WHACK JOB

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - NORTH END - DAY


EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Four OLD MEN sit on folding chairs, playing "Scopa" and drinking wine.

OLD MAN
Che ha fatto scopa!

The other Old Men curse at him vociferously, in Italian.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Lively atmosphere. FAMILIES enjoy pizza.

ELOISA, 20s, robust, from the Old Country, hoists a tray onto her shoulder. She zips past ogling WAITERS into the KITCHEN

and whisks by two busy COOKS. Her skirt billows in the breeze of an industrial fan, the Cooks stop for a quick peek.

ELOISA
I see you!

She snags a Sicilian pizza and sashays into a DIM HALLWAY

The chorus of conversation grows louder as she nears a door marked: "Keep Out. Or Else." Eloisa knocks three times.

DANTE (O.S.)
You better have food or you're dead.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eloisa's greeted by a group of smiling THUGS, seated around a table. Red wine, fresh bread, cold cuts, the usual fixings. At the head of the table sits DANTE SFOGLIATELLE, 50, bulky.

DANTE
Extra formagg'?
ELOISA

I give you more cheese, yes.

To Dante's right, his brother SAVIO, 45, oodles of duende. Across from him, other brother CASIMIRO, 48, constant simmer.

CASIMIRO

You ever cook with sesame oil?

SAVIO

What?

CASIMIRO

Sesame oil, open your ears.

SAVIO

Get the fuck out. That's for the Orientals.

CASIMIRO

Who told you that?

SAVIO

Nobody told me. I think for myself.

CASIMIRO

A smart consigliere, I like that.

SAVIO

Fuck off.

ANGELO, 25, sticks out like a sore thumb in a room full of middle fingers. An anxious, intellectual fantasy geek in a realm that favors neither books nor fantasy.

ANGELO

Oriental is considered a disparaging term. Actually.

SAVIO

Sorry I ruffled your feathers there, Miss Saigon.

ANGELO

(wipes his eyeglasses)
And to tell you the truth, sesame oil is really more of a flavor highlight than a cooking medium.

CASIMIRO

Flavor highlight?

DANTE

Son, please.
Seated next to Angelo is NUNZIO, 40, dim bulb, gold tooth. Alongside, Nunzio's twin GIACOMO, 80s haircut, 70s suit.

DANTE
What do you know about that guy set to testify?

NUNZIO
We mocked him good.

DANTE
And that lowlife downtown?

NUNZIO
Which one?

DANTE
The one with the tail.

GIACOMO
Which one?

DANTE
Jesus Christ, we know more than one guy with a tail? The one from Southie.

GIACOMO
Moe Green Speciale.

Angelo glances around the room, bewildered by the lingo.

CASIMIRO
Dante, what do you want us to do with that facia bruta in Eastie?

DANTE
Give 'im a week. If he doesn't give us a taste - make it twenty large - show 'im to Luca Brasi's bedroom.

SAVIO
And don't forget to do a little spring cleaning this time.

CASIMIRO
Don't you got papers to push?

NUNZIO
Angelo, what happened to your contacts?
ANGELO
It's my antihistamines. They make my eyes dry.

NUNZIO
Gee, that's a real --

He swipes Angelo's glasses.

ANGELO
Hey, I need those.

NUNZIO
Hey, I need those.

He flips them to Giacomo and around the table they go...

DANTE
Alright enough, give him back his glasses.

Nunzio tosses them to Angelo. He puts them back on.

VIEW FROM ANGELO'S GLASSES
The right lens is splintered, there's a crack in Dante.

DANTE
(to Casimiro)
Tomorrow I need ya to head down to Quincy and shake down that mortadella I was telling you about. You got it?
   (peeks up at Angelo)
Oh! Did they break your glasses?

ANGELO
It's just a scratch.

DANTE
Just a scratch? They're fucking broken. Strunzo, you're paying for those.

Nunzio reaches into his pocket, tosses two c-notes at Angelo.

NUNZIO
Get yourself something nice. A nice Oriental dress. Like the gay-shas wear.

A few snickers. Dante gets up. The room goes quiet.
Dante strolls over to Nunzio. Puts his arm around him.

DANTE
If I knew we were gonna act like a bunch of fucking clowns, I woulda ordered us a tent. Right?

He picks up a slab of Sicilian.

DANTE
What's this -- pizza?

He drives it into Nunzio's face.

NUNZIO
Christ, it's hot!

DANTE
Course it's hot. I run a respectable joint.

Hearty laughter. Even Angelo joins in. Nunzio's a vision in mozzarella.

Dante peers over at Giacomo.

DANTE
You two are twins, right? Who's older?

Nunzio and Giacomo exchange looks, unsure what the right answer is in this situation. Dante picks up another slice of Sicilian, moseys over to Giacomo.

DANTE
Well?

GIACOMO
I'm older.... By a minute.

Wrong. Pizza facial. Giacomo groans and grimaces. Dante wipes his hand on Giacomo's suit, a pat on his shoulder.

DANTE
You're old enough to know better.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BASEMENT OFFICE - LATER

A mural of a forest, Dungeons & Dragons figurines, Lord of the Rings posters. A pet box turtle mopes around in a large tank. Angelo sits at his desk, putting in his contacts.
ANGELO

(leans back)
Much better.

He blinks incessantly. Tucks the saline solution away.

Angelo taps on a high-tech calculator. The buttons stick, he ditches the calculator. Adds the numbers in his head.

A knock at the door. Dante enters, lugging a large suitcase.

DANTE
Keeping busy?

ANGELO
You know me.

Dante sets the suitcase flat on the desk, takes a seat.

DANTE
Go ahead, take a look.

Angelo opens it to find a sea of neatly wrapped $20 bills.

ANGELO
More than I thought.

DANTE
Always think big, Angelo. Remember that.

ANGELO
How do you want me to...?

DANTE
You tell me. Don't you work here?

ANGELO
How do you feel about the "virtual universe"? We could open up accounts there.

DANTE
You finance guys...

ANGELO
No, we'll buy up some real estate. Funnel the money into dummy accounts...

DANTE
This is from all of that D 'n D bullshit you used to play.
ANGELO
Guilty.

DANTE
How will I know which accounts are fake and which ones are real? For real real.

ANGELO
I'll put a six-six-six in front of the fake ones.

DANTE
Why, because of my name?

ANGELO
We're all going to hell, Dad.

He matter-of-factly presses a button on a remote. The forest mural opens up.

Angelo stows the suitcase. Inside the wall, he presses another button and the mural closes. Dante stands up.

DANTE
Listen. As for what happened today. You gotta stick up for yourself. Day One. Starting right now. You don't let people walk all over you. You walk over them.

Angelo sulks.

DANTE
Hey. This shit reflects on me, too. You got that?

He drapes his arm over Angelo's shoulder.

DANTE
Wanna be your own man? Huh? (a pinch of his cheek) You start by trusting yourself.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

BIBIANA, 52, sovereign of superstition, stirs the sauce. Angelo strides in with a loaf of bread, sets it on the table.

BIBIANA
Uffa! What are you trying to do -- kill me?
ANGELO
I thought we liked Scali bread.

BIBIANA
You put it upside down. That's bad luck.

She turns the bread over, breathes a sigh of relief.

BIBIANA
Oh thank God.

ANGELO
What?

BIBIANA
I just heard Fortunato sneeze. That's good luck.

She slips into the pantry. The family cat, FORTUNATO, saunters into the kitchen. Sleek black fur.

ANGELO
No offense, Ma. Aren't black cats supposed to be bad luck?

BIBIANA (O.S.)
He's got white speckles. Good luck.

Angelo moves to the saucepan, takes in a prolonged whiff. He goes for a taste.

BIBIANA (O.S.)
When are you gonna give me grandbabies?

Angelo drops the wooden spoon. Gets sauce on his pants, and the tile floor.

He hurries to dampen a paper towel, wipes vigorously at his pants and the floor. Back and forth.

ANGELO
Where's Dad?

BIBIANA (O.S.)
He had some last-minute errands.

ANGELO
(to himself)
Errands, murders... whatever.
PANTRY

Bibiana pops open a briefcase filled with bearer bonds.

    BIBIANA
    How was work today?

    ANGELO (O.S.)
    We sold a lot of pizza. Boy oh boy.

    BIBIANA
    That's nice.

She shuts the briefcase, tucks it away.

    BIBIANA
    Like the new calculator I gave you?

    ANGELO (O.S.)
    Works great, Ma.

KITCHEN

Bibiana returns with a jar of olives. Angelo grabs a seat.

    BIBIANA
    What?

    ANGELO
    What?

    BIBIANA
    What were you doing?

    ANGELO
    Nothing, what?

    BIBIANA
    Just tell me.

    ANGELO
    I was admiring your floor, that's all. How do you get it so shiny?

Bibiana stares down at swipe marks.

    BIBIANA
    You were sniffing the sauce again.
INT. SGFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Dante, Bibiana and Angelo are seated at the table, enjoying a spaghetti dinner.

DANTE
Spaghetti's so obvious, people don't even think about making it. Know what I mean?

Bibiana gives him a little smile, turns to Angelo.

BIBIANA
So when are you gonna give me grandbabies?

ANGELO
Right after dinner, Ma.

DANTE
Don't be disrespectful. And you need a girlfriend first, pal. What's for dessert?

BIBIANA
You know I don't make that.

DANTE
Exactly. Don't you think you should pop a cake in the oven every now and again?

BIBIANA
Last time I did that...

She tilts her head toward Angelo, Dante grins.

ANGELO
Thanks a lot.

Bibiana pats his arm.

BIBIANA
Besides, I wouldn't wanna deprive you of your daily milk shake. That would be a travesty.

DANTE
You saying I'm fat?

Bibiana makes circles on his tummy, evaluating.

BIBIANA
Maybe you should switch to Medium.
Dante sucks in his gut.

BIBIANA
Make it a Small.

Dante can't hold it in any longer.

DANTE
Angelo, let's go, you and me. You want anything?

BIBIANA
Bring me back an apple pie. Or how about some Black Forest Cake.

DANTE
Yeah, I'm sure they'll have that.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Expressway. Angelo rides shotgun. A picture of the Madonna is perched on Dante's dashboard. Classic Italian music plays.

DANTE
So how come I see zero girls in the total column?

ANGELO
I'm trying, Dad.

DANTE
You're trying. Angelo, listen to me. You're a good kid, you're good with books. But lemme tell ya something about girls.

Angelo grips the armrest.

DANTE
They just wanna know you got a salsiccia -- that's it. There's no special math.

ANGELO
Salseechka?

DANTE
Sausage, Angelo. You're Italian, you should know this. As long as you got a salsiccia, things are great. She knows she can make babies with you. See that?
ANGELO
Huh.

DANTE
Otherwise, why the fuck's she hanging around you when she can just be out with her girlfriends?

ANGELO
I never thought of that before.

DANTE
You shoulda thought of that before.

ANGELO
Show her the sausage. Makes sense.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER
Parking lot's empty. The SUV veers into the drive-thru.

INT./EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS
Dante pulls up to the mic.

TEENAGE GIRL (over speaker)
May I take your order?

DANTE
Two strawberry shakes. Make 'em big ones.

TEENAGE GIRL
Dante, is that you?

DANTE
Is this Stacy or Tracy? I got my son here...

Angelo waves his hands "No." A muffled noise over the speaker.

DANTE
She plays hard to get, let's go.

He drives around...

ANGELO
Dad, I really don't wanna be set up this way. I mean it.
DANTE
What're you talking... This is just like the cartoons.

He stops at the window.

DANTE
There she is. Woo, what a smile.

He hands cash to STACY, 19, ultra-nervous smile.

DANTE
You're single, too, right?

STACY
Umm...

Dante turns a grin at Angelo who ducks under the dashboard.

DANTE
What're you hiding for? What are you -- a squirrel?

A cardboard holder protrudes from the window, bearing two shakes. Only the arm attached to it is now draped in a suit jacket. Dante reaches for the shakes without looking.

He turns back... Three gunshots! Straight into Dante! The alarm goes off.

Dante slumps over onto the passenger seat. Strawberry shakes ooze onto Angelo.

