

PRIMO

by

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PRIMO

Primo Ferraro, twenty-four years old, a face and body that were sculptured by Michael Angelo, is visiting his Uncle Jack Ferraro and his wife, Maria, who are not aware that Primo has just been released from jail after serving a three year sentence.

Jack Ferraro is about forty-five years old and is a New York City policeman. Maria is about thirty-five, buxom and hot to trot ... Jack is not into sex and is always making fun of her over-developed breasts and her hunger for sex. "Pasta and sex, pasta and sex -- I should have married a Jewish broad!"

Maria's needs are strong ... her eyes go to Primo ... as Jack leaves for work, Primo takes a shower. Maria, hearing the running shower and visualizing Primo's beautiful youthful body, disrobes, opens the frosted glass shower doors and joins Primo under the running water. Primo is shocked and resists, but after three years in jail, he's no match for the kneeling Maria who is in complete charge of the situation.

Jack meanwhile is having trouble starting his car, he comes back to the apartment, leaves the front door open and phones another cop, Harry, to pick him up. Jack hangs up and hears the running shower and walks into the bathroom. Through the frosted glass doors he sees two blurred figures having sex. He takes out his nightstick and smashes the glass doors ... through the sounds of broken glass, running water and Maria's screams, Jack keeps swinging the nightstick at the two slipping and sliding bodies in the tub. Primo manages to grab Jack's wrist. Jack now pulls out his gun, in the struggle the gun goes off blowing his brains out. Primo goes to Maria's aid, but she's dead ... he's in shock.

Harry comes into the apartment, calls out to Jack but gets no answer, he hears the shower and investigates. Through the open bathroom door he sees Jack in a pool of blood. He backs off into the kitchen and reaches for the phone. Primo has been hiding behind the bathroom door, he picks up the nightstick and hits Harry over the head. Primo undresses Harry and neatly places his clothes on a chair ... he drags the naked Harry into the bathroom and places him on top of Maria's body, Harry starts to come to so Primo finishes him off with the nightstick ... Primo wipes his fingerprints from everything he remembers touching, gets dressed, takes his belongings and leaves.

Primo goes to the Port. Authority bus terminal to meet ex-cellmate Josh, a black man about twenty-five years old. Josh is now into stealing cars for a chop shop ... he convinces Primo to do the same.

The news breaks about the two policemen and a woman found dead in a bathroom. Chief of Detectives, Lt. Simms, calls it a triangle murder ... an open and shut case ... husband finds wife and best friend having sex, kills both and commits suicide.

Primo wants to climb up fast, he purposely steals a brand new Mercedes Limousine belonging to the Godfather of Godfathers ... Anthony Trotti. A young rookie cop, Richard Bevans, begs Lt. Simms not to close the case, he would like to investigate it closer. Lt. Simms tells him he's wasting his time but humors him and gives him a crack at it.

Richard Bevans puts every ounce of strength into it. He digs and digs and keeps coming up with bits of evidence that slowly change the mind of Lt. Simms.

Later on we find out why this young rookie cop is so sure that all things in this case are not what they seem and why he's so gung ho on solving this crime ... he, Richard Bevans, and Officer Harry Sullivan were lovers ... and there was no way Harry Sullivan could have been having an affair with Jack Ferraro's wife.

Meanwhile, Primo meets and falls in love with a young actress, Nancy McCall ... a sweet old fashioned romance blooms. A producer beats and rapes Nancy, Primo is devastated. Primo and Josh visit the producer in his twenty-second floor penthouse. Ingeniously they get him to write and sign a suicide note and Primo throws the producer over the balcony to his death below.

Primo's plan to meet the boss of bosses, Anthony Trotti, works ... Primo sells the Mercedes to a chop shop then brazenly shows up at the Trotti mansion and admits that he mistakenly stole his limousine ... Trotti is impressed with Primo's balls. Against the advice of his trusted Liutenants, he welcomes Primo into his home ... Anthony Trotti's daughter, Bettina, age thirty and beautiful, calms the men's fears and tells them that her father has never been wrong in assessing people ... soon Trotti and Primo are like father and son.

Nancy has another appointment to read for a part, she's gun shy, Primo goes with her. The director can't take his eyes off Primo ... as Nancy leaves the room, the director propositions Primo ... Primo tells him that if Nancy gets the part, the director can have a part of him ... Nancy gets the part. No greater love hath Primo for Nancy ... Primo keeps his word and goes the couch route with the director.

Meanwhile rookie Richard Bevans keeps coming up with more bits of evidence for the surprised Lt. Simms ... so far nothing that will stand up in court, but enough to convince Lt. Simms that Bevans was right.

We find out that Anthony Trotti has been a very sick man, the doctor breaks the news to Bettina that her father has a short time to live.

Waiting like vultures are six heads of smaller families who already have made plans to unite and take over the Trotti organization. Bettina knows this and she looks to Primo for advice.

Primo convinces the six family heads to meet with Bettina to prevent bloodshed ... they agree. At the meeting Bettina makes a request of the six bosses ... in honor of their past friendship with her father, she would like to have them serve as pall bearers for their former friend, Anthony Trotti. If this request is granted, she will bow out and the takeover can be done peacefully.

The spokesman for the other five bosses tells Bettina that they would be honored to serve as pall bearers for their old friend.

Richard Bevans has proven to Lt. Simms that Primo is the killer. The Lieutenant tells him that although he's convinced, there is no way of placing him at the scene of the crime and with the powerful lawyers the Trotti family has, Primo would walk away free. The Lieutenant tells him to drop the case ... if Primo is the killer, he has beaten us.

In the church of St. Gabriel, the services are over and the six pall bearers carry the casket out of the church followed by Bettina, Primo and the Trotti men ... as the pall bearers negotiate the outside steps of the church, Primo holds back Bettina and the men distancing themselves from the casket ... the pall bearers are now clear of the church ... Josh who is standing by the entrance pushes a button on his wireless detonator and the casket explodes, killing the six family heads.

Still inside the church, Primo, Bettina and the rest of their men rush out of the side door to waiting cars and then speed away to a nearby cemetery where a priest and the casket with Anthony Trotti is waiting ... for the services to start.

Richard Bevans has been ordered to drop the case, but like a pit-bull, he won't let go. Getting Primo is now an obsession ... he starts to lose his marbles ... if he can't get Primo legally, he'll get him another way.

It's five a.m., Richard Bevans has staked out the Trotti mansion ... Primo leaves in his Caddy convertible, the top is down, Bevans follows him to an all night restaurant (the Brasse Rie) ... Primo parks in front, walks through the revolving doors, down the steps to a table being watched all along by Bevans from outside the restaurant. Satisfied that Primo is seated, a crazy smile comes to Bevans face ... he takes out plastic explosives and begins to attach the device to Primo's car phone.

He looks up to the heavens and talks to the dead Harry ... "He's mine Harry - mine, a little phone call and I'll send him up to you."

Nancy meanwhile is trying to locate Primo ... calls his apartment, no answer.

Primo has finished breakfast. Bevans has finished the hook-up and is slowly walking to the telephone booth across the street. Bevans reaches in his pocket, then another, he panics ... no quarter ... he calls out to Primo "Sir, I need to make a phone call, do you have change for a dollar?" Primo takes a quarter out of his pocket and gives it to Bevans ... "All I have is a quarter in change, here -- be my guest." Bevans thanks him and walks to the phone booth, Primo gets in his car.

Josh has told Nancy to try Primo's car phone. She dials ... Primo starts the car ... Bevans is almost inside the phone booth ... he hears the phone ring in Primo's car, in shock he turns around to see Primo's car explode in a ball of flames. Bevans eyes are blazing ... he looks at the flaming car then at the quarter in his hand, he screams to the heavens ... "Who did this ... he was mine ... mine!" Looks up again ... "Harry, I was cheated -- I was cheated!" He takes out his gun and runs as close to the inferno as he can and starts pumping bullets into the fire ... "He's mine, he's mine!"

"PRIMO"

INT. FERRARO HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

JACK FERRARO is forty years old. He is naked and sitting on the toilet reading THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS...He blindly reaches for the toilet paper and finds the spool empty.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack's wife MARIA FERRARO, thirty-five years old, buxom, is setting the breakfast table.

JACK (V.O.)

What section of the Daily News do I wipe my ass with?

Maria gets a roll of toilet paper from the closet and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Maria stands in front of Jack and hands him the toilet paper.

MARIA

Here you are your Majesty. Is there anything else your Highness desires?

She opens her robe and exposes herself to Jack.

JACK

Put those flabby balloons away and act your age.

MARIA

I remember when you couldn't wait to rip my bra off.

JACK

That was when they were small and firm. Now they've gotten out of hand.

Jack breaks into laughter.

JACK

Out of hand...get it?

CONTINUED

She closes her robe and walks away.

JACK
(yells after her)
Pasta and sex! Pasta and sex! That's
all you think of. I should have married
a Jewish broad. Now make my eggs, I've
got to get to the station early.

INT. KITCHEN

Maria is breaking eggs into frying pan.

JACK (V.O.)
Sunnyside up and don't break 'em.

Jack walks into the kitchen dressed in a policeman's uniform. He hangs his nightstick on his gun belt and sits at the table. Maria serves Jack his eggs. Jack picks up the dish and moves it around, inducing the soft eggs to quiver.

JACK
(laughing)
Look at 'em quiver. Just like
your boobs.

Maria is hurting...she picks at her food, takes a sip of coffee and lights a cigarette.

JACK
Speaking of boobs...Has my nephew
found a job yet? He's been here a
week and all he does is sleep and
eat.

MARIA
It's not easy for a young man without
an education to find a decent job.

JACK
If he doesn't find a job by the end
of the week I'll throw his ass out
on the street where he came from.

MARIA
How come you never told me you had
a nephew?

CONTINUED

JACK

He wasn't worth telling about. He was fifteen years old when his parents died. I tried to take care of him but he took off...now ten years later he shows up.

MARIA

I'll wake him up before I go to work. He has a job interview this morning.

JACK

(as he heads out the door)
Remember, no job...out he goes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Maria is putting the dishes away. She looks up at the wall clock.

MARIA

(yelling)
Primo, it's ten after seven...
Get up.

Annoyed at not getting a response, she walks out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

Maria comes to a partially opened door. She pushes it open and freezes...

INT. BEDROOM

The sun coming in through the window plays on PRIMO FERRARO'S naked body. Primo is twenty-five years old; handsome, tall, with black wavy hair and a muscular body. As if in a trance, Maria walks to the foot of the bed. Her eyes fill with the splendor of Primo's youthful body...her eyes close, her open mouth takes a deep breath. She turns and walks out of the room. She closes the door and loudly knocks on it.

MARIA

Primo, it's after seven...get up.

Primo (V.O.)

Thanks, Aunt Maria. I'm getting up.

CONTINUED

INT. KITCHEN

MARIA is scrambling eggs as Primo, dressed in a robe, walks in.

MARIA
Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes.

PRIMO
Do I have time for a shower first?

MARIA
Yes, but hurry or you'll be late for your interview and I'll be late for work.

PRIMO walks into the bathroom. MARIA is scrambling eggs. The sound of the shower forces her hand to stop. Her eyes are closed, she bites her lower lip. Slowly, she puts down the bowl and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Through the frosted shower doors, she stares at Primo's blurred body. Maria drops her robe and slides away one of the doors and steps into the tub, closing the door behind her.

PRIMO
Aunt Maria...what are you doing?
No, please don't.

Maria kneels in front of him, her frantic hands and mouth quickly turns Primo into a willing and eager victim. His hand grabs the top of the shower door. His knuckles turn white. Suddenly, her mouth abandons him as she lays down in the tub. The shower is raining on her face as she guides her nephew between her outstretched legs...

INT - FOYER

Jack comes in the front door and leaves it ajar. He walks into the kitchen and picks up the phone and dials.

JACK
Harry, I'm glad I caught you. My car died on me a few blocks from my house. I left it in a gas station and walked back home. Could you pick me up?
Thanks.

CONTINUED

Jack hangs up. He becomes aware of the running shower in the bathroom.

INT - BATHROOM

Under the shower the two bodies are moving in unison, unaware of the distorted figure coming closer to the frosted shower doors. Suddenly, there's the sound of broken glass mixed with the sound of running water and Maria's screams as Jack's nightstick comes crashing through the glass doors. Primo and Maria struggle to get up. They are slipping and sliding as the clubbing continues.

Primo manages to dodge most of the blows as he stands up. Jack drops the nightstick and pulls out his gun. Both of Primo's hands lock around the hand and the gun, forcing the mouth of the gun barrel to be turned on Jack's throat...the gun goes off...Jack slumps to the floor, dead. Primo goes to Maria's aid. Her head is crushed, she is dead...Primo cries.

HARRY (V.O.)
I'm here, Jack.

Primo picks up the nightstick and hides behind the bathroom door. HARRY, another middle-aged policeman, enters, attracted to the sound of the shower and the partially opened bathroom door. He investigates and sees the two bloodied bodies.

HARRY
Oh, my god!

INT. KITCHEN

Harry runs back into the kitchen and reaches for the wall phone. Primo comes out of the bathroom and hits Harry over the head with Jack's nightstick. Harry goes down.

Primo is in shock. He looks around and doesn't know what to do. He buries his face in his hands for a few seconds. Slowly he lifts his head and comes out of it.

He undresses Harry and carefully lays his clothes on a chair then drags Harry into the bathroom

INT. BATHROOM

Primo lifts Harry into the tub on top of Maria's body. As Primo turns to leave, the shower has revived Harry. He's dazed and

CONTINUED

keeps slipping as he tries to climb out of the tub. Primo hears him and picks up Jack's nightstick and clubs Harry to death.

Primo wipes the nightstick with his bathrobe, puts the nightstick near Jack, then walks around the kitchen wiping anything he remembers touching.

He walks into his bedroom and wipes doorknobs, drawer handles, etc...He strips the bed of sheets and pillowcases and puts them with the damp robe in a duffel bag. He makes the bed with fresh sheets and pillow cases.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Primo is waiting for the train. His stomach reacts to all that's happened. He walks to a trash basket and vomits. He boards the train.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL

Primo is coming up the subway escalator to the bus terminal. He walks to the public locker section...he inserts coins and opens the locker and stuffs his duffel bag inside and locks it. Primo walks to a bench, lights a cigarette and sits down. JOSH, a black man about twenty-five years old, walks toward Primo.

JOSH (V.O.)

I've been coming here every day at this time for a week...where the hell have you been?

PRIMO

Hello, Josh.

JOSH

Did they keep you for another week?

PRIMO

No, I got out a few days after you. I've been resting with a friend.

JOSH

You ain't back to hustling broads and gays?

CONTINUED

PRIMO
It's still the quickest way to get
a place to sleep. You got any
plans, Josh?

JOSH
All the plans I made in the can
ain't worth shit out here...

JOSH (cont.)
The first day out, I washed cars
for four dollars an hour...the
second day I washed dishes for
four dollars an hour.

PRIMO
Do better bun-holing daisies.

JOSH
Not anymore it ain't...Not with
all them AIDS going around.

