

LAW & ORDER...and THE MOB

Written by

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No embellishment was used. They were all really this crazy.

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: *Based on their true stories*

EXT. STATEN ISLAND, NYC - NIGHT

Triangle intersection of Veterans Road East and Bloomingdale Road dead-ends with Lucille Avenue. 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 the Bloomingdale Overpass so sitting in its 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. BUICK REGAL - CONTINUOUS

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

CAPTION: *EVERETT "HATCH" HATCHER, D.E.A. Agent for 17 years*

FADE CAPTION: *Spent a month in Staten Island's Arthur Kill prison as "The Colonel" to infiltrate Italian drug gangs.*

Hatch flips down his visor to look at a family 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 government one-way Voice Transmitter taped to Hatcher's chest fails 50% of the time.*

FADE CAPTION: *It failed on him the last time.*

EXT. NEAR THE 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.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
Don't lose Papa Bear.

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 their leader is.

COSTABILE "GUS" FARACE, 19, 6' 3", 230 lbs, shoulder-length permed hair, think *The Terminator* meets *Vinnie Barbarino*. He has dull eyes, black eyes, doll's eyes, a born killer's lifeless 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 he 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 huge fist and punches Charles in the gut doubling-him over. Gus then grabs Moore pulling him out to standing.

GUS

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

Gus punches Moore in the gut doubling him over.

GUS

Find me somethin' to beat 'em with!

Gus's three childhood thugs run to pick up four large pieces
of white driftwood off the beach and hand Gus the largest.

CAPTION UNDER THEM: *Farace's childhood Bay Boy gang members*

All Four *slap* their driftwood onto a palm as they march as
one like a BDSM "West Side Story" scene. The Four *beat* the
two teen-agers merciless who curl up fetal moaning *sobs*.

Gus stands triumphant breathing hard, then unzips his pants.

GUS

Who's first --ladies?

Gus sodomizes Charles and like any true rapist, his savagery
is all about control. Irony, 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

Bastard baby-face bit my dick to go
driftin' out on the tide?!

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

GRANATO

You gonna' turn that lover loose,
Gussie? Just like that?!

GUS

If you feel like paddlin' after
him, go on?!

GRANATO

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

GUS

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

Granato does. He's not a very good marksman.

GUS

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

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

GUS

Got anythin' to say, dead-guy not
talkin'?

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

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

CAPTION UNDER: *David Spoto, Farace's 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 "Bay Boys" drag Charles corpse into the surf,
take last hits, then throw their driftwoods out in the water.

GUS

(looks around, grins)
How 'bout that, "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 low-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

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

1,000 feet away from prison's main entrance on opposite end is our earlier triangle intersection of Bloomingdale Road and Lucille Avenue. A bus pulls out from a 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 blue buttoned shirt. His hair is shorter. He lies on a bench pressing a heavy barbell. He sits up to pull his shirt off to an athletic shirt under. His "claw" left forearm has a scarred valley where its 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 back down to lift more.

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

INMATE

Time?

GUS

Seven to twenty-one.

INMATE

Manslaughter?

GUS

Weren't no man! More like --.
(chortles regret less)
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

Did you really 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 his 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.

Jerry's 19 yr-old son, JOSEPH 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 his kid ain't no members.

JERRY

When "his 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 apron, 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 FARACE JR., now 5 years old, considered "slow" in school, exits wearing a child's apron. His is also stained.

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

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

FARACE SENIOR

Mulignana! You crossa da street!
You not crossa 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

CAPTION: *Arthur Kill Prison - January 16, 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 the arm of lounge chair.

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

PRISON GUARD
Brought him like you asked, Mister
Chilli.

Jerry talks to his son without looking.

JERRY
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 opens their cell door as it is never locked. The hinges *squeak* rusted.

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

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

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

JERRY
How you like your eggs?

Gus steps out of the hall shadows into their cell.

GUS
Still in the hen's ass.

JERRY
Too bad, good source a' protein.

GUS
Yeah? Well, I'm always up for "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 wide-open.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN UNDERGROUND GARAGE - 24 HOURS AGO

Underground parking at 299 Pearl Street, South Street Harbor.

JOSEPH "JUNIOR" CHILLI II, 30, Jerry's favorite son, sits as front passenger in a rented *Lincoln Continental*. Driver is his roommate Thomas "Tommy" Sbano, 38, a low-level drug dealer and high-level addict. *Note: 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 oldest 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 know, "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 II's heads. 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 their 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 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 their car's brake pedal.

