

TWO FATES

Written by

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Based on the memoir

"God, the Mafia, My Dad, and Me"

by

Lori Lee Peters

INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA - DAY

TITLE: "1986 Bay Area Bodybuilding Championships"

Blinding stage lights.

FOUR SPRAY-TANNED WOMEN stand, evenly spaced. Each wearing a Lycra STRING BIKINI: silver, pink, blue, and black.

PATRIOTIC SYNTH-POP blasts through the speakers.

In unison, the contestants switch poses: from flexed biceps and jutted hips, to hands clasped taut below their chest.

Their trapezii pop. Their shoulders ripple.

They take a victory lap, strutting in all their power.

It's hard to take your eyes off the woman in the sapphire blue bikini, LORI PETERS (20s), the obvious favorite. Her blonde hair piled high in fluffy '80s curls.

The women turn away from the CROWD and PANEL of JUDGES.

Their backs angulate with tiny muscles, a cascade.

YOUNG LORI (V.O.)

Dad, what happens to us when we die?

They strike their third pose: toes pointed out, their arms in a "T". The crowd CHEERS.

The backs of their taut legs are slick with sweat. All the work and sacrifice evidenced on their hard bodies.

LOU (V.O.)

Lori, honey, I wish I could tell you, but death is unexplainable. What I can tell you is, in your final moments, if you feel afraid, remember how much I love you and how incredibly proud I am that you are my daughter.

As we close in on LORI, she squints. The pupils of her green eyes disappear as she stares into the ferocious white light.

ANNOUNCER

And that about wraps it up for the final four in the 1986 Bay Area bodybuilding championships -

Her dad, LOU PETERS (45) appears. LOU is the kind of gregarious guy who enters a room and makes everything feel warmer. He is a big man, and strong.

LORI (CONT'D)
Dad, I can't stop shaking!

Lou sits next to Lori on the bed and holds her hand.

LOU
What's the matter, honey?

LORI
I'm scared.

LOU
...Of?

A hovering pause.

LORI
I can't tell you.

LOU
(a twinkle in his eye)
C'mon... you can tell me.

He jiggles her shoulders.

LORI
(very serious)
I can't!

LOU
Hey. Look at me. You know you can tell me anything.

LORI
I really want to, but I can't...

Lou waits for her to change her mind. She doesn't.

LORI (CONT'D)
Dad? Stay with me until I fall asleep?

Finding out why Lori is scared can wait. For now, all Lou can do is comfort his daughter.

Lou settles into place next to Lori.

LOU
I'm here.

LORI
If it was your first day of school,
what would you do?

Lou is shaving. Rich, white foam covers his face.

LOU
Hmm. Hold your head high, talk to
everyone you can. And *ask*
questions.

Lori giggles. She rinses her mouth. Spits again.

Marilyn, upon seeing her daughter, gasps:

MARILYN
You're still not dressed!

LORI
One sec!

Lori scrambles around the corner, sliding in her SOCKS.

LOU
(calling after her)
But don't worry about the other
kids! As long as I'm around,
nothing can hurt you. You hear me?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

We're hit with perfect, bright California sun.

Lori hops on one foot, mashing her SHOE on.

LORI
Junior High, here I come! Whoo hoo!

Lou, in a SUIT now, headed for his CAR, intercepts Lori with
a giant bear hug. Lori happily shrieks.

The other two Peters' girls are waiting in MARILYN'S CAR. A
butter yellow CADILLAC SEVILLE. The essence of style.

LESLIE (16), an edge of teenage rebellion, shouts:

LESLIE
Get in the car!

Lori hustles.

Marilyn is behind her. Lou pulls her in for a spontaneous
kiss. Marilyn's posture is stiff.

MARILYN

Oh, Lou.

But she smiles despite her reservedness.

LOU

Have a good day, girls! I love you!

LORI/LESLIE/LISA

Love you Dad!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Marilyn's car pulls out.

Lou waves.

Then something catches his eye.

TWO MEN with slicked back hair cut across a lawn to their parked CAR. They look over their shoulder.

Lou watches them. They don't look familiar.

A prickle of unease.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

All three girls: Lori, Leslie, and LISA (6) ride in the car.

Idyllic scenes of the SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY roll past: Beautiful homes give way to fresh farmland kissed by dew. The sun overhead making it all shimmer.

As she drives, Marilyn's spine is rod-straight, her demeanor a little cold. Lori and Lisa hum a tune, squirming playfully.

MARILYN

Girls, stop that please.

They drive past the main plaza, California quaint. An old Spanish style archway reads: "LODI".

EXT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

A METAL SIGN: Peters Pontiac-Cadillac-GMC.

Small triangular FLAGS flap hypnotically in the breeze.

Rows and rows of SHINY CARS. Lined up and glistening, not unlike our bodybuilding competitors.

Grand. Picturesque.

Lou's car, a RED 1976 CADILLAC ELDORADO, pulls in.

INT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

Lou pulls open the wide glass doors, his tan leather BRIEFCASE blowing in the wind.

JACKIE, (30s) a receptionist greets him. She's warm, loyal.

JACKIE

Good morning, Mr. Peters.

Employees bustle about performing their opening duties.

LOU

Good morning, Jackie.

Lou goes straight to the COFFEE STATION. Pours himself a cup from an ancient office boiler pot.

JACKIE

Mr. Peters?

He turns around.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Someone is here to see you.

His eyes land on a MAN seated in the lobby. ELMER BERTSCH (50s), round face and round eyeglasses, gives an impish wave.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

The space is decorated with personal ephemera: NOTES and DRAWINGS from Lou's children, a framed MARINE SERGEANT DRESS UNIFORM and a Korean War SHARPSHOOTER PIN in a boxed case.

ELMER

You've just come to town.

Elmer is seated, facing Lou's desk.

LOU

What's that?

Lou shuts the door.

ELMER

Welcome.

LOU
Oh, uh - thank you.

ELMER
From Motor City.

Brief pause - how does Elmer know that.

LOU
Detroit, yes. So what are you in
the market for, Mr. Bertsch? You
look like a gentleman's gentleman.
What're you driving these days?

ELMER
My investors would like to buy your
dealership.

Pause.

LOU
It's not for sale.

A bubble of tension bursts. Lou eases up.

LOU (CONT'D)
Who- uh...? I'm sorry if you got
the wrong impression, or if you
were misled in any way - we're not.
I'm not selling.

ELMER
You boosted sales volume by five
hundred percent. In your first
month.

Lou barely conceals a glimmer of pride.

LOU
I- How did you know that?

ELMER
I do my research, Mr. Peters.

LOU
Well, I -

ELMER
You're not German.

LOU
Excuse me?

ELMER

Mostly Germans in this town.

Lou remains buoyant, but something's not right.

LOU

Why don't I show you around. We just got this gorgeous - have you seen the Pontiac Grand Prix? We have one fresh off the line. Mandarin orange. Sport Trim. Tremendous horsepower.

ELMER

Name a price.

LOU

She goes for six thousand, but seeing as how you--

ELMER

For the dealership. My investors are quite keen on it.

Lou hesitates. This guy is not getting it.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Any price.

Lou scoffs. He throws out a ridiculous number.

LOU

Two million.

A pause. Elmer stands.

ELMER

Shouldn't be a problem.

The news hits Lou in the chest.

LOU

Listen, Mr. Bertsch, I know what this place is worth. And these "savvy businessmen" want to pay twice that?

The question hangs in the air.

ELMER

They'd be delighted.

Lou fights a ripple of fear.

EXT. CAR LOT - DEALERSHIP - DAY - 1 WEEK LATER

Five small hands dig into an ICE CHEST filled with POPSICLES.

The sky is clear and vast.

Lori, LINDA (13) shy, brown hair to her waist, SHARON (13) acts older, SAM (12) angelic, and DICK (12) all chomp the frozen treats, their tongues red and purple.

They lean on a parked CAR for sale.

MECHANIC
Hey, get offa there!

They giggle.

DICK
Linda was it.

LINDA
I wasn't!

SAM
She wasn't, I was!

Sam pulls Lori's ponytail.

LORI
Hey!

They scatter, giving chase, weaving through rows of cars.

A friendly faced, sandy-haired MAN IN A POLICE UNIFORM apprehends them.

MARC
Hands up, hands up!

It's MARC YATES (40s), Lodi's Police Chief.

He playfully tackles Sam to the ground. Lori erupts into laughter. Marc ruffles the kids' hair.

MARC (CONT'D)
You kids bein' good?

LORI
Marc! Are you here to see my dad?

MARC
Oh yeah, and he's in trouble!

He hops up and dusts off his uniform.

LORI
No, he's not!

MARC
Yuh-huh!

Marc gives finger guns. Lori smiles at the joke, but concern flickers.

She takes off ahead of Marc, her feet slapping the pavement.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Lori stands on tip-toes to glimpse her father through his office WINDOW. She studies his posture, his face.

Linda and Sharon find her, breathless.

LINDA
Sam likes you.

LORI
No he doesn't. He pulls my hair.

SHARON
That means he likes you.

LORI
(squealing up an octave)
He does?!

Lori checks behind her conspiratorially.

LORI (CONT'D)
You can't lie to me!

Lori holds out her pinky for Sharon and Linda.

LINDA
Truth pact.

LINDA/SHARON/LORI
On our friendship--

Sam and Dick round the corner with a HOSE from one of the mechanics, and spray the girls with WATER.

The girls shriek!

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - CONT.

Lou peers through the WINDOW BLINDS, as Lori and her friends round the corner, drenched.

ELMER
Two million works.

No way... Lou's curiosity burns.

LOU
Who's behind the money?

Elmer is pleasant but reserved.

ELMER
They prefer anonymity.

LOU
C'mon... that's some - fly by
night, lurking in the shadows -
I'm not doing business unless I
know who I'm dealing with.

ELMER
Have you heard of Joe Bonanno Sr.?

Lori and the girls screech! Lou jolts.

He checks the window, looking for his daughter.

LOU
No.

Lori is playing - roughhousing, joyful innocent games.

LOU (CONT'D)
(distracted)
He's the buyer?

ELMER
Mr. Bonanno is a *savvy businessman*,
much like yourself.

A chill comes over the room.

Lou breaks from the window.

LOU
I appreciate your offer, Mr.
Bertsch, but I'm not interested--

ELMER

Take the two million, Lou. They're a persistent family.

LOU

Family?

ELMER

Dogged, in fact.

LOU

Oh yeah? Then let me go direct. I don't need a middle man.

ELMER

It would be unwise.

There's a menace here.

LOU

Would it?

Lou is brash. His interest intensifying...

INT. DEN - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

A BOOMING RUCKUS. Cheers, groans, laughter.

POKER CHIPS topple and slide ceremoniously from Lou to another player.

LORI

Why did you lose your chips!

Seven or so MEN sit around a CARD TABLE, Marc among them. They're new friends, but comfortable ones.

MARC

We caught him bluffing.

Lou squeezes Lori to his side, flashing her his CARDS.

LORI

You lied?!

LOU

I concealed my hand.

LORI

Why?

LOU

I held it close to the vest. See? I had a pair of tens but I didn't want them to know that. I wanted them to think I had something better, like a full house or a flush, so I bluffed.

Lori is enraptured.

LOU (CONT'D)

But it's not lying so much. It's concealing. Keeping the truth to yourself.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

THREE MEN stand in the vast expanse of a CONSTRUCTION SITE.

WIND whips DUST and SAND. Arid and brown.

They stand two against one. Their hands folded.

Lou Peters faces SALVATORE "BILL" BONANNO (44) tall, an air of "boarding school". And JOE BONANNO JR. (30), his more attractive brother, "boarding school playing cowboy".

LOU

Impressive operation you got here.

The men squint into the sun. Bill keeps it brief.

BILL

In addition to the two million for the sale of the dealership, we are prepared to offer you one hundred thousand per year to identify and purchase twelve to fourteen more, in your name. We will supervise the operation and provide the cash. You will handle the purchase or acquisition. As the expert.

Bill looks at Lou. Lou looks at Joe Jr., who's silent.

LOU

He ever say anything?

BILL

Not usually.

A pause. Awkwardly felt.

LOU

Why?

Bill assumes he means Joe Jr.

BILL

What do you mean, why--?

LOU

My name is on the line... so I need to know *why*.

BILL

Some 'essentials' under the care of a partner in Canada. They need to make their way down.

Bill thinks a moment.

BILL (CONT'D)

Without being seized.

A thunderbolt of fear. For himself. For Lodi.

LOU

Why Lodi?

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER pokes his head out of a TRAILER.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Hey Boss?

BILL

(to Lou)

It's unassuming.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

There's a Ms. Jackie on the line for Lou Peters? Something about his daughter?

Confusion flickers. The worker looks back to the PHONE.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)

...Lori?

Lou's face falls. He moves toward the TRAILER.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - LODI, CA - DAY

A small cineplex.

Lori and Sam sit. She's a head taller than him.

They stare straight ahead. Their hands in their laps.

