

THE PADRONE

by

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The Padrone

Godfather Peter Gardenia runs the biggest crime family in the tri-state area, married to a lady who lives only for the Bible, she has no idea what her husband does for a living. Her greatest pleasure in life is those daily fifteen minute Bible studies with Peter. He enjoys those fifteen minutes only because it makes her so happy. They have a well endowed daughter of twenty-four, Sarafina, who is Peter's pride and joy and is as pure as Sicilian virgin olive oil.

Peter runs into a problem when his closest advisor and bookkeeper, Turidu, tells him that he has to retire because his wife's hip can't take the cold weather anymore. Peter panics, what is he going to do without Turidu, he won't know who owes him what and no doubt without his advise he'll surely land in jail. Turidu tells him not to worry, he's already picked his successor, his nephew Tony Spano, a young man of thirty who is a graduate of Harvard, a whiz at numbers and a knowledge of law that will keep Peter out of jail.

Peter is old fashioned ... he has ten new metal garbage cans in his office. His aids deposit the daily take into the cans, as they fill up, they are transferred to the basement and replaced with new ones.

Turidu brings his nephew Tony to the Gardenia home. The minute Tony sees Sarafina (Peter's daughter), it is love at first sight for both of them.

In the privacy of his den, Peter, Turidu and Tony discuss Tony's new job. Tony inquires about his salary ... Peter looks at him quizzingly ... "Salary" says Peter, "What salary? Come over here." Peter takes him to the garbage cans, opens a full one and says "Every week you stick your hands in here and take what you need." "No!" says Tony, "You've got to pay me by check, I.R.S. you know." "Check", says Peter ... "I got no checks!" And so starts the war between Peter and this young yippie who he can't do without.

Tony implements the latest in business management. He tries to convince Peter that it pays to have a good relationship between employer and employee... Peter still feels that a baseball bat across the forehead is still the best way to keep harmony in the family.

Tony pushes, and fights for medical insurance for all the soldiers in the family ... a dental plan, a pension plan, an incentive plan and above all, a three year work contract for each man.

Peter has Senators, Congressmen, Judges and Police Officials on his graft payroll. Tony asks Peter how much a year does he pay for graft. Peter thinks for a minute, "about two full garbage cans".

At the end of the fiscal year Tony sends a 1099 I.R.S. slip to everyone receiving graft. Judges, Senators, etc., upon receiving the 1099 call Peter and scream bloody murder. Pete knows nothing of this, to him 1099 is the price of veal cutlets. When Peter finds out what Tony has done he threatens to hang him from the oak tree in front of the house, except that nino can't find any rope.

Peter runs into more troubles ... one of his men was ordered to deliver the kiss of death to an enemy ... the man he sent turns out to be gay and upon delivering the kiss, he fell in love ... Peter is angry ... he orders his men to put cement shoes on him and throw him in the river ... "Make sure the cement shoes have high heels!" says Peter. The gay man looks at Peter in the eye and says "You can't knock me off." "What do you mean I can't knock you off?" Gay takes out a contract and holds it up to Peter ... "It says here you can't knock me off without my consent." Tony looks at Peter, "He's right Peter ... that contract is valid, unless you want a couple of hundred gays picketing your house."

Peter wants to get out of the business he's in. He won't allow his daughter to marry until he retires and they move to Palm Beach. So he's forever calling up old friends of his to take over but always gets a "no" for an answer.

Peter has a pet charity, he has remodeled a factory building, has put in a couple of hundred bedrooms and a large dining room. A nun, Mother Maria, runs it. Peter pays all the bills. Peter tells Tony that he would like to leave the shelter about eight million dollars when he retires but the government would ask a lot of questions.

"Get a crooked bank to launder the money." says Tony. "Those thieves .. they want fifty to sixty cents on the dollar." "How about twenty five to thirty cents on the dollar" says Tony. "Who's going to wash money that cheap?" asks Peter ... "Belmont Park" answers Tony, "Seventy percent of the favorites come in the money, so if we bet a million dollars for show on the favorite in each race, we'll get back seventy percent of our money and what is cleaner than a check from Belmont Park Race Track?" "A million dollars on one horse for show? You'll cause a minus pool, the officials will rule you or better yet, boot you out of the track." says Peter. "Leave it to me" says Tony.

Tony and some of Peter's men take ten assorted derelicts, bag ladies, pan handlers, bums and a few garbage cans full of money to Belmont Park. In each race Tony sends ten derelicts to the betting windows, each betting a hundred thousand dollars on the favorite to show ... this results in many comical incidents at each window ... a roar goes up from the crowd when they see a million dollars bet on one horse for show. The newspaper men are having a field day calling in the story to their respective papers ... the racing officials are pulling out their hair, a minus pool will cost the track plenty. In the post parade, one jockey is talking to the jockey on the favorite "Don't fall off, Jose, the national debt has just been bet on your horse." Race after race the million dollar betting goes on ... the officials order security to find out who's betting this money and kick them out. Newsmen advise officials not to kick them out, it would look bad in the newspapers that Belmont Park kicked out homeless people for winning money. At the end of the day Mother Maria has a Belmont Park check for nine million dollars.

Tony and Sarafina are deeply in love but they can't get married till Peter retires, so Tony comes up with another scheme.

In the tri-state area there are a half dozen Mom and Pop crime families who operate in the shadow the the Peter Gardinia organization ... they depend on Peter for their supplies ... they own pizza parlors -- Peter controls the mozzavella, olive oil and garlic ... they own gas stations -- Peter controls the gas ... they own construction companies -- Peter controls the cement, etc.

Without Peter's knowledge, Tony meets with the heads of the six small families. He shakes them up, he tells them that the Peter Gardenia crime family is for sale and it's going on the auction block.

"A crime family for sale?" said one of them. "Yeah ..." said another, "Whatta you think it is, a truck load of watermelons?" "I don't believe it." said still another.

"Believe it" said Tony, "there's the Kansas City crime family that wants to bid ... there's the New Orleans crime family that has shown an interest, and last, but not least, the Wall Street firm of Goldstein, Levitz and Bernbaum is ready to bid -- and if one of these outfits take it, they may not want to supply you, you'll all be back selling bananas off the back of a truck."

"You're right." answered one of them, "especially if the Wall Street Jews get it, they're too smart. Them Jews all go to high school."

Tony persudes them to pool their money and make a bid of twenty million.. he'll make sure that the Gardenia organization will go to them. They go for it. The deal is made, Peter can't believe it ... he's finally retired ... they are all packed and ready to leave for Palm Beach when the local Police stop them. The truth comes out ... Tony is really an undercover cop whose real name is Sid Goldberg ... Peter, his wife and daughter are devastated. Suddenly the State Troopers arrive overuling the local Police ... Tony (Sid) has blackmailed the Governor to pardon Peter and give him safe passage out of the state. All is happy as they all head down to sunny Florida followed by two eighteen wheeler trucks loaded with full garbage cans.

Exterior - Day - Birds Eye View

Four acre estate, small mansion, manicured grounds, pool, fish pond, circular driveway. Grey stretch caddie limousine is parked in driveway. Nino, chauffeur and one of three bodyguards to Peter Gardinia the power behind all Godfathers is sitting on the front door steps. Blue Buick drives up to and parks behind limo. Turidu Salsoni the Driver gets out and walks over to Nino... Turidu is in his late sixties and has been Peter Gardinia's accountant and advisor since the early days of Gardinia's organization.

NINO

You're early Turidu... The Padrone is still having breakfast...

TURIDU (smiles)

Breakfast and his daily dose of bible study with Fiorella... God bless her, those fifteen minutes of reading to the Padrone means the world to her.

Nino

And he enjoys giving her that pleasure... He's a hell of a man... a hell of a man...

TURIDU (nervous)

I'm going to town to get a prescription filled for my wife... I'll stop by later...

Interior - Kitchen Day

Peter Gardinia, in his early sixties, is having breakfast with his wife of thirty years, Fiorella and their twenty-three year old daughter Sarafina who has the face of an angel and a body that only the combined talents of DaVinci and Michaelangelo could sculpture and is as pure as Sicilian virgin olive oil... on the table is a timer ticking away the seconds till the end of the bible study...

FIORELLA (reading)

...I shall intoxicate my arrows with blood while my sword will eat flesh, with the blood of the slain and the captives, with the heads of the leaders of the enemy... vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord...

The timer rings...

PETER (wipes his brow)

Whew... that's my kind of man... He's got to be Sicilian.

FIGURELLA
(looking at her watch)

I've got to hurry, Sister Agnes and I have a bible study at the nursing home.

Fiorella leaves the room. Peter lights a cigar and sadly stares at his daughter who is toying with her food.

PETER

Bambina, you haven't eaten a mouthful...

Sarafina stands up, angry. She cups her large breast in her hands and taunts her father with them.

SARAFINA

Bambina? Bambina? Look at me... Do you see a Bambina? I'm a woman, I'm not a Bambina anymore.

PETER (mortified)

For shame you do that in front of me... you are my Bambina and you will remain my Bambina 'till the day you walk down the aisle...

SARAFINA

And when is that glorious day going to be? And who pray tell am I going to walk down the aisle with? You scare off every man that shows an interest in me....

PETER

I din't like those men that have shown an interest in you... their eyes made noise when they looked at you.

Sarafina kneels before her father and rests her head on his lap...

SARAFINA

Oh, Poppa... I don't know what to do...

PETER

(strokes her head)

You do nothing... when I retire, I will find you a man, a Sicilian, a man you will be proud of... a man like me...

Exterior - Day - 42nd Street Newsstand

A well-dressed man in his fifties, Police Commissioner T.J. McLaughlin stops in front of the sidewalk newsstand. Newsdealer hands him a magazine.

NEWS DEALER (big smile)

Good morning Commissioner, here's this months needlepoint magazine...

COMMISSIONER

Thank you Alfanso, my wife has been waiting on pins and needles for this...
(breaks into laughter)

The news dealer gives the Commissioner a dirty look and an indecent arm gesture as the Commissioner walks away. A few yards from the newsstand the Commissioner opens the magazine and smiles as he gazes on a stack of hundred dollar bills between the pages... he puts the money in his pocket and throws the magazine in a trash basket.

Interior - Coffee Shop - Day

Detective James Anderson waits for his order in front of the takeout counter.

COUNTERMAN

(handing him paper bag)

Good morning lieutenant, here's your usual, coffee, light no sugar and a slice of pound cake.

LIEUTENANT

(takes the bag)

Thanks Benny, tell your cook to make the coffee stronger... it's a little weak...

BENNY

I'll tell him Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant turns and leaves as Benny gives him the finger... Outside of the restaurant Lt. Anderson takes out the container of coffee and throws it into the trash basket... take's a stack of hundred dollar bills out of the paper bag and puts them in his pocket.

Exterior - Street - Day

Man in his forties walks out of the dry cleaning store carrying a suit on a hanger. A few feet from the store, he stops and takes a stack of hundred dollar bills from the pocket of the clean suit and puts in in his pocket.

Interior - Court Room - Day

All rise as Judge Edward Parsella enters the court room and sits at the bench. He slyly opens the portfolio laying before him. He gets a quick glimpse of the hundred dollar bills inside the portfolio, smiles and with gavel in hand, bangs the court into session

Interior - Office - Day

Kid delivers pizza to office... kid hands box to secretary.

KID

Pizza for the Congressman. Be careful,
it's hot.

Secretary enters Congressman's office and puts the box on his desk.

SECRETARY

Here's your pizza sir... be careful...
it's hot...

Secretary leaves, Congressman opens the box, lifts a slice of pizza and burns his fingers as he retrieves the envelope filled with hundred dollar bills.

CONGRESSMAN

(licking his burned fingers)

"Wop bastard."

INTERIOR
Exterior - Billiard Parlor - Night

Man in his sixties "Rabbi" Politano passes dozens of occupied billiard tables on his way to the back room where four men are sitting around a table waiting for him. He takes his seat and calls the meeting to order. Each man is the head of a small "mom and pop" crime family. In attendance are "Chops" Ripoli, "Horny" Carroni, "Patty the Pig" Scaduto, "Twinkle Toes" Potenza and presiding is "Rabbi" Politano.

"RABBI"

"I'm calling this meeting the "what if" meeting.

"HORNY"

Chi Cazzo is a "what if" meeting?

