

FIRST DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

INT. A CAR - DAY

POV WINDSHIELD

SUPER: 1969

The car is moving down a downtown Jersey City street. A VOICE inside the car.

1ST VOICE (O.S.)

(heavy Brooklyn accent)

Only thing I like 'bout the hippies are the women, man. No bra, tits bouncing around, begging you to gobble em up.

2ND VOICE (O.S.)

(even thicker accent)

Fuck. They's filthy, man. Got hairy arm pits, hairy legs. They kind'a smell too.

3RD VOICE (O.S.)

(thick old world Italian accent)

Hippie live different life. They like be natural. Like many women in Italy. I like woman hair on legs and under arm. Smell under arm is important. Some women have nice sexy smell. Other women no. Like animal, smell help you choose who you like to fuck.

1ST VOICE (O.S.)

I don't think that's what the hippies got in mind, Pop. They just got dis thing 'gainst razors and deodorants.

3RD VOICE (O.S.)

Is choice they make. Is their right. God for them is whole universe, not same repress God catholic know. Hippie believe do your own thing.

2ND VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah, let it all hang out.

1ST VOICE (O.S.)

Let 'dem tits all hang out!

Car stops at a red light. Through the windshield we see TWO MEN on the corner in front of a Deli, talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1ST VOICE (O.S.)  
(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
That's him in the corner. In the brown  
jacket. Want me to call him oveh?

3ND VOICE (O.S.)  
No. Drive in back street. Bring to me.

Light changes. Car makes a turn and heads into the alley.  
Stops about half way.

POV Back seat

The driver CARLO PADUCI (1st Voice) turns to the back seat.

CARLO  
Can I take care a'dis guy today, huh Pop?

POV Carlo

The Man he's talking to is blocked by the newspaper he's  
reading. When he speaks we know it's the 2nd voice we heard  
before.

2ND VOICE (O.S.)  
You take care nobody...

He folds the newspaper. The stern look of BOLO PADUCI (3rd  
Voice) is revealed. He's well-dressed, handsome silver-haired  
Italian.

BOLO  
Job is teach dis man Truth. You listen,  
you learn. Capish...

CARLO  
Yeah..sure Pop.

BOLO  
Bring him to me.

Raises the newspaper and continues reading.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF CAR

Carlo steps out of the car together with FRANCO PASSINI, the  
3rd Voice who's been in front with him. Like Carlo he's on  
the heavy side. As they walk out of our shot, Bolo remains  
before us, reading his newspaper.

INT. CAR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

ANGLE BOLO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlo and Franco arrive with ANDY GARNER, a White, street savvy man in his thirties, wearing bellbottoms and thick sideburns, a Tom Jones look-a-like. Franklin pokes his face in the window.

GARNER

Hello Mr. Paduci. I, uh, was tellin' Carlo dat he's got nothin' to worry 'bout. I'll make good tomorrow. I got dis money comin in tonight. I got it covered. I swear.

Bolo continues reading. Carlo pulls Garner away. Looks in.

CARLO

I'll be me more than happy to impart some enlightenment on him for you, Pop.

Bolo puts the paper down and gets out of the car. He leads Garner by the elbow to the front of the car, to block the view from the street.

BOLO

Is nothing personal, Andy. Is just business. You get three notice. Last time Carlo tell you you get punish after third chance. Now you owe more interest plus lesson. In business, the word of a person is more important than life.

GARNER

Mr. Paduci. Please...I'll get the money, I swear. Please don't hurt me.

Bolo nods to Carlo. Carlo and Passini move in.

MAIN STREET - SIDEWALK

STEVEN FRANKLIN, a conservatively dressed Black Man in his late thirties, stops by a newspaper vending machine, slips a coin into the slot and pulls out a paper. While he scans the headlines, he hears the scuffle coming from the alley.

ANGLE FRANKLIN

Carlo and Passini are pummeling into Garner. Bolo looks on. Franklin walks over to them.

FRANKLIN

Hey. What'dya guys think you're doing!?

Bolo turns. Carlo and Passini stop.

CARLO

Take a hike! Mind your own business!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN keeps moving forward. Reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a badge and flashes it. Pulls out his gun.

FRANKLIN

All of you, hands against the wall, NOW!

Bolo nods to Carlo and Passini to do it. Franklin falls to the ground. Bolo moves to the wall and pulls out his piece slow and discreetly. Carlo notices this as he and Passini place their hands on the wall.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Spread em.

Bolo turns, points his gun straight at the Cop.

SLOW MOTION - TIGHT ON FACES

Bolo and Franklin exchange looks that certify the tension in this moment of truth--a moment that seems longer than it is. The Cop's eyes spell terror, Bolos' are cold but troubled. The Cop's nervousness makes him go for an error of judgement, and shifts from pointing at Carlo and moves towards Bolo.

END SLOW MOTION

The blast rings out.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Carlo is driving. He's nervous as is Passini. Franklin is beside Bolo, hurting.

CARLO

Shit, Pop. That was a fucking cop!

Bolo's face shows concern.

BOLO

(to Franklin)

You get off here. Keep you mouth shut.

Franklyn nods affirmatively. Bolo turns to Carlo

BOLO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Let him out.

Carlo stops. Bolo opens the door for Franklin and he squeemishes out fast. Carlo breezes out of there. As they drive, there is only silence between them.

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Car turns into a freeway. We see Bolo in the back, quiet, looking stern ...and worried. We PULL BACK slow to see the car get progressively smaller as it mixes with the traffic moving over a brightly lit bridge into Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT. A HOUSE - DAY

C.U. TV SCREEN

A funeral. Cops in full dress uniform form a good part of the crowd. TV cameras everywhere. Screen finds a Black woman crying, three children clinging to her, also crying are others nearby. Camera pans and A NEWSCASTER appears C.U. on TV screen. As he speaks low to camera, we PULL BACK slowly.

NEWSCASTER

And so sargeant Vince Myers is put to rest; an exemplary, 10-year veteran of the police force, gunned down, while off-duty, for no apparent reason in a Jersey alley. His wife and children, now look ahead at a life without the warmth and kindness of their loved one, a good man, an honest cop, who gave so much to his family and community. The hope now of both his family and the corps he proudly belonged to, is that his killer or killers be found, and the reason for his tragic, senseless death be known.

PAN BACK to a full view of where we are. It's the private study of ALLESANDRO CARUSO, Bolo's boss, also known as The Eel. With Caruso are Bolo and MARIO NERO, Caruso's consiglieri.

NEWSCASTER

(cont'd)

(continuing on screen)

Chief Inspector Mark Shaeffer has vowed he will find those responsible. From Nob Hill Cemetery this is Mike Ventura for NEWSCENTER SEVEN.

Caruso flicks the TV set off. Looks forward silently for a few beats. Bolo shows the stress of the pressure bearing upon him. Finally, Caruso shakes his head and speaks.

CARUSO

This may bring us attention I definitely don't need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

Is like I say. Is either me or him, Eel.  
I can do no other thing.

CARUSO

Maybe, maybe not. But *I* say who you can  
or cannot shoot.

NERO

Killing a cop is serious, Bolo; it brings  
nothing but trouble. You, of all people,  
know that.

BOLO

30 years, Eel. 30 years. I do nothing to  
bring you shame. I had no choice.

CARUSO

It takes only once, Paduci. But, then  
we're getting ahead of ourselves. Let's  
see how this develops.

(switching gears)

...By the way, how's Angie doing? Is  
Harvard treating her well?

BOLO

She doing good. She come home for  
vacation soon. Eel...If this cop thing  
get hot, I want to know what you...

CARUSO

(interrupting)

My Frankie could use a well educated  
wife. I want them to be married, Bolo. It  
would be good for the family.

There's a knock on the door.

CARUSO (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Avantí!

Caruso's wife, MARIA steps in.

MARIA

The children are at the table. they're  
waiting for you.

CARUSO

Come join us, Bolo.

BOLO

No, gratzia. Carlo waiting for me  
outside. We go pick up Rosie and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (cont'd)  
grandchildren. They go home early. School  
tomorrow.

CARUSO  
Always a family man, eh, Bolo. Carlo  
should learn this virtue from his father.  
I hear he can't keep his prick out of the  
brothels. This is not good.

Bolo manages only a shrug and walks to the door and opens it.

BOLO  
Ciao.

CARUSO'S FRONT DOOR

Bolo steps out; stress written all over his face. He walks to  
his car. Carlo is leaning against it, waiting. He gets in.  
Carlo follows.

INSIDE CAR

Carlo looks at Bolo, knowing something's wrong, then starts  
the car and drives. At the gate two of The Eel's GUARDS, wave  
them by.

GUARD #1  
Ciao, Bolo. Ciao.

Bolo barely raises his hand to acknowledge the guard.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A HOME - DAY

Two small children, SANDRA and DANNY play in the back yard  
under the watchful eye of an immigrant NANNY. We hear MOANS  
faintly. As we PAN in their direction they increase in  
clarity; they are moans of pleasure. Our camera moves in past  
the window into the bedroom they're coming from. PAN  
continues while the MOANS increase in intensity...until the  
bodies on the bed are revealed. It is BOLO and straddling him  
is FRANCIE, a sexy dark-haired American bred Brooklynite in  
her early thirties. She is in total ecstasy, driving herself  
closer and closer to orgasm, until finally she lets out  
a climactic scream...Bolo puts his hand over her mouth.

BOLO  
Ssshh! You children must not hear you.

Francie drops to Bolo's chest, spent, panting and smiling.

FRANCIE  
Oh, shit! Oh, my love. You're gonna kill  
me some day, it's so good.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She kisses Bolo on the mouth. He breaks the kiss and places her head to his chest, and stares blankly at the ceiling. After a few beats, Francie slowly grinds her hips on him.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)

I want you to come for me. Fill me up.

BOLO

No. *You* gonna kill *me* some day. I OK.  
This way I still good for next week.

FRANCIE

Not a chance. I want to carry your come around with me tonight, and smell you when I'm in bed alone, wanting you again.

She kisses Bolo's chest. Bites at his nipples, then travels her tounge down lower...

BOLO

Francie, please...

FRANCIE

No way Bolo. You started this.

Her decisiveness meets with little resistance. Bolo's face gradually shows his surrender....After a few beats Francie appears on our screen, straddling Bolo again, grinding her way into a new frenzy. Bolo, grabs her and topples her over, then turns her face down. Raises her hips and straddles her from behind. Francie's face registers the fullness of her arousal. Bolo's profile appears behind hers. He bites at her neck, gingerly, but firmly like a beast in heat, submitting his mate to the power of his dominion.

EXT. THE YARD

The moans are louder. The Nanny hears them clearly now. She looks towards the window, not wanting, but not being able to show the embarrassment she feels at being an audience to what is going on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Bolo is dressing. Francie is still under the sheets.

FRANCIE

You came in a rage. What's the matter?  
Did you make a hit today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

My destiny look me in the face today. It say I got to get ready.

FRANCIE

What destiny? What are you talking about?