The MOVIE SCREEN flickers across their freckled faces.

Sam reaches his arm around Lori's shoulder. The geometry is way off. But she stays still, a smile bubbling.

The theatre is mostly teens - talking, snickering loudly.

PATRON

Quiet!

The CHATTER continues...

Sam's arm is at a high, high angle. He can't hold it up much longer. It slinks back down to his lap.

Sam inches up the front of Lori's shirt instead. He slides it up, reaching, reaching until he gets to her BRA. Bingo.

Lori breathes in. This is so grown up!

Sam moves his hand from one breast to the other.

A rowdy teen throws POPCORN at the SCREEN.

PATRON (CONT'D)

God damnit, *QUIET* back there!

TEENAGER

You be quiet!

The picture goes BLACK. The theatre GROANS. Sam retracts his hand.

The THEATRE OWNER (50s) a short, burly turtle of a man, comes bounding out, anger pulsing.

THEATRE OWNER

Shut up, kids! People paid good money to watch this film!

TEENAGER

Start the *movie!*

The owner walks to the wings. He comes back brandishing a GUN. He gestures all over the place with it.

THEATRE OWNER

I'm not going to restart this picture until you little idiots shut the hell up!!!

TEENAGER

What are you gonna do, shoot us?

Laughter.

INT. LOU'S CAR - EVENING

Lou guns it through quaint little Lodi.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

Then BANG. The owner fires one into the ceiling.

GASPS and SHRIEKS.

THEATRE OWNER

Shut UP! Shut up shut up shut up!

He fires another one. The children scatter.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

Lou comes upon a flat-roofed building with a gigantic cement sign: "SUNSET THEATRE".

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

Lori and Sam stand limply next to a PAY PHONE in the lobby.

The GLASS DOORS face a panoramic view of MAIN STREET.

Suddenly, the doors fly open. It's Lou.

He strides toward the kids, his COAT flapping behind him like a superhero.

LOU

You okay?

He grabs Lori's face.

LOU (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She nods. Lou turns to Sam.

LOU (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sam nods too.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Where is he?

The owner's voice BELLOWS from inside the theatre. Lou pauses. Then marches inside.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

Lori and Sam glance at each other, sheepish.

TWO MEN'S VOICES, raised, can be heard through the door.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

Lou storms out.

 LOU
 Let's go. Get in the car.

Lori struggles to catch up.

 LORI
 What happened?

They exit.

The sun is cooler, dipped low behind the buildings.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

They walk down a wide, empty SIDEWALK.

 LOU
 I had a little talk with him.

 LORI
 What did you say?

They get into the CAR.

INT. LOU'S CAR - EVENING

 LORI
 What did you say?

 LOU
 Let's just say, he'll never do that
 again.

Lou starts the ENGINE.

They pull out. A lull. Lori basks in his presence.

LOU (CONT'D)
So you like Sam, huh.

LORI
I don't know... I guess...

LOU
(raised eyebrows)
I see the way you two are. What do you like about him?

LORI
I don't know! I just think he's kind of... a little... foxy?

LOU
(A chuckle)
Foxy? Good gracious. Sam *Kessler*?
With that mop on his head?

He points to a KID Lori's age, walking with a TROMBONE CASE.

LOU (CONT'D)
How about this kid, is he foxy like Sam?

LORI
No *dad!*

He points to another KID.

LOU
How about that one?

LORI
DAD, no!

She sinks into her seat.

LORI (CONT'D)
SAM is foxy.

Playing along.

LOU
Okay. Sam is foxy.

EXT. THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lori hops out of the CAR and scurries to the front door.

Lou pulls into the GARAGE.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lou kneels to pull a CARDBOARD OFFICE BOX out from under unpacked CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS. It's as heavy as rocks.

He catches his breath. Pulls off the lid.

He finds what he's after: an issue of PARADE MAGAZINE, 1977.

On the cover is JOE BONANNO (73), sitting in his backyard, wearing a yellow CARDIGAN SWEATER. A beautiful DOBERMAN obediently at his side. A wrinkly-eyed smile.

"An Exclusive Interview With Joe Bonanno: Is He the Mafia 'Boss of Bosses'?"

Lou stares at it. Feels the weighty PAPER in his hands.

A drop of sweat splashes the page.

INT. KITCHEN / EXT. LAWN - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

The sky is bright. The SOUND of a SPRINKLER.

Marilyn stands at the sink, washing DISHES.

Lori runs past the WINDOW, grinning.

Marilyn doesn't react.

Lori passes the window again, wiggling her outstretched arms like noodles.

She checks to see, did she make her mother laugh?

Nothing.

A third time. She passes the window on wobbly legs, undulating them like crazy straws.

Marilyn is unmoved.

Lori knocks on the glass.

MARILYN
Come inside, Lori.

Marilyn turns away.

Lori stands, peering in, alone.

Just then, Lori is swept off her feet. It's Lou. He hug-wrestles her to the ground.

LORI
You're home?

LOU
Ah nah, I've got a meeting.

LORI
With who?

Lou tickles Lori.

LOU
Santa Claus! The boogie man! What's it to you, huh?

Lori giggles.

LORI
Can you watch me do a cartwheel?

Lou looks at his watch. He only has a minute.

LOU
Yes.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Special Agent BOB ANDERSON (late 30s), a clean-cut government man, clears his throat. His mannerisms are staccato.

BOB, MARC, LOU, and BOB'S ASSISTANTS sit at an OVAL TABLE.

PHOTOS of Bill and Joe Jr., among several decoys, lay in front of them. Lou points to two.

BOB
That's them.

Bob gathers the PHOTOGRAPHS like playing cards.

MARC
My department's not big enough to handle this type of - I run a tight ship, but uh -

Marc is nervous in front of the FBI. Bob pays no mind.

BOB
You're a car salesman, Mr. Peters?

LOU
Call me Lou.

BOB
So you're no stranger to the art of persuasion.

MARC
He could sell oil to an Arab.

BOB
(sardonic)
So we'll have to explain "entrapment".

Bob rolls back in his CHAIR with tired authority.

BOB (CONT'D)
Are you willing to wear a wire?

LOU
A wire?

BOB
To go undercover. Sell the dealership. Let them launder money through it.

LOU
I -

BOB
Bonanno's children don't interest me. They're half-wits and they're insignificant.

Bob sinks back.

BOB (CONT'D)
But the Old Man... he's the Bureau's White Whale. We get *him*, and the whole thing comes down.

A pause.

BOB (CONT'D)
We'll reimburse you for expenses--

LOU
I'm not taking your money.

BOB'S ASSISTANT
Hear us out--

LOU
No. Money.

Lou is firm.

LOU (CONT'D)
 I want to help.

Bob considers Lou's gusto.

BOB
 I have to state the danger of this
 assignment.

LOU
 I-

BOB'S ASSISTANT
 Especially for a man with no
 training.

BOB
 If discovered--

LOU
 I want to-

BOB
 You're gambling with your life.

Bob's eyes bore into Lou. He wants to answer "YES!" But he stops himself.

LOU
 - go home and ask my... wife.

EXT. BACKYARD - THE YATES' HOME - DUSK

The amber sun sags on the horizon, nearly asleep.

The faint HUSH of CRICKETS.

Lou stands amid a lush, disordered backyard. A GRILL. A disused TRAMPOLINE.

The sliding door behind him GROANS. It's Marc.

The two men don't say anything for a while.

LOU
 When the mob comes to town it's
 like a virus. They spread
 everywhere, take over everything.

Marc exhales.

LOU (CONT'D)
We can't let that happen.

MARC
No.

LOU
I gotta confess something to you.
When I was a kid... I wanted to be
a Federal agent.

It's sensitive, unspeakably personal.

MARC
Cops and robbers.

The men nod.

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lou has a TELEPHONE to his ear. A BEIGE ROTARY.

LOU
If I don't, who will?

Marilyn is behind him. Tense, but resigned.

BOB
Glad to hear it, Lou. Washington
will be thrilled.

LOU
On one condition. Don't call me an
informant. I'm not some jail house
snitch.

BOB (O.S.)
Alright.
(beat)
How about 'concerned citizen'?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Bob hangs up.

BOB
I hope that's the only lie I ever
tell you, Mr. Peters.

Bob closes a file folder, "Lou Peters INFORMANT". He sighs.

SUPER: "I want to be like that, I thought"

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A weekend laziness hangs in the air. Lori, Linda, Sharon - and not another soul in sight.

A PEAL of LAUGHTER.

Sharon hops down from the PLAY STRUCTURE and jumps for the MONKEY BARS. She swings.

LORI
(blurts out)
I'm going to marry Sam!

SHARON AND LINDA
What?!

SHARON
(rolls her eyes)
You won't marry *Sam*.

LORI
I will too! Someday.

A hush falls over Linda and Sharon.

LORI (CONT'D)
Do you guys want to get married?

Lori notices their sudden shyness. She tries to reignite the carefree mood.

LORI (CONT'D)
Like to Dick!

Lori doesn't get a reaction.

LORI (CONT'D)
Or Christopher!

Sharon stares at the ground, tracing the sand with her shoe.

LINDA
...I don't think we'll have time to
get married.

Such a strange answer. Lori laughs. But Linda's delicate face is steady.

LINDA (CONT'D)
God is coming soon.

LORI
Very funny, Linda.

A pause. Lori smiles. Are they pulling her leg?

LORI (CONT'D)
Coming to do what?

LINDA
God doesn't like what's happening
on Earth. So he's coming to take
everyone up to heaven.

Lori registers this slowly.

LORI
Sharon?

SHARON
Yeah.

LORI
You can't be serious.

LINDA
Everybody knows. My parents told me
when I was really young.

SHARON
Mine too.

Both girls study Lori, surprised.

LINDA
Your parents never told you about
The Second Coming?

As soon as the question leaves Linda's mouth, Lori is hit
with the weight of it.

LORI
No.

Lori's face becomes opaque, the heaviness like a blanket.

LORI (CONT'D)
How soon is soon?

LINDA
My brother started part-time at the
Lodi News.

Linda hops off the EQUIPMENT and down the FIREMAN'S POLE.
It's very casual.

LINDA (CONT'D)

The newspaper's ready to print the story. He said it's going to say "THE SECOND COMING IS HERE" in bold letters. Everyone at the paper's excited.

Linda steps onto the metal framed MERRY-GO-ROUND.

LINDA (CONT'D)

They're just waiting for more signs from God before they print the story on the front page.

LORI

...What signs?

Linda spins. Lori's eyes are cloudy, unfocused.

LINDA

Wars. Earthquakes. The summer will turn to winter and the winter to summer. Animals will behave strangely. The sky will break open, and God will come down from heaven to ask everyone the question.

LORI

The question?

LINDA

God will ask everyone if they want to go to heaven with him.

LORI

...I don't want to go. I want to marry Sam.

Lori swallows.

LORI (CONT'D)

Don't you have to die to go to heaven?

LINDA

Yeah but Heaven is beautiful.

LORI

Here is beautiful.

LINDA

Well, you can't say no to God.
I mean you can but if you say no
and your family says yes, you'll
never see your family again.
Because you can't change your mind.

LORI

What happens to the people who say
no?

SHARON

Six six six.

Sharon moves to the SWINGS.

SHARON (CONT'D)

The people who stay will have the
mark of the beast on their
forehead. And it'll be permanent.

Lori joins her. She twists herself up in the SWING.

LINDA

And everything on Earth will look
different. And be different.

Lori lets go and spins.

LINDA (CONT'D)

There'll be famine, people will
kill each other. And no matter how
bad it gets, you'll never be able
to leave. So you'll have to make
the right choice...

Linda and Sharon are still talking, but Lori can't hear them.
Or see them clearly, all the spinning.

Everything feels precarious, flimsy. Like if she reached out
to touch her friends, they'd disappear in a cloud of dust.

Lori gets up in one jerky motion.

LORI

I have to go!

She runs.

LINDA

Where're you going?!

Lori keeps running.

But she can't feel the ground beneath her feet. She looks down at them, her breath breaking, escalating...

INT. BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lori collapses on her bed.

When she pulls the covers up, the solitude is a cocoon.

LORI
(whispered, a plea)
Just close your eyes, close your
eyes. Just sleep.

She can't. She gets up and paces.

She grabs a NOTEBOOK with a FUZZY PEN attached. She begins to use it, but it doesn't feel right. Too frivolous. She rummages in her DESK for a different one.

She gets down on the floor and scribbles: "The Second Coming. Days? A Month? A year?"

She shakes her head, her breath tied up.

She writes: "What are you going to do? I can't get married or have kids? I'm going to die soon?"

After a second: "I can't let God find me. If he doesn't find me, he can't ask me that question. Hide from God? Trick God?"

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Marilyn sets the table.

MARILYN
Breakfast!

Lori enters. She looks like she hasn't slept.

She stares at her PLATE, numbly.

LOU
Eat, eat.

Lori blinks. She looks down at her dad's untouched PLATE.

LORI
You're not eating...

LOU
Sure I am!