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 again?!

GANGSTER ONE

Fogetaboutit!

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

RETURN TO.

INT. JERRY'S PRISON CELL - PRESENT DAY

Jerry comes back to the present after re-living his favorite son's murder to say his favorite tagline 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! Burn their houses! 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, boss.

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. A 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 know 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

"Why?!" This guy kills me.

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

FADE CAPTION: *literally*

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 prone to even 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 first?

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 Boss wearin' that?!

GUS

(looks himself over)
What.

PETRUCELLI

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

GUS

Where?

PETRUCELLI

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

Petrucci 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* by choice. Jerry never wore fancy clothes and hated anyone who did. He always had 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 his favorite command.

JERRY

"Let's go steal somethin'!"

Joseph III, Jerry's son also 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 the back.

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

Jerry grabs it back from Gus pointing to its 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 money 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. Has all the cash
info of its real owner. But right
now, it's, it's --?

JOSEPH III

Un-encrypted.

JERRY

What it said. So it's easy to read
and copy onto a fake card.

JOSEPH III

Called "cloning," dad.

JERRY

Enough with the smart-ass speak!

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

JERRY

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

JOSEPH III

Voilà. French word for "magic."

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 copies, and 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 family.

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)
A strong man knows his weaknesses.
Don't know if I know how to do this
kinda thing right, right now, boss?

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 powered-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 Englanda?

(no response)

Fuckin' Bobbies?

(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 trust you with this?

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 see.

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
(nodding with a shrug)
Sure, whatever you say, Boss.

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, 'bout Babe.

Gus spit-takes.

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

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

FEMALE NEIGHBOR across street looks like Babe's twin. She is watching her lawn being mowed by a TEEN 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
for you to get a frickin' G.E.D.?

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

PETRUCELLI
What you takin'?

GUS
Everything.
(pops a steroid pill)
Now, 'bout 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 you for real. You wanna' get gunned out like her Ex?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A MANHATTAN BAR - AT 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 steeling ready.

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.

Stunned Patrons go back to drinking and *talking*.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MARINA CAFE - OUR 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 ovetop, and Hatch 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 devouring pizza silent.

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

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. Gus jumps up. Customers look. Dominick stands.

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.

Dominick re-sits and picks up a slice.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
So why don't the two's of you sit
your fat asses back, down. Relax.

Hatch sits "eyeing" Gus, standing, who leans forward 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 - 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. Both suddenly
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-hair.

A small dog "yipes" 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

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

"Made me lose count" again!

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND - AT NIGHT

TRUE MONTAGE of Gus's beyond-sick behavior:

Gus flirts in a bar flexing and *laughing*. He picks up a TEEN GIRL rapes her in the back seat of his car and throws her out on the sidewalk laughing. He pops a Prednisone pill.

Gus flirts in a bar flexing and *laughing*. He picks up a WOMAN rapes her in the back seat of his car and throws her out on the sidewalk laughing. He pops a Prednisone pill.

Gus flirts in a bar flexing and *laughing*. He picks up a TEEN MALE rapes him in the back seat of his car and throws him out on the sidewalk laughing. He pops a Prednisone pill.

Gus flirts in a bar flexing and *laughing*. SOME GUY makes a rude remark. Gus beats Some Guy to death using brass knuckles while *laughing* then pops a Prednisone pill.

Gus drives around in his muscle car *shooting* STRAY DOGS, his favorite hobby, while *laughing* and popping Prednisone.

END TIME LAPSE.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HATCH'S KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT FATEFUL EVENING IN 1989

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 for twenty years.

MARYJANE

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

HATCH

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

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?

No response. Maryjane sighs again, then shudders. She gets a questioning look, then shrugs off her premonition.

MARYJANE (CONT'D)
Staying out late?

HATCH
"No money, no drugs, nothing to worry about. Should be home around ten."

Joshua and Zachary look up excited.

ZACHARY
Can we stay up playing Nintendo?!

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.

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

Van's passenger window rolls down. Gus Farace leans out over a 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 (O.S.)

"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 his head deadfalls forward again.

EXT. AERIAL OF HATCH'S MURDER SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Farace's van leaves the bridge. Hatcher's headlights and
brake lights are *on*.

The *Arthur Kill Correctional Facility* is half-a-mile away.

