

LAW & ORDER...and THE MOB

Written by

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*Family...they will be the death of you.*

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FADE IN:

**CAPTION:** All *Depictions, Descriptions, and Dialogue are true.*

**EXT. STATEN ISLAND, NYC - NIGHT**

The triangle intersection of Veterans Road East, Bloomingdale Road, and Lucille Avenue, which dead-ends into the other two. Four tiny wooded areas across from each other are divided by this intersection. Each area has its own bus stop.

*The West Shore Expressway* travels under Bloomingdale Road. There is no pullover lane on its Bloomingdale Overpass, so sitting in the right lane is a 1989 two-door grey *Buick Regal* with engine running. Its exhaust in the cold air is grey.

**CAPTION:** *Staten Island, NYC - February 28, 1989*

**INT. SAME BUICK REGAL - CONTINUOUS**

Sitting in it is an African-American male, 46, 6' 2", 200 lbs, short Afro, kinky mustache, wearing a black suit. He pulls off a .38 in belt holster to put it in the glove box.

**CAPTION:** EVERETT "HATCH" HATCHER, D.E.A. Agent, 17 years. *Spent a month in Staten Island's Arthur Kill prison as "The Colonel" to infiltrate their Italian drug gangs.*

Hatch flips down his visor to look at a group picture of him with his Caucasian wife MARYJANE, 44, and two Caucasian sons, ZACHARY, 3, a curly redhead, and JOSHUA, 9, curly black hair.

A two-tone tan van drives by honking its horn.

Hatch kisses two fingers and touches them to his most prized picture. He flips the visor up and throws his car into gear to speed off after the van. He talks down into his shirt.

HATCH

"We're gonna go meet at a diner  
about two miles from here."

**CAPTION:** *The T-4 voice transmitter taped to his chest fails 50% of the time. It failed the last time.*

**EXT. NEAR SAME INTERSECTION - IMMEDIATELY**

A chocolate-brown 1989 *Dodge Ram* van with a top utility rack holding PVC carry-tubes sits in front of a house on Lucille Avenue. Its headlights turn on and van follows both vehicles.

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. WOLFE'S POND BEACH AT NIGHT - TEN YEARS EARLIER**

A late model four-door drives through the Park's parking lot and down its utility access road directly onto the beach.

**CAPTION:** Wolfe's Pond Park, Staten Island - October 8, 1979

Car parks. FOUR ITALIAN males, 18-20, in jeans and t-shirts, exit all four doors simultaneous. All Four delinquents are gang members of the "Bay Boys" named after the Upper New York Bay area near Tottenville. It is obvious who the leader is.

COSTABILE "GUS" FARACE, 19, 6' 3", 230 lbs, shoulder-length permed hair, think *The Terminator* meets *Vinnie Barbarino*. He has dull lifeless eyes, black eyes, a doll's eyes, a killer's eyes. He smiles most evil.

**CAPTION UNDER:** Costabile Gus Farace, a psychotic bodybuilder feared because of his violent outbursts of steroid anger.

**FADE CAPTION:** A car accident left Gus with one hand that could never fully un-clench so was nicknamed "The Claw."

Gus pops a steroid pill and opens their car's trunk.

Two African-American male teens lay inside with hands tied behind their backs. Their faces are bruised and bleeding.

**CAPTION UNDER:** STEPHEN CHARLES, 17, and THOMAS MOORE, 16

Gus grabs Charles by his shirt lapels and pulls him out.

GUS

You come up to me and ask to suck  
my dick?! Oh, you're gonna get  
what's coming to you, cocksucker!

Gus curls his nerve-deadened "claw" into a fist and punches Charles in the gut doubling-him over. Gus grabs Moore pulling him out to standing.

GUS

And you, dummy's twin, you're gonna  
lose more than just your cherry  
tonight!

Gus punches Moore in the gut doubling him over.

GUS

Find me somethin' to beat 'em with!

His Three Thugs, Robert DeLicio, David Spoto, and Mark Granato, run to pick up four large pieces of white driftwood off the beach then hand Gus his. All Four beat the two teenagers mercilessly who curl up to moan and *sob*.

Gus stands triumphant breathing hard, then unzips his pants.

GUS  
Who's first --ladies?

Gus sodomizes Charles. Like any true rapist, his savagery is about control. Unfortunately, Gus is always *out-of* control.

The second Bay Boy, 19, clean shaven, high-and-tight, stands forcing Moore to his knees, then to give him a blowjob.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Mark Granato, Farace's cousin*

Moore bites down on Granato and escapes to run into the bay *crying* pitiful. He's not that good a swimmer so dog paddles.

GRANATO  
That bastard baby-face bit my dick  
to go driftin' out on the tide!

Gus "finishes" in Charles gurgling like a grotesque. He zips up, then beats Charles in a *roid rage* with his driftwood.

GRANATO  
You just gonna' turn the other  
loose, Gussie --just like that?!

GUS  
You feel like paddlin' after him?!

GRANATO  
Not me!  
(points down)  
These is new shoes.

GUS  
Then turn the headlights on and  
have a turkey shoot if ya wants!

Granato does. He's not a good shot.

GUS  
But even if that guppy don't drown,  
who's he gonna' tell --?

Gus pulls out a .38 revolver and *fires* straight down into Charles's forehead then jams the gun in his belt.

GUS  
Dead-guy not talkin'?

Gus swings his white-washed *Louisville Slugger* like a golf club to cave-in the side of Charles skull. The impact is so great, Gus's bullet, which did not penetrate Charles's forehead, pops up in the air. Gus catches it one-handed.

Watching, is another Bay Boy, 18, also "muscle on muscle."

**CAPTION UNDER:** *David Spoto, Gus' childhood friend*

SPOTO  
Talk about Return to Sender!

GUS  
(kisses, pockets bullet)  
Who's up for pizza?

HIS THREE GOONS  
Yeah! ...You bet! ...Anchovies!

GUS  
Throw this piece a' shit --

Farace hands his blood-covered club to Granato.

GUS  
and our play-toys, into their sea  
a' love.

Farace's Three "Boys" drag Charles corpse into the surf, take last hits, then throw their four driftwoods out in the water.

GUS  
(looks around, grins)  
Hey, "I used to play Pee Wee  
Football here."

**INT. FARACE'S STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Small efficiency with a vintage *Icebox* instead of a refrigerator. Everything suggests lower-class existing.

Gus enters looking like something no cat would drag in.

DIANE (O.S.)  
That you, honey?

GUS  
You expecting Ole' Blue Eyes?!

DIANE ZWIREN, 18, his wife, enters wearing a night-gown.

DIANE

Where have you been so late?

GUS

Fuckin' your mama!

DIANE

Why do you have to talk to me like  
that all the time? We've been  
married less than a year and ...

GUS

"And" if I'd knowed what a cry-baby  
you was, never would have!

DIANE

(begins crying)

Why are you always so mean to me?

GUS

"Mean?!" I'll show you God, Damn,  
mean!

Gus punches Diane in the gut, then rips her nightgown off. He throws her on the floor and unzips his pants.

GUS

"Who's first --ladies?"

**EXT. AERIAL OF STATEN ISLAND PRISON - DAY**

Wide-angle shows a 69-acre rectangular prison where one short end is rounded. This rounded side is merely yards from the Hudson River. It has a full-sized baseball diamond walled inside it. Three Guard Towers cover this end of "The Yard."

1,000 feet away from prison's main entrance on the opposite end, is earlier triangle intersection of Bloomingdale Road and Lucille Avenue. A bus pulls out from its stop there.

**CAPTION:** Arthur Kill Correctional Facility, Staten Island - 1980

**EXT. ARTHUR KILL PRISON YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

630 CONVICTS, all ages and ethnics, walk, sit, and work-out.

In its free-weight area, Gus wears the prison uniform of blue jeans and button-shirt. His hair is now short. He lies on a bench pressing a barbell, then sits up to pull his shirt off to an athletic shirt under. His "claw" left forearm has a scarred valley where the muscle was ripped out.

A tattoo of a rose with *Mom* and *Dad* around it are on his upper left arm. On his right upper arm is a tattoo of a panther. He lies down to lift more.

INMATE, Caucasian, short but ripped, Aryan tattoos all over his arms, stands curling dumb-bells nearby.

INMATE  
Stretch?

GUS  
Seven to twenty-one.

INMATE  
Manslaughter?

GUS  
Weren't no man! More like --  
(stops lifting, *chortles*)  
a fairy piece a' tail.

INMATE  
Speakin' of "tail" --married?

GUS  
You're worse than any Bull  
interrogation.

INMATE  
You got someplace better to be?!

GUS  
(thinks, *nope*)  
Bitch divorced me after my verdict.

Inmate and Gus lift weights in silence, then ...

INMATE  
It true you hit on Sammy "The  
Bull's" wife?

GUS  
"I don't give a fuck!"

INMATE  
He might.

Gus sits up, his biceps pop. He pulls his A-shirt off to wipe his sweat off. He has a butterfly tattoo on his stomach.

GUS  
"I, don't."

Gus sees an altercation between a TALLER INMATE and JOHNNY PETRUCELLI, same age but shorter than Gus and better looking. Taller Inmate is threatening Petrucelli with a dumb-bell.

Gus rushes over and pulls the dumb-bell away to begin beating Taller Inmate with it.

GUS

Like that, tough guy, huh?! Try beatin' on me, ya' lump a' shit!

Gus turns Taller Inmate's face into hamburger. TWO GUARDS rush over to pull Gus off, then submit him face-down. Two Guards hand-cuff Gus behind and drag him away fighting.

PETRUCELLI

Thanks! --Whoever you are?

Sitting watching all is soon-to-be Bonanno Mob Boss, GERARD "JERRY" CHILLI, 40s, Italian, over-weight, short wavy hair, clean-shaven but with long sideburns. He wears his own casual clothes not a prison uniform. He smokes a fat stogie, always. His 19 yr-old son, JOSEPH III CHILLI III, sits beside him.

**CAPTION:** *Gerard "Jerry" Chilli, Bonanno Family Capo, and his younger son Joseph III, both serving 7 years for check fraud.*

JERRY

What's the kid's name?

JOSEPH III

Petrucelli. You know, of the Lucchese family.

JERRY

Naw, the tree trunk.

JOSEPH III

The wanna-be? His dad had dealings with the Colombo Family, but he and this kid ain't no members.

JERRY

When "this kid" gets outta solitary, set up a meetin'.

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. FARACE GROCERY STORE ON STATEN ISLAND - 15 YEARS AGO**

On Hylan Boulevard in Tottenville is a small grocery store with a hand-painted sign overhead "G & S." Wooden crates of fruit and vegetables are stacked on either side of its door.