"RABBI"

I'll explain what a "what if" meeting is... we control about a hundred pizza joints in the tri-state area... right?

"PATTY THE PIG"

Right!

"RABBI"

Who controls all the wholesale Mozzarella cheese?

"CHOPS"

Peter Gardinia.

"RABBI"

"What if" Peter Gardinia one of these days decides not to sell us the cheese...?

"TWINKLE TOES"

We'd be out of business.

"RABBI"

We control about seventy five Italian restaurants... Peter Gardinia controls the garlic and olive oil... "What if" one day he refuses to sell us the garlic and olive oil?

"HORNY"

All our restaurants would go down the backhouse.

"RABBI"

We control the gas stations, Gardinia controls the gas... we control the candy stores... he controls the candy... "what if"? "What if"..... Now do you understand what I'm getting at?

"CHOPS"

I'm glad we had this "what if" meeting... geezus, I never realized what a tight grip Gardinia has on our culgliones.

"PATTY THE PIG"

Whatta we do? We can't get rough... He'll wipe up the streets with us...

"TWINKLE TOES"

How do we keep a giant like Gardinia from squashing us?

"RABBI"

There's only one way, and one way only... we ask for a meeting with him and... we beg.

Interior - Gardinia House - Day

Peter Gardinia is sitting at his desk... There's a knock on his door.

PETER

Come in.

The door opens, Turidu Salsoni enters, nervous...

PETER

Turidu... Why do you knock? My most trusted friend, and you knock?

TURIDU

Good morning Peter... I wonder if you have a few minutes...I... I need to talk to you.

Peter gets up from his chair and walks over to his old friend...

PETER

First you knock... Now you ask if I have time for you... Are you sick or something?

TURIDU (looks away)

I was having a long talk with Gina this morning.

PETER

How is she? How's her hip?

TURIDU

That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

PETER

You want to talk to me about your wife's hip?

TURIDU (turns away)

No... I mean, yes... I want... (sobs)

PETER (concerned)

Turidu, what's the matter... I've never seen you like this...

Turidu walks to the window, looks out, take's a deep breath and turns and faces Peter.

TURIDU

I want to retire... The weather here is no good for Gina's hip... we want to move to Florida.

The powerful, fearless Pete Gardinia reels like he's been hit on the forehead by a Bocce Ball. He's speechless, walks around the room in a daze

PETER

You just told me that you're goin' to cut my legs off. you, my best friend is going to cut off my legs...

TURIDU

Peter... Listen.

Peter runs to his desk drawer and takes out a pistol, he runs back to his friend and forces the gun in Turidu's hand... He lifts Turidu's gunned hand and aims the gun at his own head.

PETER

Go ahead Turidu, pull the trigger, you might as well kill me because without you I'm lost... Without you I won't know who owes me what. Without you I won't know who's robbing me blind... Shoot... Shoot...

Turidu lowers the pistol and put's it back in the desk drawer.

TURIDU

Peter, I love you... my own brother I couldn't love more (takes off his glasses and points to his eyes) it's not just Gina's hip... it's also my eyes, I can't see good anymore... Please understand. It's time... We can't fight time, it catches up to us... It caught up to me a long time ago but I couldn't leave you, but now I must...

Turidu begins to cry... Peter gives him a tissue...

PETER (concerned)

My dear friend... I do understand. I will not stand in your way...! I too want to retire but I can't find anyone to take my place...

TURIDU

(wipes his eyes)

Peter, I'm not going to leave you stranded... I'm...

PETER (excited)

You've changed your mind? You'll stay?

TURIDU

No... but I have someone who might take my place...

PETER (yells)

Nobody can take your place "nudu nudu"... nobody, nobody...

TURIDU

Peter, calm down... I have a nephew, a Harvard graduate, a whiz with numbers and knows every law in the book... if anyone can advise you and keep you from jail, he can...

PETER

All right Turidu, I trust your judgement... He can start tomorrow.

TURIDU

He already has a job, with a big firm... I'll have to talk to him...

PETER

I have a better idea, you and Gina bring him here for dinner, I'll talk to him.

Peter and Turidu embrace... Turidu leaves... the phone rings.

PETER

Hello?

Interior - Police Commissioner's Office - Day

Commissioner T.J. McLaughlin is on the phone to Peter.

COMMISSIONER

Hello Mister Gardinia, it's been a while since we last spoke... How are you?

PETER V.O.

I'm fine Commissioner... How's the missus?

COMMISSIONER

Outside of fighting inflation, she's fine.

PETER V.O.

Inflation, Commissioner?

COMMISSIONER

Yes, Mister Gardinia... She went food shopping yesterday and came home very depressed.

PETER V.O.

Really?

COMMISSIONER

Yes... Red peppers four dollars a pound,
veal cutlets nine ninety-nine a pound
and forget the filet mignon, that's hit
the roof... I really don't know how
we're going to survive on what I make...

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

PETER

I understand Commissioner. Next month's
needle point magazine will have more
pages...

COMMISSIONER V.O.

Thank you Mr. Gardinia, I can't wait to
read it...

Peter hangs up the phone and gives the phone a two fingered evil eye...

PETER

You red nosed cornuto.

Exterior - Single Family House - Night

Interior - Dining Room - Night

"Rabbi" Politano, his wife and their thirty year old son, Nick, have
just finished dinner. Mother is starting to put the dishes away...

NICK

Pop... I'd like a word with you...
private...

MOTHER (pissed)

What can be so private that I can't hear?

NICK

C'mon mom, this is man's talk.

Mother picks up a stack of dirty dishes and head's for the kitchen.

MOTHER

There are only two things that are man's talk. Shooting people in the head and dirty sex talk...

Mother has left the room, "Rabbi" lights a cigar...

RABBI

Before you tell me what you want to talk about, I want to talk about something I want to talk about.

NICK

You want to talk about something you want to talk about (laughs). Do you have any idea how funny you sound?

RABBI

You have no respect and you have a big mouth and that's what I want to talk about.

NICK

Aw c'mon Pop, life is short, laugh it up...

RABBI

(blows smoke in Nick's face)

and life is gonna be even shorter for you the day I stop protecting your ass.

(throws his hands up)

Aw what's the use, you got a head like a Sicilian mule... What did you want to talk to me about?

NICK

Sarafina.

RABBI

Sarafina... Peter Gardinia's daughter?

NICK

Yeah... I want to marry her.

RABBI

Just like that, you want to marry Peter Gardinia's daughter. Are you out of your mind? He'll grind you up and make a salami out of you just for thinking about it.

NICK

What you're saying is that you won't talk to him about it...

RABBI

Not only won't I talk to him about it but neither will you...

Nick angrily heads for the door.

NICK

I want that girl... and I'm going to get her...

Exterior - Industrial Area, Warehouses, Railroad, etc. - Day

Grey stretch limousine pulls up to side door of large warehouse. Nino, the driver opens the passenger door, Peter Gardinia and two bodyguards, Aldo and P.P., come out. Nino changes his chauffeur's hat for a fedora and the four men walk in the warehouse door.

Interior - Warehouse - Day

Fork lifts are stacking cases of name brand booze. Behind a pile of cases is a door. Nino opens it and they walk in. The four men enter a large room with about a dozen desks, each with a man taking bets over the phone. On the far wall is a large blackboard where four men with walkie/talkies are busy changing the odds on sport events.

Vito Pagliari, the man in charge sees Gardinia, smiles and runs to meet him. As Pagliari extends his hand out to Peter Gardinia, Nino steps in front of Peter and spits on Vito Pagliari's hand.

PETER

Nino... Nino... That wasn't nice.

Pagliari looks at his hand, in shock. Aldo steps forward and gives Pagliari a slap that echoes throughout the large room.

PETER

Aldo, that was nice, very nice.

PAGLIARI
(holding his face)

P... Padrone, I don't understand.

P.P.

Let's go into your office...

As Pagliani turns, P.P., as if going for a field goal, buries his size ten shoe in Pagliari's ass, sending him head first into his office. They all enter as Nino closes the door.

PAGLIARI
(puzzled - begging)

Please, Padrone, tell me what I have done...

PETER
(lights a cigar)
All you phones have been tapped...

PAGLIARI

How could that be... they're all new lines... the cops, maybe they...

PETER

No Vito, the Sbirri didn't tap your phones... they are on my payroll...

PAGLIARI

Then who... who...

PETER

Me... I tapped your phones...

PAGLIARI

You...

PETER

You juggle books pretty good, maybe you should be in the circus...

(turns to Aldo)

Aldo, what's the damage?

Aldo takes a notebook out of his pocket and reads.

ALDO

Horses, one hundred and ten dimes.
Hoops, eighty dimes.
Hockey, seventy dimes.
Total, two hundred and sixty thousand dollars... this "testa di merda" went south with two hundred and sixty big ones...

PETER

(turns to P.P.)

Any punitive damages, P.P.?

P.P.
(reads from his notebook)

Yes, Padrone... Interest on two hundred sixty thousand, fifty thousand. Aggravation, fifty thousand. For your time in coming here, fifty thousand, wear and tear, gas and oil for the limo, fifty thousand... He owes a total of four hundred and sixty thousand...

PAGLIARI (shaking)

Padrone, please... you've got to have mercy on me...

PETER

You have the money to pay back?

PAGLIARI

Yes, in my safe at home.

PETER

Aldo and P.P. will go with you. After we get the money, you have one of two choices, leave this part of the country forever or stay and get a kiss on the mouth from Aldo.

Aldo moves in close to Pagliari's face, his lips are puckered and cocked... Pagliari backs himself against the wall... his socks and shoes, wet.

PETER

Nino, take me home.

Interior - Kitchen - Day

Fiorella is reading the bible. Peter strains to hear every word, Sarafina is bored.

FIORELLA

...striking down a thousand men with it

Timer rings.

PETER

Fiorella, would you please read the last few lines again...

Fiorella, happy at Peter's interest in the Bible smiles.

FIORELLA (Cont)

...then Samson found a moist jawbone of a male ass and trust his hand out and took it and went striking down a thousand men with it.

PETER

Marrona Mia! That guy could work for me anytime... imagine what he could do with a forty-two ounce bat...

Peter lights a cigar and walks toward the patio, he stops, snaps his fingers and turns to his wife.

PETER

Cara Mia... I almost forgot, I've invited Turidu and Gina for dinner, they are also bringing their nephew.

FIORELLA

It will be nice seeing Gina again, is her hip still giving her trouble?

PETER

Her hip is giving me trouble.

FIGORELLA

What did you say, dear?

PETER

I said, I hope it isn't too much trouble for you...

FIGORELLA

Don't be silly, I'll make Turidu's favorite dish, Trippa with Scarola.

SARAFINA
(sarcastic)

And I'll entertain their nephew with my play dough.

Peter takes Sarafina's arm and escorts her out to the patio.

PETER

I hurt to see you bored like this...

SARAFINA

I'm sorry poppa... I guess I'm not handling my problem very well.

PETER

Soon I will retire, we will move to Palm Beach, we'll meet new people, make new friends. You'll need my baseball bat to keep the men away...

FIGORELLA V.O.

Dear, Mister P.P. is here to see you...

PETER

Tell him to wait in my office.

Peter kisses his daughter on the cheek.

PETER
(wagging his finger)

Remember what Jesus said, "Be anxious over nothing".

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

P.P. is reading a comic book, by his feet is a half full plastic garbage bag... Peter enters his office.

P.P. (rises)

Good morning Padrone, I have Pagliari's money... it's all in small bills, it took us all night to count it...

PETER

...and Pagliari?

P.P.

We put him on a plane to California...

PETER

You did good P.P., you did good...

P.P.

How come we didn't feed Pagliari to the fish?

PETER

With all the waste dumping going on in our rivers, I figured the fish have enough problems without trying to digest a scumbag like Pagliari, put the money away P.P.

P.P. walks to the far end of the office where a curtain hangs across the room dividing it. P.P. pulls the draw strings and the curtains part, exposing ten new garbage cans. P.P. takes off the lid on nine of them, they're full of money. He dumps the contents of the plastic bag in the tenth can which is empty.

P.P.

You need more garbage cans, Padrone.

PETER

Tomorrow you'll put the full ones in the basement with the others and buy ten new ones.

P.P. draws the string, closing the curtains.

P.P.

I've been thinking, why don't we get a dumpster?