Bolo finishes tying his tie. Then grabs Francie by the jaw and plants a strong, passionate kiss on her.

BOLO

Ciao. Cara mía.

FRANCIE

Must you go?

He nods. Before he leaves.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

You want me to make you anything special for tomorrow? How 'bout a pineapple upside down cake. Angie'll like that. She loves it just as much as you.

BOLO

Yes. That would be nice.

He steps out.

BACK YARD: LONG SHOT

When Bolo steps out the door, Danny and Sandra rush to him. He picks both of them up and kisses them before putting them down. As he walks away and waves goodbye, the kids exchange words with him, but we're too far away to tell what.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLO LIVING ROOM - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Bolo, sporting a suit, is slumped in his favorite recliner, eyes closed, imbued with OPERA MUSIC from the HI FI. Francie is arranging plates and glasses at the dining table. It could be the house of a skilled blue collar worker. The furniture, a bit gaudy in the Italian style, but conservative by modern standards. The PORTRAIT of the Virgin Mary is visible. Francie looks towards Bolo. Then shuts off the music, snapping Bolo from his trance. Before he knows it, Francie is on his lap, kissing him. Bolo takes her by the shoulders and pulls back from her. Straight into her eyes.

BOLO

Francie. Is time we quit. Is not right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCIE

Why?

BOLO

It finish, Francie. Finish!

FRANCIE

(worried laugh)

Another of your jokes, or is it the family gathering giving you some kind of a guilt trip again?

Bolo doesn't respond. She gets up and goes for her purse, and pulls out some pictures, sits on the arm of Bolo's chair and hands the pictures to Bolo..

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

I brought something for you.

BOLO

Ah, pictures.  
(looks through a few)  
Where's Danny?

FRANCIE

It's coming.

C.U. PHOTOS

Bolo finds a shot of the little boy we saw in the yard. A big smile rips across Bolo's face.

BOLO

That face! He got nerve!

Bolo flips to the next picture. This one makes him laugh, and raise a fist to the picture.

BOLO

He stick out his tongue at me! Look! What balls he got!

FRANCIE

Serves you right! You tease him too much.

Bolo moves to the next picture

BOLO

(High pitched laughter)  
Oh, look. He gonna puke!

FRANCIE

Yeah, look at this one. It's a riot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO  
Here it comes! Look at his face!

Another picture. Bolo imitates vomiting.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
There it is!

They both crack up. Francie is delighted with his laughter. She hugs Bolo.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
That's the funniest thing I ever seen!

FRANCIE  
It could go in a newspaper, no?

BOLO  
New York Times. (studies picture) Poor little bastard.

FRANCIE  
He's dying and you take his picture. You're terrible.

BOLO  
I get even. He stick his tongue at me.

FRANCIE  
But you're his father, and you tease him too much, that's why he gets pissed.

Bolo suddenly gets serious.

BOLO  
I his grandfather.

FRANCIE  
You're both, Bolo, both.

BOLO  
(in denial)  
I keep this picture.

FRANCIE  
I brought them all for you.

She reaches for Bolo, but he resists her as he pockets the pictures. A bit annoyed, she goes to the table.

BOLO  
Only time people for real is when they puke or shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCIE  
(from the table)  
...or fuck. Only time you open up to me.

Silence from Bolo. Francie takes the bottle of wine to him.

FRANCIE  
Want some antipasto?

BOLO  
No.

Francie sits on his lap again.

FRANCIE  
Hold me. For one minute.

Bolo gives a disinterested embrace and pushes her away.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?!

BOLO  
We tell them when they get back. About  
you and me. I like to see Carlo's face.  
And my Rosie. We have good laugh.

Francie avoids the subject by emptying ashtrays.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
If they know, then it's finish for sure.

FRANCIE  
Jesus, will you stop!

BOLO  
Five years we been fucking Francie. We  
must stop. You need something better.

Francie goes to Bolo. Sits on his lap. Bolo holds her  
tenderly.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
You beautiful, Francie. You my  
bellissima. But you my daughter-in-law. I  
don't ruin your life anymore.

FRANCIE  
Don't say that. I'll die. Without you I  
have nothing.

BOLO  
Find new lover. Young, handsome.

Francie gets up. Serves herself some wine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCIE

Nobody in their right mind touches a mob wife, Bolo. You know that.

Gulps down some wine and sits back on his lap. Kisses him passionately.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

I expect you Thursday.

BOLO

Anyway they know, Carlo and Rosie. Maybe they do something crazy.

FRANCIE

They don't know. In eight years they've never said anything.

BOLO

I got too much nerves from my work, Francie. Every time telephone rings, my ticker goes nuts. I can't go on.

FRANCIE

If you do this, I'll walk out on Carlo.

BOLO

Maybe, if we finish, Carlo and you find new passion. Teach him how to fuck with passion.

FRANCIE

Your son will never replace you.

She kisses him like she knows how. Then rubs his crotch.

FRANCIE

You need me. You can't stand whores. I know you.

Bolo rises and pulls her up with him, showing the strong Italian bull he is. As he goes for cheese on the table.

BOLO

You right, whores all got cold ass. But I reform. I go to confession. Nobody but Rosie. (chuckles) Maybe Virgin Mary take me to heaven. (beat) I make up my mind, Francie. No more, please understand.

She charges at Bolo, tears appearing in her eyes.

FRANCIE

You're joking! I'm just not young enough anymore, is that it! Thirty two years

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCIE (cont'd)  
old, and I'm too old for you. You  
bastard!

She goes for a slap, but Bolo is quick and catches her arm in mid air; pins her shoulders under his firm grip till she calms down, then sits her down on one of the dining room chairs. He sits in front of her. Grabs her chin softly.

BOLO  
Listen to me. Cara mia. Please, look at me. Listen. (she does) Three four years I got. Then I can't get it up. This way, once week, I get old quick.  
(joking)  
No time to replace fresh hormones.

She kneels beside him.

FRANCIE  
Bolo, for you I live! Not even my kids!

BOLO  
Maybe, we need fuck less, eh. We make love once a year, two, three if you want. We go 'way for whole weekend each time.

Francie turns away crying. He takes her hand and presses his lips on her palm.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Is better we break up. I know is better.

She continues weeping softly, unconsolably. Bolo gets up and walks to his chair. He doesn't want to continue this scene.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Angie bringing her new guy today. And the Eel wants her for his Frankie boy. What do I do? Ah? Tell me. I need to...

The sound of an arriving car in the b.g.

FRANCIE  
(losing control)  
I don't care! You're no damn good, Bolo!  
You go to hell! You don't know how sorry you're gonna be!

She charges through the kitchen door. Soon after, the front door opens and ROSIE Paduci, Bolo's wife, enters with Carlo. They carry wine and bags full of groceries. Rosie is happy, singing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
(thick Italian accent)  
Wait you see what we got!

She places her bags on the table. Carlo parades his two bags in front of Bolo.

CARLO  
She sang all through the frozen food section. She got canolli, anisette toast; what didn't she get...

Rosie pulls out a bottle of liqueur from the bag.

ROSIE  
Here. Bristol Creme Sherry, just like Angie want for Professor Arthur Clayton.

BOLO  
That's a faggot drink.

ROSIE  
And french croissants. How you like that?

BOLO  
I don't want no smart ass professor in this house!

ROSIE  
If she love him, that's all. You gonna have fine son-in-law.

BOLO  
What you talk son-in-law. You think professor wanna marry into this family? He crazy?

Francie returns, her face visibly registering her upsetness. Rosie notices, but chooses to ignore it. Francie is trying to keep busy, passes near Bolo on her way to pick up his coffee on the table beside him. Bolo grabs Francie's hand, and stands beside her, his arm firmly around her waist.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
(to Rosie)  
I ask you question. Come here.  
(to Carlo)  
You too, Carlo, come here.

As Carlo sits Bolo pulls Francie tight to his body.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
We show them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FRANCIE

No please. Please, don't do this!

Francie tries to grow, but he grabs her by the waist and pulls her to him.

BOLO

I kiss my daughter-in-law.

He turns her around, and pins her in his gripping embrace and kisses her in the mouth strongly. Francie struggles to get free, and does only when Bolo finally lets go.

BOLO (CONT'D)

It's in the family, no? Sure! You think I got right to screw my daughter-in-law? You tell me, why not? Eh, Carlo?

Carlo is taken aback by his father's sudden display. He manages an uncomfortable laugh.

CARLO

Yeah, sure!

BOLO

You don't care. What the hell, huh?!

Rosie tries to make a joke of it.

ROSIE

You like to act crazy.

BOLO

You like it better if somebody else squeeze her ass...(He does it)...or me?

(laughs)

Me, no?! The family share everything. Right? Don't need fool around outside family. Don't get into trouble. Right?

(to Carlo)

And she not my blood. Say right!

CARLO

(laughs with Bolo)

Right, Pop.

BOLO

You give me permission?

CARLO

(roars)

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO  
(to Francie)  
See, I told you.

Bolo joins Carlo in laughter. Then turns to Rosie

BOLO (CONT'D)  
You give me permission, too? No?

Rosie's stern look makes clear she dislikes Bolo's display.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Hey, you rather I went to some slut? Huh?

ROSIE  
I give you kick in the ass.

BOLO  
I think you know something anyway. Eh,  
Rosie?

He grabs Rosie by the waist playfully. Rosie likes this.

ROSIE  
Always crazy! You good for laughs, but  
you crazy.

BOLO  
Like a fox, huh? (chuckles) (beat) You  
worried what I gonna say? Huh?

ROSIE  
You say what you like. You say it always.

He likes that, and hugs her.

BOLO  
She knows! She knows everything! Good  
woman. The best. Come, I kiss you my  
darling with love.  
(kisses her)  
I'm the luckiest man you ever seen!

ROSIE  
I'm old lady.

BOLO  
Never! Never! My nineteen year old girl!  
Still champ!

Bolo laughs and hugs her. Then he stops and gets serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO  
I don't like lie to you, Rosie. Eight  
years I been lying. No more. I want to  
stop. Help me.

Rosie breaks away and starts fixing the table.

ROSIE  
I don't want to hear.

BOLO  
(to Carlo)  
You know what Rosie knows? Huh?

Carlo laughs.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
You laughing and you don't know why you  
laughing. Why you laughing, you dumb  
ass?! Gees!

Carlo keeps laughing. Bolo chuckles and shakes his head.

CARLO  
Pop, I think maybe if you screw her she  
learns something.

BOLO  
You think so, eh?

Bolo bursts out in a mock laughter.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Francie, come 'ere!

FRANCIE  
We gotta prepare. Angie'll show up any  
minute.

BOLO  
Hewant me to teach you how to fuck!  
(to Carlo, still cracking up)  
You still laughing.  
(they laugh together)  
Whores fuck better than Francie, huh?  
(beat)  
Maybe I teach her. What to do with hands  
and mouth. Tongue, too!