**CAPTION:** *Farace Family Grocery Store, Staten Island - 1965*

A large man, 30, tan olive-skin, balding, stained full apron on, exits. He rolls his sleeves up to reveal bulging biceps.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Costabile "Gus" Farace Sr, first generation immigrant from Sicily and part-time Colombo Family hitman.*

LITTLE GUS JR., now 5 years old, considered "slow" in school, exits wearing a child's apron. It is also stained.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE walks past them on the sidewalk.

Gus Sr punches him in the head knocking him into the street.

FARACE SENIOR  
Mulignana! You crossa da street  
before my store!

Little Gus bends his arm, fist up, grabbing own bicep.

LITTLE GUS  
Fungule!

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. JERRY AND JOSEPH III PRISON CELL - FOUR YEARS LATER IN 1984**

The Chilli cell has one full wall of bars. Around the three cement walls are hanging framed pictures. A large Persian rug, two double beds, couch with lounge chair, and a small television with rabbit-ears are the accoutrements.

Jerry is frying eggs in a pan on a propane camp stove as Joseph III watches TV, one leg over arm of the lounge chair.

PRISON GUARD, in uniform, appears at their cell door.

PRISON GUARD  
Brought like you asked, Mister  
Chilli.

JERRY  
(to Joseph III)  
See? Man knows how to show respect.  
(to Guard)  
How's the wife and kids, uh --?

GUARD  
Bob. --Fine. Thanks for askin'.

Jerry head-motions to Joseph III who goes and pulls opens their cell door. It is never locked. The hinges *squeak* rusted.

Joseph III shakes Guard's hand slipping him a folded twenty-dollar bill. Guard pockets without looking, steps back, nods respect, and exits.

Joseph III goes back to sit in the easy-chair and sip his glass.

Jerry takes a hard snort from a line of cocaine, then wipes his nose, and sucks its powder off his fingers.

JERRY  
How you like your eggs?

Gus steps out of hall shadows into the cell.

GUS  
Still in the hen's ass.

JERRY  
Too bad, good source a' protein.

GUS  
Yeah? Well, I'm always into --"pro" teen.

Jerry has a unique *laugh*. It always sounds foreboding.

JERRY  
This guy cracks me up.

GUS  
Sorry for your loss, boss.

Jerry spins with eyes angry-open. If looks could kill...

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE IN LOWER MANHATTAN - THE NIGHT BEFORE**

Underground parking at 299 Pearl Street, South Street Harbor.

JOSEPH "JUNIOR" CHILLI II, 30, favorite son, sits as front passenger in a rented *Lincoln Continental*. Driver is his roommate Thomas "Tommy" Sbano\*, 38, a drug dealer and addict.  
\**Tommy's father Lefty Guns was played by Al Pacino in "Donnie Brasco."*

Their car's engine is *running*. Both front windows are down.

JOSEPH II  
Where're these fuckin' guys?

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Joseph II, Chilli's older most beloved son.*

Tommy taps a vial of cocaine on the back of one hand and snorts its powder, then licks the back of same hand.

TOMMY  
They'll be here, they'll be here.

JOSEPH II  
You sure about these mutts?

TOMMY  
Kinda'. Hey, that's a good movie.

JOSEPH II  
What?

TOMMY  
That new bank robber film, you knows, "Doggie Day After Noon."

JOSEPH II  
Didn't like its ending.

GANGSTER ONE walks up to passenger door and notices Tommy.

GANGSTER ONE  
Hey, you're "Lefty Two-Guns" step-son, right?

TOMMY  
Yeah, so?

GANGSTER TWO walks up to the driver's door.

GANGSTER TWO  
"So" --nows you ain't.

Gangster One and Gangster Two each fire .38 revolvers into the back of Tommy and Joseph III II's head. The *echoing* reports are deafening in the concrete bunker.

Tommy's body slumps forward on steering wheel. Its *horn* echos. Joseph II's forehead hits the dashboard.

Gangster One picks up Tommy's .38 while holding his own up.

GANGSTER ONE  
Hey, now I'm "two guns" too.

GANGSTER TWO  
(can't hear, fingers ear)  
What!?

Gangster One waves off Gangster Two who drops Tommy's gun back in the car. Both put away their smoking pistols.

GANGSTER ONE  
Sit 'em up!

Gangster Two is still hard of hearing and fingers other ear.

GANGSTER TWO  
What?!

GANGSTER ONE  
So the funny papers can show their  
funny faces!

Gangster One and Gangster Two reach in to prop up the two corpses. Both bodies do have bloody *Joker* death grins.

The car's horn stops *blowing*.

Gangster One opens back passenger door to remove a duffelbag.

**PEDAL INSERT:** Tommy's foot slips off his car's brake pedal.

The car rolls forward and hits a cement pillar. Both corpses slump forward again. Their car's horn *echoes* again, louder.

GANGSTER TWO  
We gonna prop 'em up or what?!

GANGSTER ONE  
Fogetaboutit!

Gangster One and Gangster Two exit with the duffelbag leaving the car's engine *running*.

**CAPTION:** *January 15, 1984*

RETURN TO.

**INT. JERRY'S PRISON CELL - PRESENT DAY**

Jerry comes back to the present after re-living his favorite son's murder, and says his favorite quote nonchalant.

JERRY  
"When you're dead --you're dead."

Jerry throws his metal spatula. It hits a wall and *clatters* onto cement floor. He chugs his glass of booze, then snorts another line of cocaine. His underlying true temper explodes.

JERRY  
Sons a' bitches!  
(wipes Coke off nose)  
"Jerry Chilli wants to take off  
everybody!" I want 'em dead! I want  
their families dead! I want their  
houses burned! I WANNA PISS ON THE  
ASHES!

Earlier Guard reappears at their cell-door.

GUARD  
Everything okay, Mister Chilli?

JERRY  
My kid's dead and I'm in fuckin'  
prison, moron! Do I look okay?!

Guard puts both hands up and backs away.

Jerry head-motions to Joseph III who again repeats earlier hand-shake \$20 pay-off. Guard nods as he leaves.

GUS  
When I gets out, I'll help ya' do  
'em all.

Jerry head-motions to Joseph III who picks up thrown spatula and hands it to Jerry who uses it to chop up their eggs.

JERRY  
Check out this guy. The fuckin'  
Terminator already.  
(to Gus)  
You've been doin' a good job  
sellin' drugs in here.

This is the first time Gus shows any emotion. He sits up.

JERRY  
I want you to join my gang when you  
get out --there.

GUS  
I, I, don't knows what to say?

JOSEPH III  
That's a first.

GUS  
You won't regret it, Mister Chilli.

Jerry turns to Joseph III motioning-with-spatula at Gus.

JERRY  
Check out this fuckin' guy. --  
"Mister Chilli?"  
(holds hand out to Gus)  
Jerry. --Ya' fuckin' moron.

Jerry and Gus shake, but Jerry hangs on squeezing.

JERRY  
But knock off all the rapes and  
murders in here, Conan! It's bad  
for business. Capiche?

GUS  
Why?

JERRY  
(chortling to Joseph III)  
This guy kills me.

**CAPTION:** Family, they will be the death of you.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. STATEN ISLAND - FOUR YEARS LATER**

A small-business section with lots of mom-and-pop shops.

Gus walks down the sidewalk bigger, bolder, badder, in a new track suit. He is now a muscle monster with a cocky swagger always prone to worse *roid rage*. He pops a *Prednisone* pill.

**CAPTION:** Staten Island, June 1988

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN, 20, walks by. Gus grabs her breast and ass simultaneous, then squeezes. She slaps him. (true)

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN  
Hey-A?!

Female Pedestrian hurries away as Gus grabs his crotch.

GUS  
It just got out!

Gus continues on to grab an apple off a vendor's cart.

VENDOR  
Hey-A?!

Gus "shines" the apple on his shirt, then bites into it.  
Petrucelli, now pudgy, wearing a new silk suit, approaches.

PETRUCELLI  
There he is!

**CAPTION UNDER:** *John "Fat Face" Petrucelli is now a Soldier in the Lucchese Family.*

Gus tosses his half-eaten apple to pick up his newest best friend in a bear hug. Petrucelli fights angry to get free.

PETRUCELLI  
You're wrinklin' me, ya' big ape!

Gus drops Petrucelli who brushes himself off then straightens his suit complaining.

PETRUCELLI  
I just bought this, it's silk!  
What the hell's wrong with you?

GUS  
What?

PETRUCELLI  
I don't know, I asked you?

GUS  
What?!

PETRUCELLI  
That the only word you knows after finally gettin' your higher school diploma in there?

Gus steps in threatening. Petrucelli grins.

PETRUCELLI  
Your clothes, moron. You can't meet the new Boss wearin' that!?

GUS  
(looks himself over)  
What?

PETRUCELLI  
Jesus, you did go brain dead in stir. Come on.

GUS

Where?

PETRUCELLI

Christ, now two words! This guy's a fuckin' Einsteinian.

Petrucelli walks in a small men's haberdashery. Gus follows.

**INT. JERRY'S HOUSE ON STATEN ISLAND - LATER SAME DAY**

Jerry was always the opposite of *John Gotti*. Jerry never wore fancy clothes and hated anyone who did. He always has a well-chewed stogie in his mouth at all times. Breakfast is "always a couple of snorts of booze followed by snorts of cocaine for lunch." In-between, he drinks espresso all day. Between that, he steals, all day, everyday. Jerry snorts a line of cocaine, then announces to the world his favorite phrase.

JERRY

"Let's go steal somethin'!"

Joseph III, Jerry's son now out from prison, and Gus enter living room. Gus is wearing Joseph III's exact same suit.

Jerry stands holding an espresso cup on its saucer. He downs it in one gulp, then sets empty cup and saucer on end table.

JERRY

Whoa, who's this? The fuckin' Bobbsey Twins?! Which a' you perverts is Nan?

Gus comes to shake Jerry's hand head-motioning to Joseph III.

GUS

She is.

Gus laughs hearty. Jerry feels closer to Gus than his only Son. Probably because Gus is a sadistic murderer like Jerry.

JERRY

Welcome back to civilized-nation, ya moron. Ready to go to work?

GUS

Doin' what?

Joseph III tosses a credit card to Gus who fumble-catches it.

GUS

What's this?

Joseph III pours himself and Gus a drink, then hands to Gus.

JOSEPH III III  
Plastic money. Emphasis on --  
"money."

Gus examines the credit card like its an alien.

JERRY  
Look on its back.

Gus turns the card over and over not sure what to look for.

Jerry grabs it back from Gus pointing to is magnetic strip.