CAPTION: *February 28, 1989 - around ten*

EXT. HATCHER HOUSE - LATER SAME EVENING

All 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. A 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 DEA class*

Ann *knocks* hard on the door. She and 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 to 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 - SIMULTANEOUS

Bridge now 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 PHOTOGRAPHER *flashes* taking pictures. His "strokes" 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 Stutman, D.E.A. Special Agent 25 years*

FADE CAPTION: *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 horrified, then puts a hand on his best friend's shoulder and leans in to whisper.

No one hears what he says, but it is obviously heart felt. Stutman stands back out wiping his 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.

BOTH 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 both 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 of ambulance once away from Photographers.

Stutman *sighs*, nods head, then finger-circles, *Debrief*.

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

STUTMAN

"What happened?"

AGENT FIVE is F.B.I. Agent-In-Charge. He *sighs* then explains.

FBI A.I.C.

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

AGENT ONE 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 TWO is Female and racked with guilt. She tears up.

AGENT THREE

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

AGENT THREE is an older male and desperately apologetic.

AGENT FOUR

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

AGENT FOUR is a younger male and desperately explanative.

AGENT FIVE

"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

In regards to undercover officer safety, when do you stop operations and pull that undercover officer out? 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 walk to Hatch's car.

SOME OFFICERS have to help Two Agents 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 looking away. His chin
quivers.

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 the news!

BABE
Why?

Joseph III takes the TV-remote from Jerry who fights him like
a Laurel and Hardy skit, then Joseph changes the channel.

Local NEWSMAN, in a studio wearing a suit, appears on screen.

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 the 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 back to "Deal" as *wah-wah-wah* music plays
for a NEW CONTESTANT who just won a "ton of bricks."

JOSEPH III
Wadda' ya wanna do, Pop?

Their 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,
Four 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 Gus, 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

Sees what I can 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 older D.E.A. GROUP SUPERVISORS, both races, in suits.

Stutman stands at front. He hasn't slept so is in same suit now wrinkled.

Easels holding pictures of Gus, Jerry, and all of the Five Mob Family Members are on either side of him.

STUTMAN

This town needs an enema, soo I
want every citizen wiping their ass
with one of 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

TRUE MONTAGE of D.E.A. AGENTS walking beside WISEGUYS. If One pulls out a cigarette, an Agent lights it for him.

When a WISEGUY is taking his MOB WIFE out into a restaurant, Their Agent opens the door for her.

When a MOBSTER comes out of a building to put on an overcoat, Their Agent steps out to brushes off his shoulders.

All Agents are always fake-smiling. All Wiseguys are not.

INT. BACKROOMS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT INTO DAY

TRUE MONTAGE of NYPD POLICE OFFICERS breaking in doors with battering rams to raid BOOKIES on their phones desperately trying to burn their flash papers.

NYPD POLICE OFFICERS breaking in doors with battering rams to raid PUSHERS packaging drugs desperately trying to eat them.

NYPD POLICE OFFICERS breaking in doors with battering rams to raid Massage Parlors. MASSEUSES, scantily-clad, run out of their rooms *screaming*. Their CUSTOMERS desperately dressing.

Scores of NYPD Vans take away very unhappy "victims" to jail.

These angry motivated Cops do not push gentle into their bad night. And always watching them are D.E.A. Agents smiling.

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.

On the *Royalton Rooftop* with its pool, FBI AGENTS *Terry Pat* down OVERWEIGHT MOBSTERS in speedos after "accidentally" knocking their MOBSTER BIKINI BEAUTIES into the water.

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. Same Agents "accidentally" toss the retrieved golf balls over their shoulders out into the Rough.

And always watching them is Hatch's Surveillance FBI Agent-in-Charge, smiling.

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 GOTTI: *John "Teflon Don" Gotti, ruthless Captain of the Gambino Family.*

Gotti turns to Sammy WTF?

CAPTION UNDER GRAVANO: *Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, Underboss of the Colombo Family and Gotti's best friend*

GRAVANO

Hey, we're playin' through here?!

ONE FBI AGENT

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

TWO FBI AGENT

We had to take them all in.

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!

Hatch's Surveillance FBI Agent-in-Charge sits in a cart watching all and flips both The Finger then drives away.

Both bad-ass Bosses slap their biceps *Fungu*.

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

That the same one that hit on your wife?

Gravano likes to hide his emotions, but can't in this case.

GRAVANO

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

(*cracks eight knuckles*)

"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 your Bobby Fischer fetish. We gonna' finish this game 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-plus 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 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. He lights a cigarette then snap-closes lighter's top to imitate his favorite comedienne *Andrew Dice Clay*.

GUS
Fogetaboutit.