Bolo follows each of his descriptions with mocked laughter. Carlo laughs harder at every one of his father's outrageous comments. Rosie looks on upset, but powerless. Francie is frozen by the obvious direction this is taking. Then Bolo's laughter trails off into seriousness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

Five years I been teaching her. Every Thursday. Ten o'clock. When you make the collections in Jersey. Huh? You working. We screwing.

Carlo is silent. The crudeness of the Truth has made the room silent. After a couple of beats, Bolo.

BOLO (CONT'D)

C'mon, laugh!

FRANCIE

Stop joking!

BOLO

Granpa go see his grandchildren. No? Laugh some more.

(mocking laugh)

C'mon! Laugh! She *knows* how to screw! She all woman! Maybe, you learn to screw, huh, like a man. Why you stop laughing?

(very forced mocking laugh)

You run to whore, open your fly and say, "Please make nice my poor little cock." And whore give you big favor. For thirty dollars she go down on you. You feel like big man. Then she wash you nice and clean with talcum powder. Then she diaper you.

ROSIE

Maybe it's time you keep your mouth shut. You stop!

BOLO

(still at Carlo)

Laugh! C'mon! Maybe that's why you get more fat, and you cock gets more skinny! Laugh!

Carlo is visibly destroyed by his father's verbal assault. Rosie gathers courage and turns on Bolo.

ROSIE

You turn crazy?! What's the matta with you?! Leave him alone.

Francie is crying, shaking. Bolo lays off and recoils.

BOLO

It's not his fault. No! It's Francie and me. No, It's *my* fault. I admit it. How can he do good with her when she got eyes for me? *How?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
Enough!! O Madre di Dio!

BOLO  
(to Rosie)  
Everytime I see Francie, you know. I know  
you know.

ROSIE  
I don't want to hear no more!

Bolo goes to her and holds her close.

BOLO  
I tell everything, mama. Good for  
everybody. No more Thursdays. Come clean!

Rosie tears away from him and heads for the stairs.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Where you going?

ROSIE  
Upstairs.

BOLO  
Angie's coming. What'sa matta?

Rosie stops and stomps towards him.

ROSIE  
Nothing the matta. Whatever you *do*,  
nothing the matta! (beat) Just leave  
Carlo alone. He be fine.  
(refers to Francie)  
Leave her alone, too. I feel nothing  
against you, Francie.  
(to Bolo)  
You the father. The example. Some  
example! You do more dirt. You dirt  
yourself. Now leave me alone.

Bolo is arrested by her boldness. Laughs out of nervous  
embarrassment, grabs her before she leaves and twirls her in  
a dance he sings along to.

BOLO  
You my girl. We laugh, and we die. What  
the hell do we care. Hey c'mon. Feel  
good. Now you my *only* girl.

He tries to kiss Rosie. She tries to push him off, but  
finally he succeeds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

I never stop loving you one minute. Ask Francie.

Rosie is crying. Bolo holds her with unusual tenderness.

BOLO (CONT'D)

You call me dirt. Dirt make flowers grow. Dirt make us go back to God. Dirt is life.

(goes to Carlo)

I go fishing with Carlo tomorrow. Sheepshead Bay. We talk. Fix everything.

(kisses him on the cheek)

Okay? C'mon, let's drink, ah!

(laughing)

Ah shit, we all crazy, huh.

He notices Rosie's crying. He goes to her, gingerly almost lovingly.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Why you crying?

ROSIE

Maybe I cry cause I old lady. Not your fault.

Francie goes over to Rosie and touches her shoulder.

FRANCIE

Mama, I'm sorry. I...

BOLO

(to Rosie)

Francie help me, Rosie. Every time Caruso call, I get sick. My heart start like racing car. When I make hit, I puke every time. I sit here all day, go crazy. Where I go? I go once week to Francie to be with grandchild. Francie talk to me. We talk about everything. She comfort me. Then. One day...That how it start.

He puts his arm around both Francie and Rosie and kisses each, then breaks away to the table.

BOLO (CONT'D)

You see! We got great family. We all together, huh, always. No matter what problem.

He brings and forces wine glasses on all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

C'mon. We drink! Yeah...We drink to beautiful shit and our family.

He raises his glass and gulps down his wine. The others, sip timidly. Then he turns to Carlo

BOLO (CONT'D)

Hey! I die some day and you take over this family. Maybe, maybe you become Capo. Yes. The Eel trusts you. You be big man. When you make it by yourself you screw good, you see. Sure!

(laughs)

Now drink up!

They're about to drink when ANGIE Paduci enters with her fiance, ARTHUR CLAYTON. She is a hot attractive twenty-two. Arthur is thirty-four; he sports a beard, every bit a young Harvard professor.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Here they are!

(to Carlo)

Give them some wine.

(to the couple)

We drink to you!

Arthur's hardly given time to put down his bags. He takes the glass from Carlo. Angie doesn't. Instead she drops her bags and goes right pass Bolo, straight to Rosie. Bolo is left with arms half extended, expecting an embrace.

ANGIE

Hi ma!

Angie in turn gives her mother a strong and loving hug. Moves to Francie and hugs her, but avoids Carlo. She turns.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

This is Professor Arthur Clayton.

BOLO

To my Angie, and her big shot professor.

ARTHUR

And to you!

BOLO

And to shit!

Angie crosses to Arthur. In her high heels and short skirt she looks hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Thanks, Pop, you always come sailing through.

As she passes in front of Bolo, Bolo slaps her behind.

BOLO

And to my Angie's ass!

Angie turns in a pit bull flash of anger.

ANGIE

Don't start on me Bolo!

BOLO

That's what it's all about, ain't it, Artie? Ass!

ARTHUR

(uncomfortable)

Yep, it all comes down to ass.

They both laugh, but Artie's laughter is forced.

BOLO

You okay, Artie. For moment, I think maybe you a faggot.

Bolo sits on his recliner.

BOLO (CONT'D)

You her teacher?

ANGIE

Show respect, Pop. Full Professor in Simmons College and Harvard. He's not cockamamie! Like other people I know.

BOLO

Thank you very much for your clarification.

(to Arthur)

Professor of what?

ARTHUR

Sociology.

BOLO

Oh sure!

Pats the couch next to him.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Now, sit down here. We talk.

(Arthur sits)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

Now tell me, Mr. Professor, what the hell that is. Sociology.

ARTHUR

It's the study of people's behavior to other people.

BOLO

Oh, that's important! Important.

Bolo chuckles. Leans forward very close to Arthur.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Now you tell me through that smart beard, loud and clear, Professor...what make people tick?

(to Carlo)

You take their things upstairs.

Carlo was enjoying this third degree, but he jumps to his father's command. Bolo turns back to Arthur.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Go 'head. What make people tick?

ROSIE

Let them wash up!

BOLO

You talk first, pee later. Why people nuts?

ANGIE

Because you make them nuts, bastards like you.

BOLO

Smart answer, but you wrong. What you say Artie?

ARTHUR

Many problems today.

BOLO

Dat's a no answer.

ARTHUR

Lots of pressures today, Mr. Paduci. Competition, unemployment, it's a hard world.

BOLO

Wrong too! You both study all your life. It cost me plenty money too. You learn nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shifts. Adopts a profesorial attitude.

BOLO (CONT'D)

People always been lousy. Full of hate, crooks, gamblers, make war. Rip off and murder other people without gun. While they say nice things. You know why?

He brings his face close to Arthur.

BOLO

They love it! It's enjoyment.

ARTHUR

Mr. Paduci..

BOLO

You call me Bolo

ARTHUR

I don't think we can really, in our deepest humanity, enjoy war and poverty and exploitation.

ANGIE

Bolo thinks all people are like him.

BOLO

You think I uneducated. I think you uneducated, Mr. Professor.

(he laughs)

You got this fancy talk. It's your racket. Everybody got racket. That comes first. Listen...all people stink.

ARTHUR

That's crap.

BOLO

In this house we say "shit", professor.

ARTHUR

That's shit.

BOLO

(smiles)

(beat) Main thing you don't understand. We all piss on God, and he pisses on us.

ANGIE

(to Arthur)

My father is a very spiritual man.

Angie sits beside Arthur on the couch. They hold hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

You may like excitement and horror. I and many others do not.

BOLO

You a liar, Artie, worst kind, to *yourself*.

ROSIE

Leave them alone, leave them go up to room!

BOLO

Sure, go, you go relieve yourself.

Arthur preceeds Angie towards the stairs. Bolo to Angie.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Where you find this pussy?

Arthur hears this and wheels around. Bolo chuckles.

BOLO (CONT'D)

That's alright, I like you. I just want give you little excitement.

Angie strolls and sways bitchlike towards Bolo.

ANGIE

If you ain't careful, Bolo, I'll excite your balls off.

She slams her hand on the inside of Bolo's thighs, just missing his crotch. Bolo jerks, but loves Angie's spunk. As they head upstairs, Bolo laughs uproariously, joined by Carlo who has by then sat close to watch the showdown.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Angie comes in, followed by Arthur.

ARTHUR

Well, that was quite an initiation rite. Trial by fire.

ANGIE

You wanted a first hand look at a crime family, Mr. Sociologist. Well, now you've got one. Better take notes. The ride's even bumpier ahead. Think you can handle it?

She approaches Arthur, taking off her clothes as she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I, uh, don't think that is a good idea,  
just now. The others in the house.

ANGIE

Fret not, Professor. I've always wanted  
to fuck in my bedroom when Bolo's in the  
house.

ARTHUR

Yeah, why's that?

ANGIE

Cause I'm kinky...

She's on him. Taking off his clothes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

...and I know it'll piss the hell out of  
him.

ARTHUR

Angie...I don't....

She's at him. Kissing him voraciously. Her hand pulls at his  
zipper. She reaches inside. Arthur's face registers the  
failure of his resistances. She kneels. He's now reeling with  
arousal. He goes down to the floor with her, and they begin  
making hard lustful love.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angie and Arthur's lovemaking is filtering through. Bolo is  
at his chair watching TV, visibly upset. Carlo is on the  
couch, smiling. Francie also smiles as she and Rosie move in  
and out of the kitchen, setting up the feast at the table.  
Rosie is visibly embarrassed but feigns not noticing. Bolo  
can't take it any more.

BOLO

(to Carlo)

Come. We go to Louie's, get beer.

Carlo has no choice but to go. Rosie sees they're leaving.

ROSIE

Where you go?

BOLO

I come back. We get beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
(understanding why he goes)  
Come right back, eh. Dinner soon ready.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLO DINING ROOM - LATER

They're all at the table. Bolo at the head. Angie and Arthur are together near Rosie, who sits at the other end. Francie and Carlo face each other across the table. Little Danny and Sandra are at each of Bolo's sides.

ROSIE  
(to Arthur)  
You like Risotto? Here.

ANGIE  
Mama's from North Italy. They're not much into Pasta there. Risotto is the big thing there. She makes the best.

ROSIE  
This special Risotto. It have some seafood. It call Risotto Frutti Mare

ARTHUR  
(tries some)  
Hmm. It's delicious! Great!

FRANCIE  
Take wine with it. It's perfect.

Francie serves Arthur more wine. Bolo is serious, eating silently.