JERRY  
*Feels like I'm talking to a first grader. --This, ya moron!*  
(still no response)  
God Damn. Am I the only one who sees its true potential?

JOSEPH III  
Yeah dad, you're the only one.

Jerry kisses the credit card's silver strip.

JERRY  
This lil' metal strip is like the manager of my own bank. This --?

Jerry searches for the word. Joseph III finishes sentence.

JOSEPH III  
Mag-Stripe.

JERRY  
What she said. It has alls the cash info of its real owner. But right now, it's, it's --?

JOSEPH III  
Un-encrypted.

JERRY  
What she said. So it's easy to read and copy onto a fraudulent card.

JOSEPH III  
It's called "cloning," dad.

JERRY  
Enough with the smart-ass speak!

Jerry *backhands* Joseph III. If looks could kill, both ways.

JERRY

(to Gus)

We steal a bunch of 'em, make a  
bunch a' copies, use 'em all at  
once at different stores and banks,  
and -- violet.

JOSEPH III

Voilà. French word for "magic."

Jerry *backhands* Joseph III again. They glare at each other.

Jerry then uses same card to "chop" two lines of cocaine,  
snorts one, wipes his nose, then licks fingers like candy.

JERRY

Yeah, "magic" money, what I said.  
We's move so fast, banks can't  
cancel 'em slow enough.

Gus pops a *Prednisone pill*. He's late to the party, so takes  
the credit card back from Jerry to study more. Bada-bing, he  
"Gets it" ands lick the cocaine residue off the card's edge.

GUS

Soooo, we lift a a ton a' these,  
make fake copies, run around New  
York buyin' all kinds a' shit --

JOSEPH III

With cash advances.

GUS

No shit?

JOSEPH III

No, shithead. As far as I know,  
we're the first to think on it.

JERRY

"We" --kemosabe?

JOSEPH III

You, "dad." You're the only Lone  
Ranger in this town.

JERRY

Hi-yo. But we needs to move quick!  
Europe has started puttin', uh --?

JOSEPH III

Smart chips.

JERRY

Whatever, on 'em, makin' it easy to track their use somehows? But until then, they're --

GUS

(welcome to the party pal)

"Plastic Money!"

(drops card concerned)

Strong man knows his weakness boss. Don't know if I know how to do this kinda thing right, right now?

JERRY

Which is why I want you to take over all my drug operations.

Gus has to sit down, he didn't expect this.

JOSEPH III

Build your own Crew, protect our territory, sell whatever, but above all, enforce collection.

GUS

"Things go better with Coke?"

Jerry snorts second line of cocaine, but doesn't wipe nose.

JERRY

Abso-fuckin'-lutely.

Jerry's daughter, MARGARET "BABE" SCARPA, 36, "beefy," big hair teased and frizzed up, is "love-starved." She enters.

BABE

Daddy --?

Babe and Gus's eyes meet, romance sparks fly. Babe looks over at Jerry, sees his powdered-nose and hand-motions for him to wipe it off. Jerry does, licking his fingers.

BABE

Who's The Hulk?

JERRY

Costabile Farace, he just got out.

BABE

"Costabile" means "constable" in Italian.

(crickets)

Ya' know, like over in that England place?

The Three Men stare at her blank.

BABE  
F'n Bobbies?  
(is she alone?)  
Their fuckin' fuzz?  
(waves All off)  
Fogetaboutit.

Gus stands and offers his hand. He and Babe shake.

GUS  
Friends call me, Gus.

Gus and Babe hold their shake longer than usual. Jerry sees.

JERRY  
Enough with the informal intros, we  
gots formal business to discuss.

Babe excuses herself and exits the house.

JERRY  
Drink, blow?

Jerry snorts a *Line* on the bar, grabs a glass, pours whiskey  
in it, then sits. Gus does same, then sits.

JERRY  
Why you still here?

GUS  
'Cause --I ain't left yet?

JERRY  
(to Joseph III)  
This guy cracks me up.  
(to Gus)  
Okay, wise-ass, why should I hire  
you then?

GUS  
'Cause I'm an Earner.

JERRY  
(nods)  
That you is.

Both enjoy their drinks.

GUS  
Where --out "there?"

JERRY  
Wagner, Saint Johns, Suny.

GUS  
Colleges, huh? Mostly Grass?

JERRY  
Dope, Smack, Junk, Skag, Snow --  
whatever the lil' shitasses want.

GUS  
Ya' couldn't just say, "H?"  
(leans in)  
I got a guy can get me Monkey.

JERRY  
Morpho?

JOSEPH III  
Morphine is a bigger mark-up.

GUS  
Yep, and easier to get, too.  
(sits back)  
Can I asks a question first?

JERRY  
You can "asks."

Jerry cracked himself up. His *laugh* is too darn menacing.

GUS  
I'm just tryin' to learn, so I  
don't wants you, you know, to be  
like killin' the messenger service  
or nuthin' here.

Jerry takes a sip by sucking it in through his teeth, *And?*

GUS  
How you get away with no Kick Up?

Jerry pulls what looks like a derringer out of a seat cushion and aims it at Gus. This is his favorite joke.

JERRY  
"I pay tribute!"

GUS  
(holds both hands up)  
Meanin' absolutely no disrespect.

Jerry smiles and pulls the trigger. A flame shoots out. He lights a new stogie with it, then blows out its flame.

JERRY  
Gets 'em every time.

Gus puts his hands down.

JERRY  
So you wanna learn to keep yourself  
in a lowers tax bracket, huh?

*Jerry puffs on his cigar like Rockefeller and blows three interlocking smoke-rings. He's proud of himself, always is.*

JERRY  
Don't have to be no brainiac to see  
it's what peoples see, what makes  
them think. See?  
(waves cigar around)  
Take a look around. Go on.

GUS  
(looks around room)  
It's --okay?

JERRY  
Exactly! I don't wear fancy  
clothes, drive a new car, or live  
in a god damn mansion. All of 'em  
"sees" what I wants 'em to.

It takes a moment, then Gus gets it and raises his glass.

GUS  
Outta sight --

JERRY  
Outta their friggin' minds.

They toast, then drink. Jerry has a mean mean-button, too.

JERRY  
BUT DON'T NEVER CROSS NO BRIDGES!  
Ya' hear me?! No Bridges --Never!

Gus spit-takes, then nods wiping chin.

JERRY  
Ya sure? Better be. Because I run  
Staten, they don't. So don't make  
me make you --cross their long one.

Jerry holds up his glass. Both toast. Jerry waits for Gus to take a drink.

JERRY  
Now about Babe.

**EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE ON STATEN ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER**

Modest two-story brick Colonial in middle class neighborhood at 61 Sommer Avenue. Front door opens and Gus exits.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR across the street looks like Babe's twin. She is watching her lawn being mowed by a BOY. Mower *backfires*.

Gus dives to the ground.

PETRUCELLI  
Yo, Greg Louganis, get a pool!  
(no response)  
What'd he say, what'd he say?!

GUS  
(stands brushing off suit)  
Take it easy. You'll have a heart attack or somethin'.

PETRUCELLI  
He said that?

GUS  
No, moron! I'm goin' to college.

PETRUCELLI  
"College?!" But it took seven years to get you's a G.E.D.?

Gus gives his friend a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

PETRUCELLI  
What you takin'?

GUS  
Everything.  
(pops a steroid pill)  
Now about Babe.

PETRUCELLI  
Are you f'n crazy?! Don't you know she's his daughter?

GUS  
Yeah, so?

PETRUCELLI

"So" --you is crazy! Fuckin' "Crazy Gus" is right. You wanna' get gunned out like her Ex?

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. A MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT**

Mobster hangout bar, dark and dangerous. SOME PATRONS sit at tables drinking. OTHER PATRONS sit on stools at the counter.

**CAPTION:** *Eight months earlier*

ALFRED SCARPA, 38, Babe's husband, is a typical wiseguy in a dark suit. He drinks alone at a table.

TWO MEN in long raincoats enter the bar and walk up to him.

MAN ONE

Alfred Scarpa?

Scarpa narrows his eyes.

MAN TWO

Husband a' Babe?

Scarpa reaches inside his jacket. Oops, too slow.

The Two Men swing out shotguns hidden under their raincoats. Both fire into Scarpa's chest blowing a huge hole through it.

Man One pulls a black hood, no eye holes, over Scarpa's head.

MAN ONE

Don't keep secrets --

MAN TWO

from The Family.

The Two Men hide their shotguns under their coats and exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. THE MARINA CAFE - BACK TO FIRST FATEFUL 1989 NIGHT**

Restaurant/bar off Mansion Avenue on Staten Island is owned by Farace's associates. A few CUSTOMERS eat at the tables.

Gus in a track suit with black leather jacket overtop, and Everett in his suit, now sit with Gus' first cousin DOMINICK FARACE, 21, wearing exact same track suit as Gus, his idol.

**CAPTURE UNDER:** *Dominick Farace, first cousin, idolizes Gus.*

All sit at the bar drinking and eating pizza silent when...

HATCH

When?

GUS

Whenever.

HATCH

What is wrong with you?

GUS

What's wrong with you?!

DOMINICK

Look, we don't know you, "Colonel."

HATCH

(to Gus)

You knew me well enough in prison.

GUS

Are you a snitch?

HATCH

"Are you?"

Gus reaches for Hatch's throat. Dominick pulls Gus back.

DOMINICK

Let's everybody calm the fuck down.

HATCH

"This is taking too long, I'm getting jerked around." Gus, you're "always late and don't return phone calls." Do you want to do business or not?!

GUS

"Not!"

Hatch stands up. Gus jumps up. Customers look.

DOMINICK

Yo, boys from the hood, not. You guys tryin' to ruin my digestion here? If you stand up, then I gotta stand up, and I'm not finished yet. So why don't the two's of you sit your fat asses back, down. Relax.

Hatch sits "eyeing" Gus who leans forward on table glaring.

DOMINICK  
Yo, leaning Tower a' Pizza. Sit,  
the fuck, down. Have a slice.

Gus sits slowly, then crams a full slice of pizza in his mouth angry. Sauce oozes out the corners of his mouth.

HATCH  
You look like some sick predator I saw on The Discovery Channel once.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. BABE'S BEDROOM - THE NIGHT THEY FIRST MET**

Gus and Babe are in her bed having frantic sex. Their noises and fumbling are like from a bad porn movie. They both stop at once. Babe pushes Gus off her to light a cigarette.

BABE  
Jesus, it's like being mounted by a stallion.

GUS  
Thanks. High, hoe, Silver.

There is a dog's "yipe" nearby.

GUS  
Thought you put it out?

