

SEE NAPLES AND DIE

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FADE IN:

EXT. NAPLES STREET. MORNING

Secondigliano, Naples, 2002. A handful of stray dogs limp around the perimeter of the street, sniffing around trash bags which have been piled up outside several vandalized houses.

The sun begins to rise, gradually lighting up the street and revealing a blacked out 4 door car, which has been parked at the end of the street.

INT. DETACHED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. MORNING

A 46 year old man, PIETRO, is dressed in a black suit, inspecting himself in a mirror that is attached to the wall in front of him. He slicks back his well gelled hair with a comb.

A photo frame positioned on the mantelpiece in front of Pietro displays a photo of himself and a 44 year old woman, both are dressed for a wedding.

A small television set in the corner of the room is muted, as the news channel shows live images of a Neapolitan street. The street is stained with blood, occupied by four body bags, several Polizia and countless bystanders.

Pietro turns his attention to the television set, drawn to the news headline, which reads: "BLOODY CAMORRA CLAN WAR CONTINUES". Pietro peers his head towards the hallway.

PIETRO
Hurry up, Fabio.

INT. BLACKED OUT CAR (STATIONARY). MORNING

MATTEO, a 30 year old bald headed man with a scar running down the left side of his clean shaven face, sits in the passenger seat of the car.

Sat in the drivers seat next to him is TITO. Tito's huge body has been crammed into the car, with his broad shoulders almost making contact with the roof of the vehicle. He wears a rusting gold Christian cross around his bulging neck.

Matteo inspects his scar in the rear view mirror, whilst Tito checks the time on his gold plated watch, tutting. Matteo's attention is drawn to a plane flying overhead.

Tito slaps Matteo around the face, getting his full attention. He then rips the glovebox open, revealing a pistol inside. Matteo eyes it up.

INT. DETACHED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. MORNING

Pietro is now stood by the window, peering through the curtains to stare at the blacked out car. He holds a mobile phone to his ear.

PIETRO
 (Into phone)
 They've found me... Yes I'm sure...
 Move Don Barzini before it's too
 late.

Pietro hangs up the phone, sliding it into his blazer pocket. Footsteps approach from the hallway, as Pietro starts to turn around.

PIETRO (CONT'D)
 Lets take a look at you.

As Pietro turns around, he is greeted by the sight of Matteo, who is pointing a pistol at him. Matteo places his index finger over his own mouth, making a 'shhh' sound.

PIETRO (CONT'D)
 Can't you see were grieving?

MATTEO
 Soon people will grieve for you.
 Unless you tell me where Don
 Barzini is.

PIETRO
 How would I know? I'm the one in
 hiding.

Matteo flicks off the pistols safety switch, as Pietro's eyes widen.

PIETRO (CONT'D)
 He's not here.

MATTEO
 Then where is he?

Two cars can be heard speeding towards the house. Matteo looks towards the window.

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE. MORNING

Two silver four door cars pull up outside Pietro's house, twenty feet away from Tito's car.

Four thugs exit the two cars. Three of them head towards the front door. THUG 4 spots Tito's car. He withdraws a pistol from his jacket and starts pacing towards the front of the vehicle.

A gunshot from inside the car sends a bullet blasting through the windshield and into Thug 4's chest, killing him instantly. Stray dogs begin to wail.

The remaining three thugs spin around to see Tito scurrying out of his car, firing several shots at the thugs who return fire.

Tito shoots Thug 1 in the gut before ducking down behind his car, shielding himself from endless gunfire.

INT. DETACHED HOUSE. MORNING

Gunshots echo throughout the house. Matteo grips his pistol tighter, as he watches the commotion outside.

PIETRO

At least Don Barzini knows the value of loyalty. Conte sent you here to die.

Matteo grips Pietro up against the wall, digging his pistol into Pietro's neck.

MATTEO

Where is he!

PIETRO

What makes you think Conte is loyal? When this war is over, what will stop him from disposing of you?

Matteo smacks Pietro in the side of the head with his pistol.

PIETRO (CONT'D)

Conte can't be trusted. If I were you, I'd leave now while you still have the chance.

Running footsteps emerge from the hallway. Matteo reacts to this, spinning around and shooting blindly at the living room entrance.

PIETRO (CONT'D)

FABIO!

Matteo's eyes adjust to the site in front of him. The body of a 9 year old boy lies on the floor, riddled with bullets. Pietro pushes past a dazed Matteo. He starts to cradle his son's body. The gunshots outside cease.

PIETRO (CONT'D)

Fabio! Fabio!

Pietro starts crying as he cradles his son. He looks at Matteo with fire in his eyes.

PIETRO (CONT'D)

You bastard! Fuck you and your boss!

As Matteo gazes into the eyes of the dead boy, Pietro leaps to his feet and lunges for Matteo.

A gunshot emerges from the hallway, as a bullet catches Pietro in the back, sending him crashing down to the floor. Matteo looks up to see Tito standing in the doorway.

Tito looks down at the boy's body, a look of horror consumes his face. He then stares into Matteo's teary eyes. Matteo storms out of the room, barging past Tito.

Tito crouches down by the boy's body. Pietro, barely breathing, pants and wails in anger, as he watches Tito approach his son.

Tito removes the gold cross from his neck and wraps it around the boy's bloodied hand. He cradles the boy's hand and kisses it.

He then jumps to his feet, pistol in hand, and aims the nozzle of his gun at Pietro's head. He squeezes the trigger.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. DAY

Castel Volturno, present day. The waves of the sea smash against one another, watched by a handful of families who are camped out on the sand.

A walkway leads from the sand to a hut area, which is shielded by the remains of a burnt out building. A caravan is parked nearby. MARIA, a 45 year old petite Italian woman is cooking in a shelter. She has a head of curly brown hair and a rough face, which is occupied by wrinkles and worry lines.

Matteo, 44 years old, now sports a scraggly greying beard, which partly conceals the scar on his face. With a broom in hand, he brushes sand off the lido walkway.

A family of four walk past Matteo and head towards the parking area. The MOTHER pokes her head into Maria's shelter as she walks past it.

MOTHER

Buona sera!

MARIA

Buona sera.

A YOUNG BOY is stood sulking by a futsal machine, pulling the machines poles one by one. Matteo spots him and puts the broom to one side.

He approaches the Boy and pulls out a fifty cent coin. The Boy's eyes light up as Matteo slots it into the machine. A handful of mini footballs are released from the machine.

As Matteo and the Boy play on the machine, a small dog with a gold coat of fur sprints onto the scene. It runs into Maria's shelter.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Ohhhh!

The dog sprints out of the shelter, shooed away by Maria.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO ENTRANCE. DAY

A blacked out car makes its way down the rocky road, jolting from side to side.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. DAY

The blacked out car appears in the parking area, coming to a halt. Matteo spots it, no longer paying attention to the futsal machine, as the Boy scores a goal.

YOUNG BOY

Yes!

Matteo comes around the futsal table and guides the Boy towards the shelter, with his arm around his shoulder, his gaze once again fixed on the blacked out car.

Matteo opens the freezer for the Boy. The Boy reaches inside and grabs an ice cream.

Matteo smiles at the Boy before patting him on the back, sending him running down towards the parking area.

As the Boy runs past the blacked out car, the driver side door opens. Out of it steps TITO, now 45 years old. His broad shoulders are barely concealed by a battered leather jacket. His face is covered with cuts and bruises.

Tito and Matteo stare off from afar. Tito produces a rye smile, as he makes his way towards Matteo. Maria's gaze is drawn to Matteo's blank expression.

MARIA

What is it?

As Tito reaches Matteo, he clutches him in a bear hug and kisses him on either cheek.

TITO

You've hidden well, saint.

MATTEO

Not well enough.

Maria storms out of the shelter to behold Tito. Tito approaches her as he did Matteo, kissing her on either cheek.

TITO

Maria, still as beautiful as ever.

MARIA

What do you want?

TITO

Am I not Luciano's Godfather?

MARIA

That's not why you're here.

Maria exchanges begrudging looks with Matteo.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You should leave.

Maria retreats back into the shelter, as Matteo sits down at one of the tables. Tito joins him.

TITO

You look well, friend. Not great, but well.

MATTEO

You've gotten fat.

TITO
(laughing)
And you've gotten soft. So this is
what you do now, sell Ice cream?

MATTEO
Keeps my hands clean.

TITO
Do you know how long I've been
looking for you?

MATTEO
I don't care how long you've been
looking. I wanna know why.

Out of the corner of his eye, Tito spots Maria, keeping a
close eye on him.

TITO
Conte wants to see you.

MATTEO
Maria's right, you should leave.

TITO
And what do I tell Conte?

MATTEO
He's your boss, not mine.

TITO
This paradise of yours was never
going to last forever. He'll always
be your boss.

MATTEO
What could he possibly want from me
now?

TITO
His wife, Carmella, she's missing.
Dead, kidnapped, runaway, no one
knows. But he wants her found.

MATTEO
And?

TITO
And he wants you to find her.

MATTEO
Me? Why me? Why not you?

TITO

A lot has changed since you left. Conte's become paranoid. He thinks the system is turning against him. His wife disappearing has sent him over the edge.

MATTEO

How would I know where to find her? I don't even know what she looks like.

TITO

I'm just the messenger.

Matteo gets up from his seat.

MATTEO

Then you can tell Conte I wasn't home.

As Matteo tries to walk past, Tito grabs his arm, stopping him in his tracks.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

You gonna strong arm me, friend?

Tito rises to his feet, placing his hands on Matteo's shoulders.

TITO

He doesn't trust anyone anymore, not in the way he trusted you. You can make him see sense, you can prevent another war.

Matteo kisses Tito on both cheeks.

MATTEO

Take care friend.

Tito exhales and turns to leave, but then turns back around, retrieving an envelope from his jacket pocket. He hands it to Matteo.

TITO

I almost forgot.

MATTEO

What's this?

TITO

You think I'd forget my Godson's birthday?

MATTEO

Why can't you give it to him
yourself?

TITO

He's a hard man to find, just like
his father.

EXT. VINCENZO'S PIZZERIA. DAY

The outdoor seating area of the pizzeria is occupied by 47 year old VINCENZO. He is a large man with a hearing aid in either ear. He has a head of black curly hair. A messenger bag hangs over his waist.

JOHNNY, a 50 year old man, leans against an insulated food display unit. He is also a large man, dressed in dirty chef whites. A pair of thick lensed glasses cover his eyes. He is on the verge of falling asleep.

Parked up about ten feet away on mopeds are three young men. LUCIANO, 19 years old, is dressed in a pair of ripped denim shorts and a baggy white T-shirt. He has a messy head of blond hair. Next to him are 20 year old GENARRO and TOMMASO. They are all observing Vincenzo.

GENARRO

What are you so scared of?

TOMMASO

I don't see you rushing over there.

GENARRO

I've made my bones. Now it's your
turn.

TOMMASO

Like you've ever killed anyone.

GENARRO

At least I've got the balls to
steal.

TOMMASO

Not from Conte's cousin.

LUCIANO

What's Conte ever done for us?

Luciano leaps off his moped. He reaches inside his shorts and pulls out a switch blade.

GENARRO
This is gonna be good.

TOMMASO
You got a death wish?

LUCIANO
Is Conte paying us?

TOMMASO
He said he will.

LUCIANO
When?

GENARRO
When they find that bitch wife of
his.

Luciano strides towards the pizzeria. He walks past a now sleeping Johnny and stands over Vincenzo. Tommaso and Gennaro watch from afar.

TOMMASO
I heard Conte's gonna start a war.

GENARRO
And who will fight for him? The
fool's gone soft. It's only a
matter of time before he's
finished.

Luciano pulls out the switch blade and points it at Vincenzo, who throws up his hands. Gennaro starts laughing. Tommaso looks around nervously. Vincenzo starts rummaging through his messenger bag.

GENARRO (CONT'D)
Piece of cake.

Vincenzo withdraws his hand from the messenger bag. He now holds a 63 mm pistol which he aims at Luciano. He pulls the trigger.

Luciano jumps out of the way, as the bullet shatters the food display unit, waking Johnny from his slumber. Tommaso and Genarro start up their peds, as Luciano comes sprinting towards them.

LUCIANO
Did you see that!

Vincenzo comes stumbling towards them with his gun in hand. Luciano jumps on his moped.

As Vincenzo brings his arm up to aim the gun, the boys zoom off on their peds, laughing as they go. Johnny stands side by side with Vincenzo.

JOHNNY

What protection are we paying for?

VINCENZO

We aint paying one more cent.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO - SHELTER. NIGHT

Matteo and Maria stand side by side, surrounded by large quantities of raw meat and vegetables. Matteo is peeling and chopping onions, whilst Maria moulds some meatballs.

MARIA

You're chopping them too thick.

MATTEO

They're perfect.

MARIA

They're supposed to be thin.

MATTEO

That's what they are.

Maria glances over the piles of food that surround her.

MARIA

Such a waste.

MATTEO

Maybe he'll bring friends.

MARIA

When he wont even bring himself?

MATTEO

He's a fool, but an honest one.
He'll be here.

MARIA

He didnt come last year, or the
year before that. What makes this
birthday any different?

MATTEO

Because he misses his mother's
cooking.

MARIA

And what about Tito? What did he want?

MATTEO

He wanted to know how I manage to cut onions so thin.

Maria throws down the meatball she is moulding, turning to face Matteo.

MARIA

Matteo.

MATTEO

Conte wants to see me.

MARIA

And will you?

MATTEO

I'm not his dog anymore.

MARIA

It's not that simple, so you can stop pretending. I've never been that stupid.

MATTEO

You're not stupid, but you're wrong this time.

MARIA

I never trusted Tito.

MATTEO

If it wasn't him it would be someone else. Don't take it personally.

Matteo's hand jolts, as the knife misses the onion, slicing the top of his finger open.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

Maria rushes towards a towel and grabs it, wrapping it around Matteo's bleeding finger.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

See what happens when you want them so thin?

The sound of revving mopeds and beeping horns can be heard coming from outside.

YOUNG MEN (O.S.)
Matteo! Matteo!