CARLO  
Professor...

ANGIE  
Quit the Professor crap, Carlo. He's Artie...get that...Artie

CARLO  
Excuse me... Artie, what'ya think 'bout the hippies? Y'think they're a social fuck-up, or should they be considered a legitimate concern to our social reality?

ARTHUR  
Well, the hippies are a just a new cultural tangent of the general society they're a part of. They're not exactly an aberration. They are social dissidents of a sort, but the underlying social  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (cont'd)  
philosophy of peace, love and brotherhood  
they're propounding is appealing and is  
beginning to permeate significantly  
through certain sectors of society,  
particularly the young...

CARLO  
What, you think they'll be running the  
show in the future, a bunch'a dopeheads?

ARTHUR  
Well, I wouldn't go as far as....

ANGIE  
Can we change the subject...

SANDRA  
Yeah, can we change the subject...

They laugh at the little girl's bold interjection. Bolo loves it, and kisses Sandra.

BOLO  
Yes, my little bambina. You tell them  
stop this smartass bullshit.  
(to Angie)  
You stay whole vacation this time?

ANGIE  
I don't think so. I wanted Artie to meet  
the family, then on to Florida for some  
lazy days at the beach; maybe even check  
out the Caribbean, before next semester.

BOLO  
So, how long you stay?

ANGIE  
(annoyed)  
I don't know Bolo. Three weeks, a month,  
maybe more. You in a hurry to see us go?

BOLO  
(smiling to Artie)  
She love me so much, she have to fight  
with me all the time.  
(he gets up)  
I want to make toast. To the love Angie  
have for her father. ...And the love her  
father have for her.

Obligated response from the others. Angie and Bolo lock looks that have hidden meanings.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angie and Artie are at it again. Angie is letting out moans of pleasure that seem louder in the quiet of the night.

BOLO'S BEDROOM

Bolo is lying in bed, awake, staring out his window, listening painfully to the sounds of his daughter's lovemaking.

BACK TO ANGIE'S BEDROOM

They reach orgasm together in a torrent of passion. Arthur is spent, falls back...then, after a few beats, reaches for a cigarette. Angie cuddles, strokes his chest.

ARTHUR

I'm gonna need a break soon. I don't carry a spare, you know. Treads are wearing thin. Risk of a blow out.

ANGIE

(looking at his penis)  
Oh, I'd say there's a bit more mileage left to this Harvard roadster.

ARTHUR

I'm serious, Angie. It hurts. Give my dick time to recover will ya.

ANGIE

Oh, OK, we'll let it get a good night's rest.

She slides down and gives his member a quick kiss.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(to his penis)  
Good night, see you tomorrow.

She slides back up and kisses Arthur on the cheek. He nods and chuckles. She cuddles cozy and lovingly. After a beat...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Rosie has this idea that we're getting engaged. I kind of played along with it. I didn't want her to be upset about us sleeping together here, you know. It'd make things a bit uncomfortable for her.

Arthur smokes his cigarette silently. Angie expects a reply.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

What?

ANGIE

Aren't you gonna say something, give me some feedback on what I just said?

ARTHUR

What's there to feedback about? So they think we're going to be engaged.

ANGIE

Does that bother you? Do you prefer I hadn't played along... You like the idea. What?

ARTHUR

Honey, I love you. But getting engaged is...

ANGIE

What, you love me 'cause you're getting the daylights fucked out of you by a hot Italian mob gal?

ARTHUR

Aw c'mon Angie. I'm serious. I love you. But, you've got to understand. Marrying you is going to take much more than a commitment, it's dealing with your family's hazardous business traits.

ANGIE

Does that mean marrying me is something you'd consider, if only these parental strings weren't attached?

ARTHUR

Y..yyeah. Something to that effect.

ANGIE

(thrilled)

Oh, baby. Those strings are the least of my worries. C'mere you bearded hunk...

Angie's all over him again, showering him with kisses, intent on arousing him again.

ARTHUR

No Angie, I can't! Seriously...You're gonna kill me... Oh...shit....

They laugh as they roll around under the sheets....

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. BOLO LIVING ROOM - DAY - 2 WEEKS LATER

Bolo is at his chair reading his newspaper. Rosie is stomping up the basement steps with a tool tray in her hands. Approaches Bolo.

ROSIE

Here! You fix the table *now*.

Bolo ignores her. Rosie yanks the newspaper from him. He yanks it right back.

BOLO

Gimme that!

ROSIE

Two months I ask you.

BOLO

We throw table out. Get you new one. Rosie, Cara, I love you. I want to buy new table for fifteen years. Nice Carrera marble. You don't let me. You got sentimental feeling for this piece of shit.

ROSIE

I do.  
(heads upstairs)  
I ask Artie to fix it.

Bolo snaps up from his chair, grabs the tray from Rosie and bolts to the table.

BOLO

Artie! Artie! He finished. He go today. Enough this Artie, Artie!

Rosie moves to the table. Bolo lays the tool tray on the table and settles on the floor. Reaches up into the tray.

ROSIE

If Artie goes, you never see me again.

BOLO

Okay, goodbye! Send me postcard.  
(working on the hinge)  
Hold this, around this side. Right there.  
That's okay.  
(points upstairs)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (cont'd)  
He give big advice but he can't hold his  
shirt in his pants.

ROSIE  
I leave you. That sure thing!

BOLO  
(chuckling)  
Never! We right for each other. Like milk  
and honey. You the milk, I the honey.

ROSIE  
Angie have her way too.

BOLO  
(serious)  
I handle Angie.

ROSIE  
That's you real sickness, *Angie*. Ever  
since she little girl. I *know*.

BOLO  
(after a very serious glance)  
Okay, drop it down. One more.

He moves under the table, out of her sight, and hammers.

ROSIE  
This is chance of her life, Papa.  
Wonderful, clean man. Make good living.

BOLO  
I don't like way he snoop around my  
business.

ROSIE  
You make that up.

BOLO  
Maybe Bolo know something you don't know.

ANGIE  
You want Angie sin in house like me.  
Ashame talk to next door neighbor. Nice  
woman, Mrs. Paduci, only she got leprosy.

BOLO  
Don't complain, please! When you marry,  
you know who I am. You enjoy play cops 'n  
robbers.

ROSIE  
I come from good family. Man's name in  
papers, then wife got blood on her hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE (cont'd)

Every wife, no matter if she is college girl like Angie.

BOLO

How many time I tell you, whole world stink from blood?

(points upstairs)

You think he different. You take professor job away, he make hits for money, too.

ROSIE

Never! He sell newspapers on corner.

BOLO

(laughs)

Hah! If I sell newspapers on corner, you walk out on me. You like nice house, steady money. How long since you take in wash, press clothes, huh. You like maid come in once week, wash, press clothes, clean.

ROSIE

(interrupts)

I repent now. I talk to Virgin Mary. I give you warning! I leave "nice house." Maybe I do something crazy. But I give good life to Angie.

BOLO

(ends his patience)

He go today! Why they stay two weeks fucking every night in my house?

ROSIE

Your daughter want to be in her family house. Enjoy herself in New York.

BOLO

If they want place to fuck, then, be so kind take you ass, and you ass, to motel room.

ROSIE

(defiant)

Maybe she want him to know what kind lousy family she has.

Bolo takes a beat, with screwdriver in hand he points menacingly to Rosie.

BOLO

I not sure you head know what you mouth saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosie faces him down.

ROSIE  
You tell me, whose child is Danny? Yours  
or Carlo

Bolo looks at her quiet and sternly.

ROSIE  
Whose?

BOLO  
I told you, Francie and me is finish.

Bolo goes back to working the table.

ROSIE  
Whose!?

BOLO  
(roars)  
Who you think!? He good looking kid!

ROSIE  
(crosses her self)  
Madonna mia!

BOLO  
Bah! Madonna mía, Madonna mía.

Bolo returns the table to its place. Slams the tools into the chest as Angie calls from upstairs.

ANGIE  
Mama!

ROSIE  
(gathering herself)  
Yes, Angie?

Angie walks down and into the room.

ANGIE  
Mama, do you have Artie's tailor receipt?

ROSIE  
(exiting)  
In the bowl, in the kitchen. I get it.

BOLO  
(to Angie)  
Hey, when you get married, you and Prince Charles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

It's more fun to live in sin, Pop. In my father's house.

BOLO

Today people get married, get divorced ten times. They get license City Hall, two minutes. Then they celebrate. They eat hot dog. No wedding. Why you afraid?

ANGIE

You love Artie so much, you can't wait.

BOLO

Oh, he's beautiful soul! Like Jesus. How you enjoy his dirty beard on your face?

ANGIE

It would turn you on too, if he made love to you.

Bolo laughs cynically, then turns serious.

BOLO

I don't like to hear you fucking. Not until you married. So you go to motel tonight.

ANGIE

You're jealous, Bolo.

Bolo gets very close to Angie.

BOLO

You make big show just for me.

He imitates a woman in orgasm, in a falsetto voice.

BOLO (CONT'D)

"Artie, oh Artie!" We go City Hall tomorrow. Then I take you best dinner in town. Then you come back here. Stay long as you like. You tell Artie right now. No more free screwing. I call him.

Bolo moves away and goes to the stairs.

ANGIE

Cut it out!

BOLO

Why not? Hey, Artie!

ANGIE

Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO  
Hey Artie! Come Here!

ANGIE  
Goddamn it Bolo! Don't make an ass of yourself.

BOLO  
Shh. Wait. I make you great dream come true, Angie.

Bolo takes Angie to the couch and sits her down. He sits on his recliner. In a few moments Arthur comes down the stairs.

BOLO  
Come Artie. Sit down. Right here.

He sits beside Angie. Angie moves in tightly next to him. Takes his hand in hers. Arthur is wondering what's going on.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
(snaps a kiss with fingers)  
You both sweet picture. (beat) And now my daughter, she wanna tell you how she loves you.

ARTHUR  
I love her, too.

BOLO  
Oh, that make my heart sing. Now she got something she want say to you.

Angie is silent. She's not altogether upset at Bolo's impetuosity.

BOLO  
She little shy. Then Father talk for daughter, okay? Like old times in Italy. She can't live without you one more minute, Artie. She want to marry you right away.

ARTHUR  
I'm sure we'll be married, when we're ready.

BOLO  
Oh, how nice! But she can't wait. She wanna make it tomorrow. So I tell her sure. We go afternoon to City Hall, then we have dinner at Rafielli restaurant. My treat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE  
(to Arthur)  
He's full of shit. I have nothing to do  
with this.

ARTHUR  
You object because we sleep together in  
your house.

BOLO  
(to Angie)  
You see, he understand my feelings. I  
love you for my son-in-law, Artie! I tell  
you from my heart.

Rosie enters with the laundry, and places the huge basket on  
the dining table. Angie sees her and gets up to go help her.

ANGIE  
Bolo you're so full of it.

BOLO  
What's the matta with you, Angie, eh?

Bolo pinches her behind. Angie stops; gives him a look.