BABE  
It's cold outside?

Babe makes *kissy* sounds and pats the bed beside her.

BABE  
Up, baby, up!

GUS  
Give me a minute will ya'!

A white POODLE jumps on the bed. Its fur is very fluffy.

BABE  
Don't you like dogs?

Gus gets out of bed and begins doing push-ups.

GUS  
Yeah, for target practice.

Babe lays on her stomach watching him as she pets Poodle.

BABE  
Daddy really likes you.

GUS  
I really like him.

BABE  
Do you really like me?

GUS  
"I really like him."

Babe throws a bed pillow at Gus still doing push-ups. It sticks to his sweaty back. He starts over angry.

GUS  
You made me lose count!

Babe fidgets, then asks the question she's been dreading.

BABE  
When do you want to meet my two kids?

GUS  
"You made me lose count!"

**EXT. THE BACK ALLEYS OF STATEN ISLAND - AT NIGHT**

**MONTAGE** of Gus raping WOMEN, TEEN GIRLS, and TEEN BOYS. He flirts in bars flexing and *laughing*. He beats to death a GUY using brass knuckles while *laughing*. He drives around in his muscle car shooting STRAY DOGS, his favorite hobby, always *laughing*. Gus is quite a guy, just ask him. (*all true*)

RETURN TO:

**EXT. STATEN ISLAND - BACK WHERE WE STARTED IN 1989**

Gus's van stops in the middle of Bloomingdale Overpass.

Hatch's Buick Regal squeezes beside it and guardrail to stop.

**BRAKE PEDAL INSERT:** Hatch presses his foot on the pedal.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. HATCHER KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT FATEFUL EVENING**

Typical Rambler in Boonton, N.J. suburbs. Modestly decorated.

MARYJANE SMITH-HATCHER, 44, short black perm, washes dishes.

JOSHUA HATCHER, 9, is doing homework on the table. ZACHARY HATCHER, 3, sits across from him playing with toy dinosaurs.

Hatch enters in his usual black suit straightening black tie.

MARYJANE

You do like your suits.

HATCH

You should know, we've been married twenty years.

MARYJANE

Remember when you were a teacher and were always home every night? Why do you stay out in-the-field?

HATCH

We've been married twenty years, you should know.

MARYJANE

(sighs)

Because you hate desk jobs.

HATCH

Right-a-roonie. Besides, you're still a teacher, and a good one.

MARYJANE

But 17 years "out there" with all those crackheads carrying guns?

(shakes it off)

Staying out late?

HATCH

"No money, no drugs, nothing to worry about. I should be home around ten."

Joshua and Zachary look up excited.

ZACHARY

Can we stay up?!

JOSHUA

Yeah, we just got Super Mario Brothers!

HATCH  
Ask your mom.

Both Boys look at Mom with such innocent faces...not.

MARYJANE  
Nine, yes. Ten, no.

Hatch kisses Maryjane on the cheek, rubs the hair of Joshua and Zachary, and exits. Maryjane smiles. She's still in love.

RETURN TO:

**EXT. HATCH'S CAR AND GUS'S VAN - SAME FATEFUL 1989 NIGHT**

Van's passenger window rolls down. Gus Farace leans out over his bent arm. His breath fogs in the February cold air. He looks like a bull ready to charge.

Hatch is tired, wants to go home, and rolls down his window.

GUS  
You're a snitch.

Hatch looks at the glove box where his service revolver is.

HATCH  
You're an idiot.

Gus fast-aims a *Ruger Security Six .357 Magnum* down at Hatch and *fires*. Three slugs hit Hatch in his head, shoulder, and back. His head drops forward dead, chin on chest.

DOMINICK  
"You said you were just gonna' rip  
him off, man?!"

Gus stares at the barrel of his smoking gun like it's alive.

GUS  
"I'm never going to prison again."

Van speeds away. Gus is heard *laughing* insane.

GUS  
"Ease up, Cuz, everything went  
perfect!"

Gus reaches his gun-arm out his window and *fires* backwards, gun upside down, without looking. (*true*)

**BULLET CAM:** Round explodes out his barrel heading to Hatch who is bleeding from his left ear's bullet hole.

New round hits Hatch between right eye and nose knocking his head back against headrest, then head falls forward again.

Hatch's headlights and brake lights are on as Gus' van exits.

**EXT. AERIAL OF MURDER SCENE - CONTINUOUS**

Shot shows Gus' van leaving the bridge, then Pans to show the *Arthur Kill Correctional Facility* is only half-a-mile away.

**CAPTION:** *February 28, 1989 - "around ten"*

**EXT. HATCHER HOUSE - LATER SAME EVENING**

All the lights inside and out are off.

A flashlight sweeps back and forth in the dark. Its light reveals a canoe in the grass and camper in driveway. Light stops on a portable basketball hoop. A female *gasp* is heard.

WOMAN, 40s, wearing a suit with a D.E.A. badge hanging around her neck walks up to the hoop and touches it. She steps back like electrocuted. BOONTON, N.J. POLICE OFFICER in full uniform steadies her. She *sighs* so sad, then steels herself.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Ann Hayes, D.E.A. Special Agent, Trauma Team*

**FADE CAPTION:** *First woman to graduate first in her class.*

Ann knocks hard on the door. She and her N.J. Officer shift nervous from foot to foot. Lights inside come on. Ann and N.J. Officer come to ramrod attention. Porch light comes on.

Maryjane, in nightgown and robe, opens the door.

Nothing is said. Ann having a police Officer with her says it all. Their facial expressions and body language confirm it.

MARYJANE  
"Just tell me."

ANN  
(Southern lilt)  
"He did not make it."

"Maryjane shuts her eyes tight and clenches her fists."

MARYJANE  
"No, I can't believe this has  
happened. I talked to him this  
afternoon. I told him --."

Joshua and Zachary in pajamas rush to either side of Maryjane and cling to her.

JOSHUA/ZACHARY  
What's wrong, mommy?

Maryjane covers her face and steps back inside with her Boys.

N.J. Officer waits outside. Ann steps in closing the door.

**CAPTION:** *A Hatcher family friend, Ann Hayes retired early.*

**EXT. HATCH'S MURDER SCENE - IMMEDIATELY**

Bridge is cordoned off on both ends by NYPD police cruisers with red lights flashing. Yellow "Police Investigation" tape holds back PHOTOGRAPHERS with cameras. PEOPLE are crying.

FORENSIC PHOTAGRAPHER *flashes* taking pictures. His "strobes" make ALL cringe. FINGERPRINT SPECIALIST "powders" Buick's exterior. CSI TECH scrapes burned tire rubber off the asphalt near Hatch's car. NYPD COPS have formed a human wall around the car to prevent unauthorized pictures of Hatch's corpse.

STUTMAN (O.S.)  
"I, I didn't expect to see him  
still in his car."

ROBERT "BOB" STUTMAN, balding so only the sides of his head have hair, has a rectangular mustache. He is 56 with large rim glasses wearing a dark suit. He steps out of the shadows.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Robert "Bob" Stutman, D.E.A. Special Agent 25 years, he is in charge of New York City's 500 D.E.A. Agents*

STUTMAN  
Step away from the car, please.

ALL do. Stutman looks inside, reacts, then puts a hand on his best friend's shoulder and leans down to whisper. No one hears what he says, but it is obviously heart felt. Stutman stands wiping eyes, then nods.

An ambulance backs up to Hatch's car. NYPD Cops again form a cordon around ambulance. EMT ONE and EMT TWO exit and lift Hatch with care into a bodybag on a gurney and zip it shut.

Same EMTs then load his gurney into their ambulance, *slam* the double-doors shut, get in front, and drive away with lights and *siren* on. TWO NYPD COPS jump on its rear shiny-steel step-bumper to ride covering the back windows from Photographers.

Stutman watches two NYPD cruisers at one end of the bridge back up to let ambulance through, then move back in. Two Cops jump off the back once ambulance is away from Photographers.

Stutman *sighs*, nods head, then finger-circles, *Let's go.*

FOUR AGENTS wearing Nylon Navy Blue windbreakers with *DEA* silk screened on left chest, upper arms, and back in white block letters. A FIFTH AGENT has "FBI" on his jacket. All Five surround Hatch with their heads down.

STUTMAN

"What happened?"

Agent One is F.B.I. Agent-In-Charge. He straightens erect.

FBI A.I.C.

We had a radio check as he drove out, sir. It worked fine.

Agent Two is 22 and right out of DEA academy. He straightens.

AGENT TWO

Then his signal started breaking up. He was talking but too garbled.

Agent Three is Female, racked with guilt. She straightens.

AGENT THREE

"We lost him as he went through a red light."

AGENT FOUR

(straightens)

"We went to where they met before twice, but they weren't there."

AGENT FIVE

(straightens)

"We doubled back in a grid search for an hour, then came back here."

STUTMAN

"Listen, nobody blames you. Surveillance is not something you can guarantee. It is an art, not a science. If it was a science, we would not need agents."

Stutman has been with the D.E.A. for twenty-five years. He is the head of the largest Drug Enforcement Office in the world. Every day is a Training Day for him. Training, saves lives.

STUTMAN

What's the number one rule of any surveillance team?

(no response)

Come on, you all heard it for fourteen weeks down at Quantico.

ALL FIVE AGENTS

"Keep control of the operation."

STUTMAN

Undercover officer safety, when do you stop operations and pull the undercover officer? Who makes that decision?

FBI A.I.C

(snaps to attention)

I should have, sir!

STUTMAN

"I want you all to go up there and take a look. As gruesome as it is, and it is gruesome, learn a lesson that this is not a game." That way, none of you, will ever make this mistake again, so Hatch did not --

(chokes up)

*die in vain.*

(fake coughs to recover)

Then go home, recover with your loved ones.

FBI A.I.C

Sir, we'd like to stay and ...

STUTMAN

Go home, hug your families, shake this off. You are making a difference out here. I expect your reports on my desk by 9 a.m.

Stutman watches the Five Agents slowly go to the car. Some have to help Others who "couldn't even take the steps."

NYPD POLICE SERGEANT comes to Stutman with a question.

Stutman holds up a finger, *Wait*, and steps into the shadows.

Police Sergeant's professional demeanor cracks when he hears Stutman weeping. Sergeant tears up.

**INT. JERRY CHILLI'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

Jerry, in golf trousers and a "poor-taste" button v-neck short-sleeve shirt, sits in *his* chair drinking espresso.

Babe sits on couch, legs curled in, with Poodle in her lap.

Both are watching "Let's Make a Deal" on television. A MALE CONTESTANT dressed all in tin foil just traded a refrigerator for "What's behind door number three" - a flock of chickens.