Matteo looks at Maria, as she sports a 'I told you so' look.

MARIA
This is how it starts.

Matteo throws down the towel and storms out of the shelter.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO - PARKING AREA. NIGHT

Matteo storms out of the shelter and paces towards the parking area, beholding a mob of young men on mopeds. They are led by FRANCO, a bulky 20 year old man, who has a lit cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

MATTEO
What the fuck is this?

FRANCO
Conte would like to see you.

MATTEO
I don't work for Conte.

FRANCO
But we do.

MATTEO
You can tell him I'm busy.

FRANCO
Maybe I'll go ask your wife.

The group of young men start laughing, as Matteo stares down Franco.

MATTEO
What the fuck did you just say?

MARIA (O.S.)
Matteo.

Matteo turns around to see Maria lingering by the shelter entrance.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Just go.

Matteo walks towards the mob. Franco taps the back of his moped seat, whistling at Matteo. Matteo gets on the back of the moped.

MATTEO
(To Maria)
Don't touch those onions.

Maria smiles for a brief moment. The mopeds take off. Maria watches Matteo speed off into the distance.

EXT. NAPLES STREET. NIGHT

Matteo and the rest of the men ride in formation, bypassing piles of rubbish that are situated on either side of the street. A signpost up ahead reads "NAPLES".

EXT. NAPLES UNDERPASS. NIGHT

The mob of mopeds fly through the artificially lit tunnel. They pass a homeless man who has set up camp.

Franco holds up his right fist, prompting many of the mob to slow down, as they separate themselves from one another. They approach the underpass exit one by one.

EXT. NAPLES UNDERPASS EXIT. NIGHT

Franco and Matteo speed out of the underpass. To their left, parked up, are three Polizia cars with officers standing by them.

Matteo exchanges glares with one of the officers who remains utterly still. Franco and Matteo ride off out of sight as the remainder of the men gradually exit the underpass.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Three rows of CCTV monitors are situated next to the king size bed. The monitors display CCTV images of areas both inside and outside the house. There are remnants of cocaine on the bedside table.

Sat on the edge of the bed, staring intently at the CCTV monitors, is CONTE. The 60 year old has streaks of greying hair which barely cover his exposed scalp. Most of his bottom set of teeth are missing, exposing a layer of blackened gums. His eyeballs are red raw and unnaturally wide.

One of the monitors displaying an image of the front of the house turns black. Conte picks up a remote and starts pressing buttons. The screen remains black.

He then leaps to his feet and starts smashing the monitor over and over again. The image returns. Conte breathes a sigh of relief and sits back down on the bed.

As he does so, he turns his attention to a diary situated next to him. It has a list of names on the open page, all crossed out bar one, Matteo.

VINCENZO (O.S.)
I wanna talk to him!

Conte peers his head towards the bedroom door briefly before turning his attention to the CCTV monitors. On one of the monitors, he watches Vincenzo argue with some other men in an office setting.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

Vincenzo is sweating profusely, standing face to face with MARCO, a 78 year old man. He is short and stumpy with a hunched back. He maintains his semi-upright posture with the aid of a cane. He has a blood stained handkerchief wrapped around his right hand.

ANTONIO, a 19 year old boy with a swollen nose, stands in the corner of the room. He has a military style buzzcut and is rather short and scrawny.

MARCO
Would you keep your voice down.

VINCENZO
That kid needs to be taught a lesson. He needs to be taught some respect.

MARCO
Conte will deal with it.

VINCENZO
Well until he does, I'm not paying anymore protection.

MARCO
That wouldnt be wise.

VINCENZO
Well, are you gonna let me talk to him?

MARCO

Now's not a good time.

Vincenzo spots a CCTV camera in the corner of the room. He stares into it, shying away, as he exits the office.

MARCO (CONT'D)

See him out.

Antonio emerges from the corner of the room to follow Vincenzo. Marco knocks on another door in the office. The sound of the door unlocking reaches his ears. He opens it.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Conte is still sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the monitors, watching Antonio follow Vincenzo out of the house. Marco enters the room.

MARCO

Your cousin is not happy. He was robbed today by Luciano, Matteo's boy. He wants justice done.

CONTE

Do you think he knows where she is?

MARCO

He's your cousin. If he knew, he would say.

CONTE

Have him followed.

MARCO

Don Conte. This has gone too far.

Conte finally takes his eyes off the monitors to stare down Marco.

CONTE

She's not your wife.

MARCO

The costs have become catastrophic. Rome, Paris, Venice, Milan. She does not want to be found. Perhaps we should accept that before we run out of money entirely.

Conte rises to his feet, squaring up to Marco.

CONTE

So you know she's alive?

Conte's attention is once again drawn to the monitors. He sees Matteo arriving with the rest of the young men.

CONTE (CONT'D)

We'll continue this talk later.

Conte brushes past Marco on his way to the office. Marco spots the cocaine on the bedside table and sighs.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

Conte is sat behind his desk, grinning at Matteo who is sat on the opposite side. Conte leans forward and extends his palm towards Matteo. Matteo gives Conte his hand. Conte grasps his hand and kisses it.

CONTE

I knew you would come, Saint.

MATTEO

What choice did I have?

CONTE

(Whispering)

What choice did I have? I had no choice. I don't know who to trust anymore. They mean to betray me, they all do.

MATTEO

I recognise men here from 20 years ago. They are loyal to you.

CONTE

They've been patient, waiting for the right moment to strike.

MATTEO

You sound paranoid.

CONTE

Don't talk like one of them. You're not like them, you never have been... Tito informed you of my situation?

MATTEO

It's unfortunate.

CONTE

You're the only man I've ever trusted Matteo, truly trusted. I need your help, I need you to find out what happened to her.

MATTEO

We had a deal, remember? I'm out.

CONTE

Then we'll make a new deal. Just name your price.

MATTEO

I don't want money. I just want peace.

Conte rises to his feet and makes his way over to the CCTV camera. He reaches up and tilts the camera lens towards Matteo.

CONTE

Peace? What about my peace? What about everything I did for you?

Conte positions himself behind Matteo, grasping his shoulders.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Now you want to forget about me, you want to forget about what I did for you. Now you want to be a good man, saint?

Matteo rises to his feet and turns to face Conte.

MATTEO

I killed a child in cold blood. We're even.

CONTE

Matteo.

Conte extends his hand again towards Matteo. Matteo swats it away.

MATTEO

We're even!

Conte retreats to his desk, sitting back down. Matteo walks towards the exit.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your wife.

CONTE

No one respects the system anymore.
No one cares about loyalty. These
young Camorrista, they don't follow
orders, they have no respect. Your
son is one of them.

Matteo lingers by the doorway, turning to face a now menacing looking Conte.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you should teach him some
respect before someone else gets
there first.

Matteo exits the office, slamming the door shut behind him.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. DAY

Two tables have been joined together. These tables are occupied by a banquet of untouched food. Matteo and Maria sit opposite one another in absolute silence. In front of Matteo is the envelope Tito gave him.

The sound of a car can be heard approaching the parking area. Maria and Matteo look eagerly towards the source of the sound. An old white four door car enters the parking area. It performs a U-turn and exits the lido.

Maria starts serving herself a plate of food. Matteo snatches Tito's envelope from the table. He storms off towards the parking area.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

The bar is relatively empty, as Matteo stands before a BARMAN. Matteo removes a handful of euro notes from Tito's envelope. He hands the Barman a note before taking his drink over to a corner table.

A group of young men stumble in drunk. Amongst them are Gennaro, Tomasso and Luciano.

GENARRO

Ten shots for my brother Luciano!
Future king of Secondigliano!

LUCIANO

Only ten?

Gennaro gives Luciano a playful slap round the back of his head. Luciano looks towards the corner of the bar and spots his father. He stumbles over and takes a seat opposite him.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)

Hello, Papa.

MATTEO

Did we raise you so badly?

LUCIANO

It's my birthday.

MATTEO

Your mother's waiting at home.

LUCIANO

I've been busy.

Luciano takes his father's drink and downs it.

MATTEO

Maybe you can tell her one day why you prefer to spend time with these idiots than with her.

LUCIANO

They're my brothers.

MATTEO

They're gonna get you in deep shit. You're causing Conte grief.

LUCIANO

Oh, Conte... Fuck Conte.

MATTEO

What were you thinking, trying to rob his cousin? Have you completely lost it?

LUCIANO

He doesn't get a pass. Neither does Conte.

MATTEO

He can have you killed before you have time to order another drink.

LUCIANO

Conte's finished. Soon I'll run this dump.

MATTEO

And all of Conte's men will just flock to you?

LUCIANO

No one's loyal to Conte anymore, not even his own wife.

MATTEO

What are you talking about?

Luciano tries to leave the table, Matteo drags him back to his seat.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

What about his wife?

LUCIANO

Why do you think she ran away?

MATTEO

I thought she was kidnapped.

Luciano starts laughing out loud, grabbing the attention of many strangers in the bar.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Would you keep your voice down.

LUCIANO

Kidnapped! She wasn't kidnapped. She was fucked. I fucked her.

MATTEO

What?

LUCIANO

I fucked Conte's wife!

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

CARMELLA, 31 years old, is stood centre stage. She has a head of dark curly hair and a pair of striking blue eyes. She is tanned with bronze skin and has a wedding ring wrapped around one of her fingers. Her stomach is bloated, she is pregnant.

Conte stands over Carmella, inspecting her stomach.

CONTE

You should be happy, we always wanted a child.

Conte places his hand over the bump. Carmella flinches as he runs his fingers over it.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Would I hurt my own child?

Carmella starts crying. Conte reaches towards his desk. Some tissues are positioned next to a knife. He grabs some tissues and gives them to Carmella.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Don't be scared.

Conte grabs her hands gently.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Who did you fuck?

CARMELLA
I'm sorry, Don Conte.

CONTE
I know, I know... Who did you
fuck?... Carmella?.

CARMELLA
Luciano.

CONTE
(Disbelieving)
Who did you fuck?

CARMELLA
Luciano.

Carmella starts crying again, as Conte lets go of her hands.

CONTE
Luciano.

Conte spots Carmella's tissue falling apart.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Would you like another tissue?

Carmella nods. Conte reaches for the tissues, but grabs the knife instead. In an instance, he slices her stomach open. Carmella drops to the floor in agony, her stomach oozing blood.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Fucking whore. You want to shame
me? You wanna fuck me like that rat
fucked you!

Conte boots Carmella in the head, she rolls across the floor, unconscious, blood pouring from her stomach.

CONTE (CONT'D)

MARCO!

The office door opens. Marco steps through it, immediately taken aback by Carmella's body.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Luciano. That kid's gotta eat his own balls. I want him found, tonight.

MARCO

Should we call the doctor?

CONTE

Call the cleaners. I don't wanna see her face ever again. Understand?

Antonio lingers in the open doorway, peaking at Carmella's body. He catches a glare from Conte and scurries away.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Luciano's phone starts ringing from inside his jacket. He ignores it.

MATTEO

You've killed yourself.

LUCIANO

Only if he finds out.

Matteo reaches over the table and grabs Luciano by the scruff of his neck.

MATTEO

He always finds out! As soon as they find her, he'll find out, and you'll be dead!

LUCIANO

How's he gonna kill me from inside that office of his?

MATTEO

Men will be lining up to kill you for him. I can't protect you from this, no one can. You need to run.

Luciano breaks free from Matteo's hold.

LUCIANO

I'm not going anywhere. If Conte wants a war, he'll have one.

MATTEO

You're not going to war with anyone.

Luciano gets up. Matteo follows suit and tries to grab him again. Before he can, Luciano pulls out his knife.

LUCIANO

I'm not a little boy anymore. Just because you're too scared to face Conte, doesn't mean I have to be scared too. I'm not a coward like you are.

MATTEO

I'm trying to protect you.

LUCIANO

I can protect myself.

Luciano storms back over to Gennaro, Tomasso and co.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)

Lets get out of here.

As Luciano storms outside, his friends follow suit, smashing bottles and glasses on the floor as they exit the bar.

Matteo retreats to his table and sits down. He spots a mosquito on the table. He traps it in his empty glass, watching the insect fly around aimlessly, smashing off the inside of the glass.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OBSERVATORY PLATFORM. NIGHT

Conte looks across the street to see a battalion of mopeds ride off into the distance. All the riders wear black motorcycle helmets. Marco limps onto the scene.

MARCO

Don Conte, they've found him.

CONTE

Make sure they put his balls where they belong. Same goes for his father.

MARCO

Matteo? Why?

CONTE

He knew. Why else wouldnt he look for her?

MARCO

If I may Don Conte, that is -

CONTE

You may not... They called me paranoid, they all did. After tonight, no one will dare betray me again.

INT. FASHION FACTORY - SEWING ROOM. NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by a light bulb which continually flashes on and off. Several sewing work stations occupy the room. Between these machines, tied to a chair with his trousers down, is Luciano. He has been badly beaten.

LUCIANO

I didnt fuck anyone!

The FIGURE of a large man, his face shielded by the flickering bulb, approaches, with a knife in hand.

Luciano starts sobbing uncontrollably, as the Figure crouches down in front of him.

FIGURE

Big balls, huh?... Let's see if they fit in your big mouth.

The Figure brings the knife under Luciano's testicles and swipes them with the blade, forcing Luciano to scream in agony. The light bulb goes out completely.

INT. CARAVAN (STATIONARY). NIGHT

Maria is in bed, awakening from a deep sleep, as she hears mopeds revving outside. She turns to face the other side of the bed. It is empty. Maria sits up, rubbing her eyes.

MARIA

Matteo?

YOUNG MEN (O.S.)

Matteo! Matteo! Matteo!

Maria throws the covers off herself and puts on her dressing gown. The men outside begin to honk their horns.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. NIGHT

A mob of mopeds are parked outside the caravan, all the riders are wearing black motorcycle helmets. The caravan door opens, revealing a scathing looking Maria.

MARIA

He isn't here.

The men, in sync, draw their guns and mow Maria down with bullets until their guns are empty. The caravan is torn to pieces, with Maria's body lying in the doorway.

