

FRATELLANZA  
by  
Andrea Albin

WGA-W #1340528

andreaalbin@yahoo.com  
561.667.5424

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI - DAY

The city of MIAMI- skyscrapers for miles, accompanied by lush, tropical landscaping. The people are vivacious and full of life- its a city unlike any other.

VINCENT CHIANCAGLINI, late 30's, insanely handsome, walks down an open SIDEWALK, a CIGAR in hand. With the ocean to his back, he looks as if he can conquer the world- or already has.

He is dressed in PRADA, head to toe, from his shirt to his shoes. A pair of SUNGLASSES covers his piercing eyes.

VINNY (V.O.)

My father used to tell me to be in control of yourself, otherwise someone will control you. Its a good platform to have- for life, for business...

FOCUS on a LIMO, parked along the street- motor running.

Moving to the very back, he taps his pinky ring against the window- once, twice, three times.

The window lowers. VINNY leans down, peering inside.

UNKNOWN PASSENGER'S POV- INSIDE THE LIMO

VINNY smiles at the UNKNOWN PASSENGER.

VINNY

Good morning, Governor.

A cheezy smile grips VINNY'S face. He removes his SUNGLASSES and opens the door, stepping inside.

VINNY (V.O.)

... and for the future.

The best way to predict the future is to invent it. Being a pioneer isn't always easy- especially when you're dealin' with the family.

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN- DAY

CHILDREN play in an open street. The sounds of NEW YORK CITY, though faint, fill the otherwise silent portrait.

SUPER: BROOKLYN, YEARS BEFORE

FOCUS on YOUNG SAL- maybe thirteen, intimidating for his age- sitting on the steps of an urban apartment building. His hat is cocked and his eyes are sharp- the look of a troublesome youth.

In his hand, he holds a DECK OF CARDS. He shuffles through them- one by one- prepping for a POKER GAME. Nearby, we see a pile of MARBLES, COINS and SMALL BILLS- the pot, winner takes all.

VINNY (V.O.)

It all started back in Brooklyn.  
That's my older brother, Sal. He  
was a would be button even back in  
the day- but the worst damage he  
did was steal a couple of pennies  
from the neighborhood joksters.

SAL divides the cards between himself and another YOUNG BOY- back and forth, back and forth. Cards are exchanged, each looks for tells and signs of cheating- nothing.

In the end, SAL puts down a FULL HOUSE, and the YOUNG BOY tries to compete with TWO PAIR- an obvious defeat.

The YOUNG BOY, agitated, grabs his hat and coat. He turns to leave.

SAL

Maybe next time, eh?

The YOUNG BOY turns back, flipping YOUNG SAL the finger. He laughs as the YOUNG BOY walks away, turning a corner, disappearing.

He sorts through his winnings- counting the cash, sorting the coins. He stops only as a CAR approaches- parking across the street.

YOUNG SAL stands at attention- he knows this car.

A YOUNGER DOMINIC exits the backseat, dressed in black. He begins walking towards YOUNG SAL, his gaze cold and weary.

VINNY (V.O.)

The pinky ring.

The loud shirts.

The fact that I had more uncles  
than I could count.

It wasn't a secret that our Pops  
was a wiseguy. You couldn't keep  
that kind of secret amongst  
Italians.

YOUNGER DOMINIC, a becoming man in his mid 30's, walks up  
the stairs. He pauses, looking down on his SON, his  
attention taken to the pile of MONEY and MARBLES.

DOMINIC

Salvatore.

SAL

Sir.

YOUNG DOMINIC leans down, taking a MARBLE into his hand. He  
rolls it between his fingers before dropping it, allowing it  
to roll down the stairs and into the street.

Turning to his SON-

DOMINIC

What are ya doin' kid?

SAL

Nothin', sir.

DOMINIC

Takin' money from the neighborhood  
Rat Pack-money their parents  
worked hard for?

YOUNG DOMINIC stands up. He grabs YOUNG SAL, standing him  
straight.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Don't let me catch you doin' this  
shit again- have I made myself  
clear?

YOUNG SAL nods. YOUNG DOMINIC drops him into a heap.

Using his foot, YOUNG DOMINIC pushes the remaining MARBLES,  
COINS and SMALL BILLS out onto the sidewalk.

YOUNG SAL watches, but does nothing- he remains respectful.

VINNY (V.O.)

Pops always wanted something better for us. He wanted us to be outstandin' citizens and all that jazz. That's why he was dead set against those kind of dealings, that kind of life.

INT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE- DAY

YOUNG VINCENT, no more than eleven, sits at the KITCHEN TABLE doing school work. He appears intellectual, wearing glasses and a collared shirt.

Nearby is YOUNG MARIA, DOMINIC'S wife, also mid 30's, preparing the nightly meal. YOUNG ISABELLA, only three, sits on the kitchen floor, entertained by a wooden spoon and metal pot.

YOUNG DOMINIC enters. YOUNG VINCENT watches in admiration.

VINNY (V.O.)

But we looked up to the old man, and that was part of the problem- we wanted to be him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN- DAY

YOUNG DOMINIC walks down a sidewalk, accompanied by TWO HOODS. ALL are dressed in suits, hats.

They converse with ASSOCIATES and NEIGHBORS, glamorizing the GANGSTER LIFESTYLE.

VINNY (V.O.)

Those in the neighborhood felt one of two ways about my father.

They either feared him, or respected him. Hell, even those that feared him, respected him...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL- DAY

YOUNG VINCENT, a few years older, sits at a SCHOOL DESK, listening to the TEACHER preach about ECONOMICS and other important lessons in business.

Occasionally he looks to the window, wondering.

VINNY (V.O.)

For the most part, I followed the rules. I went to school, got an education...

EXT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

YOUNG SAL, also older, accompanied by THREE HOODS, unloads a parked SEMI TRUCK. Box after box, they pile the contents into an UNKNOWN WAREHOUSE.

The truck's DRIVER is out cold, bound to the STEERING WHEEL.

VINNY (V.O.)

Sal's only education came from the streets. He wanted nothin' to do with school books and pencils- he learned math countin' money, and history lessons came from the Mustache Petes runnin' the neighborhood.

YOUNG VINNY arrives, tossing his BACKPACK aside. He begins to lend a hand unloading the SEMI TRUCK.

VINNY (V.O.)

But I was there too, right beside him, learning how to manage waste, if ya know what I mean.

INT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE- DAY

THE BASEMENT-

YOUNG DOMINIC stands in the basement of his home- damp, disorderly. He is accompanied by another HOOD, equal in size and strength.

They are discussing business.

YOUNG VINCENT and YOUNG SAL curiously listen in from a spot on the stairs.

VINNY (V.O.)

Back then, it was a way of life, what most of the Italians in the neighborhood did. I wanted to be something, and if that meant clippin' a few jamooks and poppin' a few trucks, I could handle it.

And Sal, forget about it, he was ready for anything.

DOMINIC takes a long drag from a CIGARETTE.

DOMINIC

I told you that empty suit was no good. We have to take care of this, tonight.

Get that cugine from Manhattan, the one who worked for us a couple of months back.

HOOD

The chiacchierone?

DOMINIC

(nodding)

Just make sure he's still good on his word.

The BASEMENT DOOR slams shut. YOUNG DOMINIC shoots his gaze to the stairs where YOUNG VINNY and YOUNG SAL had once been seated. Empty SODA BOTTLES sit in their places.

He knows.

INT. GARAGE- NIGHT

A CHOP SHOP

YOUNG DOMINIC, now with graying hair, stands near a broken down CAR, WRENCH in hand.

YOUNG SAL, now nineteen, sits nearby on a tool chest. YOUNG VINNY stands just behind him.

VINNY (V.O.)

Pops eventually gave us the benefit of the doubt. He filled us in on what I like to call the wiseguy words of wisdom- somethin' you can't learn from a book.

YOUNG DOMINIC wipes the WRENCH clean with a shop towel as he speaks.

DOMINIC  
Even if you forget everything I  
ever taught ya, you gotta remember  
three important rules.

SAL  
Food, money and comares?

YOUNG SAL laughs. YOUNG VINNY chuckles under his breath.  
YOUNG DOMINIC, completely unamused, stares down SAL,  
silencing his antics. He continues.

DOMINIC  
Truth, family, trust.

Always tell the truth, the family  
comes first in your life, and be a  
stand up guy- don't rat on your  
friends, no matter what.

YOUNG SAL and YOUNG VINNY absorb their father's words. They  
look to one another, understanding the importance.

FADE OUT.

INT. BASEMENT- NIGHT

SAL and VINNY, now young adults, stand in the center of a  
large BASEMENT, surrounded by HOODS and ASSOCIATES,  
including DOMINIC.

Before them is a table, covered in candles, two pictures of  
ST. ANTHONY laid before them.

DOMINIC approaches, pricking each of their fingers with a  
SMALL NEEDLE. He has a strong sense of pride for each of his  
SONS.

VINNY (V.O.)  
In the end, we were a couple of  
made guys runnin' beside Pops in  
the family business.

Their blood drips onto ST. ANTHONY'S picture. Lifting each  
one, a HOOD lights fire to them.

SAL and VINNY watch the pictures burn until nothing is left  
but smoke and ashes.

FADE OUT.



EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN- DAY

A MERCEDES BENZ slowly passes through the streets of modern day BROOKLYN.

SUPER: BROOKLYN, PRESENT DAY

REVEAL VINNY, well dressed, hiding behind a pair of designer SUNGLASSES.

While driving, he observes the neighborhood, taking in every aspect- PUERTO RICAN drug dealers, an array of PROSTITUTES, BLACK GANG BANGERS in their designated color schemes.

Old businesses have shut down, new businesses have popped up. A CHINESE RESTAURANT in an Italian neighborhood- bold example.

VINNY drives through the neighborhood, passing by each element of change, taking mental note.

VINNY (V.O.)

Its been twenty years. The neighborhood isn't what it used to be. Look at the people- I won't even hit the details.

As for us, we grew older and wiser, but one thing never changed...

And that's the family.

VINNY pulls into a DRIVEWAY, parking his car. He turns off the motor and impatiently taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

VINNY (V.O.)

The family never changes.

INT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE - DAY

A CLOSEUP of MARIA- now in her mid 60's, just as beautiful.

She stands in a KITCHEN preparing a large, family meal. Using a SPOON, she samples a HOMEMADE SAUCE- savoring the taste.

YOUNG CHILDREN- GRANDCHILDREN- all full of laughter and love, run past. Their presence brightens the room, bringing softness to a brutal world.

Amidst the chaos, SAL enters- now in his mid 40's, charming, dapper. He greets MARIA with a kiss on the cheek- and a homemade CAKE.

MARIA  
There's my Sally!

MARIA takes the CAKE from his hands, passing an odd look.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Now what is this?

SAL  
Donna had some new recipe she wanted to try out.

MARIA  
Where is she?

DONNA CHIANCAGLINI, SAL'S breathtaking wife, steps forward, greeting MARIA with a hug and kiss. The TWO WOMEN strike up a conversation, SAL pushes past.

VINNY (V.O.)  
And Sunday dinner always brought us together.

CUT TO:

JENNIFER CHIANCAGLINI, VINNY'S wife, resting with their son, DANTE, watching the other children play.

DOMINIC stands near the window, casually conversing with BENNY GOLDMAN- a friend of the family- and his wife, SARAH. BENNY is characteristically Jewish with dark hair and a bold nose.

VINNY (V.O.)  
On that one day every week,  
nothing mattered but blood and blessings.

VINNY enters. JENNIFER silently greets him, smiling as he walks in. He walks to her, kissing her, stroking their SON'S hair- a brief moment of affection with his family.

VINNY  
How's he feelin'?

JENNIFER  
Much better. The doctor was right,  
it was just a stomach bug.

VINNY

I'm just glad it wasn't serious.

JENNIFER

You and me both.

ISABELLA, the youngest of the three CHIANCAGLINI children, greets VINNY with a hug and kiss. He embraces his sister- a beautiful Italian with long flowing hair.

SAL approaches from behind, messing up VINNY'S hair. ISABELLA steps aside. VINNY reacts, putting SAL in a headlock. DOMINIC and BENNY turn in time to witness brotherly love in the making.

Everything cuts into SLOW MOTION.

DOMINIC excuses himself and disappears from sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE- DAY

DOMINIC stands silently on his home's porch, overlooking his neighbors and the city of NEW YORK. He enjoys the taste of a CIGAR, puff after puff, taking in its heavy aroma and comforting feel.

The door behind him opens. SAL and VINNY enter, breathless from their interior antics. They quickly shut the door to close out the cold air.

SAL rubs his hands together and turns to DOMINIC, who has yet to acknowledge their presence.

SAL

You do realize its like ten  
fuckin' degrees out here, Pop.  
What are ya doin'?

VINNY

At least get a jacket.

DOMINIC says nothing. His emotions are running high- his train of thought elsewhere. He leans over the railing, continuing his enjoyment. He takes another taste of his CIGAR.

VINNY notices the tension. He stands beside his father, cautiously showering him with an arm.

VINNY (cont'd)

Everything alright?

DOMINIC turns sharply to VINNY.

DOMINIC  
Are you taking care of yourself?

VINNY pulls away, careful not to anger DOMINIC- his tense and high strung nature shining through.

VINNY  
(confused)  
Always.

SILENCE.

SAL  
Pop?

DOMINIC  
The three phones, the car...

VINNY raises his hand, stopping DOMINIC from speaking further.

VINNY  
We know.

DOMINIC nods. He puts out the remainder of his CIGAR on the railing, tossing the rest. He turns to his SONS.

DOMINIC  
You two got time to help your old man?

VINNY nods in response and turns to SAL, who agrees without hesitation. It's SUNDAY- only important agendas are passed on such a day.

FOCUS on VINNY.

VINNY (V.O.)  
The last time Pop asked for our help, we had to leave town for a fuckin' month.

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT

A HOOD, accompanied by a beautiful BLONDE, sits in the center of an ITALIAN RESTAURANT, enjoying a plate of PASTA and casual conversation.

A group of CHILDREN enter- holding BAGS OF CANDY. Its

HALLOWEEN and the festivities are in full gear- trick or treating, a street festival.

A FIRECRACKER goes off, startling some of the patrons. Most laugh it off, but it visibly bothers the HOOD. After some coaxing from his BLONDE companion, he returns to his meal.

Another GROUP enters, this time with a MAN in a HALLOWEEN MASK. The CHILDREN collect CANDY from the restaurant OWNERS and rejoin their friends and family outside. The MAN lingers.

He spots the HOOD. The MAN moves closer. Dropping the bag of CANDY in his hands, he reveals a GLOCK. Without hesitation, he fires at the HOOD multiple times- leaving him for dead as he quickly exits the restaurant.

The HOOD falls from his chair, covered in blood. The BLONDE screams, her WHITE DRESS now a shade of RED.

VINNY (V.O.)

Pop had a thing for extravagance.  
When he wanted to break an egg,  
that's what we were there for.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE- DAY

SAL and VINNY are close to DOMINIC, hanging on his words.

VINNY (V.O.)

And that day, there at Pop's, was  
only the beginning.

DOMINIC

I think we got a rat.

SAL chuckles. VINNY looks from SAL to DOMINIC, curiously, unamused by the accusation.

SAL

We don't have no rat, Pop.  
Seriously.

DOMINIC

I stand by it.

VINNY silences SAL, who is prepped for an argument.

VINNY

(quizzically)  
What makes you think we got a rat?

DOMINIC  
Tony is up for indictment.

SAL  
(his tone changed)  
Madonn'- big Tony?

DOMINIC  
Found out this mornin'.

VINNY  
That doesn't mean a thing. He  
coulda pissed someone off.

SAL  
He's no spring fuckin' chicken. He  
could have fucked up his dealings.

DOMINIC  
Forget about it- there's not a  
chance he didn't cover his  
footsteps. As old as he may be, he  
knows better.

SAL and VINNY look to one another, then back to DOMINIC.

VINNY  
Any ideas on who it could be?

SAL  
(with a firm tone)  
No one in our crew.

DOMINIC  
I'm leavin' it at that. Its  
Sunday- I just wanted to give you  
a heads up, make sure you're  
taking precaution.