Jerry laughs so hard he starts choking then *coughing*.

JERRY  
*Fuckin', moron.*

Joseph III enters hurried.

JOSEPH III  
Turn on G.M.A.!

BABE  
Why?

Joseph III takes the TV-remote from Jerry who fights and changes channel. Local NEWSMAN, in the studio wearing suit, appears.

NYC NEWSMAN (FILTERED)  
We continue to interrupt your local  
broadcasting to bring you this  
important Special Bulletin.

Farace's last *Mug Shot* appears next to Newsman.

NYC NEWSMAN (FILTERED)  
Police continue to search for  
Costabile "Crazy Gus" Farace.

Jerry sits forward, feet crossing at the ankles.

Hatch's D.E.A. badge photo appears under Farace's picture.

NYC NEWSMAN (FILTERED)  
Farace is wanted for the murder of  
D.E.A. Special Agent Everett E.  
Hatcher last night.

JERRY  
(spits espresso angry)  
*Fuckin' Moron!*

NYC NEWSMAN (FILTERED)

Anyone with any information is  
asked to call the New York City  
D.E.A. Headquarters.

(phone # appears under)

Mayor Koch is offering a \$10,000  
reward for any information leading  
to the capture of Gus Farace. We  
now return you to your locally  
scheduled broadcasting.

Newsman cross-fades to "Deal" as their *wah-wah-wah* music  
plays for NEW CONTESTANT who just won a "ton of bricks."

JOSEPH III

Wadda' ya wanna do, Pop?

The front doorbell *rings*.

**EXT. JERRY'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jerry opens the front door smoking his stogie.

Stutman stands there wearing a suit and dark sunglasses.

On the street are ten unmarked black government cruisers  
parked at angles blocking the street. Their D.E.A. AGENTS,  
Five of which are Hatch's Surveillance Team, stand behind  
their vehicles weapons-ready with Remington 870 shotguns.

Jerry looks past Stutman to the street armada and *puffs* on  
his cigar like a freight train.

JERRY

When's the parade start?

STUTMAN

"Where is he?"

JERRY

Who?

Stutman holds up finger up at shoulder height and bends it.

Ten bottom-loading shotguns *rack*. It is an impressive sound.

STUTMAN

"There's an unwritten rule, you're  
not supposed to kill law  
enforcement agents unless they're  
dishonest." Hatch was "a true  
gentleman." He didn't deserve this.

JERRY

Whataya' want me to do about it?

STUTMAN

Find him, turn him in. Every time you leave your house, a D.E.A. Agent will be behind you. All your soldiers will have an Agent walking beside them. When one goes to piss, my Agent will hold it for him. You won't be able to do anything until we have Gus. "Do the right thing."

Jerry found that last sentence very funny and *snort-chortles*.

Stutman takes one long sidestep over.

His Ten D.E.A. Agents take dead aim over their cars at Jerry.

JERRY

See what I cans do.

Jerry closes his door.

**EXT. NYC DEA HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT DAY**

99 10th Avenue in the old *Merchants Refrigeration Building*. A flat plain brownstone front with small windows. It houses the D.E.A. Offices, jail, garage, and...*Manhattan Mini Storage*.

**INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS BESIDE THE HUDSON RIVER - MOMENTS LATER**

Their large conference room is standing room only with D.E.A. GROUP SUPERVISORS in suits. Stutman stands at the front of its table. Easels holding pictures of Gus, Jerry, and all the Five Mob Family Members are on either side of him.

STUTMAN

This town needs an enema. So I want every citizen wiping their ass with these.

Stutman holds up a black and white Farace "Wanted Poster."

STUTMAN

"I am ceasing other investigations in our office. Every agent will be working on nothing else until we apprehend this suspect."

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

What about your retirement, sir?

STUTMAN

That's on hold, too. I made Hatch a promise last night. We will capture his killer this year. Copy?

ALL SUPERVISORS

Sir, yes sir.

STUTMAN

"The Bear" can't hear you!

ALL SUPERVISORS

HATCH!

STUTMAN

You've got your assignments. Tell your Agents to stick to theirs like glue. Open doors for them, let them know they're there. Make all these f'n criminals feel --uncomfortable.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

How far on the harassment, sir?

STUTMAN

What ever it takes till we have Farace. One way or the other. Dismissed.

Stutman cracks his neck. It sounds like plywood breaking.

**EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY INTO NIGHT**

**MONTAGE** of D.E.A. AGENTS walking beside WISEGUYS. If One pulls out a cigarette, an Agent lights it for him. When One is taking his MOB WIFE to a restaurant, their Agent opens the door for her. When One comes out of a building and puts on an overcoat, that Agent brushes off its shoulders. All Agents are always fake-smiling. Their Wiseguys are not.

**INT. BACKROOMS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT INTO DAY**

**MONTAGE** of NYPD OFFICERS breaking in doors with battering rams and raiding BOOKIES on their phones. PUSHERS packaging drugs have their doors broken down. MASSEUSES, scantily-clad, run out of their parlors screaming. Scores of NYPD Vans take away their very unhappy "victims" to jail.

These Cops do not push gentle into that bad night.

**INT./EXT. NYC PRIVATE CLUBS AND GOLF COURSES - THIRD DAY**

**MONTAGE** OF F.B.I. AGENTS walking into NYC'S ten Social Clubs and breaking up poker games played by well-dressed MOBSTERS. Ends on the *Royalton Rooftop* with its pool. There, FBI Agents *Terry Pat* down OVERWEIGHT MOBSTERS in speedos "accidentally" knocking their MOBSTER BIKINI BEAUTIES into the pool.

MORE FBI AGENTS drive carts onto the greens of NYC's twenty golf courses to "check out" the holes just putted into by MOB GOLFERS. Agents "accidentally" toss retrieved golf balls over their shoulders into the Rough. Ends at *Ferry Point Park* (now "Trump Golf Links"). TWO FBI Agents in a cart ride up to JOHN GOTTI, 49, greying hair impeccably coifed, and SAMMY GRAVANO, 44, greased-back black hair, both in the latest golf threads.

**CAPTION UNDER THEM:** *John "Teflon Don" Gotti, Captain of the Gambino Family, and his friend Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, Underboss of the Colombo Family.*

GRAVANO

Hey, we're playin' through here?!

FBI AGENT

Sorry sirs, but we have to take your cart in for safety inspection.

The Two FBI Agents drop Gotti's and Gravano's full golf bags onto the grass then each drive away in a cart.

GOTTI

Change the oil while yer at it!

The two bad-ass bosses shake their heads.

GRAVANO

This ain't good, John. Feds are messin' with our business all over.

GOTTI

What's the asshole's name?

GRAVANO

Farace, Gus Farace.

GOTTI

Same one that hit on your wife?

GRAVANO

"I don't recall exactly who told me this, but it came back to me. I was a little annoyed at it."

Gravano obviously is as he *cracks* all eight knuckles.

GRAVANO

"Not the part that he liked my wife, but --a man can look at her, she's a good lookin' woman, you can like her. But the point of sayin' he didn't give a fuck who she was married to, bugged me up a little."

GOTTI

You should play chess.

GRAVANO

Enough with the Bobby Fischer fetish. We gonna' finish this or what?

Both pick up their golf bags and move to the next Tee.

GOTTI

"Finish this?" Yeah, we should -- finish this.

Gotti stares at the Whitestone Bridge in the distance.

**EXT. AERIAL SHOT FROM FERRY POINT TO GREENBELT - CONTINUOUS**

The most rural of the NYC's five boroughs, Staten Island is known as "The Greenest Borough" for its 170+ vast parks. "The Greenbelt" park is located in the heart of Staten Island and has 2,800 acres of NYC's largest remaining forest preserve with wetlands, lakes, ponds, and streams.

**EXT. GREENBELT PARK - THAT NIGHT**

Deep in a thick part of the forest, a small campfire burns against a rock wall hiding most of its light.

In a scene right out of "Rambo-First Blood," Gus squats by his fire wearing an old poncho he found for protection against the cold night air. He is gnawing on a cooked squirrel on a stick spit. He spits a bullet into his hand.

GUS

Oh yeah, I'm a fuckin' Rambo alright.

A twig snaps. Gus flattens out throwing dirt on his fire. He listens. Nothing. He sits up looking at his cooked squirrel now covered with dirt.

GUS

*Not.*

**EXT. BABE'S HOUSE IN STATEN ISLAND - ONE WEEK LATER**

Middle-Class two-story home with manicured lawn. A hooded shadow moves to its front door and *rings* its doorbell.

Babe answers, is shocked, and pulls the mysterious Figure inside *slamming* her door.

**INT. BABE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Figure lowers its hood. It's Gus, who looks worse than haggard. He's filthy.

BABE

Gus! Oh my poor baby. Where have you been?

Babe smothers Gus with kisses. He pushes her away.

GUS

Enough with the slobberin'.  
(wipes cheek off)  
Been "sleepin' in the woods."

BABE

"Sleeping in the woods?!" Are you okay? What are you doing here?

GUS

Hidin' out.

BABE

You can't stay here, the police already raided me once.

GUS

Gotta help me, Babe.

Babe thinks hard, which is not easy. She *snaps* her fingers.

BABE

I got it! Come with me.

Babe grabs her purse. Gus puts his hood back up.

**EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE IN STATEN ISLAND - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Garage door opens automatically. Babe's *Cadillac* drives into its garage. Gus is not seen. The garage door closes.

**INT. SAME STATEN ISLAND HOUSE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

The garage door seals shut. Garage's overhead light stays on.

Babe exits her car and opens the trunk. Gus climbs out.

BABE

This is perfect! The owner is a friend of mine and won't be back for a month. You can stay here.

Babe again smothers Gus with kisses who turns his head.

GUS

Enough already will ya?

Babe takes Gus by the hand and opens the interior door.

**INT. GUS'S STATEN ISLAND HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS**

Babe leads Gus inside then "presents" her friend's home waving a hand, palm up, like a TV game show hostess.

BABE

Nice, huh?

Open floor-plan. Gus sees the living room curtains are open and moves quickly to close them. He snap-looks outside, then double-takes. He yanks the curtains closed as he drops down to the floor turning out its end-table lamp and whispering.

GUS

*Are you fuckin' nuts?!*

BABE

What?

This is the second time we see Gus speechless. He stutters.

GUS

Is that, is that, your dad's house, across the street?

BABE

Yeah, so?

GUS

(stands making fists)  
"So --are you fuckin' nuts?!" I can't stay here!

BABE

Why?

GUS

Because he'll fuckin' kill me!

BABE

Not unless you mow the front lawn.

