

"TWO FATES"

Written by

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BASED ON THE MEMOIR, "GOD, THE MAFIA, MY DAD, AND ME"
BY LORI LEE PETERS

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INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA - DAY

"1986 Bay Area Bodybuilding Championships"

Blinding stage lights.

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

PATRIOTIC SYNTH-POP blasts through the speakers. Behind them, a velvet curtain pulled against the massive stage.

In unison, the final four contestants switch poses: from flexed biceps and jutted hips, to hands clasped taut below their chest. Their trapezii pop. Their shoulders ripple.

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

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

The women turn away from the CROWD and PANEL of JUDGES to the beat of the thumping music. As they do, their backs angulate with tiny muscles, a cascade.

YOUNG LORI (V.O.)

Dad, what happens to us when we die?

One after the other, like dominoes, they strike their third pose: right toes pointed out, their arms into a "T". The crowd CHEERS. It's impressive. The backs of their taut legs are slick with sweat. All the work and sacrifice evidenced on their bodies.

LOU (V.O.)

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

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

ANNOUNCER

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

We creep inches from Lori's face. Her breathing is shallow. Salty tears well in her eyes.

YOUNG LORI (V.O.)
I promise.

ANNOUNCER
- give 'em a round of applause!

Lori smiles, her teeth are blinding. The crowd HOOTS and HOLLERS.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - LODI, CALIFORNIA - MIDNIGHT

The bright of the STAGE LIGHTS collapse to darkness. But the tears fall. Sweat still pours. Her labored breathing surges.

It's 1977. A thirteen-year-old LORI is in bed. It's dark. The only light glowing from a nightstand LAMP.

She is a childlike thirteen, but lanky. She is unable to sleep, shaking uncontrollably, gripped with a terror that will not subside.

LORI
Dad!

Nothing.

LORI (CONT'D)
Dad!

Seconds pass. The sound of slippers footsteps. Her mom, MARILYN (40s) poised and beautiful, even in her nightgown and curlers, opens the door.

MARILYN
What's wrong, Lori?

LORI
(through tears)
No, Mom! Dad!

A hesitant pause.

LORI (CONT'D)
I need Dad!

Marilyn ducks out of her daughter's room. Lori lays there, scrunching her toes.

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

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

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

LOU
What's the matter, honey?

LORI
I'm scared.

LOU
...Of?

A hovering pause.

LORI
I can't tell you.

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

He jiggles her shoulders.

LORI
(very serious)
I can't!

LOU
Hey. Look at me.

She can't.

LOU (CONT'D)
You know you can tell me anything.

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

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

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

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

Lou lifts one leg and then the other on the TWIN BED, and settles into place next to Lori.

LOU
I'm here.

Lori, still shaking, closes her eyes.

LOU (CONT'D)
I'm here.

SNAP TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - PRESENT DAY

Bright again. Morning.

It's 1977, earlier. A gorgeous MID-CENTURY CALIFORNIA HOME. MOVING BOXES stacked around MODERN FURNITURE.

Lori, twelve this time, is still in her PAJAMAS. She knocks on the bathroom door.

Marilyn peaks out, half made-up.

MARILYN
Let's get a move on! We leave in ten.

LORI
Almost ready...!

Lori goes to the second bathroom. She grabs her TOOTHBRUSH and squirts a fat layer of TOOTHPASTE. Pops it in her mouth.

Lori scurries back to the living room. She brushes, still in that far-out, delicate morning space. Through a mouth full of toothpaste:

LORI (CONT'D)
Mom? Can I come in?

Lori nudges the bathroom door open a smidge. We see a glimpse of Marilyn, applying ROUGE in perfect sweeping motions.

MARILYN
Not now, Lori. I'll be out in a minute.

Marilyn shuts the door with her elbow. Lori stands in front of it. She looks stung.

Lori rushes to the other bathroom.

LORI
Dad! Can I spit in here?

LOU
Come on in!

Lori flings the door open. Spits. She's amped up.

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

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

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

Lori giggles. She rinses her mouth. Spits again.

Marilyn, upon seeing her daughter in her PJs, gasps:

MARILYN
You're still not dressed!

LORI
One sec!

Lori scrambles around the corner, sliding in her SOCKS.

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

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

We're hit with bright, perfect California sun.

Lori hops on one foot, mashing her SHOE on.

LORI
Junior High, here I come! Whoo hoo!

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

The other two Peters' girls are waiting in MARILYN'S CAR.

LESLIE
Get in the car!

LOU
Have a good day, girls! I love you!

LORI/LESLIE/LISA
Love you Dad!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Marilyn's butter yellow CADILLAC SEVILLE pulls out. The essence of style.

Lou waves. Then something catches his eye.

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

Lou watches them. They don't look familiar.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

All three girls: Lori, LESLIE (16), an edge of teenage rebellion, and LISA (6) ride in the car.