One of the men takes off his motorcycle helmet, revealing the face of Franco. He gets off his moped and approaches the caravan, reloading his gun as he does so.

He steps over Maria's body and enters the caravan. He looks inside for a moment before aiming his gun at Maria's head and pulling the trigger.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Matteo awakens from a drunken slumber with a sudden jolt. The BAR OWNER is standing over him. He taps Matteo on the shoulder.

BAR OWNER

Time to go.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Matteo stumbles towards the long rocky road which leads to the Lido. A Polizia car with blaring sirens races around the corner and speeds off down the rocky road.

Matteo watches the car accelerate towards the Lido, spotting more sirens in the distance. He places the hood of his jacket over his head.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. NIGHT

The Lido is now surrounded by Polizia cars and curious bystanders. Polizia officers enter and exit the demolished caravan simultaneously.

Matteo weaves through the crowd of bystanders to behold the blitzed exterior of the caravan.

He then spots two paramedics transferring a body bag from the caravan to a nearby ambulance. A blacked out car in the parking area suddenly catches his eye.

The small dog with the gold coat of fur bursts onto the scene and starts jumping up at Matteo, drawing attention from the crowd.

Matteo locks eyes with the blacked out car again and starts weaving out of the crowd. The dog follows him as he disappears from sight.

As Matteo disappears from the crowd, the blacked out car door opens. Franco emerges from it, looking around anxiously.

INT. TITO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Tito is tossing and turning in bed. Footsteps approach the bedroom. Tito reaches for the lamp. As he turns it on, he sees Matteo with a kitchen knife in his hand.

Matteo lunges at Tito, holding the knife to his neck. Matteo's eyes are red raw and teary.

TITO
Are you crazy?

MATTEO
You fucking knew.

TITO
What are you talking about?

MATTEO
You knew and you did nothing!

TITO
Knew what? I've been here the whole day!

He presses the knife further against Tito's neck.

MATTEO
My own wife!

TITO
Maria? What happened?

MATTEO
She's dead, Tito. They killed her.

TITO

Let me get dressed. I'll find out who's responsible. They won't get away with this.

MATTEO

You already know who's responsible, and so do I... Pick up the phone.

Tito reaches for the corded telephone on the bedside table.

TITO

Who am I calling?

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

Antonio is sat on the edge of the desk, staring at the blood stain on the floor left by Carmella. The telephone on the desk starts to ring. Antonio checks the phone number before knocking on Conte's bedroom door.

ANTONIO

Don Conte, Tito is calling... Don Conte?

CONTE (O.S.)

Ignore it.

The phone cuts off. It starts to ring again. Antonio reaches out to grab the phone when Conte's bedroom door opens.

Conte emerges from the bedroom, wiping the remains of some cocaine from his nose. Conte pushes Antonio out of the way, as he reaches for the phone.

CONTE (CONT'D)

You better start learning to follow orders or you'll end up like your friend Luciano.

Conte picks up the phone, as Antonio sulks in the corner.

CONTE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What is it, Tito?... Tito?

MATTEO (O.S.)

We were even. We were finished. Now you kill my wife.

CONTE

(Into phone)

Of all those I thought would betray me, I never thought it would be you, saint.

MATTEO (O.S.)

You talk about loyalty and respect. 14 years I worked for you, like a dog, and now you kill my wife, because I wont find yours!

CONTE

(Into phone)

I know the truth, Matteo. I know what your son did to my wife, and I know that's why you wouldnt find Carmella. Your son killed your wife, and he killed himself too.

INT. TITO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Matteo has the phone in his hand, still holding the knife to Tito's neck. Matteo's face turns sour.

CONTE (O.S)

You know the punishment for fucking the boss' wife, don't you, saint?

MATTEO

(Into phone)

He made a mistake.

CONTE (O.S.)

You made the mistake. Thinking you could just walk away. No one escapes the system. There's never a way out, even if you were stupid enough to think so. That stupidity has killed your wife and son. So if you want revenge, put your gun to your own head instead of aiming it at mine.

MATTEO

(into phone)

There will be no revenge. You wont drag me back into your world, not even now. You'll get what's coming to you, just like I got what was coming to me.

(MORE)

MATTEO (CONT'D)

I killed someone's son, an innocent boy, right in front of his own father, his only child. I got what I deserved, now I have no son. But you'll have to answer for what you did today, and I'll just have to imagine the day you die.

Matteo slams the phone down.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

Conte inspects the phone, confused. He extends the phone towards Antonio who takes it.

CONTE

Call Marco. Call everyone...
Matteo's alive.

INT. TITO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Matteo removes the knife from Tito's throat.

MATTEO

I need cash, a lot of it.

TITO

What for?

MATTEO

I meant what I said, I want out.
This changes nothing.

TITO

Conte doesn't pay as well as you think. Only one man has that sort of money, and that's Marco.

MATTEO

The old man? Where does he live?

Tito takes a pen and piece of paper from his bedside table. He starts jotting down an address.

TITO

Stay away from the airports, his men will be everywhere. Where do you plan to go?

MATTEO

I have no idea.

Tito starts jotting down another address on the piece of paper.

TITO

I have family in England, you will be safe there. Don Conte does not know about them. You will have to cross the border by car. Drive to Calais, the journey will be too far for Conte's men to track you.

He hands Matteo the piece of paper. As Matteo attempts to grab it, Tito keeps a tight hold of the paper.

TITO (CONT'D)

If I could have done something for Maria and Luciano, I would have. If I can do this to save your life, then I hope you can forgive me.

The two men embrace. As Matteo retracts from the hug, he takes the piece of paper from Tito.

TITO (CONT'D)

His men will be here soon.

MATTEO

Will you tell them where I'm going?

TITO

Leave the knife where you found it, I need it for the veal tomorrow.

Matteo exits the room. Tito opens his bed side drawer and pulls out an old Christian cross. He wraps it around his neck.

EXT. NAPLES STREET. MORNING

The sun is rising over the trash covered street. A stray dog is stood by a pile of rubbish bags, barking at something concealed beneath the rubbish.

Matteo approaches, his hooded jacket conceals his face. The dog scurries away upon spotting Matteo, weeping as it goes.

Matteo approaches the trash, spotting something hidden beneath. He removes one of the trash bags from the pile. He heaves and vomits, forced to look away from the sight before him.

Hidden amongst the trash is the dead body of Luciano, something has been stuffed in his mouth.

Matteo takes a hold of his son's dead hand, not able to look at his face. He breaks down in tears, caressing his son's hand.

INT. ABANDONED CAR GARAGE. MORNING

Fifty men of all shapes and sizes are gathered around in a circle. Conte stands in the middle of it. Antonio and Marco are stood next to one another in the outer circle.

CONTE

Too long now have we cared about riches. Loyalty is what really matters, It's what this clan was built on. I have no use for businessmen, I need soldiers.

Conte snaps his fingers. Franco and another well built THUG drag two suitcases towards the centre of the circle. They unzip the cases, revealing a stash of cash inside each of them. All the eyes in the room are drawn to the cash.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Money can buy a lot of things, but it can't buy loyalty.

Conte unzips his trousers, and begins urinating over the piles of cash. All the men look horrified. Conte zips up.

CONTE (CONT'D)

It's about time we knew who our enemies are, or who they maybe. It's about time we all started showing a little respect. It's about time we started caring about loyalty.

Conte locks eyes with Marco, who tries to escape his gaze.

CONTE (CONT'D)

When we find Matteo, and when I finally know who I can trust, then we will go back to business. But now I am only interested in one man. I'm only interested in Matteo.

Antonio looks around the room aimlessly. He leans his head towards Marco's.

ANTONIO

I don't see Tito.

INT. TITO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Tito is sat on an old battered red sofa. Conte stands over him, examining Tito's cross.

CONTE
Something to confess?

TITO
He came and went. He was going to
kill me.

CONTE
But he didn't.

Conte crouches down by Tito, the pair now at eye level.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Where's he running to?

TITO
He never said.

CONTE
You're a bad liar, Tito.

TITO
He left as soon as he used the
phone.

CONTE
He could have used any payphone in
Naples. Why would he come all this
way to make a phone call?... I
thought you was loyal, Tito.

TITO
I am loyal, Don Conte.

CONTE
Then tell me where he is.

Tito turns his cheek. Conte grabs Tito's cheek, forcing him to face Conte again.

CONTE (CONT'D)
Tito?

Tito rips Conte's hand off his face.

TITO
I don't know where he is!

Conte stands up and brushes down his suit.

CONTE

I guess I was wrong. You are loyal,
Tito, just not to me.

Franco, and two other THUGS flank the room behind Conte.
Conte kisses Tito on either cheek and grasps his shoulders.

CONTE (CONT'D)

I admire you, Tito. You truly are
loyal. I just wish you could have
been at my side. I really do.

Conte leaves the room. As Franco and the two Thugs pull out
handguns.

FRANCO

No hard feelings, Tito.

Tito spits at the floor. Franco aims his gun at Tito. The two
Thugs follow suit.

EXT. TITO'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Conte emerges from the house, walking towards a blacked out
car. A pack of stray dogs block his path.

A succession of gunshots emerge from Tito's house. The dogs
scurry off in all directions, as Conte gets into the back of
the blacked out car.

INT. TITO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Tito's bullet ridden body is slumped on the sofa. His
Christian cross is now soaked in blood.

EXT. NAPLES STREET. DAY

Matteo has Tito's piece of paper scrunched up in his hand.
Sweat is pouring down his forehead.

Parked up on the side of the road is a taxi. A MALE DRIVER is
sat inside with his window rolled down. He holds a handheld
fan to his face. Matteo approaches the open window.

MALE DRIVER

I'm already booked.

Matteo extends the paper towards the Driver. He takes a peak.

MATTEO

Which way?

MALE DRIVER
It's not Neapolitan.

MATTEO
It's not in Secondigliano?

The Driver shrugs his shoulders.

MATTEO (CONT'D)
What about a navigator? You have one?

The Driver tuts, shaking his head.

A group of young men on mopeds, led by Franco, zoom across the street, heading for Matteo. Matteo ducks down behind the taxi as the mopeds pass. Matteo remains undetected.

MALE DRIVER
What are you doing down there?

Matteo spots the mopeds parking up at the end of the street. Matteo rises to his feet.

MATTEO
How about a ride?

The Driver rolls up his window. Matteo turns his attention to the mopeds at the end of the street.

EXT. NAPLES BOOKMAKERS. DAY

Franco and the five young men park up outside the bookmakers. All of the men get off their vehicles except for YOUNG MAN 5, who Franco slaps on the back of the head.

FRANCO
Watch the bikes.

YOUNG MAN 5
Why me?

FRANCO
Because you ain't old enough to bet.

The rest of the young men start laughing as they follow Franco into the bookies. Young Man 5 pulls out his mobile phone and starts dialing.

INT. NAPLES BOOKMAKERS - BETTING AREA. DAY

Franco and the four young men enter the betting area. Two of the young men take over a games machine. Young Man 3 and 4 harass an OLD MAN who is writing something down on a bet slip.

YOUNG MAN 3
Is that for me, old man?

YOUNG MAN 4
You're betting against Napoli?

OLD MAN
What's it to you?

Young Man 3 snatches the betslip from the Old Man and rips it up.

YOUNG MAN 3
You don't bet against your own team!

Young Man 4 presents the Old Man with a blank bet slip and pen, slamming it down in front of him.

YOUNG MAN 4
Napoli to win.

OLD MAN
But they won't.

YOUNG MAN 4
I don't give a shit.

The Old Man writes out a new bet slip: 'NAPOLI TO WIN'. Franco approaches the CLERK at the till.

FRANCO
Matteo been in?

CLERK
Who?

FRANCO
That boy who used to fuck your cousin.

CLERK
Matteo?

FRANCO
You seen him?

CLERK
Not since last week.

FRANCO
What about this week?

CLERK
I ain't seen him.

FRANCO
I wanna see your CCTV.

The Old Man approaches the till with his bet slip in hand. Franco snatches it from him. He inspects it and smiles, patting the Old Man on the back.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Good pick.

EXT. NAPLES BOOKMAKERS. DAY

Young Man 5 is still sat on his moped, talking into his mobile phone.

YOUNG MAN 5
(Into phone)
I can't do tonight... Because I'm out of cash, that's why... Well until Conte finds this Matteo prick, they're aint gonna be no more business.

Matteo emerges, sneaking up behind the Young Man.

YOUNG MAN 5 (CONT'D)
(Into phone)
Well when I find Matteo, he won't know what hit him.

Matteo smashes Young Man 5 in the face with his forearm. The Young Man holds his busted nose, as he and his moped crash to the floor.

INT. NAPLES BOOKMAKERS - BETTING AREA. DAY

The sound of the moped crashing to the floor alerts Franco and the young men. They all dash outside.

EXT. NAPLES BOOKMAKERS. DAY

Franco and the young men sprint out of the bookies. Matteo is now on Young Man 5's moped. He accelerates down the street. Young Man 5 is slumped on the floor, holding his bloody nose.

YOUNG MAN 5
He broke my nose!

Franco and his men jump onto their mopeds. They speed off after Matteo. Young Man 5 jumps to his feet, chasing after the pack on foot.

YOUNG MAN 5 (CONT'D)
Where the fuck are you going!

Young Man 4 brings his moped to a halt. Young Man 5 jumps on the back of it.

YOUNG MAN 5 (CONT'D)
Was that him?

EXT. NAPLES ROAD. DAY

Matteo accelerates down the road, weaving in and out of traffic on either side. The Young Men and Franco line up behind Matteo, in pursuit.

Matteo looks over his shoulder to spot his pursuers. A car attempting an overtake fails to spot Young Man 4's moped and crashes into him. Young Man 4 and 5 are sent flying off the moped and into the road, bringing traffic to a halt.

EXT. NARROW NAPLES STREET. DAY

Matteo races down the narrow street opening, whizzing past a group of seated bystanders outside a cafe. Franco and his men follow suit. The bystanders flinch and scurry into the cafe as the mopeds come within an inch of hitting them.