(plays with Gus's hair)

Look, he doesn't even know my  
girlfriend, let alone she's gone.  
This will work, plus I won't have  
as far to go to see you. Relax.

GUS

"Relax?!"

Gus thinks. He does this even less than Babe, *snaps* fingers.

GUS

Yeah, it will won't it. Fuzz'll  
never think of looking for me  
across to here. Thanks, Babe.

Gus moves into the kitchen and opens the fridge. He grabs a beer can and *pops* it open. He downs it like a desert survivor, *belches*, puts empty back in fridge, grabs a new can and closes the door. He imitates *Ricky Ricardo*.

GUS

"Lucy, I'm home!"

Babe *squeals*, then runs to hug Gus from behind who *pops* open his new can to guzzle again.

GUS

What's for eats? I'm --  
(beer-belches word)  
s-t-a-r-v-e-d.

**EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE ON STATEN ISLAND - SIX WEEKS LATER**

Bob Stutman, in earlier suit and sunglasses, steps up to the front door and *rings* its bell.

Jerry answers wearing a royal blue robe with 6" embroidered letters spelling his name and heavy "Mr. T" gold chains.

TWO F.B.I. AGENTS push past Jerry to "raid" his home.

JERRY

"What'sa matter?"

Babe, wearing large square sunglasses, is brought out of his house in handcuffs. She's crying, so her heavy mascara runs making her look like she's going to a Halloween witch party.

STUTMAN

Margaret "Babe" Scarpa, we're  
arresting you for harboring, aiding  
and abetting, the federal fugitive,  
Costabile "Gus" Farace.

FBI Agents lead Babe to their cruiser administering her *Miranda* warning.

What she did finally sinks in, Jerry yells after Babe.

JERRY

Oh no you didn't?!

BABE

(over her shoulder)

I'm sorry daddy, I love him!

JERRY

He's married, you moron!

(to Stutman)

At her place?

Stutman points across street. Hatch's Fingerprint Specialist comes out of Neighbor's house holding up a *Bindle Sheet* of fingerprints. He gives an enthusiastic big thumps up.

JERRY

(yells to Babe)

Oh No You Didn't!

Stutman leans to whisper in Jerry's ear.

STUTMAN

"You can thank the guy who fucks  
your daughter for this."

(hits Jerry in chest)

You're next, big guy.

This is the first time we see Jerry's true explosive anger. It takes SIX of New York's finest to hold him back from trying to kill his own daughter for betraying him.

Babe's Poodle is being held by an NYPD ANIMAL WARDEN. Poodle goes crazy yipping and snapping at Jerry.

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "U.S. SEIZES WOMAN IN INQUIRY, Arraigned on making false and fraudulent statements. Freed on \$150,000 bail."

## INT. A QUEENS APARTMENT - ONE MONTH LATER

Too nice a place for the likes of now couch-potato "Crazy Gus" who has just become "Lazy Gus." He can't work-out anymore, so his once six-pack is now a keg-growing paunch. He stopped shaving as a cheap disguise. Black bearded, he lies on the white leather couch, eating *Cheetos*, watching TV.

"Let's Make a Deal" is on. A FEMALE CONTESTANT dressed as Goldilocks wearing an awful orange wig just chose Curtain Number Three. Curtain opens. She won a rusted out P.O.S. wreck of a car. *Wah-wah-wah* music plays. She cringes.

GUS

*Fuckin' moron.*

DONNA (O.S.)

Oh, My, God!

DONNA MARIE NICASTRO, 30s, is a successful real estate agent and looks it. She was a brief high school girlfriend before Gus dropped out. She rushes to brush orange crumbs off the white couch. She speaks with a thick New Jersey accent.

DONNA

Tony, why you gonna get me in trouble like this?!

GUS

Why you keep callin' me, "Tony?"

DONNAS

Because that's what I told my friend who owns this place. He was on vacation and wanted a name. Since everyone's heard what you did, I made up "Tony."

GUS

Okay, but why you gotta call me that in here? Wait? Did you just say he was on vacation?"

DONNA

Yeah, that's why you gotta' leave, right now!

Gus sits up. His black scraggly beard has orange highlights.

Donna runs out of the room to return with a whiskbroom and dustpan. She "sweeps" his orange beard specs into her dustpan.

GUS

Now-now?! But where I supposed to  
go this late-late?

DONNA

Anywhere! But here.

Gus stands up. More orange falls onto the white shag rug.

DONNA

Oh --My --God!

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "WOMAN ADMITS HIDING D.E.A. KILLING SUSPECT, Faces up to One Year in prison and \$100,000 fine."

**EXT. HOUSE IN STATEN ISLAND - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Cheap small rambler in a run-down neighborhood. Its bare-bulb front porch light is *on*. A rock is thrown from out of the shadows and *breaks* the light's bulb.

Front door opens. ANTOINETTE "TONI" FARACE, Gus's second wife, 31, pregnant, was born and raised on Staten Island.

GUS (O.S.)

(whispered yell)

*Turn off the inside light!*

TONI

(can't see him)

Gus?? --Why?

GUS (O.S.)

*Just do it!*

Toni reaches back in and flips the inside light switch *off*.

Gus runs past her into their house pulling her in with him and *slamming* the door.

**INT. GUS FARACE HOUSE ON STATEN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS**

Gus is bent over, hands on his knees, *breathing* hard.

Toni turns *on* the light switch.

Gus runs to pull the curtains closed, then *wheezes* more.

TONI

What are you doing here?

GUS

Jesus! We're married, remember?

TONI

Only for three months. Where have you been for the past two?

GUS

Hiding out at a friend's.

TONI

What's her name?

GUS

Don't start will ya?

Gus collapses on their very-used couch. Dust *rises*.

TONI

You can't stay! The police have already been here twice.

GUS

Need time to think.

TONI

Not here, what you did was awful!

GUS

He had it coming! Besides --

Gus pulls out a bag of marijuana and dangles it. Toni reaches for it like he's the Pied Piper. She yanks her hand back.

TONI

No, you have to leave.

GUS

Tonight, just for tonight. I'll leave tomorrow.

Gus jiggles his bag like a carrot. Toni grabs it hungrily.

TONI

Just for tonight.

GUS

Or two.

Toni didn't hear him, she's too busy rolling a joint.

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "FARACE'S WIFE HELD ON MARIJUANA CHARGE, Farace's mother puts her house up for second wife's \$250,000 Bail"

**INT. STATEN ISLAND RUN DOWN APARTMENT - ONE MONTH LATER**

Looks like a college kid lives here. Dirty clothes and empty pizza boxes are the preferred decorations. *Knock at door.*

Petrucelli in jeans, t-shirt, and slippers, answers it.

Gus stands outside with a lady's large yard-hat tied down with a ribbon. He looks like one of NYC's many homeless.

PETRUCCELLI

Nice costume. Goin' as a bag-lady?

Gus pushes past him angry and enters.

Petrucelli "checks" for cops, then closes and locks his door.

PETRUCCELLI

Could you have fucked up any worse?

GUS

Fuck, you. I didn't know he was a Fed.

PETRUCCELLI

Be that as it may, amico, there are a lot of Capos pissed off at you. Jerry included.

GUS

Why?

PETRUCCELLI

"Why?!" Don't you watch the news?

GUS

No, just game shows.

PETRUCCELLI

"No?!" No?

(grabs head in pain)

Mother Mary!

Petrucelli turns on his TV. Gus's Wanted Poster appears. Petrucelli points to it, *See!*, then turns his set off.

PETRUCCELLI

You are now Public Enemy Number Ten, my friend. And movin' fast up the F.B.I. charts.

GUS

No one's gonna turn rat for the Mayor's lousy 10K.

Petrucelli knocks his hand's knuckles on Gus's forehead.

PETRUCELLI

Hello?! Anybody in there? The F.B.I. stepped in with 250 Large, dead man telling whopper tales.

GUS

A quarter mill?! Why so high?

PETRUCELLI

Because you murdered the first "G" Man in The Big Apple in 17 years, William Tell! Your reward is now 380 Grand with all the others.

GUS

That much? Why?

Gus was never the brightest bulb in the box.

PETRUCELLI

Because you didn't just shoot him once in the head, moron! Oh no, you had to make a smorgasbord a' him! Didn't you watch his funeral?

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. ST. CHRISTOPHER CATHOLIC CHURCH, PARSIPPANY, NJ - DAY**

3,000 POLICE and AGENTS stand with black bands over their shields. Mostly dry-eyed, all are visibly shaken and angry.

Maryjane stands wearing a purple dress. The Boys stand on either side. She steps up to the lectern with microphones.

MARYJANE (FILTERED)

"We, middle-class, suburban Americans, we casual users, we dabblers in drugs, make the market in drugs an ever-increasing one. Therefore, Everett Hatcher, was killed by all of us. By all of us nice people who in every other way are above reproach. All of you who hear me now and fit this description, all of you, must accept the blame for the loss of this good, gentle man."

NYPD HONOR GUARD walks by Maryjane and her Boys with Hatch's coffin supported on their shoulders. Zachary salutes.

Flash bulbs *explode* everywhere. It is John Jr.'s salute to his President-father's draped coffin media-frenzy again.

**CAPTION:** *March 5, 1989*

RETURN TO.

**INT. PETRUCELLI'S APARTMENT - PRESENT NIGHT**

PETRUCELLI

Even the President flew up to console her.

GUS

He did?

PETRUCELLI

Beware The Ides of March 10, bro. Bushy-baby met with her in private. You know what that means.

(no response)

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph --both of 'em!

GUS

You have to help me!

PETRUCELLI

If I do --you know what that means.

GUS

What's Jerry say?!

PETRUCELLI

Nuthin'.

GUS

"Nuthin'?!"

PETRUCELLI

Cause he's not dealin' with it! You know he thought of you as a son. But then he found out Babe hid you, moron twice.

Petrucelli stabs a hands two fingers in a V on either side of his windpipe.

Gus drops his head. He's exhausted and out of options.

GUS

Got any four-twenty?

PETRUCELLI  
Got Bennies, Black Beauties, Cat,  
Crank, Crystal, Flake, Ice,  
Pellets, R-Ball, Skippy, Snow,  
Speed, Vitamin R, and Uppers.

GUS  
"Uppers."

PETRUCELLI  
You got it.

Petrucelli leaves his living room to fetch the prescription.

GUS  
You gonna hide me or what?

PETRUCELLI (O.S.)  
You got it!

Petrucelli returns and tosses a blank prescription bottle to Gus who catches, opens it and *drinks* some pills.

PETRUCELLI  
You do know anyone that helps you  
jumps in the same box wit' you?