PRIMO
I gotta pick up some money fast.

Josh pulls out a roll of bills.

JOSH
Here, take what you need.

Primo flips through the roll of bills.

PRIMO
There must be at least three thousand
here.

JOSH
Four.

Primo puts the roll back in Josh's pocket

PRIMO
Did you run into a Sugar Mamma?

JOSH
Better...a fat pig who lays golden
eggs.

PRIMO
Wanna tell me about it?

CONTINUED

JOSH

Well, after a couple of days of pissing against the wind I faced reality. I realized that among my people there are colored, blacks and niggers and it was time for me to face the fact that the shit finger of fate picked me to be a nigger.

PRIMO

What the hell are you saying?

JOSH

I'm saying that life is a huge prick that follows a nigger around, patiently waiting for him to drop the soap. And until I drop that soap, I'm going through life in style.

PRIMO

I hear you, Josh.

JOSH

You're a buzz-saw, Primo. I learned a lot from you. Those three years in the coop I studied you day and night. Never saw a dude turn the tide to his advantage like you. Now, I think like you.

Primo looks down at the floor.

PRIMO

I'm a nigger too, Josh. A white nigger. That's why you think like me.

JOSH

(studying Primo)

You're down man--Wanna lay on the couch?

CONTINUED

PRIMO

Watching all these people rushing to work brought back memories of my father. He was one of them...a briefcase in one hand and a newspaper under his arm. He would leave for work. 'Is Daddy coming back?' I would ask my mother. 'Of course he will, he belongs here.' She'd sit me on her lap and try to calm my fears... 'I go shopping and come back home. Because I belong here.' 'You go out to play and then you come home because you belong here.'

JOSH

You never talked about your parents before...

PRIMO

I was fifteen years old, it was a beautiful sunny day. I was helping my mother and father in the yard when a coked up sonofabitch ran his car through our fence, missing me by inches but killing my parents. I ran to the car, the driver wasn't hurt. I opened his door and smashed his face against the steering wheel, he died, the cops blamed it on the crash. That bastard took my whole world away. The happy world where I belonged.

JOSH

You lost big, man. I never belonged so I never missed it.

PRIMO

I'll shake it off.

JOSH

A witch doctor once told me, whenever you're down, jump on a two inch steak and a mug of beer.

Josh puts out his palm. Primo slaps it.

PRIMO

Let's go.

CONTINUED

EXT. 46th STREET AND 8TH AVENUE - DAY

PRIMO and JOSH WALK into a trendy restaurant at the corner. The DOORMAN stops them at the entrance.

DOORMAN

Sorry, you can't come in here without a jacket.

JOSH

Why? Is it cold in there?

PRIMO

Fuck him, Josh. There's a place across the street.

INT. JOE ALLEN'S RESTAURANT

This is a quiet, comfortable neighborhood watering hole & steakhouse. Primo and Jack are sitting in a booth drinking beer.

PRIMO

Wanna tell me about the golden eggs?

JOSH

This pig, and I mean pig, runs a couple of Auto Chop shops, takes any new model you drive into his shop. Instant bread.

PRIMO

What's the risk factor?

JOSH

Driving them there. Once inside, you're safe.

WAITER brings two sizzling steaks and leaves.

PRIMO

The cops ain't on to him?

JOSH

Sure they are. They visit him every week. They sit on his lap, he fills their stocking, and they leave.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
Anything else I should know?

JOSH
The oink is as tight as a nun's
cunt. He'll haggle price with every
delivery.

PRIMO
When do I meet him?

Josh writes down the address.

JOSH
It's all fixed. He expects you. Here's
the address.

Primo puts the address in his pocket.

PRIMO
I'll see him tomorrow. Where are you
staying?

Josh writes a second address, Primo takes it.

JOSH
With two cool chicks. Take this address
and a couple of hundred dollars and I'll
see you there tonight.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Primo is waiting for the train. TWO HISPANIC MEN approach
him...one WHISPERS to him.

PRIMO
I'm sure it's the best, man, but right
now I got a bad case of the shorts.

They smile and walk away as the train pulls into the station.
Primo boards it and sits down. He picks up a discarded newspaper
and reads. The next stop is 96th street. Primo gets out and
walks up the stairs to the street.

EXT. 99TH STREET - DAY

Primo checks address and walks into 215 West 99th street.

CONTINUED

INT. CORRIDOR

He walks up two flights of stairs and knocks on the door of 3C.

INT. INSIDE OF APARTMENT 3C

Hippie type furnishings, rock star posters. The T.V. is on. P.J. is a pretty, black girl about twenty years old, sitting at the kitchen table doing her nails.

P.J.
(calling out)
Someone at the door, Chita. Must be the friend Josh called about.

CHITA, a Puerto Rican girl, about twenty-two years old, wearing panties and a loose fitting T-shirt with large rips in strategic areas, walks out of her bedroom and opens the door.

CHITA
Hey wow! Santa finally answered my letter. I hope you came with batteries.

PRIMO
Hi...you must be Josh's friend.

Chita points to P.J.

CHITA
She is...
(turns back to Primo)
I'm your friend.

P.J. holds her hands in the air to dry.

P.J.
Hello Primo, make yourself at home.
What can my horny friend get you,
Coke, beer, coffee?

PRIMO
Coke will be fine.

CHITA
For your mouth or your nose?

Primo smiles and sits on couch.

PRIMO
In a glass with ice.

CONTINUED

P.J. rushes into her bedroom.

P.J.
You've got to excuse me, Primo. I've got a photo session and only a half hour to get there.

Chita brings a Coke to Primo and sits Indian fashion on the floor in front of him.

PRIMO
Are you both models?

CHITA
P.J. is. I'm a singer...and a damn good one.

P.J. starts to go out the door.

P.J.
Put a microphone in her hand and she'll freak you out.

CHITA is now on her knees resting her elbows on Primo's knees.

CHITA
How long have you known Josh?

PRIMO
Long enough to know he's a good man.

CHITA
From the sound of the bedsprings and P.J.'s moans and groans throughout the night, I'd say he's a very good man.

Chita slides her hand on Primo's crotch while she unbuckles his belt with the other.

PRIMO
I wish you wouldn't do that.

CHITA
(unzipping his pants)
Would you like to hear me sing?

PRIMO
Yeah...I'd like that. I'd like that very much.

CONTINUED

Chita's head goes down.

CHITA

I'll need a microphone.

Primo's eyes close. His head goes back as Chita's head becomes a blur.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight on Eyewitness News, two Police officers and one of the officer's wives are found dead in a Brooklyn apartment. Investigators suspect the husband killed his wife and her lover before turning the gun on himself. What is the truth behind this bizarre story police are calling the "triangle killings"? Tonight at four, five, six, and eleven--our exclusive report.

Primo opens his eyes and turns his head toward the T.V. set. ON THE TV, POLICE are CARRYING THREE BODY BAGS and putting them in an AMBULANCE.

Primo reacts to the TV. Chita lifts her head, a surprised expression on her face as she looks up at Primo then back at his crotch then back at him.

CHITA

What happened, your batteries run down?

PRIMO jumps up and zippers his pants.

PRIMO

Leave me alone.

Primo buckles his belt and angrily storms out the door.

EXT. BROADWAY AND 96th STREET - DAY

Primo walks along Broadway in a daze. He crosses to the center island of Broadway. Most of the benches are occupied by old people enjoying the afternoon sun. Primo sits on a bench, lights a cigarette and tries to relax. He feels a hand on his shoulder and jumps up.

CONTINUED

OLD LADY

Son, don't you know that smoking is bad for you?

Primo flips cigarette away.

PRIMO

Yeah, yeah.

Primo gets up and, in a fog, crosses the street and almost gets run over by a cab.

TAXI DRIVER

The lights, asshole! Watch the lights!

Primo continues down Broadway. The sidewalks are crowded, he keeps bumping into people.

EXT. BROADWAY - LATER

Primo sees a movie theatre, buys a ticket and walks in.

INT. THEATER

He settles into his seat and realizes it's a Korean speaking movie. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. BROADWAY - LATER

He continues his walk and sees another theatre. He checks the marquee and walks in.

INT. ANOTHER THEATER

He relaxes in his seat and half dozes off when he feels a hand on the inside of his thigh. Primo looks to his right and faces a WELL-DRESSED MAN who smiles at him.

Primo faces the screen while he puts his hand on top of the man's hand...stroking it gently. Suddenly, both of Primo's hands grab the Man's hand and, in a lightening move, breaks the man's fingers. There's a blood curdling scream as the man falls between the seats, writhing in pain. The people in the audience leave their seats to see what's going on as Primo walks out of the theatre.

CONTINUED

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS SUBURB - NIGHT

The front porch of a single family home. Richard Bevens is about twenty-five years old, blonde, handsome. He has read and is throwing down the newspaper on the porch steps. The headlines are of the triangle killings. Bevens is looking into space. Tears are rolling down cheeks. The front screen door opens, Bevens MOTHER, about fifty-five years old, walks out. Bevens wipes away tears as his mother is picking up the newspaper from the steps.

MOTHER

Richard, the wind is going to blow the newspaper all over the yard, what's the matter with you?

BEVENS

I'm sorry, Mom.

She turns and goes back into the house.

MOTHER

I'm going back to bed. My back is acting up again. I've left a list of things I need from the store.

BEVENS

I'll get them on my way back from work in the morning.

Bevens sits on the porch steps, lights a cigarette and thinks for a few seconds. He flips the cigarette out on the lawn and walks back into the house.

INT. BEVENS' BEDROOM - LATER

Bevens enters his bedroom, sits on the edge of the bed as tears start down his face again. He wipes his eyes and walks to the closet. He takes his police uniform and lays it out on the bed.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Bevens, now in his patrolman's uniform, gets into his car and drives off.

EXT. 46th STREET AND 8th AVENUE - DAY

Primo walks into the Joe Allen's Bar & Restaurant.

CONTINUED

INT. JOE ALLEN'S RESTAURANT

He orders a beer. Soon the bar gets crowded with the after-work crowd. The television news is reporting the triangle killings.

EXT. 46th STREET AND 8th AVENUE

Primo leaves and starts walking again. He walks into a deli and buys a six-pack of beer. The sidewalk crowds are thinning, the bums and bag ladies are staking their claims to the doorways for the night.

Primo walks to a boarded-up store doorway and sits down. Next to him is an OLD BAG LADY who pays no attention to him. As Primo snaps open a can of beer he feels the old lady's eyes on him.

PRIMO

Want a beer?

The old lady nods her head. Primo opens another can and hands it to her. Soon, they are joined by an OLD BLACK DERELICT who gently squeezes his way between them and sits down. The old man's eyes become glued to the beer in Primo's hand. Primo gives him a can. Soon, they are out of beer.

PRIMO

Save my spot, I'm going for more beer.
Are you guys hungry?

They both nod their heads.

EXT. 27th PRECINCT POLICE STATION - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. POLICE STATION MEN'S ROOM

Richard Bevens walks into the men's room. A COP is combing his hair and talking to ANOTHER COP who's in a stall.

1ST COP

I can't figure people out. Jack and Harry were good friends. And then this happens.

CONTINUED

2ND COP

When it comes to pussy, friendship goes out the window. What I don't understand is how a handsome guy like Harry goes for someone like Jack's wife?

1ST COP

My old man used to say, 'A hole is a hole, even if its in a cow.

Close up of Bevens' face. A sad expression on his face. He turns and goes out the door.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josh walks in. P.J. and Chita are watching T.V.

JOSH

Where's Primo?

P.J.

He came this morning and--

CHITA

(interrupting)

--The hell he did. Right in the middle of an oil change he ups and zooms out the door.

EXT. 8th AVENUE - NIGHT

Bag lady and Old Derelict make room as Primo approaches them carrying a paper bag.

PRIMO

I hope you like roast beef.

Primo sits between them and passes out the sandwiches and beer. The old lady starts to mumble.

PRIMO

What's she doing?

DERELICT

She's saying grace.

CONTINUED

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Chief of Detectives, LIEUTENANT SIMMS, is discussing the triangle case with his aides, DETECTIVE PETRO and DETECTIVE SMITH.

SIMMS

In all my years on the force, I've never closed the book on a case as quickly as this one.

DET. SMITH

All the pieces fit.

SIMMS

Let's go get some breakfast.

As the trio leaves Simms' office, a PATROLMAN RICHARD BEVENS stops Lt. Simms.

BEVENS

Lieutenant, I'd like to discuss the triangle case with you.

SIMMS

Look Bevens, we've been at it all night, we're beat. Let's give it a rest.

BEVENS

Yes, sir.

EXT. 8th AVENUE - MORNING

Primo has passed out. His head is resting on one of the old lady's shopping bags. The Derelict is curled up in the corner asleep. The Old lady has a beer in her hand and is looking into space. The area is littered with empty beer cans.

The city is waking up. Early birds are going to work. NANCY McCALL; a pretty girl, about nineteen years old, stops in front of Primo, gives him a look of pity, and continues on her way to work, shaking her head.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Josh is sitting on the edge of the bed smoking and looking at his watch. P.J. is under the covers.

P.J.

Stop with the worry.

CONTINUED

JOSH

It's six AM. Where the hell can he be?

P.J. sits up and starts kissing Josh's back, neck.

P.J.

He's probably shacking up, doing what we're going to do now.

JOSH

We already did.

P.J. pulls him down in bed.

P.J.

That was two hours ago...Stop living in the past.

INT. POLICE CAFETERIA - DAY

Lt. Simms, Det. Smith and Det. Petro are sitting at a table having breakfast. Richard Bevens is carrying a tray and looking for a seat.

SIMMS

Hey, Bevens! There's room for you here.

BEVENS

Thanks, lieutenant.

SIMMS

I'm sorry I cut you short upstairs but this whole thing has all of us in the dumps.

BEVENS

(sitting down)

I understand lieutenant.

SIMMS

What did you want to talk to me about?

BEVENS

I think there's more to this tragedy.

CONTINUED

(

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DET. PETRO

We've looked at it from every angle
and the answer comes out the same.

BEVENS

I know that I'm just a rookie, but I
was wondering...

DET. SMITH

You looking to play Columbo?

BEVENS

Harry Sullivan was responsible for me
being on the force. He taught me a lot.
I owe him some of my time, and being
that I'm on the night shift for the
next two weeks I've got the days free.

SIMMS

I understand, Bevens. With the exception
of the bodies, everything else in the
Ferraro apartment is intact. The keys
are in my desk. Go to it.

Bevens gets up to leave.

BEVENS

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Lt. Simms watches Bevens leave.

SIMMS

Every cop should be like him.

EXT. 8th AVENUE - DAY

The rush hour is on, the sidewalks are overflowing with people,
the automobile traffic is bumper to bumper, taxi drivers are
leaning on their horns.

PRIMO wakes up. His two friends are gone. He gets up and joins
the sidewalk parade. A small crowd has gathered in front of a
luncheonette window where a cook is flipping pancakes. Primo
watches for a minute and walks into the luncheonette.

INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Primo bypasses the tables and walks to the counter. He straddles
the stool and finds a hot cup of coffee in front of him. He

CONTINUED

looks up into a pretty face smiling at him. It is NANCY (the girl who noticed him sleeping in doorway earlier).