CAPTION: *Gus Farace, now on the run, spent one week hiding out in Greenbelt Park, alone, eating off the land*

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 poncho hood. It's Gus, rumped, unshaven, who looks worse than haggard. He is filthy and stinks.

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)
I been "sleepin' in the woods."

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

GUS
Hidin' out, ya' fuckin' moron.

BABE
You can't stay here! The police already raided me once.

GUS
Gotta help me, Babe. Gotta.

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

BABE
Got it!

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

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 lives here, let alone she's gone. This will work, plus I won't have as far to go to see you. Relax, hunny-bunny.

GUS

"Relax?!"

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

GUS

Hey, this will work, won'ts it? Fuzz'll never think of looking for me across to here. Nice thinkin' for a moron. And don't call me that.

BABE

What?

GUS

That thing you just did.

BABE

(coos sexy)

My whittle honey bumpkin?

Gus *slaps* her. Babe reacts shocked holding her cheek.

Gus goes into the kitchen and opens fridge. He grabs a beer can and *pops* it open. He downs it like a desert survivor, *belches*, puts empty can 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

DEA Director 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)
He hid 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 furious 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."
(slaps 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.

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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 a now couch-potato "Crazy Gus" who has become just plain "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. Now 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 rushes in to brush his orange crumbs off the white couch. She speaks with a thick New Jersey accent.

CAPTION UNDER: *Donna Marie Nicastro, Gus's brief high school girlfriend just before he dropped out*

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 needed a name. Since everyone's heard a' what you did, I made up the name "Tony."

GUS

Okay, but why you gotta call me that in here? --Wait?
(still hurts to think)
Did you say, "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 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!

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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 to *break* the light's bulb.

Front door opens. CAUCASIAN WOMAN, 31, pregnant, was born and raised on Staten Island.

CAPTION UNDER: *Toni Acierno Farace, Gus's second wife*

FADE CAPTION: *None of Scarpa Family came to their wedding*

Gus yells from the shadows.

GUS (O.S.)
Turn off the God Damn 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 *slamming* the door.

INT. 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
For three months! Where have you
been for the past two?

GUS
Hiding out.

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 Gus is 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
Well --just for tonight.

GUS
Or two.

Toni didn't hear Gus, she's too busy rolling a joint. Ouch, she grabs her protruding stomach. The baby kicked.

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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 dolt lives here. Dirty clothes and empty pizza boxes are its constant 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.

PETRUCELLI
Nice Halloween outfit. Goin' as a
bag-lady?

Gus pushes past him angry and enters.

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

PETRUCELLI

Could you have fucked up any worse?

GUS

Fuck you. Didn't know he was a Fed.

PETRUCELLI

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

GUS

Why?

PETRUCELLI

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

GUS

No, just game shows.

PETRUCELLI

"No?!" Noooo --?
(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.

PETRUCELLI

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 tall 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 continues not to shine as 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. Her 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*. It is John Jr.'s salute to his President-father's draped coffin media-frenzy all over again.

STILL CUT: *Actual media picture of Zachary saluting.*

CAPTION UNDER: *March 5, 1989*

RETURN TO.

INT. PETRUCELLI'S APARTMENT - PRESENT NIGHT

PETRUCELLI
Even the President flew up to
console her ass.

GUS

He did?

PETRUCELLI

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

(no response)

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! She got to
him! All of D.C.'s alphabet is
inbound here!

GUS

You have to help me!

PETRUCELLI

If I do, you know what that means.

GUS

What's Jerry say?!

PETRUCELLI

Nuttin'.

GUS

"Nuttin'?!"

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
and you's now a moron twice over.

Petrucelli stabs one hand's two fingers in a V to either side
of his own windpipe, *"You're dead meat."*

Gus drops his head. He's exhausted and now 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!"

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

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

GUS
Whatever.

Petrucci 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 one 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 Petrucci.

GUS
Give this to the bitch.

Petrucci reads it silent, raises eyebrows incredulous, then tries to give the letter back.

PETRUCELLI
I can't give this to Toni?!

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's son was born Anthony "Gus" Farace*

FADE CAPTION: *Toni later legally changed his name*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BENSENHURST, BROOKLYN - TWO MONTHS LATER

Nice two-story colonial in a nice neighborhood.

DEA Agent 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 to street. There is no one else with him.

GRAVANO

"What can I do for you?"

STUTMAN

"Sammy, we want you to 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, you know."

They stare in silence. Gravano 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 him 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 up 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 now, 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 angry with his fingers steepled.