ANGELO
Dad?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Casimiro steps up to the mic. Points a finger at FATHER VERO, 50, who's not quite sure what to make of it. The church is packed, the entire Sfogliatelle Crime Family in attendance.

CASIMIRO
My brother was a simple man. A good man, ya know? Who did right by his family.
(wipes away a tear)
This frickin pollen... Sometimes it makes my eyes act up. Dante leaves behind a legacy we can all be proud of. Nuff said.
EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Friends and Family lay flowers atop Dante's casket. Angelo stands by Bibiana. She's clad entirely in black (from this point forward).

Savio comes over with his wife YOLANDA, 40, bosomy and sweet.

    YOLANDA
    You look after your mother, okay?
    You're the man of the house now.

A few snickers. Savio turns a glare at Nunzio and Giacomo.

Savio trades looks with Casimiro across the way. He stands with his wife ORSOLa, 45, and their SIX KIDS, all plump and looking constipated, including MARIO, 16, and PASQUALE, 6.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Bibiana clutches her rosary beads. Angelo stares blankly out his window.

    ANGELO
    I wish I went to one of my proms.

    BIBIANA
    What are you talking about?

    ANGELO
    Now I hate limos. Big time.

    BIBIANA
    Who's gonna take care of me? No grandbabies. I'll have to walk to the bus.

Angelo furrows his brow at the streets passing by.

    ANGELO
    Why are we taking this way home?

    BIBIANA
    We do it to confuse the dead.

Angelo peers out the back windshield.

    ANGELO
    Think they're following us?
INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Empty seat at the head of the table. Savio, Casimiro, Nunzio and Giacomo sip espresso and eat biscotti.

NUNZIO
I looked up to that guy.

GIACOMO
He was a foot taller than you.

CASIMIRO
My guess? It was those Pignoli fucks. Always yapping about Dante moving in on their territory.

GIACOMO
So what happens now?

CASIMIRO
I want your timecards on my desk by tomorrow.

Nunzio chortles.

CASIMIRO
What are you laughing at?

A knock. Three times. Eloisa enters.

ELOISA
Nunzio, Giacomo... telephone for you.

CASIMIRO
Jesus Christ, both of them?

ELOISA
They twins, no?

GIACOMO
I'd like a crack at her twins.

NUNZIO
Yeah.

They get up and head out. Savio waits for the door to close.

SAVIO
I think we should give it to Angelo.

Casimiro sprays his espresso.
CASIMIRO
Are you fucking nuts?

SAVIO
You heard them at the funeral. Snickering like a coupla schoolgirls. What if they did it? They're both fucked in the head, Casi.

CASIMIRO
What, Angelo's better?

SAVIO
No. But we could use him to draw those two Bozos out.

CASIMIRO
Dante trusted your judgment for ten years, Savio. Now you wanna go and do this?

SAVIO
It would just be temporary.

CASIMIRO
Temporary...

SAVIO
A month.

CASIMIRO
A month? We could lose everything in a month. You know he don't even got a girlfriend?

SAVIO
We'll work on that.

CASIMIRO
We could be dealing with one o' those special idiots people like to talk about. Know the ones I mean?

SAVIO
Idiot seville, I know.

CASIMIRO
And you wanna put him in charge?

SAVIO
Look. If those two goons come after you, what're you gonna do? You got a lotta mouths to feed.
CASIMIRO
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You saying my kids are fat?

SAVIO
No, they ain't fat. Just go easy with the starch, that's all.

CASIMIRO
Fuck you. Least I got kids.

SAVIO
Hey, I'm trying to protect you here.

CASIMIRO
Don't sound like it.

SAVIO
Angelo, hey... say whatever you want. But he ain't a bad seed, right? Christ, we're surrounded by criminals. So what if the kid likes Star Wars? In a month, the job's yours. Whaddaya say?

CASIMIRO
You better know what the fuck you're doing.

He choked on his biscotti. Savio gets up and pats him on the back.

INT. SFOGLIA TELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Savio pats Angelo on the back. He sits bug-eyed on his bed, playing a fantasy video game, wearing elf ears.

ANGELO
They want me?

SAVIO
That's right.

ANGELO
Why?

SAVIO
Whaddaya mean why? This is good news.

Angelo lets go of his joystick, rubs his jaw and grimaces.
SAVIO
What's a matter?

ANGELO
I don't know anything about being a mob boss.

SAVIO
You'll learn as you go. I'll teach ya.

He removes Angelo's elf ears.

ANGELO
But I'm an accountant for Pete's sake.

SAVIO
Fuck Pete. You were an accountant. Things change.

ANGELO
Uncle Savio, this is nuts.

SAVIO
So what's the problem, then?

He pinches Angelo's cheek.

ANGELO
Ow!

SAVIO
Cheer up, will ya?

ANGELO
(pauses game)
Look, I appreciate the offer. I really do. But I'm afraid I can't accept. You'll just have to find someone else.

He un-pauses the game, gets back into it. Savio shuts off the TV.

SAVIO
Angelo. You like games, right?

ANGELO
Before you turned it off, yeah.
SAVIO
That's all this is. One big fucking game. And this here's your joystick.

He grabs at his own crotch. Angelo winces.

ANGELO
What is it with this family?

SAVIO
Don't be disrespectful. Hey, you know what? You'll make more money. I bet these games don't come cheap.

ANGELO
Yeah, but...

SAVIO
But what? You could help out your mother, too. Don't you wanna do that?

Angelo looks keenly at his uncle.

ANGELO
Turn the TV back on.

Savio flicks it on, picks up a joystick.

SAVIO
Now push over. I'm gonna kick your ass.

ANGELO
Oh bring it, Uncle.

INT. SFOLGIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angelo glides in. Plops down at the table, digs into a bowl of Froot Loops. Bibiana eyes him, pours herself some tea.

BIBIANA
What's got into you?

ANGELO
Got some news.

BIBIANA
Are you gonna tell me, or do I need to keep asking questions?
ANGELO
They made me Godfather.

BIBIANA
Oh who had a baby? Was it Jeanie?

ANGELO
Not that kind, Ma.

BIBIANA
(giggles)
What?

ANGELO
It wasn't all about the pizza, was it.

Bibiana looks at him askew, Angelo munches on his cereal.

BIBIANA
How long have you known?

A thud from outside. Angelo moves for the screen door.

BIBIANA
Angelo, don't.

Angelo marches out, comes back with the newspaper. As he goes to shut the door, a bird flies in.

BIBIANA
Get out, get out! Right now!

ANGELO
What'd I do?

BIBIANA
Not you, the bird! Do something!

Angelo spins in a circle... races to find a broom.

BIBIANA
Hurry!

ANGELO
I'm trying, Ma!

BIBIANA
It's bad luck to have a bird in the house!

ANGELO
I know, you told me! On several occasions!
He fetches Bibiana's wooden spoon.

BIBIANA
No, not that!

ANGELO
Beggars can't be choosers!

He chases the bird, wielding the wooden spoon.

BIBIANA
Can't you just say no?

ANGELO
What, about the job?

BIBIANA
It's dangerous.

ANGELO
Can we discuss this later, please?

He cracks a ceiling fan light.

BIBIANA
If you talk to them, they'll understand.

ANGELO
Ma, please!

Bibiana throws her hands up, shuffles away. Angelo tips over chairs, shoves the table out of the way. Lunges...

He finally coerces the bird to leave. Doubles over, gasping for air.

ANGELO
I did it. Yup. That was all me.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Angelo strides in. Savio holds up two pinstripe suits.

SAVIO
You like the two-button or the three-button?

ANGELO
Those pinstripes look like prison bars to me.
SAVIO
A little optimism would be nice.

ANGELO
I want something sturdier than silk.

SAVIO
What, you mean like wool?

INT. ARMY NAVY STORE - MOMENTS LATER
Angelo tries on a Kevlar jacket in a full-length mirror.

ANGELO
Bulletproof. Me likey.

SAVIO
They're gonna make fun o' ya, you know that.

ANGELO
I'd rather be a clown than a corpse.

SAVIO
Hey, do me a favor. Show me a nod.

ANGELO
A what?

SAVIO
A nod. Show me a Don's nod.

In the mirror, Angelo's nod is more alluring than threatening.

SAVIO
What's that, a come-hither look? Why don't you come up and fuck me sometime?

ANGELO
That's not what I was going for.

SAVIO
Look at me, Angelo. The Don's nod's gotta be subtle. But powerful. Watch me.

He demonstrates in the mirror.
SAVIO
See what I just did? This means:
You fuck with me, and I'm gonna bring
you a world o' hurt you never dreamed
of.

A COUPLE looks over, moves right along.

SAVIO
(continuing)
You and everyone you know will come
to know my name. Your children...
your children's children...

ANGELO
Think I got it.

SAVIO
... and anything that was ever good
inside o' you I will personally erase.
(steps out of character)
But subtle, ya know?

ANGELO
Right.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Virtually empty. Angelo and Savio walk at a good clip.
Angelo carries two large shopping bags.

SAVIO
Hey, you got a girlfriend yet?

ANGELO
Working on it.

SAVIO
What, are you polishing your résumé?

ANGELO
Yeah. I'll put Mafia under Hobbies.

SAVIO
Not when I'm done with ya.

ANGELO
Does everything have to sound like a
threat?

SAVIO
That's when people listen.
A black '67 GTO screeches by. Spraying Uzi bullets...

Savio ducks behind a pickup, Angelo reaches into his bag.

SAVIO
What the fuck are you doing?

He yanks Angelo to the ground.

SAVIO
Wanna get yourself shot?!

ANGELO
No, not especially.

Shards of glass rain down. Tires pop.

ANGELO
The owner isn't gonna be happy.

The GTO peels out of the lot... more gunfire... Savio peeks out.

SAVIO
'67 GTO. I worked on a bunch when I was a kid.

ANGELO
They're fast.

SAVIO
Yeah, Angelo. They're fast.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Angelo enters. Ruffles bits of glass from his shirt onto the floor. He empties a shopping bag filled with mobster movies onto his bed. The Godfather trilogy, Goodfellas...

Bibiana wanders in, the crunch of glass, she stops.

BIBIANA
It's nice to sweep sometimes. Don't get so big in the head.

She presents him with a Corno necklace - the infamous Italian horn amulet.

ANGELO
What's this for?
BIBIANA
Turn around. It's for protection.
I want you to wear it.

She clasps it around his neck.

ANGELO
Do I have a choice in the matter?

BIBIANA
No.

Angelo examines it.

ANGELO
Some funky talisman. Wait, are you saying Dad didn't wear one?

He spins, Bibiana's gone. Angelo peers down, wondering why he didn't hear the crunch of glass on her way out.

ANGELO
That wasn't rhetorical. So you know.

INT. SAVIO'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Expensive furniture, wrapped in plastic. Savio, Casimiro, Nunzio and Giacomo mill about, trading war stories.

CASIMIRO
Where is that kook?

SAVIO
He'll be here, don't worry.

CASIMIRO
I ain't worried. But the asylum closes at five.

Yolanda carries in anisette on a silver tray. Her heels clack along the hardwood floor.

YOLANDA
Here ya go, boys.

SAVIO
You're looking real bellissima today, you know that?

Yolanda winks at him and flits away. Nunzio peers out the window.
NUNZIO
Mannagge...

CASIMIRO
What?

NUNZIO
Wait for it.

The sound of the front door closing. The clamor of someone lumbering up the stairs. Chains rattling.

Nunzio and Giacomo exchange looks, draw their weapons...

Angelo appears in head-to-toe Kevlar with titanium plates. Gold Crosses dangle down the front of his jacket. Along with the Corno.

GIACOMO
Holy Capicola...

NUNZIO
It's RoboWop.

Giacomo makes the Sign of the Cross with his gun.

ANGELO
Do I arouse you? I make you laugh?

CASIMIRO
Arouse me?

The Thugs laugh. Savio shakes his head.

ANGELO
What?

Nunzio fires at Angelo! He's throttled back onto the couch.

YOLANDA (O.S.)
Everything okay in there?

NUNZIO
Wow. It really works.

Angelo moans and twists, the plastic on the couch ripples.

SAVIO
Angelo, heads up.