ARTHUR  
I'm not sure I like you, Bolo.

BOLO  
Why you say that? You hurt me bad.

ARTHUR  
I don't like the way you grab Angie's  
ass.

BOLO  
What's point having her here, if I can't  
pinch her ass?  
(goes after her again)

ANGIE  
Stop it, you bastard!

She slaps his shoulder and goes to Rosie.

BOLO  
(to Arthur)  
That's not problem. You don't speak  
truth. You afraid get married because her  
father is lousy gangster. That's it! No?

Arthur is silent. Bolo can read he's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

I think we need talk. Man to man.  
(to the women)  
You two, go do that upstairs!

ANGIE

Pop, will you leave him alone! We may never marry. Just live together!

BOLO

No legal papers. You break my heart. How you expect me to allow that?

ROSIE

(to Arthur)  
You and Angie do what you want. Don't let him make you crazy. Stay here long as you like. You marry when you ready.

BOLO

I thank you very much for you advice. Now, you and you get out. I talk to Artie alone.

Bolo's stern order is taken seriously. Angie and Rosie exit.

BOLO (CONT'D)

You have a drink?

ARTHUR

No thanks.

BOLO

You have sherry?

ARTHUR

It reflects on my manliness that I drink sherry, doesn't it?

BOLO

You prefer grass, maybe.

ARTHUR

If you smoke with me, sure!

BOLO

(taking a drink)  
Some other time.

Bolo strolls over towards Arthur. Faces him then sits.

BOLO (CONT'D)

That sweater you wear. You like that, don't you? Make you feel like a bum with class.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

It's comfortable. Why do you wear a collar and a tie around the house? It's not my business.

BOLO

Five days week this my office. Saturday and Sunday I wear polo shirt. Sure, it's your business! I want you feel free with me, like I your father.

(big smile)

I like silk underwear, silk stockings. It feel good. You try it.

Arthur is silent.

BOLO (CONT'D)

I think you make good marriage with Angie.

ARTHUR

I love her.

BOLO

You like her ass too?

ARTHUR

What the hell does that mean?

BOLO

I want to be sure she okay for you in bed.

ARTHUR

Just fine!

BOLO

Something you like you ain't getting?

ARTHUR

Damn it, Bolo, I'm completely satisfied!

BOLO

Any complaints you let me know.

ARTHUR

(angry)

Any complaints I'll let *her* know!

BOLO

You take offense. Maybe you like special thing.

ARTHUR

C'mon, Bolo, what the hell are you after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

Just inquire. (beat) I also like know how much you make. Money. Father got to know.

ARTHUR

Forty-five thousand. Is that enough?

BOLO

(exagerating)

Forty-five grand! Five hours a week teaching bull! That's fast buck.

ARTHUR

It's an honest buck. Is this conversation over?

(he gets up)

You want to get a rise out of me.

BOLO

Hold you water. One more question. Your mother and father. Big brains, radical? Was you name always Clayton.

Arthur realizes Bolo has checked up on him. Resents it.

BOLO (CONT'D)

I gotta know all about you, Artie.

ARTHUR

They're raving communists.

BOLO

Even if that true, don't bother me. Radicals love money like everybody.

ARTHUR

Thanks for that insight. (beat) My grandfather's second name was Kantrowitz. They translated that to Clayton, on Ellis Island.

BOLO

Same thing happen to Italian people.

ARTHUR

My parents are not well. I help support them. They read the funnies every Sunday. They go for public TV too. Now let me ask you something.

BOLO

You be my guest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

You think you have the right to do anything for money?

BOLO

Just what I can get away with.

ARTHUR

Rob, cheat, embezzle?  
(Arthur smiles)

BOLO

Sure! Pimp, numbers, bootleg, shake down, dope, loan shark. What's your pleasure?

ARTHUR

And murder?  
(nervous smile)

BOLO

How do you do anything without muscle?

ARTHUR

That's okay...

BOLO

Why do you have a crazy smile? You nervous I shoot you?

ARTHUR

(as he lights his pipe)  
You mean I'm chicken, not like you.  
(crosses his legs)

BOLO

Why do you cross your legs now. You nervous?

ARTHUR

Every man who crosses his legs is nervous.

BOLO

I sit like this. I don't hide my cock.  
(holds his crotch)  
I like it stick out. Like a woman like her tits to show. Why not?

Rosie comes down the stairs with the empty basket. Sneers at Bolo's expression as she passes by on to the kitchen.

ARTHUR

This is an education?

BOLO

I beg your pardon. I do not mean to offend you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

You don't like the way I sit, or eat, or dress, or talk, for some reason you're not telling me. Why don't you "come clean," brother?

A gleem appears on Bolo's eyes.

BOLO

You talk up. I like that better. But you phony. No offense.

ARTHUR

I detest everything you stand for. But I don't call you phony.

KITCHEN

Rosie is pressed to the kitchen door, eadropping on their conversation.

BOLO

Maybe you should. Then you not phony, brother.

ARTHUR

Christ!

Arthur gets up, his back to Bolo.

BOLO

Why you don't say, "Bolo, you a lousy crook and murderer. How I get in this stinking family?"

Arthur clasps his hands.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Now you hold your hands funny.

ARTHUR

You want me to hold my hands like I'm ready to punch somebody. That's the sign of a "man". You're no man at all! You can't get it up unless you're sadistic. Tough! Your women stay home so much they must feed on their sons. And their sons downgrade their women and play cops and robbers for the rest of their lives! You even rationalize murder. I bet you love being a hit man, don't you and I bet you justify, in some perverse way, your lust for your own daughter. You're sick. Quit shittin' me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

Now...that better. I like when you talk from here.

With the hand holding the drink, he presses his finger into Arthur's gut.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Not from here.

The index finger from his other hand goes to his own temple. Then mimicks shooting into it. Arthur is still frozen. Bolo takes a few beats to look Arthur over, relishing on the fear he's displaying.

BOLO (CONT'D)

When I little boy, twelve years old, in Sicily, my father sick, we have no medicine, no money. One day I beg in a restaurant. The Capo is there. I ask him for money. Capo say, "You want me to help you. Are you willing to help me?" "Si" I say.

FLASHBACK

As Bolo speaks we see the scene he's describing. The CAPO is sitting at a table on the sidewalk of a restaurant. BOLO THE CHILD is facing him.

BOLO-V.O.(CONT'D)

"The price to help me is high" he say. "I do anything to help my father, signore" I say. He give me one thousand lira then one thousand more and he say, "In life you have chance to choose to go this way or that way. You want this money, you work for me. Hmm?" "Si, signore." "Here, you hide this gun in coat and you take to Enrico."

BACK TO THE PRESENT

BOLO (CONT'D)

I do, and I Cosa Nostra. I become prisoner of my ignorance. That price I pay. Is my circumstance.

Arthur is silent, struggling between his fear and what Bolo is trying to get at.

BOLO (CONT'D)

What is your circumstance Artie? Hm? What price are you willing to pay? Which way do you choose to go, hm?...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The phone rings. Bolo's demeanor changes in a flash. He goes to the phone.

BOLO (CONT'D)

Pronto?

INTERCUTTING

It's Mario Nero, Caruso's consiglieri.

NERO

(in Italian)

*He wants to see you. At dinner at his home. He wants you to bring Angie.*

BOLO

(also Italian)

*What does he want?*

NERO

*Since when have you asked what he wants to see you for? He wants to see you. At seven.*

Nero hangs up. Bolo is puzzled. After a few beats he turns to Arthur.

BOLO

We finish conversation tomorrow. Stay here. I need to speak to Angie.

ARTHUR

Bolo. If you try to touch her...

BOLO

Don't make threats Artie, not to me, please. Don't be stupid. Don't forget Angie is *my* daughter, she knows how to defend herself. We talk later.

Bolo points Artie to the couch, indicating he better stay. Bolo heads upstairs. When Bolo goes up the stairs, Rosie comes out of the kitchen.

ROSIE

Don't let him scare you, Artie. He not come between you and Angie.

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angie is in a state of undress, slipping on a pair of jeans. The beauty of her skin and fullness of breasts are exposed. There's a light KNOCK on her door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Moma?

The door opens, and when she sees its Bolo, she immediately covers herself.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Bolo! You could've answered!

BOLO

Is not enough I knock? I never knock before, now I do.

ANGIE

What do you want? Where's Artie?

BOLO

Loverboy is downstairs. I ask him to stay while I talk to you.

ANGIE

What's wrong?

BOLO

(a few beats)

Caruso want to see me. He say I bring you too.

ANGIE

I want no goddamn part of your mob life Bolo. Tell him thanks, but no thanks.

BOLO

Is not that easy Angie.

ANGIE

I don't give a shit if it's easy or not, I'm not gonna play your....

BOLO

Angie, listen, please, listen to me.

ANGIE

No, I don't want any part of your...!

BOLO

Please!

Angie backs off. Bolo's pleading is sincere. It's not something she's seen often before, if at all.

BOLO (CONT'D)

I shot that cop, the one in the news.

Angie's face changes. She's attentive and interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

It was an accident. No, not accident, he... It was not to happen. He was there when he not suppose to be there.

ANGIE

What does this have to do with me?

Bolo sits on the bed. Angie slides away a bit.

BOLO

I don't know. I don't know what Caruso has in mind? I know it has to do with this cop. You can smell what I smell.

ANGIE

You want me to help you find out what he's up to.

BOLO

(he nods)

I need you to come with me.

ANGIE

You know you'll owe me for this.

BOLO

What do you want?

ANGIE

Later. Now, let me get dressed and we'll go.

BOLO

It's not right now. At eight. For dinner.

ANGIE

Well, that gives me time to pretty up for the boss, doesn't it. Do you mind.

Bolo looks her over. The lust showing in his eyes as they meet Angie's. Bolo takes her hand sensually and...kisses it.

BOLO

Thank you.

ANGIE

Don't thank me Bolo. Just pay me back.

Bolo gets up. Smiles and leaves the room. Off Angie's look.

CUT TO:



INT. BOLO'S CAR - NIGHT

Angie's at the wheel. It's raining. Thunder is heard at a distance. Wipers flap back and forth. Bolo is looking at her. Silence between them, until...

ANGIE

What is it with you Bolo? Why must you always stare at me like that?

BOLO

I don't stare. I just look at my beautiful daughter, how she grow into a real woman. I am proud. Is not often I have moment alone with you. Please, just let me look, OK.

Angie stares forward uncomfortably. Bolo scans her body. Silence again.

EXT. CARUSO'S COMPOUND - LATER

The rain has let up. Bolo and Angie drive up to the gate. The GUARD appears. Opens the gate when he recognizes Bolo.

GUARD #2

Mr. Paduci, good evening. Hello Angie. We haven't seen you in a long while. Welcome.

ANGIE

Thank you Giovanni. How's the wife and kids?

GUARD #2

They're fine, thank you.

Let's them through. A few cars crowd the driveway. When Bolo's car approaches, another GUARD greets them.

GUARD #3

Hello Mr. Paduci. I'll park the car. Miss.