Petrucelli hands Gus several envelopes. Gus opens one, takes out cash money, then reads its enclosed letter silent.

PETRUCELLI  
What'd your mom say?

GUS  
To stay "free as a butterfly."  
(clutches to his heart)  
Moms --*fogetaboutit*.

Gus opens a second envelope, checks it for cash twice, none, then starts to read its letter silent. He *snorts* disgusted.

GUS  
Check this out from Toni.

Gus reads her words in a high-pitched satirical voice.

GUS  
"Life is so unfair. I don't know  
why God is doing this to us. Fate  
is cruel."  
(back to regular voice)  
*Fuckin' moron.*

Gus writes on the back of her letter and hands to Petrucelli.

GUS  
Give this to the bitch.

Petrucelli reads it silent, raises eyebrows incredulous, and tries to give the letter back.

PETRUCELLI  
I can't give this to your wife?!

Gus yanks his note back angry to read his words out loud.

GUS  
"I can't wait to get my hands on  
you. I'm gonna rape you."  
(looks up confused)  
What?

**CAPTION:** *Gus never met his son born, Anthony "Gus" Farace. After Gus's death, his second wife legally changed both of their boy's names.*

**EXT. BENSENHURST, BROOKLYN - TWO MONTHS LATER**

Nice two-story colonial in a nice neighborhood.

Stutman, in his trademark suit and sunglasses, steps up to the front door and knocks.

Sammy "The Bull" Gravano answers in t-shirt and jeans. He looks past Stutman. There is no one else with him.

GRAVANO  
"What can I do for you?"

STUTMAN  
"Sammy, we want you tell John Gotti  
that we want this guy found --and  
we don't care how."

GRAVANO  
"Are you asking me to kill him?"

STUTMAN  
"Oh no, no Sammy, we're not going  
there. We don't give a fuck how  
he's found."

GRAVANO  
"Oh really? And about this thing  
with John Gotti, I'm not a  
messenger, bro."

They stare in silence. Stutman goes to the dark side.

## GRAVANO

"If you want to talk to John Gotti,  
go to his house yourself. I'm not  
gonna go to him and tell him what  
you want."

Sammy closes his door.

**EXT. GOTTI'S HOWARD BEACH HOME - LATER SAME MORNING**

Modest two-story all-white at 160-11 85th Street in Queens.

Stutman opens a low metal gate on its matching stone-pillars with black-iron fencing. It *squeaks*. He moves the gate back and forth listening to it. He closes it behind and walks up its sidewalk, past a brick chimney, and across its small porch. A paneled garage door is on the opposite side. This is not the home of the Boss of Bosses he expected. He *knocks*.

A curtain moves in a window on the second floor.

Stutman looks up and catches the glimpse of a woman's raven hair. He shudders.

John Gotti answers wearing a beige bathrobe. "His silvered hair was already swept back in a flawless mane."

## STUTMAN

"I was afraid your wife would  
answer the door."

Gotti turns to check his house number, *Yep, I live here.*

## STUTMAN

"I knew you wouldn't screw with me.  
But your wife --she's tough."

Gotti almost smiles, then nods. Their ice is broken. Gotti looks past Stutman to the street.

## STUTMAN

"I parked a block and a half away."  
(no response)  
"John, do you know who I am?"

## GOTTI

"Yes. How can I help you?"

## STUTMAN

"Our guy got whacked. I've been  
bringing pressure. You know how  
much it's cost you in business."

Gotti puts hands deep in robe's pockets pursing his lips.

STUTMAN

"John, do what's right, or the pressure isn't going to get easier. If you do the right thing, the pressure will fall back. Do, you, understand?"

Gotti wipes the sole of one slipper on a brick like he's scraping dog poo off it.

GOTTI

"There is little, I can say."

The two heads of their organizations stare at each other.

GOTTI

(lies)

"But of course --I am sorry."

STUTMAN

"Farace whacked our guy. If you hear where he is, let us know. We want him."

GOTTI

"Cooperate with the Feds --  
(shrugs shoulders)  
and you ain't a wiseguy."

STUTMAN

"Until you hand Farace over, cops are going to be assigned to every captain and above, and they'll be in uniform. And if you go into a bathroom, they'll follow you in."

Gotti steps back inside closing the door.

Stutman's hands form fists. He is like a dog with a bone, he'll never stop chewing on it till it's finished.

**INT. MANSION IN RIVERDALE, THE BRONX - LATER THAT DAY**

Nice place, well decorated, lots of antiques, old mob money.

Victor "Little Vic" Amuso, 55, is smaller than Jerry Chilli, but twice as mean. His hairline receded, a lot. He sits in an antique wing chair waiting with his fingers steepled.

**CAPTION:** Vitorio "Deadly Don" Amuso, Capo of Lucchese family.

Petrucelli enters in his trademark silk suit.

PETRUCELLI  
Wanted to see me, Boss?

AMUSO  
Let me make this simple so even a  
dummy like you can understand.

Amuso leans in menacing. Not the side of him you want to see.

AMUSO  
"Kill Farace --or kill yourself!"

Amuso waves Petrucelli away who steps back, then exits.

AMUSO  
*Fuckin' moron.*

**EXT. FRESH KILLS CREEK - LATER THAT DAY**

Landfill of huge dirt and sand fields with rusted metal pieces sticking out of ground. Oak trees surround perimeter. A shallow large pond is in its middle fed by creeks.

Dominick Farace, handcuffed behind, stands at the water's edge surrounded by NYPD OFFICERS, F.B.I. and D.E.A. Agents, and Stutman, all watching NYPD SCUBA DIVERS operating from a boat. ONE DIVER surfaces and gives a big thumbs-up.

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "FARACE'S COUSIN MAKES DEAL WITH FEDS, Takes to Fresh Kills Creek. SCUBA divers find gun that killed D.E.A. Agent."

PETRUCELLI (V.O.)  
Gus, you see this?!  
(no response)  
Sorry bro, you gots to go.

**EXT. 308 EAST 85TH STREET, MANHATTAN - SIX WEEKS LATER**

Built in 1915, the brick building has 5 stories and 18 units.

FIGURE in a hooded sweatshirt with its hood up exits the building and scurries to a phone booth around the corner.

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH AROUND THE CORNER - MOMENTS LATER**

Figure enters the booth and closes its door. Overhead light comes on. Figure opens door enough for light to go off, then drops a quarter in phone box, *ding*. He pushes seven digits.

Other phone is answered by his childhood friend Louie Tuzzio.

LOUIE (FILTERED)  
What?!

Figure lowers his hood. It's Farace...barely.

FARACE  
"Hey, it's me, Tommy. It's getting hot up here. There's going to be a lot of cops up here for the Thanksgiving Parade. I want to relocate."

LOUIE (FILTERED)  
"Oh yeah?"

Louie pauses like he's planning. Farace stares at receiver.

LOUIE (FILTERED)  
"No problem. Meet me by my mother's house at nine."

Farace hangs up, puts hood up. *Ding*. He dials another number.

**EXT. BENSONHURST, BROOKLYN - NEXT NIGHT**

A 1982 grey Pontiac stops double-parked with engine running on 81st Street near 18th Avenue.

**CAPTION:** November 19, 1989 - "around 10:00 p.m."

**FADE CAPTION:** Nine months after Farace murdered Hatcher.

**INT. SCLAFINI'S PONTIAC - MOMENTS LATER**

Joey Sclafini, 24, clean-cut, high-and-tight, is in a blue round-collar t-shirt and jeans. He sits as driver of his grandmother's borrowed car. He lights a cigarette.

Gus, as passenger, no longer resembles his former "pretty-boy" self. Fear and stress have worn him down. He's put on forty pounds, lost most of his muscle mass, has a pot belly, and curled his hair dying it and his scraggly full beard red. He wears black jeans, a blue *Nike* polo shirt, a denim jacket, and white *Reeboks*. He looks like a well-dressed bearded bum.

Sclafini offers Gus a cigarette. He doesn't take it.

**CAPTION UNDER:** Joseph "Joe Boy" Sclafini is due to get his Button in the Bonanno Family and is *untouchable* now.

GUS

Thanks for pickin' me up, Joey.

SCLAFINI

Thank Julio for lettin' you stay at his place all this time.

GUS

Fuckin' moron didn't know who the fuck I was!

(chortles)

You still livin' with your parents kinda screwed that hooch. But thanks for payin' my half of the rent and bringin' me the mail from Mom and Toni.

(looks around car)

The fact you still have to borrow your granny's car could be cause for serious concern, don'cha think?

JOEY

Look who's talkin'.

GUS

Thanks for brokering this deal, man. It'll be good to finally get out of this city. What a freakin' nightmare, huh?

No response. Gus stares out the front windshield remembering.

GUS

"Watched *The Godfather* again last night. That's my favorite movie, ya know."

Gus makes *mouth-sounds*. Is he repeating Lines from the film?

GUS

Ya know, I've never felt remorse for anything I've ever done. And I've done a lot of things.

(turns to Joey)

Is that normal?

(no response, scans area)

Ya know, "I've never traveled any place outside a' Staten."

(looks around again)

Did Louie say where he's sendin' me off to?

Joey doesn't answer. He's been told not to say anything.

**EXT. SCLAFINI'S PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS**

FIGURE, 29, clean shaven, short dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt under a dark zipped-up jacket, sits in the shadows on a graffitied park bench nearby. He looks like he's from the 50's. He has a copy of the *Daily News* open but can't read it in the dark. He is *The Lookout*, so is looking overtop of it.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Mario Gallo, Bonanno Family contract-killer.*

Mario again replays his Underboss's instructions in his head.

UNDERBOSS (V.O.)

"When you do this, draw this kid Joey out. His father is with John Gotti, and Gotti don't want the kid hurt."

Mario nods, then yells to Joey hand-motioning, *Come here.*

MARIO

"Joey, come over here! I needs to talk at you a minute!"

Joey exits his grandma's car and walks to Mario.

ANOTHER FIGURE, 25, leans back against his Cadillac parked across the street. He starts walking towards the Pontiac.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Louis "Louie" Tuzzio is now a soldier in the Bonanno Family and wants to get Made, at any cost.*

Louie pulls a .38 from his back belt and a .45 out of his jacket pocket. He holds them behind his butt while walking.

A blue van is parked ahead of Louie. Its Driver, 33, clean shaven, short curly dark hair, exits. If you search "stupid-looking" in the dictionary, his mug shot pops up.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *James "Jimmy Frogs" Galione, Bonanno Family soldier, drives his work van, so its license plate is real.*

Galione pulls a .9 mm from his front belt and holds it behind his butt as he exits and walks towards the Pontiac.