Vinny, change your stock routine,  
and Sally, lighten your gambling  
load. Do a little spring cleanin'.

SAL  
You got it, Pop.

DOMINIC  
Now come on, your mother's been  
cookin' all day.

DOMINIC leads SAL and VINNY inside. The DOOR shuts behind them.

INT. CHIANCAGLINI HOUSE- DAY

THE DINING ROOM-

MARIA rushes between the KITCHEN and the TABLE- delivering fresh FOOD and DRINK. JENNIFER and ISABELLA lend a hand. DOMINIC, VINNY, SAL and their FAMILIES take their places at the table. BENNY and his WIFE sit amongst them, defining their place within the family.

MARIA finally takes her seat. Joining hands, DOMINIC leads the family in a traditional PRAYER.

IN UNISON- AMEN.

Focus on EACH PERSON at the TABLE- food is now served, conversation exchanged.

VINNY (V.O.)

That Sunday was like any other Sunday. Pop sat at the head of the table, Ma beside him. Sally sat across from Pop and the rest of us just kinda filled in the fluff.

We had lasagna.

Little did we know, Sundays would be different after that. Pop was gonna take a little vacation.

INT. BAR - DAY

A BASKETBALL GAME plays out on a TELEVISION.

REVEAL a BAR- neighborhood friendly. A BARTENDER works from his post as CUSTOMERS gather around.

DOMINIC sits at the BAR, his attention on the GAME. He sips from a drink, his time split between his alcohol and a freshly lit cigarette.

A HOOD approaches, sitting beside DOMINIC. They greet one another- DOMINIC maintains focus on the TELEVISION.

HOOD

(to the BARTENDER)

Scotch on the rocks.

DOMINIC turns to the HOOD, suddenly pointing at the TELEVISION.

DOMINIC  
Can you believe this?

The HOOD, taken by surprise, looks up at the TELEVISION and shrugs.

HOOD  
A couple of good teams? Sure.

DOMINIC  
Twenty years ago, this team  
couldn't hold a candle to State.

The HOOD curiously raises an eyebrow. The BARTENDER delivers his drink.

HOOD  
Times change.

DOMINIC nods- sipping from his drink.

DOMINIC  
Che peccato.

DOMINIC and the HOOD raise their glasses, clanking them together in unison.

HOOD  
I can think of a million things I  
never thought I'd see.

DOMINIC  
Me too. My 30th birthday.

The HOOD laughs, nodding in agreement.

HOOD  
I remember when the only thing we  
had to worry about was puttin'  
food on the table and money in the  
mattress.

DOMINIC  
Now we got that and a million  
other fuckin' commitments.

HOOD  
No kiddin'.

Contemplative, DOMINIC swishes his drink around in his glass, watching the liquid splash against its edges. He lets out an eager sigh and taps his finger on the bar.



Suddenly, the DOORS BURST OPEN. FBI and POLICE enter- GUNS drawn, shouting demands.

The FBI, dressed in their familiar blue jackets with the yellow emblem, approach the BAR'S PATRONS, looking specifically for certain individuals. EVERYONE stands at attention, most with their hands in the air.

The NYPD is there as well- their ORGANIZED CRIME TASK FORCE hot on the trail of the local HOODS and GANG BANGERS.

DOMINIC turns. An AGENT approaches him- GUN first.

AGENT  
Dominic Chiancaglini?

DOMINIC nods and stands, turning his back to the AGENT. He places his hands behind him, prepping for handcuffs.

AGENT (cont'd)  
You are under...

DOMINIC  
No shit- just slap the cuffs on  
already, would ya?

The AGENT cuffs DOMINIC and pulls him away, reciting his rights as they exit. Other AGENTS and OFFICERS escort a number of other CHARACTERS from the BAR.

Other PATRONS simply watch, stunned.

INT. VINNY'S HOUSE- DAY

THE KITCHEN-

VINNY sits silently at the breakfast table. To one side, an ENGLISH MUFFIN and ORANGE JUICE. In his hands, a CROSSWORD PUZZLE begging for attention.

VINNY carefully fills in a word- PERMUTATION.

The DOOR suddenly slams open. SAL stands in the doorway, filled with rage. He closes the door with equal force and speed.

VINNY puts down the CROSSWORD PUZZLE. SAL tosses the MORNING NEWSPAPER on the table.

The headlines read: QUIET MAFIOSO SILENCED- DOMINIC "QUIET DOM" CHIANCAGLINI IN CUSTODY

VINNY looks over the article, then to SAL.

SAL  
Someone's fuckin' with us.

VINNY shrugs and stands, moving to the REFRIGERATOR.

VINNY  
Pop laid it right out on the table  
for us.

SAL  
I shoulda fuckin' listened.

VINNY  
Neither one of us took him  
seriously. Don't blame yourself.

SAL  
For all we know, they're comin'  
for us next.

VINNY  
I doubt it. They woulda been here  
by now.

SAL  
We're careful, with the phones,  
the fuckin' cars- there's a  
definite problem.

VINNY  
Its called a rat- that's the  
fucking problem.

SAL  
Who the fuck is it?

VINNY  
If I had any idea, do you think  
Pop would be sittin' in the pen  
right now?

VINNY removes the carton of ORANGE JUICE, turns to SAL.

VINNY  
Juice?

SAL  
(firmly)  
No.

SAL sits at the table, snatching the NEWSPAPER. VINNY  
returns to his original seat, JUICE in hand.

SAL (cont'd)  
Even Gotti's headlines had more  
class.

VINNY  
They're callin' it like they see  
it.

SAL  
Why don't you give your friend at  
the paper a call, tell em to cut  
the shit?

VINNY  
They won't. They wanna sell  
papers, and stories like this do  
the trick.

SAL  
(frustrated)  
Fuckin' bullshit.

VINNY  
Occupational hazard.

VINNY returns to his CROSSWORD PUZZLE. SAL impatiently moves  
his foot up and down, back and forth, watching each motion.

He looks across the table, watching VINNY as he fills in  
another piece of the PUZZLE. SAL sits at attention.

SAL  
How can you sit there and do a  
crossword puzzle with all of this  
shit goin' on?

VINNY  
Easy...

VINNY fills in another word.

VINNY (cont'd)  
Pen to paper.

SAL stands, angry. He kicks over a CHAIR. VINNY watches him,  
keeping his emotions and opinions in check.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Sally always had a hot fuckin'  
temper. He was worse than a goomah  
on the rag. But that was just him,  
hot headed Sally.

SAL paces back and forth across the kitchen. VINNY stands, once again setting his puzzle aside. He gestures towards the porch.

VINNY

Step into my office for a minute.

VINNY walks outside. SAL follows closely behind.

EXT. VINNY'S HOME- DAY

VINNY stands at the edge of the patio. SAL follows and pulls out a cigarette, struggling to light it.

With the CIGARETTE now lit, SAL turns, noticing a BARBECUE GRILL. He admires it.

SAL

That new?

VINNY

Yeah.

(pause)

What's on your mind?

SAL

Cops ain't that smart. There's no way they got that close without help.

VINNY

I thought we had already covered this.

SAL

I'm just sayin'.

VINNY

This whole thing is givin' me agita. We gotta look at everyone, leave no stone unturned.

CUT TO:

BENNY, dressed in suit and tie, rushing towards a parked CAR, ENVELOPE in hand.

VINNY (V.O.)

Its someone we know, someone close.

The PASSENGER WINDOW rolls down. BENNY passes the ENVELOPE to someone inside and turns. He leaves immediately, visibly

frightened by his own activities.

He disappears around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNY'S HOME- DAY

SAL

The sooner we figure this out, the better.

VINNY nods in agreement and looks out into the neighborhood. He tunes into a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN jumping rope.

SAL (cont'd)

You ever think Brooklyn ain't for us anymore?

VINNY

Sometimes.

SAL

With everything goin' on, maybe we should move the crew.

VINNY

We can't just pack up and move without talkin' to Pop.

SAL

He's in the clink.

VINNY

We owe him the respect.

SAL takes a long drag from his CIGARETTE. He nods.

SAL

You're right.

VINNY

Where would we go anyway?  
Brooklyn's all we know.

SAL sits silently for a moment before responding in a nonchalant manner.

SAL

Miami.

VINNY  
 (surprised)  
 Miami? Are you fuckin'...

SAL  
 (interrupting)  
 Hear me out.

Its an open city. We can take the  
 same crew. It would give us an  
 opportunity to start fresh.

You've been talkin' about this for  
 years.

VINNY  
 Never thought it would be a  
 serious discussion.

The BROTHERS stand in silence. SAL finishes his CIGARETTE  
 and puts it out, tossing the butt aside.

SAL  
 Just think it over. It ain't gotta  
 happen overnight.

SAL pats VINNY on the back and reenters the house. VINNY  
 stands on his patio- thoughtful. The events play over and  
 over again in his head- the indictments, the rat. He lowers  
 his head and stretches, the load heavy on his mind.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Cold, structured, held together with top notch security and  
 well trained OFFICIALS. Everything is set in place to hold  
 some of the country's most dangerous CRIMINALS.

VINNY enters. He is greeted by an OFFICER who pats him down,  
 from head to toe, using a wand in inconspicuous places.  
 VINNY appears agitated, inconvienenced.

He comes out clean.

VISITOR'S CENTER-

VINNY sits at a booth, staring through glass at an empty  
 chair. He places his hands on the small desk-like structure  
 before him, patiently waiting.

VINNY (V.O.)  
 It was all happening so fast, my  
 head could spin. At the time, we  
 had no clue who the rat was, and  
 (MORE)

VINNY (cont'd)  
 that was buggin' us more than  
 anything. But the thought of  
 havin' to talk to Pop through  
 glass turned my stomach. It was  
 like lookin' at one of those  
 hamsters runnin' on a wheel- it  
 just wasn't natural.

A DOOR leading into the prison opens. DOMINIC enters, and is escorted to the empty chair. He is handcuffed, wearing PRISON GARB.

The GUARD uncuffs him and steps back. VINNY smiles.

After a moment's hesitation, VINNY picks up the TELEPHONE. DOMINIC does the same.

VINNY  
 Hey there old man.  
 (pause)  
 Lookin' good.

DOMINIC  
 Cut the crap.

VINNY  
 (sarcastically)  
 I can see your sense of humor is  
 still in tact.

VINNY clears his throat. He lowers his voice.

VINNY (cont'd)  
 You were right. About our friend.

DOMINIC  
 Are you sure?

VINNY  
 That's the only answer. No one as  
 careful as you ends up in the pen  
 at the flick of the wrist- someone  
 had to push the button.

DOMINIC  
 Any idea who it is?

VINNY  
 Someone close.

DOMINIC, frustrated, taps the PHONE against his forehead. VINNY waits to regain his attention before continuing.

VINNY (cont'd)  
I think we got a solution.

DOMINIC  
I'm listenin'.

VINNY  
Sal thinks we should move the crew.

DOMINIC  
Is that what you think?

VINNY  
I'm behind him on this one, Pop.

DOMINIC  
Ok, so you wanna move the crew-  
where? Another borough?

VINNY  
More like out of state.

DOMINIC  
Jersey already has its fair share  
of buttons and would-be Dons.

VINNY  
No, no, better than that.

DOMINIC  
What's better than Jersey?

VINNY  
Florida. Specifically- Miami.

DOMINIC lets out a low whistle.

DOMINIC  
You weren't fuckin' around when  
you said out of state.

VINNY  
Its an open city, tons of  
opportunity. Best of all, no one  
knows us. We can start fresh. I  
think we'll have better control  
down there.

DOMINIC  
That's a big move.



VINNY

It'll be good. For the family.

DOMINIC

Like I said, its a big fuckin'  
move.

DOMINIC wipes his hand over his face, trying to hide his facial expression.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

I'm gonna have to think this one  
over.

VINNY

That's all I'm askin', Pop.

VINNY pauses and gives DOMINIC a reassuring smile before continuing.

VINNY (cont'd)

They treatin' you alright around  
here?

DOMINIC

Its like the Plaza Hotel- this  
ain't the first time I've been a  
guest of the state.

VINNY

(laughing)  
Gotta make sure.

DOMINIC

I know.  
(pause)  
How's Salvatore doing?

VINNY

You know Sally, he's going oobatz  
over this.

DOMINIC chuckles.

DOMINIC

I'm sure you'll keep him in line.

The PRISON GUARD steps forward, indicating an end to the visit. DOMINIC looks over his shoulder and nods.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Take care of yourself, Vincent.

VINNY goes to put down the TELEPHONE, but stops to hear DOMINIC'S farewell.

DOMINIC (cont'd)  
And hey... I'll think about it.

VINNY smiles and puts down the TELEPHONE. DOMINIC stands, allowing his HANDCUFFS to be replaced. He and VINNY exchange glances before going their separate ways- one to the outside world, the other to a cell.

VINNY (V.O.)  
It didn't take long for Pop to give the green light. Just the thought of him bein' able to go to Miami when he breaks the clink was reason enough to send us down there. I know how he thinks- him and I are a lot alike.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI - DAY

A series of quick cut scenes involving the city of MIAMI  
... SOUTH BEACH, day and night.  
... HOTELS AND RESORTS, packed with tourists and celebrities.  
... the BEACHES, rows and rows of beautiful WOMEN.  
... PALM TREES and lush TROPICAL SCENERY.

Two TOWNCARS, back to back, drive down a busy street in the heart of MIAMI.

SUPER: MIAMI

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR- DAY

VINNY sits in the backseat, JENNIFER by his side. Distracted, he toys with his CELL PHONE.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Aside from the sunshine and tits, Pop knew the damage we could do in that city- the green we could bring in, and the businesses we could take over. Between the two of us we would own the city in a month, and thats the real reason he and the bosses turned us loose. They knew our potential.

JENNIFER looks to her husband, then back out the window.  
VINNY shuts his CELL PHONE and smiles at her.

VINNY  
Whaddya think?

JENNIFER  
Its growing on me.

VINNY  
I can see it now- you and I,  
sittin' on a private beach,  
sipping margaritas, having an  
actual tan...

JENNIFER  
(laughing)  
You're too much sometimes.

VINNY  
Would you have me any other way?

JENNIFER smiles and leans over, kissing VINNY.

JENNIFER  
Absolutely not.

JENNIFER returns to her window venture. VINNY watches in  
admiration.

VINNY (V.O.)  
I was lucky. Jennifer knew what  
she was gettin' into before we got  
hitched. She never complained  
about the late hours or my goomah-  
and she always made sure the house  
was clean and the kids were happy.  
She was exactly what a wife  
should be.

Sally, on the other hand...

INT. OTHER TOWNCAR- DAY

SAL closes his eyes and leans back against the seat. DONNA  
is seated beside him, angry.

DONNA  
I just don't understand you  
sometimes.

SAL  
What's not to understand?

DONNA  
 You'll just find another one. Its  
 not too hard to find a puttana in  
 a scum city.

SAL shoots a glare at his wife, obviously enraged.

VINNY (V.O.)  
 Wasn't so lucky.

SAL  
 Whaddya want me to do, huh? I cut  
 things off with that broad MONTHS  
 AGO!

DONNA  
 Don't play me for an idiot Sal, I  
 know things, I hear things.

SAL grabs DONNA'S arm, pulling her close.

SAL  
 Just don't forget who keeps your  
 ass in Gucci and pearls. Let's  
 leave it at that.

DONNA pulls her arm away and sinks back into the seat. She  
 is visibly upset- tears are beginning to form.

SAL turns to her once before looking back out the window,  
 entranced by MIAMI and all it has to offer.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA - DAY

Pizza by the slice, pizza pies, hand made garlic rolls and  
 drinks- a typical PIZZA JOINT with an urban flavor.

An OLDER MAN in his mid 50's runs the counter with an iron  
 fist- tending to customers, pushing money.

BACK OF THE RESTAURANT-

Behind the shop lies an office- SAL sits at a large desk,  
 surrounded by paperwork and magazines.

VINNY (V.O.)  
 It only took Sally a week to open  
 up shop in the back of Ooh Fa  
 Pizzeria.

ANTHONY "TONY NUMBERS" GLASSO, a soldier in the crew,  
 watches four different televisions- writing down sports

scores, keeping track of upcoming games.