He tosses him a set of car keys.

ANGELO
What's this?
SAVIO
You didn't notice the Cadillac out front?

CASIMIRO
You bought him a fucking Caddy?

SAVIO
Relax, it's a gift.

CASIMIRO
Have him return it.

ANGELO
What am I supposed to do with my car?

SAVIO
Don't be a jamook. Get ova here.

Giacomo hoists an enormous Bible.

ANGELO
Holy Sh --

SAVIO
Don't. You don't wanna swear in front of this thing. Believe me.

Angelo raises his right hand.

NUNZIO
You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth --

SAVIO
Quiet down. This ain't Law 'n Order. Now repeat after me: My brothers are my brothers. And my brothers come first.

ANGEL0
(robotic)
My brothers are my brothers. And my brothers come --
SAVIO
Loosen up a little.

ANGELO
Loosen up a little.
   (Savio glares)
Oh.

SAVIO
Without my brothers, there ain't no family. And that's the biggest sin of all.

ANGELO
Without my brothers, there isn't any --
   (another look)
... there ain't no family. And that's the biggest sin of all.

SAVIO
Good. Now go have some anisette, will ya?

ANGELO
Thanks. But I need to get going.

CASIMIRO
Oh, you gotta be somewhere?

ANGELO
Yeah, I'm having my --

CASIMIRO
(pulls down his zipper)
Here ya go.

ANGELO
That's real great. Special. Y'all have fun now.

He heads down the stairs...

The sound of Angelo tumbling and crashing into the screen door does nothing to disturb the Thugs and their war stories. Casimiro yanks up his zipper.

EXT. DENTIST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo drives up in his new Cadillac. He wears a bulletproof helmet. A picture of a wizard emblazoned on the side.
INT. DENTIST OFFICE - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Angelo plods in, wipes his boots, removes his helmet, a big ol' smile. The RECEPTIONIST, 30s, looks at him askew.

ANGELO
Yes, I have a two o'clock appointment.

RECEPTIONIST
Is there some kind of disturbance?

ANGELO
You mean with me?

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo sits on a bench by himself, enjoys a comic book. He looks up to find KIDS staring at him from all sides.

Angelo fidgets in his Kevlar. A bulky mass of discomfort.

The Kids move closer to their PARENTS. Angelo shields his face with the comic book. Grabs another for better concealment.

EXT. DENTIST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - LATER

A woozy Angelo stumbles out of the office, he clutches his jaw. A MAN in shades, 40s, peers over from a dark sedan.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

An open laptop sits on the passenger's seat (on screen: a picture of Angelo walking down a sidewalk, he wears a suit, holds a briefcase in one hand, a lunchbox in the other).

MAN (O.S.)
Yeah, he's out.

Through the windshield, Angelo loses his balance as he opens the door to the Cadillac. Clonks his head on the pavement.

MAN (O.S.)
In every conceivable way.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - DAY

The Thugs are out in full force. They stare at the head of the table. There sits Angelo. In full Kevlar regalia. His cheeks, puffy. He pats his box turtle, who sits in his lap.
ANGELO
(odd Vito Corleone)
It's nice to see that all of you could make it. Important that we keep our appointments. Builds characters.

He flicks debris from his cheek. And then some. The Thugs exchange looks.

ANGELO
Why I called you all here is very simple. I want the person who perpetrated this crime against my family to be apprehended. By any means available to you. The person who is able to accomplish this task shall receive a sum of five million dollars. In cash. That's a five, followed by a comma, followed by three zeros, followed by another --

Casimiro groans.

ANGELO
Who said that?

CASIMIRO
Yo, Vito. What the fuck is this? I need to pay a cover charge to be in here?

ANGELO
It's vital that you show me no signs of disrespect.

CASIMIRO
Oh yeah? Why not?

ANGELO
Why not? I'll tell you why not.

His eyes drift as he searches for the answer... he goes cross-eyed in the pursuit.

ANGELO
Because of what I said before. Weren't you taking notes?

CASIMIRO
No. I wasn't taking notes.
ANGELO
A man who doesn't take notes... is not a man.

NUNZIO
What's he talking about?

GIACOMO
I don't know anymore.

ANGELO
I want my father's killer brought to justice. To me, and to justice. And I will smack him myself.

NUNZIO
Yo, I think you mean whack.

ANGELO
What he said. Because whacking is what I do best. Capeachy?

The Thugs snigger. Sweat beads on Angelo's forehead.

ANGELO
So call up your associates. Open up (air quotes) The Books. Talk to your Capos and your Cazzis and your Stugots...

Savio shakes his head.

ANGELO
Fornicate with your goombahs...

SAVIO
The word is goomar.

ANGELO
... and find me that provolone.

SAVIO
Mortadella for chrissake.

GIACOMO
At least pick a different cold cut.

ANGELO
So... you know what to do.

He makes a dramatic nod. No one moves.

ANGELO
That means you can leave now.
The Thugs get up, voicing their displeasure, Nunzio flips Angelo the bird. Except for Savio, they all head out.

**SAVIO**
What the fuck was that?!

Angelo spits cotton balls in the trash.

**ANGELO**
I made them an offer they couldn't refute.

**SAVIO**
Refuse, Angelo. Refuse. You think this is funny?

**ANGELO**
I don't understand.

**SAVIO**
You're not Vito Corleone, okay? Wake the hell up! Not even Vito Corleone was Vito Corleone.

**ANGELO**
That's a little confusing.

**SAVIO**
They're laughing at you out there. Is that what you want? And take this shit off! I can't look at you this way no more.

He strips off Angelo's bulletproof jacket.

**ANGELO**
But I wanna be prepared. To do battle.

**SAVIO**
You think this is one of your fantasy games? This is real. Where do you expect to get five million dollars?

**ANGELO**
I have the money.

**SAVIO**
Yeah. You live at home and your mom irons your clothes.

**ANGELO**
I'm telling you, I have the money.
SAVIO
Let's go. Field trip. Gonna show you what grown up really is.

Angelo follows him out.

ANGELO
Who irons your clothes?

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Five gunshots aimed straight at us, courtesy of Savio. Angelo peeks over. Nearly all the shots are perfect hits.

ANGELO
Is that good?

SAVIO
Yeah, Angelo. It's good. Now you try.

Angelo steps up to the plate. Savio hands him the gun.

SAVIO
It's about stillness. Stillness and concentration.

Angelo nods. Holds the gun sideways.

SAVIO
Whoa, whoa, whaddaya think you're doing?

ANGELO
What?

SAVIO
We're gangsters, alright? Not gangstas. There's a difference. Lesson number one.

Angelo shakes out the kinks, straightens out the gun.

SAVIO
Good. Now focus.

Angelo takes aim.

SAVIO
And try not to shake so much.

Angelo's gun twitches left, right, all over.
ANGELO
See, you shouldn't have said that.
Now the thought's in my head.

SAVIO
Sometimes thoughts are good.

Angelo squints... And blasts away. Five bull's-eyes. Only the targets don't belong to him.

ANGELO
I did it!

SAVIO
No. You didn't do it.

PATRONS peek out from behind their shooting stands.

RANGE MASTER (O.S.)
(megaphone)
You're gonna have to do better than that.

Angelo looks toward the heavens.

SAVIO
Angelo, listen. That gun belongs to you now. Okay? Take good care of it.

ANGELO
You can count on me.

SAVIO
I'll be back. Try not to kill anyone while I'm gone.

He leaves. Angelo's cell phone jingles the X-Files theme. He fishes for it, waving the gun around.

Stepping into the stall is FRIDA, 28, sexy mom, packs a lunch and a punch.

FRIDA
You might wanna put that down.

ANGELO
Oh, right. Thanks.

He sets the gun down, flips open his phone.

ANGELO
Yeah?
He listens... his jaw drops. He gapes over at Frida.

She studies him. Angelo winces, his face contorts... He finally shuts his phone.

FRIDA
What was that?

ANGELO
My first ever death threat.

FRIDA
Why didn't you just hang up?

ANGELO
Damn, I should've thought of that.

FRIDA
Are you alright?

ANGELO
Do I look feverish to you?

He takes her hand, places it on his forehead.

FRIDA
A little warm. What'd they say?

ANGELO
It was definitely mean-spirited. A lot of ethnic clichés I don't wanna repeat.

FRIDA
Take some deep breaths.

Angelo takes her advice. And then some.

FRIDA
Don't overdo it.

ANGELO
Right.

He tones it down. Frida adjusts his jacket, pats down his hair.

FRIDA
It's all gonna be fine.

ANGELO
If you say so.
FRIDA
I'm Frida.

ANGELO
Angelo. That's me.

He smiles nervously, fidgets.

ANGELO
Come here frequently?

FRIDA
Nope.

ANGELO
What's your astrological sign?

FRIDA
I'm a Cappy. Why do you ask?

ANGELO
That's a good question.

He checks his watch, surveys the grounds.

DANTE (V.O.)
The salsiccia! The salsiccia!

Angelo goes silent. His eyes shift left and right.

FRIDA
Are you okay?

Angelo yanks down his zipper.

ANGELO
Here ya go!

FRIDA
Oh my God, what?!

Uhh...

ANGELO
What do you think you're doing?

Umm...

FRIDA
Yeah, umm...
RANGE MASTER (O.S.)
(megaphone)
You're gonna have to do better than that.

ANGELO
(peers up)
Dad?

FRIDA
Hey, I'm talking to you.

ANGELO
My name's Angelo. Sfogliatelle. I live at home with my mother.

FRIDA
Okay... Do you --

ANGELO
No. She irons my clothes.

FRIDA
Why would you share that?

ANGELO
Not sure. But it seemed really important to someone I know.

Frida squints at him.

FRIDA
You've never...

Angelo shakes his head, deflates.

FRIDA
Not even a girlfriend?

ANGELO
Rub it in. Frida.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

They hop out of Frida's car, traipse across the parking lot.

FRIDA
So you know, this is not my idea of fine dining.

ANGELO
And I hate this place.
FRIDA
Then why're we here?

Angelo stoops by the drive-thru window, scans the pavement.

FRIDA
Do you wanna get run over?

Angelo spots a gold glint. Snatches up a pinky ring with a large "Z" on it. Studies it. A car honks.

Angelo glances up. A NUN, 50s, points at him from behind the wheel of a station wagon. Angelo yells and takes off.

FRIDA
Where are you going?

Angelo sprints to an iron railing. Breathes a sigh of relief as he touches it.

He looks back at Frida, her arms raised in disbelief.

ANGELO
We can go in now.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Frida bites into a hot dog. Angelo perks up, stares at her. Frida rolls her eyes.

FRIDA
So you know, this is why. The "no girlfriend" thing?

ANGELO
Thanks for the tip.

FRIDA
(eye roll and a sigh)
I'm listening.

ANGELO
For...?

FRIDA
The nun? You running for your life?

ANGELO
It's bad luck to see a nun. So we touch iron. To counteract it.

FRIDA
We?
ANGELO

The Italian genre.

FRIDA

I thought nuns were good.

ANGELO

Not always.

FRIDA

So the sprinting... the screaming...?

ANGELO

That was all me.

FRIDA

What were you looking for?

ANGELO

A life. Something shiny.

FRIDA

You're not gonna order anything?

ANGELO

I'm not big on fast food. But I could watch you eat all day.

FRIDA

Keep it up and you'll never iron your clothes.

Three 15-year-old BOYS come to the table, holding notebooks.

BOY 1

Hey Godfather, what's up? Can we have your autograph?

ANGELO

(nervous glance at Frida)

Whoa... hey...

FRIDA

Godfather?

ANGELO

It's just a silly nickname.

BOY 2

Can you whack my brother? He's a real dick.
BOY 3
Yeah. You can borrow my allowance.

FRIDA
Whack his brother? Angelo, what is this?

Angelo hurries to sign the notebooks.

ANGELO
Oh, not to worry. I was once their age. You boys run along now. Ciao.

The Boys hoot and holler, making Italian hand gestures at each other as they head out. Angelo spies Casimiro, Nunzio and Giacomo staring at him from a CORNER BOOTH

Nunzio and Giacomo slurp chocolate shakes. Casimiro wears an ugly sneer as he glares over at Angelo.