He takes an enthusiastic bite of SCRAMBLED EGG. But something's bothering him, too.

He flips open the newspaper, the *LODI NEWS*. Lori flinches.

LOU (CONT'D)
Something wrong, honey?

She smiles. She makes the decision to "act normal".

LORI
Nothing's wrong, Dad.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

An upper middle class ranch home. A vast concrete patio deck.

A DOZEN TEENS swim, run, scream, and splash. They jump in. They jump out, dripping. Childhood madness.

Lori, in a wet one piece BATHING SUIT, stands apart from the others. She leans against the window, her heart not in it.

Sharon beckons to her from the pool. She's up on Dick's shoulders playing "chicken".

SHARON
Lori, get in!

Dick pinches Sharon from behind. Sharon SQUEALS!

LORI
OK! In a little bit.

Lori remains where she is.

A TAP TAP TAP on the glass. From inside, LINDA'S MOM gestures.

LINDA'S MOM
Don't lean on the glass, please.

Lori straightens. Her damp skin peels off the otherwise clean, clear glass.

She crosses her arms. Looks out at the pool.

After a moment, she turns to leave.

She unlatches the gate. And walks through the side yard, barefoot.

No one calls after her and she doesn't look back.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Lori walks.

The day stretches out before her. Cloudless.

The streets are lined with ACACIA TREES. Their long silvery leaves diving in weeping arcs.

Above, TELEPHONE WIRE. Lori sees a row of CROWS. Jet black.

One crow looks down at her and CAWS: raspy, direct. A second looks down, CAWS. A third - then suddenly -

A CACOPHONY of BARKING DOGS. Lori jumps!

Four small, fluffy DOGS press themselves against a FENCE, their soft paws clawing, relentless.

Rays of sunlight give everything a crisp clarity. The leaves on the trees, glossy. A terrible unreality. Like a movie set.

Lori's panic spikes but her pace remains even. One foot in front of the other.

LOU'S CAR slows to a stop as he sees his daughter.

LOU

Aren't you supposed to be at a pool party?

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

Lori's legs stick to the LEATHER INTERIOR. She sits stiffly. Lou fiddles with the AC.

LORI

What happened to Grandpa?

LOU

Heaven.

(tiny beat)

He's in heaven and he's happy, that's all you need to -

LORI

I wouldn't be happy in Heaven.

Lou looks at her, quizzically.

LORI (CONT'D)

It sounds boring! I don't want to float around and sing all day.

LOU
 Last time you were in a church was
 Grandpa's funeral--

LORI
 I want to be here with you! I don't
 want to be separated!

LOU
 Why would we be separated?

LORI
 Dad, I don't want you to die.

LOU
 Honey, honey.

He tries to make her laugh by flexing.

LOU (CONT'D)
 I'm strong! You don't have to worry
 about me.

Lou's eyes are soft. Lori looks out the window.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lori crashes around her room. In search of something -
 anything - an anchor.

She goes through stages: She anguishes. Pure dread. She tries
 to lie down on the floor. Tries to get up. Nothing brings her
 solace for long. In her notebook she writes:

"Stay close to my family? Never be away from them. I have to
 hear dad's answer before I give mine!"

She underlines that last sentence.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Bill lays his hands on Lou's stuff. TROPHIES, GAG GIFTS,
 FRAMED PHOTOS.

LOU
 You know I have so much respect for
 your father.

They aren't alone. JACK DIFILIPPI (50), Joe Bonanno's nephew,
 Sicilian, guards the door.

Lou is as effervescent as ever, no hint of nerves.

LOU (CONT'D)

I want to do everything in my power, anything at all, to make your family proud. You know, my dad was from the old country.

Bob, through the wire:

BOB (O.S.)

Cool it...

Lou swivels in his chair.

LOU

Now listen. About the dealership. My higher ups, the boys at GM, they didn't go for it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - NIGHT

In the sterile office, Bob is hooked up to wires, listening.

BOB

What the hell is he doing?

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou's passion boils.

LOU

But screw 'em, pardon my French, we don't need them.

BOB (O.S.)

(urgently)

Lou - Lou - Lou --

LOU

This is how we'll do it: The "Barchetta". Custom Firebirds.

BOB (O.S.)

Lou!

LOU

We do silver and black, side exhaust pipes. Real 1930s gangster coupe.

BILL

So we're talking...

Smash into: FAST MONTAGE

MAFIA THUGS kick through a door, rampage through a small business, beat down the terrified OWNER who points to a desk, where they fish out a thick envelope of CASH.

A seedy MONEY-COUNTING HOUSE where piles of BILLS are wrapped in rubber bands and placed in a SUITCASE, which is handcuffed to the hand of a MAN in a suit.

The man in the suit deposits the suitcase to a TELLER in a coldly lit BANK. Uncuffs the suitcase.

MAN

Deposit for Unicorp Holdings, LLC.

Bill hands a CHECK for five hundred grand to Lou from Unicorp Holdings. Lou smiles.

A man in sunglasses peels away from the DEALERSHIP in a CUSTOM BARCHETTA. Then another. Then another. Lou waves at each as they drive away.

Bill opens an ENVELOPE and reads a deposit notice from Peters Pontiac/Cadillac. He smiles.

Smash back into:

INT. LOU'S OFFICE

LOU

Thirty percent return at the very
least.

BILL

I never make a move without my
father knowing.

Bill grins like a school boy.

BILL (CONT'D)

...But I love it.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou is alone. A wild grin spills out of him too - he fishes for the WIRE under his SPORT COAT.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Bob throws his hands up. What the hell was that.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Lou, Bob, and Bob's team sit at the oval table. Bob's forehead is a mess of lines, distraught.

BOB
That wasn't the plan.

LOU
A Mafia owned dealership?

The truth pierces the room.

LOU (CONT'D)
General Motors owns the majority
stake, they would never sign off.

Bob and the other men are frozen.

LOU (CONT'D)
Call Chairman Murphy right now.

They still don't move. Finally, Bob gets up.

BOB
Well. Then that's it. We've enjoyed
getting to know you, Lou.

Lou looks at him in disbelief.

BOB (CONT'D)
That was the game. No dealership,
no Bonnano.

Lou stands, toe to toe.

LOU
The Barchetta is it.

BOB
Lou, it's too much. We give you one
chance and it goes off the rails.
There's no room for a wild card.

LOU
The Old Man's never been nabbed,
and that's because you government
guys are all the same.
(beat)
You need a wild card! You do!

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

TWENTY STUDENTS sit at DESKS in neat rows.

MR. CHAPPELL (30s), bright energy, works a math problem on the CHALKBOARD.

Lori is having difficultly concentrating.

Sharon taps her shoulder and passes a NOTE. It reads: "Lori, will you go to the dance with Sam? Check YES or NO."

Sharon giggles, but Lori doesn't see the point.

EXT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Lori sees Linda approaching. Lori turns toward her LOCKER, avoiding her.

Dark rings of sweat rim her SWEATER'S armpits.

INT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL - DAY

Behind the school building, Lori tucks herself away.

An eighth grader, JAMIE (14) a wannabe bad-boy, catches her eye. He's smoking a CIGARETTE.

JAMIE

You want one, little girl?

Jamie plays up the one year age gap to great effect.

Lori takes the cigarette. Takes to it pretty naturally.

LORI

Little girl?

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE

Never seen you back here before.

Lori shrugs, feeling his gaze on her.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

The red dirt. The green grass. The fierce sun.

Lori's face. Staring straight at home. In UNIFORM, crouched.

She looks up at the open sky. God could come for her. Anytime.

The *CRACK* of a bat. Lori *jumps*.

The BALL soars. But it's foul. It falls from the sky.

Lori catches it. Tosses it to the PITCHER. During the action, Lori seems like herself again. Just a kid playing.

But the jolty adrenaline fades.

Next BATTER to the plate. Lori tries even harder to concentrate.

LORI
Hey batter batter.

She spots her father in the stands. She smiles.

A pitch is released. The BATTER doesn't swing. Ball.

Unprompted, Lou stands up. Lori squints to see him.

Another pitch. Too high. Ball.

Lou shuffles down the BLEACHER steps, and he is gone.

The fourth ball is called. The player walks.

Lori, edgy, turns her attention back to the plate.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lori lugs her softball GEAR, sullen.

She stops at a CALENDAR hanging from the wall: September.

Today's scheduled items in her Dad's handwriting: "Lori softball game, Meeting with Bob." She touches it.

The rest of the month: Business trips, family outings...

Keeping track of her dad allows her to breathe again. If only momentarily.

Tomorrow is empty. She writes: "School Dance".

EXT. REC ROOM - LODI LAKE - NIGHT

Lori's hair is brushed but not freshly washed. Clean clothes, but maybe she's not showering. She nervously chews her nails.

She stands by JAMIE and a few other eighth graders. She stares at the REC ROOM. DANCE MUSIC gusts out.

Jamie leans in,

JAMIE
Hey, wanna go for a walk?

Lori and Jamie walk toward LODI LAKE. Their silhouettes bobbing in the darkness.

EXT. LODI LAKE - NIGHT

The MUSIC from the dance fades gently into the distance.

Jamie climbs out to some ROCKS near the lake's shore.

LORI
Where are we going?

Jamie doesn't answer her. Lori clambers to be next to him.

JAMIE
You wanna kiss?

A beat.

LORI
Sure.

Jamie kisses her. She kisses back. The air is sticky.

JAMIE
You wanna have fun?

LORI
Yeah?

He reaches down her pants.

She almost stops him. But when he touches her, her eyes go from glazed with worry to relaxed.

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Lori is seated at her DESK. Mr. Chappell shuffles through PAPERS before the period begins.

Jamie and his friends walk past the open classroom door.

FRIEND
Ew, dude!

JAMIE
She reeks dude, like reeks.

FRIEND
Shit!

JAMIE
I keep washing my hand, it won't
come off. I guess that's what you
get when you hook up with a DG.

FRIEND
DG?

JAMIE
A Dirty Girl.

Everyone laughs.

Sam is behind them. Once they disperse, we see him.

Sam looks at Lori. Then hangs his head. Slinks to his desk,
avoiding her.

A SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR pops in.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
Lori Peters? You're needed in the
counselor's office.

EXT. CAR LOT - DEALERSHIP - DAY

Bill and his wife, ROSEALIE (40), smile for a photo in front
of TWO BRAND NEW CADILLACS. Jack DiFilippi stands nearby.

Bill's car is glimmering cream with Merlot leather interior.
A personal insignia, "Mr. B", on the door.

Lou winks at Bill. Bill grins ear to ear.

BILL
(hushed, eager)
The discount, eh? The family
discount.

Lou nods and clasps Bill's hands.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

Lou feels for his WIRE. He unpacks a BRIEFCASE stacked with
cash. They go into a SAFE. He shakes his head.

LOU
 Fuckin' family discount.

He pulls out a LEDGER. Writes "Salvatore Bill Bonanno - 2
 Cadillac Sevilles: \$9,700 cash."

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - SCHOOL - DAY

Lori stands in the open doorway. She stares at the back of
 her mother's head: a beautiful brunette updo, tailored suit.

COUNSELOR
 Why don't you have a seat?

Lori takes the only vacant chair.

THE COUNSELOR hands her crumpled NOTES on lined paper. Lori
 smoothes them.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 Is this your handwriting?

Lori looks to her mother, who will not look at her.

LORI
 Yes?

COUNSELOR
 Are you doing these things with Sam
 Kessler?

Marilyn's breath is held.

LORI
 I was - joking. I would say things,
 and then Sharon would say things...
 I'm not... doing -

MARILYN
 Well, I hope not.

LORI
 I'm not.

A beat.

COUNSELOR
 Well, OK.

Marilyn stares straight ahead. Lori looks at her shoes.

INT. BATHROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori cries in the shower. She scrubs and scrubs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lori sits on the couch, wet hair, staring at the TV SCREEN. Leslie flips through a FASHION MAGAZINE. An AD for a stain remover BLARES.

The phone RINGS. Once. Twice. Three times.

Lori looks to Leslie, but Leslie doesn't move.

Lori gets up. She picks the PHONE off the receiver.

LORI

Hello, Peters residence. This is Lori. Who's speaking?

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

Hi Lori. Are you the oldest?

LORI

Um, no.

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

That must be Leslie then, huh?

Lori doesn't answer.

DIFILIPPI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm a friend of your father's. Jack.

LORI

Oh. Hello.

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

I was thinking we could get together some time.

The front door opens. It's Lou, home from work. He tugs on his tie. Lays MAIL on the counter.

LOU

Who's that, sweetie?

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

My family, your family. Have a nice dinner - My wife can cook -

LORI
Jack?

JACK (O.S.)
What'do'ya say -

Lou's face goes ashen.

He rips the PHONE away from Lori.

LOU
Go outside.

LORI
But Dad -

LOU
Go. Outside.

Lori heads out to the POOL. Leslie rolls her eyes, but follows.

Lou holds the receiver. He waits until his girls are out of earshot. He watches Leslie jump in, splashing.