PRIMO

That's service...thank you.

NANCY

That's my name, "Service" McCall.

Primo's eyes follow her every move as she waits on other customers. As he takes his first sip of coffee she returns.

NANCY

Have you decided what you want for breakfast?

PRIMO

Er-r-I haven't looked at the menu yet.

NANCY

(smiling)

What have you been looking at?

PRIMO

I was looking at your hair. It's nice.

NANCY

(smiles again)

Sure you were. How about pancakes and sausages?

PRIMO

Yeah, that sounds good.

Primo's eyes continue to follow her. As he lights a cigarette she comes back with breakfast.

NANCY

What's your name?

PRIMO

Primo, Primo Ferraro.

NANCY

My name is Nancy...now hurry up and eat.

Primo eats but his eyes do not leave Nancy. She soon comes back and looks at his empty plate.

CONTINUED

NANCY
You were really hungry.

PRIMO
That was a good breakfast Nancy.

NANCY
(looks around)
I'm glad, breakfast is on the house.
Now beat it before the boss comes in.

PRIMO
But I....

NANCY
(stern)
Beat it! Shoo! Go on...

Primo backs off the stool.

PRIMO
Sure, thanks.

Primo heads for the door. He looks back to see Nancy's eyes pushing him out the door.

INT. "PIG'S" BODY SHOP - DAY

MARTY, fifty years old, pot bellied, filthy, is sitting behind a broken down desk eating a danish and drinking coffees. JOSH walks into the office.

MARTY
Any luck on that Buick?

Josh begins opening a container of coffee.

JOSH
I've been looking. I'll probably
lasso one today.

EXT. 52nd STREET - DAY

PRIMO is walking along 52nd Street. He stops to light a cigarette and sees TWO MEN taking a large T.V. set out of the trunk of a new Toyota. The engine is running and the trunk is open. The two men carrying the set walk into a TV repair shop.

CONTINUED

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

MARTY

Where's your friend?

Josh is on the way out the door.

JOSH

He'll be in to see you today. Tell
him I'll meet him in front of Mickey
Mantle's Restaurant at three o'clock.EXT. WEST 57th STREET - DAY

Primo is driving the stolen Toyota across 57th Street when a police car behind him gives him a short blast on his siren and signals Primo to pull over. Primo pulls over to the curb and stops. The police car slowly pulls along side of him. Primo puts the car in gear, ready to pull away, when the cop sticks his head out and yells at Primo.

COP

Hey kid, your trunk door is open.

Primo sighs in relief. He waves thanks to the cop as the police car drives away.

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Marty is chewing out one of his workers.

MARTY

Hey, jerk off, you ain't demolishing a
building, you're stripping a car...
every part is going to be reused.

Marty is interrupted by a blast of a horn.

MARTY

Jose, open the garage door.

JOSE pushes a button, the garage door opens and a new Toyota comes barreling in. Primo gets out of the car as the garage door closes behind him.

Primo walks over to the only one resembling a pig.

PRIMO

Are you Marty?

CONTINUED

MARTY

Who are you?

PRIMO

I'm Josh's friend. I brought you a new set of wheels.

MARTY

You finally got here. What's your name again?

PRIMO

Primo.

MARTY

Primo what?

PRIMO

Just Primo.

MARTY

All right, "Just Primo", wait in my office while I check out the car.

INT. OFFICE

Primo walks into the filthy room. The walls are covered with outdated calendars with pictures of asses and tits. The furniture is old and smudged with grease. The desk is covered with soiled bills and a cookie tin full of cigarette butts. Next to it is a pack of CAMEL CIGARETTES. Primo takes one and puts the pack in his pocket. Marty walks into the office.

MARTY

Six hunnert bucks.

PRIMO

The bumpers alone are worth more than that.

Marty rummages through the papers on his desk.

MARTY

Now where the fuck did I put my cigarettes?

Primo takes the Camels out of his pocket.

PRIMO

CONTINUED

Here, have one of mine.

Marty takes a cigarette out of the pack and gives the pack back to Primo.

MARTY

Thanks. I see you smoke Camels too.
That means we're going to get along.

PRIMO

Not on six hundred bucks.

MARTY

Look kid, I've got more chopped-up
Toyotas than McDonalds has chopped
meat. Here, take a thousand or get
that heap out of here.

Primo takes the money and puts it in his pocket. Marty smiles and pats Primo on the back.

MARTY

Next time bring me what I need.

PRIMO

I'm a thief, not a mind reader.

Marty picks up a clip board and goes down a list.

MARTY

I need a Mercedes Limo...can you handle
it?

PRIMO

Got any advice?

MARTY

Central Park South.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Primo is walking downtown through Central Park, smoking a cigarette and watching the joggers and sun worshipers.

GIRL (V.O.)

Mister, would you care to contribute
to the Black People Fund.

CONTINUED

Primo turns and sees a YOUNG BLACK GIRL holding an open cigar box stuffed with bills. He takes out his roll and puts a dollar in the box and starts to walk away when he notices the young girl take the dollar bill out of the box and wave it high in the air. Primo figures it's a signal of some sort.

PRIMO

Oh shit.

He turns and sees TWO DALLAS COWBOY REJECTS walk toward him.

1st REJECT

Hey, brother Pussy...hold on there.

2nd REJECT

With all that money in your pocket, all you give little sister is a dollar?

1st REJECT

Hey, Jesse...It's obvious this boy don't like black folk.

One of the men reaches for Primo's pocket.

2nd REJECT

Let's see how many slices o' bread you have in that roll.

Primo leaps in the air, his left foot buries itself in one man's crotch making the sound of crushing grapes while his right hand digs his lighted cigarette in the other man's eye. The two Rejects roll on the ground screaming. Spectators look in horror as Primo vanishes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

Primo approaches Josh who's waiting in front of the MICKEY MANTLE RESTAURANT.

JOSH

Did you see Marty?

PRIMO

Yeah, he gave me an order for a Nazi chariot.

JOSH

Let's walk over to Seventh Avenue and get something to eat.

CONTINUED

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - THE PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Primo and Josh are walking along Central Park South. A black Mercedes Limo stops in front of the PLAZA HOTEL. MR. ANTHONY TROTTI; about sixty-eight years old, grey hair with an air of class about him, gets out, followed by THREE ROUGH LOOKING MEN, the most powerful of these is FROG.

DOORMAN

Good afternoon, Mr. Trotti. I'll have the valet drive your car to the Garage.

FROG

The keys are inside. Tell the kid to be careful with it.

ANGLE ON PRIMO AND JOSH

JOSH

Primo, you know who that grey haired dude is? That's Tony Trotti, the Godfather to the Godfathers. Concrete steps crumble when he walks on them. Just looking at him makes my knees clap.

PRIMO

It's a beautiful Mercedes, just what I need. Stay back, Josh, I'm gonna roadtest it.

JOSH

Are you crazy? You're asking for the last rites.

PRIMO

Mussolini once said, "It's better to live one day as a lion than a lifetime as a sheep."

JOSH

And look what happened to him. They stretched his balls from a rope.

Primo heads for the Mercedes.

PRIMO

That's because he was Italian. I'm a Sicilian.

CONTINUED

Primo nonchalantly gets behind the wheel of the Mercedes and leaves a cloud of smoke as he makes a U-turn and burns rubber toward the west side of town.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

CUT TO COLUMBUS CIRCLE. Traffic is crawling. Primo has the limo snaking in and out of the traffic like a skier on a slalom course.

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

The garage doors open and Marty's eyes pop as the black Mercedes glides in.

Primo gets out of the car. Marty ignores him and opens the limo door and looks at the dashboard.

MARTY

Did you bust this out of a showroom?
It's only got sixty miles on it.

Marty cups his hands around his mouth and yells at a group of workers at the far end of the shop.

MARTY

Come and get it.

About a half dozen chop artists, armed with wrenches and screwdrivers come running. One man jumps behind the steering wheel and, at a snail's pace, drives it to the other end of the shop while a hungry pack of men eat away at the black beauty's body.

Marty puts his arm around Primo.

MARTY

Come into my office.

INT. OFFICE

Marty opens Primo's hand and slaps a pile of bills on it.

MARTY

Two big ones kid. You're a
thousandaire now.

Primo lays the money on the desk.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

You paid me a thousand for the Toyota.
The Mercedes is worth at least four
times that...so you owe me four thousand.

MARTY

(starting to laugh)
Four thousand? Follow me kid.

INT. SHOP

They walk out to the shop. Marty points to the skeleton that a few minutes ago was the Black Mercedes.

MARTY

(laughing)
You wanna take it back?

Marty stops laughing, his eyes are glued to the monkey wrench in Primo's hand. Marty has a frightened smile on his face.

MARTY

Whoa kid, take it easy. I just wanted
to see how much you've grown up since
this morning.

Marty counts another thousand and lays it on top of the two thousand. He looks at Primo who still has the wrench in his hand. Marty counts out another thousand.

MARTY

Ok, this makes four.

Primo picks up the money.

PRIMO

I'm gonna drop the wrench Marty.
If you jump me you better kill me,
cause if I live I'm gonna blow up this
shit house with you in it.

Marty smiles and extends his hand.

MARTY

(extending his hand)
You know something, I believe you.

Primo drops the wrench and they shake.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

Any other orders you want filled?

There's a commotion in the shop, men are arguing.

MARTY

Wait in my office, I've got asses to kick.

Primo walks back into the office, counts his money and stuffs most of it in his sock. The argument in the shop gets louder. Primo opens the office door. Marty has a tire iron in his hand as he yells at one of his workers.

MARTY

You call me that...you low life spic. If you're not out of here in ten seconds, I'll split your head open.

RAUL

I go, but I get even you fat shit.

PRIMO

You ought to build a ring in here.

MARTY

Fuckin spick...come inside the office. I got a plum job for you. It's not for the chopping block, it's a special order from South America. You glam it, I wrap it up with a pretty ribbon and float it down to pampas land.

PRIMO

You want an army tank?

MARTY

A brand new Ferrari. You'll walk your ass off but the money is good.

PRIMO

How good?

MARTY

Four k's.

PRIMO

Six.

CONTINUED

MARTY
Five.

PRIMO
Six.

MARTY
(smiling)
That's what I said, Six.

EXT. NANCY'S LUNCHEONETTE - EVENING

NANCY is wiping the counter. She sees Primo walk in. She heads him off.

NANCY
Beat it. The boss is here. I'm
through in a few minutes. I'll see
you outside.

PRIMO
But...but...

NANCY
Get out of here, damn it. Go.

Primo is bewildered. He walks outside, leans against a mailbox and lights a cigarette. The rush hour is in full bloom. Soon Nancy comes out.

NANCY
Hi.

PRIMO
Finished for the day?

NANCY
Not yet, I still have three hours of
acting class.

PRIMO
You're an actress?

She hands him a paper bag.

NANCY
Not yet, but I will be. Here, this
is for you.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

What is it?

NANCY

A ham and cheese sandwich. Primo, you've got to stop coming into the restaurant for a handout. You're going to lose me my job. Now I've got to rush to class.

PRIMO

Nancy, you don't understand.

NANCY

Maybe I don't, but if sleeping in doorways with bums and bag ladies is your chosen lifestyle, I feel sorry for you.

PRIMO

I'd like to explain...mind if I walk you to school?

Nancy walks away.

NANCY

Yes, I do mind. Goodbye.

PRIMO

(yelling after her)

Will you be there for breakfast tomorrow morning?

NANCY

(turning away, angry)

Don't you dare.

CUT TO JOSH'S APARTMENT. JOSH and P.J. are in bed. P.J. is straddling Josh. There's a KNOCK on the door.

JOSH

Someone's at the door.

P.J.

Fuck em.

JOSH

It can't be Chita, she's got a key.
It must be Primo.

CONTINUED

P.J. dismounts.

P.J.
Don't move and keep the motor running.
I'll be right back.

P.J. walks to the front door naked.

P.J.
Who is it?

PRIMO
It's me, Primo.

P.J. opens the door, turns her back to Primo and walks back to the bedroom. Josh comes out of the bedroom with a sheet wrapped around him.

P.J.
Didn't I tell you not to move.

She walks into the bedroom and slams the door.

JOSH
Where the hell have you been?

PRIMO
Got a beer?

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy enters, carrying a bag of groceries. PATRICIA, her roommate, dressed in a nurses uniform, is getting ready to go to work.

NANCY
Where are you going? I need a sympathetic ear.

PATRICIA
I'm on the night shift for the next two weeks. I hate the night shift. For that matter I hate the day shift. 'Marry a rich man' my mother used to say. But do I listen?
(she looks at her watch)
All right, you have ten minutes of my undivided attention, where does it hurt?

CONTINUED

NANCY

Well, this morning the hunkiest hunk came in for breakfast. Tall, black wavy hair, big doe eyes and a body you'd want to dip in bronze and I knew right away that he liked me.

PATRICIA

And you want sympathy?

NANCY

(drop kicking a roll of toilet paper)
He's a homeless derelict. A bum.
A panhandler.

PATRICIA

I can't wait for the punchline.

NANCY

It's not a joke. It's true. I had seen him earlier, sleeping in a doorway with a bag lady.

PATRICIA

Oh, my god...what did you do.

NANCY

I sneaked him breakfast and chased him away. I found myself thinking about him all day and a few minutes before quitting time he showed up again.

PATRICIA

I hope you didn't...

NANCY

Yep...I brought him out a sandwich.

PATRICIA

You've got a racoon on you're hands. As long as you feed him, he'll keep coming back.

Nancy hugs a box of corn flakes, closes her eyes and smiles.

NANCY

Really?

CONTINUED

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

RAUL (from the body shop) has phone in one hand and reading from an auto registration in the other.

RAUL

Is this the home of Anthony Trotti?

INT. TROTTI HOME - NIGHT

A few men are lounging around a living room. Man with FROG VOICE is on the phone.

FROG

Yeah, this is the place.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

RAUL

I know who stole your limo.

INT. TROTTI HOME

FROG

Good man. Where are you? Stay there, we'll be right over with some cash for you.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

Raul is hanging up the phone and smiling.

RAUL

I told you I'd get even...fat shit.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOSH

That was the craziest stunt I've ever seen. Ain't like you without a good reason.

PRIMO

(drinking beer)

Stop fretting Josh, everything turned out fine. What I need is some sleep.

CONTINUED

JOSH
 You look beat man. Why don't you sack
 out in Chita's bed. She won't be home
 until dawn.

Primo flips the empty beer bottle to Josh and walks toward
 Chita's bedroom.

PRIMO
 See you in the morning Josh.

Josh puts the empty beer bottle in the garbage can and lights a
 cigarette.

P.J.(V.O.)
 I'm waiting.

Josh puts out the cigarette.

JOSH
 Oh god, have mercy on me.

EXT. 99th STREET - IN FRONT OF JOSH'S BUILDING - DAY

It is dawn. A car pulls up, the passenger door opens and a
 beautiful leg steps out. Suddenly it's jerked back into the car.