GIACOMO
Want something to eat?

CASIMIRO
Not hungry.

NUNZIO
Kid can't get laid and he's signing autographs.

BACK TO ANGELO AND FRIDA

Angelo shields his face from the Thugs.

FRIDA
You know those guys?

ANGELO
No. But they don't seem too friendly.

FRIDA
Maybe they just saw a flock of nuns. Or is it a gaggle? Maybe it's a gaggle.

ANGELO
(smiles)
So what do you do?
FRIDA
Me? I work for the government.

ANGELO
Nice. State?

FRIDA
Bigger.

ANGELO
Excellent.

INT. FRIDA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER
They climb in. Angelo spies a small toy on the floor, picks it up and studies it.

ANGELO
Everyone's getting sex but me.

FRIDA
I have a daughter, Angelo. She's eight.

ANGELO
Oh.

INT. FRIDA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER
They head down the Massachusetts Turnpike.

ANGELO
Thanks for driving me back.

FRIDA
Not a problem.

ANGELO
Are you doing anything later? Like in the evening... hours?

FRIDA
You know. The whole mother thing.

Angelo nods, he removes the pinky ring from his pocket. Examines it, turns it sideways: "N." Closes his fist over it.

ANGELO
Were you married before?
FRIDA
Before what?

ANGELO
It's just a question.

FRIDA
He left me for some redhead tax attorney two years ago.

ANGELO
... I hate tax time.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Savio fixes himself an Italian sub. He sniffs the cold cuts.

SAVIO
Fucking disgrace.

He drops the sandwich on the table. Angelo breezes in.

SAVIO
Where the hell were you? You fucking leave without telling me?

ANGELO
I met a girl.

SAVIO
Get the fuck out.

Angelo turns and leaves.

SAVIO
Ohhh...! It's just an expression.

Angelo comes back.

SAVIO
I'm taking you on a job tomorrow. Gonna toughen you up.

ANGELO
I really need to talk to you.

Casimiro bursts in. Savio draws his gun.

SAVIO
Nobody knocks no more?
CASIMIRO
(pointing at Angelo)
I want him the fuck out. Understand?

SAVIO
Relax. Have something to eat.

CASIMIRO
He's turning us into a bunch o' screw-ups and you're here making sandwiches?

SAVIO
What, I can't eat now?

Casimiro gets in Angelo's face. Angelo backs himself into the wall behind Dante's old chair.

CASIMIRO
You ain't cut out for this, kid.
And I know you know that. So go back to your Candyland or whatever the fuck it is that you do. You got me?

ANGELO
Get the fuck out.

CASIMIRO
What'd you say?

ANGELO
... It's an expression?

Casimiro turns to leave, a glare at Savio.

CASIMIRO
I ain't asking again.

ANGELO
I don't think you should leave.

Casimiro stops, spins to face Angelo.

ANGELO
(suddenly somber)
My father taught me many things in this room. He taught me: Keep your enemies close. But your friends closer.
CASIMIRO
I ain't your friend. And it's the other way around, dickhead.

ANGELO
Okay. Keep your friends far. But your enemies farther.

Casimiro loses his shit. Upends the table. Cold cuts, olive oil... crash... all on the floor.

SAVIO
The meat was rotten anyway.

Casimiro fumes, exits.

ANGELO
I want my old clothes back.

INT. FBI BOSTON - OFFICE - DAY

CURT, 40s, the guy who surveilled Angelo in the dentist's parking lot, sits at his desk, scrolling through his laptop.

A knock on the door. Frida enters, carrying takeout.

FRIDA
How goes the research?

CURT
Says here he once stole a candy bar in the third grade. Probably ruined his dinner and everything.

They dig into their food.

FRIDA
Was it a Hershey's? No, a Whatchamacallit. 100 Grand Bar! Yup. That's the one.

CURT
Wanna tell me about the fast food joint?

FRIDA
You had me tailed?
CURT
Heard about it this morning. So much for my omelette. All those green peppers.

FRIDA
Curt, he's harmless.

CURT
Harmless? When you step out with this clown, you're putting our lives at risk, too. Capeesh?

Frida pouts.

CURT
Couldn't resist. So tell me about him.

FRIDA
He's real superstitious. Like, crazy.

CURT
Crazy nuts?

FRIDA
Not that crazy. But he's getting close. He was telling me about this ritual his mom does -- malokey?

CURT
Malocchio. I'm half-Abbruzzese. What else?

FRIDA
I dunno... His mom irons his clothes?

CURT
Are you being wise?

FRIDA
No, he told me that.

CURT
Is this gonna be a problem for you?

FRIDA
Is what gonna be a problem?
CURT
You know. Wrangling in the Kevlar Don. Is it all strictly business?

FRIDA
Look, he's a sweet guy, but --

CURT
Sweet guy? Great. Do me a favor. Go eat in your office.

FRIDA
Curt, c'mon.

CURT
I'm not having agita twice in one day. What do you think -- I'm twenty-five? You owe me an omelette. Now get out.

Frida gathers up her food and leaves. Curt swivels back to his laptop.

CURT
Madonn'...

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - CONTINUOUS

On the dashboard, a picture of the Madonn' (the Material Girl, that is). Savio rides shotgun.

ANGELO
So what kind of job is it?

SAVIO
It's called a shakedown, Angelo. Weren't you taking notes?

ANGELO
Sounds exciting.

Savio gives him a discerning look.

SAVIO
Pull over here.

ANGELO
Class is in session. Well okay then.

He pulls over with a grin and parks.
ANGELO
What's up?

SAVIO
Now, I'm doing this because I love you. You know that, right?

ANGELO
Right.

Savio smacks him in the face.

ANGELO
Oww! What'd you do that for?

SAVIO
I told you. Because I love you. I'm taking you under my wings.

ANGELO
Plural?

SAVIO
Who?

ANGELO
Never mind.

SAVIO
One o' these days you gonna wake up and smell what the good Lord's brewing here. You understand me?

ANGELO
No. I'm sorry, but... no.

SAVIO
If you come face-to-face with the guy that whacked your dad, what're you gonna do? Sing him a song?

ANGELO
Wasn't planning on it. Hey, I found this yesterday.

From his pocket, he removes the pinky ring and hands it to Savio.

ANGELO
Turn it sideways. You think Nunzio might've done it?
SAVIO
Thanks for showing me this, Angelo.
Now come on, we're gonna be late.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BENNY, 60, weathered skin, twinkling eyes, answers the door.

BENNY
Yeah?

ANGELO
Hello there. Fine sir. I'm a delegate with the Boy Scouts. And today we're conducting a unique study...

Savio sneaks out from behind the steps, aiming his gun.

SAVIO
You done good, Angelo. Step aside. You shut that door and I'm going after all your ugly nieces and nephews.

Benny gives it a think, shuts the door.

SAVIO
Mannagge...

He kicks the door. No dice. Tries the shoulder. Denied.

SAVIO
(a look at Angelo)
What're you, supervising?

He trots back down the steps.

SAVIO
You should put on some weight. Eat some calzones for chrissake.

Angelo nods. Savio gets a running start.

He scales the stairs... Benny opens the door... whoosh... Savio crashes inside!

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Savio shoves Benny into an expensive leather recliner.
SAVIO
Nice place for a sit-down.

BENNY
Christ, my hip.

SAVIO
Quit complaining. We doing this the easy way or you want the hard way?

ANGELO
Me, personally, I think we should opt for --

SAVIO
I'm talking to him.

BENNY
I don't have the money, I swear. Funeral expenses took everything.

SAVIO
Uh huh. Angelo, start making notes.

Angelo searches himself.

SAVIO
In your head.

ANGELO
Oh.

BENNY
You're Dante's kid, right? Christ, they said you weren't real.

SAVIO
Who said he weren't real?

ANGELO
Wasn't.

Savio turns a glare at Angelo.

SAVIO
Who said he wasn't... real?

BENNY
Nobody.

SAVIO
Yeah? And where does Nobody live?

Benny shrugs.
ANGELO
I don't understand the question either.

Savio spots something in the other room, quickly exits.

BENNY
Where's he going?

ANGELO
I really don't know.

A cutting noise. Benny gives Angelo the once-over, shakes his head. Savio returns holding a dried Italian sausage.

SAVIO
Angelo, take this.

ANGELO
What's this for?

SAVIO
Just take it! You're gonna beat him over the head with it.

ANGELO
What? I can't do that. With a sausage?

SAVIO
Either you're gonna beat him, or I'm gonna beat you. What's it gonna be?

BENNY
Nice mentor.

Savio raises his hand like he's going to backhand Benny. Angelo reluctantly takes hold of the sausage.

ANGELO
So you know, I'm getting some real mixed messages here.

SAVIO
Nobody's mixing nothing. Just do it.

Angelo steps back.

SAVIO
Where ya going? Not backwards, come forwards.

Angelo holds the sausage high over his head.
SAVIO
That's better. Now show him who's boss.

Angelo squints. Begins to pant...

BENNY
He's really an emotional kid.

SAVIO
Shut up.

Sweat pours down Angelo's cheeks.

ANGELO
I'm sorry... He looks too much like my grandpa.

Benny chuckles, Angelo drops the sausage.

SAVIO
See what you did? He's laughing at you.

ANGELO
Wouldn't be the first time.

SAVIO
That's your answer?

ANGELO
My dad's dead, Uncle Savio. Now you want me to go around beating old people with a sausage?

SAVIO
He's not that old.

BENNY
I'll be sixty-five next --

SAVIO
I said shut up. Angelo, what the fuck do you think we do? Go around dropping off gift baskets?

ANGELO
No. But there's gotta be something in between that and this.

SAVIO
There ain't.

Benny props up his footrest. Savio looks at him sidelong.
SAVIO
You put that footrest down right now, or I'm gonna beat you to death right here in this room.

BENNY
The kid has a point, though, right? Don't you --

Savio plants the gun in Benny's forehead.

BENNY
It's down, it's down.
(set it down)
You guys want some coffee?

Angelo turns expectantly to Savio.

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - MOMENTS LATER
Angelo and Savio ride in silence.
Angelo turns on the radio, Savio shuts it off.

SAVIO
Pull over here.

ANGELO
I'm not letting you slap me again.

SAVIO
It's not that.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS
Mario Sfogliatelle shows off his car to his BUDDIES: a red '67 GTO.

Savio gets out and marches over, Angelo on his heels.

SAVIO
Yo, Mario. You bought this yourself?

MARIO
Yeah, right. My dad gave it to me. She's a sweet ride.

SAVIO
(to Angelo)
Recognize the model?
ANGELO
Should I?

SAVIO
Yeah, you should.

He stoops to scrutinize the rear quarter panel.

Savio strides toward the Caddy without a word. Angelo hurries to catch up.

ANGELO
What's wrong?

SAVIO
That car was black not too long ago.

ANGELO
What're you saying?
(off Savio's look)
You're saying Casimiro's the one who tried to kill us?

Savio looks coolly at Angelo.

ANGELO
But he's my godfather.

Savio maintains the cool stare, gets in the car and shuts the door.

Angelo looks about, confused. He turns a look at the GTO, Mario, and the group of Buddies.

Confusion turns to ire. Angelo snatches up a large rock.

With a yell that grows louder and louder, he charges full throttle at the GTO...

BUDDY 1
Who's this whack job?

MARIO
My cousin. He's twisted, let's go.

They all jump in the GTO. Angelo holds the rock over his head. PATRONS gape out the store window.

Angelo hurls the rock, Mario guns it in reverse... the rock shatters the store window!

The GTO peels out of the lot. Mario honks the horn.
MARIO
Yo Angelo, fuck you!

Angelo watches them go. Approaching him from behind, the STORE OWNER, 40s, thick glasses. Savio beeps the horn...

Angelo spots the Store Owner, sprints for the Caddy.

STORE OWNER
Where do you think you're going?

He gives chase... Angelo scurries back, climbs in.

He starts it up, dings the car in front, takes out the taillight.

STORE OWNER
That's my car!

ANGELO
(muffled)
Sorry!

The Store Owner thumps away on Angelo's hood. Punches the windshield. Tugs at a windshield wiper.