LOU (CONT'D)
(restraint)
Hello Jack!

Lou is shaking with anger.

LOU (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. Dinner sounds nice.

He grits his teeth.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn is seated on the bed. Lou paces.

LOU
They're multiplying out of thin
air, Mare! Calling our house! They
could start showing up - !

Marilyn tries to get her husband to catch his breath. She touches his back.

MARILYN
Lou, stay calm.

LOU
I can't be calm! I can't!

Lou looks nauseated, sick to his stomach.

MARILYN

Let's think logically. What can we do?

LOU

I need a divorce.

A bomb. Marilyn freezes on the spot.

LOU (CONT'D)

A separation! I'm thinking - I need a reason to move out.

(he steadies himself)

Mare, we need to fake a divorce. To keep you and the girls safe.

MARILYN

So this is interfering with our life, now.

LOU

It's a tour of duty. That's how I have to think of it. I did this in Korea, I can do it again. I just have to lay low for a while.

Marilyn is understanding but firm.

MARILYN

Lou. Look at me. Not for long. You get this done and come home.

EXT. BOB ANDERSON'S HOUSE - STOCKTON, CA - NIGHT

A TUDOR HOME on a quiet street. Immaculately trimmed lawn. An American FLAG.

It's dark. No street lamps.

Lou bangs at the door.

He bangs again. He peers into a window with cupped hands.

Commotion inside. Shuffling feet. Locks being unbolted.

The door opens to reveal Bob, looking skinny in his bathrobe... his DUTY FIREARM cocked and aimed.

BOB

Jesus, Lou! What's the matter with you?

He lowers it.

LOU
I'm getting a separation from my
wife.

Bob hangs his head, "why are you telling me?".

BOB
OK. Can we talk about this another--

LOU
Bob, they called my house! They
talked to my girls!

Bob pays attention. Lou's breath is belabored.

LOU (CONT'D)
I want this clean. I don't want
them *near* my family.

BOB
You need approval from the Bureau,
since the operation is the reason--

LOU
I'm not asking permission.

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - MORNING

Lou makes himself COFFEE. He looks out at his yard.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Lori looks at the WALL CALENDAR.

Nothing is written. Quiet panic.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lori enters. She stands next to Lou as he sips his MUG. He
examines her. Guilt overtakes him. He frowns.

LOU
You wanna do something today?

Lori looks up at him, saved.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR - SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Lou and Lori walk down the midway, a CANDY APPLE in her hand.

A multi-colored FERRIS WHEEL towers and spins.

Lou points. On a stage, bodybuilders ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER (30) FRANCO COLUMBU (36), and FRANK ZANE (35) flex and pose, their skin dark and glistening with oil.

Lori gazes up at the men. She flexes, studying their strength. Their power.

Something inside her is lit like a match.

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

They ride in silence. Lou is pensive.

LOU

You're not a kid anymore so I need to tell this to you straight -

No... no. Is this about the Second Coming?

LORI

Dad, no - I don't want to -

Lori immediately begins to cry.

LORI (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Don't tell me Dad, don't tell me...

LOU

Your mother and I need to separate for a little bit.

LORI

No! You can't!

LOU

It's not because we don't love each other.

Lori begins to say something, but Lou continues -

LOU (CONT'D)

It's strictly for business. I need to sign a few things without your mother's name on it. That's all. And we'll get back together as soon as the deal's over. I promise.

Lou sighs bitterly. This is harder than he thought.

LORI
Are you going to leave me?

LOU
Leave you? Honey, no.

SUPER: "What happens to the people on Earth who say no?"

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

A smattering of MEN IN MOVER'S UNIFORMS lug BOXES into a bland blonde brick DUPLEX.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

The movers are FBI. They install SURVEILLANCE. The most elaborate setup in the country in 1978.

They bug the kitchen, the bedroom, the living room, the phones.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

Bob Anderson is moved into the unit above Lou's. They set a massive, chunky RECORDER on the desk.

They dismantle Bob's FIREPLACE and lower an AGENT into the CHIMNEY headfirst to install VIDEO SURVEILLANCE in...

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou's FIREPLACE is now bugged.

The guys set up a second VIDEO CAMERA in the living room.

Once secured, they place a LARGE PAINTING OF A TIGER over it. The lens matches up with the TIGER'S EYE.

We hold on that for a moment.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

Marilyn pulls up to the TRAIN STATION. Lori and Lisa in the backseat.

Marilyn fusses nervously with her hair.

MARILYN

Grammy's going to stay with us a little while. She's never been to California, so make her feel welcome.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LODI, CA - DAY

Standing on the platform is GRAMMY (65), Marilyn's mother. She has an air of politeness. She's dressed conservatively.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

Grammy waits for Marilyn to open the car door. She gets in.

GRAMMY

(unenthusiastic)

Hello.

LORI/LISA

Hi Grammy.

GRAMMY

Why you insisted I travel on the Lord's Day, I do not know.

Marilyn pulls out of the station.

MARILYN

It was the only day I had free, Mother.

GRAMMY

You don't go to church anymore?

Marilyn's cheeks go red.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori walks past the WALL CALENDAR: May. "Grammy's visit" is followed by "Last Day of School". Then a series of blanks...

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lori is spread out on the floor, a thick textbook in front of her. Math. She tries to solve a problem but her heart races and the numbers jumble. It's almost painful.

The sun filling the room through the blinds is too much. Lori closes them.

Lori puts music into her EIGHT-TRACK.

She lies down on her bed. Her body is still, but she becomes furiously anxious.

She begins to masturbate. It's compulsive. Mechanical.

EXT. THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

As seen from Lori's bedroom window, Leslie chats with a group of HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS, mostly guys, on the front steps.

We can't hear them, but we watch from above.

Lori joins them.

Both girls wear BIKINI TOPS and JEAN SHORTS.

There's laughing. There's talk about going swimming. A bottle of something is passed around. It's very innocent.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is spotless. Marilyn places the finishing touches. A VASE turned a certain way. A TOWEL draped neatly.

She turns the lights out. Walks to her bedroom.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou sits on the couch. It's pretty small for his big frame. He eats a TV DINNER. Sad bachelor stuff.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Marilyn flips on the light. It's perfectly arranged. The bed perfectly made. But it's empty.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Silence. Darkness.

The CHIRP of CRICKETS far far in the distance.

Lori is in her bed. She can't sleep.

Grammy is in the TWIN BED opposite her. She looks asleep.

Out of the darkness:

GRAMMY

I saw you outside the house today.
Wearing your bathing suit top.

Grammy's voice is biting. A long moment:

LORI

It was hot outside, Grammy.

Silence. Lori is sweating, her anxiety spikes.

LORI (CONT'D)

...And we were thinking about going
swimming.

GRAMMY

You do not dress like that outside.

LORI

But Grammy--

GRAMMY

Especially around boys! You look
like a whore!

LORI

(slow, measured)
No I don't, Grammy.

GRAMMY

Yes you do! A whore!

Leslie swings the door open.

LESLIE

Don't you talk to my sister like
that!

Lori sits up.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Sleep in my room.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bob turns on the VIDEO SURVEILLANCE in preparation for their
first meeting with The Old Man.

He fiddles with the dials.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

A group of FBI AGENTS get settled in to watch the video feed of Lou's apartment.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou comes out of the bathroom, *naked*.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bob, watching the monitors, thinks Lou must be unaware the tape is recording. He STOMPS on the ground to alert him.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou hears the STOMPS on the ceiling. In "confusion" he turns *his bare backside* toward the camera.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The men groan. Laugh.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bob is not amused.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

But Lou is. He walks into the bedroom to get dressed.

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

ORANGE JUICE on the table. Marilyn flips PANCAKES. Grammy sits, staring into the distance.

Lori enters. She doesn't look at her grandmother. Grabs a juice.

Grammy gets up and puts her arms around Lori. Lori cringes. She wants to pull away, but stands there stiffly, her arms plastered to her sides, waiting for Grammy to let go.

GRAMMY

(without feeling)

I'm sorry, Lori. I shouldn't have said those things.

Grammy looks robotically back at Marilyn.

Lori wants to crawl out of her skin.

Marilyn gives the slightest nod to Grammy.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lori falls back on her mattress.

LORI

If everyone in Heaven is like
Grammy, I'll take my chances
staying here.

On Grammy's suitcase, a BIBLE.

Lori stares at it. Then grabs it.

As she flips through, each verse quickens her pulse.

John 15:6 "If anyone does not abide in me he is thrown away like a branch and withers. And the branches are thrown into a fire, and burned."

Revelation 21:8 "The cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the sexually immoral- they will be consigned to the fiery lake of burning sulfur. This is the second death."

As her panic spikes, Lori's eyes land on:

Amos 5:18 "Woe to you who desire the day of the Lord! It is darkness, and not light, as if a man fled from a lion, and a bear met him..."

INT. DINER - LODI, CA - NIGHT

Lori, now a Freshman in high school, sits across from a Senior, JOHN (18), football player, handsome. They drink SODA from GLASS BOTTLES and share a plate of FRIES.

JOHN

You're so cute.

Lori blushes.

LORI

Thanks.

JOHN

I've been thinking... We've been
dating a while.

LORI
A few weeks.

JOHN
A few weeks is a while.

Lori takes a sip of soda.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I think it's time we - you know.

Lori's heart beats faster.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I know you've never... and it would
be your first time, but--

LORI
It'll hurt - ?

JOHN
Only at first. But the pain'll go
away. I'll talk you through it.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

From above, we see Lori. She lies still in John's bed.

John walks around. Puts his SHORTS on. Yawns.

JOHN
Let me get you a towel.

LORI
OK.

We see a SMALL POOL OF BLOOD near Lori on the bed.

John leaves, and returns. But we are focused on Lori.

John throws her a HAND TOWEL. Lori places it over the blood.

John bends down and kisses her forehead.

JOHN
How do you feel?

LORI
Good.

JOHN
Good.

John turns to leave, but Lori reaches for him desperately. She snatches him by the shirt and pulls him close. He topples over her clumsily.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

The Lodi High School Flames. Red and black. Fielding drills. Lori is at third. Sharon at shortstop.

LORI
I like it. Keeps my mind off things.

SHARON
What things?

LORI
I don't know...

SHARON
My mom says I should do it. Learn typing.

LORI
What's the point?

SHARON
Helps you become a secretary.

LORI
I mean if the world's gonna end, what's the--

A BATTER hits a line drive. Sharon hustles.

SHARON
Mine mine mine mine!

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DEALERSHIP - DAY

Lori concentrates on typing at a hulking DESKTOP COMPUTER.

The sky darkens, a storm is brewing.

BEEEEEP. The COMPUTER goes out. Lori looks around, then goes to find her dad...

INT. DEALERSHIP - CONT.

Just as Lori's knuckles are about to strike Lou's office door, he pops out.

He is accompanied by a petite, gray-haired gentleman, JOSEPH BONANNO (73), "The Old Man".

LORI

Hey, Dad?

Lou isn't expecting Lori. There is a flicker of panic, but he smooths it over.

LOU

Ah. I want to introduce you to someone.

Lou's voice sounds different. There's a reverence to it.

LOU (CONT'D)

This is my middle daughter, Lori.

Lori extends her hand to shake, just as her dad taught her.

THE OLD MAN

Hello, Lori. It's nice to meet you.

He is sincere, his Sicilian accent thick and round. He holds her hand in his. Lou cuts it off -

LOU

We have some business to attend to.

It's so abrupt. So unlike Lou.

LORI

Um, but Dad? The computer's--

LOU

Later, Lori.

It's dismissive. Lori watches them exit. A loud CRACK and BOOM of thunder...

INT. LOU'S CAR - CONT.

The sky is gray. Lou and The Old Man climb inside.

LOU

I hope you enjoyed your tour, Mr. Bonanno.

THE OLD MAN

I love a man in his business. A family business, no less.

Lou starts the engine.

INT. DEALERSHIP - CONT.

Lori grabs her purse, car keys. She rushes out.

JACKIE

Honey?

LORI

I have a headache. I'm sorry,
Jackie.

Her dad's car coasts out of the parking lot.

INT. LOU'S CAR - CONT.

Lou eases into sentimentality.

LOU

Forgive me, but... You remind me of
my father. Your mannerisms, a lot
of the things you do...that
Sicilian way.

The Old Man nods, looking out the window.

LOU (CONT'D)

My father, uh - passed away. Just a
few years ago.

Lou's eyes well with tears.

LOU (CONT'D)

In some ways, you're like a second
father to me.

The Old Man is moved.

Lou's mouth goes tight - only for a second.

EXT. LORI'S CAR - CONT.

Lori struggles with the lock as fat clouds roll overhead.

She looks up. The sun breaks through, yellow light fighting
to pull the blackening clouds apart. The sky is opening.

LORI

Shit shit shit.

EXT. ROAD - CONT.

Lori follows Lou's car along the road. She stays just far enough behind to remain undetected.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT / INT. LORI'S CAR - CONT.