PETER

I got a better idea, why don't you stop thinking...

Interior - Dining Room - Night

That evening...

Fiorella and Sarafina are putting the finishing touch on a tastefully set dinner table, Peter enters the room.

PETER

Sarafina! It's not nice to entertain guest wearing pants... Go put on a dress...

SARAFINA

But Poppa, these are Gucci's best slacks.

PETER

You borrowed your girl friend's slacks?
You can't buy your own? Go put on a dress.

Sarafina goes upstairs to change, the doorbell rings, Peter opens the door and greets his dinner guests.

PETER

Come in, come in.

Peter ignores Turidu and his nephew and gives all his attention to Gina who is limping. Peter takes her by the arm.

PETER

Let me help you to a nice soft chair.
You are still a beautiful lady Gina.
How's the hip?

GINA

Those beautiful words are what my hip needed. Thank you Peter...

Peter helps Gina to a chair and turns to Turidu and his nephew.

TURIDU

Peter, I want you to meet my nephew, Tony Spano...

PETER

(taking Tony's hand in both of his)

Welcome to my home Tony.

TONY

(a Chevy Chase type)

Thank you Signori Gardinia.

Fiorella and Gina are chatting, Peter sees his chance.

PETER

Turidu, Tony, why don't we go in my office and get away from the ladies.

Interior - Peter's Office - Night

Peter is at his office bar pouring wine for the occasion. He hands a glass to Turidu and Tony and touches glasses with his own.

TONY

Thank you.

PETER

I've heard wonderful things about you, Tony... I would be grateful and honored if you would consider working for me...

TONY

It would be an honor, a challenge and exciting to work for you but I don't know if it would work out.

TURIDU

What my nephew is saying is that our way of running things is old fashioned, things have changed, methods have changed, laws have changed.

Peter's head bobs up and down agreeing with Turidu.

TONY

Uncle Turidu has explained the position as that of Accountant and Advisor... My accounting methods and any advice I will give you may seem bizarre to you but it's the way big business is conducted today.

PETER

And you think that I would not understand the modern way of running a business... That I'm too set in my ways...

TONY

It's possible Mister Gardinia, and I can understand it, but today there are so many new laws and legal traps that the slightest mistake could cause a long jail term for you...

Peter clasps his hands behind his back and paces the floor.

PETER

Without your uncle, I will die in jail, but with you I will live a free man but with ulcers, is that right?

TONY

Right.

Peter stops pacing, slaps his hands together then raises them over his head in surrender...

PETER

All right, I will promise not to interfere with your accounting methods and I promise to take your advice. Now when can you start?

TONY

We haven't discussed my salary.

Peter's eyes bulge out, he looks at Tony then at Turidu and back to Tony.

PETER

Salary? What salary? Come over here...

(opens the curtains and lifts the lid on one of the garbage cans)

...every week you stick your hand in the can and take what you need.

TONY (cool)

No sir, I can't do that, you must pay me by check... I.R.S. you know.

PETER

By check? I don't have no checks!

TONY

I will open an account for you tomorrow.

PETER

(looks at Turidu)

Are you sure you're not punishing me for something... already I feel acita...
(extends his hand to Tony) all right son, shake hands with your new boss.

There's a knock on the door.

PETER

Come in.

The door opens. Sarafina walks in, like a brush, Tony's eyes paint her from head to toe. They stare at each other. In the far distance, they hear Peter introduce them. From ten feet away they extend their hands to shake but their feet are glued to the floor. The father and uncle watch the two statues with their hands out. Peter and Turidu guide the two mesmerized mannequins toward each other. Their hands touch as the lights in the room glow for a second.

SARAFINA

D... din... dinner is ready.

Exterior - West Side Highway - Night

Red jaguar convertible with its top down is breaking the sound barrier as it weaves in and out of traffic going south on the Henry Hudson Parkway. It exits at the 79th Street boat basin and parks by the Marina. Tony Spano gets out of the car and lights a cigarette, leans on the hood of the Jaguar and thinks. He looks at the moon.

SARAFINA (V.O.)

D... Dinner is ready...

Tony looks around, he bangs his fist on the hood then puts his head in his hands.

SARAFINA (V.O.)

D... Dinner is ready...

Again Tony looks around. He gets back in the car and puts his head back on the headrest. He lights another cigarette, takes two quick puffs and flips it into the river. He starts up the car and screeches his way out of there.

Exterior - Backyard - Day

Next day...

Peter and Nino are spraying the grape vines.

PETER

Seven years I've nursed these grape vines and for seven years all I've gotten is grape leaves.

NINO

You control every box of grapes that comes into New York, how come you need this aggravation?

PETER

They don't taste the same when they come out of a box.

The portable phone rings, Nino answers it.

NINO

Hello... Si Signora!

Nino turns to Peter.

NINO

That was Mrs. Gardinia, she sez Mr. Tony Spano just arrived.

PETER

That reminds me, get me a case of Roluids.

Peter heads for the house.

NINO

Don't forget Padrone, tonight you have a dinner date with the Mayor of Hoboken.

PETER

Make that two cases of Roluids...

Interior - Kitchen - Day

Fiorella, Sarafina and Tony are having espresso. Sarafina and Tony are staring at each other, not hearing a word of what Fiorella is saying.

FIORELLA

...your Aunt Gina and I have been friends for a long time...

(turns and sees Peter)

Oh, hello dear, I was just telling Tony...

PETER

I heard, hello Tony.

TONY

Good afternoon Signori Gardinia...

PETER

Finish your coffee and come into my office...

TONY (rises)

I'm finished, ladies, thank you for your hospitality.

Sarafina's eyes follow Tony as he leaves the room.

SARAFINA

Momma, I don't feel so good... but it's a nice feeling about not feeling so good... Oh, I don't know what I'm saying.

FIORELLA
(takes her hand)

You may not know what you're saying but you know what you're feeling.

SARAFINA

Momma, have you ever felt good about not feeling so good?

FIORELLA

After thirty years I still feel good about not feeling good when your father comes near me... it's called, love.

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

PETER

Welcome to your first day on the job, Tony.

TONY

Thank you. (Take out notebook.) Uncle Turidu has given me bits and pieces of information on you.

PETER

What kind of information?

TONY

Well, for instance... you always pick up the check in restaurants and pay them in cash.

PETER

How the hell else would I pay them?

TONY
(taking notes)

I'm ordering you an American Express card, from now on you will pay with the credit card.

PETER

Are you nuts? A man in my position pulling out a credit card to pay a check... Hell no, forget it.

TONY

Mister Gardinia, I have given my word to my Uncle that I will stream line your organization and protect you from the law. I will keep my word but only if you cooperate. ...at your age a twenty year jail sentence is equivalent to a life sentence.

PETER

(makes the sign of the cross)

Oh, Jesus, don't talk like that... I'll do what you say... twenty... Oh God!

TONY

You have no books, no records... my Uncle kept everything in his head, and you certainly can't give the I.R.S. his head to look at. When I get through, you'll have a set of books that can stand the scrutiny of the Internal Revenue Service or any other agency that wants to audit us.

PETER (humble)

You, you can do that?

TONY

Yes, and while we're on the subject of the I.R.S., I want to know your net profits from all of your ventures so we can pay estimated taxes... quarterly.

PETER

How the hell do I report profits from loan sharking?

TONY

From now on, we are not loan sharks but a lending institution. Every state has it's own limit on the percentage of interest one can charge on loans, for instance, in New Jersey, the limit is fifty percent, anything over that is considered usury. The I.R.S. or the state doesn't give a damn how much money you lend out as long as you pay taxes on the profits.

PETER (amazed)

Legalized loan sharking... I never knew that... you're pretty good kid, pretty good... hey wait a minute, how do you report profits on extortion?

TONY

We don't report it under extortion, we report it under Consulting Fees.

PETER

I'll be damned... I hope your Uncle likes Florida. Send him fifty thousand for some beach umbrellas.

TONY

I'll send him a check and we can deduct it as a gift, and speaking of gifts... how much graft do you pay to judges, politicians, police, etc....

PETER

Gee, I don't know... I guess about two full garbage cans.

TONY

When I get through, every facet of your business will be legitimate and you won't have to pay a nickel to those freeloading leaches... from this day on they will deal with me. I want every name of every person that's sucking on your tit.

PETER

Not only are you good, you're tough... I like that... yeah, I like that...

(thinks)

Red peppers, four dollars a pound... that dirty...

Tony closes his notebook and puts it in his briefcase.

TONY

Oh, by the way, how many men do you have in your organization?

PETER

(paces the floor)

Let me see, about sixty in Jersey, no, wait a minute, three got knocked off... four are in the coop... yeah, about fifty-five in New Jersey... In New York...

TONY

Just give me a ball park figure...

PETER

A ball park figure? ...about a hundred and eighty... total...

TONY

I want to assemble them all so I can interview them...

PETER

All of them at one time? I'll have to rent out Yankee Stadium... and why the hell do you want to interview them?

TONY

I want to know about any gripes or suggestions they may have to improve relations between management and labor.

Peter walks to the corner of the office and picks up one of a dozen bats that are standing against the wall.

PETER

(goes into a Joe D. stance)

This is the only thing that improves relations, one whack across the kneecaps... no, no, you've gone too far, Jesus Al Capone would turn over in his grave...

TONY (cool)

You made a promise, don't forget your promise.

PETER

(throws the bat in the corner)

Yeah, yeah, my promise... let me go take a nap, I gotta take the Mayor of Hoboken and his scungili sidekicks to dinner tonight.

Peter heads for the door.

TONY

Don't forget to get a receipt from the waiter.

PETER

Get a what?

Internal - Restaurant - Night

Nick Polltano is sitting alone in a corner booth. Two men in their late twenties "Zero" and "Little Strunzzo" walk to his table and sit down.

NICK

What did you find out?

Little Strunzzo

Marrone, Nick... No wonder you're ga-ga over this broad (whistles) what a pair of melons, Dolly Parton looks like a boy next to her and that ass... whoa... whoa... you gonna need spurs to ride them buns...

Nick's eyes ignite, he grabs "Little Strunzzo" by the throat.

NICK

Shut your mouth, you're talking about the future mother of my kids...

Zero comes to Little Strunzzo's rescue.

ZERO

Easy, Nick, Little Strunzzo didn't mean no disrespect.

Nick's blazing eyes dim as his grip on Little Strunzzo loosens.

NICK

All right, what did you find out about Sarafina?

LITTLE STRUNZZO
(massaging his throat)

Let Zero tell you, I can't breathe too good.

ZERO

Shit, now I'm afraid to tell you.

Nick's eyes flare up again...

NICK

Afraid to tell me what, c'mon, c'mon... spit it out.

ZERO

Well, from where we were peepin', it looked like she's got eyes for this young guy that's hanging around the house.

LITTLE STRUNZZO

Yeah... good lookin' guy too.

Nick grabs Little Strunzzo by the throat again.

ZERO

Hey, hey, why are you taking it out on him for? He didn't make him good lookin'...

Nick sits back in his seat, cracking his knuckles and grinding his teeth...

ZERO

We followed him, he drives a red Jaguar convertible and lives in a apartment house on East Eighty-second Street. He parks in the basement garage.

NICK
(leans forward)

Pay him a visit, take a couple of Fungo bats and flatten all the things on his face that makes him good lookin'.

Interior - Restaurant - Night

Mayor Sullivan of Hoboken and two of this ward leaders are having dinner with Peter, Nino and Aldo. Peter has his mouth full and is pointing his fork at the Mayor.

PETER

You're the Mayor of this town... you're also a scumbag, a whore, a sneak and a liar and if I were sitting closer to you, I'd give your ugly face a couple of Sicilian slaps...

MAYOR
(embarrassed, looks around)

Pete... not so loud.

PETER

Don't call me Pete, you rednosed turd. It's Peter, like Saint Peter. Now, I wanna know what you're gonna do about the five detectives that are shakin down my number runners.

MAYOR

Tell me what you want me to do with them and I'll do it...

PETER

I want you to put them back in uniform and have them directing traffic in the Holland Tunnel...

Mayor Sullivan turns to one of his ward leaders...

MAYOR

Make a note of that Johnson...

(turns back to Peter)

Consider it done Peter... Now the reason we're here tonight...

PETER

I know the reason you're here, your friend the Governor is in a tight race to keep his seat and you need money to put him over the top.