STORE OWNER
See how you like it.

Savio motions to try going backwards. Angelo throws it in reverse. Up onto the sidewalk. PEDESTRIANS try to evade.

The Store Owner loses his balance, tumbles. His glasses crack on the pavement. He agonizes...

Angelo burns rubber.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angelo gazes at his fantasy movie posters. He plunks down at the foot of his bed, lost in contemplation. An old-time mobster movie plays on the TV.

He retrieves a shoebox from underneath the bed. Uncovers a stack of photographs. He slides out one PICTURE

Angelo's tenth birthday party. He blows out the candles. His father alongside. Beside him, Uncle Casimiro. Smiling.

Time lapse: Angelo flips through old photos. As he does, the darkness outside his window turns to morning sunlight...
EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Angelo steps into the stall. Positions himself squarely. Puts on his earmuffs. Slowly slides on his safety glasses.

He fires away. Six shots, six misses. Angelo reloads.

He looks right, he looks left. No sign of Uncle Savio. Angelo turns the gun sideways. Unloads six perfect hits.

ANGELO

Aight?

INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - EVENING

The doorbell rings. Frida answers the door to Angelo. He holds an antique jug of red wine.

FRIDA

Homemade?

ANGELO

(holds up jug)

This, too.

Frida smirks, opens the door wider. Angelo saunters in.

Turning away from her canary cage is JULIA, 8, big saucer eyes.

JULIA

Hello.

ANGELO

(stops in his tracks)

You have a bird. In the house.

JULIA

I'm Julia. What's your name?

Angelo stares morbidly at the bird.

ANGELO

... Okay.

JULIA

Her name is Suzie.

ANGELO

... Okay.
INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frida sets lasagna on the table. Angelo plays with his silverware, arranging it and rearranging it.

    FRIDA
    Are you feeling okay?

    ANGELO
    I'm good. Why?

    FRIDA
    You seem down.

The canary chirps like mad, it ripples across Angelo's face. He does his best to reassure Frida with a smile.

She sits down. They all dig in. Angelo studies his food. Julia pokes him.

    JULIA
    You're handsome.

    ANGELO
    Get out. Really?

Julia nods emphatically.

    FRIDA
    Why do you say that?

    JULIA
    I don't know.

She swings her legs. Angelo stares at his plate.

    FRIDA
    I don't think so.

    ANGELO
    Wow, thanks. Dinner was great.

    FRIDA
    Why do you think he's handsome?

Julia stops swinging her legs, peeks at Angelo.

    JULIA
    He's got a nice smile.

Angelo can't help but smile.

    JULIA
    See?
INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia plays with finger paints on the coffee table.
Angelo plops down beside her.

    ANGELO
    Whatcha making?

    JULIA
    A sunflower. Wanna try one?

Angelo admires her work. Rolls up his sleeves.
He paints Julia a sunflower, she examines his technique.

    JULIA
    You're good.

    ANGELO
    Nah, you're just saying that.

    JULIA
    Look, Mom. He can paint, too.

    ANGELO
    Yeah, but I'm ugly, so...

    FRIDA
    I never said you're ugly. Play back the tape.

Julia hands Frida the finger painting. She studies it.

    FRIDA
    I think you can do better.

    ANGELO
    There's a shocker.

    FRIDA
    Lots of smearing going on here. I don't pay you to be lazy.

Angelo gawks. Frida sits down next to him, fetches a fresh piece of paper.

    ANGELO
    Here we go. Monet in the house.

    FRIDA
    Get your fingertips nice and wet. But not too wet.
ANGELO
Control freak.

FRIDA
You just wait.

ANGELO
Like I said.

Frida turns a look at him, Angelo dampens his fingertips, smiling at her.

FRIDA
I'll help guide you.

ANGELO
That's not an easy job, so you know.

FRIDA
Agreed.

She takes hold of his right index finger.

FRIDA
We're gonna press down gently but firmly.

ANGELO
I like the way you think.

FRIDA
You be quiet.

She presses down neatly. Takes Angelo's thumb and does the same.

ANGELO
Nice rolling action. You've done this before.

FRIDA
You can say that.

ANGELO
I did say that.

Frida makes no effort at forming a cohesive flower, Angelo furrows his brow at the painting.

ANGELO
Shouldn't that petal go next to the other one?
FRIDA
Think of it as abstract.

ANGELO
My favorite. But this isn't a very good flower.

FRIDA
Maybe a gust of wind blew the petals off.

ANGELO
Or a tornado?

FRIDA
That works.

Angelo nods. Frida finishes printing Angelo.

FRIDA
Masterpiece. We'll hang it up on the fridge later.

JULIA & ANGELO
Okay.

Frida disappears into her bedroom.

ANGELO
I think your mom's humoring me.

JULIA
What's that mean?

ANGELO
She's trying to make me laugh. Sort of.

JULIA
Is it working?

ANGELO
I laugh a lot. Maybe not as much as I used to.

Julia slugs him in the arm, Angelo turns to her.

ANGELO
Okay, now that was funny.
INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo looks on as Julia feeds her canary.

ANGELO
How long have you had Suzie?

JULIA
A while. She likes to sing at night.

ANGELO
And you don't mind?

JULIA
Nope.

Suzie flutters about inside the cage.

ANGELO
That would drive me ape --
(a look at Julia)
Bonkers.

Frida stands in the doorway behind Angelo.

ANGELO
She looks happy.

JULIA
Of course she is. She has me.

Angelo smiles at her.

JULIA
I have to go to sleep now.

ANGELO
Okay. Sweet dreams.

Julia skips by Frida down the hall. Angelo turns, he and Frida trade a prolonged look.

ANGELO
I don't know who's luckier. You or the bird.

FRIDA
What about Julia?

ANGELO
Some things go without saying.

Frida holds his look, bows her head.
ANGELO

I don't wanna be late for Watercolor class. If you flunk, they give you a grey "F".

Frida buries a smile.

Angelo walks over to her. Leans in. Frida can't bring her cheek up to receive his kiss.

ANGELO

I'll talk to you later.

A look back at her as he exits. Frida stands there frozen.

She unfreezes herself. Strides out after him... Stops.

INT. ANGELO'S CADDY - NIGHT

Angelo travels down a deserted road. He plays with the radio dial, can't seem to settle on a station. Turns it off.

He pivots a look at the passenger seat.

ANGELO

What'sa matter with you? She was waitin' there for ya. Waitin' for you! Don't you want your face all up in there? Huh? What were ya thinkin'? Mannagge...

He adds an array of hand gestures, cracks himself up up.

Back to silence.

ANGELO

Miss you, Dad.

He turns a look out his window. Another set of headlights suddenly flicks on. The car swerves at Angelo...

Boom! Down into a ditch. Angelo never saw it coming.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Nunzio and Giacomo laugh hysterically.

NUNZIO

Fuck you, Cadillac...
GIACOMO
Ya see his eyes?

NUNZIO
Like Bambi on crack.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Angelo wobbles out of the Cadillac. Examines the wreckage, shakes his head.

He climbs up a small hill. Teeters down the road...

The sound of an oncoming car. Angelo holds out his thumb. The car blows by him. Angelo lowers his thumb and raises his middle finger.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angelo trudges in, ragged, shirt untucked, pale as a ghost. Bibiana irons a black dress. On a rack behind her, a row of black dresses.

BIBIANA
Angelo, you don't look so good.

ANGELO
Had a nice walk.

He drops into a chair.

BIBIANA
Did someone look at you wrong?

ANGELO
You mean today?

BIBIANA
Wait right there.

She goes to the cupboard. Angelo rests his cheek on the table. He stares at Dante's empty chair.

Bibiana carries over a plate of water, a bottle of olive oil, and a medicine dropper.

ANGELO
Not this again.

BIBIANA
We need to know for sure.
ANGELO
Nothing's for sure, Ma. Don't you get it?

BIBIANA
I'm a little older than you.

She fills the medicine dropper, drips the oil onto the plate. And waits...

BIBIANA
It's not breaking up, Angelo.

ANGELO
It's oil and water. They're not supposed to mix.

BIBIANA
(shuts her eyes; chants)
La maledizione è tolta questo santo giorno. Sbarazzarci di questa sporcizia e siamo restaurato l'intero.

Angelo shuts his eyes as well. His cell phone jingles the X-Files theme. He doesn't react.

BIBIANA
... Il signore, può lei porta per favore mio figlio tutta la fortuna che ha bisogno di in quest'ora...

ANGELO
... No grandbabies.

BIBIANA
I want you to go talk to Father Vero. He'll know what to do.

ANGELO
Can't you just send me to a witch doctor?

His cell phone beeps a funky tune.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The size of a small conference room. No tables, no barriers. Just three chairs and a Crucifix on the wall. Father Vero lights one of three candles, waves out the match. He gives it another thought, lights the remaining candles.

Angelo slinks in.
FATHER VERO
Angelo, welcome.

ANGELO
Hello.

He glances around the room, tries to appear casual.

FATHER VERO
Where's your mother?

ANGELO
She's parking the car. Can I talk to you a second?

FATHER VERO
Sure, what's on your mind?

ANGELO
It's about my dad. I came into some information.

FATHER VERO
Alright.

ANGELO
About a family member. A close family member.

FATHER VERO
I see.

ANGELO
I can't really be sure. Maybe it sounds crazy. Or people are right -- I'm crazy. You have any idea what I'm trying to say?

FATHER VERO
I think I do. Your dad got clipped, everyone knows it. And now that you been made, you got a hunch some facia bruta in the administration might've done it. Some lowlife strunz who wouldn't care if he ratted all you goons out. At the same time, you don't wanna start spreading rumors amongst your Capos or you might catch one through the mouth. How am I doing so far?

ANGELO
Finally. Someone understands me.
Bibiana strides in, gripping a satchel.

BIBIANA
Thank you for seeing us, Father.

FATHER VERO
Certainly.

Bibiana shuts the door firmly, garnering a look from Angelo.

FATHER VERO
You two have a seat.

Angelo reluctantly sits next to Bibiana. He squints at the satchel she holds in her lap.

FATHER VERO
Now what can I do for you?

BIBIANA
We did the malocchio. The results turned out negative.

FATHER VERO
By negative, you mean...?

BIBIANA
I didn't like it.

FATHER VERO
Right.

BIBIANA
And I just think...

She peers over at Angelo, who furrows his brow back at her.

BIBIANA
I think Angelo might be light in the shoes.

ANGELO
What?

Father Vero holds up a stop sign.

ANGELO
What're you talking about?
FATHER VERO
Hang on, hang on. So I understand.
You're telling me you think Angelo is gay?

Angelo throws up his arms with a big sigh.

BIBIANA
Where are my grandbabies? I don't see them. Do you see them?

She peeks under her satchel.

ANGELO
How could you do this to me?!

FATHER VERO
But you told me you wanted to do an exorcism.

Angelo bolts for the rear exit...

Where he's greeted by a BEEFY PRIEST, 30s. Angelo hollers, jumps back.

BIBIANA
I brought these herbs here.

ANGELO
You brought herbs?!

Bibiana removes the herbs from her satchel. Angelo sprints for the entrance. Two ALTAR BOYS await. One carries a bell. The other, a thurible, swinging from a chain.

ANGELO
Help!

He turns to the Crucifix.

ANGELO
Help!!

BIBIANA
We're willing to try something experimental.

ANGELO
No, we're not. We're definitely not!

He snatches up his chair, backs himself into a corner. Beefy Priest approaches.
ANGELO
Get back, you!

The bell is rung.

FATHER VERO
Did you bring garlic?

BIBIANA
I brought garlic salt.

FATHER VERO
That should be fine.

Smoke releases from the thurible.

ANGELO
Oh God help! Help me please! Right now would be nice!

He dekes around Beefy Priest. Bibiana sticks out her foot. Angelo hops over it!

He lays a leg of his chair over the candles.

ANGELO
Yeah? Come on! I'll take all o' ya's!

BIBIANA
(confiding)
He thinks he's a mobster now.

FATHER VERO
I see.

Angelo nudges Beefy Priest back with the fiery chair. Spins to face Father Vero.

ANGELO
I'm glad I stopped coming.