Its a fronted operation- a mob standard.

VINNY (V.O.)

He put Anthony in charge of the bookie operation. The kid was good with numbers- he knew everything there was to know about sports, and that made him a commodity in our world. He could tell you which pitcher takes steroids, and if a basketball player had an STD. Most importantly, he could bring in at least five large a night- even off a fuckin' soccer game.

ANTHONY loses his temper over a score and throws his NOTEPAD, openly cursing.

VINNY (V.O.)

That, and he wouldn't hesitate to break someone in half.

SAL reaches into a drawer, pulling out a long sheet of names. He goes down the list, thinking about each one, discussing it with BILLY RUSSO- another soldier.

VINNY (V.O.)

And the Shylock Business took off fast.

A series of quick cut scenes involving SAL loaning money to a number of MIAMI RESIDENTS.

... SAL passing an envelope to a prominent LAWYER.

... a DOCTOR meeting with SAL to discuss a loan.

... two WOMEN accept a wad of CASH from an ASSOCIATE of SAL'S.

... a COP, dressed in uniform, pays off a debt.

VINNY (V.O.)

Doctors, lawyers, housewives, cops- they knew if the bank wasn't handin' out funds, Sal would.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA- DAY

SAL counts a pile of cash, smiling to himself.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

A BOILER ROOM- mirroring a WALL STREET OFFICE, without the legitimacy. STOCK BROKERS reaching out to clients, SECRETARIES moving diligently. Information is at their fingertips- a commodity to hold onto.

VINNY (V.O.)

And I went back to what I knew  
best- the pump and dump.

Two HOODS, MICHAEL and VITO, watch over the room. VINNY greets them with a distinctive smile.

VINNY (V.O.)

I sent a couple of guys in there  
to keep everything in check. They  
knew the markets, they knew the  
tricks- not to mention they were a  
couple of pitbulls waitin' for a  
chance to strike, if ya know what  
I mean.

MARK SHOWMAN, the company's front man, walks up and down each aisle, speaking with VINNY about their operations.

VINNY (V.O.)

I also hired a front man to make  
the whole operation look legit. He  
hired the best of the best- stock  
brokers with their PHD's- poor,  
hungry, driven egos.

VINNY stops with MARK to look over the shoulder of a BROKER. He nods in approval- they continue to move through the business.

VINNY (V.O.)

I could bring in more money with  
one crooked stock than a thousand  
bookies on Super Bowl Sunday. The  
money was incredible...

INT. SMALL OFFICE- DAY

BENNY sits at a desk, crunching numbers, hiding behind an adding machine and computer. He removes his glasses and rubs his eyes, visibly tired and overworked.

VINNY (V.O.)

But that's where Benny came in. He  
crunched our numbers, made it all  
happen. Jews were always good with  
money. We could never make the

(MORE)

VINNY (cont'd)  
little fuck, but he was as much a  
part of the family as the rest of  
us.

INT. AIRPORT- DAY

BENNY exits an AIRPLANE, entering a busy AIRPORT.

He makes his way through the crowds, a SUITCASE attached to his hand.

INT. MEETING ROOM- DAY

BENNY exchanges the suitcase for handshakes and gestures of happiness from the NEW YORK FAMILY.

VINNY (V.O.)  
The only money we ever had to pay  
out was our contribution to New  
York. Once a month, Benny would  
make a trip with a suitcase... one  
that would come back empty.

INT. NIGHT CLUB- NIGHT

A trendy, SOUTH BEACH night club-

Flashing lights, a steady stream of CUSTOMERS- driven by alcohol and desire.

Pulsating to the steady beat of the music, the CUSTOMERS move with one another, happiness beside them.

VINNY (V.O.)  
And finally there was the club-  
somethin' to keep us busy between  
working man's hours.

VINNY stands at the BAR, taking in a MOJITO with the scenery. He makes eyes with a YOUNG WOMAN on the dance floor. She smiles flirtaciously and bends down, exposing herself to him. She stands and walks away, satisfied.

VINNY watches and lets out a low, approving whistle. He orders another drink.

VINNY  
(to the BARTENDER)  
Another Mojito, thanks.

A WOMAN approaches the bar. A stunning brunette with red highlights and an unforgettable smile, she looks to VINNY

and shakes her head, turning her attention back to the BARTENDER. This woman is AUTUMN MICHAELS.

The BARTENDER delivers VINNY'S MOJITO and looks to AUTUMN.

AUTUMN  
Corona, with lime.

The BARTENDER leaves. AUTUMN moves closer to VINNY.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
Visiting?

VINNY, startled, turns to AUTUMN. He immediately falls for her beauty.

VINNY  
Just moved here actually.

AUTUMN  
Not surprising.

VINNY  
(quizzically)  
How could you tell?

AUTUMN  
The Mojito.

The BARTENDER arrives with AUTUMN'S drink. She drops a BILL onto the BAR and disappears back into the crowd.

VINNY takes another sip of his MOJITO and follows.

VINNY (V.O.)  
And then there was Autumn  
Michaels...

VINNY catches up to AUTUMN and reaches for her, touching her arm. She turns, ready to fight, until she realizes who it is. She smiles in approval.

AUTUMN  
Intrigued?

VINNY  
You could say that.

AUTUMN graciously smiles and extends her hand. VINNY immediately takes it, gently greeting her.

AUTUMN  
I'm Autumn Michaels.



VINNY  
Vincent Chiancaglino.

AUTUMN  
Chiancaglino. Not a name you hear  
often.

VINNY  
Maybe in Brooklyn, but not here.

AUTUMN  
I knew it by the accent- a New  
Yorker.

VINNY  
Born and raised.  
  
Where are you from?

AUTUMN  
Here, there, everywhere.

VINNY  
Specifically.

AUTUMN  
Specifically?  
  
Miami.

VINNY  
It shows.

AUTUMN glares at VINNY, shooting daggers. He laughs and  
shakes his head.

VINNY  
No, no, in a good way- you're not  
trashy.

AUTUMN  
(cautiously)  
I was about to say...

VINNY  
(changing the  
subject)  
Do you dance?

AUTUMN thinks over the offer. She is incredibly attracted to  
VINNY- and it shows.

AUTUMN

Every night.

AUTUMN leaves her drink on an open table and grabs VINNY'S hand, pulling him out onto the dance floor. He pulls her close.

VINNY (V.O.)

Her eyes, the way she smelled, her hair- everything about her made me feel in ways I didn't think I could feel. She brought out the best in me- even more than my wife.

They dance circles around one another, their sexual desire at its peak.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM-

VINNY presses AUTUMN'S body roughly against the wall of a BATHROOM STALL. Running his hand over her exposed breast, he thrusts into her, their passion unmatched.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - DAY

AUTUMN stands in her kitchen, wearing nothing but a BATHROBE. She prepares a cup of COFFEE, careful to add just the right ingredients.

As she moves away from the kitchen, we see more of the apartment- a PENTHOUSE with all the amenities, including a breathtaking OCEAN VIEW.

She finally stops at a BALCONY, where VINNNY sits outside, also wearing a BATHROBE. She leans down and kisses him as she passes along the COFFEE.

VINNY (V.O.)

It didn't take long before I had Autumn in a pricey penthouse apartment, right in the heart of Miami. I always treated my goomahs with the greatest respect- and that included the best of everything.

INT. HOTEL NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The NIGHT SCENE- bodies pressed against each other, alcohol and drugs flowing freely through the club.

A YOUNG GIRL, dressed in a tight skirt, wanders aimlessly through the club, trashed- more alcohol in her system than blood.

She stops at an abandoned table and empties her PURSE- a mirror, her wallet, pain medicine, and finally, JACKPOT- a small packet of COCAINE.

She undoes the packet and spreads the DRUG on the table. She looks around- there is no one close enough to notice. Using her credit card, she lines up the drug, taking it into her system moments later.

She nearly collapses, the mixture of alcohol and COCAINE harsh on her body. She pulls up a chair, sits, and allows it to work its magic.

VINNY (V.O.)

Even with all of our success in  
that great city, one thing was  
left untouched.

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

CUBAN WORKERS, ranging in age and background, work diligently to package COCAINE, CRANK and other drugs into appropriate distribution levels.

One table works on measuring out COCAINE, while another slips ECSTASY pills into small packets. Each worker wears a mask and little clothing- preventing theft of the drugs.

The BOSSES watch over this activity, heavily armed and highly alert.

VINNY (V.O.)

And that was the drug business.

Packages of DRUGS find their way to SUITCASES and CRATES on the other side of the warehouse- ready to reach their final destination.

INT. MEETING ROOM- NIGHT

A small MEETING ROOM with only a table and mismatched chairs. A single light hangs overhead- most of the room overcome with darkness.

SAL sits with ANTHONY on one side of the table. On the other side, EDDIE CASTRO, a well known CUBAN DRUG DEALER, and a CUBAN THUG, sit together.

SAL looks at his watch, then at the door- VINNY is late.

VINNY (V.O.)

We wanted in- and starting with the Cubans was more of a courtesy than a necessity.

EDDIE looks at SAL, who is becoming impatient.

EDDIE

(in a heavy CUBAN ACCENT)

We have all the time in the world.

SAL

(agitated)

Well I don't.

The DOOR opens. VINNY enters, still pulling together his clothing. SAL looks him up and down.

SAL (cont'd)

Where have you been?

VINNY

(avoiding the question)

I made it, didn't I?

All of the MEN sit around the table. There is a brief moment of silence before SAL speaks.

SAL

(to EDDIE)

I'm sure you know why we're here.

EDDIE

We were hoping you'd tell us.

SAL smirks and sits up in his chair. He is at full attention.

SAL  
We feel like we could help you out  
with your little business.

EDDIE  
You want in.

SAL  
We have a lot of experience in  
this industry. I think if we put  
our heads together...

EDDIE  
(interrupting)  
We don't work with partners. We  
never have. We rely on our own to  
run things smoothly.

SAL  
We can offer what your own can't.  
We can offer protection, steady  
clients, reliable workers...

EDDIE  
We already have all of that, Mr.  
Chingy.

SAL  
(agitated)  
That's Chiancaglini.  
Mr. Chiancaglini.

EDDIE  
Mr. Chiancaglini... its just not  
in our best interest.

SAL snaps his fingers. ANTHONY stands, carrying with him a medium-sized GYM BAG. He opens it, revealing a LARGE SUM OF MONEY. He begins to set stacks of CASH onto the table, waiting for the call to stop.

SAL  
Let's get right to the point, how  
much is this gonna cost me?

EDDIE  
I don't know how to make this more  
clear. We are NOT interested.

ANTHONY stops counting the MONEY and turns to SAL, who does not have an answer. ANTHONY follows his instinct and gathers the MONEY once again, placing it back inside the GYM BAG.

VINNY looks to SAL, who is visibly angry. SAL stands, stretches. VINNY turns to EDDIE.

VINNY  
Are you sure?

EDDIE  
Positive.

Now, if you'll excuse me...

EDDIE stands and leaves the table, re-entering the WAREHOUSE next door. The CUBAN THUG follows.

ANTHONY walks towards the exit.

ANTHONY  
I'll go get the car.

ANTHONY leaves. SAL angrily flips over the table with just one hand. He then turns his anger on VINNY, who is still seated.

SAL  
Where the FUCK were you?

VINNY  
Don't blame this on me.

SAL  
The most important meeting we've had since we've been down here and you almost FUCKING MISSED IT! You fucked me, Vinny!

VINNY stands, going toe to toe with SAL.

VINNY  
I didn't FUCK anyone! You fucked yourself, those mortadellas aren't about to hand over the goods. Business is too profitable, and they know that- anyone with a brain would know that!

SAL looks VINNY over and shakes his head, walking towards the door.

SAL  
Fuck it, let's go. I have a different plan.  
(pause)  
Plan B.

SAL exits. VINNY follows shortly afterwards.

VINNY (V.O.)  
And so the rift began- in more  
ways than one.

But there wasn't time to dwell on  
it. We had a business to run.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The outside of the DRUG WAREHOUSE- quiet and calm. WORKERS  
enter and exit the building at will.

BOOM!

Dynamite explodes- the WAREHOUSE falls to pieces amidst fire  
and smoke. WORKERS run, most dying amongst the flames.

VINNY (V.O.)  
We tore apart their entire  
structure.

A series of quick cut scenes involving the take down of the  
CUBAN DRUG INDUSTRY.

... a HOOD beating a small-time DEALER on the street.  
... SAL'S CREW removing CARGO from a go-fast boat.  
... EDDIE standing over the remnants of the WAREHOUSE,  
stunned.

INT. DINER- NIGHT

A classic diner, specializing in CHEESEBURGERS and  
MILKSHAKES.

EDDIE enters, walking to the counter. He grabs a MENU and  
sits, looking it over. Nothing fascinates him, so he returns  
it, and grabs a nearby DESSERT MENU instead.

SAL enters, sitting beside him. He grabs the REGULAR MENU  
and looks over EDDIE'S shoulder.

SAL  
The key lime pie is amazing.

EDDIE, startled, turns to face SAL. SAL smiles.

The WAITRESS arrives. SAL greets her.

SAL (cont'd)  
Just a couple of waters right now  
hun- thanks.

The WAITRESS nods, departs. EDDIE cautiously looks to SAL, analyzing him.

EDDIE  
Did you follow me here?

SAL  
Who- me? Do I look like I have  
time to follow around a buncha  
spics?

EDDIE angrily puts down the DESSERT MENU.

EDDIE  
What do you want?

SAL  
Vin and I heard about what  
happened, we wanted to reach out  
to you, pay respect.

EDDIE  
There's no respect to be paid. We  
just have to rebuild and move  
forward.

SAL  
I'm tellin' you, my friend, bring  
us in and we can give you  
protection. Better protection than  
your fuckin' goons did.

EDDIE  
We're still not interested.

The WAITRESS delivers two WATERS. SAL waits until the WAITRESS has departed before turning to EDDIE.

SAL  
You're stubborn- but I fuckin'  
like it.

EDDIE  
Don't take me for an idiot. I know  
your organization is behind this.

SAL  
I'm sorry you feel that way.



EDDIE  
Scare tactics don't work on the  
Cuban people, my friend. We lived  
through Castro- we can live  
through anything.

EDDIE stands.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
Just walk away Mr. Chiancaglioni.  
Find your own path.

EDDIE leaves. SAL sits in his chair and reaches for his  
WATER, taking a long drink.

VINNY (V.O.)  
When Sal's plan failed, Benny and  
I took a little trip up north. We  
needed some guidance.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

VINNY and DOMINIC sit together, separated by the barings of  
a metal PICNIC TABLE in a large courtyard.

BENNY stands nearby, watching.

VINNY  
So whaddya think?

DOMINIC  
You know my opinion on that kind  
of business.

VINNY  
Pharmaceuticals have brought a lot  
of money into this family.

DOMINIC  
I still don't like it.

VINNY, frustrated, rolls his eyes.

VINNY  
Just give me a little guidance  
here, Pop. Somethin'- anything.

DOMINIC sighs and stands, stretching. He looks over the  
courtyard. After a few moments of silence, he responds.

DOMINIC  
Just go straight to the source.

VINNY

The source?

DOMINIC

Go to their supplier. Hit em where  
it hurts.

VINNY nods- he knows just what to do.

INT. DRUG COMPOUND - DAY

SAL and VINNY, dressed in their best and most expensive suits, sit on the receiving side of a LARGE DESK. Opposite from them sits a COLUMBIAN DRUG LORD, a man of stature and taste.

He listens to them as they plead their case, telling of the situation with the CUBANS and their interest in the DRUG INDUSTRY.

VINNY (V.O.)

So we did- we went straight to  
Columbia.

The DRUG LORD nods in agreement and happily stands, reaching his hand over the desk. SAL and VINNY also stand, shaking his hand.

FOCUS on the HAND SHAKE.

INT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

FOCUS on SAL, seated in the center of the small MEETING ROOM. VINNY sits beside him, ANTHONY nearby.

They are surrounded by CUBAN THUGS- all ages, all sizes.

SAL toys with them- smoking from a CIGARETTE, folding his hands into his lap. He smiles at one, flicking the ashes to the floor.

VINNY (V.O.)