MAN(V.O.)
 Watta you mean goodnight? Ain'tcha
 gonna invite me in?

INT. CAR

A MAN has CHITA by the arm.

CHITA
 I'm tired, call me sometime.

The Man releases her arm and grabs here by the hair.

MAN
 I spend a bundle on you and you leave
 me hanging? No fucking way, bitch.

Like a flash, Chita has the point of a switchblade resting on the
 man's throat.

CHITA
 You let go of my hair and I won't
 make another mouth in your neck.

CONTINUED

The man lets go of Chita's hair. Chita backs out of the car, using the knife as a shield.

EXT. 99th STREET

CHITA

Go home and play with yourself.

She steps back on the sidewalk, lifts her skirt and flashes him.

CHITA

Think of this while you're doing it.

She runs up the steps as the car screeches away.

INT. APARTMENT

Chita comes into the apartment, kicks off her shoes and walks into her bedroom. She turns on a dim light and a smile comes to her face as she sees Primo sleeping in her bed. She quickly undresses, pulls back the covers and goes back to the oil change. Primo wakes up but does not fight it. Suddenly the door opens.

JOSH

Primo, get up...problems.

Primo gets up, leaving Chita with her mouth open.

CHITA

I can't believe this.

PRIMO

What's the matter Josh?

JOSH

I got a call from one of the guys at the shop. A couple of guys with bats used the pig's head for a baseball. He's at St. Luke's Hospital.

PRIMO

So, what's that got to do with us?

JOSH

Not us, you.

PRIMO

Me?

CONTINUED

JOSH
Marty wants to see you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Primo and Josh walk into Marty's room. The nurse leaves. Marty's head is in bandages, both eyes are black and blue.

PRIMO
Who did this to you, Marty?

MARTY
The same guys that are going to do it to you. They're looking for you and I hope they find you, you son of a bitch.

PRIMO
You really don't feel that way Marty. You called me here to warn me, right?

MARTY
Yeah, you're right kid, how could you have known.

PRIMO
Known what, Marty?

MARTY
The Mercedes you lifted belonged to Tony Trotti.

JOSH
(winks at Primo)
Holy shit. Even the Marines piss in their pants when he walks by.

PRIMO
Thanks, Marty. I owe you.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Primo and Josh are walking out of the hospital.

JOSH
Tony Trotti. He feeds his men razor blades with their cereal every morning. This is serious man, what are you gonna do?

CONTINUED

PRIMO
I'm gonna buy some new clothes.

JOSH
You wanna be buried in style?

INT. LUNCHEONETTE - DAY

Nancy is serving a customer and almost spills the coffee at the sight of Primo walking toward the counter. He looks like he just stepped out of GO Magazine.

NANCY
Oh my God, where did you get those clothes?

Primo sits at the counter.

PRIMO
Well, the suit was a handout from Brooks Brothers, the shoes were a handout from Gucci and the shirt and...

NANCY
(angry)
Stop it.

PRIMO
Nancy, I owe you an explanation. How about having dinner at Rocky Lees after work?

NANCY
But I'm not dressed. I mean you're...

PRIMO
I'll put on other clothes if it'll make you feel more comfortable.

NANCY
No, No...don't do that. I'll be there.

EXT. ROCKEY LEES - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. ROCKY LEES

Primo and Nancy are sitting in a booth.

CONTINUED

NANCY
You were going to explain about
yesterday?

PRIMO
I lost a bet to a friend and sleeping
one night with derelicts was my punishment.
But it was worth it.

NANCY
How's that?

PRIMO
Because of it I met a beautiful girl
with a big heart.

EXT. PLAYGROUND HANDBALL COURT - DAY

Primo and Josh are playing. They stop and take a break. They walk to an ice cream truck and order. A half dozen black kids watch, salivating. Josh notices them.

JOSH
You kids want ice cream? C'mon.

The ICE CREAM MAN passes out ice cream to the kids. Josh walks away.

JOSH
Pay the man, Primo.

Primo pays. The kids are waving to Josh.

KID
Thanks, mister.

PRIMO
What the hell are you thanking him
for?

Primo and Josh sit on a bench eating their ice cream.

JOSH
I still can't figure out what to do
with your bones after the Trotti men
finish chewin' on em.

PRIMO
Oh yeah, Trotti. I'd forgotten
about him.

CONTINUED

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patricia is dressed in her nurse's uniform getting ready to leave for work. Nancy is straightening up the living room.

PATRICIA

Are you putting me on? One day he's a racoon begging for a handout and the next day--"poof"--he's a knight in a three piece suit.

NANCY

(her eyes closed, smiling)
Don't talk too loud, I might wake up.
(looks at her watch)
He should be here any minute.

Patricia picks up her shoulder bag and heads for the door.

PATRICIA

I would love to see this figment, but bedpans await me.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside the apartment, the elevator door opens. Primo walks out. Patricia walks in. She holds the elevator door open to see where he's going. Primo rings Nancy's door buzzer. Pat sighs and goes back into the elevator.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT

Nancy opens the door for Primo.

NANCY

(nervous)

Hi!

PRIMO

(nervous)

Hi!

NANCY

Would you like to sit down?

PRIMO

Er...where do you want me to sit?

CONTINUED

NANCY
Oh...anywhere, yes, anywhere is fine.

PRIMO
Would you like to go to the movies?

NANCY
Not really...but if you...

PRIMO
No...No...are you hungry?

NANCY
not just now...but if you...

PRIMO
No...No.

NANCY
Why don't we just stay here, talk, watch
T.V. and maybe we can order a pizza.

PRIMO
(relaxed)
Yeah, yeah, that sounds good. Do you
play cards?

NANCY
No, but I play checkers

PRIMO
Josh and I played a lot of checkers when
we were...er...r...kids.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Primo and Nancy are relaxing on the rug playing checkers.

NANCY
You're good, Primo. Anywhere I move I'm
trapped. Oh well, here--
(moves checker)
--Jump me.

Primo looks at the checkers then looks at Nancy.

NANCY
(smiling)
Go ahead, Primo, jump me.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
Are you sure you want me to jump you?

NANCY
Of course I want you yo jump me...I wan--

Suddenly it dawns on Nancy how the conversation has two meanings. She is embarrassed. Primo moves closer to Nancy and gently kisses her. The Door buzzer rings.

NANCY
It must be the man with the pizza.

PRIMO
I'll take care of it.

Primo opens the door, receives the pizza and pays the DELIVERY MAN.

PRIMO
Thanks, and keep the change.

The Delivery Man looks at the big tip and smiles at Primo.

DELIVERY MAN
Hey, thanks a lot...Next time ask for me, Mike.

PRIMO
Okay, Mike.

INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN

They are sitting at the table eating pizza.

NANCY
(bashful)
That was a nice kiss, Primo.

PRIMO
I'll give you another one after we finish the pizza.

NANCY
How about one after every slice?

Primo smiles and starts cutting the pizza into more and more and thinner and thinner slices.

CONTINUED

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF TROTTI MANSION - DAY

Taxi drops Primo off at the front door. Sitting in a rocking chair near the door is a GOON.

GOON
Can I help you?

PRIMO
I want to see Mr. Trotti.

GOON
Just like that, you wanna see Mr. Trotti. Who the hell are you?

PRIMO
I'm the guy who stole his limo.

GOON
You what? Wait right there.

Primo sits in a rocking chair and is admiring the landscape. The front door opens and FOUR MEN come out, one of them is FROG. Primo doesn't get up.

FROG
What's your name, kid?

PRIMO.
Primo Fer--

Primo doesn't finish. Frog's fist lands on the side of his head, sending Primo and the rocking chair down the two steps to the driveway. Frog walks down the two steps and picks Primo up by the lapels.

FROG
You gotta speak louder...I didn't hear you. What's your name?

V.O.
Leave him alone.

Standing in the doorway is the power behind the power, Anthony Trotti.

CONTINUED

FROG

But Mr. Trotti, this is the punk that
glammed our limo.

TROTTI

And instead of running away from a
burning house he ran back in to put
the fire out. Bring him to the den.
I want to talk to him alone.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - DEN

Anthony Trotti, emperor of the tri-state area, walks into his
den. Primo follows him.

TROTTI

Close the door behind you.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - FOYER

The door to the den closes. The men look at each other baffled.
Frog walks over to BETTINA, a beautiful, regal looking woman
about thirty-five years old who has been watching the
proceedings.

FROG

I can't believe what just happened.

BETTINA

Has my father ever been wrong?

FROG

I guess you're right, Bettina.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

JOSH

I should have gone with him. He's been
gone three hours. Why the hell doesn't
he call?

P.J.

There's no phones at the bottom of the
East River.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - DEN - DAY

Trotti and Primo are in the den. Trotti picks up the phone and
presses a button.

CONTINUED

TROTTI
Bettina, will you come in here.

Bettina enters.

TROTTI
Bettina, this is Primo Ferraro.

BETTINA
How do you do.

TROTTI
Bettina is not only my daughter, she's
my left and right arm. Bettina will you
tell Giacomo I want to see him.

BETTINA
Yes Poppa. Nice to meet you Primo.

Bettina leaves. Trotti lights up a cigarette.

TROTTI
Giacamo is one of my top five men. I
trust him with my life.

Giacamo Frattano walks in.

TROTTI
Giacamo, say hello to Primo Ferraro.

Giacamo extends his hand.

GIACAMO
Hello Primo.

PRIMO
Glad to meet you Giacomo.

TROTTI
Primo is one of us now. I want to
take him under your wing and explain
to him all that needs to be explained.
I have marked him special material and
he will answer only to me and Bettina.

GIACAMO
I understand.

CONTINUED

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh answers the door. Primo comes in. Josh makes a dash for the phone and picks it up.

JOSH
Cancel the funeral arrangements for
one Primo Ferraro.

Primo smiles and takes a beer out of the fridge.

JOSH
I'm going to stick a beeper on your ass.

PRIMO
No need for that buddy. From now on
we'll be marching together to the
music of the great maestro Anthony
Trotti.

JOSH
What the hell do you mean "we" white
man. In that group I'd stick out
like a coconut tree in Central Park.

PRIMO
(smiling)
If I can be a nigger, you can be a
Sicilian.

JOSH
Maybe you're right. After all, what
is a Sicilian but a strong African
swimmer.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

THE NEXT DAY. BEVENS walks into LIEUTENANT SIMMS office.

SIMMS
Hello, Bevens. Come up with anything?

BEVENS
I didn't know if Jack Ferraro's
nightstick was dusted for prints so...

Lt. Simms interrupts Bevens.

CONTINUED

SIMMS

Now why the hell would we do that?

BEVENS

I'm sorry Lieutenant. I didn't know if you had so I did.

SIMMS

And for your troubles you were rewarded with a perfect set of Jack Ferraro's fingerprints.

BEVENS

No sir. There were no prints. The nightstick had been wiped clean.

SIMMS

Are you pulling my chain, Bevens?

Bevens hands Simms a sheet of paper.

BEVENS

No sir. Here's the lab report.

Simms looks at the report.

SIMMS

Your amateur sleuthing just opened up a keg of shit. Maybe us hotshots have been on the job too long.

BEVENS

It may not be important, but there's something else you should know.

SIMMS

You got another nail for my coffin?

BEVENS

As I said, it may not be important, but the bed in the guest room and the bed in the master bedroom were not made up by the same person.

SIMMS

How the hell did you figure that out?

CONTINUED

BEVENS

The sheets in the guest room were tucked under the mattress, in hospital corner fashion, the sheets on the other bed were not.

Simms picks up the phone and presses a button.

SIMMS

Get Smith and Petro in here.

Simms sits back in his chair and thinks for a few seconds. He picks up the phone again.

SIMMS

Forget Smith and Petro.

Simms gets up from his chair and puts a hand on Bevens' shoulder.

SIMMS

Bevens, you're seeing things through fresh eyes. I'm going to ask the Chief to take you off patrol for a while and into plain clothes. I want you to stick to this case...alone.

BEVENS

I'll do my best sir.

EXT. TROTTI MANSION - PATIO - DAY

Trotti, Giacamo, and Lavelli (another of Trotti's trusted aides) are having lunch out on the patio.

LAVELLI

I'm not being disrespectful and I'm not questioning your judgment. This young man Primo walked into our midst and you quickly drew him to your breast. What do we know about him? Where did he come from?

GIACAMO

Yes Signori, how do we know he's not an undercover Sbirru or a secret federal agent?

CONTINUED

TROTTI
(smiles)

In my little village in Sicily, each time the Sbirri walked through our streets, every dog in town would bark. I too am like the Sicilian dogs. I can smell a Sbirru a mile away. No my friends, Primo Ferraro is not a Sbirru. He is a young man who has finally found his people. I feel confident that in time you too will draw him to your breast

EXT. TROTTI HOUSE - DAY

Trotti and Primo are in the Boccie Ball court. Trotti is teaching Primo the game. We see Trotti showing Primo how to hold and roll the ball. Primo rolls the wooden ball and makes contact with the balls on the far end of the court. Trotti puts his hand out to congratulate Primo but Primo teaches the old dog something new. Primo takes Trotti's hand and faces it, palm up. Primo then slaps it. They laugh as they walk to the far end of the court. Bettina watches them from her window.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Trotti and Primo are sitting at the patio table playing gin rummy. They each have a basket of walnuts. Also on the table is a gallon of red wine and two partially filled glasses. Primo throws a card. Trotti picks it up and lays his hand down. Primo takes the last of his walnuts and pays off Trotti who laughs and fills the two glasses of wine. They toast as Bettina watches them through the French doors.

EXT. VEGETABLE GARDEN - DAY

Trotti is showing Primo how to stake tomato plants. Primo is now driving the stakes into the ground and tying the three foot tomato plants to them. The sun is hot and both men are sweating but enjoying every minute of it. The twelve rows of tomato plants have been staked. They walk back to the patio where Bettina is waiting with lemonade. Suddenly, Trotti holds his stomach. He is in pain, his legs buckle. Primo grabs him.

PRIMO
Bettina, call the doctor.

CONTINUED

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Primo, Giacomo and Lavelli are pacing the floor. Bettina and Doctor Stanton come down the stairs.

LAVELLI

How is he, doctor?

DR. STANTON

I've given him a sedative. The pain has subsided. I've called for a private ambulance to take him to the hospital for a few days. I want to take a few tests.

BETTINA

Primo, Poppa wants to see you.

Primo double steps his way up the stairs and walks into Trotti's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Trotti is resting in bed. Primo walks to his side. Trotti takes Primo's hand.

TROTTI

The ambulance is on its way. I'll be gone for a few days.

PRIMO

I'll follow you in my car.

Trotti squeezes Primo's hand and forces a smile.

TROTTI

No Primo. Giacomo and Lavelli will see that everything goes well with me. I want you to stay here with Bettina. Don't forget to water the tomatoes, and, brush up on your gin rummy game.

EXT. PRIMO'S CAR - NIGHT

Primo is on the car phone.

EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone rings and Nancy's roommate, PATRICIA, answers.