He charges full throttle at the Altar Boys. At the last second, they reconsider...

Angelo goes barreling out of the Confessional Room. Crash! Father Vero and Bibiana both turn a look.

ANGELO (O.S.)
Amen!
Casimiro sparks up a cigar in his car. Parked adjacent in their Chevy Nova, Nunzio and Giacomo. They all face the pizzeria. The neon sign flickers.

CASIMIRO
Beautiful night.

NUNZIO
And how...

CASIMIRO
Look at that. Sign's going, too.

He blows a smoke ring at the moon.

CASIMIRO
Shame he didn't get a chance to see Angelo take the reins.

NUNZIO
That kid? You serious?

CASIMIRO
Still his son, ya know.

GIACOMO
(hard look at Nunzio)
Yeah, that is a shame.

CASIMIRO
Always with those fuckin' milk shakes. In this day and age? He was like a broken record with that place.

NUNZIO
You figure with the cholesterol... that couldn't've been too smart.

GIACOMO
Hey, we all got our vices.

CASIMIRO
Must've known he was coming.
(off Giacomo's look)
The workers, I mean. Always with those milk shakes.
INT. FRIDA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frida pours a glass of orange juice. She shuts the fridge door, a finger painting of a red rose prominently displayed.

LIVING ROOM

Julia stares blankly at the TV. Frida meanders in.

    FRIDA
    What're you watching? Anything good?

    JULIA
    I dunno.

    FRIDA
    You don't know what you're watching?

    JULIA
    Nope.

    FRIDA
    Want some orange juice?

    JULIA
    No thank you.

    FRIDA
    Why're you being so quiet?

    JULIA
    You ask a lot of questions, Mom.

A banging on the door. Frida whisks out of the room.

KITCHEN/ENTRYWAY

She opens the door to find Angelo. Hyperventilating.

    FRIDA
    What's wrong? Why're you --

    ANGELO
    Just thought I'd... you know... stop by.

    FRIDA
    Angelo, you're way out of breath. How did you get here?

    ANGELO
    I walked... Briskly.
He staggers in, hunches over, gasping for air. Julia scurries in.

    JULIA
    Hi, Angelo!

    ANGELO
    Hey... Julia... So nice to see you again.

He collapses to the carpet. Julia shrieks.

    FRIDA
    Oh my God. Angelo!

She smacks him. He is out.

    JULIA
    Do something, Mom!

    FRIDA
    I'm trying.

She frets... tilts his head back, checks his airways...

    FRIDA
    I'm going in.

She gives him mouth-to-mouth.

    JULIA
    Should you be kissing him right now?

    FRIDA
    I'm trying to help.

    JULIA
    Is he sick?

    FRIDA
    I don't know. No more questions.

She continues. Julia spins in circles, crumples at Angelo's side.

    JULIA
    Angelo, wake up, wake up!

    FRIDA
    Come on...

    JULIA
    Should you try slapping him again?
Angelo coughs his way back to clarity. Julia cheers and does a dance.

    FRIDA
There he is...

Julia pats Angelo on the head.

    JULIA
I like you better awake.

    ANGELO
This is really the star treatment.

    FRIDA
You're bleeding.

    ANGELO
On second thought...

There's blood on Frida's fingertips.

    FRIDA
Sweetie, go get some peroxide.

    JULIA
Peroxide?

    FRIDA
It's the brown bottle.

Julia scampers away. Frida removes a tissue from her pocket, presses down on his scalp.

    ANGELO
I didn't mean to get blood on your rug.

    FRIDA
Don't worry about it.

    ANGELO
I bet it's new, too. It looks new.

    FRIDA
Shut up, Angelo. Tell me what happened.

    ANGELO
It's just been a really... cosmic... day. Ever have one of those?

    FRIDA
Try once a week.
She brushes her hand across his cheek.

FRIDA
You're warm again.

ANGELO
Do you blame me?

Frida half-smiles.

ANGELO
Something on your mind?

FRIDA
Why do you ask?

ANGELO
You have that look.

FRIDA
I always have that look.

ANGELO
I love that look.

Frida turns. No sign of Julia. She kisses Angelo full on the lips, he twitches a bit...

His eyes close. He lies perfectly still.

ANGELO
Paradise Found.

He reopens his eyes. Gazes up at her, she smiles back.

FRIDA
Wanna try sitting up?

ANGELO
No.

His cell rings. An ordinary tone.

ANGELO
Should I?

Frida shrugs. Angelo checks the display, answers.

ANGELO
What's up?

SAVIO (over phone)
Angelo, it's time we took care of that thing.
ANGELO
I told you, I met a girl.

He hangs up on his uncle.

FRIDA
Who was that?

ANGELO
Not important.

He sits up, gazes at Frida. Leans in...

JULIA (O.S.)
Mom, I found it!

Angelo turns, Julia stands in the doorway. Holding her mom's FBI badge!

Angelo's jaw hits the floor.

He bolts to his feet. Gapes at Frida.

FRIDA
Julia, time for bed. Right now.

JULIA
But you were looking for this.

Angelo spins in a circle, beside himself.

ANGELO
No, no, not...

FRIDA
Angelo, you don't understand. This was complicated. I didn't have a choice.

ANGELO
How could you...?

JULIA
What happened?

FRIDA
Julia, I said go to your room.

Julia doesn't move.

FRIDA
I swear, I didn't wanna hurt you. I didn't. This is just part of my job.
JULIA
You hurt him? Why?

FRIDA
Julia!

ANGELO
You kissed me on the lips.

Julia beams at Angelo. His face crumbles.
Deathly silent as he studies both of them.
Angelo spots the rose painting on the fridge, a final thorn.
He trudges to the door. A look back.

ANGELO
You broke my heart, Frida.

JULIA
Don't go!

Angelo gives her a pained look and exits.
Julia hurls the FBI badge against the wall and leaves the room. The canary chirps away.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Angelo gets off the bus alone. It's raining cats and dogs.
A look up at the street light.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

The place is jumping. Angelo enters from the back door.
Sopping wet. He passes a COUPLE making out by a pay phone.
Stumbles over the woman's outstretched foot.

ELOISA
Angelo, what happen to your umbrella?

Angelo sits at the bar. Looking more out of place than usual.
Through the crowd, he spots Casimiro at a corner table.
Angelo unzips his jacket slightly.

A husky BARTENDER, 30s, comes over.

HUSKY
What're you doing here? Shouldn't you be in the basement?
ANGELO
(cool look)
No.

Husky galumphs away. A BARFLY, late 30s, scarlet lipstick and a big cigar, sneers at Angelo.

BIG CIGAR
Don Sfogliatelle. All grown up and doing the town.

Angelo shifts his head, notices that Casimiro is actually dining with his Wife and Children.

BIG CIGAR
Are you as shy as they say?

Angelo peeks at the exit door closest to Casimiro's table. Big Cigar comes over and sits next to Angelo.

BIG CIGAR
Don't you talk?

She leans in, bites down suggestively on the cigar. Angelo gazes at her...

Casimiro doubles over at his table, laughing. Angelo spies a bulge by the vent of his suit jacket.

He looks down. Big Cigar runs her hand down his thigh.

BIG CIGAR
Your dad and I used to get along. Sure you're related?

Angelo's eyes shift back and forth.

BIG CIGAR
I know how to tell.

His eyes bulge.

BIG CIGAR
That's a Yes. A freaky Yes.

Angelo spots Casimiro's son Pasquale leaving the table, turns to Big Cigar.

ANGELO
I appreciate your support.
INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angelo washes his hands. He peeks down at his erection.

A PATRON, 40s, looks over. Exits without drying his hands.


Paquale emerges from the stall with a frown, washes his hands.

ANGELO
Pasquale, what's up?

PASQUALE
Nothing.

ANGELO
Did you get the new Final Fantasy?

PASQUALE
Have to wait until Christmas.

Angelo dries his hands. Leans back against the wall.

ANGELO
What if you didn't have to wait?

PASQUALE
What are you talking about?

Angelo snaps a c-note from his pocket.

ANGELO
I need a favor.

PASQUALE
Why are you standing like that?

ANGELO
How am I supposed to stand?

PASQUALE
Normal.

ANGELO
(crinkles hundred)
Do you really wanna wait six months?

PASQUALE
Is this a trick?
ANGELO
You could buy it tomorrow.
(mutters)
And much, much more if you act right now.

PASQUALE
What?

ANGELO
Nothing.

PASQUALE
What do you want I should do?

ANGELO
All I need is for you to jump on your dad's back. That's it.

PASQUALE
You're all wet.

ANGELO
It's pouring out.

PASQUALE
I mean you don't know what you're talking about.

The restroom door opens. A MAN in business attire, 40 and rangy, enters. Angelo shields the c-note.

ANGELO
(under his breath)
Come on...

PASQUALE
But I don't wanna do it.

The Businessman stares over from the urinal. Angelo turns his back, mimes playing with a joystick. And loving it.

BUSINESSMAN
Kid, are you okay?

PASQUALE
(a sneaky smile at Angelo)
I'm not sure.

Angelo grimaces, shows Pasquale the hundred. Holds up three fingers.

Pasquale gladly holds the door open for Angelo.
INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They exit the restroom. Pasquale pockets the c-note.

        ANGELO
            Make sure you jump high. By his shoulders. You don't wanna hurt him.

        PASQUALE
            Are you saying I'm fat?

        ANGELO
            No, goddamnit.

DINING HALL

Pasquale ambles toward his family's table. He peers back.

Angelo waggles four fingers. Realizes that's one too many, retracts one. Pasquale gives him a sidelong look. Angelo angrily puts the fourth finger back up.

Pasquale drops back. Gets a running start. Angelo moves in.

Pasquale leaps atop Casimiro's shoulders, he hollers. Angelo stoops and ties his shoes.

        ANGELO
            (to himself)
                Light in the shoes, my foot.

He sticks his hand through the vent of Casimiro's jacket, snags his gun. A spin move and Angelo's gone.

EXT. SAVIO'S HOUSE - LATER

Angelo shuts the door of a beat-up Chrysler. Waves inside, the car leaves.

He rings the bell. Savio answers the door in his bathrobe.

        SAVIO
            Angelo, it's late. How'd it go?

Angelo hands him Casimiro's gun.

        SAVIO
            What's this for?
ANGELO
I got it off him. We need a ballistics report. You know anyone?

SAVIO
You mean you didn't do it?

ANGELO
What, kill your brother in front of his kids? No, I didn't do it.

SAVIO
Don't make him out to be a saint.

ANGELO
Don't worry, I won't. Can you give me a ride home?

SAVIO
Where's your car? You know, the one I gave you.

ANGELO
I dropped it off.

SAVIO
Dropped it off where?

ANGELO
Off.

INT. SFoglIATELLE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Angelo sits at the head of the table, alone. Bibiana carries in a bowl of penne with sausage 'n peppers. She fills up both plates. Dives into her meal.

ANGELO
I'm moving out, Ma.

BIBIANA
You're moving out? Where?

ANGELO
I don't know yet.

BIBIANA
You don't know yet? That's not how it works.

Truce. Bibiana eats, Angelo plays with his food.
BIBIANA
I got a lovely package today. Some beautiful mackerel.

The doorbell rings. Bibiana hobbles away.

ANGELO
Mackerel? In a package? Ma, don't answer that!

He bolts up, seizes the steak knife. Bibiana returns – all smiles – with Frida. She holds a store-bought Panettone.

BIBIANA
Angelo, somebody's here to see you.

FRIDA
Hi.

Angelo stares down at what Frida's carrying.

ANGELO
Panettone. (pointing the knife) Oh you're good.

BIBIANA
Angelo, put the knife away. Are you his girlfriend?

FRIDA
Umm...

ANGELO
No, she's not my girlfriend.

He smiles smugly at Frida.

BIBIANA
You're telling me you just hang out together?

ANGELO
Something like that. Why?

BIBIANA
I knew it. I knew it, I knew --

ANGELO
Ma, she's my girlfriend, okay?!

Frida tilts her head with a smile.
BIBIANA
Are you hungry? Have a seat. You want some of Angelo's sausage?

ANGELO
Don't offer her that!

BIBIANA
Why not?