MAYOR

Yes, Peter, Governor Brown has been good for this state and we don't want Tom Zazarino the Republican to beat him...

PETER

(lights a cigar)

Send one of your stooges to my house tomorrow and tell him to bring a couple of empty bushels.

Peter stands up and hands Nino a roll of bills.

PETER

I'm going outside for some fresh air. Pay the check Nino.

(bends down and whispers)

Get a receipt...

NINO (out loud)

Get a receipt?

Peter looks up at the ceiling and makes the sign of the cross.

Internal - 82nd Street - Night

Red Jaguar is driving across Eighty Second Street.

Internal - Garage - Night

Zero and Little Strunzzo are sitting in their car, each with a baseball bat on his lap.

Internal - Garage - Night

Two men, wearing sunglasses are sitting in their car watching Zero and Little Strunzzo.

Red Jaguar drives down the ramp and into the garage. Tony parks his car and gets out. Zero and Little Strunzzo, bats in hand, get out of their car. The two men with the sunglasses, guns drawn get out of their car and quietly walk behind Zero and Little Strunzzo and bang them on the head with the butt of their guns. Zero and Little Strunzzo are out cold. Tony, unaware of what's happened takes his briefcase out of the car and walks up the stairs...

Internal - Peter's Office - Day

Sarafina walks into Peter's office.

SARAFINA

Good morning, Poppa.

PETER

Bambina, come and give your Poppa a kiss.

Sarafina kisses her father then walks to the garbage cans and stuffs her purse with money.

SARAFINA

Momma and I are going shopping for new clothes for me...

PETER

(wags his finger at her)

No tight sweaters or skirts that are ripped up the leg.

SARAFINA

Yes Poppa, is Tony coming in today?

PETER

No, he's in the main ballroom of the Waldorf interviewing my men... that kid is driving me up a wall.

SARAFINA

He has the same affect on me...

PETER

Shame Sarafina, shame.

Sarafina exits. Peter leafs through his phonebook, picks up the phone and dials.

Exterior - Patio California Home - Day

Angelo Derrico, ex mobster in his middle sixties is sitting at a patio table drinking lemonade and enjoying the view of his small grape vineyard. The portable phone rings. Angelo picks it up.

ANGELO

Hello --!

PETER V.O.

Angelo, how are you? How's the weather in California?

ANGELO

Just like Sicily, Peter, eighty degrees and the sun is shining... I hear through the earie that you're sitting on top of the world.

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

PETER

Yes, Angelo, I'm where you always wanted to be... on top.

ANGELO V.O.

I got over that feeling a long time ago, how's your health Peter?

PETER V.O.

I'm glad you asked Angelo... I've got this bad hip and the doctor advised me to move to a warm climate.

ANGELO

I'm sorry to hear about your hip, Peter.

PETER

Angelo... I have a wonderful offer for you... you can take my place, all I want is a piece, like maybe fifty percent...

Exterior - Patio, California - Day

A stacked, overdeveloped blond about twenty-five years old walks out onto the patio and sits on Angelo's lap.

ANGELO

I appreciate the offer Peter, but I'm enjoying my retirement.

The blond is unbuttoning Angelo's shirt and kissing his bare chest.

PETER V.O.

You always wanted to be the boss of bosses, here's your chance Angelo... er... I'll take just twenty-five percent.

Blond is kneeling in front of Angelo and unbuckling his pants.

ANGELO

No Peter, I like it here... er... I think someone is calling me.

PETER V.O.
(shouting)

All right, you can have the whole organization for nothing... you hear me? For nothin'...

Close up of Angelo's fingers clutching the edge of the patio table. His knuckles are white. The phone dangles from the table.

PETER V.O.

Angelo, Angelo... say something....

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

Peter slams the phone down.

PETER

Figlio di butana (son of a bitch)

Interior - Gardinia's Home - Day

Front doorbell rings, Sarafina answers the door, it's Tony Spano, again their eyes lock and their brains get lost in space...

FIORELLA V.O.

Who's at the door, Sarafina?

Fiorella's voice breaks the spell, the two astronauts return to Earth.

SARAFINA
(her eyes not leaving Tony)

It's Tony, Momma.

Interior - Kitchen - Day

FIORELLA

Invite him for espresso, I have fresh cannoli's.

Interior - Living Room - Day

SARAFINA
(smiling at Tony)

You heard her.

TONY

I've got a hunch that after I speak to your father, he'll stick the cannolies in my ears, is he available?

SARAFINA
(laughing)

He's out on the patio.

TONY

What are you laughing at?

SARAFINA

I'm picturing you with two cannolies sticking out of your ears.

Exterior - Patio - Day

Peter is listening to a cassette player. Next to him is a portable bar with a gallon of red wine and a full glass. The air is filled with Sicilian mandolin music, his hands conducting an imaginary orchestra.

TONY

Signori Gardinia, I hope I'm not interrupting.

Peter reaches over and shuts off the cassette player...

PETER

How come every time I see you, my stomach does the Tarantella.

TONY

Perhaps I remind you of your dentist.

PETER

Well... did you interview my men? Did anybody take a shot at you?

TONY

No, as a matter of fact, we got along very well... extremely well. They talked, I listened. I talked, they listened... on a whole, I think we have a very happy organization.

PETER

When my men are happy, that's when I worry... what made them so happy?

Tony pours himself a glass of wine.

TONY

I told them about the benefits you're going to give them.

PETER

(his ears perk up)

Benefits? What benefits?

Tony opens his briefcase and takes out his notebook.

TONY

(looking at notebook)

Let's see, the first thing I gave them was an incentive plan... that was well received.

PETER

What the hell is an incentive plan?

TONY

Each man has a quota... any business they bring in over that quota, they get ten percent, sort of a profit sharing plan...

PETER
(fuming)

You made them partners? My men are now my partners? Are you some kind of nut?

TONY (cool)

It will increase our business... trust me...

Peter gets up and starts pacing around the patio. He clasps his hands, looks to the heavens and talks to God.

PETER

Trust me he sez... He gives my business away and he sez trust me, God, why do you do this to me, didn't I donate the stain glass windows in the church, or did you forget?

TONY
(takes a sip of wine)

May I continue?

PETER

There's more?

TONY
(goes back to the notebook)

Yes, and through the goodness of your heart, all employees will be covered by medical insurance, a dental plan, pension plan and all will receive two weeks payed vacation a year...

PETER
(freaking out)

I hope you got yourself insured too,
because if you're not ten miles away from
this house in ten minutes, I'm gonna fill
your ass with a bazooka shell... (starts
screaming) Get out of here.

Tony is very calm. He takes another sip of wine and sits down. The French doors open. Sarafina is pushing a serving cart with a coffee pot and cups while Fiorella carries a tray of cannolies.

FIGURELLA

Cannoli, dear, your favorite.

PETER (loud)

Cannolies? When this cucuzza brain gets
through with me, we'll be lucky to afford
twinkies with our coffee.

Peter walks around talking to himself while Tony, Sarafina and Fiorella are having coffee and cannolies. Tony puts a cannoli on a dish and brings it to Peter.

TONY

The best cannoli that I have ever tasted,
(hands Peter the dish) here try one...

PETER
(turns away from him)

Get away from me (then has second
thoughts, turns, grabs the cannoli and
walks away). And stay away

Interior - Peters Office - Day

A few days later...

Peter is on the phone.

PETER

...if it wasn't for my bad back and my
dislocated hip, would I give up this
wonderful position? Would I offer it to
your free? Whatta you mean you're not
interested... Can't you at least think
about it? ...Vincenzo, Vinc...

Peter looks up and sees Tony standing there.

PETER
(lights cigar)

What the hell do you want? I told you to stay away from me, you're fired.

TONY (cool)

I've got one hundred and eighty contracts that need your signature...

PETER

Contracts? What contracts?

TONY

To make every man feel secure. I put every one under a three year contract. During that period we can't fire them and if they quit we can sue.

PETER
(slaps himself on the forehead)

This gotta be a dream... contracts? Putting a bunch of "caffones" under contract? I can't believe what I'm hearing...

(puts his face close to Tony ala Billy Martin arguing with an umpire)

If they leave we can sue? Where the hell are they gonna go? They're going to get a job teaching Science in college? They gonna get jobs as astronauts? Stupito, all they know is how to break bones... get the hell out of here.

TONY
(lays contracts on Peter's desk)

You better get started, there's a lot of signatures there, I want to put them in the mail by five o'clock... call me when you're finished, I'll be on the patio...

Exterior - Patio - Day

Sarafina and her mother are sitting out on the patio. Mother sees Tony coming, winks at Sarafina and gets up to leave.

TONY

Good afternoon Mrs. Gardinia.

FIGORELLA

Hello Tony, you can keep Sarafina company, I have chores to do.

Tony sits by Sarafina.

TONY

Hi!

SARAFINA

Has Poppa calmed down?

TONY

He fired me.

Sarafina gets up, in panic.

SARAFINA

You mean I'll never see you again? I'll kill him.

TONY

You'll see me.

SARAFINA

How?

TONY

I'm going to marry you.

SARAFINA (shocked)

What did you say?

TONY

I'm going to marry you.

SARAFINA

B...but you don't know anything about me... we've just known each other a few... I mean we've never been alone, held my hand... or, or kissed me...

TONY

I don't want to kiss you.

SARAFINA (surprised)

You, don't?

TONY

(looks into her eyes)

I don't want to kiss you or hold you, I don't want us to undress in front of each other, I don't want to feel your beautiful naked body against mine, I don't want to kiss your body from head to toe, I don't want...

SARAFINA

Oh, oh, --

TONY

Not 'till our wedding night. I want to count the days, the minutes, 'till we're in our bed naked...

SARAFINA

(gets up squeezes her thighs together)

Oh, my God... I just, oh I'm so embarrassed... I have to go in... and... change...

Sarafina, squeezing her thighs together and walking pigeon-toed almost bumps into Peter who is coming out of the house carrying the stack of contracts.

PETER

Why are you walking that way?

SARAFINA

Oh, Oh, ...

TONY

You signed them... thank you.

PETER

You know why I signed them? I'm going to pray to any saint that will listen that all these whacko things that you're doing will backfire, then, with a smile on my face, I'm going to blow your brains out and use you as fertilizer for my grapevines...

Tony puts the contracts in his brief case and closes it.

TONY

As I was growing up, I used to hear stories about the great Peter Gardinia... A strong man, a gentle man, a man who always had a smile on his face. I couldn't wait to meet such a man. Where is that man? Where is that smile?

Tony has just hit the bell. Peter paces the full length of the patio and comes back. Motions Tony to sit down as he fills two wine glasses from the gallon.

PETER

(hands Tony a glass)

You got a big mouth. Let's see if your ears work as well.

(takes a sip of wine)

...because of the business I'm in, my wife has no friends. My wonderful little girl has no friends. No Saturday night dances, no prom nights, no sipping soda with her friends at the sweet shop, no boys coming with their hot rods to take her out. All because of who her Poppa is. I'm feared and respected by the garbage of society and ignored by the rest of the world... I want to retire and leave a good man in charge, a fair man but I can't find such a man... that's why I don't smile... now do you understand?

TONY

Yes, Signori Gardinia, I understand.

Tony gets up, takes his briefcase and prepares to leave.

PETER

I need a favor...

TONY

You fired me...

PETER

I'm to meet with five family heads tomorrow night, I want you to go in my place.

TONY

You said I was fired...

PETER

They have something to discuss with us, they are retards with mom and pop organizations. Be nice to them.

TONY (smiles)

I'll be nice to them.

Interior - Italian Restaurant - Night

Next night...

Tony and Nino enter restaurant. Nino points to table in the rear. Five small time godfathers are sitting at the table having drinks.

NINO

There they are, Tony.

Nino introduces Tony to the five men.

NINO

Tony, meet Mr. Ripoli, Mr. Carroni, Mr. Potenza, Mr. Scarduto and Mr. Politano.

Tony shakes hands with each man and sits down.

"RABBI" POLITANO

Where's Signori Gardinia?

TONY

Mister Gardinia isn't feeling too well, I'm here to represent him.

"PATTY THE PIG" SCADUTO

Nothing serious I hope.

TONY

Acita... He's been getting a lot of it lately...