Marilyn is reserved, even a little cold. Certainly not one to show the type of outward affection that comes so naturally to her husband.

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

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

EXT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

A gleaming METAL SIGN: Peters Pontiac-Cadillac-GMC.

Small triangular FLAGS flap hypnotically in the breeze. They're all pastels: pink, blue, yellow.

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

Grand. Neat. Picturesque.

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

INT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

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

JACKIE, (30s) a receptionist seated at a great circular DESK, greets him.

JACKIE
Good morning, Mr. Peters.

Employees bustle about with their opening duties.

LOU
Good morning, Jackie.

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

JACKIE
Mr. Peters?

He turns around.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Someone is here to see you.

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

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

A wood paneled office behind the showroom.

Lou swivels in his chair.

ELMER
You've just come to town.

LOU
What's that?

ELMER
Welcome.

LOU
Oh, uh - thank you.

ELMER
From Motor City.

Brief pause - how does Elmer know that.

LOU

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

ELMER

My investors would like to buy your dealership.

Pause.

LOU

It's not for sale.

A bubble of tension bursts. Lou eases up.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

ELMER

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

LOU

I- How did you know that?

ELMER

I do my research, Mr. Peters.

LOU

Well, I -

ELMER

You're not German.

LOU

Excuse me?

ELMER

Mostly Germans in this town.

Lou remains buoyant, but something's not right.

LOU

Why don't I show you around our lot. We just got in this gorgeous - have you seen the Pontiac Grand Prix?

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

We have one fresh off the line.
Mandarin orange. Sport Trim.
Tremendous horsepower.

ELMER

Name a price.

LOU

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

ELMER

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

Lou hesitates. This guy is not getting it.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Any price.

Lou laughs. He throws out a ridiculous number.

LOU

Two million.

Elmer gets up out of his chair.

ELMER

Shouldn't be a problem.

Lou stops him at the door.

LOU

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

The question hangs in the air.

ELMER

They'd be delighted.

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

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

The sky is clear and vast. The sun beats down.

Lori, LINDA (13) shy with long brown hair, SHARON (13) opinionated, acts older, SAM (12) wispy blonde hair and blue eyes, and DICK (12) all chomp on their frozen treats, turning their tongues red and purple.

They lean on a parked CAR for sale.

MECHANIC
Hey, get offa there!

They giggle. Lori shoos them off.

LORI
(hushed, helpful)
Hey, hey, get off!

DICK
Linda was it.

LINDA
I wasn't!

SAM
She wasn't, I was!

Sam pulls Lori's ponytail.

LORI
Hey!

They scatter, giving chase. They weave in and out of rows, hiding behind parked cars.

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

MARC
Hands up, hands up!

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

He playfully tackles Sam to the ground, rough-housing. Sam erupts into laughter. Marc ruffles the kids' hair.

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

LORI
Marc! Are you here to see my dad?

MARC
Oh yeah, and he's in trouble!

LORI
No, he's not!

He hops up and dusts off his uniform, striding to the door.

MARC
Yuh-huh!

Marc gives finger guns.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Lori, Linda, and Sharon crouch behind the big cream slab of concrete that is the back of the dealership.

LORI
I don't think Sam likes me.

SHARON
That means he likes you.

LINDA
No he doesn't. He pulls her hair.

SHARON
That means he likes her.

LORI
(her voice squirming up an
octave)
He does?!

Lori checks behind her, conspiratorially.

LORI (CONT'D)
You have to promise. That you're
telling the truth.

SHARON
I promise.

Sharon holds out her pinky.

LINDA
Truth pact.

Linda and Lori lean in with their pinky fingers, too.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We will always tell each other the
truth. No matter *what*.

LORI
On our friendship.

LINDA/SHARON
On our friend--

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

The girls shriek!

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

Lou peers through the VERTICAL BLINDS, as Lori and her friends round the corner, drenched. There's a phone to his ear, as far as the cord will stretch.

LOU
Peters Pontiac-Cadillac-GMC. You've reached Lou Peters.

ELMER (O.S.)
Two million is OK.

A pause. No way... Lou's curiosity burns.

LOU
Who's behind the money?

ELMER (O.S.)
They prefer anonymity.

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

ELMER (O.S.)
Have you heard of Joe Bonanno Sr.?

LOU
No.
(Pause)
He's the buyer?

ELMER (O.S.)
Mr. Bonanno is indeed a *savvy businessman*, much like yourself.

A chill comes over the room.

Marc knocks and pops his head in. Lou's eyes widen.

INT. DEN - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

A BOOMING RUCKUS. Cheers, groans, laughter. POKER CHIPS topple and slide ceremoniously from Lou to another player.

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

Neat, un-chilled LIQUOR is sipped from CRYSTAL GLASSES. CIGAR SMOKE hangs thick. Lori observes.

LORI
Why did you lose your chips!

MARC
We caught him bluffing.

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

LORI
You lied?!

LOU
I concealed my hand.