ANGELO
Just don't. I have my reasons.

BIBIANA
You two get comfortable. I'll be back.

She heads out. Angelo looks to make sure she's gone.

ANGELO
You got a lot of nerve coming here.

Frida reaches for Angelo's sausage, he covers his plate.

ANGELO
You're not getting any.

FRIDA
I'm not the only one.

ANGELO
(glowers)
It's funny you caught me here. I was just on my way to look for some redhead tax attorney.

FRIDA
I'm sure she would've said yes.

ANGELO
Oh you're mean.

FRIDA
You started it.

ANGELO
I started it? You've been playing me this whole time.

Bibiana returns with items she's knitted for future grandkids. Pink booties, etc. Angelo spots the worry in Frida's eyes.

ANGELO
What have you got there, Ma?
BIBIANA
Just a few things I knitted.

She flips through a bunch of kid sweaters on hangers.

BIBIANA
This one is good for a boy or a girl.

ANGELO
Win-win, don't you think?

Frida gapes at Angelo. He nods a devilish grin.

ANGELO
Show her the Christmas sweater, Ma.
She's gonna love it.

The doorbell rings. Bibiana sighs and shuffles away.

BIBIANA
It's always something...

ANGELO
What'd you think of the booties?
Did you like the booties?

FRIDA
Angelo, is this the life you want?
Lying all the time?

ANGELO
Oh, that's rich. And what are you, my mother?

FRIDA
Definitely not.

Savio appears in the doorway. Angelo casts a nervous glance at Frida.

BIBIANA
Savio, this is Angelo's girlfriend.

SAVIO
No shit...

BIBIANA
I'm sorry, I never got your name.

FRIDA
I'm Frida.
BIBIANA
How lovely.

Savio takes a seat next to Angelo. Leans over.

SAVIO
We need to talk.

ANGELO
That's great, we'll talk later.

SAVIO
Angelo, now. This is important.

FRIDA
Mrs. Sfogliatelle, how do you cook these sausages here?

BIBIANA
On the stove, what do you think.

FRIDA
No, I mean, for how long? I never know how long to wait before I flip them. Do I wait two minutes and then flip them. Or do I wait three minutes, and then try to flip them.

Angelo throws a nervous look at Savio who furrows his brow.

BIBIANA
You flip them when they're ready, what?

ANGELO
Maybe the sausages don't wanna be flipped. Did you ever think of that?

FRIDA
But if you don't flip them, they might get burned.

ANGELO
You know what, Frida? If you're cooking, those sausages are gonna burn no matter what.

Frida gapes. Angelo bolts from his chair, out of the room.

BIBIANA
Angelo, that was rude.
INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo paces like mad. Savio enters, barricades the door with a statue of Gandalf.

ANGELO
I don't know who's crazier.

SAVIO
We'll call it a tie.

ANGELO
I'm not eating sausages ever again.

Savio reaches into his jacket and removes a ballistics report. Angelo scans it.

ANGELO
What am I looking at?

SAVIO
They're a match, Angelo. Both .44 Magnums. I'm sorry.

Angelo goes pale. Stares at Savio.

He tears the report to shreds. Stomps on it.

Then proceeds to tear apart his room. Lord of the Rings posters, the statue, the action figures, the figurines. Banging, smashing, shattering. It's a different Angelo.

Savio checks his watch.

EXT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frida bids good-night to Bibiana, who is all smiles. More banging from upstairs. Frida holds a stack of cookbooks.

FRIDA
Thanks so much for these.

BIBIANA
It's my pleasure. Maybe we'll cook up a storm together. Soon, I hope.

Frida turns, spots Fortunato leaping from Angelo's window with a riirrr... 

FRIDA
Okay, then. Good-night.
BIBIANA
Bye for now...

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo stands atop his bed, surveying the destruction of his fantasy world. He spins to Savio.

ANGELO
Let's go take care o' that thing.

INT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

The top is up. Angelo rides shotgun through suburbia.

ANGELO
I didn't wanna believe it was him.

SAVIO
He's at his goomar's on Wednesday. This is good.

ANGELO
Why do you think he did it?

SAVIO

He spots a car in his rear-view keeping pace.

SAVIO
Who's this now?

Angelo spins around.

SAVIO
You're making us look guilty. Turn around. You're smarter than that.

Angelo spins back around. Savio gives it a little gas, the car behind them veers course.

ANGELO
This family never had a chance.

SAVIO
Don't upset yourself. All families are the same.

ANGELO
No they're not.
They exchange a hard look.

    SAVIO
    Show me. Show me where the happy people live.

    ANGELO
    Not on my street.

Savio turns down a dimly lit driveway. Parks behind a row of bushes.

    ANGELO
    (glaring at the house)
    We're here. Uncle.

Savio goes to open the glove compartment, Angelo stops him.

    SAVIO
    Two shots to the head.

    ANGELO
    I know.

INT. CASIMIRO'S GOOMAR'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

A vanilla milk shake rests on the coffee table. On a wide screen TV, Casimiro watches a fantasy movie from the couch. He slurps his shake.

    ANGELO (O.S.)
    My favorite part.

Casimiro drops the drink, spins. Angelo stands five yards away, pointing the gun at his heart.

    CASIMIRO
    Angelo, what the hell is this?

    ANGELO
    Courtesy call.

    CASIMIRO
    Don't look like courtesy. Now what's this about?

    ANGELO
    (gestures with gun)
    How many guesses do you want?

    CASIMIRO
    Did you finally go nuts on me?
ANGELO

Finally?

He nears. They make circles around the couch.

ANGELO

What'd my father do to you, you fucking jamook? Besides give you a job.

CASIMIRO

What are you talking about?

He trips over his shake. Spies his shotgun across the room, it rests atop an old chest. A deer's head looms high above.

ANGELO

You want that gun, don't you.

CASIMIRO

You saying I killed your father? Are you fuckin' nuts?

ANGELO

It was you that night. Admit it.

CASIMIRO

You're making a big mistake here, Angelo. Bigger than usual.

ANGELO

I don't think so. For the first time I think I'm right on target.

He fires and takes out a dartboard.

Angelo snags the remote, turns the volume up.

ANGELO

Probably should've done that first.

Casimiro backs away, toward the old chest.

CASIMIRO

You think I'd kill my own brother? Is that what you think?

ANGELO

So you're an innocent gangster. I like that.

CASIMIRO

Angelo, you're wrong. You're dead wrong. I wouldn't do that.
ANGELO
Uncle Savio checked it out. You know, the brother who's still breathing. It was your .44 that did it.

Aims high, cocks his gun.

CASIMIRO
Angelo, no!

POW! POW!

A thud on the tile floor.

Casimiro slowly opens his eyes. The deer's head lies on the floor. Two shots to the head.

ANGELO
All that practice...

Casimiro seizes the gun from him.

CASIMIRO
Oops.

Angelo holds his hands up and backs away.

ANGELO
Let's be reasonable about this.

CASIMIRO
I'll give you a reason. I'll kill you cos you're stupid.

ANGELO
Maybe we can reach some middle ground?

Casimiro bops Angelo over the head. He crumples to the floor.

CASIMIRO
Middle enough?

Angelo rubs his head, gazes up at Casimiro.

CASIMIRO
My gun's a .45, dipshit. Your father gave it to me.

Angelo's head plunks down on the floor.

ANGELO
It's always something...
INT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS
Savio brushes his hair in the rear view mirror.
Casimiro glares at him from the den window.

INT. CASIMIRO'S GOOMAR'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS
Casimiro jerks away from the window.

CASIMIRO
Cocksucking consigliere.

He marches for the glass slider.

ANGELO
Hold on.

He latches onto Casimiro's arm.

CASIMIRO
You let go or your dad's gonna be pissed when you show up today.

ANGELO
There might be a better way.

CASIMIRO
Don't give me that middle ground shit.

Casimiro's GOOMAR, 21, creeps down the stairs in her nightie.

ANGELO
You're not Aunt Orsola.

GOOMAR
This is the one you were telling me about.

INT./EXT. LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER
Angelo gets in, frozen stiff.

ANGELO
It's done.

Savio backs out of the driveway. They drive off in silence.

SAVIO
Any last words from GTO?
ANGELO
Said he was sorry. For flipping out.

SAVIO
Flipping out?

ANGELO
Back at the restaurant.

SAVIO
Oh.

Quiet...
Savio brings the car to a screeching halt.

SAVIO
What about the goomar?

Angelo wavers. Slowly turns to face Savio.

ANGELO
The goomar?

SAVIO
Yeah yeah, the goomar. Did you get her, too?

ANGELO
What's a goomar again?

SAVIO
Don't you lie to me.

ANGELO
I'm not lying. The house was empty.
(off his look)
Except for him. Of course he was there.

Stare-down. How stupid is Angelo, really?

SAVIO
I'm buying you a new notebook. A goomar is a mistress for chrissake.

ANGELO
Good to know.

Savio gives him a look. The Lincoln edges away.
INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Casimiro's wake. He looks as good as dead. The sound of people crying. Flowers abound. Friends and Family are seated in a circle around the room.

A MOURNER, 50s, next to Bibiana keels over in tears.

   BIBIANA
   I know...

Angelo and Savio solemnly approach the casket.

Savio tries for the kneeler. So does Angelo.

   SAVIO
   Angelo, one at a time. Please.

Angelo steps back. Savio kneels down. Examines his brother.

He rolls his eyes as he prays. Rushes the Sign of the Cross, steps back to Angelo.

   SAVIO
   You didn't get him in the head.

   ANGELO
   I let you down.

   SAVIO
   No, that's okay.

The Mourners limps past Savio and Angelo. Past Orsola and the kids. And climbs into the coffin!

   SAVIO
   What's this now?

Friends gasp. Angelo panics. The Mourners shouts in Italian.

Casimiro slowly reaches over and twists her ankle. The Mourners shrieks... teeters... tumbles to the floor!

Friends cry out. Casimiro quickly resumes his position. Mario and Pasquale usher the Mourners away...

A sneeze.

Everyone stops. Looks around. Nobody said "God Bless You." They turn and stare at Casimiro.

Angelo zeroes in on the flowers that hang above the casket. And fake sneezes.
'Scuse me. Wow... that was a good one.

He strides to the coffin, plucks out the offending flowers.

Where you going with those?

People are sneezing, Uncle Savio.

That's disrespectful, put 'em back.

There's plenty of flowers here.

He turns to leave, Savio gets in his way. Angelo tries the other side, no can do.

What're you doing?

You're not taking the flowers.

He reaches for them, Angelo pulls them back. Savio swipes again. Denied.

Not so fun, is it.

You're embarrassing us.

I'm okay with it.

Savio waves over Nunzio and Giacomo. They box Angelo in. Angelo gets in a bizarre stance.

What the hell is that?

You don't wanna know.

He tries to barge past Nunzio. Gets knocked to the ground.

Nunzio tries to pry the flowers away as Angelo squirms. Giacomo comes over to assist. As does Savio. Friends and Family look on in sheer horror.
Another sneeze. Everyone freezes. They peer at the coffin.

    BIBIANA
    Excuse me.

Angelo senses his chance and takes off!

    SAVIO
    Get back here!

Angelo runs around the room, trying to evade Savio. Kids begin to giggle.

Nunzio and Giacomo join in the mix. Angelo weaves in and out of chairs like an obstacle course. Friends and Family raise their hands in disbelief.

    SAVIO
    Jamooks R Us.

Angelo gets a clear shot at the exit. Full steam ahead.

Savio bears down hard...

Father Vero stoops to tie his shoe. Savio goes barreling into a display of flowers. Crash!

Kids burst out laughing. Angelo makes the Sign of the Cross on his way out the door.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - HALL/BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Savio strolls down the dim hallway, knocks on Angelo's door.

    SAVIO
    Everyone decent?

Angelo bids goodbye to Benny, who sneers at Savio as he exits.

    SAVIO
    What'd he want?

    ANGELO
    Came to pay his respects.

He shuts a drawer filled with cash.

    SAVIO
    Look, Angelo, about yesterday...
Hey, if you can't have a little fun at a funeral...

Savio takes a seat across from him.

So what's up?