CONTINUED

PATRICIA

I'm sorry Primo, Nancy won't come to the phone. She locked herself in her room and won't come out.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

Primo slams down the phone and guns the engine as he makes a turn on Lexington Avenue and heads south.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Patricia opens the door for Primo.

PATRICIA

I came home and found her locked in. She won't answer me. All she does is cry.

Primo knocks on Nancy's door.

PRIMO

Nancy, it's me, Primo. Open the door.

Nancy doesn't answer. Primo hears her crying. He kicks the lock and the door opens. Nancy is laying on her stomach, her head buried in her pillow. Primo turns her over. She's got a black eye and bruises on her face. His eyes go to her shins. They are bruised. He lifts her dress up and sees bruises on her thighs.

PRIMO

Who did this to you?

Nancy doesn't answer. She continues to cry. Primo walks out of the room and talks to Patricia.

PRIMO

Has she been out of the apartment today?

PATRICIA

I've been out all day. She didn't go to work today because she had an appointment with a producer for a film, but that was early this morning...ten o'clock I think.

PRIMO

Do you know who? Where?

Patricia picks up a laundry basket full of dirty clothes.

CONTINUED

PATRICIA

I'm sorry Primo, I have no idea. Will you stay here till I come back. I'm just going to the laundry room for a few minutes.

PRIMO

I'll be here.

Primo walks back to Nancy's room. She's facing the wall and sobbing. He notices her handbag on the chair. He quietly picks it up and brings it to the coffee table in the living room. He searches the bag and finds an appointment book. He carefully goes through it, takes a pen and copies something on a matchbook cover. He returns the bag to Nancy's room.

PRIMO

Nancy, I know you're hurting. I love you, please talk to me.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

How is she?

PRIMO

Stay with her. I'll check back later.

EXT. LUXURY BUILDING - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. ELEVATOR

Primo and Josh are going up. The elevator bell sounds, signaling the twenty-second floor.

INT. HALLWAY

Primo and Josh walk out of elevator. Primo looks down at the MATCHBOOK COVER in his hand. There is a number written on it. Primo checks the number on the matchbook cover against the numbers on the doors. He points to the door marked 2207. Josh picks the lock and they quietly enter.

INT. APARTMENT 2207

Loud music is coming out of the stereo. SAM LEVITZ, well-known producer, is sitting on a couch with his back to Primo and Josh. Josh pulls out his gun and slowly walks toward the producer.

CONTINUED

Josh taps the barrel of his gun on the glass table. Levitz turns around, startled.

LEVITZ

Who are you? What do you want?

JOSH

Shut up.

Primo checks out the other rooms and returns.

PRIMO

You used a young lady for a punching bag this morning.

LEVITZ

What are you going to do?

Josh pulls out a switchblade knife.

JOSH

She paid us two thousand dollars to make sure that you'll have to squat to piss from now on.

LEVITZ

Oh, my god...no...no...please.

PRIMO

Hey man, this is just a job for us. Nothing personal.

JOSH

You get paid to make movies, we get paid to make sopranos out of baritones.

LEVITZ

Oh God, please. Look, I'll pay you double not to...to...please listen to me.

PRIMO

Bullshit. I ain't breaking my work to that little girl.

JOSH

(Yells at Primo)

The hell with the little girl. This is business. This man's talking big bucks.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

How big?

LEVITZ

Wait, I'll show you.

Levitz opens his desk drawer and takes out a stuffed envelope.

LEVITZ

Here, look. There's ten thousand in there.

Josh grabs the envelope.

JOSH

Ten G's...consider yourself saved brother.

PRIMO

How about writing a note to her, like you are sorry for mistreating her this morning. Be sincere.

JOSH

Yeah, that way she'll know we were here.

Levitz takes out pen and paper.

LEVITZ

Sure, sure...anything you say. What was her name again?

PRIMO

Jennifer. And sign it.

Levitz writes the note and signs it while Primo watches over his shoulder.

PRIMO

One more thing, walk out to the terrace and jump.

Josh opens the French doors to the terrace.

LEVITZ

(shocked)

What...what...are you talking about?

CONTINUED

JOSH
You just wrote a suicide note...So
suicide man.

Primo slaps Levitz then pushes him to the terrace.

PRIMO
Move, damn you, move.

LEVITZ
(crying)
No...no...please...no.

Primo has him in a head lock and shouts in his ear.

PRIMO
Her name is Nancy.

Primo picks up the screaming producer and throws him over the railing.

EXT. TROTTI HOUSE - DAY

Primo is in the vegetable garden weeding around the tomato plants while Josh is sunbathing on the grass and singing "Old McDonald had a farm"

PRIMO
You touch one of these tomatoes when
they ripen and I'll break your arm.

Josh gets up.

JOSH
All right massa, what do you want me to do?

PRIMO
It's too late, I'm finished. But I
think I'll break your arm anyway.

Josh takes off...Primo's feet leave the ground and, with a flying tackle, grabs Josh by the legs. They both roll into the fish pond. They both break out laughing.

BETTINA (V.O.)
What me to buy you a few rubber ducks
to play with?

Primo and Josh, half submerged in water, look up to see Bettina standing on the bank of the pond.

CONTINUED

BETTINA
(smiling)
I have good news. Poppa is coming
home today.

EXT. TROTTI'S MANSION - DAY

BETTINA is at her bedroom window overlooking the back patio where TROTTI, GIACAMO, PRIMO and JOSH are sitting around a patio table. Trotti is taking a pill.

TROTTI
(coughing)
Giacamo, any news on John Purcell?

GIACAMO
I've talked to him twice and twice he
laughed at me.

TROTTI
Try one more time, but remember, no
bloodshed.

GIACAMO
The word is out that you're handcuffing
us. That's why the bastard laughs at
us.

TROTTI
One more time, then we'll talk about
it.

GIACAMO
It's the weekend, Purcell is at his
mountain retreat with his mistress.
Primo, Josh, feel like taking a drive?

JOSH
I love fresh mountain air.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RETREAT - DAY

A contemporary cabin is overlooking a lake with a twenty foot sailboat moored to the dock. A brand new red Mercedes convertible is parked about a hundred feet from the cabin. Primo's car pulls in about two hundred feet from the cabin and parks.

CONTINUED

GIACAMO

Purcell is bleeding his union dry.
Mr. Trotti has asked him to step down
in favor of another man but this fuck
refuses to budge.

Primo and Giacomo start walking toward the cabin.

JOSH

I'll wait outside and get some fresh
air.

Giacamo knocks on the cabin door. John Purcell, fifty years old,
with a large chip on his shoulder, answers the door.

PURCELL

Don't you have any respect for a man's
privacy?

GIACAMO

May we come in, John?

PURCELL

Sure, but all you gonna get is a no.

GIACAMO

Isn't your commare with you?

PURCELL

She's out in the woods, naked, picking
wild berries. She's a nature freak.

GIACAMO

John, Mr. Trotti has been patient.
He's asking you for the last time,
give me an answer that will make him
happy.

PURCELL

Let's talk outside. You WOPs leave
a stink.

The three men walk outside.

PURCELL

Giacamo, you don't scare me. Trotti
don't scare me.

Giacamo points his finger to Primo.

CONTINUED

PURCELL (CONT)

And this refugee from Ding-Dong School
don't scare me! So fuck off my property
before I call the cops.

Purcell spots Josh leaning against the car.

PURCELL

(laughs)

Who's the Zulu? Is Trotti running
out of Grease Balls?

PRIMO

The affirmative action people forced
him on us.

PURCELL

(still laughing)

What's he do, shine your shoes while
tap dancing to "Sweet Georgia Brown"?

PRIMO

(yelling to Josh)

Hey, Josh, Mr. Purcell wants to know
what you do.

Josh utters a few made-up words a la medicine voodoo priest and
with his right hand points to the sailboat. His left hand is in
his pocket.

The sailboat explodes, sending a ball of flame high into the sky.
Purcell goes into shock.

Josh repeats his African mumbo jumbo and points to the red
Mercedes convertible. The auto blows up, sending parts of it
into the trees.

Purcell is screaming but nothing comes out of his mouth.

Josh starts his routine again and points to the cabin.

PURCELL

No...you bastard...no.

Too late, the cabin goes up in a fire ball, like a million
toothpicks.

Purcell's head is oscillating from fire to fire as Primo and
Giacamo calmly walk to their car.

CONTINUED

Running in from the woods is a BUXOM WOMAN, naked as a jaybird, carrying a basket.

WOMAN
What happened, John?

PURCELL
Shut up.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

GIACAMO
(excited and puzzled)
Holy Christ, what the hell happened
back there? How did you do that?

PRIMO
Remember what Mr. Trotti said, I only
answer to him or Bettina.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patricia opens the door.

PRIMO
How is she?

PATRICIA
A little better. She's taking a bath
right now.

Primo hands Pat a piece of paper.

PRIMO
Here is the name and address of a doctor
I've already explained everything to
him. I want you to take her there for
a complete examination. He'll send the
bill to me.

The bathroom door opens. NANCY sees Primo and puts her head
down.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

Welcome to "Scum City" baby. Like the thousands of stupid broads who come here with stars in their eyes, you were lured into an apartment. Well kid, I'm going to ship your ass back to Kansas where Mommy and Daddy can watch over you. You're stupid and weak, you don't belong here.

Nancy is surprised and hurt.

NANCY

(crying)

No Primo, don't say that.

She puts her head on his chest and her arms around him. He pushes her away. Nancy flings herself on the couch sobbing, while Primo stands over her. Patricia moves to console her and Primo waves her away. Slowly, Nancy sits up and stares at Primo.

NANCY

I'm not going back. You can't make me. I'll show you how strong I can be.

Primo puts his arms around her.

PRIMO

I'm sorry I used those tactics, but I had to shake you out of it.

NANCY

Oh, Primo.

INT. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Primo and Josh are having dinner.

JOSH

I just came back from the Padrone. The news is that John Purcell resigned, thanks to "Kid Cobra".

PRIMO

"Kid Cobra?"

JOSH

That's the name Giacomo tagged on you.

CONTINUED

EXT. STREET - DIRECTLY LATER

Primo and Josh are leaving the steak house. They pass a newsstand and Josh buys THE DAILY NEWS.

JOSH

(looking at headline)
Hey, listen to this: "Hollywood Producer leaps to his death over mystery woman, Jennifer". I can't understand some of these weirdos, they have fame, money, success and they kill themselves over a broad.

PRIMO

Maybe he was pushed.

JOSH

No way. It says here that he left a suicide note.

Josh throws the newspaper in a trash basket and sits on a stoop.

JOSH

Have a seat buddy.

PRIMO

Got some things on your mind?

JOSH

Yea, a girl named Nancy and a friend called Primo.

Primo sits next to Josh and lights a cigarette.

JOSH

She's the first girl you've ever gone the nine yards for. Does she know anything about you?

PRIMO

Nothing.

JOSH

Don't you think you should tell her?

PRIMO

I can't Josh. She's not one of us. She's apple pie, prom dances, church on Sunday. No Josh, I can't tell her.

CONTINUED

JOSH

Just as I thought. You didn't kill that guy for Nancy, You killed him for soiling the only clean girl you've ever known. In your mind, she'll never be clean again. Well buddy, if your love is not strong enough to clean her, I suggest you back off.

PRIMO

You're a smart man, Josh.

(pause)

I can't back off right now, she needs me.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TROTTI and PRIMO are playing gin rummy. FROG is sitting on a nearby couch reading THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. THOMASINI and PURPETTA (two of the large goon variety) are watching THE METS on T.V. LAVELLI is watching the gin game.

PURPETTA

A hundred sez Gooden walks him.

THOMASINI

No bet, you stiff me every time I win.

PURPETTA

So what? I got you in my will don't I?

FROG

They indicted nine guys from Wall Street for insider trading. There's a lot of money in that game. How come we're not in it.

LAVELLI

Cause we're not Jewish.

The front door swings open, ALDO the gardener comes running in.

ALDO

Call an ambulance, it's Mr. Giacamo.
Oh lord, he's hurt bad.

They all run outside. Giacamo is lying face down on the lawn. He's stripped to the waist with dozens of bloody furrows from his shoulder to his waist, each a river of blood.

CONTINUED

FROG

Oh Jesus, they used beer can openers on him.

TROTTI and PRIMO kneel close to Giacomo. Trotti holds Giacomo's hand.

TROTTI

Mio amico, who's responsible for this horrible thing?

GIACAMO

(moaning)

Masked, they were masked.

BETTINA walks toward them.

BETTINA

I've called an ambulance.

Trotti is deep in thought. He rubs Giacomo's head and walks back inside the house. Frog guides Primo to one side.

FROG

There's only one guy I know who enjoys using a beer can opener, "Pish Tarantino".

INT. LIVIO TARANTINO'S HOUSE - DAY

Livio Tarantino, another Boss, is yelling at his son "PISH" while four of his men stand by.

LIVIO

I should have flushed you down the toilet the day you were born.

PISH

I know how much you hate the guy so I thought....

Livio SLAPS Pish.

LIVIO

You thought?

(He slaps Pish)

You thought?

(he slaps him again)

Livio continues to slap him again and again.

CONTINUED

LIVIO
Don't think.

EXT. TROTTI HOME - DAY

Ambulance is driving away. Trotti and Bettina and the others go back into the house. Frog and Primo walk down to the fish pond.

PRIMO
I want this guy.

FROG
I'll put a tail on him. Stay close
to your phone.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

PRIMO and NANCY are having lunch. His car is parked by the curb.

PRIMO
You look better.

NANCY
I feel better, thanks to you. Primo,
will I ever forget it?

PRIMO
I don't want you to forget it. The
memory of it will keep you on your
toes.

NANCY
Will you ever forget it Primo?

Primo doesn't answer. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a stuffed envelope.

PRIMO
I almost forgot. I have something for
you.

NANCY
What is it?

CONTINUED

PRIMO
(smiles)
Don't open it here. Put it in your bag.

NANCY
I can't look?

PRIMO
I bet a daily double for you and it clicked.

NANCY
(surprised)
There's money in this envelope?

PRIMO
Ten thousand dollars.

NANCY
Ten...ten..oh my God! Oh my God! Are you sure Primo? Oh my God!!

The horn blows in Primo's car.

PRIMO
That's my phone, excuse me.

Primo walks to his car and reaches in for the phone.

INT. ANOTHER CAR - DAY

ANGELO
Primo, Pish just pulled up in front of his girl's apartment on East 72nd. He's waiting for her to come out.

PRIMO
Keep me posted. I'm on my way.

Primo dials the phone.

PRIMO
Josh, wait in front of your place, I'll pick you up.

Primo walks back to Nancy. He takes out some money and leaves it on the table for the check.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

I have to go, my boss needs me.
Finish your lunch, I'll call you later.

Primo walks to his car and opens the door.

NANCY (V.O.)

Primo.

Primo turns around.

NANCY

I love you.

Primo looks at her for a few seconds and drives away.

CUT TO FRONT OF JOSH'S BUILDING. JOSH gets in Primo's car.

JOSH

Thank god you called.

PRIMO

P.J. climbing your frame again?

JOSH

I feel like a damn rocking horse. I've
lost so much weight my bones creak.