"RABBI"

Now and then we have these meetings with Signori Gardinia to renew our vows of friendship. At past meetings, Signori Gardinia has assured us that peace will continue between us...

TONY

Gentlemen, changes are taking place in the Gardinia organization, it's going to be difficult for Mister Gardinia to continue to honor past agreements...

"RABBI"

Er... 'scusa... but what are you saying?

TONY

What I'm saying is don't sleep too soundly... I will use my influence on your behalf. I will call you soon for a very important meeting...

The five godfathers look at each other, puzzled...

Exterior - Road Diner - Night

Black caddie pulls into diner parking lot. It is Nick Politano. He gets out of his car and walks into the diner.

Interior - Diner - Night

Nick enters the diner and heads for the table area in the back. "Zero" and "Little Strunzzo" are sitting at a table with their backs to the incoming Nick. Both have the backs of their heads in bandages.

NICK
(looking at their heads)

What happened to you?

"LITTLE STRUNZZO"

We got japped from behind . . .

NICK (angry)

"Buco di Culo", that's what you are...
I'll take care of pretty Romeo myself...

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

Peter is looking out the window. Tony is punching numbers into the calculator. At the far end of the room Nino is stomping money into the garbage can with his feet.

PETER

It's a beautiful day. A day to walk along the streets of little Italy... Nino get the car, we'll visit our friends downtown.

NINO

Maybe we can get some of Giannino's sausages and Pecoraro's Italian bread.

PETER

Good idea Nino (turns to Tony)
Tony! you come along too. It'll do your Harvard damaged brain some good to see your roots...

Ext. Village - Day

Nino glides the limousine along Bleeker street and parks. The street is lined with vintage grocery stores, meat markets, fruit stands and restaurants. The sidewalks are crowded with shoppers, sightseers, running children, and sprinkled with derelicts, panhandlers, and bag ladies. Peter, Tony and Nino get out of the limo and join in the sidewalk parade.

PETER

I was raised on the street, I know every brick on every building (points to building). I can still hear my mother calling me as she leaned out of that third

floor window. (Makes the sign of the cross.) God bless her soul.

An old shabbily dressed panhandler approaches them. Peter smiles and extends his hand.

PETER

Giovanni! How are you doing?

GIOVANNI

Thanks to you I'm doing fine. Nobody bothers me, not even the cops.

PETER

(Dukes him a twenty dollar bill.) They all know how I feel about you so have no fear. If you need me, you have my number.

GIOVANNI

Grazie padrone, grazie.

As they continue their walk, Tony looks back at Giovanni.

TONY

Pour soul.

PETER

Not so poor, he does pretty well on this corner. His panhandling has put his three kids through college.

Peter stops in front of a concrete stoop.

PETER

This is the house where my wife Florella lived... So many nights we spent sitting on this stoop looking at each other (wags his finger at Tony). But we didn't touch... Looked but no touch.

Fat lady comes out of her candy store calling out Peter's name.

GISELLA

Signori Gardinia! It's so good to see you.

PETER

Hello Gisella. The sunshine in your face still lights up the neighborhood.

GISELLA

(Hands him a small paper bag)
Bring this to little Sarafina. She loves chocolate kisses.

PETER

Thank you Gisella... Call if you need me.

They continue to walk along Bleeker Street... Peter exchanges greeting with storekeepers, derelicts and bag ladies.

PETER

(to bag lady)
Hello Tessie, are you eating well?

TESSIE

Yes, thanks to you Padrone.

WOMAN V.O.

Signori Gardenia, Signori Gardenia

Peter looks up to a second floor window. Behind a window box full of basil plants is an elderly woman frantically waving at Peter.

PETER

(looking up)
Hello Signora Cataldi. How are you and your famous basilico plants?

Mrs. Cataldi snips off a stem of Basil and throws it down to Peter who catches it and puts it to his nose and smiles as he inhales the fragrance of the basil leaves.

PETER

(waving at her)
Thank you, Thank you.

They approach a large factory building with a sign over the front door that reads "Sister Maria's Home for the Needy". Peter points to the Building.

PETER

See that building?

TONY

Looks like a factory that's been converted.

PETER

It's my pride and joy. A two hundred bed hotel for the needy. Come let's go inside.

(turns to Nino)

Go for the sausage and bread and we'll meet you by the car.

Nino leaves as Peter escorts Tony into the building.

Int. Factory Building - Day

Tony is shocked at what he sees. A plush, beautifully decorated restaurant with about a hundred dining tables each with tablecloth, silverware and fresh flowers. Most of the tables are occupied by derelicts, panhandlers and bag ladies. Sister Maria, a nun in her early fifties greets Peter.

SISTER MARIA

You honor us with your presence, Mister Gardenia.

PETER

I'm proud of you Sister Maria. You have done a wonderful job here.

Sister Maria turns to Tony.

SISTER MARIA

Mister Gardenia bought the building, had it remodded, pays the monthly bills and tells me he's proud of me. Can you imagine?

(turns to Peter)

Mister Gardenia, the Lord is proud of you.

PETER

(kisses her hand)
Sister... You talk too much.

Ext - High - Day

Limousine traveling on Palisade parkway.

TONY V.O.

It's a nice thing you doing for the
needy.

PETER V.O.

But not enough... I'd like to do more.

Int. Limousine - Day

TONY

How much more could you do for these
people?

PETER

I'll be retiring soon and I'd like to
leave about seven or eight millions
dollars in a trust fund for the "home".
It's not an easy thing to do. The
government would ask too many questions.

TONY

Don't you have a crooked banker to
launder your money?

PETER

Bankers? Those scumbags are the legal
thieves of modern civilization. They
charge sixty percent and squeal like
stuck pigs when they're caught.

TONY

How does thirty percent sound to you?...
Legit.

PETER

Thirty percent? Legit? You been smoking oregano? Who is going to wash money for thirty percent?

TONY

Belmont Park.

PETER

The race track?

TONY

Yes... Sixty-five to seventy percent of the favorites come in the money. So if we bet every favorite to show we'll get around seventy percent of our money back... in the form of a check. Is there any cleaner money than a check from Belmont Park?

PETER

You're talking about betting a million dollars a race on one horse to show... you'll bankrupt the show pool. They'll boot you out of the track.

TONY

You may be right, let me think...
(snaps his fingers)
I've got it...

Ext Establishing Shot - Belmont Park - Day

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Box seats in the clubhouse are occupied by Sister Maria and about a dozen derelicts, bag ladies and panhandlers. Tony is facing and giving them instructions as Nino and P.P. with two garbage cans at their feet pass out paper bags full of money to the bums.

TONY

Each of you have been given a bag with hundred thousand dollars in it. You will all spread out and go to different betting windows. In this race you will

all bet number seven to show. Bring back the tickets and give them to Sister Maria. She will cash them after the last race.

DERELICT

(Looking in the bag)
Geez... A hundred thousand bucks, I'm so nervous it's affecting my bladder.

TONY

We have men scattered around to protect you... Okay let's go get 'em.

They all rise and head for the betting windows.

Int. Betting Window - Day

Seller sizes up black derelict who is ready to make his bet.

SELLER

Hey Bum! Who the hell let you in here. Get the hell out of the line... Shoo... Beat it.

Livio, a two hundred and sixty pound, well dressed man steps forward and addresses the seller.

LIVIO

Sir, this gentleman is here for the express purpose of making a wager. It is your job to execute the transaction, so if I may... I suggest that you first apologize to him and then service him... Do I make myself clear, shitface?

SELLER

Err... Yes, Sir (turns to derelict)
What can I do for you sir?

DERELICT

(pushes the money to the seller)
One hundred thousand dollars to show on number seven and make it snappy... shitface.

Int. Betting Window

Bag lady is on betting line waiting for her turn to make her bet. Man behind her is holding handkerchief to his nose.

MAN

Hey Lady! Why don't you go home and take a bath? You're stinking up the place.

Larry, a two hundred fifty pound muscle with eyes picks the man up by his hair.

LARRY

That's my mother you're talking to, is there anything else you want to say to her before you die?

MAN

(wetting his pants)
No. No. I mean yes... I'm sorry ma'm
er... mom.

Int. Betting Window

Derelict is ready to make his bet. Large cigar smoking, pot bellied man grabs him by the collar and jerks him back from the window.

MAN

Hey Pig, get in back of the line!

Romo, another Gardenia heavyweight gets behind the man and using the palms of his hands as cymbals, boxes the man's ears, forcing the air in his head to shoot out the cigar in his mouth like a bullet.

ROMO (to man)

You want knuckle marks on your face?
(man shakes his head)
Good then you get to the back of the line.

Int. Pressroom - Day

Reporters are milling around the pressroom. Some with containers of coffee, others at their typewriters. Joe Elsbach of the Daily News is bored. He gets up from his typewriter and

walks to the window which overlooks the racetrack. Paul Yusof of the Post joins him.

JOE

I wish we were back covering baseball.
Back to writing about over-played and
lazy ballplayers.

PAUL

Quit your bitching. At least horses
don't accuse us of misquoting them.

JOE

I guess you're right.
(looks at the tote board)
Hey Paul... Am I seeing things?

The crowd lets out a roar.

PAUL

By the sound of the crowd, they must be
seeing the same thing.

JOE

Paul, look at number seven in the show
pool.

Paul stares at the tote board, his eyes bulge out.

PAUL

Holy, mother of... A million dollars
has been bet on number seven to show.

JOE

It must be a mistake... It's got to be
a mistake.

PAUL

The racing association must be shitting
a brick. If number seven comes in the
money, Belmont Park has to dig deep in
it's own pockets to pay off.

Int N.Y. Racing Secretary's Office - Day

Mark O'Leary, one of the racing officials, is looking out the window overlooking the track. Sitting at their desks are other officials.

MARK

John, Fred, Richard... Come here quick!

JOHN (running)

What is it?

MARK

The tote board, look at number seven in the show pool.

RICHARD

Oh my God! There must be a short in the computer.

JOHN

If the short isn't in the computer...
It's going to be in our pockets.

MARK

If the number seven comes in the money
it will create the biggest minus pool in
the history of horse racing.

FRED

It must be some crazy rich Jap trying to
bankrupt Belmont Park. What the hell
can we do?

JOHN

Pray that number seven breaks a leg.

Ext. Track - Day

Horses are heading for the starting gate. The jockey on number seven, Jose Carrera looks up at the tote board and does a double take.

JOCKEY

Oh, BeeGeezus... (Looks down at his horse) You can't be that good.

ANOTHER JOCKEY

You better not fall off Jose...
You got the National debt bet on you.

Ext. Box Seats

The derelicts are all at the edge of their seats. Sister Maria has the rosary beads in her hands ready to pray. Tony, Nino, and P.P. are holding tight to the railing.

Ext. Starting Gate - Day

The horses are all in the starting gate. The starter is making sure they're all straight.

STARTER

Number seven, straighten out your horse.

JOCKEY

(talking to his horse)
You must have seen the tote board too.

Ext. Starting Gate - Day

The bell rings, the gates open, they're off. Jockeys fight for position, number seven is last.

Ext. Box Seats

Derelicts are rooting.

BAG LADY

Number seven is last

Angle to Sister Maria

Sister Maria's eyes are closed, her lips are moving, praying as her hands fondle her rosary beads. She opens her eyes, taps derelict on the shoulder and asks him a question...

DERELICT

Number seven Sister.

Sister Maria closes her eyes again and goes back to praying.

SISTER MARIA

Mumble, mumble, mumble, Seven. Mumble,
mumble, mumble, mumble, Seven.
Mumble...

Ext. Track - Day

The horses are in the stretch, number seven is flying, he's now fourth.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Derelicts are rooting and yelling.

BAG LADY

Come on Seven...

Int. N.Y. Racing Office - Day

The four faces of the racing officials are glued to the window.

MARK

Number seven is passing horses like
Grant went through Richmond.

RICHARD

Do we have a rifle here? Maybe I can
shoot him before he crosses the finish
line.

Ext. Track - Day

Number seven is now second, a neck away from the leader,
with about twenty yards to go.

DERELICT

Slide, Seven, Slide!

Ext. Track - Day

Number seven crosses the finish line first.

Ext. Box Seats

Derelicts are whooping it up, high fiving all over the place. Sister Maria looks at the heavens and makes the sign of the cross.

Int. Racing Association's Office - Day

FRED

This race cost us a bundle.