Only one problem remained- and  
that was Eddie.

SAL

What are we waitin' for here? The  
cafones to trim their facial hair?

One of the CUBAN THUGS looks SAL up and down. SAL shrugs and sits back in his seat.

SAL (cont'd)  
Just a question...

EDDIE enters the room, wearing a tuxedo. SAL lets out a low whistle. VINNY cannot help it- he laughs.

SAL (cont'd)  
Looks like I'm interrupting  
somethin'.

EDDIE  
Let's make this fast- I have a  
wedding to go to.

SAL  
A snazzy one at that.

EDDIE  
(changing the  
subject)  
My answer is the same as before.  
No.

SAL  
You haven't even heard the  
question.

EDDIE  
I already know why you're here.  
There are plenty of other business  
ventures in the city. This is the  
last time I'm going to tell you to  
move on. I think I've been more  
than patient.

SAL smacks his tongue against the roof of his mouth, making a distinctive sound. EDDIE watches as he stands and approaches him.

SAL  
We did move on. We took a trip  
down to Columbia.

EDDIE  
(confused)  
What do you mean?

SAL  
We met with your supplier. Stand  
up guy, that one. And the cigars,  
mama mia!

EDDIE

There are a million suppliers in the world. It may be best to find your own.

One of the CUBAN THUGS suddenly opens fire with his MACHINE GUN. He kills the OTHERS, spraying them with bullets. They collapse, die.

EDDIE, stunned, looks at his men. The CUBAN THUG moves forward, pressing the gun to the back of his head.

SAL (cont'd)

You may want to rethink your answer, my friend.

EDDIE puts his hands up in surrender. He looks to VINNY, fearful. VINNY shrugs.

VINNY

Don't look at me- I tried to make peace months ago.

EDDIE looks back to SAL.

EDDIE

If you have my supplier, what do you want with me?

SAL

Because you boat rowers are all the same- you'll interfere if I just let it go.

The CUBAN THUG smashes the butt of the gun into EDDIE'S head. He collapses, unconscience.

SAL moves forward and gestures for VINNY and ANTHONY, who help move EDDIE'S body, removing him from the MEETING ROOM.

SAL suddenly turns and fires a single shot into the CUBAN THUG'S head. He dies instantly- falling first to his knees, then to the ground.

SAL (cont'd)

Thanks for the help, amigo.

VINNY and ANTHONY put EDDIE into the trunk of their car. SAL follows, his GLOCK still openly by his side.

EXT. FISHING BOAT- DAY

SAL, sitting in a chair, entertains a FISHING POLE. He is wearing a STRAW HAT and a loud, HAWAIIAN SHIRT- the look of a vacationer.

The weather is picture perfect- a bright morning sun, minimal waves.

VINNY sits beside him, his full attention on the ocean ahead. ANTHONY wanders between the chairs, grabbing a BEER BOTTLE from an overstuffed cooler. He sits as well- all of the MEN in silence.

SAL turns to VINNY.

SAL (cont'd)  
You and Jennifer still comin' on Saturday?

VINNY  
We'll be there.

SAL  
What about you, Tone?

ANTHONY  
With bells on.

SAL  
Donna got some big-time caterer from Ft. Lauderdale. I guess he does the Governor's private events.

VINNY  
You don't say.

SAL nods. All THREE continue to look out at the ocean, their thoughts wandering.

SAL stands. He stretches and casually moves to the interior of the boat. ANTHONY follows.

VINNY continues to sit in his own chair, his attention unaltered.

Moments later, SAL and ANTHONY emerge, with EDDIE in tow. He is now conscience, badly beaten, wearing only his white shirt, boxers and a pair of socks. He is wrapped in chains, with three CEMENT BLOCKS strapped to his feet.

SAL pushes him to the edge of the boat. He sits on the edge, his eyes full of fear and anxiety.

SAL  
Is your patience still thin?

EDDIE goes to speak- his voice muffled by DUCT TAPE. SAL reaches forward and rips the tape from his lips, tossing it aside. EDDIE calls out in pain.

EDDIE  
(in SPANISH)  
Please, please, don't do this.

SAL  
Speak English!

EDDIE  
(in ENGLISH)  
We can work something out- I have a family, children.

SAL  
I already tried that route.

EDDIE  
It was not personal, it was just business.

SAL  
That's funny. I was just about to say the same thing.

SAL turns to ANTHONY and gestures towards EDDIE. ANTHONY moves closer, EDDIE calls out for help, continuing to plead for his life.

ANTHONY throws over the BLOCKS, one by one, then pushes EDDIE over the edge of the boat. He sinks.

EDDIE'S POV- THE BOAT AS HE SINKS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE WATER.

VINNY watches from above, a blank expression on his face.

VINNY (V.O.)  
In a way, I felt bad for the guy.  
Came to this country, made a good  
livin'- and then boom, he's right  
in the drink. Too bad wetbacks  
don't qualify for life insurance.

SAL returns to his seat and looks to VINNY.

SAL  
You hungry?

INT. GAMBLING HALL- NIGHT

An empty apartment used for GAMBLING PURPOSES, complete with DEALERS, TABLES and loads of CASH.

A group of MEN- SAL, VINNY, ANTHONY, BILLY, and another HOOD- sit together at a POKER TABLE, drawn into a game. Also playing is JIM HEDGE, a local police sergeant. He looks nervous, shaken.

SAL watches him carefully.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Now gettin' the drugs into the  
city wouldn't be a problem- Sally  
had a plan.

EVERYONE begins to show their cards. ANTHONY folds, so does VINNY. HEDGE puts down his cards, but his hand does not beat SAL.

HEDGE nervously covers his face as SAL collects the pot, the debt too much for him to bare.

HEDGE  
(quietly)  
I can't do this anymore, man, I  
can't do this.

SAL clears his throat and stands. He walks over to HEDGE.

SAL  
Let's take a walk.

HEDGE nods and stands, following SAL out of the apartment. The others watch. One of the HOODS finds it humorous and laughs under his breath.

VINNY (V.O.)  
He always had a fuckin' plan.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

SAL and HEDGE step outside and walk down the empty sidewalk. SAL reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES. He takes one, and offers another to HEDGE. He accepts, removing his choice.

HEDGE  
Thanks.

SAL

No problem.

HEDGE nervously lights the CIGARETTE.

SAL (cont'd)

You're in a lot of debt.

HEDGE

I know, I know, I'm working on a few things.

SAL

What if I told you I had a, let's say, job opportunity. Would you be interested?

HEDGE

What's the catch?

SAL

No catch, just a chance to pay off what you owe- and earn a little more.

HEDGE

Might not be so bad...

The MEN continue to walk.

SAL

My brother and I just got our hands a little dirty in a new business venture.

SAL takes a drag before continuing. HEDGE does the same.

SAL (cont'd)

We got some packages, some BIG packages, comin' into the country. Problem is, we gotta get around all these regulations and shit to get the packages- understand?

HEDGE

I, I can't lift any regulations.

SAL

I was thinkin' more along the lines of a mule gig.

HEDGE looks confused.



SAL (cont'd)

Example- a boat comes in with a couple of our packages. You and a couple of your guys go to the marina, pick it up- no questions asked, you're just a couple of cops.

HEDGE

I don't know, Sal. This job is all I got.

SAL

Look, do you want in or not? Its easy money.

SAL and HEDGE stop on the corner. HEDGE nervously finishes his cigarette, tossing it aside, burying his hands in his pockets. He hesitates at first, but finally gives in, nodding in agreement.

SAL happily reaches in for a brief, non-feminine embrace. HEDGE returns the gesture.

SAL (cont'd)

Bring in your men and we'll get started.

SAL and HEDGE turn back towards the APARTMENT BUILDING. SAL drapes an arm over HEDGE.

SAL (cont'd)

You're gonna love the rewards.

EXT. MARINA- DAY

Two POLICE CARS sit alongside the docks, idling.

HEDGE, accompanied by two other POLICEMEN, retrieve a group of PACKAGES from a boat. One by one, they pile them into the trunk.

VINNY (V.O.)

A couple hits of crank and three grand a piece per job- yeah, I'd be lovin' the rewards too on a cop's salary.

One of the POLICEMEN, JOHNNY RUSSO, leans against the trunk of the POLICE CAR, observing the activities. He is drinking from a WATER BOTTLE, his hair slicked back in true Italian fashion.

VINNY (V.O.)

Hedge picked some stand up guys to help with the gig. Johnny Russo was a wise choice- he was a regular cugine. This wasn't the first time he had helped out the family.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

JOHNNY walks from his POLICE CAR to a SEMI TRUCK that has been pulled over. Notepad in hand, he approaches the driver's side door, and gestures for the DRIVER to step down.

The DRIVER follows orders. JOHNNY throws down his notepad and arrests the DRIVER.

Moments later, two HOODS arrive, taking the SEMI TRUCK to an undisclosed location.

VINNY (V.O.)

He had no problem runnin' a fake warrant to get us the goods.

EXT. MARINA- DAY

HEDGE loads two BAGS into the trunk. JOHNNY shuts the trunk.

Two other POLICEMEN- FRANK WALLACE and ROBBIE TURCO- enter the other POLICE CAR, another BAG in hand.

VINNY (V.O.)

Frank and Robbie were new to the game, but they knew what they were gettin' into. They were both a little dirty, known for shakin' down drug dealers and helpin' themselves to the occasional puttana- but those were the kind of guys we needed, the ones who wouldn't rat to save their own asses.

EXT. HIGHWAY- DAY

The POLICE CARS drive along the highway- inconspicuous, moving with the flow of traffic.

VINNY (V.O.)

It was a simple job- all they had to do was bring us the packages. No one ever asked any questions, no one ever got any unwanted

(MORE)

VINNY (cont'd)  
answers. It was a beautiful  
partnership.

EXT. OOH FA PIZZERIA- DAY

Two HOODS receive the packages while SAL supervises.

SAL and HEDGE shake hands- a large envelope is exchanged.  
HEDGE appears happy with the results.

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

THE LOCKER ROOM-

HEDGE, JOHNNY, FRANK and ROBBIE gather in the locker room.  
HEDGE hands them each a wad of CASH and some CRANK. They  
rejoice- their own bond growing with each job.

VINNY (V.O.)  
They were exactly what we needed.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

A formal affair- all in attendance wearing BALL GOWNS and  
TUXEDOS.

A large spread of FOOD sits in the center- a buffet fit for  
royalty, complete with caviar and champagne.

The music is light and airy- just enough to motivate one's  
dancing shoes.

VINNY stands in the center, accompanied by JENNIFER. He is  
speaking to a tall man with black hair- an up and coming  
politician by the name of JACK DIGIORNIO.

VINNY (V.O.)  
While Sal ran the drug trade, I  
ran the political circuit. Jack  
Digiornio was a man I understood,  
an Italian. I contributed to his  
campaign and introduced him to all  
the right people. He was a good  
man, but even good men can be  
bought.

VINNY and JACK shake hands and pose for the CAMERAS.

LATER THAT NIGHT-

VINNY and JENNIFER share a dance. Hand in hand, they pull one another close.

JENNIFER

So how did you meet Mr. Charming Politician?

VINNY

He's an old friend.

JENNIFER

Surprised I haven't met him before now.

VINNY

I'm sure you'll meet others down the road that I've known just as long.

JENNIFER

A benefit of the business.

VINNY

That's one way of putting it.

JENNIFER looks around, taking in her surroundings- the food, the gowns, the overall atmosphere. She turns back to VINNY, sheepishly smiling.

JENNIFER

I feel like we're at junior prom again.

VINNY laughs, kissing her forehead.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Thank you for bringing me tonight.

VINNY

I wouldn't have had it any other way- why would I want to bring anyone else when I have the most beautiful wife in the world?

JENNIFER

(quizzically)

Is there someone else?

VINNY

Not someone that I love and worship.

JENNIFER  
(laughing)  
Worship...

JENNIFER looks down. VINNY tucks his finger under her chin and pushes her eyes up to greet his. She smiles.

VINNY  
You're everything to me.

VINNY kisses JENNIFER passionately as the song fades out.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - DAY

AUTUMN grinds against VINNY, pressing his body hard against the couch. He moans, she unzips his pants- their attraction reaching its peak.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Things started to get hot and  
heavy between Autumn and I.

AUTUMN slides on top of VINNY and he yells out in pleasure. She brushes her hair behind her- they make love.

VINNY (V.O.)  
A little too hot and heavy.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

MARK paces around his office, tense and impatient. He looks to his WATCH occasionally, then to the CLOCK on the wall.

VINNY (V.O.)  
It started to interfere.

MARK, finally having enough, reaches for his cell phone. He dials a number.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

The sound of SEX drowns out VINNY'S CELL PHONE as it desperately calls for attention- MARK'S name on the CALLER ID.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

MARK hangs up the phone and dials a different number. Someone answers.

MARK

Hey, yeah, its Mark, down at the  
institute- how you doin'?

(pause)

Good- hey, I got a question- you  
seen Vinny?

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

VINNY collapses on the living room floor- AUTUMN falling on  
top. She rolls over and smiles, looking deep into his eyes.

AUTUMN

You're amazing.

VINNY

I think you got me beat, baby.

AUTUMN kisses him passionately and stands, walking away.

Maintain focus on VINNY.

AUTUMN (O.S.)

You want some tea?

VINNY remains quiet. He sits up, searching for his CELL  
PHONE.

VINNY

Do you know what time it is?

AUTUMN (O.S.)

Lunchtime. Noonish.

VINNY

Oh FUCK!

VINNY stands quickly and rushes around the apartment,  
gathering clothes, locating his CELL PHONE. He dresses fast,  
his clothing in shambles.

AUTUMN stands in the KITCHEN, preparing some tea, amused by  
VINNY'S urgency.

AUTUMN

Hot date?

VINNY

I missed a fuckin' meeting.

AUTUMN

Calm down.

Just tell em your car broke down  
(MORE)

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
or something.

VINNY  
This isn't like workin' in a  
fucking deli, sweetheart.

AUTUMN  
What, a gangster's car can't break  
down?

VINNY snatches his car keys and dips into the kitchen,  
quickly kissing AUTUMN.

VINNY  
I'll call you.

VINNY rushes out of the apartment. AUTUMN puts her tea on  
the stove and watches him. The door shuts.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

The ELEVATOR DOORS open. VINNY rushes out, oblivious to  
those in his path. He moves through the lobby, finally  
reaching MARK'S SECRETARY. An older, petite woman- she  
greet's him with a smile.

SECRETARY  
Good afternoon Mr. Chiancaglini-  
Mr. Showman and your brother are  
right inside.

VINNY  
Thanks, doll.

VINNY enters MARK'S OFFICE.

MARK'S OFFICE-

MARK sits behind a large desk. SAL, visibly unhappy, sits in  
a chair. Both MEN turn as the door opens and VINNY enters.

SAL stands. VINNY speaks before SAL can scold him.

VINNY  
Car trouble.

SAL  
You don't have a fuckin' phone?

VINNY  
Had to wait for the tow truck, run  
home, get the Benz... anyway, here  
I am.

VINNY sits in an open chair. SAL takes his original seat,  
eying VINNY with suspicion.

LATER THAT DAY-

VINNY looks out the window of MARK'S OFFICE, taking in the  
city. MARK stands up from his place at the COMPUTER and  
stretches.

SAL has already left- his presence no longer needed.

MARK  
I don't know about you, but I'm  
starving.

In a fit of rage, VINNY turns suddenly, slamming his hand  
into MARK's throat. He sends him flying across the desk.

VINNY rushes to the other side, knocking MARK down again  
before he can stand.

VINNY  
Let's get one thing straight. You  
don't ever, EVER call my fucking  
brother unless you think I'm dead-  
is that understood?

MARK can barely breathe. VINNY loosens his grip, MARK  
struggles for air.

VINNY (cont'd)  
I said is that UNDERSTOOD?

MARK nods, pulling at his neck, breathing in air quickly and  
with great need. VINNY steps over him, leaving the OFFICE.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Sal knew I was fuckin' that broad.  
But he never woulda cared if Mark  
hadn't of called. I left it at  
that.

VINNY slams the door behind him.



INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

BENNY sits in a comfortable chair, visibly nervous, sweating from his brow. He grabs a box of TISSUES and removes one, using it for his perspiration.

WILCOX (O.S.)

Just tell us what you know, Benny.  
Its not that hard. You've been  
spilling the beans for this long.

BENNY nods and tosses the TISSUE aside.

REVEAL a large CONFERENCE ROOM- comfortable chairs, a table. BENNY sits alone, while three FBI AGENTS sit together, including AGENT WILCOX- a well-built man with salt and pepper hair.

He impatiently taps his pen on the table.

WILCOX (cont'd)

We don't have all day.

BENNY

I know, I know.

WILCOX

Just give us anything you can  
think of. We're almost there.

BENNY

You've been saying that for two  
years.

WILCOX

You just gotta give us the key.  
Without you, it'll be another  
three.

BENNY nods. He looks across the table.

BENNY

Can I get a water or something?

WILCOX turns to a JUNIOR AGENT, who leaves the room to retrieve the water. WILCOX turns back to BENNY.

BENNY (cont'd)

They're into some sort of drug  
business. I just know we've been  
paying some more people, for  
transport.

WILCOX  
Transport, what kind of transport?

BENNY  
Boats, cars, I don't know. I just  
know its transportation.

WILCOX  
Are these made men?

BENNY  
I think its an outside job, I  
doubt its anyone in the family.

WILCOX  
Just find out who they are and we  
can start building our finale.

BENNY agrees. The JUNIOR AGENT arrives with the WATER. BENNY  
drinks the entire cup within a matter of minutes.

WILCOX (cont'd)  
Take it easy, Goldman.

BENNY tosses the CUP aside without acknowledging the  
comment. WILCOX continues to watch.

WILCOX (cont'd)  
If its any concillation- you're  
doing great.

BENNY laughs nervously.

BENNY  
I'm sure they said the same thing  
to Sammy Gravano.

BENNY leans back in his chair and rubs his eyes. WILCOX  
stands and leaves the room, as do the other AGENTS.

BENNY is left sitting there alone, only his thoughts to keep  
him company.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE - DAY

The FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- busy with the day's activities.

MARK enters the room, a financial notepad in hand. He stands  
on a chair.

VINNY (V.O.)

The thing with stocks was potential. As long as the brokers pushed these stocks as the next Microsoft, the money kept pouring in.

MARK

Start pushing the Spellman stock! There's some insider info that their new product line is FUCKIN' GOLDEN! Do what you can with it and draw in those clients!

MARK steps off of the chair and moves through the room-encouraging BROKERS, checking on funds.

A BROKER asks a question- he stops to help.

VINNY (V.O.)

Mark was a fuckin' genius- that man could make any stock blossom. He ran a tight ship, no one asked questions. Best office I ever ran was with him.

VINNY and BENNY enter, BENNY with a briefcase under his arm. MARK greets them with a firm handshake and a smile. The THREE MEN approach MARK'S OFFICE.

In the back of the room, a STOCK BROKER watches, questions.

VINNY (V.O.)

But there was always that one jamook who thought he knew it all.

The THREE MEN enter MARK'S OFFICE, shutting the door behind them.

MARK'S OFFICE-

VINNY and BENNY sit. MARK takes his place behind the desk.

MARK

To what do I owe the pleasure?

BENNY stands, handing a padded envelope to MARK- obviously full of funds. MARK graciously accepts.

MARK (cont'd)

What's this for?

VINNY

A bonus. This office is bringin'  
in a lotta cash, and that's thanks  
to you.

MARK slides the envelope into his desk.

MARK

Putting this towards the kid's  
college fund.

BENNY

Great investment.

MARK nods and goes to speak- but there is a knock at the  
door. The MEN stop.

MARK

I'm in a meeting!

The DOOR opens- the curious STOCK BROKER peeks his head in.

BROKER

It'll only take a second, Mr.  
Showman.

MARK gestures for him to step inside.

MARK

You have one minute.

The BROKER steps in, shutting the door behind him. He holds  
a folder in his hand.

BROKER

I'm just not comfortable with this  
stock.

MARK

Which one?

BROKER

Spellman.

MARK

What's uncomfortable? Its a huge  
profit waiting to happen.

BROKER

I looked at the quarterly reports  
and their profit margin.  
Something's off.

MARK

Something's off? Nothing is wrong  
with that stock, its dynamite.

Now get the fuck outta my office  
and sell the damn thing.

BROKER

(hesitantly)

Mr. Showman...

MARK

I said, get the FUCK out of my  
office.

The BROKER looks at both VINNY and BENNY before leaving,  
closing the door behind him. MARK shakes his head.

MARK (cont'd)

There's always one.

VINNY nods and looks to BENNY.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- NIGHT

A darkened alley near the PARKING LOT.

The STOCK BROKER walks alone, briefcase in hand, struggling  
to find his CAR KEYS. He hears a noise and jumps- but sees  
nothing.

He continues onward, spooked. MICHAEL steps out of the  
darkness.

MICHAEL

In a hurry?

The STOCK BROKER, startled, laughs as he finds his CAR KEYS.

BROKER

Yeah, big night with the wife.

MICHAEL

It can wait.

MICHAEL punches the STOCK BROKER directly in the face. He  
falls to the ground, his CAR KEYS and BRIEFCASE tumbling to  
the side. He looks to MICHAEL, genuinely surprised.

BROKER

What the fuck did I do?

MICHAEL

Consider this a warning. Don't question your job again. If you don't like how things are run, get the fuck out.

MICHAEL presses on him some more- landing punch after punch, knocking the STOCK BROKER senseless. He finally lands in a heap in the center of the alley, covered in blood and dirt.

Nearby, VINNY stands and watches, smoking a CIGARETTE. BENNY stands beside him, horrified.

VITO looks at BENNY'S face and takes it in- he remembers the look in his eyes, but says nothing.

MICHAEL walks away, leaving the STOCK BROKER in the alley.

VINNY (V.O.)

We had to teach the kid a fuckin' lesson. I can barely handle people like him, the legit ones. They all act and talk honestly, but they committ far worse felonies than my brother or I- they are a fuckin' bore.

VINNY puts out his CIGARETTE and walks away, BENNY following close behind.

VITO grabs MICHAEL, pulling him aside.

VITO

I'm gettin' this weird vibe from that Benny.

MICHAEL

He's a fuckin' weird guy. Jew- what do you expect?

VITO

I don't know, Mikey. I think it goes deeper than that.

MICHAEL

So keep an eye on him- I'm sure Vinny'd appreciate it.

VITO

Yeah.

VITO watches as VINNY and BENNY drive away.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA - NIGHT

A busy Friday night- pizza being sold left and right, most of the customers TEENAGERS.

BACK OF THE RESTAURANT-

SAL works a counting machine, MONEY flies everywhere. Its bundled into small stacks and put into SUITCASES.

ANTHONY and three other HOODS package a small amount of DRUGS for retail.

VINNY (V.O.)

And the drug business? Forget about it. Profit ain't even the fuckin' word.

The SUITCASE is filled. SAL closes it.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE- DAY

SAL walks quickly through a PARKING GARAGE, accompanied by BILLY. He finds a CAR and steps inside. BILLY takes the driver's seat.

The CAR pulls away.

VINNY (V.O.)

You know you've made it when you can't even leave the house without switchin' cars at least three times.

EXT. PARKING LOT- DAY

SAL exits the CAR from the PARKING GARAGE and enters a different CAR- different color, different make.

EXT. OOH FA PIZZERIA- DAY

SAL and VINNY arrive at OOH FA PIZZERIA simultaneously- each in a separate car.

VINNY (V.O.)

What can I say- it kept us on our toes.

SAL and VINNY greet one another before entering the pizzeria.

INT. NIGHTCLUB- NIGHT

The end of a busy night- BARTENDERS clean their areas, BOUNCERS divide tips.

SAL and VINNY sit in the center, assisting with the financial matters.

VINNY (V.O.)

The night club business was always good. It goes back to prohibition- provide it and they will come.

One of the BOUNCERS bids farewell to VINNY, who is bundling up money with RUBBER BANDS.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

JOHNNY and HEDGE pull over another SEMI TRUCK. The DRIVER steps down and is taken away in HANDCUFFS, protesting his innocence.

HEDGE watches as ANTHONY emerges from a nearby parked CAR, removing the SEMI TRUCK from sight.

VINNY (V.O.)

And the cops were more useful than we thought they would be. Not only did they transport, but they were there anytime we were offerin' a little bit of dough.

The SEMI TRUCK disappears around the corner. The POLICE CAR follows, taking the opposite direction towards the POLICE STATION.

VINNY (V.O.)

Who woulda thought a couple of pigs would be our life line.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE BEDROOM-

VINNY and AUTUMN lay together in bed, naked, fresh from love making. VINNY has an arm wrapped around AUTUMN, and she is toying with her fingernails.

VINNY (V.O.)

But things were really coming to a head with Autumn. The worst part is that I have no one to blame but myself.

(MORE)



VINNY (cont'd)

I let it go too far.

AUTUMN turns to VINNY and smiles.

AUTUMN

You seem like you're in your own world tonight.

VINNY

Just got a lot on my mind.

AUTUMN

From what you were saying, it sounds like things are going good.

VINNY

They are. To an extent.

AUTUMN

(concerned)

Talk to me.

AUTUMN sits up, wrapping the sheet around her breasts. She turns her full attention to VINNY.

VINNY

Its a lot of things.

AUTUMN

Sal getting on your nerves?

VINNY

Nah, he has nothin' to do with this.

I'm just stuck.

AUTUMN

Everyone gets stuck once in awhile.

VINNY

Not like this. No room for improvement, bored with fuckin' living...

AUTUMN smiles and leans over, kissing VINNY.

AUTUMN

Would you rather be bored or dead?

VINNY chuckles. AUTUMN goes to stand.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
I have the perfect cure.

AUTUMN stands, allowing the sheets to fall off of her picturesque body. AUTUMN moves through the bedroom and into the closet.

VINNY  
Baby, what are ya doin'?

VINNY watches as AUTUMN reappears, a small box and a mirror in hand. She smiles and climbs back into bed.

AUTUMN  
Close your eyes.

VINNY reluctantly closes his eyes. AUTUMN opens the box- inside is an assortment of drugs- needles, pills, a joint.

She removes a small package and spreads a line of COCAINE onto the mirror.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
Open up.

VINNY opens his eyes. He is shocked at first and says nothing as a result. AUTUMN eyes him, finally killing the silence as she senses the overbearing tension.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
It'll help you relax, take off the pressure.

VINNY  
I don't do drugs.

AUTUMN  
Call it product testing.

VINNY curiously stares at AUTUMN. She laughs.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
I buy from Sal.

VINNY looks over the drug one more time, focusing in on its power.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Deep down, I knew better. But I wanted that release, and who better to have it with...

VINNY carefully takes the loaded mirror from AUTUMN and brings it close to his face, examining it.

With a single movement, he presses a finger against one nostril and moves forward, taking the COCAINE.

A series of quick cut scenes involving AUTUMN and VINNY'S night of debauchery.

... VINNY inhales more COCAINE- line by line.

... AUTUMN feeds VINNY take out food- followed by a single pill.

... VINNY prepares mixed drinks- they indulge in the alcohol.

... VINNY roughly makes love to AUTUMN.

INT. SAL'S HOUSE - DAY

An array of FOOD is lined up on the table- a plate of BAKED ZITI, loads of GARLIC BREAD, bowls of SALAD.

DONNA moves from the KITCHEN to the table, bringing in more and more food for the family.

SAL follows the CHILDREN, shouting demands. MARIA sits in the living room, crocheting a blanket. ISABELLA sits by her side, engaged in a BOOK.

SAL

Let's go! Hands washed, soap!  
Don't forget the soap, junior, are  
you listening?

BENNY and SARAH sit in the living room, talking amongst themselves.

INT. VINNY'S CAR- DAY

VINNY and JENNIFER sit in the driveway of SAL'S HOUSE, contemplating their arrival.

After a few moments of silence, JENNIFER turns to VINNY.

JENNIFER

Are you alright?

VINNY

I'm fine.

JENNIFER

Its just, you look sick.

VINNY

I don't know- the flu, or something.

JENNIFER

Do you want to go home? We don't have to stay if you're not feeling well...

VINNY

(agitated)

I said I'm fine, Jennifer.

JENNIFER nods and pauses before opening the door, stepping outside. VINNY continues to sit in the car. He is not himself, obviously ill from the previous night's activities.

INT. SAL'S HOUSE- DAY

The FRONT DOOR opens, JENNIFER and VINNY enter. DONNA waves at JENNIFER. VINNY'S CHILDREN push past their parents, joining their cousins in the living room.

SAL enters, eying VINNY.

SAL

Nice of you to join us.

JENNIFER interrupts before VINNY can defend himself.

JENNIFER

He's not feeling well today.

SAL

(under his breath)

I wonder why...

VINNY glares at SAL as he removes his jacket and makes himself comfortable.

LATER THAT DAY-

The FAMILY sits at dinner, enjoying the beautiful spread. DONNA and JENNIFER talk amongst themselves, the CHILDREN share food. ISABELLA quietly argues with MARIA in fluent ITALIAN.

SAL leans to VINNY, lowering his voice.

SAL (cont'd)

You want my advise?

VINNY  
Not really.

SAL  
Well you're gonna get it anyway.  
(pause)  
Dump the girl.

VINNY  
What girl?

SAL  
Don't play dumb with me. That girl  
is a disaster waitin' to happen.

VINNY  
You don't know anything about her.

SAL  
I know enough. She's far from the  
forbidden fruit.

VINNY backs away from SAL, taking an angry bite of ANTIPASTO. He looks around- from JENNIFER, to his SON, to his NIECE. Everything is in focus.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Deep down, I know he was lookin'  
out for me, but the way he took  
care of it was unforgivable.

SAL takes a bite of food and stands. DONNA does the same, entering the KITCHEN.

SAL  
Anyone for dessert?

The CHILDREN cheer, happily accepting the invite. VINNY just watches, aggravated from the confrontation.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

AUTUMN sits at a TABLE. A bowl of SOUP, untouched, sits before her, and a half eaten SANDWICH rests to the side. She is reading from a BOOK.

SAL approaches. He sits across from her, smiling.

SAL  
Dollface.

AUTUMN  
(surprised)  
Hey Sally, didn't expect to see  
you.

SAL  
The Phillys here are amazing.

AUTUMN  
I'll take my chances sometime.

There is an awkward moment of silence as SAL struggles to  
find the right words.

SAL  
So hey, you got a minute?

AUTUMN  
Yeah, sure. What's going on?

SAL reaches over, taking her hand. AUTUMN eyes him  
suspiciously- she becomes somewhat nervous, unaware of what  
is about to happen.

SAL  
You're a business woman, banking  
industry and all.

AUTUMN nods in agreement.

SAL (cont'd)  
I have a business proposition for  
you.

AUTUMN  
(hesitantly)  
I already have a lot on my  
plate...

SAL stops her, mid-sentence.

SAL  
You haven't even heard my  
proposal.

AUTUMN smiles, becoming more and more nervous by the minute.

SAL (cont'd)  
What if I were to give you some  
money, let's say, twenty g's- what  
would you do with it?

AUTUMN  
(surprised)  
God- a new car, something like  
that.

SAL  
I'll give you twenty large, in  
cash, right now, if you walk away  
from Vinny.

AUTUMN  
(confused)  
I don't understand...

SAL  
Vinny wasn't feelin' too well on  
Sunday. Makes me wonder what you  
were puttin' in his system.

AUTUMN  
I was just helping him relax- take  
the pressure off.

SAL  
He can go to a spa for that.

AUTUMN  
So what are you saying- you're  
going to pay me to break up with  
Vincent?

SAL  
Bingo, bango.

AUTUMN sits in silence, taking it all in. She pushes her  
SOUP aside.

AUTUMN  
I can't do that...

SAL  
Its twenty thousand dollars.

AUTUMN  
That's not worth it to me.

SAL  
Ok, what if we raise the stakes-  
say, fifty large.

AUTUMN  
I wouldn't even think about it for  
a million.

SAL nods and quickly stands.

SAL  
Fair enough.

AUTUMN  
I love him, Sal.