PRIMO

Penthouse time Josh. We can afford it.

JOSH

Right on! I'll look for a place tomorrow
and there will be only two keys, yours
and mine.

The phone rings and Primo picks it up.

ANGELO (V.O.)

They're going into Papa Vasili's
Restaurant.

PRIMO

I know the place. What do I look for?

ANGELO (V.O.)

Young, 25, lots of hair and sitting
with his Butana, blond, green dress.

CONTINUED

INT. PAPA VISILI RESTAURANT - DAY

Primo and Josh walk into the restaurant. Pish and his girl are sitting at a table close to the entrance. The place is almost empty.

WAITER

Choose any table you like, it's quiet today.

JOSH

Bring us two BUDS.

Primo and Josh sit at a table in the back of the restaurant. Josh is facing front with a good view of Pish's table. The waiter brings the Buds.

JOSH

Pish likes his beer. He orders by the pitcher.

PRIMO

Now we know why they call him Pish.

Josh takes out a \$20 bill and holds it up.

JOSH

How long do you figure?

PRIMO

How much beer is left in the pitcher?

JOSH

About a quarter.

Primo takes out a \$20 bill and lays it on top of Josh's bill.

PRIMO

Five minutes.

Josh scoops up the money.

JOSH

You lose, he's getting up now.

Pish walks past Primo and Josh and walks into the bathroom. Primo waits a few seconds and follows.

JOSH

(to the waiter)

Bring the check, we won't be staying long.

CONTINUED

INT. BATHROOM

Primo enters. Pish has his legs spread against the urinal. Primo drops a handful of beer can openers between Pish's feet. Pish looks down and sees the can openers. He panics and tries to back away from the urinal but Primo has a strong grip on his hair.

Primo makes sure that Pish gets a good look at the chrome pipes with the flush handle. Primo's hands smash Pish's face against the chromed assembly. Primo pulls Pish's head back and again he smashes his face against the pipes. Again and again until the chromed pipes are covered with blood and running into the urinal. Primo holds up Pish by his hair as he turns him away from the urinal and forces Pish to look in the mirror. In the reflection Pish's face is a mask of blood.

PRIMO

You won't need a mask anymore. You've got a new identity.

Primo smashes Pish's face against the mirror, shattering it. Primo releases his hold on him and lets him slide down the mirror, leaving a trail of blood on the shattered mirror.

INT. RESTAURANT

Primo and Josh walk out of the restaurant.

EXT. BELMONT PARK - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. BELMONT PARK RESTAURANT

Primo and Nancy are sitting at a dining table watching the horses parade to the post.

PRIMO

Well, Nancy "the Greek", you've had four winners today, who do you like in the last race?

Nancy checks the program.

NANCY

Now, let me see. Number seven hasn't won today.

CONTINUED

A distinguished man, about forty-eight, walks in and notices Primo, then walks into his office.

NANCY
(to Primo)
That was the director, William Davis.

PRIMO
Is that the guy you're going to read for?

NANCY
First, I have to read for the casting agent, Miss Paulin. If she likes me then she'll send me to read for William Davis.

A YOUNG ACTRESS comes out of Miss Paulin's office.

SECRETARY
Who's next?

Nancy gets up.

NANCY
Wish me luck, Primo.

As Nancy enters Miss Paulin's office Mr. Davis walks over to Primo.

DAVIS
May I see you for a moment?

PRIMO
(surprised)

Sure.

Davis ushers Primo into his private office and closes the door.

DAVIS
I am William Davis. And you are?

PRIMO
Primo Ferraro.

DAVIS
You're quite a handsome young man, Primo.
Are you an actor?

PRIMO
All Italians are.

CONTINUED

DAVIS
(laughs)
I may have a part for you.

PRIMO
Do you have a part for me? Or do you
want a part of me?

DAVIS
You are crude and exciting and to the
point. Care to have a drink with me
this evening, say 6:30 at the Oyster
Bar?

PRIMO
I'll think about it.

Davis extends his hand.

DAVIS
I'll be waiting.

INT. HALLWAY

Nancy and Primo walk out of the office.

PRIMO
How did it go?

NANCY
I did well but I don't think she was
impressed.

INT. OYSTER BAR - NIGHT

Davis is sitting at a table. Primo walks toward him and sits
down.

DAVIS
I'm glad you came, Primo.

PRIMO
I'm double parked. I'm not interested
in a part but the young lady I was with
is.

DAVIS
Very pretty girl.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
She gets the part, you get me.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT SIMMS is at the water cooler. BEVENS approaches him with a manilla envelope in his hand.

SIMMS
You got more egg for my face in that envelope?

BEVENS
Yes, sir..er..I mean no, sir.

SIMMS
Let's go into my office.

Simms and Bevens enter the office.

BEVENS
The lab picked up three sets of prints from the letter; Jack Ferraro's, Maria Ferraro's and an unknown person. I put the unknown person's prints in the computer and they were of the nephew who has been in the Attica State Prison for the last three years.

SIMMS
That takes him out of the picture.

BEVENS
He was released from prison one week before the killings.

SIMMS
That puts him back in the picture.

BEVENS
I called the prison and got a rundown on Primo Ferraro. He's about twenty-five years old, quiet, tough as nails, with a steel trap mind. The last six months there he worked as an orderly in the prison hospital.

SIMMS
That explains the hospital corners on the sheets.

CONTINUED

BEVENS
(excited)
He's our man, lieutenant. I'm positive.

Lt. Simms tries to calm him down.

SIMMS
You're right, Bevens, but you haven't
proven it yet.

BEVENS
But, Lieutenant...

Lt. Simms puts his hand on Bevens' shoulder.

SIMMS
Richard, I've been down this road before,
many times. We have no physical evidence
that Primo Ferraro ever set foot in
that apartment. It's all conjecture on
our part and conjecture does not stand up
in a court of law, and the worst thing
for a cop is to see a guilty man skate for
lack of evidence.

BEVENS
What now, Lieutenant?

SIMMS
Let me ask you that question. What now,
Bevens?

BEVENS
I'll get this guy, I swear on Harry
Sullivan's grave, I'll get him.

INT. JOE ALLEN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Primo is sitting at a table in the back of the restaurant. He
looks at his watch.

EXT. 46th STREET AND 8TH AVENUE

A cab pulls up, Nancy gets out and runs into the restaurant.

CONTINUED

INT. JOE ALLEN'S RESTAURANT

Nancy is making her way through the crowded bar to reach Primo's table. He sees her and stands up to greet her.

NANCY
Oh, Primo, I've got good news.

PRIMO
(smiling)
Easy, easy. You're gonna blow a gasket.
Sit down.

They sit down as Nancy takes Primo's hands in hers.

NANCY
William Davis called. He wants me
to read for him. I'm so excited.
I hope he likes me.

PRIMO
You'll do fine Nancy. I've got a
hunch he'll be crazy about you.

INT. TROTTI HOME - DAY

BETTINA is at the foot of the staircase as Doctor Stanton comes down.

BETTINA
Thank you for coming Doctor.

DR. STANTON
Your father is resting. I'll check on
him in a few days.

INT. KITCHEN

Primo is pouring himself a cup of coffee.

BETTINA (V.O.)
Pour one for me Primo, I want to talk
to you.

PRIMO
How is he?

BETTINA
That's what I want to talk to you about.

CONTINUED

Bettina sits down and takes a sip of coffee.

BETTINA

You came to our front door and walked right into Poppa's heart. Your moves, your cockiness reminded him of my brother Peter. He was about your age when he was killed in a skiing accident and as time went on your ability to solve difficult problems filled him with pride. He loves you, Primo.

PRIMO

I feel the same way about him.

BETTINA

I know you do. That's why I'm going to confide in you. Poppa is very sick. In the last month the cancer in his system has spread to the point where an operation would be useless.

PRIMO

Why wasn't it caught in time?

BETTINA

Doctor Stanton just discovered it a month ago.

Bettina takes a sip of coffee and continues.

BETTINA

There are six local families out there that will swallow us up the day Poppa dies.

PRIMO

Why are they waiting? Why aren't they moving in now?

BETTINA

There are five powers in the country, Poppa is one of the five. They are all sworn to protect each other. The day Poppa dies of natural causes, the protection ends. We are then on our own.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
How much time do we have?

BETTINA
According to Doctor Stanton, about two weeks.

NURSE (V.O.)
Miss Trotti, your father is asking for you.

PRIMO
If you need me, call me on the car phone. Lavelli asked me to look in on Joe Pagano at the warehouse. Joe is having problems.

BETTINA
Joe is a good man. Give him my regards.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Primo, Josh and Joe Pagano are walking into the office.

JOE
I smell trouble Primo. Seven of our drivers didn't show up this morning. Yesterday there were five no shows. These are good workers, never take a day off.

PRIMO
Give me a couple of their names and addresses.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD, BRONX - DAY

Primo rings the doorbell of a single family house. Primo stays in the car. A woman answers.

WOMAN
Can I help you?

PRIMO
Is Johnny in?

WOMAN
Yes, please come in.

The woman escorts Primo through the living room where two

CONTINUED

children are watching cartoons on T.V. Johnny come out of the kitchen.

PRIMO

My name Primo Ferraro. I'm from the Sunland Shipping Company.

JOHNNY

I've heard of you. Come in the kitchen. Want some coffee?

PRIMO

No thanks. I can only stay a minute. Johnny, why didn't you show up for work this morning?

JOHNNY

(nervous)

I just didn't feel like working. Any law against that?

PRIMO

Is someone leaning on you?

JOHNNY

No, no. I just wanna stay home for a couple of weeks.

PRIMO

All right Johnny, I'm not going to pressure you but answer me honestly, will the rest of the absentee drivers give me the same answer?

Johnny walks to the window, his head is down.

JOHNNY

Yes.

Primo pats him on the shoulder.

PRIMO

Thanks, I understand.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Primo gets in his car, picks up his phone and dials. Josh is working on a crossword puzzle.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
I'd like the number of Dr. Alex Stanton,
Manhattan.
(pause)
Thank you.

Primo dials again.

NURSE (V.O.)
Doctor's Office.

PRIMO
May I speak to Dr. Stanton?

NURSE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, he just left for St. Luke's
Hospital.

Primo makes a U-turn and burns rubber.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

Primo's car speeds down the West side Highway and exits at 125th Street.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Primo is zig-zagging through the parking lot lanes.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

JOSH
What are we looking for?

PRIMO
Blue Jag sedan.

JOSH
Here's one pulling in now.

Primo drives out of the parking lot and parks in front of the hospital entrance.

PRIMO
We'll wait here till he parks his car.

JOSH
Mind telling me what we're doing here?

CONTINUED

PRIMO
No time now. Here he comes. Take the
wheel Josh.

JOSH
Yas sir, Mister Benny!

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Primo gets out of the car and runs to Dr. Stanton.

PRIMO
I'm glad I found you Doctor. Mr. Trotti
has had a turn for the worse.

DR. STANTON
All right, I'll get my car.

PRIMO
Let's not waste time. We'll drive you
there and back.

DR. STANTON
All right.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

Primo and the Doctor sit in the back seat.

JOSH
Where to?

PRIMO
Across the George and up the Palisades.

DR. STANTON
You're going the wrong way.

PRIMO
You went the wrong way when you supplied
information about Mr. Trotti's condition
to the wrong people. They've known about
his cancer as long as you have.

DR. STANTON
You're talking like a crazy man.

CONTINUED

PRIMO
The last bit of information you supplied
them was that Mr. Trotti has only two
weeks to live.

DR. STANTON
I demand that you take me back.

EXT. PALISADES PARKWAY REST AREA - DAY

Josh drives into the deserted rest area.

PRIMO
Park in front of the public toilets.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

Josh hands Primo his gun.

INT. PUBLIC TOILETS

Primo pushes the Doctor out of the car and into the toilet.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

Josh is working on his crossword puzzle as three shots ring out.
Primo opens the car door and gets in.

JOSH
What's a five letter word that begins
with "L" and ends with "E".

PRIMO
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Josh guns the engine.

JOSH
That's more than five letters.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lt. Simms is on his way to his office, he stops at a desk.

SIMMS
I want Petro and Smith in my office.

Lt. Simms walks into his office and rummages through his desk
drawer and takes out a key. Petro and Smith walk in.

CONTINUED

PETRO

Wanna see us, Lieutenant?

SIMMS

We haven't had any luck finding Harry Sullivan's next of kin. Until someone comes forward we'll have to put everything in his apartment in storage. The sheriff put a police lock on it. Here's the key, go through everything and mark them for storage.

SMITH

Has Sherlock come up with anything new?

SIMMS

He's no joke, Smith. Don't let that baby face fool you. He's like a pit bull, he won't let go.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Primo and Josh are sitting in a car while the station attendant is filling the gas tank.

JOSH

I heard about a good Mexican restaurant, wanna give it a shake tonight?

PRIMO

Yeah, why not.

The car phone rings. Primo picks it up.

PRIMO

Hello?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

NANCY is talking on the phone.

NANCY

Oh Primo, I'm so excited. I read for William Davis. You were right, he was crazy about me. I got the part.

INT. PRIMO'S CAR

CONTINUED

PRIMO
 Good girl, I knew you could do it.
 I'll call you later.

Primo hangs up the phone.

STATION ATTENDANT
 That'll be eighteen dollars.

Primo pays the man and drives away.

PRIMO
 Josh, I gotta back out for tonight.
 I've got a bill to pay.

INT. WILLIAM DAVIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A penthouse apartment filled with expensive furnishings. William Davis is dressed in a silk robe. He opens the door for Primo.

DAVIS
 Come in Primo. You bet on a sure thing
 with Nancy, she's a talented actress.

PRIMO
 (under his breath)
 Yeah, I bet on a winner and lost.

DAVIS
 Did you say something Primo?

PRIMO
 Yes, I'd like a double Scotch.

DAVIS
 Of course, help yourself at the bar.
 I'll be back in a few minutes.

Primo makes himself a drink and walks around the living room admiring the paintings. Soon, the bedroom door opens and standing in the doorway is William Davis, dressed in a white bridal gown with veil and train holding a bouquet of white roses. Coming from the bedroom is organ music playing "Here comes the bride". Primo gulps down the remainder of his drink in one swallow as Davis walks toward him in half-step. Davis comes face to face with Primo and puts his arms around him.

DAVIS
 This is our first night, please be
 gentle.

CONTINUED

INT. PRIVATE ROOM OF A MIDTOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Six family heads; TOM MECELI, NICK AMATO, POPE PADULA, LIVIO TARANTINO, SAL PARRILO, AND VINCE SAVARINO are having a business dinner. Nick Amato is presiding.

TOM MICELI

We shoulda hit Trotti fifteen years ago. It's been fifteen years of settling for the leftovers.

NICK AMATO

We couldn't hit him then and we can't hit him now. We've got to wait till he dies of natural causes.

MICELI

A bullet in the head is natural causes.

AMATO

Testa Di Chu-chu. Let me explain it for the last time. There are five heavyweights in the county. Trotti is one of them. The day he dies of natural causes, Finito, no more protection from the other four. Then we hit.