As Matteo reaches the end of the street, he approaches a sharp turn. Young Man 3, the closest pursuer, pulls out his pistol and aims it at Matteo, whilst attempting to keep his moped steady.

YOUNG MAN 3
I've got him!

Matteo takes the sharp turn. Young Man 3 spots the turn too late. He fumbles around with his gun, trying to take the turn, but ends up crashing into a parked car. The remainder of the pack take the turn with ease.

EXT. NAPLES MAIN ROAD. DAY

The road is brimming with free flowing traffic, as Matteo bursts onto the scene. Young Man 1 and Franco are catching up to Matteo, but Young Man 2 is lagging behind, stuck between two wide vehicles on either side of the road.

Young Man 2 begins to lose sight of Matteo. He accelerates forward, trying to squeeze through the miniscule gap left by the two wide vehicles.

Young Man 2 ends up bouncing off the sides of the two vehicles, losing control of his moped. He is sent crashing down to the floor and is run over by an oncoming vehicle.

The traffic begins to slow Matteo down, forced to decelerate often, as he makes his way through the endless stream of traffic.

Franco and Young Man 1 perform the overtakes with more speed, getting closer and closer to Matteo with every passing second.

Matteo accelerates into an open stretch of road, followed closely by his two pursuers, who have him in their sights.

Franco pats down his waist line before gesturing towards Young Man 1 who is just ahead of him.

FRANCO

Toss me your gun!

Young Man 1 reaches down inside his shorts, pulling out a pistol. Matteo spots a set of traffic lights in the distance. The light is currently green.

Young Man 1 tosses the pistol towards Franco. Franco can't bring his hands up to catch it in time. The pistol hits him square in the face.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Bastardo!

As he holds his face in pain, Franco loses control of his moped and crashes into the side of the road.

Matteo revs his moped, hitting a new high speed as he approaches the traffic lights. Young Man 1 follows suit. The traffic light turns amber.

Just as the traffic light turns red, Matteo zooms through it. Young Man 1 speeds through it a few seconds later, but is wiped off the road by a van emerging from the left hand side.

Matteo looks over his shoulder at the carnage behind him. He wipes a puddle of sweat from his forehead before taking a slow casual turn down a side road.

EXT. VINCENZO'S PIZZERIA. DAY

Conte is sat at one of the corner tables in the outdoor seating area. He is flanked by Franco, who is now sporting a black eye. He is acting as a lookout.

Marco and Antonio are sat at the table next to Conte, drinking coffee. Young Man 5 is sat in front of Conte. His face is bloodied and bruised. His arm is in a sling.

CONTE

And you didn't see him?

YOUNG MAN 5

Not until he hit me.

CONTE

Did he say anything?

YOUNG MAN 5

I don't think so.

CONTE

You don't think?

YOUNG MAN 5

I don't know, probably not, I don't remember much.

CONTE

(To Marco)

Give him twenty euros.

Marco reaches inside his shirt pocket and pulls out twenty euros. Young Man 5 reaches across the table and takes the note.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Go home and get something for your face.

Young Man 5 rises from his seat, pocketing the cash.

YOUNG MAN 5

Thank you, Don Conte. Ciao.

Marco and Antonio flash a wave, as Young Man 5 descends the steps of the seating area. Conte leans his head towards Marco.

CONTE

Make sure we don't see him again.

MARCO

What for?

CONTE

I don't believe him, and I certainly don't trust him.

MARCO

Perhaps not everyone is out to betray you.

CONTE

Perhaps they all are. Perhaps you most of all.

MARCO

So now my trust is in question?

CONTE

You knew Carmella was alive after all. And yet, you would have me not look for her. Perhaps you knew she was pregnant also.

MARCO

35 years I've worked for you, 20 years for your father. Does that count for nothing?

CONTE

If Matteo is capable of betrayal, then you certainly are too. As is that boy.

A WAITRESS passes Conte, he grabs her arm gently.

CONTE (CONT'D)

I want you to tell that fat bastard in there, that if he isn't out here in the next minute, he'll be cooking pizza on the street tomorrow.

WAITRESS

I'll tell him.

The Waitress enters the pizzeria. Conte's eyes latch onto a GREY HAired MAN who is sat at the opposite end of the seating area. They exchange glances. Conte fidgets in his seat.

INT. VINCENZO'S PIZZERIA - KITCHEN. DAY

Johnny is wearing a pair of thick lensed goggles which are caked in sweat. A perspiring Johnny guides a Margherita into the burning stove.

The Waitress pokes her head into the kitchen.

WAITRESS

Conte's about to start trouble.

Johnny takes off his goggles and wipes the sweat from his forehead. He makes his way out of the kitchen.

JOHNNY

Watch the pizza.

EXT. VINCENZO'S PIZZERIA. DAY

Johnny strolls towards Conte's table, still wiping away sweat from his forehead.

CONTE

You keep all your customers waiting this long?

JOHNNY

Not the ones who pay.

Marco and Antonio shoot each other an uneasy look.

CONTE

How can you speak to me like this? I took care of that kid for you, didn't I?

JOHNNY

That's not why you killed him. Everyone knows the story.

CONTE

Where's Vincenzo?

JOHNNY

Out of town... Well? What do you want?

CONTE

You know the story. So you know I'm looking for someone.

JOHNNY

I heard that.

CONTE

I want you and your brother to join the search. I need your expertise.

JOHNNY

We're not in that line of work anymore.

Conte's eyes sharpen. He grits his teeth.

CONTE

In case you've forgotten. I own this city. I own this place. And I own you. You don't have a say anymore.

JOHNNY

I'd keep your voice down If I were you, unless you want the Polizia involved.

Johnny gestures towards the Grey Haired Man.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

We don't need your protection anymore, and we don't want it either.

Franco takes a step forward to square up to Johnny. Conte blocks him with his hand, before rising from his seat.

CONTE

Well, if you change your mind -

JOHNNY

We won't.

Antonio and Marco stand up. The Grey Haired Man's gaze is now upon them.

CONTE

Ok then. Ciao Johnny.

Conte walks off with a rye smile on his face, followed by Franco, Antonio and Marco. Johnny watches them approach a blacked out car.

EXT. NAPLES STREET. NIGHT

Matteo plunges his elbow through the window of a parked car. He reaches inside and retrieves a satellite navigator.

EXT. NAPLES ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Matteo is sat on his parked up moped, typing the address Tito gave him into the satellite navigator. The navigator indicates that the address is 15 miles away.

Matteo attaches the navigator to the front of his moped and starts up the vehicle. Matteo spots the red petrol light flashing.

EXT. CONTE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

With the aid of his cain, Marco emerges from Conte's house, walking past the Rottweiler who roams around the gated perimeter. Antonio lags behind.

As Marco enters the passenger seat of the blacked out car, Conte emerges from his house.

CONTE

Antonio.

Antonio turns around. He walks towards Conte, who is crouched down, stroking the Rottweiler.

ANTONIO

Yes, Don Conte?

CONTE

You are taking Marco home?

ANTONIO

Just like you asked.

Conte rises to his feet and shoos the Rottweiler away.

CONTE

I want you to keep an eye on him.

ANTONIO

On Marco?

CONTE

Keep a close eye on him. He can't be trusted. You understand?

ANTONIO

Yes, Don Conte.

Conte places his hands on Antonio's shoulders. He flinches.

CONTE

Can I trust you, Antonio? Can I trust you like I trusted him?

ANTONIO

I'll always be loyal to you, Don Conte.

CONTE

Go on then.

Antonio approaches the car, entering the driver's seat.

Conte gazes into the passenger side window to behold Marco staring at him. Conte returns a blank stare.

The car starts up and pulls away from the house. Conte closes the gate to his home and attaches a padlock to it.

INT. BLACKED OUT CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

Antonio is sat in the drivers seat, with Marco sitting next to him, violently coughing into a handkerchief.

MARCO

With men like Conte in charge, no one will ever escape the system. Let alone Matteo.

ANTONIO

Someone must have.

MARCO

The only men no longer part of the system are either dead or in jail. There is no way out for any sane man.

ANTONIO

Not even for us?

MARCO

Not whilst Conte is still breathing. And even then someone will rise up to take his place. But that's our only chance.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT

The room is pitch black. Conte lies half naked in bed, wide awake, staring at the CCTV monitors.

He shuts his eyes for a few moments, then opens them again. His gaze is drawn to one of the monitors, which displays an image of the Rottweiler barking at something in the distance.

Conte jumps out of bed. He starts getting dressed into the clothes he was wearing previously.

MARCO (V.O.)

Conte's paranoia isn't entirely unjustified. He knows he is just part of the system, he knows he can be replaced. For clan leaders like Conte, the system is all they have. And he can feel it slipping through his fingers. The one vice every clan leader has in common, is the fear of betrayal.

EXT. VINCENZO'S PIZZERIA. NIGHT

Johnny is the only person present. He has his back to the street, as he brings down the shutter on the pizzeria entrance.

As he turns around, he is greeted by the sight of Conte, who is holding a pocket knife.

JOHNNY

What the fuck is this?

Conte lunges at Johnny, stabbing him over and over again with the knife. Johnny's chef whites soon become stained with blotches of red.

Johnny cowers against the shutter, as Conte continues to pull the knife in and out of his torso.

Johnny collapses to the floor. He lies in a puddle of blood.

Conte's eyes dart across the surrounding area. There is no one to be seen. He walks away, concealing the knife inside his blazer pocket.

INT. BLACKED OUT CAR (STATIONARY). NIGHT

Antonio pulls the car up outside a detached house. Marco continues coughing violently into his handkerchief.

ANTONIO

You sure you're alright?

MARCO

Don't pity me. A natural death would be a blessing compared to what Conte has in store for all of us.

ANTONIO

Well, the sooner we find Matteo, the sooner things will go back to normal.

MARCO

You don't understand, do you? Killing Matteo will achieve nothing. It will not cure Conte's paranoia. In his mind, there will always be a traitor in his midst. And at the moment, it's Matteo, but tomorrow it could be me, and the next day, it could be you.

Marco opens the car door and starts getting out, but then stops himself.

MARCO (CONT'D)

My hearing isn't what it used to be, but my eyes work just fine. I know what Conte was asking of you earlier.

ANTONIO

I don't have much of a choice.

MARCO

You can tell him what you wish. Just remember what I told you. If you really want out of the system, not now, but even 5, 10 years from now... Then Conte can't be breathing.

Marco exits the car, slamming the passenger door shut.

EXT. CAMPANIA ROAD. NIGHT

Matteo's moped starts making a loud ticking sound. He is forced to pull up on the side of the road. The moped engine cuts off.

INT. BLACKED OUT CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

Antonio remains in the drivers seat, as he guides the car around a street corner. The car emerges onto a main road.

In the distance, Antonio can see someone pushing a moped along the side of the road. As he approaches the figure, he realizes it is Matteo. Antonio rolls down the driver side window.

Matteo pushes the moped past the open window, briefly looking inside to exchange glances with Antonio. Antonio rolls up the window, before bringing the car to a sudden halt.

He looks in the rear view mirror to see Matteo drop the moped. He starts sprinting off down the road.

Antonio puts the gearstick in reverse. He clutches the gearstick, as he watches Matteo disappear into the distance.

Antonio changes gear and starts driving off in the opposite direction from Matteo.

His gaze turns towards the passenger seat. He picks up a dog treat which rests on top of it.

INT. MARCO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT

The front door to the house opens, revealing a narrow hallway inside. Marco steps into the house.

A large greyhound dog races towards Marco as he shuts the front door. Marco makes a fuss of him.

MARCO

Aren't you glad you're not human?

Marco reaches into his coat pocket.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Look what I've got for you.

Marco starts frantically searching all of his pockets, as the dogs sits down and starts barking.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

The door bell to the house rings, Marco looks relieved.

MARCO (CONT'D)

At least one of us has a memory left.

As Marco opens the door, Matteo bursts through it, pinning Marco up against the wall. The dog scurries off.

MATTEO
Who else is here?

MARCO
A few days and you're not even out
of the country?

Matteo tightens his grip on Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Just the dog.

Matteo releases his grip of Marco and shuts the front door.

MARCO (CONT'D)
No gun?

MATTEO
Conte's the only one interested in
revenge.

MARCO
You won't get far.

Marco limps into the living room. Matteo follows him, peering around the other end of the hallway as he does so.

INT. MARCO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The wallpaper is falling apart, the lightbulb is fading. Nails poke out of the walls. Only an arm chair and a small television set occupy the room. The curtains are open.

Marco takes a seat in the battered arm chair, struggling for breath. Matteo lingers by the door.

MARCO
I'd offer you a seat, but I never
anticipate company.

MATTEO
I don't want to be here any longer
than I have to be.

MARCO
Well then, why are you here?

MATTEO
Tito sent me.

MARCO
Tito's dead.

MATTEO
Are you sure?

MARCO
I don't have times and dates. All I know is that Tito's body is at the bottom of Naples' port. And now you've condemned me to the same fate.

MATTEO
Then maybe you should run too, before it's too late.

MARCO
Why did Tito send you to me? What is it you want, if not revenge?

MATTEO
I want the money.

MARCO
What money?

MATTEO
You've been his banker for years. You must know where the clan's cash is kept.

Marco starts violently coughing into his handkerchief.

MARCO
Conte doesn't care about money anymore. All he cares about is you. All business has been cancelled until you've been taken care of. I have no idea where the money is now.

Marco continues to cough, as he starts pointing towards the kitchen.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Fetch me some water.

Matteo rushes off into the kitchen. He emerges a few seconds later with a glass of water.

He hands the water to Marco, who begins to sip it. Matteo now stands over him.

MATTEO

So if I search this house, I won't find a single Euro?

MARCO

Go ahead. Conduct your search. Just do it before Conte's men decide to pay me a spontaneous visit.

Matteo moves over to the curtains and shuts them.

MARCO (CONT'D)

As hopeless as it is, I admire you for running. Violence and retribution are natural instincts for a Camorrista, yet you suppress them. But it's too late to grow a conscience now, it's too late to run.

MATTEO

I'm still alive now, aren't I?