The garage door lowers, swallowing Lou's car.

Lori watches. What is this place?

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man takes a look at the modest digs.

THE OLD MAN

I'm sorry to hear about your divorce, Mr. Peters.

LOU

Please, Signore, call me Lou.

Lou almost removes his JACKET, a habit - but remembers the WIRE in time.

LOU (CONT'D)

And thank you. My apologies for the humble furnishings.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Lori creeps to the window on foot. She sees her dad and The Old Man. Her dad serves him a drink. WHISKEY on rocks.

Rain begins to fall.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man does not take a sip.

THE OLD MAN

Who lives upstairs?

Lou's blood runs cold.

LOU

Pardon, Sir?

The rain intensifies.

THE OLD MAN

Upstairs.

LOU

Uh - no one. That I know of. Except
sometimes the landlord stops by.

The Old Man is expressionless.

BOB (O.S.)

(wire)

The Nagra is running out of tape.

Lou steadies himself by pouring himself some whiskey.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Listen carefully. Do not react. The
phone will ring. It will be Jackie.
She's going to ask you to return to
the dealership to sign some papers.
After you hang up, that's what
you'll say. Just like that.

LOU

(whispered)

Just leave him here?

BOB (O.S.)

You have to extract yourself.

The phone RINGS. High pitched. Lou jerks.

LOU

Oh! Who the hell could that be?

He answers.

BOB (O.S.)

(phone)

Hi. This is your secretary, Jackie.
I'm going to need you to head back
to the dealership to sign some
papers. Can you do that Mr. Peters?

LOU

Well I am here entertaining a
guest... Jackie.

BOB (O.S.)

It's of utmost importance.

LOU

Well alright, then. I'll leave now.
Have everything ready for me when I
reach the office. It's imperative
the contract goes out today.

BOB (O.S.)

Yes sir, Mr. Peters.

LOU

Thank you Jackie.

Lou turns to The Old Man.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Lou dashes to his car. He moves right past Lori.

He peels out. Evening falls.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Lori blinks, drenched. The water brings her back. All of a sudden, it feels absurd. The spying, the paranoia. Besides, she'll never catch him now. She shakes it off.

INT. LOU'S CAR - CONT.

Lou speeds in the direction of Lodi.

LOU

(wire)

And just leave him sitting there in
my apartment?! Alone?!

BOB (O.S.)

(wire)

We're not picking up his voice. We
need the Nagra.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man lifts up both ROCKS GLASSES, sniffs them. He unscrews the top of the BOTTLE. Sniffs that too.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees A GIRL, running through lashing rain. He watches her disappear into the grey.

INT. SQUAD CAR - LODI, CA - CONT.

Marc Yates, and CARL LARSEN (37), the FBI technician, sit in the CRUISER parked at a coffee shop off Highway 99.

They wait. It's so quiet you could almost hear them think.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man plods through the apartment. Each footstep heavy.

He bends to inspect the fireplace. Runs his hand along the inside. He's checking for wires.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Hooked up to bulky machines, Bob sits on the edge of his bed. He's glued to the TV screen.

...If anyone in the country knows what a bugged apartment looks like, it's The Old Man.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONT.

Lou jumps into the passenger side.

Carl comes around. Lou unzips his pants to reveal the NAGRA RECORDER, taped to the right side of his groin.

Carl leans over the space between them and carefully replaces the tape and batteries without disturbing the wires.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Bob watches The Old Man look up the chimney. It's life or death.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man stands back up.

He walks to the wall with the FRAMED PAINTING OF THE TIGER. Stops.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONT.

Carl is bent over Lou's crotch.

LOU
 If Lodi PD pulls in for donuts,
 we're going to be in big trouble.

A beat. The three men *burst out* laughing.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - CONT.

The Old Man focuses in on something. He leans closer - closer
 - to the PAINTING.

EXT. LOU'S CAR - CONT.

Lou peels out, speeding back to Stockton.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - CONT.

On the monitor, The Old Man's milky brown eye is level with
 the camera. *He's peering into it.*

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open.

LOU
 Signore!

The Old Man startles.

LOU (CONT'D)
 I am so sorry about my rudeness.
 Business never ends, huh?

The Old Man smiles.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Will you join me for dinner?

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lori, John, and his brother, KURT (17), are playing RECORDS
 in their bedroom after school.

Kurt peels off his VARSITY FOOTBALL PRACTICE JERSEY.

KURT
 Did you bring my report?

Lori goes to her backpack.

She hands Kurt a freshly typed REPORT on nice thick paper. She's very proud of it.

Kurt doesn't even look at it. Just flings it on his desk.

KURT (CONT'D)
I heard you liked to type.

Kurt sits down on the edge of the bed.

KURT (CONT'D)
Hey, come over here.

Lori looks to John, who is at his desk, busying himself.

KURT (CONT'D)
I just wanna talk.

Lori sits.

John swiftly exits. Leaving Lori alone with Kurt.

KURT (CONT'D)
You like going out with my brother?

She cranes her neck for John, but he's gone.

LORI
Yeah...

Kurt walks to the door. Shuts it.

LORI (CONT'D)
What are your parents going to think? Um, with the door closed.

KURT
They're not home.

LORI
What about John?

KURT
Swim team.

Kurt leans in to kiss Lori.

He pushes her down on the bed. Lori springs up.

LORI
What're you doing?

KURT
It's OK!

LORI

No, I - I don't want to do this -
I'm dating *your brother*, Stop-

Lori tries to get off the bed, but Kurt stops her. Using one arm, he holds her down. He uses the other to pull her pants down halfway.

KURT

Don't worry - you'll like it.

He looms large over Lori. She begins to zone out.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou, The Old Man, Jack DiFilippi, and his sons Bill and Joe Jr. eat dinner. Chinese take-out.

Lou is dressed differently. He wears an UNDERSHIRT with a LINEN SUIT JACKET over top. A GOLD CROSS NECKLACE, Santa Maria. His dark wavy hair is combed back.

Lou eats voraciously and speaks with gusto.

GLOSSY BROCHURES featuring a modded-out car, "The Barchetta", laid out on the table.

LOU

It's a safe investment, I wouldn't
bring it to you otherwise. We're up
to our ass in pre-orders. My
accountant can't keep track--

DiFilippi notices Lou is sweating. Lou feels it and wipes his forehead with a NAPKIN.

DIFILIPPI

Hey, Lou. It's hot in here.

LOU

Oh! Pardon me, pardon me. I'll get
some air circulating.

Lou goes to the patio doors. Slides one open.

DIFILIPPI

You're sweating.

LOU

I feel alright!

DIFILIPPI
 (shrugs)
 Take your jacket off.

LOU
 Jack - when I conduct business I
 wear business attire.

DIFILIPPI
 C'mon. You're among friends. No
 business here. Friends. Please.

Pause. Lou thinks.

LOU
 What's the matter, you don't like
 my jacket?

They stare one another down.

LOU (CONT'D)
 My clothing is ugly to you?

DiFilippi starts to laugh.

Lou laughs with him, everyone joins in.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Man asks another man to undress, I
 don't believe it. What happened to
 manners?

DiFilippi's laughter fades. Lou moves toward the kitchen.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Oh! Jack, I have cognac. Barrel
 aged - I almost forgot--

DIFILIPPI
 Lou. Come on. You're gonna offend
 us, here. Take it off.

A beat.

The telephone RINGS.

Lou is still for a moment. He goes to it. Picks it up slowly.

BOB (O.S.)
 (phone)
 Listen carefully. The person on the
 phone right now is a woman you have
 been trying to seduce. And she is
 only available right now.

Bob hangs up. Lou's breath is heavy. But he uses it.

LOU

Wow. Um. That was a woman I've been trying to... She - her husband is away. She said she's at a hotel. I -

The men look at him.

LOU (CONT'D)

I have to go.

An irruption of CHEERS! They APPLAUD him, pats on the back.

JOE JR

Good for you!

Joe Jr smiles for the first time during dinner.

Lou runs around, searching for his BRIEFCASE. The bottle of COGNAC still in hand.

DiFilippi catches Lou's eye, and it freezes Lou on the spot.

DIFILIPPI

(coldly)

Go get 'em. Tiger.

Lou chuckles as he makes for the door. The Old Man stops him.

THE OLD MAN

I'm glad you met my boys. You three are gonna make a lotta money together.

Lou turns to leave. But The Old Man grips him. *Tight*. Lou looks down at his hand. A vice grip.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob removes his EYEGLASSES, rubs his eyes. That was close.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou rushes from the apartment. He is delirious with stress.

He gets in his car. Starts the engine.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kurt puts his shirt on.

KURT

You have to leave. My mom's coming home soon.

Kurt doesn't look at her. Lori pulls up her pants.

INT. LOU'S CAR - NIGHT

Lou brakes at a lonely fork in the road.

He shakes off his jacket. He tosses the wire onto the floorboard. He can't seem to regain his balance.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Lori, dazed, steps out onto the sidewalk. The street lamps are glowing.

EXT. THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lou pulls into his driveway. Then quickly backs out.

What was he thinking coming here? He parks across the street.

He gets out. He stays on foot. Just moving, moving.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Lori starts to run. Her fear mounting, rising along with her breath. Quick inhales, quick exhales.

Running, running. For her life.

Suddenly, she bumps into:

LORI

Dad!!!

LOU

Sweetie!

She throws her whole weight onto him. Clings.

LOU (CONT'D)

Why're you?

LORI

What are you doing here?

She frantically scans his new clothes and appearance.

LORI (CONT'D)
 (rashly)
 Dad - you don't - why do you - ?!
 Why are you wearing this?

Lori pulls at her dad's UNDERSHIRT, his religious PENDANT.

LORI (CONT'D)
 Why is your hair like that?

She breaks down.

LORI (CONT'D)
 I don't like it! I don't *like it!*

LOU
 It's OK. It's OK. I'm here.

They hold one another.

LOU (CONT'D)
 It's OK.

They hang on tight.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Shh shh shh -sweetheart, it's -

SUPER: "It might mean the sky was about to open up in preparation for judgment."

EXT. RODEO - CLEMENTS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Crowds GASP as a COWBOY does his best to stay on the back of a BUCKING BRONCO.

Lori, Sharon, and another girl, KATHY, all now sixteen, hold BEERS. They are all a bit intoxicated.

Lori leans over to Sharon.

LORI
 I'm getting another.

EXT. RODEO - DAY

Lori takes a moment outside the stands. The DIN of the ARENA pulses behind her.

She's alone. She looks around at the FIELDS, which begin to vibrate in her mind. They're not real, nothing can be real.

She looks up to the sky, arms outstretched. A direct confrontation:

LORI
God!

Desperately wanting it all to end- the fear, the waiting.

LORI (CONT'D)
I'm here! I'm right here! Come get me, you son of a bitch!

Nothing. Heaven is deaf to her cries.

EXT. RODEO - DUSK

Lori walks back to the stands, deflated, numb. Kathy hands her another BEER.

KATHY
Roadies!

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Lori's car kicks up dust in the early evening light.

INT. LORI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lori drives as Kathy and Sharon chatter away.

FLASHING LIGHTS and A POLICE SIREN erupt.

LORI
Shit! Why is he pulling me over?

Kathy, in the back, manically shoves BEER BOTTLES under the seat. Lori rolls the window down as the OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER
What have we been up to this afternoon, ladies?

LORI
We just drove back from the Clements Stampede.

OFFICER
Are you aware that there isn't a license plate on the back of your vehicle?

LORI
Oh -

KATHY
Lori!

LORI
My license plate was stolen.

OFFICER
License and registration please.

Lori digs through her pockets.

LORI
I, uh- I can't find my- I don't
have my license.

She tries her PURSE. As she does, she knocks over a BEER
BOTTLE. It RATTLES, knocking into a bevy of others...

OFFICER
Everyone step out of the vehicle.

LORI
(Teary)
I'm sorry!

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The officer cuffs Kathy, Sharon, and Lori.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Lou answers.

LOU
Yeah?

BOB (O.S.)
Bonanno knows there's a rat in the
organization.

Lou goes blank.

LOU
Do they think it's me?

BOB (O.S.)
Keep your head on a swivel, Lou.
And look out. You're about to get a
call from your wife.

The line goes dead.

LOU

What-?

The phone RINGS again. It's his wife. She sounds frantic.

LOU (CONT'D)

Marilyn?

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Lori, Kathy and Sharon all sit miserably. One by one, they are picked up by their parents.

When Lou arrives, he shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Lori waits nervously to be called. The JUDGE, looking over his thick framed GLASSES, reads from the docket, bored. Marilyn watches coolly from the VIEWING GALLERY.

JUDGE

Miss Peters, for the misdemeanor offenses of operating a motor vehicle without a license, and failing to fasten a license plate on a vehicle in use, the court sentences you to agricultural reform work at Spencer Family Farm, supervised by the San Joaquin department of Juvenile Corrections. And I suggest you count your lucky stars that I didn't decide to sentence you for the open container, seen in the vehicle. Hopefully this will not be the beginning of a...pattern.