SAL  
That's your first mistake.

SAL stops in his tracks, leaning over the table.

SAL (cont'd)  
If you change your mind, you know  
where to find me.

AUTUMN nods. SAL lingers for a moment before disappearing from the restaurant. AUTUMN watches him from the window, shocked by the proposal.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK sits in his office, surrounded by paperwork. There is a knock at the door.

JACK looks up from his work.

JACK  
Yes?

The DOOR opens. JACK'S SECRETARY peeks inside.

SECRETARY  
I know you said not to interrupt,  
but a Mr. Chiancaglino is here to  
see you.

JACK puts down his work.

JACK  
Send him in.

JACK stands as VINNY enters the office, bright and shining.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

AUTUMN, fresh out of the shower, walks across the LIVING ROOM, drying her hair with a towel.

AUTUMN  
Coming!



She reaches the door, opening it with a smile.

AUTUMN (cont'd)  
Well good morning!

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- DAY

JACK and VINNY shake hands. VINNY sits in an open chair.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

AUTUMN is thrown into a chair. She struggles to stand, but is knocked back down again by a single punch to her face. She begins bleeding from her lip, crying.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- DAY

JACK and VINNY strike up a conversation, going back and forth about what appears to be an amusing topic.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

REVEAL SAL, following AUTUMN down the open hallway. He's dressed all in black, wearing rubber gloves, visibly out for murder.

She tries to crawl to safety, but is unable to reach the comfort of her bedroom. SAL grabs her hair, pulling her upward. She screams, he covers her mouth.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- DAY

JACK nods in response to something that VINNY has said. He leans forward and rests his elbows on his desk.

JACK  
I wish that was the case. I feel  
like he's trying to choke it out  
of me.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- DAY

AUTUMN struggles for air. SAL has a piece of rope wrapped tightly around her neck, cutting off all chances of a single breath. She fights, scratching at his arms, but still, nothing.

In the end, she loses- dying in his arms. SAL allows her body to collapse to the floor, lifeless.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- DAY

VINNY stands, once again shaking hands with JACK. JACK leads him to the door.

JACK (cont'd)  
Listen Vincent, if you need anything, anything at all- don't hesitate to call.

VINNY  
Thanks Jack. I'll keep that in mind.

VINNY smiles and turns away, leaving.

EXT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

VINNY approaches AUTUMN'S APARTMENT. He has a dozen ROSES in one hand, a PIZZA in the other.

Outside is an AMBULANCE, FIRE TRUCK, POLICE CAR- all the emergency vehicles one dreads to see.

VINNY quickly rushes upstairs, his heart on his sleeve.

INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

It shows- VINNY'S heart sinks as he approaches the open door of AUTUMN'S apartment.

He looks inside- AUTUMN'S body is hanging from the beams in the ceiling. A chair is collapsed beneath her body. There is no sign of a struggle- an apparent suicide.

MEDICAL STAFF and CSI are working in the apartment, trying to piece together the puzzle. A familiar POLICE MAN sits near the door.

VINNY drops the ROSES and PIZZA to the floor. He is in shock and denial.

The POLICEMAN approaches him, lending a comforting hand.

POLICE  
Vinny, you know this girl?

VINNY  
You can say that- what the fuck happened?

POLICE  
They're saying suicide.

VINNY  
She just, she never seemed  
suicidal.

POLICE  
Some don't. Maybe she had some  
inner demons.

VINNY  
She wasn't the type.

POLICE  
We couldn't find any of her  
personal information in the  
apartment- do you know her next of  
kin, someone we can notify?

VINNY  
She didn't have anyone.

The POLICEMAN nods, understanding VINNY'S emotional state.  
VINNY continues to stand in the doorway, observing the  
scene.

LATER THAT NIGHT-

Using his key, VINNY enters the apartment. EVERYONE is gone,  
AUTUMN'S body has been removed.

VINNY walks through the apartment- remembering their times  
together- the laughter, the love.

He stops short at her PHOTOGRAPHS. Many are missing- mostly  
the ones of VINNY and AUTUMN.

VINNY begins to look around the apartment- not a single  
trace of him can be found. Everything that belonged to him-  
clothing, food, photographs- is gone.

He stands in the center of the apartment, angered and  
saddened.

VINNY (V.O.)  
I went back that night to gather  
my things, but nothing was there.  
That's how I knew. Autumn didn't  
kill herself- she was clipped.  
  
Call it brotherly instinct- but I  
knew Sal was behind it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD- DAY

Rain pours from above- a rumble of THUNDER humbles the silence.

VINNY stands over AUTUMN'S casket, a single white rose in his hand. He places the rose on top as her body is lowered into the open grave.

He looks up in time to see SAL watching from a distance- content, not a drop of sadness in his eyes.

BOTH know the truth of what happened that day.

VINNY looks back down, silenced.

VINNY (V.O.)

And that was it. She was gone. In the blink of an eye, she was gone...

VINNY walks away from AUTUMN'S grave.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA - DAY

The lunch hour rush- CUSTOMERS rushing through the line with their slices of pizza and canned soda.

BENNY enters, briefcase in hand. He smiles at the GIRL working the counter.

BENNY

The big guy back there?

GIRL

As always.

BENNY makes his way to the back of the restaurant.

THE BACK OFFICE-

SAL sits at his desk, flipping through the channels on a TELEVISION. He pauses on the DISCOVERY CHANNEL, watching an educational show.

BENNY enters.

VINNY (V.O.)

At this point, Benny became sloppy. He threw himself to the wolves with a slip of the tongue.

SAL looks up and happily greets BENNY.

SAL  
Benny fuckin' Goldman- take a seat  
my friend.

BENNY sits in an open chair. SAL shuts off the TELEVISION,  
turning his full attention to BENNY.

SAL (cont'd)  
Thanks for stoppin' by.

BENNY  
Anytime.

SAL notices BENNY'S tension. He reaches over and shakes him  
a bit, trying to jokingly loosen him up.

SAL  
You're not in trouble. I just need  
to take a look at the numbers.

BENNY  
I didn't think I was in trouble.

SAL  
Then loosen the fuck up!

BENNY laughs. SAL exchanges a smile.

SAL (cont'd)  
Whaddya got for me?

BENNY  
I have all the log books, I could  
put together a spread sheet if  
that's easier.

SAL  
Let me just take a look at what ya  
have now.

BENNY  
Sure.

BENNY opens his briefcase, removing a LOG BOOK and a pile of  
PAPERWORK. He passes it across the desk to SAL, who takes  
it.

He begins to sort through the mounds of information.

SAL  
How's your wife doin'?

BENNY

Great. She loves it down here.

SAL

Why not? What's not to love about Miami?

BENNY

The humidity.

SAL

Eh- one negative to a million positives.

SAL winks and stops reading. He points to something in the LOG BOOK.

SAL (cont'd)

Do me a favor- keep a second record of these entries.

BENNY

Sure.

SAL

I gotta keep track of what I'm payin' these pigs.

BENNY makes a note and looks back to SAL.

BENNY

Pigs?

SAL

I'm payin' some cops to do a little dirty work for me. But they're costin' me an arm and a leg.

BENNY

Looks like it from the numbers.

SAL

But, if it wasn't for them, I wouldn't get these drugs on the streets.

BENNY

Sounds important.

SAL

It is, trust me.

Oh, and keep a second record of  
(MORE)

SAL (cont'd)  
these too- all Vinny's money needs  
to go in a second account.

BENNY lets the information sink in, taking notes along the way. This is something he can roll with, something to give the FBI for a chance at a new life, a new existence.

INT. FBI OFFICES- DAY

BENNY sits at the LARGE TABLE, drinking a CUP OF COFFEE.

VINNY (V.O.)  
He took what Sal told him and went  
straight to the Feds.

AGENT WILCOX looks him over.

WILCOX  
Are you positive?

BENNY  
That's what he said.

WILCOX  
He didn't go into detail?

BENNY  
They never do. They're too  
careful.

WILCOX nods and gathers together his PAPERWORK, leaving the room. BENNY nervously stands and paces around the room, carefully thinking over each of his decisions.

INT. COURTHOUSE- DAY

A standard COURT ROOM with a JUDGE looking out for the interest of the state.

HEDGE, JOHNNY, FRANKY AND ROBBIE stand before the JUDGE. All have been stripped of their badges, all stand in civilian clothing and handcuffs.

VINNY (V.O.)  
It didn't take long to find out  
which cops were dirty.

Moving down the line, we focus on each POLICEMAN and his facial expressions- their fear and anxiety.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Badges were stripped, the cops  
were sent to jail- but they didn't  
rat us out- that was one good  
thing that came from all of this.

The JUDGE closes the books on the case. The POLICEMEN are  
led out of the COURTROOM.

INT. SAL'S HOUSE- DAY

THE ATTIC-

SAL paces back and forth, deep in his thoughts. VINNY sits  
on a stool, watching him move across the room.

VINNY  
So we kill em.

SAL  
Its not that easy.

VINNY  
We have to do something. They're  
not talkin' now, but if one struzo  
adds just a little pressure...

SAL  
Don't fuckin' remind me.

VINNY stands and walks to the attic window, looking outside.  
RAIN is covering the ground, small rumbles of THUNDER adding  
to the equation.

VINNY  
Who knew about the cops?

SAL  
Just you, me, Anthony.

VINNY  
Are you sure there was no one  
else?

SAL  
We left the rat in Brooklyn or we  
woulda had trouble before now.

VINNY  
What makes you so sure?

SAL shrugs, careful in his choice of words. VINNY also  
begins to pace around the room, deep in thought.



VINNY (cont'd)  
How else would they have known?

SAL  
I just think the mortadellas did  
it to themselves, fucked up  
somehow.

VINNY  
I'm not convinced.

VINNY sits back down on the stool. SAL thinks for a moment  
and then it clicks- his facial expression changes as he  
remembers his conversation with BENNY.

SAL  
(quietly)  
Benny...

VINNY  
What?

SAL  
Benny. He came by Ooh Fa a couple  
of weeks ago. I let him on a few  
things.

VINNY  
Like what- what did you tell him?

SAL  
We were goin' over the numbers and  
I asked him to set aside the cops'  
payout. I told him a little about  
what was going on.

VINNY  
Enough for a bust?

SAL  
More than enough.

VINNY thinks for a moment- he thinks about DOMINIC, BENNY,  
the COPS. He turns to SAL.

VINNY  
It would make sense. He was Pop's  
financial advisor. Pop told him a  
lot more than he told us about the  
profit and loss.

SAL  
Fuckin' son of a bitch...

VINNY walks to SAL, putting his hands on his shoulders.

VINNY

Let's just make sure we're right  
before we put on a contract on his  
head.

SAL

Forget the contract- I'll put that  
fuckin' lamp shade to rest myself.

VINNY

Take it easy. Let me do what I do,  
and then if we're right, he's all  
your's.

SAL hesitates, but nods in approval. He runs his hand down  
his face, trying to wipe away the stress.

EXT. VINNY'S HOUSE- DAY

MICHAEL and VITO sit with VINNY on his patio, sharing in a  
bottle of WHISKEY.

They are deep in conversation, VINNY listening to each  
intense word.

VINNY (V.O.)

To make matters worse, Vito and  
Michael heard and saw some things  
that added to the fire. Deep down,  
I knew, but I still had to talk to  
Pop...

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

The same PICNIC TABLE as before- this time the weather is  
cooler, approaching winter.

DOMINIC and VINNY face one another, sitting in silence.  
DOMINIC has a strange look on his face- a look of disbelief  
and confusion.

VINNY nods.

VINNY

I didn't want to say anything over  
the phone.

DOMINIC

I wouldn't have wanted you to.

VINNY

It just makes sense- Tony, you,  
the cops.

DOMINIC

I'm just having a hard time  
picturing Benny runnin' to the  
FBI.

VINNY

He's weak- he's always been weak.

DOMINIC

If he is our guy, we need to take  
care of it.

VINNY

I know.

DOMINIC

Can you handle this?

VINNY

He's like my brother. I'm not  
sayin' it won't be hard. But it  
won't be a problem.

DOMINIC nods in understanding.

DOMINIC

I had to take out my own cousin  
once. Hardest thing I've ever had  
to do.

VINNY

(defensively)

I can handle it, Pop.

DOMINIC and VINNY look into one another's eyes. They know-  
BENNY has to be dealt with.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Spacious- full of tools, little room left for a vehicle. Our  
wherabouts, unknown.

The muffled sounds of fear can be heard amongst the  
darkness. VINNY and SAL enter from the side door, their  
shoes solid against the cement floor.

VINNY (V.O.)

Before we could even worry about Benny, the cops had to be misplaced. At this point it was us or them- and we always came out on top.

SAL enters, lighting a CIGARETTE. The light from the LIGHTER fills the room, revealing the FOUR POLICEMEN, HEDGE in front, all on their knees.

SAL takes a drag from the CIGARETTE and looks them over. Each is bound and gagged, covered in dirt. Some are bleeding, others only bruised.

They are fearful- each cautious of their movements.

SAL

Stop cryin' already!

SAL finishes off what he can and tosses the remainder of his CIGARETTE to the floor, using his foot to put it out. He steps forward and walks down the line of POLICEMEN, pausing at each recognizable face.

SAL (cont'd)

I bet you know why we're here.

Each MAN tries to speak, still muffled by their GAGS. SAL looks at each of their faces.

SAL (cont'd)

It's not your fault, but we have to get rid of the evidence- and unfortunately, you're it.

The MEN protest repeatedly. SAL removes a GLOCK from his waistband, and walks back down the row of MEN.

SAL (cont'd)

Where should I start?

FRANKY cowers. SAL reaches down, pulling him back up into position.

SAL (cont'd)

Don't fuckin' cower! Take it like a man!

SAL walks back up and down the line, touching each of their heads with his GLOCK as he recites his version of a childhood rhyme. VINNY stands near the door, careful not to intervene.

SAL (cont'd)  
Eenie, meenie, miney, moe... catch  
a tiger by the toe... if he  
hollers, let him go... go fuck  
you!

SAL stops in front of JOHNNY and fires a single shot to the head. He falls to the floor, dead. Blood pools around him- a gruesome scene at best.

SAL then aims at FRANKY.

SAL (cont'd)  
Enough of this shit...

SAL pulls the trigger. He then kills the remaining two- ROBBIE and HEDGE, with HEDGE being the last to die.

SAL wipes off his GUN and turns to VINNY, who has stood back to witness the entire scene.

SAL (cont'd)  
Let's get Anthony in here.

VINNY nods and looks at the dead POLICEMEN one last time before leaving the GARAGE.

LATER THAT DAY-

ANTHONY stands behind a table, covered in blood, a BUTCHER'S KNIFE in his hand. It is obvious that he is dismembering the bodies- one by one, piece by piece.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Anthony had no problem getting rid  
of the corpses. I didn't have the  
stomach for it.

INT. COURTROOM- DAY

A JUDGE, impatient by facial expression and body language, sits in the company of a group of LAWYERS, each representing one of the POLICEMEN.

The ATTENDEES talk amongst themselves.

VINNY (V.O.)  
As far as the courts were  
concerned, the cops skipped bail  
and split town. They had seen it a  
million times before, and this was  
no different.

The JUDGE pounds her GAVEL, ending the session.

VINNY (V.O.)

No one ever suspected they were  
nothin' more than chum on a  
fishin' boat.

INT. VINNY'S HOUSE - DAY

SAL sits in a large, upscale living room. He taps his foot on the floor, his patience wearing thin.

JENNIFER enters, a tray of ICED TEA and COOKIES in hand. She sets it on the coffee table.

JENNIFER

He'll be down soon, you know how  
those conference calls can be.

SAL

Yeah, sure.

JENNIFER smiles and turns to walk away. SAL stops her.

SAL (cont'd)

Thanks.

JENNIFER

Anytime.

JENNIFER leaves. SAL stands and wanders around the room, looking at a group of PHOTOGRAPHS on the MANTLE.

CHILDHOOD PHOTOGRAPHS, some of just VINNY, others of him and SAL. He picks one up in particular, a picture of the BROTHERS and DOMINIC, and he examines it carefully.

VINNY enters the room, rushed. SAL replaces the PHOTOGRAPH.

