

BLACK SCREEN:

QUOTE APPEARS:

**If it will feed nothing else, it
will feed my revenge.**

William Shakespeare

QUOTE FADES AWAY:

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

It's raining. Badly. It's a sad day in New York. Parked outside of the funeral home is a black limousine with a driver standing by it.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Signing in on the guest book and condolences is TANNER MCAFFREY, mid 20s, handsome. He wears a well-tailored, silk-lined black suit, with a white dress shirt and red tie. He walks down the hall, enters the viewing room.

Standing by the door are TWO MEN in black suits. Most likely bodyguards for someone important. And there is. The only one sitting before an open wooden casket is mafia boss Don SALVATORE CIPRIANI, 50s. Dressed in all black. He softly weeps:

Laying in the casket is the unfortunately late TOMMY CIPRIANI, also mid 20s. His pale and stiff body is enclosed in a black suit.

Tanner pauses to the site of the Don. He's not so sure that he wants to walk down the aisle. But -- he must.

Salvatore wipes the tears from his eyes. Tanner sits two chairs away from Salvatore. At first they don't say anything. But Salvatore decides to break the silence.

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CONTINUED:

SALVATORE

(New York accent)

You knew my son?

TANNER

(No accent, softly)

Uh, yes, sir. My name is Tanner
McAffrey.

SALVATORE

(Shaking hands)

Salvatore Cipriani.

TANNER

Nice to meet you, sir.

SALVATORE

You don't sound like you're from
here.

TANNER

Awe, no, sir. I hailed from
Virginia. My father moved us out
here when I was sixteen. I met
Tommy in high school.

SALVATORE

He never spoke of you.

TANNER

I never spoke to my parents about
Tommy. We mostly hanged out at
school. Took our girls to the
prom; but after graduation we
kinda drifted apart. I moved back
to Virginia to go to school. And
that's that.(A long beat; turns
to Salvatore)

I'm very sorry about Tommy, sir.

Salvatore squirts a tear, just the near mentioning of his
son's name makes him cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVATORE

Thank you, son.

TANNER

When I heard that he died -- I jus' couldn't believe it. I always thought of Tommy as my big brother. He once told me that he was gonna open up a business down in Southie. It's a damn shame.

A beat.

SALVATORE

He was murdered for no exceptional reason. My child is dead.

Tanner slips on a pair of black gloves while Salvatore wipes the tears from his eyes again.

TANNER

(Shocked to hear the word "murdered")

Jesus.

(Beat)

Sorry to say this, sir, but you were wrong about that.

Salvatore looks to Tanner. Like "what the fuck are saying?".

SALVATORE

Excuse me, son?

TANNER

He was murdered, because I needed to find a way to kill you.

Tanner stands up, draws out a chrome Beretta 92FS with a silencer and drills two slugs in Salvatore's head. Blood and brain matter goes everywhere. Tanner spins to the guards who draw out their gats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tanner clips them both. Blood smears the wall as their bodies slump to the floor.

Tanner turns back to Salvatore's lifeless body:

TANNER (CONT'D)

(With a New York
accent)

Mista Leon sends his regards.

Tanner walks out of the viewing room, conceals his Beretta while he saunters down the hall and out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.