EXT. CORRECTIONAL POLICE FACILITY - DAY

Marilyn drives Lori up to the bus. A long line of MALE INMATES cuffed together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lou is fuming.

LOU
She said there were murderers on
that bus with her! Murderers, Mare!

MARILYN
When are you coming home, Lou?

Lori listens from the hallway.

LOU
I've gotta call Marc about this.
I'll call his superiors!

MARILYN
I can't do this forever.

LOU
It's not gonna be forever.

MARILYN
Look how Lori is without you.

Lou feels a pang of guilt.

LOU
I'm going to Miami tomorrow. With
Jack and with Bill to pitch the
Barchetta deal to the big guys.

Marilyn's face is blank.

MARILYN
She really is just like you.
(beat)
You two get something in your head
and you just can't let it go.

INT. CAR - DAY

Airport bound. In the back seat, Bob tests the surveillance.
He quietly works a wire through Lou's jacket.

LOU
Are you ready?

BOB
Me? I'm just your follow.

LOU
How can you be a fed with no sense
of adventure?

BOB
Order and rigor are the pillars of
success.

LOU
Maybe we should trade places.

Bob smiles. There's a tenderness growing between them.

BOB
Nah. I'd never be able to sell a
car.

INT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - DAY

Lou, DiFilippi and Bill stand in line at the boarding area.

Bob watches from a distance. He flips through a NEWSPAPER. A
SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE obscure Bob's view.

When they pass, Lou, DiFilippi and Bill are gone.

Bob looks around. He stands up. They've vanished.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bob has a thousand yard stare. He drinks a WHISKEY. Cigarette
smoke pillows around him.

At the head of the plane, three empty seats.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

Bob deplanes. No Lou, no DiFilippi, no Bill.

INT. BAR - MIAMI HOTEL - NIGHT

It's been hours. Bob sits behind EMPTY GLASSES.

Something catches his eye.

DiFilippi, Bill, and Lou walk past the bar. Lou glances at
Bob. He tightens his mouth the tiniest bit. Eyes back ahead.

EXT. MIAMI HOTEL - NIGHT

Lou's eyes dart around. Both Lou and Bob are jumpy.

BOB
What the hell was that?

LOU
We switched gates at the last second. They know they're being watched, they wanted to shake the tail.

Bob's head goes into his hands, distraught.

LOU (CONT'D)
No. They don't suspect me.

BOB
You better be god damned sure about that, Lou. These people are not your friends. They are killers.

LOU
You don't think I know that? I understand these guys, I've figured out how their heads work -

BOB
Lou, as a friend, you need to hear me. You're in too deep.

Lou blazes on.

LOU
I have a meeting tonight. The three of us are meeting their investor down at the wharf.

BOB
The wharf?

LOU
It's where they feel safe.

BOB
Say to hell with the case, Lou!

LOU
We've got these guys, Bob. We're close!

BOB
Gangsters? Informants? Boats? Does this not sound familiar to you?

...

BOB (CONT'D)
You'll be you on your own. No
backup.

LOU
Trust me.

Bob sighs and shakes his head. Walking away:

BOB
Hero.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lou enters. For all his bravado, his hands are shaking.

He checks the room for MICROPHONES, CAMERAS...

He drags the DESK CHAIR to the door and jams it under the handle. He barricades the window with the DRESSER.

He flops onto the bed with his clothes on.

INT. BLACK CAR - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

Lou rides in back. The driver makes wide turns around the Marina.

Lou looks out at the water, fighting a wave of nausea.

It's as black as ink. Choppy, licking the shore.

EXT. MARINA - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

The BLACK CAR pulls away. Lou looks petrified.

It's painfully quiet.

Lou stares down a long concrete stretch, a long dock, and a wooden gangplank. A YACHT glows in the distance.

Bill, DiFilippi, and A MAN IN A WHITE SUIT wait at the end of the dock. They turn to face Lou.

Lou steadies his breath... then puts on a flashy smile. And walks.

INT. CAR / EXT. WHARF - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

Bob watches through a very long CAMERA LENS.

Bill, DiFilippi, and their investor greet Lou.

They all file up a gangplank and onto the YACHT.

Lou is animated, laughing.

They enter the boat's cabin and Bob loses sight of them.

Bob lowers the camera and watches as the lights in the cabin go dark. Stillness.

Then: POP! POP!

No.

Bob looks over his shoulder.

A group of teenagers is shooting off FIREWORKS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lou and Bob listen to the tape.

BOB
This is amazing stuff.

LOU
We can use this!

Bob sits. Thinks.

BOB
Maybe.

LOU
What do you mean "maybe"? It's a direct implication of fraud!

BOB
On the part of Bill. But it still doesn't touch The Old Man.

Bob can't look at Lou.

BOB (CONT'D)
My higher-ups are getting frustrated.

LOU
No.

BOB
We haven't collected anything we
can use.

LOU
No.

BOB
I'm working real hard to keep you
on this case, but...

LOU
Bob?

BOB
Things are getting too dangerous.
And the reality is you're not a
trained operative.

LOU
I'm up to my neck in this! I've
come too far. They trust me.

BOB
We won't let you fall. We'll
extract you, we just need time.

LOU
You don't have time to let me take
down Bonnano, but you have all the
time in the world to let me swim
with the sharks.

Lou massages his forehead.

LOU (CONT'D)
I just need another month. Just -
give me one more month.

SUPER: "Hey, can you give me directions to the mall?"

INT. MERVYN'S DEPARTMENT STORE - LODI, CA - DAY

Everything is shiny. Sparkling white tile.

Lou looks dejected. Dark circles. His hair is graying.

LORI
Dad?

Lori's wearing a smart outfit and a NAME TAG.

LOU
Woah! Look at you!

LORI
I work here.

LOU
I know *that*. I'm here to see you!
I'm not just -

Lou holds up a WOMAN'S SHIRT.

LOU (CONT'D)
Although, this is - I think I could
pull this off. What do you think?

LORI
(humoring her dad)
You could pull it off.

LOU
Listen, uh. What're your plans for
the night?

LORI
Plans? Um, I'll probably just go
home.

LOU
How 'bout I take you on a date?

Lori is lost for words.

LOU (CONT'D)
Well?

LORI
Yeah! Yeah. That'd be -

LOU
I'll pick you up at six.

Lori throws her arms around her dad, hugging him tight.

INT. THE PETERS' HOME - EVENING

The doorbell DINGS.

Lori, dressed for her "date", swings open the door.

Lou is dressed to the nines. He presents her with a BOUQUET
OF FLOWERS. It's a grand gesture.

LORI
Playing this to the hilt, huh?

He reaches for her hand.

LOU
May I?

He leads her to his car and opens the door.

INT. BLACK ANGUS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Lori and Lou sit across from one another at a round booth.
Red velvet walls. Gold accents on everything.

THE WAITERS glide effortlessly in starched serving attire.
Bow ties. White gloves. JAZZ MUSIC plays.

Lou orders.

LOU
Steak and lobster.

LORI
I'll have the same.

LOU
And a bourbon water. No ice.

LORI
I'll have the same.

Lou shoots her a look.

LORI (CONT'D)
Make it a Diet Coke.

WAITER
Coming right up, Sir.

As he takes the MENU from Lori:

WAITER (CONT'D)
Madame.

Off he goes.

LOU
I really miss you girls.

LORI
Come home.

LOU

Soon.

He takes a breath. Takes her in.

LOU (CONT'D)

I hear you're in danger of not
graduating.

Lori's cheeks burn red.

LORI

I'm sorry.

LOU

Just tell me. What's going on?

Lori shrugs.

LORI

Stuff.

LOU

Like what?

LORI

I can't concentrate.

Lou searches her eyes for the meaning of it all.

LORI (CONT'D)

I get scared. I get dizzy. I panic
sometimes.

LOU

Do you talk to your mother about
this?

Lori shakes her head 'no'. Lou looks at her for a long time.

LOU (CONT'D)

Do you want to graduate?

Lori nods, ashamed.

LOU (CONT'D)

Then you have to recommit.

Lori hangs on her dad's every syllable.

LOU (CONT'D)

You're a smart girl. You can hang
on. There's an end here. You just
have to reach it.

Lori tears up. Lou too. But only for the blink of an eye. The music turns from JAZZ to BIG BAND. Brassy, swinging, upbeat.

Lou pulls Lori's hand.

LOU (CONT'D)
Dance with me.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

They laugh as they take over the dance floor. Lou moves recklessly, twirling his daughter. She teaches him a few moves that he then copies.

Lou begins to feel ill. Clammy. His head spinning. He sees Bob Anderson watching from the balcony.

LOU
Hey, I'm gonna take a break. You keep dancing!

Lori grabs onto his sleeve.

LOU (CONT'D)
No, no - I'm going upstairs, I'll watch you have fun.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Lori continues to dance.

Lou walks up the stairs to the balcony. He stands an arms length away from Bob, leaning on the bannister.

Lori watches from below.

INT. BEDROOM - LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou lays in his bed, staring up at the ceiling.

It's quiet.

He hears footsteps upstairs. He listens. Bob's girlfriend, JUDY, lets out a small YELP.

INT. BEDROOM - BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Bob and Judy are in bed, getting frisky.

Bob's arm reaches out from the covers to answer.

LOU
 (phone)
Hi Bob.

 BOB
 (phone)
Do you need something?

 LOU
 (phone)
No.

Bob hangs up.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lori is in bed. She can't sleep either.

INT. BEDROOM - BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone again. Bob grabs it, frustrated.

 LOU
 (phone)
...Just wanted to say Hi.

Bob slams the receiver. Judy sits up. The mood is spoiled. Still, he can't help but chuckle.

INT. BEDROOM - LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou stares at the ceiling. Forlorn.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lori also stares at the ceiling. Forlorn.

EXT. LODI HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

It's high school graduation!

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE. Black ROBES. HATS fly into the air.

EXT. LODI HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Lori, in front of the BLEACHER SEATS, ascending to the sky.

Her hair has gone from the sheet-like style of the 70s, to the edgier, layered cut of the 80s. Wispy blonde bangs.

She poses for a photo with her dad. Lou wraps his arm around her. She holds her DIPLOMA. Her smile says "I made it! By the skin of my teeth, but I made it!"

Once the photo is snapped, Lou kisses her forehead.

Marilyn hands Lou the CAMERA, and they switch.

In the split second where they exchange, THREE MEN IN SUITS can be seen behind the Peters' family.

Marilyn hits her pose. It's formal. Both women are stiff.

INT. BATHROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori vomits. She washes her mouth and applies LIPSTICK.

LORI

Mom?

No one answers. The house is empty. Lori's world is shrinking.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lori gets into her car. She sets a few PAPERS and things on the seat. Her breath quickens.

INT. LORI'S CAR - DAY

The day is bright. Endless blue. Trees glitter in the sun.

A Stockton Community College PARKING PASS hangs from the dash.

Lori smiles vaguely. She looks in the side mirror at herself, trying. She's trying to look normal. Feel normal. Be normal.

The stretch of road turns from lush suburb to rural. A wide expanse. Open farmland for miles.

The spotless California landscape begins to look fake. Hallucinated.

Lori's vision clouds. A terrible headache comes on.

A SIGN for Stockton Community College. She zooms toward it.

But she suddenly looks so unwell...

Lori whips the car around. Heads back the opposite direction.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori is on the floor. Limp.

Marilyn tip toes in.

MARILYN
Back from school already?

LORI
Yeah. My head hurts.

Lori doesn't move.

MARILYN
Are you going out with Kathy
tonight?

LORI
No. I don't think so.

MARILYN
Alright. She called.

LORI
OK mom.

MARILYN
When was the last time you left the
house?

LORI
Today, mom.

MARILYN
For longer than an hour?

LORI
I'm tired.

MARILYN
OK.

Marilyn exits cautiously. She turns off the light, leaving
Lori in the dark. Shuts the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lori scribbles out every mention of "SCHOOL" on the WALL CALENDAR. She puts one "X" through today's date.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou's home after a long day. He flips his shoes off, yanks his tie. He takes some ASPIRIN.

BOB
I have good news.

Lou jumps. He didn't expect Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)
The boys: Joe Junior, and Bill,
they're being charged. Defrauding
the IRS.
(beat)
They're going away.

LOU
Huh.

BOB
You were a major piece of this.

LOU
But the big guy...

Bob sighs. This is tough. Lou senses what's coming.

LOU (CONT'D)
Bob, don't do this, don't pull the
plug.

BOB
It's time. I'm sorry.
(beat)
The investigation's been closed.

Lou hits the table with his fist.

BOB (CONT'D)
You gave us everything. You did
more than anybody ever would have.

LOU
And nothing to show.

BOB
 I begged, Lou! But it's not up to
 me! Washington closed the case.
 It's costly. They lost interest.

Lou looks around at the apartment. What was it for?

BOB (CONT'D)
 We're working on ideas to extract
 you. I read your medical history, I
 saw two previous heart attacks. I
 say we stage another, make it very
 realistic.