VINNY

Sorry about that- had a few  
glitches at the institute.

SAL

It happens.

SAL goes to speak and VINNY stops him.

VINNY

Let's take a walk.

VINNY steps outside of the home- SAL close behind.

EXT. VINNY'S HOUSE- DAY

VINNY and SAL walk close to one another, careful not to draw attention.

They pass multi million dollar HOUSES, most with CARS to match.

VINNY (cont'd)  
We need to take care of our  
problem.

SAL  
That's why I'm here.

VINNY  
We have to get what we can out of  
him. We have to know what we're up  
against.

SAL  
(irritated)  
Who's in charge here, you or me?

VINNY  
This isn't about that.

SAL  
You're sure actin' like the  
fuckin' boss right now.

VINNY  
I'm just sayin' we need to take  
care of this.

I'm not challengin' you at all.

SAL nods.

SAL  
I'm just on edge.

VINNY  
We all are.

VINNY and SAL approach the OCEAN. They stop, looking out at the deep blue waters.

SAL  
So let's bring him in.

EXT. BENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest home with a colorful garden and a bit of personality.

The DRIVEWAY is empty. Lights shine forward as a CAR approaches, pulling towards the home. It rests in the once empty DRIVEWAY and idles for a moment before the sound of the engine completely dies out.

BENNY exits the car. Before he has a chance to lock the door, he is grabbed from behind, a POTATO BAG thrown over his head. He struggles, but is knocked unconscious by a HOOD.

His body falls under his weight. The HOOD carries him away, ANTHONY assisting.

His CAR keys remain in the driveway.

INT. GARAGE- NIGHT

The same GARAGE- only cleaner, fresh from the previous murders.

BENNY is seated in the center, blindfolded and gagged. A single light hangs above him. He is dressed only in his underwear. He is shaking, scared.

FOCUS on BENNY as we hear the sound of a door opening, followed by footsteps. BENNY mumbles through the gag, trying to gain attention.

TWO MEN, hidden by the darkness, approach BENNY and stand before him. They remove his BLINDFOLD.

He is horrified. Traces of urine drip down his leg- his fear genuinely present.

SAL (O.S.)  
How's it goin' Benny boy?

BENNY closes his eyes for a brief moment, tears falling. Another HAND reaches forward and removes his GAG.

BENNY  
Sal, I, I don't know what's going on, this has to be a misunderstanding.



VINNY and SAL step out of the darkness. Both are angered by his denial.

SAL approaches him, only inches from his face.

SAL  
Now is not the time to lie to me,  
Ben.

BENNY  
I'm not lying! I, I don't know why  
I'm here!

VINNY  
If you're so fuckin' confused,  
why'd you piss yourself?

VINNY points out the urine down his leg, seeping to the floor. BENNY shrugs nervously.

BENNY  
I didn't know what was going on!  
I'm fucking scared!

SAL  
You should be.

SAL presses his hands on BENNY'S knees. BENNY tries to pull away, but cannot- the back of the chair stopping him in his tracks.

SAL (cont'd)  
Why you rattin' on us sweetheart?

BENNY  
Rat? RAT? I'm not a fuckin' rat!

VINNY  
How long...  
(pause)  
How long have you been talking?

SAL  
I guess that whole code of silence  
thing doesn't apply to you fuckin'  
Jews.

BENNY  
I haven't said a thing! Not one  
fucking word!

SAL slams his hands on BENNY'S knees as he forces himself up, looking around the basement. He turns back to BENNY.

SAL  
Just tell me the truth...

SAL walks around BENNY, impersonating the look and sound of a RAT.

SAL (cont'd)  
Fuckin' RAT.

BENNY remains silent. SAL moves closer to the chair, once again coming face to face with BENNY.

SAL (cont'd)  
I said are you a FUCKING RAT?!

BENNY once again says nothing. SAL, losing his patience, pulls out a small HUNTING KNIFE, holding it to BENNY'S throat. BENNY begins to breathe heavily.

SAL (cont'd)  
Should I ask again?

BENNY closes his eyes without responding. SAL presses the knife against his throat, drawing blood.

BENNY caves, screaming out in pain.

BENNY  
Ok, OK!

SAL stops, slowly pulling away. BENNY eyes him.

BENNY (cont'd)  
They threatened me, I had no choice...

VINNY  
You think you're the only one they've ever threatened?

BENNY  
No, but, but I had to think of Sarah, and the girls!

SAL  
So that makes it OK?

VINNY  
You were like family. How could you do that- especially to Pop.

BENNY  
I didn't want any of this to  
happen.

SAL  
Well it did.

BENNY  
But my family...

SAL  
FUCK your family! You were taken  
care of, what in the fuck possessed  
you to do this? You know what  
happens to a fuckin' rat!

BENNY  
I never had what you had! I  
fucking wanted it, but it wasn't  
there.

VINNY  
You fucked us because you were  
jealous?

BENNY bites his lower lip. He's still bleeding from his  
neck.

BENNY  
Everyone in the neighborhood  
wanted what you had. You were like  
a couple of kings...

SAL  
Yet you're the only one that ran  
to the feds.

BENNY knows he did something wrong, horribly wrong. SAL once  
again grabs the knife and slices BENNY'S chest. He begins to  
scream from the pain, bleeding from the open wound.

BENNY  
Please Sally! Don't, please, don't  
leave my kids without a father!

SAL  
(copying BENNY)  
Please Sally! Please don't do it,  
I'm just a fucking rat!

SAL takes the knife and stabs him in the stomach. He leaves  
the knife embedded and backs away.

BENNY cries out in pain. VINNY and SAL stand back, together, watching.

FADE OUT

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

THE NEXT MORNING-

BENNY'S lifeless body lies in an open street, a RAT shoved down his throat. CARS rush past.

VINNY (V.O.)

That's why we call em rats. They smell a piece of cheese and they go for it without thinkin' about the consequences.

It was a shame Benny had to die like that. Buon' anima.

LATER THAT DAY-

AGENT WILCOX, accompanied by other AGENTS, close off that section of the street. They remove BENNY'S body, covered in a sheet, hidden from the public.

AGENT WILCOX rubs his eyes- he knows he has nothing without BENNY.

VINNY (V.O.)

So much for the FBI bringin' us in. Scumbags.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA - DAY

SAL sits inside the PIZZERIA, enjoying a meal with BILLY and ANTHONY. They seem amused by a NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL whom they had all encountered at one point or another.

A CUSTOMER walks in. He is unappreciative of his service. He approaches the counter, visibly angered. He begins to argue with the GIRL behind the counter.

SAL notices and stands, walking towards the CUSTOMER.

VINNY (V.O.)

Invincible doesn't even begin to describe what Sally was goin' through. He thought he was on top of the world after Benny died- and it showed.

The CUSTOMER slams his hand onto the counter.

CUSTOMER

I want to see a manager- now!

GIRL

I'm the assistant manager. I can assure you that your order is not only on us...

CUSTOMER

You're a fucking moron! I want someone with a brain!

SAL (O.S.)

Hey.

SAL enters the scene. He silences the GIRL with his hand and turns to the CUSTOMER.

SAL (cont'd)

Treat the girl with a little respect.

CUSTOMER

Not only did the little bitch screw up my order, she has a fucking attitude problem. She's the one who needs to learn respect!

SAL

Maybe you should just take that free order and walk away.

CUSTOMER

What if I don't, what the fuck are you gonna do about it?

SAL chuckles and turns to ANTHONY and BILLY, who are silently watching. He then turns back to the CUSTOMER and grabs the back of his head, slamming his face into the glass.

The GLASS shatters, flying all over. SAL continues to force the CUSTOMER'S head onto the counter, blood dripping to the floor.

SAL

What was that? WHAT WAS THAT?

ANTHONY stands and moves towards SAL, intervening. SAL moves away, dusting himself off.

The CUSTOMER hobbles away, barely conscience. ANTHONY goes to check on him, but the CUSTOMER pushes away.

CUSTOMER  
I'm calling the fucking cops!

SAL  
You do that, leccacazzi.

GLASS and BLOOD are everywhere. The GIRL behind the counter stands in fear, unsure of what to do.

SAL grabs a towel and wipes his hand- also bloody from the confrontation.

VINNY (V.O.)  
He lost control.

ANTHONY leads SAL towards the door.

ANTHONY  
Let's get the fuck outta here.

SAL nods. ANTHONY holds the door open as BILLY exits to retrieve the car, and SAL follows closely behind.

The GIRL waits until they're gone before she begins cleaning up the mess- moving to the door and CLOSING the PIZZERIA. Most of their products are covered in blood and glass- not the way you want to run a successful restaurant.

EXT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

The FINANCIAL INSTITUTE'S PARKING LOT- filled with cars, trees, pedestrians.

An FBI VAN approaches, parking outside the building. It is followed by multiple POLICE CARS and other EMERGENCY VEHICLES.

FBI OFFICIALS rush out of their respective cars, racing towards the building.

VINNY (V.O.)  
As if the feds didn't have enough of a reason to drive me fuckin' crazy, they began to look a lot closer into our operations.

The OFFICIALS enter the building.

INT. FINANCIAL INSTITUTE- DAY

The DOORS fly open. FBI OFFICIALS and MIAMI POLICE enter hurriedly- their guns drawn, expecting a confrontation.

REVEAL a large, empty OFFICE SPACE- only wires and bits of trash remaining.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Too close for comfort.

EVERYONE appears stunned, confused.

INT. GENERAL INSTITUTE- DAY

MARK wanders up and down the aisles, watching the movements of each BROKER as they settle into their new working space.

Generally, it looks the same as before- a glamorized basement operation.

VINNY (V.O.)  
We knew Benny gave up our locals,  
so we switched things up a bit.

A BROKER takes a phone call, talking a CLIENT through a new, up and coming stock. Its legitimacy, we will never know.

INT. OOH FA PIZZERIA- DAY

The OLDER MAN, with his firm hand and a sense for good pizza, runs the PIZZA COUNTER, speaking with CUSTOMERS as he rushes them down the line.

The GIRL stands in the background, taking PIZZAS in and out of the large OVEN.

The MAIN DOOR flies open, its glass breaking against the impact from a nearby table. FBI OFFICIALS and MIAMI POLICE enter.

The OLD MAN and GIRL hold their hands high in the air. CUSTOMERS stand back.

VINNY (V.O.)  
They hit everything, trying to  
find somethin' to run with.

AGENT WILCOX enters, his badge firmly presented in his hand. He moves through the crowd, looking over the pizzeria as quickly and carefully as possible.

THE BACK ROOM-

AGENT WILCOX, accompanied by other FBI OFFICIALS, enters the back office- only to find abandoned OFFICE FURNITURE, piles of PIZZA BOXES, and PIZZA SAUCE.

AGENT WILCOX shakes his head in disbelief.

VINNY (V.O.)

But we knew better than to leave anything behind.

The minute Benny fuckin' hit the dust, they had nothing.

AGENT WILCOX turns around and angrily kicks the door- he knows his entire case has ceased to exist.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON- DAY

The outside of a high security FEDERAL PRISON- surrounded by trained PRISON GUARDS and dangerous BARBED WIRE.

A TOWNCAR sits just outside the prison gates. SNOW has begun to fall, and its tracks are fresh in the snow.

The DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR opens. ANTHONY steps out, dressed in a long black coat and hat. He crunches against the freshly fallen snow as he walks to the opposite side of the car, happily opening the BACK DOOR.

FOCUS on a PAIR OF FEET, also walking through the snow. The FEET reach the PRISON GATE and stop, waiting for it to open. As it opens, the FEET walk out of the prison and to the street.

ANTHONY smiles and greets who we now know is DOMINIC- fresh and ready for a new outlook on his life.

ANTHONY

Welcome back.

DOMINIC

Get me the fuck outta here.

DOMINIC steps inside the car. ANTHONY shuts the door behind him and returns to the driver's seat, also stepping inside.

A few brief moments later, the TOWNCAR pulls away, disappearing from sight.

VINNY (V.O.)

With no witnesses and not enough evidence to hold a cat, they had to let Pop go. He was too clean

(MORE)



VINNY (cont'd)  
cut without any fuckin' testimony.

Like Pop always said, you can  
never be too careful.

INT. VINNY'S HOUSE- DAY

VINNY sits in his FAMILY ROOM, his youngest SON by his side. He holds him close as he and the family watch television- including JENNIFER, who is flipping through a magazine.

VINNY (V.O.)  
After they raided our joints, I  
played it safe. I stayed home a  
lot more- the kids loved it, and  
Jennifer, forget about it- what  
wife isn't gonna be happy her  
husband is home every night for  
dinner?

THE OFFICE-

LATER THAT DAY-

VINNY sits behind his large desk, talking into a PREPAID CELL PHONE, flipping through his COMPUTER for STOCK INFORMATION.

He looks busy, professional.

VINNY (V.O.)  
I did most of my business from  
home. It made things a lot easier.

But Sally never believed in the  
easy way out.

A series of quick cut shots involving SAL and his new celebrity status.  
... SAL smiles for the cameras at an event for cancer research.  
... SAL rushes past the velvet rope at a local night spot, a BLONDE on his arm.  
... SAL enters a restaurant with DONNA, greeting every familiar face on the way in.

VINNY (V.O.)  
That's when Sally began to put  
himself first, above the family.  
He thought celebrity status was  
more important than business.

(MORE)

VINNY (cont'd)

The Sally I knew, the Sally I grew  
up with- was gone.

EXT. BEACH- DAY

SAL sits on a BEACH TOWEL, soaking in the sun. Beside him is a BRUNETTE, more than likely an up and coming SOUTH BEACH MODEL.

He sits up for a moment and a PHOTOGRAPH is snapped. He smiles for the CAMERA.

VINNY (V.O.)

The media even gave him a name.  
The Sunshine Gangster- Sally  
fuckin' Sunshine.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB- NIGHT

VINNY sits at a BAR, looking through the day's NEWSPAPER. He pauses on the front cover- a photograph of SAL graces one of the top stories.

He shakes his head and puts down the NEWSPAPER, indulging in a drink.

Looking around, he notices new HOODS and ASSOCIATES- some dressed in cheap suits, others wearing Prada and Gucci. He then notices SAL, who is seated in the center, attention on him.

VINNY (V.O.)

While we shoulda been keepin'  
quiet, Sal was busy buildin' an  
empire. He brought in a bunch of  
newbies, pushed out some of the  
older crowd, and declared himself  
a boss.

He failed to remember that we were  
nothin' more than a glamorized  
crew that brought in the goods.

VINNY finishes his DRINK and leaves. The NEWSPAPER remains on the BAR, SAL's picture in plain sight.

INT. SAL'S OFFICE- DAY

SAL sits inside a small office, his feet propped up on a desk. He is analyzing his profit margin, looking over paperwork.

VINNY (V.O.)

What really fucked us over was when Sal started chargin' every Tom, Dick and Harry for holdin' onto their own piece of Miami.

I couldn't even give my opinion- I didn't know a fuckin' thing about Sally's tax.

A series of quick cut scenes involving SAL charging TAX on those in the city of MIAMI.

... A HOOD collecting funds from a BUSINESS OWNER.

... SAL pushing a fellow HOOD from another family into handing over CASH.

... SAL'S CREW setting fire to an unsuspecting ASSOCIATE who originally turned down the chance to pay SAL.

VINNY (V.O.)

It was gettin' outta control.

INT. BASEMENT- DAY

Members of the NEW YORK FAMILY sit together in a damp, cold basement, talking amongst themselves.

Most are angry or confused- and it shows.

VINNY (V.O.)

The straw that broke the camel's back was when Sally finally quit sendin' New York their cut of the profits.

The BOSS picks up a nearby PREPAID CELL PHONE, and dials a number.

VINNY (V.O.)

That's when Pop got the call.

INT. VINNY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

VINNY enters after a long, hard day at the FINANCIAL INSTITUTE. His TIE is draped over his shoulder, his SUIT JACKET in hand. He shuts the door behind him and begins to walk to the KITCHEN, but is interrupted by a familiar voice.

DOMINIC (O.S.)

Vincent.

VINNY turns to see DOMINIC sitting in the LIVING ROOM. He smiles and approaches the entrance.