POPE PADULA

Trotti is gonna outlive all of us.

AMATO

(smiling)

He's not.

LIVIO TARANTINO

You got a private line to St. Peter upstairs?

AMATO

Better. I've got his doctor by the balls.

MICELLI

How the hell did you do that?

CONTINUED

AMATO

Everybody has a skeleton in his closet.
This doctor has a warehouse full and
I have the key.

PADULLA

So what does the doctor say?

AMATO

Two weeks, maybe three.

TARANTINO

What if one of Trotti's capos takes
over?

AMATO

Not a chance, the only heir he has is
Bettina and all she has is a beautiful
face.

PADULLA

(waving his hands)

Don't forget her body, Madonna what
a body.

AMATO

I've already sent them a message by
pulling some of their drivers.

They all touch glasses.

EXT. TROTTI MANSION - DAY

Primo is sitting on the lawn leaning against a tree as Bettina
comes out of the house and walks toward him.

BETTINA

You wanted to see me Primo?

PRIMO

We don't have much time so I'm going
to get to the point. The six sharks
know about Poppa's condition and how
long he's got to live.

BETTINA

But how Primo? How?

CONTINUED

PRIMO
How is not important now. What is important is what we do now. Do you have any suggestions?

BETTINA
No, except to prepare for a fight.

PRIMO
How much do you trust me?

BETTINA
All the way, Primo.

PRIMO
Will you do as I say without asking questions?

BETTINA
Yes.

INT. AMATO'S HOUSE - DAY

Amato is at an easel painting a nude from a live model. There's a KNOCK at the door.

AMATO
Come in.

The door opens and one of his men walks in.

MAN
There's a guy here by the name of Primo. Sez you're expecting him.

AMATO
Show him in.

Primo is ushered in and Amato extends his hand.

AMATO
I finally meet "Kid Cobra". You've made a lot of noise in the short time you've been in the business.

Primo admires the painting on the wall.

PRIMO
I didn't know you were an artist.

CONTINUED

AMATO

We Italians either make love, paint or steal.

Primo walks closer to the painting.

PRIMO

You're a talented painter, Mr. Amato

Amato waves the nude model out of the room.

AMATO

My mother,
(he makes the sign of the cross)
God rest her soul, dreamed of me
becoming a famous painter but my
aching, empty stomach made other
plans for me.

PRIMO

There's no power stronger than an empty stomach.

AMATO

I was surprised to get your phone call.

PRIMO

Mr. Trotti has only two weeks to live.

AMATO

You strike fast, Primo. Your honesty has just disarmed me. Now I understand why they call you "Kid Cobra".

PRIMO

I can smooth the way for you to take over the Trotti organization without bloodshed.

AMATO

You can do that?

PRIMO

Yes.

AMATO

There must be conditions.

CONTINUED

PRIMO

Two.

AMATO

Go on Primo.

PRIMO

I want a high position in your organization.

AMATO

Your reputation has earned you that position and it's yours. And the second condition?

PRIMO

That you grant Bettina Trotti a special request.

AMATO

And that is?

PRIMO

She will make that request in person at a meeting with you and the heads of the other families.

AMATO

You tell her that we are ready to meet with her here in my home when she's ready.

Primo shakes Amato's hand.

PRIMO

Thank you Mr. Amato. You'll hear from us.

INT. AMATO'S HOUSE - DAY

Amato and the heads of the other five families are sitting at a large table. Amato is looking at his watch.

AMATO

The lady with the special request should be here soon.

PADULLA

What the hell could this special request be?

CONTINUED

MICELLI

She probably wants to keep a piece of the pie.

PADULLA

The only piece she's gonna get is this.

Padulla makes an indecent arm gesture.

SAVARINO

It could be that she wants us to take care of her capos. They've been with her father a long time.

PARRILO

We'll take care of them. I've been saving a special autographed DiMaggio bat for them.

TARANTINO

I want this Primo bastard all to myself, for what he did to my son.

AMATO

Your son was out of line and got what he deserved.

There's a knock on the door. PEPINO, the house boy, walks in.

PEPINO

Sono qui.

AMATO

Show them in, Pepino.

Bettina and Primo enter. Amato gets up and escorts her to the table.

AMATO

Bettina, you have grown into a beautiful lady. Say hello to old friends of your daddy.

Bettina shakes hands with all of them and she and Primo sit down.

CONTINUED

BETTINA

Gentlemen, I'm going to be brief. My father does not have long to live. I don't want my father's funeral to be turned into a carnival sideshow by the news media. They will speculate on how soon gangland warfare will start and how the spoils will be divided. You all know what I mean. We have all seen what they have done in the past. Together we can show the world that at a time like this we can be good Christians and not the animals they have painted us. My request from you gentlemen is that on the day of my father's funeral you will honor him by serving as his pall bearers.

MICELI

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, that'll shut their mouths.

PADULLA

Bettina, are you telling us that it's all you want from us?

BETTINA

That is all.

Amato takes her hand in his.

AMATO

It will be an honor for us to serve our friend on his last day on earth. Our answer is a humble yes.

Bettina and Primo start to stand up.

BETTINA

Thank you, you have made me very happy.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy is on the couch, crying. Patricia is trying to comfort her.

PATRICIA

Maybe he's busy...maybe he's...

CONTINUED

NANCY

No, Pat, I can feel it, Primo is pulling away from me. When I try to touch him he shys away. He doesn't even want to hold my hand anymore.

(she starts crying again)

Am I dirty, Pat? Was it my fault? What am I going to do?

PATRICIA

What's happening to Primo is a common occurrence with husbands and boyfriends of rape victims. Primo is going through hell right now. You've got to give him time. He loves you very much, you mustn't question that.

EXT. HARRY SULLIVAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT. An unmarked police car pulls up, Detectives Petro and Smith get out.

INT. CORRIDOR

Petro and Smith walk up to the door of Harry Sullivan's apartment. It is padlocked and a strip of tape marked POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS covers the door frame. Petro unlocks the padlock.

SMITH

Hurry up, I gotta take a leak.

INT. HARRY SULLIVAN'S APARTMENT

They walk into the apartment. Smith looks for and finds the bathroom.

PETRO

Geez, this place smells like a cat house.

SMITH (V.O.)

Hey, Jimmy! Come in here.

PETRO

Want me to shake it for you?

SMITH

No foolin, come in here.

CONTINUED

Petro joins Smith in the bathroom. They are both bathed in a pink glow. The walls are decorated with lacy, pink hearts. There's a vase with pink orchards adorned with baby's breath. The rug and towels are shocking pink.

PETRO

Maybe we're in the wrong apartment.

They walk into the bedroom. There's a four poster bed with an organdy canopy. The sheets are peach with baby pink rosebuds. On the night table is an eight by ten picture frame wrought with filigree and lace. Smith walks closer to the picture frame.

SMITH

Jesus, oh Jesus. Look at this.

Petro picks up the picture frame. It's a picture of Officer Richard Bevens signed "with all my love, Ricky".

SMITH

The lieutenant won't have to take Exlax for a month.

Petro picks up the phone and dials.

PETRO

Lieutenant, I think you better come down here.

INT. TROTTI'S MANSION - DAY

The five Trotti capos are sitting around the living room, restless. Josh is at the end of the room toying with the cat. Frog walks toward Josh.

FROG

Josh, where's Primo?

JOSH

He's upstairs with Bettina and the ol' man.

FROG

We've been kept in the dark about the ol' man's condition. Now we're told that it's a matter of days 'til the end. Do you know anything Josh? Plans to protect ourselves?

CONTINUED

JOSH

You're concerned about the wolves
outside?

FROG

You're damned right I am, and so are
all the rest of the men. The minute
the ol man dies we're all dog meat
unless we do something now, and I mean
now.

Josh looks past Frog.

JOSH

There's Primo coming down the stairs.
Maybe he can help you.

The men mill around Primo.

LAVELLI

You talk to him everyday Primo. What
can you tell us?

PRIMO

The Padrone wants to see all of you.
Don't excite him.

The men quietly walk up the stairs. Primo takes Josh
by the arm and leads him to the Kitchen.

PRIMO

Let's have a beer.

INT. TROTTI'S BEDROOM

Trotti is propped up on pillows. Bettina is sitting at his
bedside holding his hand. The men circle the bed.

TROTTI

(weak voice)

Seeing your faces brings happiness to
me. All of you have been faithful
these many years. I'll not be seeing
you anymore but I leave you in good
hands, the hands of my daughter Bettina.
Her mouth is my mouth. Her words are my
words. Trust her as you've trusted me.

Each of the men kiss his hand and leave. As the last man leaves
Bettina approaches him.

CONTINUED

BETTINA

Assemble the men in the den. I want to speak to them.

INT. KITCHEN

Primo and Josh are there. Bettina enters.

BETTINA

The men are waiting for me to shed some light on our situation. I promised you I would not ask any questions but I'm in the dark as much as they are. What do I say to them?

INT. DEN

The men are tense and restless.

PROVINO

I have thirty men asking questions that I can't answer.

PAGLIA

We're all in the same boat, Pete. I need an answer to bring back to my men.

SCORTESE

I think the kid and the ol man have something cooked up. They talk every day.

GALLO

The old man said to trust Bettina. Let's wait to hear what she's got to say.

Bettina, Primo and Josh walk into the den. The men all take a seat.

BETTINA

I know you all have questions. I can't answer them at this time. I'm working things out to prevent bloodshed. I need your trust and I need you to bear with me a little longer. All my orders will be relayed to you through Primo. Stay in close contact with him.

CONTINUED

Bettina leaves the room as the men watch her walk up the stairs and back to her father.

INT. HARRY SULLIVAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

SMITH opens the door for SIMMS.

SIMMS
What's so important that you couldn't
tell me on the phone.

PETRO
You better sit down, Lieutenant.

Smith hands the picture frame to Simms.

SMITH
This was next to Harry's bed.

SIMMS
(shocked)
Holy mother of mercy.

Petro lays a pile of letters on Simms' lap.

PETRO
Those are all juicy love letters and
valentine cards from Bevens to Harry.

SIMMS
I feel a bowel movement coming on.

PETRO
Bevens has known all along there was a
fourth person involved.

SIMMS
Of course, he knew Harry couldn't have
been Maria's lover, cause Harry was
gay.

SMITH
Are you going to confront Bevens with
this?

SIMMS
What's the sense in that? It would
only embarrass him and hamper his
investigation. No, I think we should
keep this to ourselves.

CONTINUED

INT. TROTTI LIVING ROOM - DAY

PRIMO and JOSH are sitting in the kitchen. A half dozen men are in the living room. FROG opens the front door for Father Presti and then ushers him up the stairs.

JOSH
Primo, wanna beer?

Primo doesn't answer. He walks to the French doors leading to the back patio.

EXT. PATIO

Primo is out on the patio. He lights a cigarette and walks to the Bocchie court. He stares at the balls for a while then picks one up and gently rolls it to the other end of the court. He walks to the vegetable garden. The tomato plants are loaded with large, green tomatoes. He fondles them gently as tears roll down his face.

JOSH (V.O.)
You hurting bad.

Primo plucks a large green tomato and holds it in his hand.

PRIMO
(in tears)
Why did I ever come to this house?
Why did he hafta love me?

Primo's fingers tighten around the tomato, squashing it.

PRIMO (cont.)
Why? Why?

Primo pulls a tomato plant out by its roots, then another and another. Josh puts a hand on his shoulder.

JOSH
If only for a short period of time you
brought him back his son and in turn
he brought you back your father.

INT. TROTTI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two nurses are leaving. Their job is finished. Trotti is dead. Men are scattered around the house, each in deep mourning. At

CONTINUED

the top of the stairs Primo is helping the crying Bettina to her room. Salerno makes an announcement.

SALERNO

Primo has called a meeting for six o'clock tomorrow morning. Each cappo will attend with two of his trusted men.

CORTESE

Where will the Padrone be laid out?

SALERNO

I don't know. I'm sure we'll be told in the morning..

INT. POLICE STATION

Lt. Simms is taking a photograph out of a manila envelope as Officer Bevens enters the office.

BEVENS

You called for me, Lieutenant?

Lt. Simms hands him the photograph.

SIMMS

For all it's worth, here's a mug shot of Primo Ferraro.

Bevens looks at the photo.

BEVENS

He doesn't have the face of a killer, but they never do.

SIMMS

I have good news and bad news. Through police informants we have located the whereabouts of Primo Ferraro. That's the good news.

BEVENS

And the bad news?

SIMMS

The bad news is that Primo Ferraro is now the pride and joy of the Tony Trotti family who happen to have the best lawyers money can buy.

CONTINUED

BEVENS

I don't understand what you're getting at Lieutenant?

SIMMS

If one ounce of evidence, which we don't have, could have convicted Primo Ferraro before, now you'll need a ton.

Bevens walks to the window and stares out.

BEVENS

What you're saying Lieutenant is that Primo Ferraro is going to skate while we just stand by and watch.

SIMMS

I'm afraid so Bevens. This guy has beaten us.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - DAY

There is a meeting in progress. Primo is addressing a group of men.

PRIMO

The body of the deceased usually lies in repose for two days followed by the funeral on the third day. In order to prevent the news media from attending, the funeral will secretly be held this morning at ten o'clock at St. Michael's Church. All parties involved with the services have been alerted.

SANTALO

Primo, the word is out that Nick Amato and the heads of the other five families have been invited to be pall bearers. Is this true?

LAVELLI

The old man will turn over in his coffin.

PRIMO

It's true. It's part of the fence mending process that Bettina has been working on.

CONTINUED

INT. AMATO'S HOUSE - DAY

Amato is getting dressed. His most trusted Capo, SAL PETRINI, is writing notes.

AMATO

Fifteen years I've waited for the news media to point to me as the new boss of bosses. Fifteen years I've waited for my face to be splashed on every T.V. screen and front pages in the tri-state area. Bettina wants no news coverage. Fuck her! This is my day to shine. Petrino, get on the phone.

PETRINO

I've already taken care of it. I called Pete Johnson of CBS, Jim Manas of NBC, Gary Thomas of The New York Times and Mike Finn of The Daily News.

AMATO

Bennisimo. For that you'll get a night with Bettina.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

The casket is resting in the aisle. The priest is saying mass. The first three pews on each side of the casket are occupied by the Trotti family. The six pall bearers are seated at the end of the first three pews nearest the casket.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Trotti men have placed wooden horses, making an unusually wide path from the entrance of the church to the waiting hearse by the curb. The T.V. camera men, reporters and newspaper photographers have taken their places in back of the wooden barriers. There are few sightseers.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(to one of Trotti's men)

Can't we get any closer? You've made a path big enough for a herd of elephants.

REPORTER

Yeah, how the hell can we interview anybody from this distance?

CONTINUED

The Trotti guards pay no attention. Police cars pull up to keep an eye out for trouble.

INT. CHURCH

The Priest is blessing the casket. the six pall bearers have taken their place and the casket is lifted on their shoulders. They begin their slow walk down the aisle. Bettina and Primo follow as the rest of the Trotti family walks behind them. Josh is standing at the entrance to the church. Primo shortens his stride, allowing himself and the Trotti party to distance themselves from the pall bearers.