LOU
 Maybe you won't have to stage it.
 I'm close enough as it is.

BOB
 You'll be free from all the stress.

Bob puts a hand on Lou's shoulder. Squeezes it.

BOB (CONT'D)
 You can go back to your real life.

Lou's stomach tightens.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Or we could give you a grand jury
 subpoena. Tell them the heat is too
 much, you have to be safe.

LOU
 Spooked by the feds. If that isn't
 ironic.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

SUITCASES are packed. Marilyn slips on some HIGH HEELS. She's
 in a good mood.

MARILYN
 I'm glad we're taking a break.

LOU
 You deserve it. Mountain air. It's
 been too long.

Lou means it. But he's a little antsy.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - EVENING

Lou and Marilyn sit at the gate. Everyone's dressed up. It's a festive mood.

STEWARDESS

Flight 9925 for Geneva, Switzerland is set to board in the next fifteen minutes. Please see a gate agent if you need additional assistance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

The TELEVISION is on, but Lori is not watching. She's a little comatose. She smokes a CIGARETTE. The telephone RINGS.

LORI

Peters' residence. This is Lori.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR

I'm afraid your sister Leslie has been in a car accident. It's nothing serious, but someone from your family needs to come down to Lodi Community.

LORI

Of course. Of course. Is she--?

HOSPITAL OPERATOR

She's okay, so please don't rush. Okay, sweetie?

Lori, in shock, hangs up. She looks around the empty house.

EXT. TARMAC - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

Lou and Marilyn walk out on the tarmac to board their flight. The wind blows their hair sideways. It's glamorous.

EXT. LORI'S CAR - LODI, CA - NIGHT

Lori pulls out onto a dark road. She is driving carefully. White knuckles.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Lou and Marilyn settle in to first class. They are served CHAMPAGNE.

EXT. LORI'S CAR - NIGHT

Lori stops at a RED LIGHT. The air is still. The night is quiet. Lori begins to panic.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

From above we see Lori's car at the four-way intersection. No other vehicles in sight. The light turns green.

She takes her foot off the brake and at that moment, *she sees a lit CHURCH SIGN "The End Is Near"*.

She pushes through the intersection.

As her eyes dart back to the road, she hears a HORN BLARE and sees a CAR *careening towards her*. There's no time to react.

They collide.

Lori's car blasts like a billiards ball towards a LAMPPOST. Smoke billows from the engine.

INT. LORI'S CAR - CONT.

Lori is dislodged from her seat, the top of her skull is smashed up against the CRACKED WINDSHIELD, her right knee wedged against the steering column.

VOICES from outside the car:

VOICE
Jesus Christ! Are you alright?

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Lou and Marilyn sink happily into their seats.

They close their eyes. They take off.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT - TRANCE STATE

Everything is refracted, prismatic. A door opens. A PRIEST walks in. He speaks to Lori, but we can't understand what he's saying.

Lori's mouth is covered by an anesthetic inhalant MASK. Her eyes are horror struck, bloodshot.

His babbling continues. His face distorts and balloons to cartoonish proportions. His mouth consumes everything. God is coming. The end *is* near.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

A STEWARDESS taps Lou on the shoulder.

STEWARDESS

Sorry to wake you, Sir. You have a message from the captain.

Lou blinks. She hands him a note. He unfolds it.

"Your daughter's have been in separate car accidents. They are both at Lodi Community Hospital. One is in the ICU."

Lou's mouth goes dry. Separate? Is this... retaliation? Are the Bonnano's involved?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Lori wakes. The fluorescent lights blind. A voice echoes.

MARC

Lori. Lori.

She groans. The voice resolves into a familiar cadence.

MARC (CONT'D)

Hi Lori. How are you feeling?

LORI

I'm okay.

She hears her own voice.

MARC

How can I reach your parents? Do you know where Lisa is?

Lori stares at the MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

LORI

Lisa, Um. Lisa is... at a... sleepover. At a friend's house. Mom and dad are flying to Ssswitzerland.

She thinks for a second, clarity returns to her.

LORI (CONT'D)

Oh! There's a note! On the refrigerator, with the information.

MARC

Okay. You just get better, okay?

LORI

How- how's Les?

MARC

She's... She just left the ER. She's in her own room. Don't worry. Just rest.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A frantic Lou and Marilyn rush in.

Lori is banged up, but their expressions turn to relief.

Lou puts a hand on her cheek.

LORI

Is Les still here?

MARILYN

Yes.

LORI

They won't take me to her. I wanna see her.

There's some hesitation.

MARILYN

Les had to have surgery. She isn't awake yet.

LOU

You wanna go, we'll go.

Marilyn protests, but Lou shuts it down.

LOU (CONT'D)

It's OK. She wants to see her, she can see her.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - HOSPITAL - DAY

Lou wheels Lori down the hall. When they round the corner into Leslie's room...

LORI
Where's Les?

Lou gestures to the woman in the bed before them.

She's unrecognizable. Blue swollen face, every inch bruised and covered in third-degree burns. BANDAGES and CASTS. She's hooked up to multiple PURRING and WHIRRING MACHINES.

It's brutal. Lori begins to cry.

MARILYN
That's Les honey, she's just
swollen.

A fog descends on Lori. She shakes uncontrollably.

LORI
Take me back to my room. Please!

Lori thrashes, tries to get out of her WHEELCHAIR.

LORI (V.O.)
Don't take my sister, God - don't
take her!

Her parents grab her. Calm her. Get her back in her chair.

LORI (V.O.)
I'm the bad one. I'm the one who
doesn't want to go with you...

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DEALERSHIP - DAY

The blinds are closed. Lou looks glum. Bob across from him.

LOU
Might as well get this over with.

They sit for a moment in the quiet.

Lou dials.

LOU (CONT'D)
Hello? Mr. Bonanno? This is Lou
Peters.

THE OLD MAN (O.S.)
Lou, my friend, hello.

LOU
How are ya, Signore?

THE OLD MAN
My wife isn't feeling too well.

LOU
Oh no. Give my love to Faye.

THE OLD MAN
Is this about anything... in particular?

LOU
Um. Yes. I've... I've been -

The Old Man hangs up. They sit in silence.

RING RING. RING RING.

LOU (CONT'D)
The office of Lou Peters.

THE OLD MAN
I'm on a pay phone. Those dopes at the FBI love eavesdropping on me. Like little schoolgirls.

Lou clears his throat.

LOU
Well, I'm sorry to bother you. But this morning I was - uh - served with a subpoena.

THE OLD MAN
Ahhhh.

LOU
It's for the twenty-second of February. The US District Court Grand Jury. ...Craig A. Starr?

THE OLD MAN
Oh, him...

LOU
Who?

THE OLD MAN
The guy who sent the boys to San Quentin.

LOU
That's the son of a bitch?

THE OLD MAN

Mmm.

LOU

I mean, they're going to have to ask me some things, and I don't, I've never been in this situation before, so--

THE OLD MAN

I'm retired. I don't know what they want with me.

LOU

Right! I know...!

THE OLD MAN

And that visit you paid me in Tucson, that was strictly personal. Purely social.

LOU

We didn't discuss anything. We're just friends.

A pause. Lou picks up the slack.

LOU (CONT'D)

Your wife was there, we talked about history, you know, nothing - but the thing I'm concerned with is that transaction with Bill -

THE OLD MAN

Don't mention the boys name.

LOU

The... tall one.

(hushed)

What should I do if they want those records?

THE OLD MAN

The records?

LOU

Yes.

THE OLD MAN

You have *records* there?

LOU

Yes.

THE OLD MAN
...What do they say.

LOU
They say that nine thousand seven
hundred dollars was turned over in
cash for the sale of a Cadillac.

THE OLD MAN
I never knew this.

A beat.

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Can the records be taken out?

Bob sits up straight in his seat. Stares at Lou.

LOU
Sure.

THE OLD MAN
Play it safe.

Bob energetically gestures: "Keep going, keep going!"

LOU
You want me to pull the records and
burn them?

THE OLD MAN
Sure. That's right.

Bob stands up from his chair! His arms raised above his head.

LOU
This is all new to me. That's why I
called.

THE OLD MAN
That thing is very dangerous.

LOU
That's why I called! I'll do
exactly what you want me to do.
That'll make me part of the family,
won't it?

THE OLD MAN
Of course. Pull out the paper from
the Cadillac and destroy it. Not in
your house.

LOU
I'll just eat it.

They both laugh.

THE OLD MAN
Okay. So there is nothing there.
You did it right.

LOU
Okay. Okay. I did it.

The Old Man breathes on the other end of the line.

LOU (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Signore. My love to Faye.

THE OLD MAN
Goodbye.

He places the receiver back down. Bob laughs, awestruck.

BOB
You did it!!

LOU
I did it?

BOB
You- you-

LOU
I did it!!

BOB
We got him!

LOU
We got him!

BOB
You got him!

LOU
I got him!

They jump up and down like kids and scream their heads off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

The TV is on. The lights are low. Lori sits on the edge of the couch, her leg in a CAST. Her face is BANDAGED.

Marilyn wheels Leslie in to watch TV with Lori. Les's injuries are extensive - a long road ahead.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Everything is packed up in boxes.

Lou and Bob look out the patio window. They smoke CIGARS.

BOB

We rented you a beach house in La Jolla.

Lou cracks a smile.

LOU

I'm not doing witness protection. I need to be with my family.

BOB

You need to be safe *for* your family. The Bureau got a tip. There's a hit on you. Some Vegas contractor.

Lou freezes.

LOU

(reluctantly)
Just until the trial.

BOB

After too.

Lou shakes his head, ashes his cigar.

LOU

I need to be with my girls. They've been through enough.

Lou looks around, sighs.

LOU (CONT'D)

I'm really gonna miss this place.

BOB

No you're not.

LOU

No I'm not.

They laugh.

BOB
Thank you, Lou.

LOU
(tongue-in-cheek)
I'm a patriot, Bob. Don't mention
it.

INT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY

Bob and another SPECIAL AGENT stand a few yards from baggage claim. Bob is restless as the crowd thins, little by little, with no sign of Lou.

BOB
I don't see him. ...Fuck.

A big man in TRADITIONAL ARAB DRESS steps closer with his LUGGAGE.

He takes off his SUNGLASSES and winks at Bob. *It's Lou.*

The OTHER AGENT cracks into laughter.

BOB (CONT'D)
Damn it, Lou - I gave you one
instruction, one instruction.

LOU
Draw no attention!

Bob leads the way to the idling government car.

BOB
(lighthearted)
You've taken years off my life.
Years.

INT. COURT ROOM - SAN JOSE, CA - DAY

Lou is on the stand. He is poised. Confident. ALBERT KRIEGER (55), the mafia's go-to defense attorney, tries to break him.

ALBERT KRIEGER
You lied to Mr. Bonanno, didn't
you?

Lou leans into the MICROPHONE.

LOU
Yes, I lied. I lied very well. And
that's why I'm alive today.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

HONORABLE JUDGE INGRAM hands down his decision.

JUDGE INGRAM

The evidence and testimony of Louis E. Peters leaves no doubt as to the guilt of both Jack DiFilippi and Joseph Bonanno Sr...

Bob looks to Lou.

BOB

(mouths)

We got him.

INT. HALLWAY / EXT. COURTHOUSE - DUSK

Lou takes a sip from the DRINKING FOUNTAIN. Bob waits.

They make their way down the courthouse steps. Lou stalls. They stand under a TREE. The leaves twisting magnificently.

LOU

Obstruction? That's all?

BOB

His *first* felony conviction in a sixty-year life of crime.

LOU

I want something heavier.

Bob pats his back.

BOB

No what-ifs, Lou. We got Joe Bonanno. Head of one of New York's five families, right here... in Lodi.

EXT. LAWN - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori stands, looking down. Her blonde hair lifting up with the soft breeze.

LORI

Hey, Dad.

LOU

Hey, kid.

LORI
What're you doing out here?

Lou is flat on his back, on the bright green lawn, staring into the sun. He makes it seem very casual.

LOU
Oh... just looking at the sky.

A beat.

LOU (CONT'D)
Wanna give me a hand?

Lori helps him up. He's unsteady on his feet.

As he gets to the entryway, he collapses. He begins to seize.

LORI
Mom! Lisa!

They come running. Lori dials 9-1-1.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LODI, CA - DAY

Lou is propped up by pillows, Marilyn at his side.

Lori, Lisa, and Leslie gather at the foot of the bed.

LORI
What's the matter?

Lou smiles uneasily.

LOU
This is going to be difficult to say, and difficult to hear...

They nod, waiting anxiously.

LOU (CONT'D)
I have a tumor in my brain.

We focus on Lori. Her vision starts to muddy.

LOU (CONT'D)
And it's serious. I've been told...
I have six months to live.

Lori starts to cry.

Marilyn speaks evenly.

MARILYN

Lori, you need to leave the room.
Come back once you've calmed down.