BOLO

This is my daughter Angie, Luigi.

GUARD #3

Pleased to meet you miss Paduci. You have a very beautiful daughter, Mr. Paduci.

The guard opens the door for Angie. Bolo steps out. He's got one of his best suits on. He's dashingly handsome. As the guard drives off, Angie, who herself is a knockout with a low

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cut gown looks the grounds over. Bolo rings the doorbell. After a few beats, the door is opened by KATRINA CARUSO, the Eel's elder daughter.

KATRINA

Angie! Oh my god, look at you! You're so grown up. You're stunning.

ANGIE

Hi Kate. And look at you. You're pregnant.

KATRINA

Yeah...again. My husband, the Italian stud, a real sperm machine, what can I tell you.

ANGIE

And you the fertile mare..

KATRINA

(laughs hard)  
Come in. Hello Bolo, how are you?  
(kisses him)

BOLO

I'm good Katrina.

Bolo steps in and the door closes behind him.

INT. CARUSO'S PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

The small group of guests is gathered around the brightly lit pool. Waiters are mopping and drying up chairs and tables left wet by the rain. Caruso's at one of the tables; one of his granddaughters on his lap. He sees Bolo and Angie appear.

CARUSO

Paduci! Over here!

Bolo approaches. Angie follows.

CARUSO (CONT'D)

Oh, mama mía. My my my. Angelina. You are indeed turning out to be quite a beautiful woman. Come let me kiss you. It's been a long time.

Caruso gives her a hug and kisses her on both cheeks. Shakes Bolo's hand.

CARUSO (CONT'D)

Come sit with me. Your beauty made the rain stop.

(to Bolo)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARUSO (CONT'D)

Bolo bring your daughter a drink. I want to talk to this beautiful woman.

Bolo does as he's told. Angie sits back to look over the guests. As she focuses on each guest as she PANS the room, a mischievous grin appears. She turns to Caruso.

ANGIE

These sure aren't Italians, Godfather. I'd say you're cultivating some key connections with choice political crop. Maybe a congressman or two, a Senator, perhaps?

Caruso laughs heartily.

CARUSO

I always loved that spunk you have. If I were younger, I'd marry you myself. How's Harvard? Are you cultivating connections of your own there, the crib of our country's future leaders?

ANGIE

It's my first year Godfather. I've got lots of time to do that. In the meantime I study...and play hard.

Caruso laughs again. He loves this girl.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Bolo said you wanted me here tonight. Do you tell me why now, or must I die of curiosity until you're ready?

CARUSO

I knew you were in town. If I didn't ask to see you, you would never visit me. Why is that?

ANGIE

You really want to know?

CARUSO

(lauging)  
Come. I want you to meet some people.

ANGIE

I guess I'll die of curiosity.

AT THE BAR - P.O.V. BOLO

Bolo watches from the other side of the pool as Caruso starts introducing Angie around. The Bar Tender PAOLO hands Bolo the drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAR TENDER  
Here you go Mr. Paduci.

BOLO  
How many years I know you Paolo, eh?

BAR TENDER  
I'd say a long time, Mr. Paduci. Since I was a kid.

Bolo downs his drink in a flash. Signals a refill.

BOLO  
In all this time, he never invite me to dinner with this people. I must be doing something right, eh.

BAR TENDER  
I guess so, Mr. Paduci.

Bolo downs his second drink.

BAR  
TENDER(CONT'D)  
I'd go easy on the booze. Mr. Paduci.  
Next thing you know, it's on your back.

BOLO  
You no worry for Bolo. I veteran drinker.  
I outdrink anybody in this country.

P.O.V BOLO

Caruso is with Angie speaking to HANK YOUNGBLOOD, a pouchy Jersey Councilman in his 40's. Caruso looks over to Bolo and signals him to come over.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Serve me another.

Bolo grabs his drink together with Angie's and trots over to his boss. When he approaches he accidentally spills a bit on Caruso's sleeve. He's nervous.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Oh, I sorry. I....

He hands Angie her drink, then pulls out his handkerchief and wipes Caruso's arm. Caruso stops him.

CARUSO  
Don't worry.

Bolo backs off immediately. Angie is uncomfortable with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

I sorry.

CARUSO

Bolo, I want you to meet Mr. Youngblood.  
Hank this is Bolo Paduci.

BOLO

Pleasure to meet you Mr. Youngblood.

YOUNGBLOOD

(coldly)

Likewise.

CARUSO

Angie could you excuse us. We need to  
chat inside. You and I will talk later.

ANGIE

Sure. I'm not going anywhere.

When they leave, Angie strolls along the poolside. Then FRANCO CARUSO, the Eel's son appears. He's a typically dark handsome Italian stud in his late twenties, bounce and all. He sports sideburns, and a stylish polyester plaid suit with bell-bottomed trousers. He sees Angie, and immediately heads towards her.

FRANCO

Well, well, well... Look at you. Aren't  
you something. How y'doin Angie? Long  
time no see.

ANGIE

I'm doin good Frankie. You look pretty  
good yourself.

FRANCO

Can I kiss you hello or will I get  
another sock in the eye?

ANGIE

(smiles)

If you keep your hands to yourself, I got  
no problem with a kiss.

FRANCO

(laughs)

Promise.

Franco holds up both his arms and leans towards her. Kisses her on the cheek, then sniffs the knape of neck; kisses it.

ANGIE

Always the perverted sneak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCO

Sneak yes, but not perverted. At least not anymore. I'm a changed man, now, Angie. Ain't crazy like I used to be.

ANGIE

What, you fell in love? You married? What do we owe the change to?

FRANCO

Nobody. No marriage. Still waitin' on you.

ANGIE

I'm engaged.

FRANCO

Oh really. Tell me who he is so I can have him killed.

(smiles)

ANGIE

He's a professor, at Harvard.

FRANCO

Good for you. I hope you'll be happy. But I'll still be waitin' for you. How long you in town for? You think we could have lunch, dinner, maybe? Just to talk, remember high school and shit, and our times together. It'd be fun. I'll be nice, promise.

ANGIE

Sorry Frankie I can't. Won't be around long. I'm spending summer in Florida.

FRANCO

With the professor, I presume.

ANGIE

Yeah.

FRANCO

Lucky him.

INT. CARUSO'S STUDY

Bolo's sitting on one of the matching chairs that flank a big brown leather couch. Caruso is on the couch, Youngblood is on the other chair. Nero, the consigliere is also there.

BOLO

I can do nothing. He point gun at me about to shoot. Him or me. What you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNGBLOOD

I understand what you're saying, Paduci.  
But if this thing doesn't quiet down  
shits gonna be hitting the fan and  
catching everybody around it.

(to Caruso)

I'll see what I can do. I've got a  
meeting with the commissioner. We'll see  
what he has to see.

CARUSO

I'll be with you later Frank, thanks.

Caruso signals to Nero that he too should leave. When they  
do, he turns to Bolo.

CARUSO

(in Italian)

*This guy you were beating up when you  
killed the cop. He's got to go.*

BOLO

*The police already questioned he him. He  
gave them nothing. He won't talk.*

CARUSO

*You can't take any chances. He goes.*

BOLO

OK.

CARUSO

*If this gets out of hand, I'm afraid you  
will have some serious thinking to do.  
(beat) Come let's eat. We have a feast.*

CUT TO:

INT. BOLO'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bolo is in the passenger side, looking visibly tipsy.

ANGIE

You drank too much. If we'd stayed longer  
you would have made a bigger fool of  
yourself.

BOLO

(in Italian)

*I don't give a fuck.*

ANGIE

Yeah, well. You irritated him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO

All my life. Don't embarrass the Eel!  
Respect the Eel! Obey the Eel! *I don't  
give a fuck anymore.* (beat) What did you  
and him and his Frankie talk so much  
about, huh?

Angie doesn't respond.

BOLO (CONT'D)

What did you talk about!

ANGIE

Pipe down! You're drunk. I won't talk to  
you this way. I'll tell you later.

BOLO

I'm drunk, but I'm not stupid. Tell me.

ANGIE

(reluctantly)

I think he wants Frankie and me to get  
married.

BOLO

"Think"?

ANGIE

Well he didn't come right out and say it.  
He just kept babbling about how our genes  
would make such lovely couples.

BOLO

What else?

ANGIE

He wanted to know if I knew about that  
cop you shot, and what you had said about  
it.

BOLO

Why he ask *you* these things?

ANGIE

I think he figures you and I are close. I  
wonder what gave him that idea?

BOLO

What else he say?

ANGIE

He wanted to know how were things at  
home. If you and Mom were getting along?  
He asked about Artie, and...uh if you  
were...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOLO

If I what?

ANGIE

If you were still fucking your daughter  
in law.

Bolo's face changes. He withdraws and doesn't say another word. Angie gives him a look--a mix of cynical glee and worry.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Arthur's on the bed with shorts on, reading a book. Bolo comes up the stairs and goes over to Arthur. He holds a drink in each hand.

BOLO

Hello Artie. Have drink with me. I want talk to you like father to son.

ARTHUR

Sounds like a setup Bolo. What lecture's in store for me today, huh? Are you gonna teach me about family harmony and respect?

BOLO

I not sure you know meaning of respect. You don't respect me, because you no fear me.

ARTHUR

No, I really don't. I actually dislike you. But your Angie's father and I respect that. I'm just being honest, like you want me to be, right.

BOLO

Yes. Jesus forgive everybody, except hipocrites. Me too.(beat) Why you stay so long here? Why, you, Harvard professor, hang around here so long?

ARTHUR

Angie and I wanted to spend the summer together. This is our first stop.

BOLO

I don't think it so innocent. I ask to myself, why he here? Maybe he not dumb as he look. Maybe he like play with fire. He

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (cont'd)  
curious sociologist. He want to know how  
mob family is from inside.

Arthur's silence gives this away about himself.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Why if he don't like me, if he know I can  
kill him just like that (snaps fingers),  
why does he play with danger?

ARTHUR  
We all get our kicks somehow.

BOLO  
Kicks?

ARTHUR  
(smiles cynically)  
Forget it. What are you getting at?

BOLO  
You think I stupid, huh. I can see. Yo go  
'head, think I stupid. But now, I tell  
you; stop playing and face Truth. If you  
come into my family, everything ok. Right  
now maybe you learn too much. Maybe you  
already poison. You know what you do with  
poison?  
(makes sucking sound)

ARTHUR  
(gets out of bed)  
You got the wrong pigeon, Bolo. You're  
fucking me over. What the hell do you  
want. You wanna kill me. Is that it?

BOLO  
You more safe to me if you married. You  
time to choose has come Artie.

Arthur is pale, trying to absorb the gravity of what he's  
hearing.

BOLO  
How long you think you game was going to  
last?  
(turns friendly)  
Tomorrow Rosie and me go with you and  
Angie to get license. Three o'clock. Then  
we have dinner. I call Rafielli. He make  
nice cake with pretty boy and girl on  
top. Then you come home, and you fuck  
till Mussolini rise from the dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

What happens if I don't?