MARCO

For now. And even if you are technically alive, I can tell that you're dead on the inside. What Conte did to your family was unspeakable.

MATTEO

Yet no one stopped him.

Matteo starts making his way out of the room, but stops when:

MARCO

Can you wait a day?

MATTEO

What for?

MARCO

I have some money, a private stash Conte doesn't know about. It should be enough for you.

MATTEO

Enough for me to start a fresh?

MARCO

Enough to live a modest life. A life none of us truly deserve.

Marco rises from his chair and guides Matteo towards the living room exit.

MARCO (CONT'D)

My family was also taken from me. That's why the nails on the wall no longer support photo frames. I can't bear to look at my son's faces, knowing that I couldn't save them. Truth be told, it may have cost me my life, but I could have saved your family. I wouldn't begrudge you revenge if you wish it.

MATTEO

If I go back to killing now, their lives would have been lost for nothing. I want to live, I want to be able to remember them. Memories are all I have left.

The two men disappear into the hallway of the house.

MARCO (O.S.)

There's a pizzeria on the motorway, stranded somewhere between Rome and Naples. I'll give you the address. The owners are anti-Camorra, so we should be safe there, as long as we're not recognized. I'll meet you there at midnight. Make sure you're not followed.

MATTEO (O.S.)

Do you keep good time?

MARCO (O.S.)

If I'm not there by 12:15, then I'll be of no further use to you.

EXT. ILLEGAL LANDFILL SITE. MORNING

Piles of rubbish are being unloaded by two trucks into a deeply dug hole. More trucks arrive on the scene, followed by a blacked out car.

The blacked out car parks up some distance away from the hole. Antonio emerges from the car. He approaches Conte and Franco, who are overseeing the dumping.

ANTONIO

Good morning, Don Conte.

Conte leans in to whisper something inaudible to Franco. Franco walks away, dialing a number on his mobile phone.

CONTE

Do you know how much industrial waste we dump here from the north?

ANTONIO

No, Don Conte.

CONTE

I can't take any credit for it. Marco conjured up the idea. He's a clever man, a businessman, but he's not a Camorrista. He's not loyal.

A battered white van drives onto the scene, pulling up to the edge of the rubbish hole.

CONTE (CONT'D)

When we first started, the farmers were incensed. They claimed the waste was cancerous, that it was deforming their livestock, mutilating their animals. New born sheep would form three eyes, two heads, one ear. They looked like monsters. Toxic waste has a bad rep, but today it has its uses.

Two men wearing biohazard suits emerge from the white van. They open up the back doors. Conte pulls out a surgical mask and places it over his mouth.

The two biohazard men remove a large barrel from the back of the van. They position it next to the edge of the rubbish hole. They take the lid off the barrel.

The two men push, tipping the barrel over. The shrivelled and contaminated body of Marco slides out of the barrel. The waste has torn through his clothes and skin, exposing bones and muscle.

Antonio turns away from Marco's body, covering his mouth with his hands.

CONTE (CONT'D)

The neighbours saw Matteo enter his home. Now we know where the two planned to meet tonight. Now we can finally end it.

Another truck drives onto the scene and dumps a pile of rubbish into the hole, concealing Marco's body.

CONTE (CONT'D)

It's time for you to make your bones.

ANTONIO

Tonight?

CONTE

I can trust you to finish this, can't I? I can trust you to kill him?

ANTONIO

I wouldn't want to fail you. Surely someone with more experience would be better suited?

CONTE

Are you refusing me this service?

ANTONIO

No, Don Conte. I just don't want to run the risk of failing you.

CONTE

I can't trust a man who won't pull the trigger. I have no use for such men. You understand?

Antonio nods, as Conte rips the mask off his face.

CONTE (CONT'D)

(Gun gesture)

Twice in the head, no less. Franco will give you the details.

Conte throws the mask into the rubbish hole. He then makes his way towards a parked car, where Franco is standing. Franco stares down Antonio.

EXT. PIZZERIA. NIGHT

The pizzeria is situated next to a service station, opposite the motorway, which is clear of traffic. Several cars are parked up outside. Inside one of these vehicles are a group of young men and women, who are sniffing cocaine.

Matteo watches the group from a far. He checks the watch on his wrist. Time reads 00:05. He heads towards the pizzeria.

The stoner's car door opens. Matteo spins around in a flash. A STONER leans his head out of the car to vomit. Matteo enters the pizzeria.

INT. PIZZERIA. NIGHT

Matteo is stood by the pizzeria exit. The building is long and narrow. To Matteo's left is a cafe area. To his right is the pizzeria dining area.

He looks across the dining area and is able to identify everyone in sight. He then examines the cafe area.

All of the tables are occupied except for one, which is situated towards the back of the room, and concealed from view by a group of diners.

Matteo enters the pizzeria dining area and takes a seat at the only available table. He has his back to the cafe area.

A WAITRESS approaches Matteo. She hands him a menu, which he briefly looks over.

WAITRESS

Buona sera... Coffee?

During this exchange, Antonio emerges from the restroom, which is situated at the back of the cafe area. He spots the back of Matteo's head and takes a seat at the nearest vacant table.

MATTEO

Espresso.

WAITRESS

To eat?

MATTEO

Nothing.

The Waitress jots down the order and takes the menu from Matteo, before retreating to the cafe area.

Matteo checks his wrist watch. The time now reads 00:11.

Matteo's attention is drawn to a YOUNG MAN, who is wearing headphones. He is playing a game on his mobile phone. His bag rests on the table in front of him, next to a half eaten pizza.

Antonio is fidgeting nervously in the cafe area. He has his hand tucked inside his zipped up jacket, clutching onto something.

The Waitress re-appears in front of Matteo and places an espresso in front of him.

Antonio stands up, eyeing up Matteo, slowly revealing the arm hidden inside his jacket.

As Matteo glances over his shoulder, Antonio turns around and rushes into the restroom. Matteo doesn't spot him.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Any old men been in tonight?

WAITRESS

A few.

The Young Man takes off his headphones, his gaze drawn to Matteo and the Waitress.

MATTEO

Any left recently?

WAITRESS

I couldn't say.

The Waitress walks away, as Matteo drinks his espresso. The Young Man slides his bag under the table and leaves the pizzeria.

Matteo checks his watch. Time reads 00:15. He leaps out of his seat and approaches the CHEF by the pizzeria counter.

MATTEO

I need to use your phone.

BOOM. An explosion erupts from the bag left behind by the Young Man. The explosion tears through the pizzeria dining area, killing several diners instantly. Many other diners are left blooded and dazed.

Matteo lies on his back, groggy and delirious. Blood is trickling down from his ears and onto his cheeks.

Commotion ensues as survivors sprint to the exit, while others attend to the dead and injured. Matteo struggles on his back, trying to get up to no avail.

The Young Man storms back into the cafe, holding a pistol, barging past several fleeing survivors.

He steps over several dead bodies to stand over Matteo, aiming the pistol at his head.

As the Young Man attempts to squeeze the trigger, a bullet catches him in the head. His body falls on top of Matteo, who cannot muster the strength to push it off himself.

Antonio appears, holding a pistol. He races over to Matteo and pushes the dead body off him.

ANTONIO

Matteo?

MATTEO

(slurring)

Help...Me.

Antonio helps Matteo to his feet. He puts Matteo's arm around his shoulder and drags him towards the pizzeria exit.

EXT. PIZZERIA. NIGHT

The explosion has torn through the front of the pizzeria. Survivors tend to each other outside.

Antonio emerges from the pizzeria with Matteo. He drags him towards a blacked out car.

Antonio opens the car door and lies Matteo down on the back seat. He then shuts the car door and jumps into the driver's seat.

In a few seconds, the car skids to a start and speeds off down the motorway.

INT. BLACKED OUT CAR (MOVING). NIGHT

As the car accelerates across the motorway, Matteo begins to lose consciousness.

MATTEO

Maria...Luciano...Luciano.

Matteo's eye lids flutter. He loses consciousness.

FLASHBACK - INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. DAY

Matteo, 38 years old, is stood in front of 13 year old Luciano. Matteo is examining a cut on Luciano's right eye.

MATTEO

Does it hurt?

LUCIANO

No.

Matteo presses his thumb gently against the cut. Luciano winces.

MATTEO

Who are you trying to impress?

Maria, 39 years old, storms into the living room. She is holding a bucket full of cleaning equipment, which she extends towards Luciano.

LUCIANO

I don't wanna clean.

MARIA

Well, I don't want you to fight.

LUCIANO

The alley boys never get punished, so why should I?

Maria and Matteo exchange concerned looks.

MATTEO

Stay away from those men.

LUCIANO

Why?

MATTEO

Because they're no good, that's why.

LUCIANO

Just because they make money? Because they make more money than us?

MARIA

In ten years time, they won't be around to spend it. So don't pay any attention to them.

LUCIANO

Why? Where are they going?

MARIA

That bathroom won't clean itself.

LUCIANO

Dad?

MARIA

Luciano!

Luciano snatches the bucket of cleaning equipment from Maria and storms out of the room.

Matteo takes a seat on the sofa, reaching for the television remote. Maria just stands there, staring at Matteo.

MATTEO

Don't overreact.

MARIA

Did I say anything?

MATTEO

A few more cuts like that and he won't wanna go anywhere near them.

Matteo switches on the T.V. Maria crosses her arms.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

He'll be alright. Trust me.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. DAY

Conte is stood at the foot of his king size bed. He stares intently at it. Franco appears in the doorway.

FRANCO

Don Conte?

Conte imagines Luciano and Carmella in his bed together. They are engaging in sexual intercourse. It is wild and frantic. Luciano has his hand over Carmella's mouth, concealing the sound of her groaning.

Franco steps into the room, a few feet behind Conte. His gaze turns to the empty bed.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Is everything alright?

Conte's imagination seizes. The bed is empty once again. Conte turns around to see Franco staring at the bed.

CONTE

What are you looking at?

FRANCO

Nothing.

CONTE

Well? What is it?

FRANCO

You have a visitor... from Milan.

Conte walks over to the CCTV monitors and spots a silver car parked outside the gate to his home.

CONTE

Send him in, then send your men home.

FRANCO

Shall I stick around?

CONTE

No, you go home too.

Conte walks over to the bed side table and retrieves a tiny pistol from inside. He takes out the magazine and counts the bullets.

FRANCO

What business do Milanese have in Naples?

CONTE

That's none of your concern, Franco.

Conte slides the magazine into the pistol. He conceals the gun inside his waistline.

FRANCO

So you'll trust Northerners, but you won't trust your own men?

Conte slaps Franco around the face. Franco sports a look of rage.

CONTE

How can I trust someone who won't follow orders? Go home.

Franco storms out of the room. Conte turns his attention to the bed. He rips the covers off the bed frame.

INT. CONTE'S HOUSE - OFFICE. NIGHT

Conte is sat on the edge of his desk. ALFONSO sits in front of him. The 54 year old is wearing a double breasted black suit jacket with matching trousers. His hair is immaculately slicked back. He smokes a thin cigar.

ALFONSO

We can find one man. One man is no problem.

CONTE

What about two?

ALFONSO

Two men is also no problem... If you can afford it.

Conte reaches across the desk and picks up a briefcase, which he hands to Alfonso. Alfonso places it down by his side.

ALFONSO (CONT'D)

This second man, is he related to the first?

CONTE

When you find one, you'll find the other.

Alfonso stubs out his cigar in the ashtray in front of him.

ALFONSO

I'll place three of my men on the job, and another three will act as your personal bodyguards. I must warn you however, that the death of any of my men will increase the price, for funeral costs and so fourth.

CONTE

Money's not a problem.

ALFONSO

Good. Then it's settled.

Alfonso stands up and grabs the briefcase. He rests it on top of the desk and opens it. Inside are several stacks of Euro notes.

ALFONSO (CONT'D)

In my line of work, I find loyalty to be an overrated concept. People seem to believe that loyalty is a virtue. It's not a virtue, it's a commodity, and it can be bought for any price. Don't you agree?

Conte spots that Alfonso's cigar is still lit. He grabs the cigar and stubs out the flaming ash completely.

CONTE

Are we done here?

ALFONSO

Yes, yes, of course. My men will
get to work at once.

Alfonso slams the briefcase shut.

INT. BUDGET HOTEL - DOUBLE ROOM. MORNING

Matteo is lying asleep on one of two single beds in the box size room. His face is still stained with blood. He awakens from his deep slumber.

He tilts his head to the side to see Antonio, fast asleep on the bed next to him. On the bedside table next to Antonio is a mobile phone.

Matteo struggles to his feet, holding his sides in agony. He stumbles over to the phone and picks it up. The phone has 13 missed calls, all from Conte.

Antonio stirs awake from his sleep. Matteo extends the phone towards him.

MATTEO

Your boss has been calling.

ANTONIO

After what I just did, he'll kill
me before you.

Antonio snatches the phone from Matteo. Matteo moves over to the window and looks outside.

MATTEO

Where are we?

ANTONIO

Just outside Rome.

MATTEO

You still have the car?

ANTONIO

Parked outside.

MATTEO

5 minutes. Then we go.

Matteo makes his way to the sink. He starts wetting his face and ridding himself of the bloodstains.

ANTONIO

Go where exactly?

MATTEO

I need to get to Calais, and that car is gonna get me there. You're more than welcome to come along.

ANTONIO

Haven't you learnt anything? Conte has already found you once, he'll find you again. You can't escape, not whilst Conte is still alive.

MATTEO

Then why don't you kill him?

ANTONIO

Maybe I will, but I'll need your help to do it.

MATTEO

You kill one man and now you think you can take on the world. Everyone has to answer for the people they kill. You're not excluded from that.

Matteo takes a towel from the rail next to the sink and wipes his face. He examines the fresh blood stains now on the towel.

ANTONIO

You think you're the only one who wants out of the system?

MATTEO

You sound like you wanna rule the system, not escape it.

ANTONIO

The difference between me and you is that I know I can't run from this, not yet. If you wanna escape the system, you've gotta destroy it first.

Matteo sits down on the edge of his bed, clutching his head in his hands.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You know I'm right.