VINNY  
Hey Pop. Stayin' for dinner?

DOMINIC  
We need to talk.

VINNY, sensing the urgency in DOMINIC'S voice, sets down his JACKET and CAR KEYS. He gestures towards the DOOR.

VINNY  
Let's take a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

VINNY stands on the front stairs of his home, CIGAR in hand. He offers one to DOMINIC, who refuses.

VINNY (cont'd)  
What's goin' on?

DOMINIC  
Where do you get off not sendin'  
funds to New York?

VINNY puts down his CIGAR, genuinely in shock. He stares down DOMINIC.

VINNY  
Woah, wait, what the hell are you  
talkin' about?

DOMINIC  
New York hasn't gotten a dime from  
us in two fuckin' months.

VINNY  
That's impossible, Billy's been  
goin' up there once a month, as  
scheduled.

DOMINIC  
So you don't know anything about  
this?

VINNY  
Obviously fuckin' not.

DOMINIC

I got a call this mornin'. They said they haven't seen shit, and before that, I was told you barely made ten percent.

VINNY

The deal was fifteen.

DOMINIC

I know what the deal was, I MADE the fucking deal!

VINNY

Ok, alright, just, take it easy.

VINNY takes a puff from his CIGAR and paces back and forth, back and forth. DOMINIC finally interrupts.

DOMINIC

Salvatore has gone too far.

VINNY

Ever since Benny...

DOMINIC stops VINNY mid sentence.

DOMINIC

He was headed over the edge long before Benny did.

VINNY picks his CELL PHONE out of his pocket. He dials SAL'S number.

INT. PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL ARENA- NIGHT

A professional BASKETBALL ARENA- two professional TEAMS going head to head for bragging rights and a chance at the finals.

SAL applauds, standing, cheering. Beside him is ANTHONY and two other HOODS. All are drinking BEER, enjoying POPCORN and HOT DOGS.

SAL feels his CELL PHONE vibrate. He pulls it out of his pocket, looking at the CALLER ID- VINNY. He ignores the call, returning his CELL PHONE to his pocket.

He stands up once again.

SAL

(to the TEAM)

Keep em comin', keep em comin'!

EXT. VINNY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

VINNY hangs up the CELL PHONE after there is no answer and, in response, he sighs- unsure of what to do. He kicks the railing and sits on the stairs.

After a moment, he finally turns to his father.

VINNY  
Let me talk to him.

DOMINIC  
Talkin' is gonna do you no good.

VINNY  
He's my brother- I have to try.

DOMINIC nods. He approaches VINNY from behind and pats him on the back. He waits before turning and walking back into the house.

VINNY continues to sit on the stairs in silence.

INT. SAL'S HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings.

DONNA rushes to the door, adorning an apron covered in flour. She answers. VINNY stands in the doorway.

DONNA  
Hey sweetheart!

VINNY  
Hey, Sally around?

DONNA gestures for him to enter. VINNY enters, DONNA shuts the door behind him.

DONNA  
He's in the backyard. Would you care for something to drink? I just made a fresh pitcher of lemonade.

VINNY  
No thanks.

DONNA smiles, watching VINNY and he walks through the house and to the back yard. She returns to the kitchen.

EXT. SAL'S HOUSE- DAY

SAL sits beside his SWIMMING POOL- a cold BEER in one hand, a MEN'S MAGAZINE in the other.

His CHILDREN play in the yard- apparently entertaining a large group of friends.

VINNY steps beside him and pats him on the back, taking an open seat. SAL smiles at him behind a pair of DESIGNER SHADES.

SAL  
I was about to call you. I went to  
the best fuckin' game last night.

VINNY  
I saw they won.

SAL  
Double overtime. Nothin' beats it.

VINNY smiles and looks out at the pool. SAL looks him over.

SAL (cont'd)  
You look like something has you  
hot and bothered.

VINNY  
Pops stopped by the house last  
night.

SAL  
(sarcastically)  
That always makes for a good time.

VINNY  
He said New York hasn't been  
gettin' their cut.

SAL  
It's the economy. We've had a few  
set backs.

VINNY  
Set backs my ass, what do you take  
me for? A fuckin' moron?

SAL  
Relax.

VINNY

We can't afford to piss off New York. You knew the deal, we're still just a fuckin' crew.

SAL

Vinny...

SAL sits up in his seat and removes his SUNGLASSES, giving his full attention to VINNY. VINNY is agitated- his opinion of his brother diminishing with each growing minute.

SAL (cont'd)

We're more than just a fuckin' crew. We're an empire.

VINNY

We're not a fuckin' empire.

SAL

Look around. We own half this city. There's no reason we can't branch off and do our own thing.

VINNY

Are you fuckin' out of your mind?

SAL

I'm just statin' the facts.

VINNY

You can't just do your own thing.

SAL

Why- because of a bunch of old timers say so? Rules are made to break.

VINNY

Sal, listen to me- you're pushin' too many of the wrong buttons.

SAL

Don't worry about it Vinny. Trust me- I have everything under control.

SAL puts his SUNGLASSES back on and smiles. He looks out at the CHILDREN, a smile engulfing his face. VINNY continues to stare him down in disbelief.

VINNY (V.O.)

Under control my ass.



A series of quick cut shots involving the building tension between SALLY and NEW YORK.

... NEW YORK sends down a BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVE to discuss matters- SALLY walks away from the conversation.

... the NIGHT CLUB suffers from a fire- VINNY speaks with the fire department, learning that it was arson.

... SAL is confronted by two HOODS, who have the intention of beating him down. ANTHONY assists SAL in creatively teaching them a lesson.

... DOMINIC screams into a TELEPHONE, throwing it down with force as the conversation comes to an end.

VINNY (V.O.)

New York had enough. They wanted Sally gone, and they wanted us home.

INT. DINER - DAY

A CLOSEUP of VINNY, drinking from a steaming hot COFFEE CUP. He takes in its taste and puts it back down on the table, his eyes thoughtful and full of sadness.

VINNY (V.O.)

There was no turning back.

REVEAL a BOOTH, directly by the window, in the middle of a busy DINER. DOMINIC sits across from VINNY, also drinking a cup of COFFEE. They are seated in silence, their wheels turning.

DOMINIC sighs and puts down his COFFEE CUP. He looks to VINNY and nods.

DOMINIC

We don't have a choice.

VINNY

There's gotta be somethin' we can do, Pop.

DOMINIC

You think I would wish this on my own son?

VINNY

I know. I know.

DOMINIC

We tried- but Vincent, he's not the same man anymore.

VINNY silently agrees. DOMINIC watches him as he adds more SUGAR to his COFFEE, stirring it with a spoon. DOMINIC clears his throat.

DOMINIC (cont'd)  
Do you remember that day in the  
body shop, when you were a  
teenager?

VINNY  
A little bit.

DOMINIC  
There were some things I told you  
two...

VINNY  
(interrupting,  
mockingly)  
Truth, family, trust.

DOMINIC  
Your brother stopped believing in  
the family. He's the sunshine man  
now. You're never gonna find him  
again.

VINNY taps his fingers against his COFFEE CUP.

DOMINIC (cont'd)  
He has to be clipped.

VINNY lets out a sigh of pain and leans back in his seat. He looks out the window.

The STREETS OF MIAMI are busy- a great day in the making. WOMEN AND CHILDREN walk hand in hand, BUSINESS MEN go to their morning meetings.

VINNY sits up, an idea quickly coming to mind.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Pop was right. Sal was a different  
person. He had become this selfish  
fuckin' monster. The family just  
wasn't important to him anymore-  
it was all about Sally.

He broke an important rule. He had  
to be dealt with.

VINNY quickly finishes his COFFEE and stands, leaving MONEY on the table. He gestures for DOMINIC to follow.

DOMINIC slowly stands, putting on his JACKET.

VINNY  
I have a plan.

DOMINIC  
Where are you going?

VINNY  
If this doesn't work, I'll pull  
the trigger myself.

VINNY rushes out the door. DOMINIC follows, smiling at the WAITRESS as he passes.

The WAITRESS reaches the table to discover a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL in place of the COFFEE. She looks out the window, they are gone.

Happily, she tucks it away.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

VINNY and JACK sit together inside JACK'S OFFICE. Drinks have been poured, business is being discussed.

JACK looks more than interested in what VINNY is saying. His eyes are similar to a child's on Christmas morning. His full attention is on VINNY and the words pouring from his mouth.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Last thing I wanted to do was kill  
my own brother. But I knew  
somethin' that was just as bad,  
just as humbling.

Prison.

JACK stands and moves behind his desk. He grabs an ADDRESS BOOK and passes it to VINNY. VINNY opens it.

VINNY (V.O.)  
All I had to do was pull the  
strings.

VINNY nods and stands, shaking hands with JACK, who is happy with the unknown arrangement.

INT. SAL'S HOUSE- NIGHT

SAL'S CHILDREN sit in the FAMILY ROOM, watching a television program. They seem entranced, their thoughts attached to the waves of color and sound.

In a SLOW MOTION FRAME, the DOORS to the home are broken down, left in shambles. What remains hangs by a thread.

The CHILDREN, all startled, cling to one another in the center of the room, the television no longer of importance.

FBI and MIAMI POLICE enter, GUNS drawn, a WARRANT in one of their hands.

DONNA rushes down the stairs, screaming at the MEN. She joins her CHILDREN in the FAMILY ROOM, watching as the scene progresses.

SAL, wiping his hands with a TOWEL, enters the room. An FBI AGENT approaches him, asking questions. SAL argues back.

SAL

What the fuck are you doin' in my house? Get the fuck out!

The FBI AGENT brings SAL to his knees, slapping HANDCUFFS on his wrists, arresting him on the spot.

VINNY (V.O.)

He was taken in on racketeering and drug trafficking charges. He learned from the best, he was careful, but I had what they needed- and they went with it.

The FBI AGENT pulls SAL to his feet and escorts him out of the house. He looks to DONNA and the CHILDREN before leaving.

VINNY (V.O.)

Sal didn't know it, but by goin' to prison, he saved the family.

INT. HOTEL- DAY

A swanky HOTEL ROOM, with a single bed, large living space. Fresh FLOWERS and MINTS adorn a table.

VINNY sits in a chair, DOMINIC standing by his side. In front of them are three HOODS and the BOSS OF NEW YORK. All of them are dressed in their best suits, obviously discussing business above pleasure.

VINNY (V.O.)

Pop and I went back to New York  
and plead our case. They heard us  
out- like I said before, most  
feared or respected my father, and  
that respect is what kept us  
going.

The BOSS stands. VINNY kisses each of his cheeks in  
admiration and respect. The MEN then shake hands and share a  
HUG.

VINNY (V.O.)

With Sally out of the picture,  
they had no problem keepin' us in  
Miami.

All of the MEN rejoice, sharing DRINKS and CIGARS.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

VINNY once again sits on the opposite side of the GLASS,  
looking into the confines of a FEDERAL PRISON.

This prison is different- a new appearance, different  
atmosphere, same intentions.

SAL enters, this time in PRISON GARB and SHACKLES.

He sits opposite from VINNY and smiles. He reaches for the  
TELEPHONE, VINNY does the same.

VINNY

Sal.

SAL

Vin.

A brief moment of silence preludes the impending awkward  
conversation ahead.

VINNY

You look good.

SAL

Got nothin' better to do but focus  
on my looks.

VINNY

There's always a good book.

SAL

Eh- I never was one for readin'.

VINNY chuckles. SAL looks him up and down.

SAL (cont'd)

How are things on the outside?

VINNY

Stable.

SAL

Pop takin' care of business?

VINNY

He's enjoyin' the sunshine. I'm workin' the extra load.

SAL

Sounds like it's in good hands.

VINNY

We'll hold a spot for ya.

SAL

(winking)

You better.

VINNY smiles. SAL hangs up the phone and nods, standing, his HANDCUFFS being replaced. VINNY watches him through the glass, all the way up until he exits the room.

VINNY (V.O.)

He was like any good man- he'd rather be alive than dead.

He knew how he got there. He knew I pulled some strings and made some calls. I'm sure he wanted to clip me at one point, but he was my brother, my blood. He understood.

Had the roles been reversed, I may not have made it out alive.

The DOOR leading into the prison slams closed. SAL is gone, the PRISON now his home.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

VINNY sits amongst POLICE OFFICERS and PUBLIC OFFICIALS, accompanied by JENNIFER.

They are in the center of a luncheon honoring the men and women of the MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT.

VINNY talks amongst the guests- an obviously public, yet respected, figure.

VINNY (V.O.)

One word describes the family  
after Sally went to prison-  
simplistic.

A SPEAKER walks to the front of the group. FOCUS on VINNY and JENNIFER clapping.

EXT. AIRPORT- DAY

ANTHONY, suitcase in hand, exits the AIRPORT doors. He flags down a TAXI and steps inside, never releasing his grip on the package.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY- DAY

ANTHONY enters a HOTEL LOBBY, sophisticated yet friendly. He scans the room, searching for a familiar face.

He is approached by a member of the NEW YORK FAMILY. The MAN happily accepts the SUITCASE.

They shake hands.

VINNY (V.O.)

New York got what they wanted.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The FAMILY- VINNY, DOMINIC, ANTHONY, BILLY and other HOODS and ASSOCIATES, sit side by side at an ITALIAN RESTAURANT, sharing a family-style meal. Glass after glass of imported wine is filled and indulged.

They are all happy, eagerly looking forward to the future.

VINNY (V.O.)

And we got what we wanted.

EXT. VINNY'S NEW HOUSE- DAY

A large, Florida-style home with the latest in decor, landscaping and amenities.

A MOVING TRUCK is parked outside the home. MOVERS walk in and out, carrying boxes and furniture inside the house.

JENNIFER bounces across the yard, wearing a bandana and jean shorts. She is ecstatic about her new home and it shows.

The CHILDREN play in the yard. VINNY exits the GARAGE and is greeted by his family.

VINNY (V.O.)

In the end, it all came together.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

THE OPENING SCENE-

VINNY, immaculate in his appearance, approaches a PARKED LIMO. He knocks on the window and peeks inside.

We see JACK, wearing a suit and tie, comfortably seated in the rear.

VINNY

Good morning, Governor.

JACK laughs and invites VINNY inside. VINNY opens the door and enters the limo.

INT. LIMO- DAY

JACK offers a drink to VINNY, who declines.

JACK

I'm still not used to that.

VINNY

Used to what- bein' Governor?

JACK

That, and the fact you're not a drinker.

VINNY

I like to keep a clear mind.

JACK

Alcohol clears mine.



Both MEN laugh. VINNY passes an ENVELOPE to JACK, who immediately accepts.

VINNY

As promised.

JACK

My wife will die when she sees this.

VINNY

I take it you've decided.

JACK

The children's hospital is going to build a wing in my honor.

VINNY

You'll be amongst angels.

JACK

I figured it was more publicly acceptable than a Rolls Royce.

VINNY

Good thinking.

JACK nods and tucks the ENVELOPE away.

JACK

Things have gone so well with this term that we're looking to the White House.

VINNY

For support?

JACK

For the next election.

VINNY

No kiddin'? Congratulations my friend.

JACK

It's a little surreal.

VINNY

You'd make a fine president.

JACK

I'm depending on you to be a big part of my campaign.

VINNY  
It'd be an honor.

JACK  
I'll call you when the time comes.

JACK reaches his hand out to VINNY. VINNY graciously accepts and the MEN shake hands.

VINNY  
Thank you.

JACK  
Anytime.

VINNY opens the door and steps out. Shutting the door behind him, he watches as the WINDOW rises and the LIMO pulls away into the flow of traffic. It slowly disappears around the corner.

He puts his hands into his SUIT POCKETS and turns, walking towards the BEACH.

FOCUS on his BACK as he departs from the scene- a new man, a better man.

VINNY (V.O.)  
That's what Sally never understood. He thought that business had to be violent.

I'm not sayin' you shouldn't have a gun. I'm sayin' a smile goes a long way- a smile and a gun gets you further.

VINNY disappears into the sea of people- a smile etched across his face. He is the picture of this generation's GANGSTER, the new MAFIA.

PULL OUT to REVEAL the city of MIAMI at its finest.

FADE OUT.