Sitting on a stoop near his van is a TEENAGER, 18. He stands.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Nicky Tuzzio wants to follow in big brother Louie's footsteps. Only incompetence will save his life.*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Both brothers live with their Mom and Dad behind the ground floor's window beside the stoop.*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Their Dad is an NYPD cop.*

Nicky bounds like a young gazelle towards the Pontiac.

Gus recognizes Louie approaching and rolls down his window.

**EXT. AERIAL OF "THE KILL BOX" - IMMEDIATELY**

The Four Assassins stalk to Farace from four angles. It looks like an *Animal Channel* episode of lions hunting their prey.

**EXT. JOEY'S PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS**

Mario walks past Joey and behind the Pontiac.

TIME LAPSE:

Nicky runs up behind Gus and puts his barrel against Farace's temple. Nicky closes his eyes anticipating blood splatter and pulls his trigger. Nothing. He forgot to take the safety off. Nicky fumbles to release gun's safety. Gus tries to get his gun out of his front belt, but his beer gut is in the way. Mario comes up behind Nicky, pushes him down, reaches overtop of Nicky's shoulder, and fires wild all eight .45 cal. slugs.

END TIME LAPSE.

Sclafini knows a Hit was sanctioned, but reacts automatically to being shot at. He pulls his .38 and fires twice at Mario.

By now, Galione has joined their fray. He doesn't know who to shoot at first, then remembers the warning, and fires at Gus.

Louie fires both his guns at Sclafini to protect his brother.

Sclafini is hit three times in the gut literally "blown out of his shoes" to land on his stomach on the sidewalk. He rolls off the curb into the gutter.

Residents "heard 16 pops thinking they were fireworks."

Louie freaks out jumping in his Cadillac to burn rubber away.

Galione knows they fucked-up and jumps in his van and exits.

BENSONHURST WOMAN, younger, rises from behind a car. She writes down Galione's license plate number *snapping* her gum.

Mario grabs Nicky and both run away to break apart their guns and throw them in the river.

"Bensonhurst Woman walks over to Gus who is convulsing. She *snaps* her gum loud, then goes to Sclafini."

BENSONHURST WOMAN

"You must be some kind of fucking  
asshole to get yourself into a mess  
like this."

Sclafini stops writhing to look up at her. "He smiles back."

A NYPD BEAT COP runs to Sclafini and kneels. He pulls hand-held radio and keys on. It *squelches*. He adjusts its volume.

BEAT COP

Officer needs assistance at 1814  
81st Street. Shots fired. Need a  
Super and double Meat Wagons.

Beat Cop keys off his radio and touches Sclafini's shoulder.

BEAT COP

Don't move, buddy, help is coming.

Sclafini is writhing in pain, a kidney was shattered.

SCLAFINI

*"I was only trying --to help my  
friend."*

Beat Cop runs to Farace who has been shot four times with wounds to his head, shoulders, and back, exactly like Hatcher. Farace is still alive, barely.

Beat Cop doesn't recognize him, but does notice the .38 in his waist band. Beat Cop sticks it in his own duty belt.

BEAT COP

What's your name, fella?

Farace is slipping fast. He coughs up blood.

Sclafini points burping blood yelling.

SCLAFINI

"That's my friend --Gus!"

Beat Cop gets out to open his shirt pocket notepad, then pulls one of two pens from same pocket and *clicks* it open. He writes down the name "Gus" then studies it, and has epiphany.

BEAT COP

"Gus?" --Farace??

Beat Cop *clicks* pen closed and straightens pocketing both.

Gus pulls multiple letters to his mom from jacket pockets.

GUS

*Tell --Mom ...*

BEAT COP

You tell her yourself, tough guy!

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "Slain Suspect Had Hidden On East Side. Door key in Farace's pocket led Feds to Julio Bofill now charged with harboring a fugitive."

**INT. JOHN GOTTI'S HOME - NEXT MORNING**

A modestly decorated typical living room. Nothing special.

Boss Meeting of Gotti, Sammy The Bull, and Amuso. All three sit in wing chairs drinking fine liquor and smoking cigars.

GOTTI

So Sclafini's gonna make it?

GRAVANO

Yeah. Shot three times, so gonna lose a kidney. Docs are leavin' one slug in to "work its way to the surface." Fuckin' moron.

AMUSO

We can't let this slide.

(blows a smoke ring)

Chilli sure won't.

GRAVANO

The other two morons are "made."

GOTTI

Give this to the --"Old Man."

Meeting is over. Time to blow some snow.

**INT. STATEN ISLAND KITCHEN OF ANTHONY SPERO - LATER THAT DAY**

Spero is fat, tall, dark-haired, and built his empire selling fireworks. He breeds champion racing pigeons. He likes to cook spicy sausage sandwiches on his brick-faced indoor grill. He is wearing flip-flops and has ankle tattoos. The wall-phone beside his grill rings. He answers by cradling handset while turning sausage over. The steam envelopes him.

SPERO

What?! I'm cookin' here!

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Anthony "Old Man" Spero of Bonanno Family.*

Person on other end of phone is not heard.

SPERO

Oh, hey Chilli ...Who? ...That little piss-ant! Som bitch pissed me off demanding to be "Made." When? ...No problem. Hey, wanna come over for a sandwich, fresh made? ...Okay, latter.

Spero hangs up and turns his sausage over again. Their steam envelopes him completely.

SPERO

*What a fuckin' moron.*

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "Gerard Chilli found guilty of credit card fraud. Sentenced to seven years --again."

**EXT. PARKING LOT IN BROOKLYN - SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER**

A stolen *Chevrolet Camaro* pulls into a parking lot at Avenue L and E. 4th St.

Louie is now dressed to the nines in a suit. He turns on the overhead light and primps his hair in the rearview mirror.

LOUIE

*'Bout time I got Made.*

Louis Tuzzio straitens his tie for the last time, then opens the stolen car's door.

A *WWII .45 ACP 1911* automatic reaches in and fires all eight rounds into the back of Louie's head. His skull and brain explode across inside of windshield. Louie falls sideways out of the door held by his seatbelt. Blood pours out of him.

Gun is pulled back by its clean shaven, short, dark-haired owner, 37, with an eighth-grade education. His ugly dead-pan facial expression makes *Jimmy Frogs* look smart.

**CAPTION UNDER:** *Daniel "Dirty Danny" Mongelli, the Bonanno Family enforcer.*

MONGELLI

*F-f-fuckin', m-m-moron.*

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to stop. Headline reads, "Guilty Plea in Mob Case. Danny Mongelli gets 25 years."

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop again. New Headline reads, "In Plea Bargain, Two Admit Guilt in Mob Figure's Killing. James Galione and Mario Gallo plead guilty in Federal District Court of murdering Gus Farace."

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins a third time to stop. Newer Headline reads, "Old-Style Mob Trial for Murder Case in Brooklyn. Government contends Anthony Spero ordered the death of Louis J. Tuzzio."

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY - NIGHT**

John Petrucelli, wearing his signature suit, opens his girlfriend's apartment door to talk back inside.

PETRUCELLI  
See ya' --whenever!

GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)  
(unintelligible)

PETRUCELLI  
Yeah, love you, too! Ya' fucking  
moron. If your dad wasn't a retired  
cop, I'd ...

Two .38 revolvers appear out of the hall shadows and *fire*.

Petrucelli is riddled with eight bullets as he falls back dead sitting-up against the door's frame.

There is a high-pitched *scream* from inside the apartment.

A black eyeless hood is pulled over Petrucelli's head.

Sound of two sets of dress shoes running down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. But this time a future date appears on it, *March 10, 1992*. Headline reads, "16-year-old son of John Petrucelli is charged with second-degree murder in the shooting of another teen over nothing."

RETURN TO:

**INT. NYC DEA HEADQUARTERS - PRESENT DAY IN 1989**

Stutman stands at the D.E.A. press release podium.

REPORTERS are semi-circled in front of him asking questions.

Camera bulbs *flash* and Camcorder-lights record.

**CAPTION:** *Farace Final Press Conference - November 18, 1989*

REPORTER 1

Now that Gus Farace is dead, do you have any final thoughts about him?

STUTMAN

"He died the way he lived, in the gutter."

REPORTER 2

Are you going to continue to put pressure on The Five Families?

STUTMAN

"There is no need to continue any pressure. On-going investigations will proceed as normal."

REPORTER 3

Do you wish you caught Gus sooner?

STUTMAN

"No gun, no eye-witness. If Gus had turned him-self in then, we'd have had a tough time convicting him."

REPORTER 4

Would you have preferred to take him to trial rather than have his own people take him out?

Stutman was ordered how to respond to this, verbatim.

STUTMAN

"I'm really sorry he was killed. I would much rather see him stand trial."

Stutman turns his back to the cameras so no one can see.

HE SMILES.

**CAPTION:** *The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York refused to grant Gus Farace a public funeral mass.*

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins to a stop. Headline reads, "Top U.S. Drug Agent in New York Resigns. Will begin work for CBS News as a drug-war consultant."

FADE TO BLACK.

**STILL CUT:** The New York Times spins again to stop. Future date is now *November 21, 1996*. Headline reads, "Mayor Rudy Giuliani renames West 17th St. fronting the New York DEA offices as Special Agent Everett E. Hatcher Place."

**STILL CUT:** New York magazine spins to stop again. New date appears as *August 25, 2023*. Headline under this date reads, "How Sammy The Bull Gravano went From Mafia Killer To FBI Informant. He's free, after putting John Gotti behind bars."

FADE TO:

**CAPTION:** "Mob Wives" is an American reality television series about Staten Island "wisegals." It premiered April 17, 2011.

**FADE CAPTION:** Its Ramona Rizzo was to marry Joseph Sclafani, but his arrest postponed their nuptial. When they attempted to get married in prison, the Feds denied him a furlough.

**FADE CAPTION:** Its Karen Gravano is daughter of "Sammy the Bull" Gravano. Her wiseguy husband testified against her father to stay out of jail. He quickly became her ex-husband.

**FADE CAPTION:** Its Victoria DiGiorgio is the wife of John Gotti. In 1980, their 12-year-old son was accidentally killed by a car driven by a nextdoor neighbor.

**FADE CAPTION:** Four months later, this neighbor disappeared.

**FADE CAPTION:** His body was never found.

FADE OUT.

Suggested End Credit side-panel video of Stutman's testimony on 12-12-89 before Senator Joe Biden's Senate Judiciary Committee, beginning at 02:23:25.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XOWMz7YaPdQ>

*Note to Reader: Each Mob character and D.E.A. Agent have their own amazing backstories. A series can be produced with each Episode highlighting one of their unique personalities.*