MATTEO

I can't go back to that life, not now. That's what got me here in the first place.

ANTONIO

It's the only chance we've got.

MATTEO

No, I can't do it.

Antonio leaps off his bed and crouches down in front of Matteo.

ANTONIO

I made my bones tonight, I made them for you, because you're my last hope of escaping this nightmare. I didn't want to kill anyone, but I knew it was the only choice I had. Now we have to kill Conte. Either we kill Conte, or we kill ourselves.

MATTEO

You make it sound so simple. Two men can't take on a clan leader.

ANTONIO

That's why we'll have help.

INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen is littered with piles of unwashed dishes and food remains. Steam emerges from a coffee pot situated on the lit stove.

A circular table is occupied by Matteo, Antonio and Vincenzo. Vincenzo has a messenger bag hanging over his waist. He reaches into it and pulls out three pistols, placing them on the table one by one.

ANTONIO

Any silencers?

VINCENZO

This is Naples, kid. We don't do quiet.

Antonio starts inspecting the guns one by one.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

So, you two want to kill the most dangerous man in Naples?

ANTONIO

And you don't? He killed your brother too.

VINCENZO

Which is why I'm helping you now. I haven't left this house since he killed Johnny. And I don't plan on leaving until you deal with Conte once and for all.

Antonio extends the gun he is holding towards Matteo. Matteo tuts, prompting Antonio to put the gun down.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

(To Matteo)

I didn't wanna see your boy get killed. I just wanted him taught a little respect. I don't want you to think I'm responsible for what happened.

MATTEO

This isn't a revenge mission. Besides, I think we all know who's responsible.

VINCENZO

But what about the man who pulled the trigger? Don't you want to know who really killed your family?

MATTEO

Have you got a plan to kill Conte or not?

Vincenzo raises his eyebrows to Antonio. Antonio pulls out some cash and hands it to Vincenzo. He pockets the cash.

VINCENZO

A lot has changed since you left. Conte made a deal with some Milanese men. They're notorious for collecting bounties. Word is they're after both of you now. He's disbanded his entire clan, so an inside job is out of the question.

ANTONIO

So? What do you have in mind?

VINCENZO

A car bomb. It's not subtle, but it will work. The problem is attaching the bomb without being seen. It will be impossible to do whilst he's at home.

(MORE)

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

I have the bomb, but you'll have to sit tight and wait for the right time to plant it. You'll only get one shot at this, so don't fuck it up.

ANTONIO

You have it here?

VINCENZO

In the bedroom. Go fetch it.

Antonio gets up and leaves the kitchen. Vincenzo leans in towards Matteo.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

You say this isn't a revenge mission, but I see the fire in your eyes. Franco killed your wife and son. I hear he brags about it too. He's utterly devoted to Conte, even now. Whether you want to kill him for revenge or for the mission, it doesn't matter. He still needs to be taken care of.

Vincenzo struggles to his feet. He removes the coffee pot from the stove and starts pouring the liquid into three cups.

Matteo reaches for one of the pistols. He picks it up and cocks it.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. DAY

A flurry of activity can be seen below in the apartment block courtyard. Cars come and go. Kids play with one another.

Franco is stood by a group of men, Camorrista, who vary in age. These men are stood in a circle.

One of these men is ROBERTO. The 60 year old has a stumpy body and a white head of hair. His voice is coarse and croaky.

Franco lingers outside the circle, looking out over the rooftop.

CAMORRISTA 1

He treats us like we're no good.

ROBERTO

And now he hires these pigs from the north to do our job.

CAMORRISTA 1

And pays them with money we've long been due. Franco, what do you say?

FRANCO

Conte's the boss. That's all there is to it.

ROBERTO

My man in Rome tells me Don Barzini is planning his return. If he does come back, we must turn ourselves over to him.

Franco now enters the circle, standing in the middle of it.

FRANCO

It's this sort of talk that has made Conte the way he is now. Barzini is no good, he never has been.

ROBERTO

Your loyalty to Conte blinds you. He doesn't trust us anymore, yet demands our undying loyalty. At least Don Barzini would put us back in business. At least we'd be earning again.

CAMORRISTA 1

He'd open up all the dealing spots too.

FRANCO

Have you two forgotten how many of our friends Barzini has killed? You think he'll welcome you with open arms?

ROBERTO

What other choice do we have?

FRANCO

We stay loyal to Don Conte. If it wasn't for him, half of us would still be look out boys. We let these Milanese fucks find Matteo, and soon enough, business will continue as usual.

CAMORRISTA 1

Who knows how long that will take?

FRANCO

We sit tight. We wait as long as it takes. I'll take my own life before turning over to Barzini. And I for one won't sit here and even entertain the thought of joining that traitor.

Franco storms off, disappearing down the stairwell. The circle disbands. Camorrista 1 approaches Roberto.

CAMORRISTA 1

Loyal to the end.

ROBERTO

If Franco has a death wish, that's his own problem, not ours. I for one won't be led to slaughter. When Barzini calls, I'll be ready.

INT. FRANCO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY

Franco slams the front door shut. He yanks off his T-shirt, before taking off his shoes and socks.

As he makes his way towards the bathroom, he unbuckles his trousers and kicks them off his legs.

INT. FRANCO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM. DAY

The bathroom window is wide open. The shower curtain is drawn. Franco enters, taking off his underwear. He is now completely naked.

He closes the bathroom window, before pulling back the shower curtain. He freezes up at the sight before him.

Matteo is standing in the shower, aiming a pistol at Franco. The two men remain completely still.

In a flash, Matteo draws the curtain and fires two shots through it, catching Franco in the torso. Franco's blood splatters onto the curtain.

Franco is sent crashing down to the floor, landing next to the toilet.

Matteo pulls back the shower curtain. Franco is cowering by the toilet. Blood is spilling out of his torn torso.

Matteo steps out of the shower. Franco raises a bloody hand.

FRANCO

Wait... Just wait a minute.

Franco examines the stern look on Matteo's face, before turning his attention to the tightly held pistol in his hand. He starts tending to his wounds.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(Laughing)

How many bullets do you think it took to kill that bitch wife of yours?

Matteo darts across the bathroom and starts smashing Franco in the head with his pistol, landing blow after blow, as Franco struggles to block the strikes.

Matteo lands a clear blow on Franco's nose. His nose busts open, leaving Franco dazed and groggy.

Matteo slams the pistol down. He rams Franco's head into the toilet.

In one fell swoop, Matteo brings the toilet lid crashing down on Franco's skull, creating a blunt cracking sound. A splash of blood catches Matteo in the face.

Matteo catches his breath and rises to his feet, observing the dead body before him.

He runs the sink's hot water tap and places the plug in the plug hole. The sink starts filling up with hot water.

Matteo starts splashing water onto his face, wiping off the blood. He throws the pistol into the sink before leaving the room.

EXT. CONTE'S HOUSE. DAY

The gate to Conte's house is padlocked. The Rottweiler is lying down in a patch of shade, fast asleep.

A white van is parked up some distance away from the house.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

I can't sit here much longer.

INT. WHITE VAN (STATIONARY). DAY

Matteo and Antonio are sat in the back of the van, facing one another. Both men have sweat pouring off their bodies.

The windows in the van have been covered with double-sided tape. A miniscule gap on one of the windows has been left unplastered. Antonio peers through the gap.

ANTONIO
He's been in there forever.

MATTEO
Just be patient.

ANTONIO
I've already been patient. Now I'm getting claustrophobic.

Antonio starts rummaging through a duffel bag. A car bomb is concealed inside. Matteo kicks Antonio's shin.

MATTEO
Would you stop fucking fidgeting with that thing?

ANTONIO
Relax, it's not gonna go off.

MATTEO
How do you know?

Antonio drops the bag on the floor. It hits the ground with a thud. Matteo flinches.

MATTEO (CONT'D)
Very fucking smart.

Antonio starts wiping the sweat from his forehead. He then takes off his T-shirt.

ANTONIO
Just to think, we can end it all tonight.

MATTEO
We need to be patient. It could be days yet.

ANTONIO
With what I'm about to tell you, you'll be just as keen as I am.

MATTEO
And what's that?

ANTONIO
You remember Genaro?

MATTEO
Luciano's friend.

ANTONIO
I got a call from him last night. I was gonna tell you sooner, but I figured it might complicate things.

MATTEO
Well then, you better tell me now.

ANTONIO
The church is holding a service for your wife and son tomorrow. Figured it would be a chance for you to finally say goodbye.

MATTEO
Tomorrow?

ANTONIO
That's what he said.

Matteo smashes his fist off the side of the van.

MATTEO
Where the fuck is he?

ANTONIO
You said to be patient.

MATTEO
I know what I said.

Antonio peers through the gap in the window. He watches a BODYGUARD unlock Conte's gate.

The gate opens. A blacked out car pulls away from the house. The car comes to a stop, prompting the Bodyguard to enter the vehicle.

ANTONIO
It's about time.

Matteo barges Antonio out of the way. He peers through the gap in the window and watches Conte's car speed off.

MATTEO
I'll drive.

Matteo and Antonio open the van's back doors and jump out.

INT. FRANCO'S HOUSE - BATHROOM. DAY

The bathroom floor is soaked with water. The sink is full to the brim, with the pistol still inside.

Two MILAN THUGS inspect the bathroom. MILAN THUG 1, 28 years old, wears a pair of aviators and sports a large blond Mohawk.

MILAN THUG 2 is an overweight 40 year old. His gut hangs out the bottom of his shirt. He has a mole on his left cheek.

Milan Thug 2 crouches down by Franco's body and lifts up the toilet lid, revealing Franco's crushed skull.

Milan Thug 1 rolls up his sleeve and reaches into the sink. He pulls out the pistol.

MILAN THUG 2
Didn't he shoot him?

Milan Thug 1 releases the magazine from the pistol and examines it.

MILAN THUG 1
2 shots missing.

Milan Thug 2 turns over Franco's body, revealing two bullet holes in his torso.

MILAN THUG 2
It's a match.

MILAN THUG 1
Must have fucked his wife.

MILAN THUG 2
Or killed her.

MILAN THUG 3, a grey haired 55 year old, enters the bathroom. He holds a mobile phone to his ear.

MILAN THUG 3
You two done fucking in here?

MILAN THUG 1
(Blowing a kiss)
What's it to you?

Milan Thug 3 holds out a piece of paper with an address written on it.

MILAN THUG 3
You wanna get paid or not?

Milan Thug 1 tosses the pistol back into the sink.

EXT. NAPLES TOWN CENTRE. DAY

Conte's car parks up 20 feet away from a barber shop. BODYGUARD 1 emerges from the drivers seat. He enters the barber shop.

He re-emerges a few seconds later. He comes around the car to open one of its doors.

Conte exits the car through the open door. His head of hair is overgrown, and his facial hair is a patchy mess. Conte's eyes dart across the surrounding area.

BODYGUARD 2 and BODYGUARD 3 exit the car after Conte. The four men enter the barber shop together.

A few seconds later, Matteo's white van arrives on the scene, pulling up some distance away from Conte's car.

INT. WHITE VAN (STATIONARY). DAY

Matteo is sat in the drivers seat. Antonio is sat next to him, with the duffel bag resting on his lap. Both men observe Conte's car from afar.

MATTEO

You ready?

ANTONIO

It's now or never.

Matteo reaches across Antonio to open the door for him.

MATTEO

You sure you know what you're doing?

ANTONIO

Vincenzo showed me a hundred times.

MATTEO

You can't be seen. If they spot you, we're finished.

ANTONIO

Do you really think I need reminding of that?

Antonio slides out of the van with his duffel bag in hand.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Just watch my back.

Antonio slams the van door shut. Matteo watches him stroll past several civilians on the way to Conte's car.

Antonio lingers by the back of Conte's car, waiting for a group of civilians to pass him by.

As they do so, Antonio goes prone and squeezes himself under Conte's car. He disappears from plain sight.

INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. DAY

A saucepan full of pasta is boiling over on the stove. Vincenzo is slumped in one of the chairs at the kitchen table.

His hand is clutched around a half drunk glass of wine. The empty wine bottle is situated on the table in front of him, positioned next to his two hearing aids.

There is a loud knock on the front door. The knocks become louder and more frequent with each passing second. Vincenzo remains fast asleep.

The sound of the front door being kicked in can be heard. The three Milan Thugs enter the kitchen.

Milan Thug 1 picks up the hearing aids from the table. Milan Thug 2 and 3 leave the kitchen to search the rest of the house.

Milan Thug 1 drops Vincenzo's hearing aids into the boiling saucepan.

He then crouches down in front of Vincenzo, tapping his kneecap several times with the tip of his finger.

Vincenzo's eyes begin to open, adjusting to the sight in front of him. Milan Thug 1 smiles before punching Vincenzo square in the face.

EXT. NAPLES TOWN CENTRE - BARBER SHOP. DAY

Antonio remains prone under Conte's car, attaching a car bomb to the bottom of the vehicle.

The barber shop door opens. Bodyguard 1 steps outside. He starts pacing towards Conte's car. Antonio freezes up.

Bodyguard 1 leans on the car bonnet, lighting up a cigarette.

INT. WHITE VAN (STATIONARY). DAY

Matteo has a firm grip of the key in the ignition. He watches Bodyguard 1 drop his cigarette on the floor.

As Bodyguard 1 crouches down to pick it up, Matteo starts to slowly turn the key in the ignition. His other hand reaches over to grab the gear stick.

EXT. NAPLES TOWN CENTRE - BARBER SHOP. DAY

Bodyguard 1 is crouched down on the floor, retrieving his lit cigarette. He starts wiping some dirt off the cigarette butt.

Antonio holds the car bomb up with one hand, whilst using the other to cover his mouth. The hand holding the bomb is trembling. The bomb starts to slip out of his grasp.

Bodyguard 1 rises to his feet. He takes a drag from the cigarette before spitting on the floor. He throws the cigarette away and heads towards the barber shop entrance.

INT. WHITE VAN (STATIONARY). DAY

Matteo watches Bodyguard 1 enter the barber shop. He exhales a sigh of relief, as he releases his grip of the key in the ignition.

