand. He takes a deep swallow and scrupulously studies the device.

SCOTTY

How'd you get this on the plane? Did you get a good look at the man who put it under the car?

NANCY

None of that matters at this point. What does matter is that you're still alive.

SCOTTY

So, the mob does want Brittany and Sheila killed.

NANCY

And it wouldnt've mattered one least bit if you were killed right along with them. The phone call that Brittany received right before the bullets came exploding through the windows, that same call came from me.

NANCY opens the middle drawer to one of the dressers. She brings out an old newspaper article from the late nineteen seventies.

The front page article reads: MOB ASSOCIATE KILLED IN CAR BOMB.

NANCY flashes it right before the face of SCOTTY.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You see, Scotty, my great uncle, Dino Leonetti, he was killed in the River Quay back in the late seventies. It was a car bomb that blew him to smithereens. He did something that the K.C. mob didn't like, and they decided to blow him to the high heavens. Getting involved with that detective definitely put your life in serious danger.

SCOTTY takes the newspaper article out of the hands of NANCY and places it on the bed. With both eyes welled up with tears, he pulls her closer and plants a bursting kiss on her lips.

SCOTTY

Nancy, you're truly the woman that I was meant to be with. Sweetheart, I love and appreciate you now more that I ever have. Thank you for caring, my love.

SCOTTY and NANCY engage in a long, succulent kiss.