JOHN

The law states that any bettor that is taking unfair advantage of our betting system can be ruled off the betting premises... So what are we waiting for?

MARK

Call the security chief and have him find this crazy nut.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Nino and P.P. are again passing out money to the derelicts. A basket with the last race's winning tickets rests on Sister Maria's lap.

TONY

(Addressing the derelicts)
This race the favorite is number four.
(claps his hands)
You all know what to do... Let's do it!

Derelicts rise and rush to the betting windows.

Int. Betting Window - Day

SELLER (to bag lady)

You back again?

BAG LADY

Get used to me buballa...
By the last race I'm going to have your shirt.

Int. Betting Window - Day

SELLER (to derelict)

What do you do for a living?

DERELICT

I pick up empty beer cans from the street, nickel deposit, you know. Now give me a hundred thousand on number four to show.

Betting Window

BLACK DERELICT

One hundred thousand to show on number four.

Betting Window

DERELICT

Clean your ears... I said a hundred thousand to show on number four.

Betting Window

(seller stares at bag lady)
BAG LADY

You like? Well forget it... I don't give out my phone number... One hundred thousand to show

Int. Press Room - Day

JOE (looking out the window)

Hey Paul! Money bags is at it again... This time its number four.

PAUL (putting on his jacket)

I'm going to go find this guy... Maybe he's got a single daughter?

Int. Racing Commission's Office - Day

FRED (looking out the window)

He's at it again... Where the hell's the chief of security.

Angle to door
Chief of security enters
Angle to Mark

MARK

Here he comes now.

Fred rushes to meet the chief of security.

FRED

Did you find him?

SECURITY CHIEF

It's not a him... It's a...
I mean it's a...

MARK

What the hell are you talking about?

CHIEF

I mean it's a them... Lots and lots of
them. Bag ladies, bums, panhandlers,
all stuffing money into the betting
windows.

FRED

Are you drunk?

CHIEF

I swear, homeless derelicts, betting a
hundred thousand dollars each...
They're all over the place.

FRED

Well what the hell are you waiting for,
round them up and throw them out.

John enters.

JOHN

The newspaper guys in the press room are
already calling the story in to their
papers. It wouldn't look good in the
press if Belmont Park threw out homeless

people just for winning money at the track.

FRED

(punches the palm of his hand)
Damn it John, you're right...

MARK

What the hell are we going to do?

FRED

First thing tomorrow morning, we look for another job.

Ext. Starting Gate - Day

Horses breaking out of the starting gate.

Ext. Box Seats

Derelicts rooting.

Int. Official's Office - Day

Four officials have their faces glued to the window... Their mouths open.

Int. Betting Window

Derelicts pushing money into betting windows.

Ext. Starting Gate - Day

They're off.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Close up of Sister Maria's hands as she fondles the rosary beads.

Ext. Box Seats

Derelicts rooting and hugging each other.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Close up of Tony yelling orders.

TONY

Let's go... Let's go...

Int. Betting Area - Day

Bag ladies and bums rushing to windows.

Int. Betting Windows - Day

Close up of sellers punching out tickets.

Ext. Track - Day

Horses coming down the stretch. Faces of derelicts yelling is superimposed on the running horses.

Int. Secretary's Office - Day

Fred is wiping his brow.

MARK

I can't believe it... They've hit on eight favorites in a row.

JOHN

They must have a fool proof system.

SECURITY CHIEF

They do... A nun with rosary beads.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Sister Maria's basket is full of winning tickets. Nino and P.P. are passing out the last of the money. The garbage cans are empty.

TOM (to bums)

This is the last race... The favorite is number three... Let's go!

Int. Betting Window - Day

SELLER

(to fat bag lady)
Where are you getting all this money?

BAG LADY

(pushes money in window)
I'm a hooker... I turn tricks between races.

Int. Secretary's Office - Day

FRED

Eight races... Eight minus pools...
Thank God, it's the last race.

MARK

Don't thank God yet, they might be back
tomorrow...

FRED

Bite your tongue.

Ext. Starting Gate - Day

They're off. Number three rushes out to the front.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Bums again are yelling and screaming.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Bums are rooting. Again Sister Maria taps a derelict on the
shoulder.

DERELICT

Number three Sister... Number three

Sister Maria goes back to praying.

Ext. Track - Day

Horses are in the stretch. Number three is leading by ten
lengths and pulling away as he goes under the wire.

Ext. Box Seats - Day

Bums are screaming and cheering. Bum kisses Sister Maria
who is shocked, but smiles.

Ext. Bird's Eye View - Day

Bus is traveling on highway.

BUMS V.O. (singing)

Camptown ladies sing this song...
Doo Da... Doo Da...

Int. Bus - Day

Everybody in the bus in singing. Tony is sitting with Sister Maria who is admiring the Belmont check.

SISTER

Oh Lord... Over nine million dollars...
I can't believe it...

TONY

I think you should send Belmont a thank
you card.

SISTER

We killed them today, so how about a
mass card.

They laugh, as the singing goes on...

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

Peter is dunking cannoli in his coffee. P.P. is replacing the full garbage cans with empty ones. Tony enters.

TONY

Good morning, Signori.

PETER

Good morning... That was a good idea
you had about Belmont Park. You did
good... Sister Maria is going to make a
novena for us...

Tony opens his briefcase and takes out his notebook.

TONY

I've hired five new men to replace the
five we lost last week...

PETER

We lost five men? How?

TONY

Shot in bed, three in New York and two
two in New Jersey...

PETER

Who shot them? We gotta get revenge...

TONY

Jealous husbands...

PETER

Oh!...

TONY

I've screened the five new men carefully,
I'm sending three to Jimmy Salsa and two
to Al Tieri.

PETER

Good, you did good.

TONY

The new men are waiting in the other
room. I'd like you to meet them.

PETER

Yeah, that would be nice...

Tony opens the door and calls out to the waiting men.

TONY

All right gentlemen, you may come in now.

Peter is busy trying to retrieve a piece of cannoli that has dropped
into the coffee cup.

TONY

Signori Gardinia, these are the new
members to our organization...

Peter looks up. His eyes cross, his mouth opens and his fingers relax
on the cannoli which drops again into the coffee cup. The five new men
are black.

TONY

This is Ozzie Johnson, Bubba Jones, Andy Poole, Jesse Smith and Leroy Thomas.

Each man, a smile on his face, steps forward and shakes hands with Peter.

TONY

(passes out slips of paper to the men)

Here are the names and addresses you are to report to, good luck gentlemen.

The new men file out of the room, the last one turns to Peter.

LEROY THOMAS

Tante grazie, Padrone, E ci bacio li mani.

The door closes.

PETER

Eggplants, you hired five eggplants, are you crazy? And the last one, he, he... spoke Sicilian.

TONY

They are all Sicilians, born and raised in Sicily.

Peter walks around the room, waving his hands.

PETER

Sicilian eggplants, I can't believe 'it, how the hell did you find them?

TONY

It wasn't easy...

PETER
(mumbling)

Sicilian eggplants -- Jesus!

TONY

We have to be an equal opportunity employer and open the door to minorities or the government will get on our back... we were minorities once, remember?

PETER

Do I remember, every time I looked at an Irish girl her brothers would come after me with baseball bats... Wop, Dago, Garlic Snapper, oh do I remember.

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

Peter and Tony are going over the weekly receipts. Nino has a foot in one of the garbage cans pushing down the money to make room for more. The phone rings.

PETER

Nino, answer the phone.

Nino picks up the phone.

NINO

Hello... oh, hi... he's busy... I see...
I see... just a minute...

(cups the phone and turns to Peter)

It's one of your lieutenants, Sal Gianini. He's having problems with one of his men "Fats" Provino... he wants to know if he can bring him here for a "sitdown"...

PETER

I don't allow "caffones" in my house, tell him we'll meet him at the club in an hour.

Exterior - Business Area - Brooklyn - Day

Limo pulls up to curb in front of store front social club. Sign over the store reads "Racket Club". Nino gets out of the limo and holds the rear passenger door open for Peter and Tony. Peter looks up at the sign.

PETER

Remind me to have them change the name of
this club...

Interior - Social Club - Day

Large room. Booze bar on one side of the room. Place is busy with men playing pool, poker, watching T.V. and some are cleaning their guns. The front door opens and Peter walks in, followed by Tony and Nino. Everybody in the place jumps up and stands at attention. Peter waves his hand and everybody relaxes and goes back to what they were doing. Peter and his two men walk to the far end of the room and enter another room.

Interior - Office - Day

Sal Gianino, one of Peter's lieutenants greets Peter, Tony, and Nino. In the corner, sits an Italian "Hulk" Hogan, "Fats" Provino, guarded by two heavyweights.

SAL

I'm glad you came Padrone... Normally I would have just blown his head off but lately you've frowned at that sort of thing so I called you.

PETER

What's the problem...

SAL

Well, you know the trouble we've been having with Clem O'Leary from the Northside Irish mob...

PETER

I thought you took care of that potato eating skunk.

SAL

I did! I send this tub of lard to give O'Leary a kiss on the mouth as a warning and "Fatso" here lays down on the job.

PETER

He botched it up?

PETER

So what do we do with this Strunz?

TONY

Nothing... just be nice to him 'till his contract is up.

PETER (screaming)

Be nice to him? Be nice to...

(Clasps his hands and looks up to heaven)

You did forget about the stained glass windows, didn't you? ...Nino! Take me home...

(turns to Tony)

You walk home.

Exterior - Greenwich Village - Day

Red Jaguar with its top down and Tony at the wheel is coming across Grand Street. Black Caddie with Nick driving is following. Black Buick, the two men with sunglasses in it is following Nick. Tony parks the Jag around the corner from Ferraro's Italian pastry shop. Tony gets out and goes into the pastry shop. Nick parks his Caddie in back of the Jag, the two men park on Grand Street and get out of their car.

Exterior - Street - Day

Nick takes a bomb out of his glove compartment, attaches a few wires and puts it in his pocket.

Interior - Pastry Shop - Day

Tony is ordering pastry from the clerk.

TONY

One dozen cannolis, please.

Exterior - Street - Day

Nick walks to the red Jag and opens the hood. He takes the bomb out of his pocket and as he sticks his head under the hood, the two men bring down the hood on his head, knocking Nick out. The two men drag the bleeding Nick and prop him against the wall, one of the men gets a whiskey bottle from a nearby garbage can and sticks it in Nick's hand.

Exterior - Street - Day

Tony, pastry box under his arm, comes out of the pastry shop and heads for his car. He sees Nick propped up against the wall with the whiskey bottle in his hand. Tony shakes his head and drives off.

A few weeks later...

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

The office is a beehive of busy bees. Nino, Aldo and P.P. are stacking freshly filled garbage cans and are knee deep in full plastic bags. Peter is happily walking around the room puffing on his cigar. Tony is reading the calculator printout.

TONY

Since we implemented our incentive plan, our business has increased three hundred percent.

PETER

(takes a handful of money and throws it into the air)

I can't believe it... I just can't believe it.

(turns to Tony)

Does this mean I don't get the pleasure of blowing your brains out?

"Rabbi" Politano's home...

Interior - Living Room - Day

Nick's head is in bandages. "Rabbi" is circling him with both of his hands and mouth yelling at Nick.

"RABBI"

My son the "Umbriago", sleeping it off on the sidewalk like a cheap bum... I was so ashamed when the cops brought you home...

NICK
(holding his head)

But, Pop...

"RABBI"

Look at you, thirty years old going on fourteen. And you got the nerve to want to get married...

(heads for the door)

You're grounded for a month!

NICK
(close up)

Grounded?

Interior - Campaign Headquarters of Sam Brown - Day

Large hall, walls are covered with posters of Governor Sam Brown. Campaign workers are busy on phones, fax machines and computers. Governor Brown and his campaign manager, David Ringuist, are huddled in a corner.

GOVERNOR BROWN

The polls have me and Tom Zazarino neck and neck... I don't like that David. I don't like it one bit...

DAVID RINQUIST

We need a shot in the arm to put us over the top...

GOVERNOR

I don't know what else to do... I've kissed every baby in the state...

Two campaign workers near by hear the conversation.

MAN #1

Yeah, every baby from eighteen years old and up...

The Governor and Ringuist walk over to the coffee machine.