A sense of un-reality descends on Lori. Seeing Lori this way, Lou holds back his own tears.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - DAY

She walks quickly down a hallway, passing room after room, DOCTORS and NURSES in a blur. She gets to an INFO DESK.

LORI

Is there a chapel?

A NURSE points, Lori follows.

INT. CHAPEL - HOSPITAL - DAY

Lori steps into the small chapel and locks the door.

LORI

(anguished tears)
God, you know I don't like you, and
I don't want to believe... But
don't let my dad die! I'll do
anything! Please!

INT. CHURCH - LODI, CA - DAY

A different chapel. First Methodist Church.

A toss of FLOWER PETALS like confetti.

Marilyn wears a rose pink GOWN.

Marc Yates walks her down the aisle.

At the altar, is Lou. He looks proud.

Standing to his left is his best man, Bob Anderson.

Lori, Lisa, and Leslie (in a wheelchair). They hold BOUQUETS.

Lori looks stronger, and so beautiful - her hair cascading down in lively curls just past her collar bones.

MINISTER

We've gathered here today to
witness the re-marriage of Louis
and Marilyn Peters.

Lori beams.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

Lou is gaunt, pale. He's hooked up to AUDIO, giving an interview for the FBI database.

We see the recording first, then pull out to reveal Lou Peters himself, giving the recording. Verbatim transcript:

LOU

I would come up with some really wild ideas because I wanted to nail the Bonannos. The FBI was always very protective of me, making sure that my safety was number one on their list. The agents I met were pleased to work with me because I was trying to do something that they had been trying to get businessmen to do all over the United States. And there's a time, I believe, when you have to stand up and be counted for. I agree that I probably went to the extreme, but that's my way of life. When I tackle something, I believe in going at it one hundred percent.

Lou takes a breath. It's shaky. He rubs his head.

LOU (CONT'D)

I would hope that businessmen across the country would stand up. And if these animals come to their town, that they would at least call the FBI to let them know they're there. They may be nervous. They may be scared, but not half as nervous or half as scared as if these people actually did get into their community and took control over the city hall and took control over the police department. They'd have more problems than they could ever dream existed if they didn't stand up to do what's right.

We pull out further to see Bob watching the interview.

LOU (CONT'D)

All the time and all the waiting
and all the effort was certainly
worth it. I was very proud of what
I did for my country.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SOUND TECHNICIANS work around Lou, removing equipment.

Bob presents a BULLET PROOF VEST, a ribbon tied around it.

LOU

What's this?

BOB

A bullet proof vest.

Lou guffaws.

LOU

That's OK.

BOB

Take it.

LOU

It's OK.

BOB

I'm serious, Lou. Wear it. Anytime
you're out.

Lou is visibly upset.

LOU

I won't be needing it.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori gets Lou comfortable in bed. Raises his legs for him.
She places a WATER on his nightstand, and begins to leave.

LOU

Will you stay with me? Until I fall
asleep?

LORI

Of course.

Lori gets up on the bed. A mirror image of Lou staying up
with young Lori when she couldn't sleep.

They lay there. A blanket of hush over everything.

LOU
Do you like working at the mall?

LORI
No. Not really. I quit.

LOU
You did?

LORI
...I'm not good at anything.

LOU
That's not true. You have to plan
for the future.

LORI
I don't have one.

LOU
A plan? Or a future?

Lori lays in silence.

LOU (CONT'D)
What do you love?

LORI
I don't know yet.

LOU
When you find it, go all in.

LORI
OK, Dad. I will. I promise.

Lou lays in silence. Sleep is on the way.

SUPER: "This is not how I want to live the time I have left,
I thought."

INT. GYM - DAY

Lori and Leslie are the only women around. Men everywhere.

Leslie is in her WHEELCHAIR. She curls light DUMBBELLS.

Lori is on the BENCH PRESS, her eyes welling with tears,
giving a half effort.

In her line of vision, she catches a FLYER on the wall. On it, a man and a woman - both boldly muscular. "Bay Area Bodybuilding Championships".

Lori sets her BARBELL in the rack. Sits up.

INT. GARAGE - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lou shuffles around the garage in his worn-in BIRKENSTOCKS.

He sorts through ARTICLES, PAPERS, DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS.

LORI
What're you doing, Dad?

LOU
Just, working on my book.

LORI
Your book?

LOU
We could do it together.

LORI
Let's get you to bed. OK?

Lou allows her to lead him out of the garage.

LOU (O.S.)
My work as a concerned citizen,
Lor. My tour in Korea, General
Motors, my childhood in Maine.

Lori tears up.

LORI
OK Dad, I'm going to organize it
for you.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Lori sorts through her dad's stuff.

She sees the *Lodi News* and averts her eyes, out of habit all these years. She takes a shallow breath and faces it.

The headline: "Dealership Owner Lou Peters Takes Down The Mob." "Lodi Man Works As Informant for the FBI, Catches Joe Bonanno." "The End of the Reign of the Five Families, Is the Mob Era Over?" "Peters Talks Going Undercover" ...

She's in awe. Then, Lou's voice from the bedroom:

LOU (O.S.)
I decided on a title. "Honor Thy
Country".

Just then she sees a HARDCOVER BOOK, "Honor Thy Father: a book on Joe Bonanno" by Gay Talese.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lou is resting. Lori climbs onto the bed. Same position as earlier. She waits as he drifts into sleep.

LOU
...Remember how I taught you to
conceal your hand in poker?
Sometimes that's what you need to
do. But it can make you sick.

A beat. Lori cries softly.

INT. HONOR HALL - SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Lou, in a THREE-PIECE SUIT, seated in a WHEELCHAIR, is handed an AWARD: The Meritorious Private Service Award.

Marc is by his side.

LOU
I'm not supposed to get up, but I'm
going to anyway.

He stands, but it's tenuous.

LOU (CONT'D)
This is the highest honor our
Justice Department bestows on a
private citizen, and I am proud to
be the fifth -

He stammers. Loses his groove.

LOU (CONT'D)
The fifth person - to ever -

His knees buckle, Marc guides him back down to his chair.

Pitying glances from the audience and Bureau.

Lori watches them watch her father.

LOU (CONT'D)
 I gave my last healthy years to the
 FBI - I gave up years with my girls
 that I'll never get back --

He's choked up, continues.

LOU (CONT'D)
 And I'd do it again. It was the
 right thing to do.

Lori sets her face in an expression of unwavering pride.

The Bureau begins a ROUND OF APPLAUSE.

Marc whispers in Lou's ear:

MARC
 Honorary Federal Agent, buddy.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PETERS' HOME - EARLY

Lori walks to her dad's bedroom with WATER and a PILL BOX.

She hears TWO MUFFLED VOICES. She leans in. The words "soul"
 and "God"... She opens the door.

LORI
 Hey Dad... what're you doing?

TWO MEN sit with Lou, A BIBLE on their knees.

LOU
 Hi, honey. We just need a little
 privacy. Why don't you come back
 later, okay?

Lori is in shock.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lou sits at the kitchen table. Lori makes him breakfast.

She looks over to see his head slumped over his morning
 COFFEE.

In this instant, she knows her father will die.

She drops the pan, rounds the corner.

LORI

But the chemo is working right? The
experimental treatment- is working?

Marilyn's face says it all - "No, I'm sorry, it's not".

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Lori slams the door behind her. Crumples down. She sees the
disorganized beginnings of her father's memoir.

A panic attack.

INT. GYM - DAY

Lori's face bobs in and out of frame, slick with
perspiration, pink with effort. She's working out on a PULL-
UP BAR, heaving herself up and lowering back down again.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lou looks weak, a shell of his former self. Lori straightens
out his bedside - tossing USED CUPS, re-tucking his blanket.

She sees it - a WALL CALENDAR: July. It's empty.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn enters with Bob Anderson.

MARILYN

Oh. You're still here.

Lori rubs her nose on a TISSUE.

LORI

Yeah. I'm not leaving.

Heavy silence. Marilyn and Bob sit.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lori frantically swings the door open.

LORI

My dad's waking up! My dad! Hurry!

TWO NURSES exchange a look and head to the room. Not rushing.

Bob and Marilyn stand near Lou. One NURSE checks vitals.

LORI (CONT'D)
He's - he's - he woke up -

The nurse finds no pulse.

NURSE
Those were the final spontaneous
sounds a body makes.

LORI
A body?

The telephone RINGS.

NURSE
Your dad has passed.

Still, the telephone. Marilyn answers.

MARILYN
Les? Yes honey, he's gone.

Lori stands in shock.

Marilyn leans over Lou and uncharacteristically, weeps.

Another NURSE wheels in a GURNEY.

LORI
I'll come with you -

NURSE
I'm sorry Miss, you can't.

The NURSES prepare Lou's body. Marilyn shuts off her tears and pulls herself together. She holds out a PILL.

MARILYN
Take something, sweetie.

LORI
I'm not going to *take something*.
(to the nurse)
What do you mean I can't? I'm going
with my dad.

NURSE
I'm sorry. Personnel only.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A bright and beautiful day. Acres of pristine, verdant lawn.

A funeral with all the military trimmings: POLICE MOTORCADE, MARINE COLOR GUARD, TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE, and a FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN. Lou would have loved the tribute - but to Lori, it's little consolation.

She heads up the aisle to sit with her family, TRUMPETS BLARING.

When she gets there, the front row is full. Marilyn, two uncles, Leslie, and Lisa.

LORI
Mom, scoot down -

MARILYN
The seats are taken, honey.

Lori looks down the row, then at her mom. Marilyn looks straight ahead. No one seems to notice or care.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Lori takes a seat at the back. Her eyes red. Jackie sees her, sitting alone. She squeezes Lori's shoulder.

Leslie and Lisa rise to throw ROSES in Lou's grave.

Being further back, Lori struggles to work her way through the crowd. She runs. At the last second, she makes it - tosses her ROSE in.

The pall-bearers lower Lou into his final resting place.

His grave stone is revealed. "HONOR THY COUNTRY".

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Before one of Lou's naps. They lay in their twinned position.

LORI
I don't know if I can be strong
without you.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

Lori sprints. There's fear on her face, her old companion. But as she runs, as she pushes herself, it mutates from panic to power.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Lou answers.

LOU

You won't be without me. I'm here.
Right here... always.

INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

Lori bursts onto the stage in her sapphire blue BIKINI.

She squints past the hot stage lights for her mother. She can't spot her.

Lori performs her routine flawlessly, set to the song "Who's That Girl" by the Eurythmics.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

Lori has a huge CELL PHONE tucked under her ear.

LORI

Mom, Hi! Where were you?

MARILYN

Lori, you're so pretty, I don't
know why you want to do this to
yourself. Enter a beauty contest!
Then I'll come.

The anticipation on Lori's face fades.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

Lori is warming up for her final poses. She watches her form in the mirror. Her body has transformed. She *is* strength.

She rounds the corner to grab a TOWEL.

KURT

Lori?

Lori is flooded with terror. It's Kurt. He's wearing a headset.

KURT (CONT'D)

Nice to see you--

Her eyes become steely. She faces him, square shouldered. It's subtle, but it sends a message.

Kurt scans her muscular physique. He swallows.

Lowers his head, and walks away.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

As Lori weaves through the mid-show chaos:

LOU (V.O.)

You have two things that are very precious and valuable... which only you can build or destroy: your name and your reputation.

INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

Blinding light. White, enveloping. Like something from the beyond. THE FINAL FOUR CONTESTANTS stand, hands on hips, big smiles. Lori's eyes shine with tears.

ANNOUNCER

And the runner-up of the 1986 Bodybuilding Championship, Women's Division, Middleweight Group is...

A DRUM ROLL.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

LORI PETERS!

Shock on Lori's face. As a SILVER MEDAL is placed around her neck, she feels her father and his unflappable determination. It now lives inside her.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And today's champion of the 1986 Bay Area Bodybuilding Championship is KIMBERLY...SCOTT!

The crowd goes wild for Kimberly, but it's Lori who feels like the real winner. Her smile is contagious...

INT. CAR - CEMETERY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lori rides in the back seat. They pull away.

INT. POOL - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lori sits at the patio table. In a daze. A few WELL-WISHERS mill about.

WELL WISHER

Can I pray with you?

This snaps Lori into motion.

LORI

No, thank you.

She stands up. She's holding her dad's BIRKENSTOCK SANDALS. She feels like she may vomit. Grief grabs at her chest.

She walks through the house, packed with mourners. The pitying looks and the "I'm-sorry-for-your-losses". They have no idea who Lou was, what his life meant...

She exits through the front door, out onto...

EXT. LAWN - THE PETERS' HOME - CONT. - FLASHBACK

Lori walks out to the middle of the lawn. She stands alone.

She brings Lou's sandals to her chest. Clings to them. The soles touch her face. She doesn't care.

She won't let him be forgotten. Through anger and despair, the words flow. Coming to her as if her dad cleared a path...

LORI

Dad, I will finish the book you started. I don't know when and I don't know how. But the world will not forget you. They will know you like I know you- as the hero you are. I promise.