I got some news. The fellas want me to take the lead.

Nunzio and Giacomo.

To name a couple, yeah. This was bound to happen.

It's a little sudden, don't you think?

We're in the business of sudden. Would you have a problem stepping down?

No. In fact... today might be your lucky day.

Lucky why? What're you talking about?

Angelo opens his top drawer, lays out 20 wire transfer forms across his desk, overlapping them like playing cards.

What's all this?

That special bonus I talked about?

You're telling me you had the money.

I told you I had the money.

Savio gives Angelo a discerning look.
SAVIO
But you were the one who took care of that.

ANGELO
Not without your help.

SAVIO
Angelo. This is generous.

ANGELO
What can I say. You deserve it.

He sets a pen on the desk.

ANGELO
I already filled them out. Just need your autograph.

SAVIO
So we're talking...?

He holds up five fingers. Angelo gives him a Don's nod.

Savio studies the transfers. Each emanates from a different "666" number. Each for $250,000. All going into one account.

SAVIO
I don't know what to say.

ANGELO
Thank you, would be nice.

Savio gives him a look, chortles. He signs the transfers.

SAVIO
Signing my life away ova here.

He's too busy signing to notice Angelo's smirk.

ANGELO
For the record, I think you'd make a great Don.

SAVIO
Thank you, Angelo.

He stands up.

SAVIO
One of the first things I wanna do? Is build a statue for your father.

(MORE)
SAVIO (CONT'D)
We'll put it right outside. So people can see him when they walk in.

ANGELO
You don't have to do that.

SAVIO
Hey. For family, we gotta do a lot of things.

Angelo eyes him closely. Savio surprises him with a bear hug. Won't let go...

Angelo squints at a framed picture of himself and Dante across the way.

INT. SFOGLIATELLE HOUSE - ANGELO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fortunato lies on the center of Angelo's bed. Purring. The room is still a disaster area.

Angelo steps over the broken statue of Gandalf on his way in. He's dressed in a black suit and white oxford shirt.

He opens a gift box on his bureau, removes a red tie. Ties it in the mirror.

Angelo takes his dad's funeral card off the mirror, tucks it into his breast pocket.

He turns to leave, Bibiana appears in the doorway.

BIBIANA
(re: room)
You gonna do something about this?

ANGELO
I'll fix it, Ma.

BIBIANA
You going somewhere?

ANGELO
(doesn't mean a physical location)
I think so.

From his pocket, he removes the Corno necklace. Hands it back to his mother. Kisses her on the cheek and departs.
INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Kid's birthday party. A dozen KIDS with their PARENTS. A CLOWN works the table, passing out kazooos and birthday hats.

Angelo strides in, spots Julia at the table. Frida stands in the corner by a dartboard. Angelo approaches.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

A white stretch limo pulls up.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Angelo and Frida both decline to speak first. They turn away from each other. Roll their eyes.

ANGELO
Thanks for the phony funeral.

FRIDA
Fugghedaboutit.

Making a grand entrance is Savio. Dressed to the nines. With him are Nunzio, Giacomo and a host of assorted Thugs.

Savio holds out his arms like: What about me, jackass? Angelo heads over.

ANGELO
You made it.

SAVIO
C'mere, ya little twit.

He pinches Angelo's cheek, puts him in a headlock. The Thugs guffaw.

SAVIO
What's going on ova there?

ANGELO
Kid's birthday.

SAVIO
Rugrats trying to steal my limelight?

He messes up Angelo's hair.

SAVIO
C'mon, let's celebrate.
INT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entire gang enters. On the table, a feast fit for a Don. A large sign overhead reads: Congratulations, Savio!

SAVIO
Ohh... You did all this?

ANGELO
It's for you.

Savio struts to the head of the table, takes a seat. Smiles proudly at his comrades.

SAVIO
Anyone hungry?

Hoots and howls, everyone goes to take a seat. Angelo tries for the chair to Savio's right.

SAVIO
Angelo, push down one.

Nunzio takes the seat instead. Giacomo sits to Savio's left.

NUNZIO
Hey, I hear we got a new accountant.

Savio points at Angelo, he feigns embarrassment.

SAVIO
Dig in, everyone.

Everyone digs in.

SAVIO
Angelo, why don't you go fetch me a drink, huh?

Sniggers litter the table.

ANGELO
Sure. What would you like?

SAVIO
Surprise me.

Angelo wipes his mouth, gets up.

SAVIO
Just a sec. C'mere.

Angelo walks over. Savio pinches his cheek again.
SAVIO
Don't take too long.

A slap for good measure. Angelo heads for the door. Giacomo waits for it to close.

GIACOMO
Piece o' work, that kid.

NUNZIO
Must be great to be so stupid.

Savio chuckles. Swills his wine.

SAVIO
Never thought I'd pull off a couple de tat.

NUNZIO
Did the money hit?

SAVIO
(sparks up a cigar)
Checked it this morning.

A Thug at the other end of the table throws on a pair of prop glasses and does an unflattering impression of Angelo. Another gust of laughter.

SAVIO
Gather 'round, everyone, gather 'round. I got a surprise for ya.

The Thugs flock to Savio.

SAVIO
Nunzio, when's Christmas? I'll give you three guesses.

NUNZIO
December.

SAVIO
He's right. But this year, we're moving it to June.

GIACOMO
What're you talking about?

SAVIO
Each of you goons gets twenty G's just for showing up today. Whaddaya think o' that?
The Thugs couldn't be more pleased. High-fives, laughter and cheers... A Thug grabs Eloisa and proposes marriage.

ANGELO (O.S.)
Uncle Savio. Your drink.

Savio reaches for it without looking.

A strawberry shake is placed in his hand. The outstretched arm is draped in an especially colorful sleeve.

The crowd parts. Angelo is a clown.

ANGELO
Do I amuse you?

Everyone chuckles.

GIACOMO
He got it right!

NUNZIO
You switched into your work clothes?

SAVIO
Angelo, what's with the shake? I wanted a drink.

Angelo slides a kazoo from his costume. Blows on it hard.

ANGELO
Say Hello to my little friend!

All the Thugs hit the deck. Only Angelo is left standing.

The Thugs finally peek up. Angelo offers them a little wave, points to the doorway. Standing there is another clown, FBI Agent Curt. And like Angelo said, he's little.

Doing cartwheels into the room are a dozen more CLOWNS. They surround the table with pomp and circumstance.

SAVIO
What's all this?

CURT
(flashes badge)
Curt McHenry. FBI. You're all under arrest.

The Clowns draw their weapons, the smiles are gone.
SAVIO
Angelo... this a joke?

ANGELO
I believe you're sitting in my seat.

Oohs fill the room. Followed by dead quiet.

Savio blinks rapidly, convulses, clutches at his chest... collapses to the floor.

CLOWN 1
Get a medic in here.

ANGELO
Take your time.

Savio opens fire, the Clowns reply!

Nunzio knocks over the table. Giacomo and six other Thugs are sitting ducks, cut down in the crossfire...

Wine glasses shatter, windows splinter... A bullet parts a Clown's green hairdo down the middle. Giacomo catches another pizza in the face.

Savio shoots at Angelo. He ducks behind a sideboard.

ANGELO
Madonna...

Savio scrambles to his feet, hurls himself through the window.

Angelo ties his clown shoe, dives out the window after him. Narrowly evades bullets.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Angelo lands hard, spots Savio in the parking lot.

He dusts off his clown suit and gives chase.

ANGELO
Where ya goin', Uncle Douche Bag?!

Savio turns and fires. Takes out a windshield.

Angelo picks up the pace. Savio's 20 yards ahead.

ANGELO
We were just getting to know each other! One big happy family!
He aims... shoots... misses.

Angelo turns the gun *sideways*. Catches Savio in the leg!

    ANGELO
    I did it!  I did it!

Savio twirls to the pavement. He twists about...

Angelo pounces. Begins the reunion with a barrage of slaps.

He grabs Savio by the lapels.

    ANGELO
    I trusted you!

A hard right.

    ANGELO
    My father trusted you!

A hearty backhander.

    SAVIO
    Angelo, my arm. I think you broke it.

    ANGELO
    Oh.

He slugs Savio in the mouth.

    ANGELO
    Better?

Savio slides a gun from his ankle holster. Buries it in Angelo's forehead.

    SAVIO
    Oops.

Angelo freezes.

    SAVIO
    Your dad was overbearing. You know what overbearing means?

He pulls the trigger, click. Click. Click.

    ANGELO
    Bullets would be nice.

He knocks the gun out of Savio's hand. Lets fly a series of punches.
Angelo chokes Savio. Frida comes pelting down the sidewalk.

FRIDA
Angelo, stop!

SAVIO
Your dad would've been ashamed.

ANGELO
No. My dad would've been proud.
You fucking clown.

He pinches his uncle's cheeks like lobster claws. Gritting his teeth.

FRIDA
Angelo, let go! That's just... too... weird!

She catches up.

FRIDA
Mr. Sfogliatelle, you're under arrest for fraud and racketeering. Oh. And murder.

Angelo finally lets go. He glares down at Savio. Gives him a kick to the ribs with his clown shoe, to boot.

Frida turns Savio over and cuffs him. He spots a pair of shiny wingtips staring back at him.

Angelo and Frida hoist Savio up, his cheeks bright red. Casimiro blows a smoke ring in his face.

CASIMIRO
Looks like somebody got pinched.

EXT. DANTE'S PIZZERIA - LATER

OFFICERS yellow-tape the restaurant. Angelo stands on the sidewalk. The neon sign shines brightly overhead.

Frida approaches. Angelo examines the cuts on his knuckles.

ANGELO
Any idea where they'll send me?

FRIDA
No.
A moment of silence.

FRIDA
I didn't mean for it to end this way.

Angelo remains quiet. Frida nudges closer...

ANGELO
See, that's the problem with "strictly business."

He walks away.

ANGELO
Say bye to Julia for me.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sausages are being flipped on a barbecue grill.

SUPER: Two months later... Somewhere in Iowa.

Casimiro wipes the sweat from his brow. He looks over at Angelo who leads five of his kids in a round of calisthenics. They're a sweaty - but thinner - bunch.

ANGELO
Wait a sec, where's Pasquale?

MARIO
Playing Final Fantasy.

ANGELO
Pasquale, get out here!

Orsola sets the picnic table. Bibiana tosses a salad. She wears black shorts and a black halter top. Glances up...

BIBIANA
Oh. It's you.

BARBECUE GRILL

Angelo hovers over Casimiro, admiring his technique.

CASIMIRO
You flip them when they're ready, Angelo.
ANGELO
Makes sense.

Pasquale jumps on Angelo's back with a roar. He stagers about, turns...

Finds Frida. Standing there in a summer dress and half-smile.

FRIDA
Hi.

ANGELO
Send in the clowns.

FRIDA
Is it alright if we talk?

ANGELO
Sure, talk.

FRIDA
Can we find someplace more private?

ANGELO
I assume you don't have anything to hide, so... here's good.

Casimiro squints at Frida, Pasquale hangs on tight to Angelo. Bibiana and Orsola shuffle over, along with the kids.

FRIDA
Sort of feel like I'm on trial.

A nervous smile. Her audience is silent.

FRIDA
I just wanted you to know... that I liked you. Genuinely... liked you. It was hard for me from the start. From the first time I saw you waving that gun around.

BIBIANA
Angelo.

ANGELO
Ma...

FRIDA
Now that everything's out in the open... I just wish it didn't have to end.

She looks keenly at Angelo, but he's not ready to speak.
FRIDA
She asks about you. Julia, I mean. Reminds me everyday. That I'm just a liar.

Pasquale sticks his tongue out at her.

FRIDA
I deserve that.

She bows her head and walks away... Kids high-five each other. Casimiro returns to the grill.

Angelo catches up to Frida with a sausage on a bun.

ANGELO
Care for some?

Frida turns. Through misty eyes, she smiles. She grabs hold of Angelo's sausage. Takes a bite.

ANGELO
Well?

FRIDA
A little burnt, maybe. But good.

Angelo smiles proudly.

ANGELO
You can get down now, Pasquale.

PASQUALE
But I like it up here.

ANGELO
Would you just get down?!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END