DAVID RINQUIST

We need something big... some sort of headlines that'll make you look good.

GOVERNOR

Think, damn it, think. Isn't that what
I'm paying you for?

Exterior - Gardinia's Driveway - Day

Red Jaguar drives up in front of the Gardinia home. Tony gets out and rings the doorbell.

Interior - Living Room - Day

Fiorella answers the door.

FIORELLA

Good morning Tony, come in.

TONY

It's a beautiful day Mrs. Gardinia. Is
the Padrone in his office?

FIORELLA

No, Tony... He's in the city having lunch
with Bishop O'Hara. Sarafina is by the
pool...

Exterior - Pool Area - Day

Sarafina is laying on her back by the pool, she's wearing a bathing
suit that's having a difficult time doing its job. Tony walks in front of
her, blocking the sun.

SARAFINA

Oh Tony, I'm so glad to see you. I've
been thinking of you.

Tony helps her to her feet, they walk to the lawn.

TONY

You never leave my mind, Sarafina... I
don't know if I can wait 'till our
wedding night.

They sit on the grass. Tony's eyes are on her cleavage.

SARAFINA

I like that.

TONY

You like what?

SARAFINA

Your eyes on my bust, it feels good...

TONY

Stop it...

SARAFINA

Tell me again what you're going to do on our wedding night.

TONY

Remember the accident you had the last time? It's a long way to the house.

SARAFINA

Please Tony, please, I promise not to... to...

Tony lays on his back

TONY

Well, after we cut the cake, we'll sneak up to our room... I'll sit you on the edge of the bed and take your shoes off, then I will unzipper your dress and...

SARAFINA (excited)

You're going too slow, can't you just tear my cloths off? I'm going to tear yours off...

TONY

You're right, we'll never wear them again anyway...

SARAFINA

All right, my clothes are off...

TONY

Why did you take your bra off? I wanted to do that...

SARAFINA

I just tore your clothes off... hurry...

TONY

We're both naked. I hold you at arms length, my eyes caress your beautiful body.

SARAFINA

Your hands, Tony... Where are your hands?

TONY

On your gorgeous breast, my fingers are gently sculpturing them.

SARAFINA

(her head is back, her eyes are closed)

Oh Tony, they feel nice, so nice...

TONY

I slide my hands down your waist and to your hips as I slowly get on my knees...

SARAFINA

On your knees?... You're going to...
Oh...

TONY

My face is getting closer... closer...

SARAFINA

(her eyes open, panics)

Oh my God, Oh no... no...

Sarafina jumps up, squeezes her thighs together and runs pigeon-toed to the pool and jumps in ass first.

Exterior - Newsstand - Day

Newsdealer hands magazine to the police commissioner.

DEALER

Here you are Commissioner, fresh off the press, needlepoint magazine...

COMMISSIONER

Thank you, Alfanso.

The Commissioner walks a few steps, looks around and opens the magazine, instead of hundred dollar bills he finds a thin envelope. He opens it and pulls out a small slip of paper. Both eyes become one.

COMMISSIONER

That dirty Wop bastard...

Interior - Luncheonette - Day

Counterman hands brown paper bag to detective.

COUNTERMAN

Here's your usual, Lieutenant.

Detective walks into bathroom, throws out coffee, instead of hundred dollar bills, he finds a thin envelope with a slip of paper inside. He reads it.

DETECTIVE

Greaseball son-of-a-bitch.

Interior - Congressman's Office - Day

Kid delivers pizza to Congressman's secretary.

KID

Pizza for the Congressman, it's not hot...

Secretary walks into Congressman's office and lays the box on his desk.

SECRETARY

It's not hot...

As the secretary leaves, the Congressman's eagerly opens the box... no pizza... no money... just a thin envelope... he opens it and reads the slip of paper inside it... he drops it like a hot potato.

CONGRESSMAN

That lousy Sicilian snake!

Camera close up on slip of paper... it's an IRS 1099 form.

Interior - Police Station - Day

Chief of Detectives, Inspector George Kelly, is working at his desk, door opens. Patrolman sticks his head in.

PATROLMAN

Inspector, the Governor is on line three.

Inspector presses the button on the phone and picks up.

INSPECTOR

Hello Governor Brown.

GOVERNOR V.O.

You promised me something big to help my campaign. I still haven't seen anything.

INSPECTOR

I'm working on it, Governor.

GOVERNOR V.O.

Elections are three weeks away. I want a headline makin' bust now... Do you hear me? Now! (click)

Inspector rings for Patrolman... Patrolman enters.

PATROLMAN

Yes, Inspector...

INSPECTOR

Reach out and have Detective Sid Goldberg
come in...

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

P.P. is replacing the full cans with empty ones. Peter is reading a
book on how to grow grapes.

P.P.

Padrone! I got bad news.

PETER

Bad news? What bad news?

P.P.

The basement is full, I can't fit no more
cans down there.

PETER (angry)

Strunz! You call that bad news? That's
good news, put them in the guest room.

The phone rings. Peter answers it.

PETER

Hello!

Interior - Congressman's Office - Day

Congressman has 1099 Form in his hand and is angry.

CONGRESSMAN
(shouting into the phone)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

PETER V.O.

I'm putting my full garbage cans away.
Why do you ask?

CONGRESSMAN

Fuck your garbage cans, I'm talking about
the 1099 you sent me for the money you've
been paying me.

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

PETER

What the hell is a 1099? Is that the price of veal cutlets?

Interior - Congressman's Office - Day

Congressman slams the receiver down. His face red and about to burst.

Interior - Peter's Office - Day

As Peter hangs up the phone another phone rings, P.P. answers it.

P.P.

Hello, oh sure! Hang on...

P.P.

Padrone, the Police Commissioner is on the phone...

Peter takes the phone.

PETER

Hello Commissioner, have the price of red peppers gone up again? Tell your wife to buy green peppers, they are only forty-nine cents a pound.

Interior - Commissioner's Office

COMMISSIONER

Don't get smart with me Wop. What the hell is the idea of sending me a 1099 statement? Is this a new Sicilian twist?

Interior - Peter's Office

PETER

You're the second drunk that's called me about a 1099, what in the name of Jesus is a 1099?

COMMISSIONER V.O.

All right Woppo, play dumb. (click)

Peter hangs up the phone and turns to P.P.

PETER

Do you know what a 1099 is, P.P.?

P.P.

I think that's what I paid for my shoes...

PETER

1099, 1099, M-M-M... maybe I should play that number.

P.P.

Who you gonna play it with? You're the bookmaker.

Peter makes a face at P.P. and lights a cigar as another phone rings.

PETER

You answer the phone P.P. Just say we know nothing about a 1099.

P.P. picks up the phone as another one rings.

P.P.

Hello... Yes Senator, no Senator, we don't know about a 1099, goodbye.

Tony enters the office, Peter intercepts him and takes him by the arm.

TONY

Good morning, Signori.

PETER

Come into the kitchen, the phones are driving me nuts.

Interior - Kitchen - Day

PETER

Coffee is made, want a cup?

TONY

You sit down, I'll get the coffee...

Tony fills two cups and joins Peter at the table.

PETER

I don't want to sound stupid, but let me ask you something...

TONY

Sure, go ahead.

PETER

(putting sugar in his coffee)

What's a 1099?

TONY

You total the amount of money you have paid a person for the entire year and you send that person a statement called a 1099 so he can declare that exact amount in his income tax return and you also send a duplicate of that statement to the IRS, to sort of alert them that this individual has received this income.

PETER (calm)

And you send these 1099 statements to the dozens and dozens of people we're paying graft to and you send a duplicate to the IRS to sort of alert them... to sort of squeal on the leaches... is that right?

TONY (proud)

Of course, now we can deduct that money from our gross income...

Peter kicks his chair back. His eyes blazing fire as he heads for the outside patio.

PETER (screaming)

Come out here stoolie, come out here I said.

Tony follows Peter outside. Peter is pointing to a large oak tree.

PETER (screaming)

I'm not even going to waste a bullet on you... I'm going to hang you from that tree, right now (yells out) P.P. come out here and bring some rope.

P.P. V.O.

I can't, all the phones are ringing... and also we don't got no rope.

TONY

(cool, checks out his fingernails)

Our coffee is getting cold.

Peter walks away in disgust, sits on a bench by the fish pond with his head in his hands... Tony walks down to him.

TONY

Crooked senators and congressman, corrupt judges and police brass. The real scum of society. How long have they sucked on the tit of men like you? Right at this moment each and every one of these yellow scumbags are sitting on the toilet bowl, and all because of a little slip of paper called a 1099. I've removed these bloodsuckers from your body forever and for that, you want to hang me from a tree. I've set up your books and records to protect you from jail, and for that you wanted to ram a bazooka shell up my ass. I've increased your business three hundred percent, and for that you wanted to blow my brains out.

Peter looks up at Tony and makes apologetic motions with his hands. His lips are moving but no sound comes out. He puts his head in his hands again.

TONY

Good-bye Poppa, I'm leaving for good.

Peter slowly lifts his head, looks at Tony who is walking away, Peter runs to him.

PETER
(his voicing breaking)

D...did you call me, Poppa?

TONY

You're hearing things, goodbye.

Exterior - Roadhouse Restaurant - Night

Red Jaguar pulls into restaurant parking lot. Tony gets out and enters restaurant.

Interior - Restaurant - Night

Tony looks for and locates the table with the five family heads. He walks to their table and sits.

TONY

Good evening gentlemen.

"RABBI"
(concerned)

You called for this secret meeting, is there anything wrong?

TONY
(lights a cigarette)

You all love and respect Signori Gardinia, and I assure you he feels the same way about you, and hurting you is the last thing he wants to do.

"PATTY THE PIG"

What are you getting at?

TONY

All right, I'll get right to the point. Signori Gardinia is selling his organization. He's putting his business on the auction block.

"HORNY" (laughs)

Selling a family crime business? Whoever heard of such a thing?

"CHOPS"
(also laughing)

Auction? What is it a truck load of watermelons or maybe a freight car full of Bacalla?

TONY

Gentlemen, this is not a joke. There are families from New Orleans, Chicago and Kansas City who have already made offers... I assure you there is a lot of interest in bidding for the Gardinia Organization. Bidding starts at fifteen million dollars.

"RABBI"

Fifteen million dollars? What the hell do you think this is Wall Street?

TONY

I'm glad you brought that up, I had forgotten to mention the Wall Street firm of Bernstein, Steinberg and Levitz who also have shown an interest in bidding for the Gardinia Organization.

"TWINKLE TOES"

Hey, this sounds serious, it ain't no joke.

TONY

No gentlemen, it's not a joke. Competitive bidding starts next Monday in Suite 1804 of the Waldorf Astoria. The sale must be completed by the 18th of this month.

"CHOPS"

Hey, hey... This kid ain't kiddin', he's for real.

TONY

I'm for real.

"RABBI"

Wait a minute, a sick feeling just come to my stomach. If one of those families buys out Gardinia they're gonna dump us like a used condom.

"PATTY THE PIG"

Especially if the Kansas City Group gets it. Those guys don't take no prisoners.

"CHOPS"

And if the Jews from Wall Street buy it, forget it, those Jews are too smart for us.

"TWINKLE TOES"

That's 'cause they went to high school, all them Jewish boys go to high school.

TONY

Now you understand why Signori Gardinia is so concerned about you. If any of those Groups take over the Gardinia Organization, you'll all be back to peddling bananas from the back of a truck.

"RABBI"

(turns to Tony)

What can we do to protect what we have and to save ourselves.

TONY

Make a bid of 20 million and I'll advice Signori Gardinia to cancel the auction.

"CHOPS"

Whoa! Marrona Mia, 20 million dollars is a lot of money.

TONY

Only four million each.

"RABBI"

Hey! The kids right, we can swing four million each.

"PATTY THE PIG"

I don't wanna go back to selling bananas, I say let's do it.

"RABBI"

The hand, let the hand talk...

"Rabbi" lays his hand, palm down on the table, "Chops" puts his on top of "Rabbi's". Tony watches as the other three add their hands to the pile.

"RABBI"

Good, we buy it.

"HORNY"

Our five families added to the Gardinia family, Jesus, we can even strong arm Russia.

"RABBI"

(turns to Tony)

It's a deal, Tony and please give our humble thanks to Signori Gardinia...