The front door is heard downstairs, followed by the agitated energy of the grandchildren.

BOLO

Maybe you break up with Angie. Go back to boston, we never see you again. It break my heart.

LIVING ROOM

Francie is putting down Danny. Sandra follows with a toy car in one hand and a bag in the other. Enter Rosie and Angie after them, each with bags.

DANNY

Momy Sandy has my car! I want my car!

FRANCIE

Sandra give your brother back his toy.

SANDRA

I wanna play with it for a while.

FRANCIE

I'll take care of the kids, Rosie.

Bolo walks down the stairs. Danny runs towards him.

ANGIE

Where's Artie?

Bolo nods and proceeds to give Danny his attention. Angie walks up.

UPSTAIRS

Angie walks into her bedroom. A smile on her face. Prounces on Arthur.

ANGIE

Ugh! Between the kids, the shopping, traffic...and my hunger for you, I thought I'd go crazy.

Arthur's unresponsive.

ANGIE

(continuing)

What's the matter honey?

RESUME LIVING ROOM

FRANCIE

C'mon Danny. I have to wash you up.

BOLO

You not going to kiss me hello?

Francie grabs Danny and walks away without a word. Bolo sits down at his chair. Grabs the newspaper and starts reading.

SANDRA

Mommie can I use your lipstick?

FRANCIE

Later sweetheart, later. Come and wash up. Come on.

Rosie comes in from the kitchen and grabs one of the remaining bags that sit on the table. Bolo looks back and sees her.

BOLO

Did you buy me shaving cream?

ROSIE

Yes, I buy you shaving cream.

She dutifully returns to the kitchen. Bolo continues reading his newspaper as we hear Francie's fussing with the kids. A minutes passes by when we hear from upstairs.

ARTHUR O.S.

Angie, will you wait a minute. Don't say anything right now. Come here!

We here Angie clumping down the steps, the fury of her steps gives us the urgency in her approach. Once down she charges at Bolo. Arthur is following nervously behind.

ANGIE

(yelling)

God damn you Bolo! What are you trying to do, ruin any bit of happiness for me too? Will you stay out of our lives. You bastard!

Rosie comes out to see what the commotion is about. Francie is out of the bathroom too. Bolo is still at his paper. Angie rips it from him.

ANGIE

Don't ignore me! What are you trying to prove?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
What the matta?

ANGIE  
He's pressuring Artie. He's threatening  
him. Trying to frighten him away.

ROSIE  
(to Bolo)  
What did you do, Papa? Tell me...

BOLO  
It's not your business!

ROSIE  
Yes, is my business! What did you say to  
Artie?!

BOLO  
You get out!

ROSIE  
No! I stay! After thirty-four years, I  
take my right! I stay! I stay! You answer  
me.

BOLO  
(in Italian)  
*I tell you! Out! This not your business.*

Rosie stands defiantly. Staring him down with darting enraged  
eyes. Bolo gets up and cracks her across the face.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Out!

ANGIE  
Don't hit her! You fucking asshole. I'll  
scratch your eyes out!

Angie lunges at Bolo and drops with him to the couch. Bolo  
throws her aside.

ROSIE  
Why you wanna break her marriage. Why you  
wanna scare Artie away!

BOLO  
You old woman! Bitter woman.

He gets up and goes after Rosie again. Arthur steps in and  
Angie is already there in a flash. Bolo pauses; gathers  
himself as he pants like a caged animal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO  
(continuing)  
You better all be careful.

Rosie is trembling, but she stands proudly and faces him.

ROSIE  
You no more ruin this family. No more!

BOLO  
(in Italian)  
*You better shut your mouth, woman. You better keep your place.*

ROSIE  
You, you ruin Carlo's life. You ruin my life. You...  
(pointing to Bolo)  
Danny is his baby! He admit! You are sick.

BOLO  
Rosario you better shut up, now, before you regret it.

ROSIE  
(loudly hysterical)  
I don't care! I have enough!  
(turns to Angie)  
I think he want sleep with you now, Angie! When you little girl, I don't like way he touch you.

BOLO  
What the hell are you saying. Never! Shut up!

ROSIE  
You leave them alone. They marry when they want. Stay out of Angie's life. She does not belong to you.

ANGIE  
Mama, he doesn't scare us.

ROSIE  
You an animal! You want them leave, they leave. I don't want no dirt on my daughter! No dirt! Artie wonderful man. They get married, when they ready.

BOLO  
(in Italilan)  
*Rosie do not continue with this. I warn you.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You don't be stupid girl! You go!

(to Bolo)

I not afraid! No more! Virgin speak to me. Oh God, I guilty as he. Where I see you kill your own cousin? In my house! Tell them!

BOLO

(in Italian)

*Woman! Do you want to dig your own grave? That's what you're doing. Who talks dies. That includes you!*

ROSIE

I don't care. I talk! I die anyway! You leave them alone.

Angie's worried at the gravity of how things are turning out.

ANGIE

Mama, come upstairs. He'll hurt you.

Rosie is unreachable; she's in a world of internal hysteria.

ROSIE

(points to table)

There blood spill from cousin Tony's heart! He kill him, he kill him... He kill cop too. Young man with three children. He and Carlo.

(in Italian)

*Oh, Dio, oh Dio... So much blood in this family.*

(does sign of the cross)

*Please forgive us.*

Bolo gets up and moves toward Rosie. His expression is chilling, dark and ominous. Angie and Arthur step forward to block him but a nod from him manages to reassure them he's not going to harm her. He approaches Rosie. She's trembling expecting anything. Bolo grabs her face and plants a hard kiss on her mouth.

BOLO

Onorata!

It's the kiss of death. Rosie shivers, then sighs. She seems oddly released. She looks at Bolo with pleading sternness and reassurance.

ROSIE

Let them alone. Give me your word. Please, Papa, give me your word. Don't ruin her life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bolo steps away silently and leaves the house.

ANGIE

Moma. Moma, let's leave. Let's get out of this place and just go. We'll start again somewhere far away from here.

ROSIE

I go upstairs. I tired. We talk later ok.

ANGIE

Sure moma.

Angie helps her mother upstairs. Thunder is heard outside.

ANGIE

It'll be ok. He'll get over it.

ROSIE

I swear to myself you never have life like me. I go church every day, pray for you. Run, Angie. Far as you can! His life will poison you too. His work turn his heart to stone. He is not a man anymore. Please go.

As they reach the top of the stairs...

ANGIE

(hugging Rosie)

I can't leave you moma. Not like this.

ROSIE

If you stay, he have his way.

The thunder is heard once again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bolo comes in the door. It's raining outside. Thunder is heard throughout. He carries a newspaper over his head. A bottle of booze wrapped in a paper bag under his arm. He sees Arthur at the bar gulping down some straight bourbon, then filling up and hitting himself again. Bolo lays the bottle on the bar near Arthur. Arthur turns to Bolo and sways from the onset of drunkenness.

BOLO

I thought you and Angie going to run away like chicken.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Oh. No,no,no. We're still here. Wouldn't miss this show for the world.

BOLO

You take plenty notes. You can write book about behavior of Mafia family. Don't forget put you in there too.

Bolo sits on his chair. Arthur takes the bottle and a glass for Bolo. Sits on the couch facing Bolo and serves him a hefty shot of bourbon. Bolo puts it away in one gulp. Arthur serves him another. In his half drunkenness, after a few beats of silence, he asks.

ARTHUR

I bet you fantasize sleeping with Angie, don't you Bolo?

Bolo gulps his drink down. Angie's overhearing the conversation as she walks down the stairs.

BOLO

What that mean?

ARTHUR

Dream about it.

BOLO

All the time, Artie.

Bolo's eyes have a lethal, piercing coldness that carries onto an equally chilling smile.

BOLO

(continuing)

It's my tough shit. Right?  
(no response from Arthur)

BOLO (CONT'D)

Right, Artie?

ARTHUR

Yeah, right.

Bolo pours himself another drink and downs that one in a flash.

ANGIE

I want you to go without me. Right now!  
He'll do anything when he gets his way.  
(then to Bolo)  
You piece of shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

No, I wanna stay. I want to talk to Mr. Hitman here.

Angie notices he's drunk.

ANGIE

Jesus! Fine fucking time for you to drink. He'll hurt anybody but me. Please pack and go!

Angie pulls Arthur up from the couch.

ARTHUR

Wait a minute.

ANGIE

Go Arthur. Now.

ARTHUR

What about you? I'm not gonna leave...

ANGIE

I'm staying. I promised Rosie.  
(kisses Arthur)  
I love you. Please don't argue and go, now.

There's a shot upstairs.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Moma!

Angie rushes upstairs. Arthur follows, stumbles, then continues.

ANGIE O.S.

Moma! Moma! Oh my God. Moma.

Bolo is frozen. After a few beats, he runs to the toilet and we hear him vomit. When he emerges. Angie is rushing down the stairs.

ANGIE

Do something! Do something! I think she's dead! Oh God!

BOLO

Calm yourself.

ANGIE

Help her!  
(goes to the phone)  
Hello! This is an....emergency! Someone's been shot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bolo rips the phone from her hand.

BOLO  
Can't have ambulance and cops here.

ARTHUR  
(enters)  
She's dead.

\*\*\*

ANGIE  
Don't you want to see her?

BOLO  
I see her later. I see plenty stiff.  
Rosie different. It break my heart. I see  
her after Poletti fix her up. Rosie like  
that better.

ANGIE  
I'll pay you back! I sear to God, I'll  
pay you back!

BOLO  
She was good woman. The best. She had  
guts too. Good life she gave me. I gave  
her best life I can. She didn't like be  
old woman. For me.

Bolo pauses as Angie weeps. Then he turns to her with  
affection.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
It's over, Angie. We get certificate. I  
give her nice funeral.  
(he goes to phone)  
Now you lady of the house. You the Queen.  
I call Poletti.

Bolo dials as he tries to take Angie's hand. She pulls her  
hand away and turns to leave. Bolo points to her backside.  
Then to Arthur.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Pretty ass, huh?

Angie exits, and Bolo turns to the phone.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Hello! Put Poletti on phone  
(to Arthur again)  
Everybody hate Bolo, right? But everybody  
need Bolo. Because Bolo say like it is.  
(to the phone)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLO (CONT'D)

I hold on.

(to Arthur)

You real killer, social expert, Arty.  
Make rich man look good, even he kill  
little guy. No job, sick, family starve,  
pay bad wage, even he work, lose self  
respect. They shoot cannon. I got pistol.  
They hero, I sent to cooler.

BOLO

(on the phone)

It's me. You come Poletti. Is Rosie.

(hangs up; to Arthur)

Everybody kill. Them self too.

ARTHUR

Everybody?

BOLO

Sure! Drive too fast. Divorce good woman.  
Leave kids. Even you got flu, you sneeze  
on somebody, you killer.

ARTHUR

That gives you the right to shoot.., aw  
shit!

BOLO

(as Arthur exits)

God make it that way...exciting.