The pall bearers have reached the outside of the church when Primo makes eye contact with Josh who in turn takes a small transmitter out of his pocket and pushes a button.

Primo takes Bettina's hand and pulls her back into the church as the casket explodes, killing the six pall bearers instantly. Bedlam breaks out in the outside of the church as Primo pulls the screaming Bettina out the side door.

BETTINA
(screaming)
Poppa, oh God, Poppa.

The Trotti family follows Primo and the screaming Bettina out of the side door and into waiting limousines. The limos speed out of the alley and come out at another street.

EXT. CHURCH

Sightseers are screaming. Police cars empty out. The news people are caught off guard.

POLICE SERGEANT
(to another cop)
Any innocent people hurt?

COP
No, it's a miracle they weren't.

SERGEANT
It's the right place for a miracle.

T.V. cameras are trained on the burning casket and pall bearers. Flash strobes are popping.

CONTINUED

SERGEANT
(shouting orders)
Inside the church. Grab anybody you
recognize from the Trotti family.

INT. CHURCH

The police rush in. They stop, surprised.

COP
The fucking place is empty.

COP #2
Watch your fucking tongue. You're in
church.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Long shot of limousines turning into the cemetery. They head
towards an area where Father Presti and a small crowd is waiting.
A casket is resting on two four by four timbers which are laid
across an open grave.

Primo helps Bettina out of the car and guides her to the grave
site and her beloved father. The rest of the limos empty out and
the ceremony begins.

INT. TROTTI MANSION - NIGHT

Primo, Josh and some of the men are having coffee and cannoli
pastry.

SALERNO
How's Bettina holding up?

PRIMO
She'll need a few days to herself. She's
tough. She'll be fine.

DONATO
She's gotta be tough. She controls the
whole circus now.

LAVELLI
With the six roosters dead, the chickens
are all scratching at our door.

CONTINUED

FROG

We'll be hearing from the cops. They'll want answers.

SALERNO

From who? We don't know what happened ourselves. Besides, we all have a perfect alibi, we were all inside the church when the casket burped. I'm not asking any questions and I ain't answering any.

JOSH

I gotta go Primo. I'm having dinner with P.J. at Rocky Lee's. Why don't you join us?

PRIMO

You go ahead Josh. I'll catch up with you later.

PAGLIA

It's been a long day. I'd better be getting home.

LAVELLI

Me too, see you all tomorrow.

They all leave. Primo is left alone. He's looking into his coffee cup and thinking. He gets up, puts on his jacket and walks through the living room on his way to the front door.

BETTINA (V.O.)

Primo?

Primo walks to the foot of the stairs and looks up. Bettina is standing at the head of the stairs. The light from her room silhouettes her body through the sheer negligee. She slowly walks down the steps, her eyes locked on his. Primo slowly walks up, they meet her eyes begging him. Primo picks Bettina up and with her head on his shoulder and her arms around him he carries her up the steps and into her room. The door closes.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Simms, Petro and Smith are having coffee, Smith is reading THE DAILY NEWS

CONTINUED

SMITH

Whoever planned that fireworks display in the casket is a genius. Six heavy weights croak and the Trotti Family is in the clear.

(Laughs)

All the guys in the Organized Crime Commission are running around with paper tails and no donkey to pin it on

PETRO

Yuk...it must have been a disgusting mess. Body parts all over the place.

SMITH

It says here they used six garbage cans to pick up the pieces!

(Laughs)

Those reporters sure know how to make digs!

Simms is stirring his coffee, pensive. He is not hearing a word of the conversation. Petro taps Simms on the arm.

PETRO

Because of inflation, Lieutenant, how about a dollar for your thoughts?

SIMMS

(looks up)

I'm thinking of Patrolman Richard Bevens.

PETRO

I take my dollar back.

Simms leans on his elbows and hunches forward.

SIMMS

Let me throw this question on the table. Has Bevens been gung ho on the triangle case because he's a good cop? Or has he been using his badge to get revenge for the murder of his lover.

SMITH

I never could hit a curve ball and that's a beauty.

PETRO

Is he still on the case.

CONTINUED

SIMMS

No! I put him back in uniform, but I don't think that's going to stop him. That baby face of his has developed lines of hatred.

(lights a cigarette)

Hatred causes mistakes and one mistake against a guy like Ferraro and he'll be sent back to us in the shape of a hamburger patty

SMITH

Are you asking us to play Guardian Angels?

SIMMS

Only if he's being a good cop!

PETRO

And if he's not?

SIMMS

Put his ass in cuffs and haul him in.

SMITH

"Ours is not to question why, ours is but to do or die." When do we start?

SIMMS

Consider yourselves started. He called in sick tonight.

PETRO

So we'll stake out his house.

SIMMS

He's not home. I called his house and his mother told me he left already. In uniform.

SMITH

I told you I can't hit curve balls. Where the hell did he go?

SIMMS

I got a hunch that wherever Ferraro is, Bevins will be close by. He drives a blue eighty-eight Mustang, and if my hunch is right, you'll find that mustang parked near the Trotti house.

CONTINUED

INT. BETTINA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The light of dawn is coming through the window. Primo's arm is around Bettina. They are asleep. Primo's eyes open. He carefully removes his arm from her and gently slips out of bed and gets dressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Primo walks down the steps and out the front door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF TROTTI MANSION - DAWN

Primo sits in his car for a few moments, lights a cigarette and thinks.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Patricia, dressed in a nurse's uniform, is coming home from her night shift. She's got a newspaper under her arm. She opens the front door. She rushes to Nancy's room and opens her door.

PATRICIA

Wake up, Nancy. There's something in the morning paper's about Primo.

NANCY

(wakes up, startled)

A--About Primo? Is he all right?

PATRICIA

(showing Nancy the headlines)

He's fine. The article mentions Primo as one of the Trotti family members. Primo is a gangster.

Nancy throws the paper on the floor.

NANCY

Oh, my God. Oh, No...It can't be true. Not my Primo.

Pat puts her arms around Nancy.

PATRICIA

Maybe that's the reason he was pulling away from you. He didn't want you to know.

Nancy goes to closet, starts to dress.

CONTINUED

NANCY

I don't care what he's done. I'm going to him.

PATRICIA

You can't involve yourself with those people. I won't let you.

NANCY

I love him, I'll follow him into hell if I have to. He was there when I needed him and I'm going to be there for him now.

EXT. TROTTI ESTATE - LATER

A Blue Mustang is parked about a hundred yards from the driveway. Officers Petro and Smith are parked around the bend in the road in a plain grey sedan.

EXT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

Petro is on the phone. Smith is napping.

PETRO

You were right, Lieutenant. Bevins is staking out the Trotti House. We're about a hundred yards from him.

INT. SIMMS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DIRECTLY LATER

Lieutenant Simms is in bed. His wife is sleeping next to him.

SIMMS

He's waiting for Ferraro, watch out. You're dealing with two rattlers.

EXT. TROTTI DRIVEWAY - LATER

A black caddie convertible with its top down drives out of the Trotti driveway.

EXT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

PETRO

Lieutenant, A black Caddie convertible has just left the Trotti estate. Driver is the only occupant. Bevins is giving him a good head start. Now he's slowly moving after him.

CONTINUED

INT. SIMMS BEDROOM - DIRECTLY LATER

Simms is balancing the phone between his ear and shoulder while he is getting dressed.

SIMMS

Don't lose them. Call me on my car phone in five minutes.

EXT. EAST HARLEM RIVER DRIVE - DAWN

Primo is driving south on the Drive. Bevens' Mustang is following at a safe distance. Petro and Smith follow the Mustang.

PETRO

(on the phone)

We're playing follow the leader, Harlem River Drive South at one hundred thirty-fifth street.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND COLUMBUS - LATER

Lt. Simms' car.

SIMMS

I'm on Seventy-Second and Columbus. I'm cutting across central park, keep the phone open.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Nancy is getting dressed. Pat is pleading with her.

PATRICIA

You're acting like a crazy person! You don't even know where to look for him!

EXT. FIFTY-THIRD STREET - LATER

Petro's car.

PETRO

Lieutenant, Caddie and Mustang have left the Drive for Fifty-Third Street West. They're gonna be tough to follow. I hope you're close.

SIMMS (VO - FROM PHONE)

I'm heading in your direction.

CONTINUED

Primo parks in front of the all-night restaurant (The Brasserie). The Blue Mustang drives by and makes a right on Park Avenue, drives about fifty feet and parks.

EXT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

PETRO

Okay, Lieutenant, this is the battleground. Black Caddie license; charlie, paul, david, three, seven, two has just parked in front of Brasserie Restaurant on the south side of 53rd Street, between Lex and Park. Ferraro has walked into the restaurant, Mustang has driven past caddie and has turned north on Park.

SIMMS (VO FROM PHONE)

Park on Lexington and keep an eye on the caddie. Bevens will come back. I'm on 57th and coming to you.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Primo walks down the entrance steps and into the Restaurant; chic, french and host to the upper crust of N.Y.C. who are trying to squeeze the last remaining minutes of the night with breakfast. The HOSTESS leads Primo to a table.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAWN

Bevens has opened his glove compartment. He takes out a small paper bag. He reaches into the bag and takes out a piece of grey plastic putty, a few feet of thin wire, a blasting cap, and a small screwdriver. He kneads the putty into a rectangular shape, sticks the tip of the blasting cap into it and puts it in his pocket. He gets out of the car and nonchalantly walks to the Brasserie twirling his nightstick. A taxi pulls up to the curb and discharges a man and a woman who walk into the restaurant.

MAN

Good Morning, Officer.

BEVENS

Good Morning.

INT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

Petro and Smith are watching Bevens from their car.

CONTINUED

PETRO
He's walking around like he's on a beat.

SMITH
Shrewd move. Without a uniform he'd
look suspicious.

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

WAITER is taking Primo's order.

PRIMO
Eggs over light, ham, toast, and coffee

WAITER
Thank you, Sir.

EXT. 53rd STREET - DIRECTLY LATER

Bevens is pacing in front of Restaurant, occasionally stealing a glance into the restaurant as waiter brings the food to Primo, Bevens opens Primo's car door and gets in.

INT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

PETRO
(to Smith)
This is it, he's either going to plant
a bug or a bomb.

SMITH
(looking up Lexington Ave)
Here comes the Lieutenant, let him figure
it out.

SIMMS parks his car behind theirs and walks to Petro and Smith.

SIMMS
Fill me in.

PETRO
Bevens is under the dash of the caddie,
planting something, and I don't think
it's corn.

SIMMS
A bug is useless without a court order.
It's got to be explosives. Let him
finish so there won't be any room for
denials later on.

CONTINUED

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

Primo is eating breakfast, he reaches in his inside pocket and takes out the Belmont Park Race Program. He flips the pages and each one of them has "Primo, I love you" written on it. He smiles and puts it back in his pocket.

INT. CADDIE - DIRECTLY LATER

Bevens takes out the plastic explosive with the blasting cap and attaches the thin wire to it. With his screwdriver, he opens the telephone cradle. He smiles and looks up at the heavens.

BEVENS

I'm sending you up a guest, Harry.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DIRECTLY LATER

NANCY picks up the phone and dials.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DIRECTLY LATER

Josh is sleeping, the phone rings. Josh picks it up.

JOSH

Hello.

NANCY (VO FROM PHONE)

Josh, this is Nancy. Is Primo there?

JOSH

No. Why don't you try his car phone.

NANCY

Thanks, Josh.

EXT. PETRO'S CAR - DIRECTLY LATER

Simms, with Petro and Smith, watch Bevens and the Restaurant.

SIMMS

What the hell is taking him so long?
If Ferraro comes out we'll have World
War III.

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

Primo is paying the check. He lights a cigarette and walks to the steps leading to the front door.

CONTINUED

INT. CADDIE - DIRECTLY LATER

A crazy sick smile crosses Bevens face as he puts the phone back on its cradle. He takes a coin out of his pocket and shows it to the imaginary Harry in the heavens.

BEVENS

A quarter is going to buy him a one way ticket to you, Harry.

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

Primo is walking up the step to the front door.

INT. CADDIE - DIRECTLY LATER

Bevens give the phone a love tap with his hand and smiles.

BEVENS

Don't call us Mister Ferraro, we'll call you...

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DIRECTLY LATER

Nancy is punching numbers on the telephone.

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

SLOW MOTION. Primo has reaches the revolving door.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DIRECTLY LATER

SLOW MOTION. Nancy punches the final number and puts the receiver to her ear.

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

SLOW MOTION. Primo's hand starts the revolving door moving.

INT. CADDIE - DIRECTLY LATER

SLOW MOTION. Bevens, with a sickly smile on his face reaches for the door handle. The car phone starts to ring. Bevens' smile changes to an expression of horror.

EXPLOSION - The car is blown up.

CONTINUED

INT. RESTAURANT - DIRECTLY LATER

The force of the explosion shatters the glass revolving door into a million pieces, sending Primo back, down the stairs and into the restaurant. There's bedlam in the restaurant. Patrons are screaming, Primo is on the floor bleeding. A MAN sees Primo.

MAN

This guy's hurt. Call an ambulance!

EXT. 53rd STREET - DIRECTLY LATER

SIMMS, PETRO, and SMITH can do nothing. The Caddie is a ball of fire, black smoke is rising into the air. Fire engines and ambulance sirens sound in the distance.

PETRO

Holy, Jesus!

SMITH

What now, Lieutenant?

SIMMS

We buy him some Mass Cards.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A couple of Patrons are trying to make the bleeding Primo comfortable as PARAMEDICS with a stretcher come down the steps.

PARAMEDIC

Move aside, Please.

EXT. 53rd STREET - LATER

Firemen are dowsing the burning car with water as the Paramedics carry Primo out on a stretcher. Primo wakes up, lifts his head, and looks at what's left of his caddie.

PRIMO

Son of a bitch. I just had it Simonized.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing Shot.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Primo is in bed. Part of his face is in bandages. A DOCTOR and NURSE are attending to him. Josh is standing near.

CONTINUED

DOCTOR
We took enough glass out of you body to
make a chandelier.

PRIMO
Thanks, Doc.

Doctor and Nurse leave the room. Josh walks to Primo's bedside.

JOSH
She's on her way here, you'd better
have some answers for her.

The door opens. Nancy walks in. She sees Primo in bandages and
rushes to him, crying.

NANCY
Oh, Primo.

ANGLE ON DOOR

The door opens. Bettina and Frog quietly walk in. At the sight
of Primo and Nancy embracing, Bettina stops.

NANCY
I love you so much.

PRIMO
(stroking her hair)
I love you, Nancy. More than anything
in the world.

ANGLE ON BETTINA

Bettina is biting her lip.

ANGLE ON PRIMO AND NANCY

They are not aware of Bettina's presence. Nancy crosses her arms
and dictates.

NANCY
I'm going back to Kansas. I'm giving up
show business and this cesspool they
call New York City. Are you coming with
me? Yes or No?

BETTINA
His answer is yes!

CONTINUED

PRIMO
You heard her, Nancy. She's the boss!

THE END