TONY

Good, I'll have the necessary papers drawn up, oh yes, no checks.

"RABBI"

But of course.

Interior - Police Station - Day

Inspector George Kelly is drinking coffee and going through a stack of papers on his desk. The door opens, a patrolman sticks his head in.

PATROLMAN

Detective Goldberg is here Inspector...

INSPECTOR

Send him in...

Detective Sid Goldberg enters (it's Tony Spano).

GOLDBERG (TONY)

The message sounded urgent, Inspector.

INSPECTOR

Sit down Sid... I've been put on the spot by the Governor... I hope you've got the right answers for me.

GOLDBERG (TONY)

If you're talking about the Gardinia case, let me tell you... it's a bitch... this guy has books and records that makes him as clean as a baby's first tooth...

INSPECTOR (surprised)

The stoolie, Turidu Salsoni said there were no books or records. That's why we planted you there on that phoney nephew gimmick...

GOLDBERG

Well, Salsoni lied... He conned you to get a free ride for himself... and you can't do anything to him now... you'd look like a jerk for falling for it...

INSPECTOR

The Governor wants a big bust fast... he needs the headlines to beat Tom Zazarino on election day... Do you have enough to do it?

GOLDBERG

I've got more than enough, I've got concrete evidence... Records and wiretaps on five judges, three congressmen, two senators, three mayors, four police commissioners and a couple of dozen assorted police brass... I'm now in the middle of tying the loose ends...

INSPECTOR

(happy as a pig in shit)

When will you have it ready for me?

GOLDBERG

On the eighteenth of this month but so what... you can't use it...

INSPECTOR

What are you talking about?

GOLDBERG

If you bust all of these guys, the Governor will lose the election.

INSPECTOR

You got that backwards, the Governor needs this bust to beat Zazarino...

GOLDBERG

The five corrupt judges were appointed by the Governor, the three Congressmen and the two Senators were endorsed by the Governor... the...

INSPECTOR

(throws his hands up)

Don't go any further... I understand... Damn it... The biggest bust in the history of law enforcement and I can't do anything about it...

GOLDBERG

But you can!

INSPECTOR

How the hell can I?

GOLDBERG

If you nabbed the whole bunch including
Gardenia it would make headlines, right?

INSPECTOR

Bigger than catching the Pope in bed with
Margaret Thatcher.

GOLDBERG

Which of the two candidates would benefit
from the headlines?

INSPECTOR

Zazarini of course, he'd win hands
down... what are you getting at...

GOLDBERG

The hell with the Governor, make a deal
with Zazarino, he'll give you any
position you want.

INSPECTOR (angry)

Are you crazy? You're asking me to stab
the Governor in the back. You've been
hanging around those grease balls too
long.

GOLDBERG

Just a suggestion...

INSPECTOR

Well forget it.

GOLDBERG

(turns to leave)

One more thing Inspector, the Gardenias'
are folding up their tent and moving to
Florida on the eighteenth...

The Inspector keeps banging his fist on his desk as Goldberg leaves the room.

INSPECTOR

Damn it... damn it...

There's a knock on the door.

INSPECTOR

Come in!

Patrolman opens the door.

PATROLMAN

Detective Jones and Parrillo are here...

INSPECTOR

Send them in.

Two detectives, both wearing sunglasses enter. (They are the two from the previous scenes.)

INSPECTOR

You two don't have to play guardian angels for Goldberg any longer. I'm reassigning you.

DETECTIVE JONES

How about an interesting assignment Inspector... Goldberg was no fun.

The Inspector takes out a manila envelope...

INSPECTOR

I'm putting you on two strippers who need protection. A pervert has threatened them.

DETECTIVE PARRILLO
(rubbing his hands together)

Now you're talking, Inspector.

DETECTIVE JONES
(big smile)

Yeah-h-h, Yeah.

The Inspector takes out two eight by ten photographs of two men wearing nothing but neckties.

INSPECTOR

They are male strippers, stay close to them.

Exterior - Patio - Day

Peter, Fiorella and Sarafina are having lunch out on the patio. A cloud of gloom hovers over them. The three of them are toying with their food.

PETER

Bambina, my heart is heavy for you.
Forgive me, I didn't know.

Sarafina turns to her mother who puts her arms around her.

SARAFINA

It hurts Momma... I don't know what to do...

FIORELLA

Go to the Blessed Virgin and pray, she'll know what to do.

Sarafina takes the napkin from the table and walks to the side of the house, where a brick shrine houses the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Sarafina covers her head with the napkin, kneels and makes the sign of the cross.

SARAFINA

Both of us being virgins, I know you'll understand my request...

Exterior - Patio - Day

Peter is sad, he's pacing the flagstone patio. Fiorella tries to console him.

FIORELLA

Please dear, you've got to stop punishing yourself. How were you to know how much she loved him.

PETER

I have a confession to make... I knew all the time. Didn't I see her turn into a statue when he was near? Didn't I see her holding it in and running Pigeon-toed to the toilet after only a few minutes with him... Oh, I knew, but I didn't want to face it... I didn't want to face the fact that I was losing my Bambina...

Exterior - Driveway - Day

Red Jaguar coming into Gardinia's driveway, close up of Tony talking on the car phone.

TONY

... It's a deal? Good, twelve noon, yes, the eighteenth, good-bye...

Exterior - Patio - Day

Tony walks out onto the patio.

TONY

Good afternoon, Mrs. Gardenia.

Fiorella puts her arms around Tony who completely ignores Peter.

FIORELLA

It's so nice to see you again Tony. Sarafina is around the side of the house, she'll be happy to see you.

Tony leaves to find Sarafina.

PETER (to Fiorella)

He didn't say hello to me, he ignored me, like he didn't even know me...

FIORELLA

...Before the cock crows, you will deny me three times said Jesus...

PETER

You mean he's going to ignore me twice more?

Exterior - Side of House - Day

Sarafina is kneeling with her head bowed, her eyes closed and her hands clasped together. Tony quietly kneels beside her. She turns her head sees him and starts to cry as her arms go tightly around his neck, she kisses his face, his neck, his hands, they hug and roll around the grass.

SARAFINA

Oh... Oh... Oh...

TONY

Not again?

She looks at the Blessed Virgin, makes the sign of the cross and runs pigeon-toed and squeezing her thighs together past her mother and father and into the house.

PETER
(to Fiorella)

See how funny she walks.

Tony walks back to the patio. His body is bent forward at the waist and he's carrying his jacket in front of his crotch.

PETER

He walks funny too.

Tony quickly sits at the table, Peter fills two glasses of wine.

FIORELLA

I'll go inside and make espresso.

Tony opens his briefcase and takes out a batch of papers.

TONY

I have five contacts for you to sign.

PETER (angry)

Again you startin' with contracts? I'm losing a daughter and gaining a ball breaker.

TONY

That's no way for a retired man to talk.

PETER

Retired? Who the hell is retired?

TONY

You are, as soon as you sign these contracts.

PETER

What are you talking about?

TONY

I sold your organization, you are now officially unemployed and retired...

PETER

Who would buy... you can't sell this kind of busin... say that again...

TONY

I sold your business to the five retards for twenty million dollars, cash. I just put the money in your garage.

PETER

Twenty... sold my... Retir... twenty mil... oh... oh... Jesus... Excuse me...

Peter squeezes his thighs together and quickly walks funny into the house.

Interior - Campaign Headquarters for Tom Zazarino - Day

Inspector George Kelly snakes his way around dozens of desks and people. He enters the office of the opposing candidate for Governor, Tom Zazarino, who is flanked by some of his supporters... Zazarino greets the inspector, shoos everybody out of the room and locks the door.

ZAZARINO

If you have the evidence you say you have, I'll back into the Governor's chair.

INSPECTOR

I'll have it on the eighteenth of this month, two days from today... twelve noon to be exact.

ZAZARINO

One big round up...

INSPECTOR

Yep... one big bust...

ZAZARINO

(shakes Inspector's hand)

I've already made a spot in my organization for you.

Exterior - Driveway - the 18th - Noon

The Gardinia family is moving to Palm Beach, two trucks are loaded with garbage cans. Peter is saying good-bye to the new owners of the Gardinia organization.

"RABBI"

(shaking hands with Peter)

Signori Gardenia, we will never forget what you have done for us... God bless you.

Aldo gets behind the wheel of the first truck. P.P. in the second truck. Peter and Fiorella get into the limousine. Nino puts on his chauffeur's hat and gets behind the wheel. Tony and Sarafina bring up the rear in Tony's red Jaguar.

TONY

(to Sarafina)

Poppa wants us to marry in Palm Springs. New surroundings, new beginnings, it's the first time we've ever agreed on anything.

Southward ho - the caravan moves down the driveway to the main gate where a surprise is waiting for them. Outside the open gates are a dozen police cars. Every cop has his gun trained on the coming caravan. Inspector Kelly is standing in front of the open gates signalling the lead truck to stop.

INSPECTOR KELLY

Everybody out of your vehicles. You're all under arrest.

Tony gets out of his car and approaches the Inspector, Peter, Fiorella and Sarafina follow.

TONY

What's going on Inspector.

INSPECTOR
(big smile)

Hello, Sid... I just couldn't let this opportunity pass me by... I made a deal with Tom Zazarino...

SARAFINA
(turns to Tony)

Sid? Did this man call you Sid?

INSPECTOR

Oh, I'm sorry miss... I guess he hasn't told you...

PETER

Hasn't told her what...

INSPECTOR

Mister Gardenia, meet the man who made all this possible, the best undercover cop on the force, Detective Sid Goldberg of the organized crime task force.

The Gardenia family is in shock, Sarafina has tears in her eyes, Tony faces them. Peter takes a step toward Tony.

TONY

Poppa, everything is going to be all right.

Peter slaps Tony, Fiorella steps forward and also slaps Tony... Sarafina is in tears. She walks to Tony.

SARAFINA

Whoever you are, I want you to know that I love you (then hauls off and slaps him).

TONY

Sarafina, yes I'm a cop and yes I entered your house to do your family harm but the moment I saw you I knew that I loved you and from that moment on, I became one of you... everything I've done has been for us and mom and poppa. I love the three of you.

INSPECTOR

Sid, let's have the briefcase with all the evidence (laughs) or should I call you Tony?

Tony looks over the Inspector's shoulder.

TONY

You'll call me worse than that when you see what's coming down the road...

Everybody turns to see about a dozen state police cars speeding toward them.

INSPECTOR

What the hell are the state troopers doing here?

TONY

I figured you'd make a deal with Tom Zazarino. I called the Governor and told him that I had a briefcase full of embarrassing evidence. We made a deal. The freedom of the Gardenia family for the briefcase.

INSPECTOR

(takes out a sheet of paper from his pocket)

It's too late, Sid, I've already got a bench warrant for this round up...

The Chief of the state troopers comes forward.

CHIEF

You know what you can do with that warrant don't you?

INSPECTOR

It's signed by a judge.

Chief of the state troopers produces a letter.

CHIEF

...and what I have here is signed by the Governor and it states that I'm to give protection to these people in exchange for a briefcase which I'm ordered to destroy...

Sarafina runs to Tony and puts her arms around him and so does Fiorella. Finally Peter embraces Tony.

PETER

My son, the flatfoot.

TONY

(gives his badge to the Inspector)

Not anymore Poppa, you showed me the error of my ways...

Tony gives the briefcase to the Chief.

CHIEF

Mister Gardenia, you and your family are free to go.

Peter and Fiorella enter the limousine.

PETER

Goldberg?... Oh, Jesus!

The police cars part, opening up a path for the caravan.

Birdeye's view - mandolin music fills the air. Caravan is speeding down the highway.

SARAFINA (V.O.)

I can't wait darling, I can't wait to
tear our clothes off. To show you my
body...

TONY (V.O.)

Stop Sarafina, I'm driving...

SARAFINA (V.O.)

My large breast, firm, burning for your
touch...

TONY (V.O.)

No more Sarafina... Stop...

SARAFINA (V.O.)

I can't wait to guide your hands to parts
of me untouched by man.

TONY (V.O.)

Oh, God... Stop

SARAFINA (V.O.)

You stand before me, erect... I will kneel
before you... My hands are on...

From high up we see the caravan passing a motel, the red Jaguar
abandons the caravan and with screeching tires turns into the motel while
the caravan fades in the distance.

END

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