Matteo beeps the van horn. A few seconds later, Antonio rolls out from underneath Conte's car, holding the now empty duffel bag. He starts pacing towards the van.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CUTTING ROOM. DAY

Conte's three bodyguards occupy the seating area behind a row of barber chairs.

Conte is sat in one of these chairs. A barber's cape conceals most of his body. His head of hair has now been trimmed. The BARBER starts using a brush to apply shaving cream to Conte's face.

Conte extends his arm from underneath the cape. He checks the time on his wrist watch.

He then looks into the mirror in front of him to assume eye contact with BODYGUARD 2.

CONTE
Go fill the car.

Bodyguard 2 exits the barber shop. The Barber pulls out a straight edged razor and starts scraping the blade across Conte's cheeks.

As he brings the blade down for another stroke, an explosion roars outside. Everyone in the room jumps out of their skin.

The Barber's arm jolts. The razor in his hand draws blood from Conte's face. Conte doesn't notice, as he leaps out of his seat.

EXT. NAPLES TOWN CENTRE - BARBER SHOP. DAY

Conte's car is now a flaming wreckage. Civilians emerge from all four corners of the town centre to witness the fireball. Bodyguard 1 and Bodyguard 3 exit the barber shop.

They are followed by Conte, who is still wearing his barber's cape. Remnants of shaving cream remain on his face. Blood starts to trickle down the fresh cut on his cheek.

The three men examine the blackened corpse of Bodyguard 2 in the driver's seat. The sound of a vehicle skidding to a start reaches Conte's ears.

Conte looks across the street to spot the white van speeding off in the opposite direction.

Conte brings his finger towards his face and prods the cut on his cheek. He examines his now blood stained finger.

EXT. ILLEGAL LANDFILL SITE. NIGHT

The white van is parked up next to a pile of rubbish. Matteo is holding a jerrycan, pouring petrol into the interior of the van. Antonio stands a few feet away, on his mobile phone.

ANTONIO

He won't answer.

MATTEO

You said you knew what you were doing!

ANTONIO

I had to wire it up to the engine.
That was the only way it could work!

MATTEO

Call Vince.

ANTONIO

I am fucking calling him! He won't answer.

Matteo empties the jerrycan and throws it away.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

What the hell are we supposed to do now?

Matteo reaches inside his pocket and pulls out a box of matches.

MATTEO

Call a taxi.

ANTONIO

What for?

MATTEO

We've gotta see Vince, we've gotta see him right now.

ANTONIO

And you wanna call a taxi?

MATTEO

What other choice do we have? If you wanna walk, be my guest.

Matteo strikes one of the matches. He flicks it inside the van. Fire consumes the vehicle, as Matteo and Antonio scurry away.

Antonio is lagging behind. Matteo turns around and storms over to him. He grabs him by the arm, dragging him along.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

Antonio breaks free of Matteo's grasp. He quickens his movement, managing to keep up with Matteo.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK. NIGHT

The rooftop of the apartment block is occupied by several LOOKOUT BOYS. A handful of men, stood on observatory platforms, have their gaze focused on the courtyard below.

A blacked out car drives into the courtyard. It parks up.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - COURTYARD. NIGHT

Conte emerges from the blacked out car, flanked by Bodyguard 1 and Bodyguard 3. The bodyguards look up to see the Lookout Boys on the rooftop.

BODYGUARD 1

Are you sure this place is safe?

CONTE

Nowhere's safe anymore.

The three men start walking towards the apartment block entrance. More and more men appear on the observatory platforms. All eyes look to Conte.

BODYGUARD 3

When do you plan on leaving?

CONTE

After Matteo's been taken care of.
And not before I find the man
responsible for that bomb.

BODYGUARD 3

And how long will that take?

Conte's phone begins to ring. He answers it.

CONTE

(Into phone)

Yes?

A rye smile comes across Conte's face, as he hangs up the phone.

CONTE (CONT'D)

It's going to be a short stay.

EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

A taxi is parked outside the wide three storey building. A row of 10 apartments occupy each of the three levels.

INT. TAXI (STATIONARY). NIGHT

Matteo and Antonio are sat in the back of the taxi. The TAXI DRIVER is sat in the driver's seat, reading a magazine.

MATTEO

Alright, wait here.

Matteo attempts to exit the taxi. Antonio grabs his arm.

ANTONIO
I'll go, since I fucked everything
up.

MATTEO
It wasn't your fault.

ANTONIO
That's not what you said earlier.

Matteo sinks back into his seat. Antonio exits the taxi.

MATTEO
Antonio.

Antonio pokes his head into the back of the taxi.

MATTEO (CONT'D)
If anything's out of place up
there, you come straight back down,
got it?

ANTONIO
Just make sure he doesn't drive
off.

Antonio slams the taxi door shut.

EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

Antonio climbs up the staircase to the first row of
apartments. He approaches the front door of the 5th
apartment.

Antonio examines the door. It has been kicked in. He turns
his attention to the taxi.

He then takes out his pistol and heads inside the apartment.

INT. TAXI (STATIONARY). NIGHT

Matteo looks through the car window to see Antonio entering
the apartment.

MATTEO
No problem sticking around?

TAXI DRIVER
(Shrugging)
Meter's running.

INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Vincenzo's body is still slumped in the chair. His face is now a bloody mess. He isn't breathing.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Vince?

Antonio enters the kitchen, aiming his gun. He stands over Vince's body, bringing his hand towards his own mouth.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Vince?

Antonio nudges Vincenzo. There is no response. Antonio leaps to his feet and turns to leave the room.

Antonio walks into the nozzle of a gun held by Milan Thug 1. Before Antonio can react, Milan Thug 1 pulls the trigger.

INT. TAXI (STATIONARY). NIGHT

The sound of the gunshot reaches the taxi. Matteo jumps out of the car. The Taxi Driver throws his magazine to one side.

TAXI DRIVER

What the hell was that?

EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

Matteo sprints up the staircase to the first level. As he races towards Vincenzo's apartment, Milan Thug 1 emerges from inside.

The two men pull out their guns and aim at one another. Matteo shoots first, hitting Milan Thug 1 with five shots.

Milan Thug 1 manages to squeeze one shot off before dying, which catches Matteo in the shoulder.

MATTEO

ANTONIO!

The taxi engine starts up. Milan Thug 2 emerges from another apartment. He starts shooting at Matteo with a shotgun.

Matteo darts down the staircase, narrowly missing each shotgun shell. The taxi starts driving off.

Milan Thug 3 appears in front of the moving taxi, holding a machine gun.

The taxi starts suddenly reversing towards Matteo. Milan Thug 3 opens fire on the taxi windshield, killing the driver inside.

Milan Thug 2 starts reloading his shotgun. Matteo shoots from behind the decelerating taxi, clipping Milan Thug 3 in the leg, sending him to the floor.

Matteo attempts to shoot him again, but his pistol clicks empty. The taxi comes to a standstill. Matteo rushes over to the driver side door of the taxi.

Matteo pulls out the dead driver and gets inside. Milan Thug 2 finishes reloading. Milan Thug 3 stumbles to his feet.

Milan Thug 2 takes aim by the staircase, firing shotgun shells at the taxi's driver side window. The taxi accelerates towards Milan Thug 3.

Milan Thug 3 raises his gun to fire, but is too late. He is sent flying across the road by the oncoming taxi.

The taxi speeds away from the apartment building, jolting from side to side.

INT. TAXI (MOVING). NIGHT

Matteo has one hand on the steering wheel. He uses the other to dislodge a bullet from his shoulder.

He squints his eyes, peering through the bullet ridden windshield. It's impossible to see what's up ahead.

Matteo starts wincing. He abandons his attempt to dislodge the bullet from his shoulder. He starts tending to a gushing wound on his waist.

As he returns his attention to the windshield, the car crashes head first into a lamppost.

EXT. NAPLES STREET. NIGHT

The front of the taxi is totalled. The driver side door opens. Matteo crawls out of it.

He examines his surroundings with groggy vision. He can just about make out a church at the end of the street.

He tries his best to sprint towards it, falling to the floor several times, before eventually bursting through the church doors.

A silver car with no number plate races onto the scene, pulling up next to the totalled taxi.

Milan Thug 2 and Milan Thug 3 exit the car. Milan Thug 3 is limping, hunched over, holding his bloody kneecap in agony. They examine the wreckage.

MILAN THUG 2

Now what?

MILAN THUG 3

One's dead, and the other's dying. That's good enough for me.

MILAN THUG 2

For you, yes. But it won't be good enough for Conte.

MILAN THUG 3

It'll be weeks before we find that rat again. Forget it, it's finished.

MILAN THUG 2

And what do we tell Conte?

MILAN THUG 3

We tell that Southern prick exactly what he wants to hear. As far as he's concerned, both men are dead. Capiche?

MILAN THUG 2

And if Matteo comes back?

MILAN THUG 3

Would you come back after that?

Police sirens blare in the distance. The two thugs re-enter the silver car.

MILAN THUG 3 (O.S) (CONT'D)

Fucking Neapolitans.

INT. CASTEL VOLTURNO CHURCH - SANCTUARY. DAY

The sanctuary is crammed with mourners of all shapes and sizes. Two coffins are positioned side by side in front of the altar. On top of each coffin is a photo frame, displaying a picture of Maria and Luciano.

Mourners begin rising from their seats. Some make their way towards the two coffins, whilst others head for the exit.

As people start funneling out of the room, Conte can be seen sitting on the back row, closely examining the faces of all those who leave the church.

As mourners acknowledge Conte's gaze, they turn away from him, sheepishly trying to catch a glance of him out of the corner of their eye.

Conte waits until the vast majority of mourners have left the sanctuary. He shuffles towards the edge of the bench before standing up.

He stands in the middle of the vacated isle. His gaze is drawn to the two coffins at the front of the room. His face produces a rye smile.

The PRIEST is in mid-conversation with some mourners by the altar. He spots Conte and stares him down from a far. The Priest has a look of stern anger on his face.

As Conte acknowledges the Priest's stare, he steps back sheepishly, his smile disappearing. He turns his back to the Priest and hurries out of the church.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT

Conte is looking out over the courtyard. He watches Bodyguard 1 and 2 enter a silver car, along with Milan Thugs 2 and 3. The car drives off.

Behind Conte is a group of twenty men, all stood in silence. Amongst them is Roberto. Conte turns to face them.

CONTE

We've lost many good men these past few weeks. Tito, Marco, Franco. But we are all still here. You're all survivors, just like me. In wars to come, I know I'll be able to count on each and everyone of you. But now the time for war is over.

Conte reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small packet of cocaine.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Now it's time for business. We open up the dealing spot here tonight. Get the word out. Get the junkies in and take their money. Anything you sell tonight is yours. I wont take a single Euro.

The men's faces light up with joy and relief. Conte smiles with them.

CONTE (CONT'D)

You have all proved yourself loyal to me, even with the temptation of Don Barzini returning.

Conte locks eyes with Roberto briefly, before turning his attention to the rest of the group.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Now it's time for a clean slate.

Conte starts clapping. The men join in. In an instant, Conte pulls out a pistol and shoots Roberto in the head.

The clapping ceases. Everyone bolts away from the dead body of Roberto. His white head of hair is now stained with blood.

Conte strolls over to the body and looks into Roberto's dead eyes. He extends the pistol towards a YOUNG MAN, who reluctantly takes it from him.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Now we have a clean slate.

Conte exits the rooftop via the stairwell. All the men exchange depleted looks with one another.

INT. NAPLES CHURCH - SANCTUARY. NIGHT

A PRIEST stands alone in the sanctuary. He follows a trail of blood to a confessional.

INT. NAPLES CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL. NIGHT

The door to one side of the confessional opens, revealing Matteo, hunched up in the corner. He is a bloody mess.

He aims a pistol at the Priest, who stands in the open doorway. The Priest throws his hands up.

PRIEST

What on Earth are you doing?

MATTEO

Wrong box, father.

Matteo waves his gun at the opposite box. The Priest examines Matteo's wounds.

PRIEST

You need a doctor, not confession.

Matteo clicks off the pistol's safety switch. The Priest enters the other side of the confessional.

A panel on the wall slides open, revealing a glimpse of the Priest's face.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What is it you wish to confess?

MATTEO

Is there really any forgiveness?

PRIEST (O.S.)

What do you seek forgiveness for?

MATTEO

God knows what I've done.

PRIEST (O.S.)

But I don't.

Matteo places the pistol down by his side.

MATTEO

I've killed many men. Some to save myself, and others for no better reason. But I tried to escape, father, I really did. I tried to live a better life with my family. But it was taken away from me. My family was taken away from me. Can there really be any forgiveness from God? Is my family's death not punishment enough?

PRIEST (O.S.)

As a priest, as a man of God, I would tell you that there is always hope for forgiveness. But as a human being, I must tell you that there is no hope. There is no greater place for you on the other side.

MATTEO

So I'm condemned then?

PRIEST (O.S.)

I'm afraid so.

MATTEO

And what about the man who killed
my family?

PRIEST (O.S.)

What about him?

MATTEO

Why should he be allowed to live?
He set me on this path, along with
countless others. He lives to kill
and cause others misery. His death,
wouldn't that be a valuable service
to God?

PRIEST (O.S.)

I know of whom you speak. The Devil
takes many forms in this world.
Conte is the worst of them.

MATTEO

So you know why I must kill him?

PRIEST (O.S.)

Do what you must to be at peace,
but no matter what happens, hell
still awaits. Do you understand?

MATTEO

I do.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Do you know where the devil lives?

MATTEO

No, father.

PRIEST (O.S.)

To save the lives of those on a far
more righteous path, perhaps I can
show you the way.

MATTEO

Why risk your place in heaven?

PRIEST (O.S.)

When you sit back and let men like
Conte infect the world, you become
just as guilty as they are. Heaven
isn't meant for such men... Now
will you let me call a doctor?

MATTEO

If you think I'm worth saving.

The panel on the confessional wall slides shut.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - COURTYARD. NIGHT

Mopeds zoom around the courtyard. Groups of young men are scattered across the block.