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

FADE CAPTION: *His nickname came from a U.S. District Attorney*

FADE CAPTION: *His time as Boss is remembered as one of the bloodiest periods in the history of the American Mafia*

Petrucelli enters in his trademark silk suit.

PETRUCELLI

Wanted to see me, Boss?

AMUSO

Let me make this so simple 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.

The variety of looks that go across his face is frightening.

CAPTION UNDER: *Longest reigning Boss of The Five Families, he received a Life Sentence for racketeering and murder in 1992*

FADE CAPTION: *Still the Lucchese Boss, he is incarcerated at the Federal Correctional Complex in Butner, North Carolina*

EXT. FRESH KILLS CREEK - LATER THAT DAY

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

Dominick Farace, handcuffed behind, stands at 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 in the middle. ONE DIVER surfaces to give a big thumbs-up.

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "FARACE'S COUSIN MAKES DEAL WITH FEDS. Takes to Fresh Kills Creek, SCUBA divers find gun that killed Agent."

PETRUCELLI (V.O.)

Gus, you see this?!

(no response)

Sorry bro, you gots to go-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 in the shadows around the corner.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH AROUND CORNER - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. HOUSE IN STATEN ISLAND - IMMEDIATELY

Other phone is answered by Gus's childhood friend Louie Tuzzio, 25, curly hair swept up into a pompadour.

CAPTION UNDER: *Louis "Louie" Tuzzio, Bonanno Family soldier*

FADE CAPTION: *He wants to get "Made" ...at any cost*

LOUIE

What?!

EXT. PHONE BOOTH AROUND CORNER - RETURN TO

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

FARACE

"It's me, Tommy. It's getting hot up here. There's going to be a lot of cops up here for 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 tomorrow 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 UNDER: *November 19, 1989 - "around 10:00 p.m."*

FADE CAPTION: *Nine months after Farace executed 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 all 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 who doesn't take it, so Sclafini puts it in his own mouth and lights it.

CAPTION UNDER: *Joseph "Joe Boy" Sclafini is about to get his Button in the Bonanno Family*

FADE CAPTION: *John Gotti ordered Sclafini is now untouchable*

GUS

Thanks for pickin' me up, Joey.

SCLAFINI

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

GUS

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

(chortles, coughs)

You livin' with your parents kinda screwed that hooch for me. But thanks for payin' my half the rent and bringin' me 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

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

No response. Gus stares out the front windshield remembering.

GUS

I "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)

"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. NEAR 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 1950'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 like a bad noire movie wiseguy.

CAPTION UNDER: *Mario Gallo, contract killer for both Bonanno and Lucchese families*

FADE CAPTION: *Convicted for racketeering and conspiracy to distribute cocaine, a career assassin for hire*

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

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

Across the street leaning back against his parked *Cadillac* is Louie Tuzzio who starts walking towards Joey's Pontiac.

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's car. Its Driver, 33, clean shaven, short curly dark hair, exits. If you search "stupid-looking" in the dictionary, his mug shot appears.

CAPTION UNDER: *James "Jimmy Frogs" Galione, Bonanno Family*

FADE CAPTION: *Driving his work van so license plate is real*

Galione pulls a .9 mm from his front belt and holds it behind his butt as he exits van to walk towards Joey's Pontiac.

Sitting on a stoop near the van is a nervous TEENAGER, 18.

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 parents behind the ground floor window beside his stoop*

FADE CAPTION: *Dad is an NYPD cop*

Nicky bounds like a young gazelle towards Joey's Pontiac.

EXT. AERIAL OF "THEIR 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

Gus recognizes Louie approaching and rolls down his window.

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 his gun's safety. Gus tries to get his own gun out of his front belt but his big beer gut is in the way. Mario comes up behind Nicky, pushes him down and reaches overtop of Nicky's shoulder, then *fires* wild all eight of his .45 cal. slugs.

END TIME LAPSE.

Sclafini knows the Hit was sanctioned but reacts anyway 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 his 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 then exits.

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

Mario grabs Nicky and both run far 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."

NYPD BEAT COP runs to Sclafini and kneels. He pulls his 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 with a kidney 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, 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 to Gus burping blood and 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

Tell her yourself, dead man
squalkin'!

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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, gonna lose a kidney though. 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

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, and dark-haired. He loves 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. Its steam envelopes him.

SPERO

What?! I'm cookin' here!