EXT. POLETTI FUNERAL HOME - NIGH - COMMENCE FUNERAL MONTAGE

Angie, Francie, Carlo, and Arty stand outside the mortuary.  
They are silent. Bolo arrives and silently goes inside to the  
wake, as the others stare at him. He walks by the coffin.

BOLO

(to himself)

Time go quick. My Rosie who I love all my  
life is dead. I never want do this to my  
sweetheart.

INT. CHURCH SERVICE - DAY

Father Basilio sprays the coffin with holy water. Except for  
the inner family, which now includes the grandchildren, and a  
few Mafia wives, there is almost nobody in the church. Bolo  
looks around, wipes away a tear, then says to himself.

BOLO

You think I no hurt. All my life I hurt.  
But I shut my mouth, even I screaming  
inside.

EXT. CHURCH EXTERIOR

The coffin is being placed in the hearse by Poletti and his men. The family is there along with Frankie. Bolo scans the street. There is a police car. A few men who could be detectives walk by. Bolo speaks to himself.

BOLO  
Cops is here.

The hearse moves forward. A car with a skimpy number of wreaths follows. The family and Bolo enter the two limos.

BOLO (CONT'D)  
Rosie, you take me like I am. You best wife man ever has. I go to Francie. You know, and you say nothing, because I no go to whores or other women. Even I kill man to protect Carlo and me. His wife and kids got misery whole life. Don't need God or police punish me. I kill you, Rosie. Punish myself.  
(he crosses himself)  
Scusatami lady. I kill you man. Now my wife too. Oh Madonna Mia!

The funeral cortege has moved out. Bolo suddenly is shaken with uncontrolled sobbing.

EXT. GRAVESIDE - RESUME MONTAGE

The coffin is on a gurney at the side of the grave. Carlo throws his arms around the coffin.

CARLO  
Mama, mama!!

EXT. GRAVESIDE

As the coffin is lowered. Angie brings the veil over her face and shrieks.

EXT. CEMETERY

The mourners are leaving the cemetery. Frankie pulls Angie to his side.

FRANCO  
I'm sorry. My family admired and cared for Rosie.

ANGIE  
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCO  
(pointing to arty)  
Who's thsi guy? Snooping around.

ANGIE  
My Harvard professor. My boy friend.

FRANCO  
You gonna marry him?

ANGIE  
Why not?

FRANCO  
Just asking. Okay?

ANGIE  
Yeah, okay.

INT. PADUCI PLAYROOM - DAY

Sunday afternoon, ten days later. Angie is trimming Arthur's hair. Francie holds a mirror. The WOMEN wear black.

ARTHUR  
Okay, enough!

ANGIE  
It's sticking out on this side.

ARTHUR  
I don't care!

ANGIE  
(heavy Italian accent)  
What's the matter. Every Guinea first class barber. Your hair long, faggoty.

FRANCIE  
(holding mirror for Arthur)  
Here, look.

ARTHUR  
My receding hairline is showing.

ANGIE  
That give you humility.  
(grabs mirror)  
You like it. I can see. One snip more.

ARTHUR  
No!

Angie and Francie put a hammer-lock around Arthur's neck.  
Angie cuts the snip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Got it!

ARTHUR

You need to strong-arm me.

ANGIE

You're beautiful. I love you.

Angie tries to embrace and kiss Arthur, but he pushes her away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Bolo calls it cold-cock. Nothing to do with Plato or Jesus or sociology. What people are really.

Angie forces Arthur down on the couch and climbs on him.

ARTHUR

You're goons, Ow!! Let go!

ANGIE

(raping Arthur)

Nothing as satisfying as power, professor.

(playing the man)

I love you honey. Spread your legs, kid. I go for baldies.

ARTHUR

(trying to push her off)

You can indulge any criminal impulse. The hell with consequences.

ANGIE

Sure...civilization be damned! You be professor of 'cold cockism'! Civility, peace, love...words. We're crazy ghouls deep down. Scared shitless. Waiting to be slaughtered.

ARTHUR

Jesus!

ANGIE

I'm sorry. I love your course. Can't wait to see your paper..'study of a Mafia family'.

FRANCIE

You both made Rosie so... Oh God.

(Francie cries)

I miss her, Angie. It was all my fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Rosie knew about you and Bolo long ago.

FRANCIE

God, I love Bolo. He's my life. Sometimes I'm glad my best friend who was closer to me than my own mother, Rosie, is dead so Bolo will come back to me. Oh God!

(bitter tears)

I can't live with Carlo. We hate each other. Bolo will take me back if you talk to him. He will, Angie. Carlo will marry one of his whores.

ANGIE

Do what you want. It's okay. I despise Bolo. You love him, and I want to kill him.

FRANCIE

He's real and the whole world is phony. You *kapisch*, Angie?

(Francie exits in tears)

angie

(as Artur makes some notations)

Nice, sweet, American family.

EXT. TREMONT AVENUE IN THE BRONX - DAY

Arthur reads a newspaper clip. He turns a corner, and walks towards 180th street. He stops in front of a large apartment house, enters the lobby and is obviously unable to find what he is seeking. He returns to the entrance where he finds a bell which is marked, JANITOR. He rings the bell a few times. No answer.

INT. BUILDING CELLAR - RESUME ARTHUR

Arthur wanders into and through the cellar. Suddenly he runs into GARNER, the janitor, covered with ash from the coal furnace.

GARNER

Hey, hey who are you? What do you want?

ARTHUR

You Garner?

GARNER

Yeah.

ARTHUR

You saw the killing.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GARNER

I ain't seen nothing. Wh are you?

ARTHUR

I'm not a newspaper man, or the police.  
Will you tell me what you saw?

GARNER

I only saw couple of guys hanging around.  
I didn't see the shot that killed the  
cop.

ARTHUR

What did these guys look like?

GARNER

I got nothing to say, and like I said to  
the cops, I got nothing to say.

ROSIE

How about a couple of hundred dolalrs.

GARNER

No Sir.

ARTHUR

Three hundred. Four hundred.

GARNER

All I got their looks. I don't know if  
the's the killers.

ARTHUR

(hands Garner the money)  
It's okay.

EXT. CARUSO SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Two detectives, SAM GOLUB and GEORGE PINES park their car and  
walk through a wall doorway to the main door of Caruso, the  
Eel's house. A bodyguard intercepts them.

BODYGUARD

Can I help you?

PINES

(flashes his badge)  
Five minutes.

BODYGUARD

Sure.  
(enters the house)

EXT. RESUME CARUSO FRONT LAWN

The Bodyguard returns with the Eel.

CARUSO

Gentlemen. Sorry you had to travel out here.

PINES

Nice place.

CARUSO

Thank you. Coffee, a drink?

GOLUB

No, thank you. We're on the Bronx rookie cop case.

CARUSO

Yes, great shame.

GOLUB

You understand that we're under pressure to investigate every option. Do you have anything for us?

CARUSO

I remember reading about it in California. A family wedding. The Beverly Hills Hilton. A reprehensible crime.

GOLUB

Cut the bullshit! Did you put out a contract?

CARUSO

Fuck that! I didn't invite you in to insult me! That cop's killing is a tragedy!

EXT. QUEENS - BOULEVARD - DAY

Frankie parks his car and places a coin in the street meter.

CUT TO:

EXT. 63RD STREET AND QUEENS BOULEVARD COFFEE SHOP

Bolo sits at a table near the window. He has been served, but he keeps looking outside the window. Frankie walks by. Bolo leaves a tip, pays the cashier, and leaves the coffee shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S CAR

Frankie is back in his car. As he starts to pull out from the curb, Bolo quickly gets into the car and Frankie drives out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S CAR - RESUME FRANKIE AND BOLO

BOLO

Hey Frankie. How you kid?

FRANCO

Not so good. My father's fucking mad at you. This scumuck, Artie, is blowing your cover. He's investigating you. He's playing detective. He spoke to one of our people, the janitor on 180th street.

BOLO

Shit!

FRANCO

My father will do anything he has to do. We're not going to take the rap for your bungled job.

BOLO

What you and Eel think I should do? Cop ready shoot me and Carlo.

FRANCO

Angie's a smart kid. She and you have to shut him up, dump him. It was your bullet, not my father's or mine.

INT. CARLO CAR - 63RD STREET - DAY

Bolo reads a paper outside a small newspaper shop. Carlo drives by. Bolo enters Carlo's car.

BOLO

Like they say, 'shit hit fan.' We need figure what we do with ARTIE. He blow our cover. He talk to Janitor in Bronx.

CARLO

What do we do, Pop? I'm not going to jail for Angie's stinking boyfriend. I have my whole life to live.

BOLO

I shot cop, not you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLO

They'll take us both. Sit in the joint for life.

BOLO

What you want? I old man. I take rap. Okay?

BOLO

We think. We don't go crazy. You don't punch out man like you did. You all muscle, no head.

INT. BEDROOM - ANGIE AND ARTHUR ARE PACKING

ARTHUR

(taking notes)

How much cash does Bolo get for a hit? Ten, twenty five grand?

ANGIE

I don't know.

ARTHUR

How many hits a year?

ANGIE

I never dared ask him. I only learned this three years ago.

ARTHUR

Could he have shot that black cop with three kids?

ANGIE

God, I hope not.

ARTHUR

Is Carlo the get-away driver? What does he get for punching someone senseless?

ANGIE

Who are you, the FBI? You want me to turn them in?

(Arthur is silent)

You hate me because I have their blood on my hands?

ARTHUR

I'm marrying you, I love you.

ANGIE

(embracing Arthur)

Art, I want to leave here forever. We're all packed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angie carries one of the bags to the door wheels around.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What about the cop with the kids? You know something?

ARTHUR

No.

ANGIE

(examines Arthur)

You do. I can tell.

(pause)

And Bolo knows that you know. That's why he wants us here.

ARTHUR

Bolo doesn't know anything.

ANGIE

They have their spies everywhere. C'mon, tell me what you know.

Arthur is silent.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

ARTHUR

The cop was a rookie.

ANGIE

He was killed on his thirtieth birthday. I read that in the paper.

ARTHUR

Bolo did it.

ANGIE

Yeah, how do you know?

ARTHUR

I was told.

ANGIE

(heavy sarcasm, leading him on)

Yeah, by whom? C'mon, by whom?

ARTHUR

I went to the Bronx. I looked up this man.

ANGIE

When?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I didn't visit my cousin Thursday.

ANGIE

And you lucked out. You asked around and found a first hand witness.

ARTHUR

I was four hundren bucks lucky. It was in the newspaper. The police quizzed him.

ANGIE

What's his name?

ARTHUR

Garner.

ANGIE

Who say you?

ARTHUR

Nobody.

ANGIE

No, huh. Bolo won't let us out of his sight. He'll crush us. You think they don't know. They have have a thousand bums and whores who tell them everything. You idiot! I warned you in Boston. Monkey sees, hears and says nothing! You and I are going to the movies. Right now! First cab we see, we take off to Mexico, Aruba, anywhere they can't find you. Jesus, forget the bags. C'mon!