A queue of drug addicts are lined up by one of the apartment block entrances.

The addicts pass cash through a gap in the gated entrance. A hand from the other side of the gate reaches out and takes the cash. The same hand then presents the addicts with a small bag of cocaine.

The queue is dealt with quickly, shortening with each passing second.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT

Conte looks out over the courtyard, watching the queue disintegrate. A YOUNG MAN is stood next to him.

CONTE

How many more down there?

YOUNG MAN

No more than thirty.

CONTE

Good. Be down there when they kill the queue.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - COURTYARD. NIGHT

ADDICT 1 is at the front of the queue, performing the usual exchange. ADDICT 2 emerges from the queue behind him.

Addict 2 punches Addict 1 in the back of the head, before stealing his drugs and sprinting off.

The gate opens. Four CAMORRISTA emerge from inside and chase down Addict 2.

A HOODED MAN emerges from the queue. He enters the apartment block through the gate, slamming it shut behind him.

The four Camorrista abandon their pursuit of Addict 2. They sprint back towards the gate.

CAMORRISTA 1
Get the fuck out of there!

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT

Conte and the Young Man lean over the edge of the rooftop.
They witness the commotion below.

All the Camorrista are smashing on the gate, trying to rip it open.

CONTE
What the fuck's going on down
there?

A succession of gunshots surge through the gate. The bullets rip through the Camorrista below.

The crowds disperse. People run off screaming. Mopeds accelerate away.

Conte starts pacing towards the stairwell, closely followed by the Young Man.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL. NIGHT

A group of armed Camorrista descend the stairwell.

CAMORRISTA 1
Did you see who it was?

CAMORRISTA 2
He had his hood up.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL. NIGHT

An INJURED CAMORRISTA awaits Conte and the Young Man at the bottom of the stairwell.

CONTE
Well? Who the fuck is it?

INJURED CAMORRISTA
It looks like Matteo.

CONTE
Those Milanese fucks!

INJURED CAMORRISTA
He's on his own.

CONTE

Well go and fucking kill him then!

The Injured Camorrista scurries away. Conte reaches into the Young Man's waistline and pulls out a pistol. He then pushes the Young Man towards the walkway.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Go get the car ready.

The Young Man hurries off in the same direction as the Injured Camorrista. Conte sprints off in the opposite direction.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - LOWER LEVEL WALKWAY.
NIGHT

A group of five armed Camorrista sprint across the walkway. Matteo appears at the end of it.

Matteo unloads his pistol with lightning speed. He mows down four of the Camorrista, before hugging the wall for cover.

The Camorrista left standing starts pacing towards Matteo, spraying the wall he uses for cover with bullets.

As soon as the Camorrista's gun clicks empty, Matteo reappears, shooting the Camorrista twice in the chest.

Matteo throws away his pistol and picks up a machine gun left behind by a Camorrista.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - LOWER LEVEL STAIRWELL.
NIGHT

Three Camorrista descend the stairwell. Matteo is stood at the bottom of it, aiming his machine gun at the block of stairs in front of him.

As soon as the Camorrista are in sight, Matteo mows them down with bullets. The dead bodies topple down the stairs.

Matteo tosses the machine gun to one side. He then picks up two pistols from the floor.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - WALKWAY. NIGHT

Matteo looks over the walkway. He witnesses a group of Camorrista arrive in the courtyard. They are riding mopeds.

Matteo starts unloading his two pistols on the group.

The bullets tear through the Camorrista and their vehicles. The Camorrista start returning fire, forcing Matteo to crouch down. He starts shuffling towards the end of the walkway.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL. NIGHT

Conte descends the stairwell. Gunfire can be heard. Conte cocks the pistol in his hand.

EXT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - HIGHER LEVEL WALKWAY. NIGHT

Matteo sprints across the walkway. A Camorrista appears in front of him. Matteo shoots him dead in a flash.

Another Camorrista sprints out of one of the apartments. He is armed with a knife.

The Camorrista rams the knife into Matteo's shoulder. The two men start grappling.

Matteo forces the Camorrista against the ledge of the walkway. The Camorrista has one hand on the knife lodged in Matteo's shoulder. The other hand reaches for Matteo's gun.

Matteo headbutts the Camorrista. He is now free from his grasp, as the Camorrista cowers against the ledge.

Matteo shoots the Camorrista twice in the head, sending him flying over the ledge of the walkway. A splatter can be heard a few seconds later.

Conte appears on the walkway above Matteo. Matteo starts pulling the knife out of his shoulder. Conte takes aim.

Conte fires his pistol twice. One bullet catches Matteo in the shoulder. The second bullet tears through his leg.

Matteo scurries behind a wall, tending to his wounds.

CONTE

And you said this wasn't about revenge.

MATTEO

You brought this on yourself.

CONTE

I'm not the one whose bleeding.

A group of Camorrista emerge from the other end of the walkway. They aim their guns at the wall Matteo is hiding behind.

CONTE (CONT'D)

Your time's up, Matteo. Now you can finally join your wife and child.

Matteo peers around the wall, to behold the group of Camorrista.

Matteo ejects the magazine from his pistol. There are no bullets left inside. He discards the gun and magazine.

MATTEO

(To Camorrista)

You can kill me now, but it won't change the fact that you're just as expendable to him as I am.

CONTE

The time for talking's over, Matteo.

MATTEO

(To Camorrista)

How long will it be until you're on the wrong end of his gun? Just like Tito, Marco and Antonio.

The Camorrista exchange quizzical looks. Conte's face turns impatient.

CONTE

(To Camorrista)

They were traitors!

MATTEO

(To Camorrista)

He couldn't even trust you to kill me. He'd rather hire men from Milan. He only trusts you to kill me now, because he has no other choice.

CONTE

(To Camorrista)

Enough of this shit. Kill him.

MATTEO

(To Camorrista)

How many more of your friends have
to die, before you realize that
this man will be the end of each
and everyone of you!

Conte shoots at Matteo's cover. Conte then aims his gun at
the group of Camorrista.

CONTE

(To Camorrista)

Last chance.

Camorrista 1 drops his gun. Conte shoots him in the chest.
The other Camorrista start firing at Conte.

Conte cowers behind cover, disappearing from sight.

Matteo emerges on the walkway. He starts sprinting towards
the group of men, who are tending to the dead body of
Camorrista 1.

MATTEO

Where's he heading?

Camorrista 2 extends his pistol towards Matteo.

CAMORRISTA 2

Parking lot.

Matteo takes the gun from him and sprints off down the
walkway, heading for a stairwell.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL. NIGHT

Conte rushes down the staircase, skipping two steps at a
time. Mopeds can be heard accelerating in the distance.

Conte rolls his ankle on one of the steps. He tumbles down
the stairs and smacks his head off the floor. The gun flies
out of his hand.

Conte's head is busted open, blood slithers out of the wound.
He struggles back to his feet, groggy.

He makes out the sound of footsteps from above. He looks up
to see Matteo descending the stairwell.

Conte starts staggering down the remaining steps. He latches
onto the wall for support.

INT. SECONDIGLIANO APARTMENT BLOCK - PARKING LOT. NIGHT

A blacked out car lingers by the parking lot entrance.

Conte stumbles into the parking lot. The blood from his head wound covers the left side of his face.

Conte wipes the blood from his left eye, as he stumbles towards the car, clutching onto the rear of the vehicle.

The car suddenly skids to a start, driving away. Conte loses his grip of the car and falls face first onto the floor.

As Conte lies there, footsteps can be heard approaching.

Matteo appears in front of Conte. He stares down at him. Conte struggles to lift his head up to face him.

CONTE

You think killing me changes anything? The system will always exist, and you'll always have enemies, just like me.

MATTEO

Not like you.

Conte reaches out to grab Matteo's trouser leg. Matteo kicks his hand away.

CONTE

Who really killed your family? You were the one who dragged them into this mess. I just put them out of their misery.

Matteo swings his leg and boots Conte in the face. Conte gurgles blood in his mouth. He loses a couple of teeth.

Conte gets on his knees. Matteo presses the nozzle of the gun into his forehead.

CONTE (CONT'D)

There are another hundred men waiting to take my place. You've killed many of their friends just to get to me. There's no escape for you. This changes nothing.

Matteo rams the gun further into Conte's skull.

CONTE (CONT'D)
(Babbling)
Can't trust anyone anymore... Can't
trust anyone.

MATTEO
You betrayed yourself.

CONTE
That boy you killed... All those
years ago... I never told you who
he belonged to.

Conte starts laughing hysterically, blood oozing out of his mouth.

CONTE (CONT'D)
You're a fucking dead man.

Matteo squeezes the trigger. Conte's head is ripped open by the bullet. His body jolts back, then falls forward and lands by Matteo's feet.

A puddle of blood starts forming around Matteo. He places his pistol by Conte's body and walks off towards the far end of the parking lot. He disappears into darkness.

A YOUNG BOY emerges from behind a parked car. He creeps towards Conte's body. His eyes are transfixed on the gun.

He picks up the pistol and conceals it in his jumper before sprinting off.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO. DAY

The lido is littered with rubbish. The shelter has been stripped of its contents. A single car resides in the parking area.

Matteo stands in front of the bullet ridden caravan. He gazes into the open doorway.

The small dog with a gold coat of fur appears in the caravan doorway. Matteo's face produces a smile.

The dog sprints towards Matteo and starts jumping all over him. Matteo crouches down and fusses it.

His gaze soon returns to the caravan. A sorrow look now occupies his face.

Matteo kisses the dog on the top of its head and shoos it away. He starts walking towards the car in the parking area.

The dog sprints after Matteo, wagging its tail and gnawing at his leg. Matteo enters the car.

The dog starts jumping up at the side of the car. It starts barking as the car accelerates towards the lido exit.

EXT. LIDO TRAMANTO ENTRANCE. DAY

Matteo's car progresses down the bumpy road. The dog reappears. It starts sprinting after the moving vehicle.

Matteo's car takes a turn at the end of the rocky road, disappearing from sight. The dog seizes running.

The dog sits there with its ears perked for a few seconds. It lets out a whimper and starts trotting back towards the lido.

EXT. CALAIS FERRY PORT - LOADING AREA. DAY

Several rows of vehicles are queued up at the rear of a docked ferry.

Matteo's car joins a queue of vehicles. He parks up behind a blacked out car.

Matteo emerges from his car, stretching out his body. His attention is drawn to the blacked out car's number plate. It is Italian.

Matteo looks over his shoulder. He spots another blacked out car parking up behind him.

The queue of vehicles up ahead start accelerating onto the ferry. Matteo glances back at the car behind him, before re-entering his vehicle.

INT. FERRY (MOVING) - SEATING AREA. DAY

Passengers begin rising from their seats. Matteo is fast asleep on a chair. A backpack is resting on his lap.

As passengers vacate the seating area, Matteo awakens, adjusting his eyes to a group of people in front of him.

Matteo jolts forward. He spots FABIO, the young boy he shot dead, amongst the group of departing passengers.

Fabio is staring at Matteo. The group of passengers brush past Fabio without noticing him.

Matteo rises from his chair, placing his backpack on the seat next to him.

Fabio runs off into the crowd of passengers. Matteo sprints after him.

INT. FERRY (MOVING) - LOBBY. DAY

A large group of passengers are heading for the exit. Fabio squeezes through them and runs into the male toilets.

Matteo charges through the group, following Fabio into the toilets.

INT. FERRY (MOVING) - MALE TOILETS. DAY

Matteo bursts into the toilets. There is no sign of Fabio. There is only one other man in the room.

GIUSEPPE, a 38 year old man with a jet black pony tail, is washing his face by the sink. He is dressed entirely in black.

Giuseppe refrains from washing his face to stare Matteo down. Matteo exits the room in a hurry.

INT. FERRY (MOVING) - SEATING AREA. DAY

The seating area is now solely occupied by four THUGS, all dressed in black.

Thugs 1 & 2 sit either side of Matteo's backpack. Thugs 3 & 4 flank the room.

Matteo paces into the room and freezes by the entrance. He inspects the Thugs one by one.

A hand reaches out and grabs Matteo's shoulder. He spins around. It is Giuseppe. The two men stand face to face.

GIUSEPPE

Don Barzini sends his regards, and many thanks, for helping him re-secure Secondigliano.

MATTEO

He could have sent a card.

GIUSEPPE

Impossible. You're a hard man to find.

MATTEO

You came all this way to say thank
you?

Thug 1 tosses Matteo's bag across the room. He and Thug 2
rise to their feet.

GIUSEPPE

You thought you could just sail off
into the sunset? Don Barzini
remembers well. He remembers what
you did.

MATTEO

And what does your boss remember
that I don't?

GIUSEPPE

Poor, poor Fabio. That boy you
killed... He was godson to Don
Barzini.

The four Thugs reach into their jacket pockets.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

There are some wounds which even
time cannot heal. Someone has to be
held accountable. Blood must be
spilt.

Giuseppe clutches Matteo's cheeks with his two hands, digging
his nails into Matteo's flesh.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

Send my regards to Conte.

Giuseppe reaches inside his jacket. Matteo beats Giuseppe to
it.

Matteo grasps the pistol concealed inside Giuseppe's jacket.

MATTEO

Send them yourself.

Matteo withdraws the gun and shoots Giuseppe twice in the
gut, sending him crashing down in a bloody heap. The four
Thugs withdraw their own firearms.

Matteo spins around and aims his gun at the four Thugs. The
four Thugs now have their guns aimed at Matteo.

Matteo squeezes the trigger.

INT. NAPLES FARMHOUSE. NIGHT

A YOUNG GIRL tends to a sheep giving birth. The animal is lying on top of a pile of hay.

The Young Girl starts stroking the sheep.

YOUNG GIRL
Good girl. Good girl.

Something slithers out of the sheep's womb.

The Young Girl looks horrified. She jumps to her feet and sprints out of the farmhouse.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mama! Mama! Mama!

The newborn sheep lying by its mother is deformed and covered in blood. It has two disfigured heads attached to its neck. It is a monster.

FADE TO BLACK.