CAPTION UNDER: *Anthony "Old Man" Spero, Bonanno Family Consigliere*

FADE CAPTION: *Built his empire selling fireworks and breeding champion racing pigeons*

Chilli 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.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. "JUST US LOUNGE" - DAY BEFORE

Tiny white-brick facade bar with a small bay window on Avenue South off West 9th Street in Brooklyn. Its cheap-looking hand-painted sign looks like its from 1950's Las Vegas.

CAPTION UNDER: *"Social Club" for the Bonanno Family*

FADE CAPTION: *Owned by Thomas "Tommy Karate" Pitera*

FADE CAPTION: *Having studied Martial Arts in Japan, Law Enforcement believes he murdered 60 victims with his skills*

INT. "JUST US LOUNGE" - IMMEDIATELY

Spero sits at a table devouring pasta with 'nduja.

Tommy Karate, jet black receding hairline to top of his head is clean-shaven and in-shape. He struts with the walk of a fearless psychopath through his dining room visiting tables.

SPERO

Tommy! Tommy Karate!

Everyone spins in the chair towards Tommy. No one ever wants their back to him. Tommy looks over to Spero.

SPERO

Do that thing you do! You know!

Tommy jumps into the air to land with both legs horizontal to the floor and each foot suspended on a different table. He is the first Jean-Claude Van Damme mobster.

Spero fast-claps happy like a neurotic Nero.

Louis Tuzzio, always ballsy, walks up breaking his mood.

TUZZIO

"I want recognition for the Gus Farace murder. I want my Button."

Spero glares at Tuzzio like he's got three heads.

CAPTION: *Tommy Karate became the first mobster to kill a woman blaming her for the overdose death of his wife*

RETURN TO.

INT. ANTHONY SPERO'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Spero, still cradling phone, smiles turning his sausages.

SPERO

When? ...No problem. Hey, wanna come over for a sandwich? Fresh made ...Okay, later then.

(hangs up)

What a fuckin' maroon.

Spero turns sausage over. Steam envelopes him completely.

SPERO (CONT'D)

Both of 'em.

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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 Tuzzio is dressed to the nines in a suit. He turns on overhead light and primps his hair in the rearview mirror.

LOUIE

"Either I get my Button, or I'm gonna die today."

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

A *WW-II .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 stutterer owner, 37, with an eighth-grade education. His ugly dead-pan facial expression makes Jimmy Frogs look smart.

CAPTION UNDER: *Daniel Mongelli, Bonanno Family enforcer*

FADE CAPTION: *Later given nickname "Dirty Danny" for trying to sell steel stolen from the 9-11 World Trade Center ruins*

MONGELLI

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

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "GUILTY PLEA IN MOB CASE. Danny Mongelli gets 25 years."

New York Times front page spins to a stop, new Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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."

New York Times front page spins to stop, newer Headline reads

STILL CUT: "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 silk suit, opens his girlfriend's apartment door to talk back inside.

PETRUCELLI
See ya'! --*Whenever.*

GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)
(unintelligible)

PETRUCELLI
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.

The New York Times spins to a stop, but this time a future date appears on it, *March 10, 1992*

STILL CUT: "16-YEAR-OLD SON OF JOHN PETRUCELLI CHARGED WITH SECOND-DEGREE MURDER IN SHOOTING DEATH OF TEEN OVER NOTHING."

INT. NYC DEA HEADQUARTERS - PRESENT DAY IN 1989

Stutman stands at his D.E.A. Logo 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.

The New York Times front page spins to a stop, Headline reads

STILL CUT: "TOP U.S. DRUG AGENT IN NEW YORK RESIGNS. Will begin work for CBS News as a drug-war consultant."

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

FADE TO:

The New York Times spins to a stop, future date appears on it as *November 21, 1996.*

STILL CUT: "MAYOR RUDY GIULIANI RENAMES WEST 17TH ST, THE NEW YORK DEA OFFICES, AS SPECIAL AGENT EVERETT E. HATCHER PLACE."

New York Magazine cover spins to a stop, future date appears on it as *August 25, 2023*.

STILL CUT: "HOW SAMMY THE BULL GRAVANO WENT FROM MAFIA KILLER TO FBI INFORMANT. He's free, after putting John Gotti behind bars."

FADE TO BLACK:

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

FADE CAPTION: *Ramona Rizzo's marriage to Joseph Sclafani was postponed because of his arrest. When they attempted to get married in prison, the Feds denied him a furlough.*

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

FADE CAPTION: *Victoria DiGiorgio is the wife of John Gotti. In 1980, their 12-year-old son was accidentally killed by the car driven by their next-door 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 the "unusual" personalities.