LORI
Why?

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

Lori is enraptured.

LOU (CONT'D)
But it's not lying so much. It's concealing. Just keeping the truth to yourself.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

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

WIND whips DUST and SAND. Arid and brown.

They stand two against one. Their hands folded.

One of these men is Lou Peters. He faces SALVATORE "BILL" BONANNO (44) tall, darkly complected, serious.

An air of "boarding school". And JOE BONANNO JR. (30), his more attractive but shorter brother, an air of "boarding school playing cowboy". They both look like they'd rather not be here.

Lou breaks eye contact to glance at his surroundings.

LOU

Impressive operation you got here.

They squint into the sun. Bill nods, but keeps it brief.

BILL

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

Bill looks at Lou, expectantly. Lou looks at Joe. Gestures.

LOU

He ever say anything?

BILL

Not usually.

A pause. Awkwardly felt.

LOU

Why?

Bill assumes he means Joe Jr.

BILL

What do you mean, why--?

LOU

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

Bill thinks a moment.

BILL

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

A small jolt of fear. For himself. For Lodi.

PATRON (CONT'D)
 God damnit, *QUIET* back there!

TEENAGER
 You be quiet!

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

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

THEATRE OWNER
 Shut up, kids! People paid good money to watch this film, so *shut up!*

TEENAGER
 Start the *movie!*

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

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

TEENAGER
 What are you gonna do, shoot us?

Laughter.

INT. LOU'S CAR - EVENING

Lou guns it through quaint little Lodi.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

Then BANG. The owner fires one into the ceiling.

GASPS and SHRIEKS.

THEATRE OWNER
 Shut UP! Shut up shut up shut up!

He fires another one. The children scatter.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

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

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

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

The GLASS DOORS face a panorama view of MAIN STREET.

Suddenly, the doors fly open. It's Lou. Like a superhero, he strides toward the kids, his COAT flapping behind him.

LOU

You okay?

He grabs Lori's face.

LOU (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She nods. Lou turns to Sam.

LOU (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sam nods too.

LOU (CONT'D)

Where's the owner?

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

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

Lori and Sam glance at each other peripherally.

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

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY - EVENING

Lou storms out. Sam has gone home.

LOU

Let's go. Get in the car.

Lou trucks past Lori and continues out the door.

Lori struggles to catch up.

LORI
What happened?

They exit. The sun is cooler, dipped low behind the buildings.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

They walk down a wide, empty SIDEWALK.

LOU
I had a little talk with him.

LORI
What did you say?

They get into the CAR.

INT. LOU'S CAR - EVENING

LORI
What did you say?

Lou starts the ENGINE.

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

LOU
So you like Sam, huh.

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

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

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

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

LORI
Yes dad, foxy!

LOU
 How about this kid, is that guy
 foxy like Sam?

He points to a KID Lori's age, walking along a sidewalk carrying a TROMBONE CASE. He's gangly and has long hair.

LORI
 No *dad!*

Playing it up:

LOU
 How about that one?

Another KID, with his parents and younger siblings.

LORI
DAD, no!

She sinks into her seat.

LORI (CONT'D)
 SAM is foxy.

Playing along.

LOU
Okay. Sam is Foxy.

EXT. THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lou idles. Lori hops out of the CAR and scurries to the front door. Lou pulls into the GARAGE.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

He catches his breath. Pulls off the lid. He finds what he's after: an issue of PARADE MAGAZINE, 1977 - six months ago.

On the cover is JOE BONANNO (73), sitting in his backyard, legs crossed, wearing a yellow CARDIGAN SWEATER. A beautiful black and tan DOBERMAN obediently at his side. A wrinkly-eyed smile, white teeth, gray hair slicked back.

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

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

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

The sky is bright. The SOUND of a SPRINKLER, far off.

Marilyn stands at the sink, washing DISHES.

Lori runs past the WINDOW, grinning.

Marilyn doesn't react.

Lori passes the window again. Wiggling her outstretched arms, rippling them like noodles. She checks to see, did she make her mother laugh?

Nothing.

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

Marilyn is unmoved. Lori knocks on the glass.

MARILYN
Come inside, Lori.

Marilyn beckons, then turns around to put the dishes away.

Lori stands peering in, alone.

Abruptly, Lori is swept off her feet. She falls out of frame. It's Lou. He hug-wrestles her to the ground.

LOU
(to his wife through the
glass)
I'll take her!

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Puffy red and white BOOTHS. Lori and Lou sit in front of a plate of decimated PANCAKES. Across from them is DOUG, a real estate broker.

A WAITRESS clears the DISHES.

Lou writes a figure on a NAPKIN, and slides it to Doug. He looks at it.

DOUG
I'll be in touch.

He gets up. Shakes Lou's hand. And leaves.

LORI

So what happened to the deal?

She sips the last of her CHOCOLATE MALT.

LOU

We made our deal!

LORI

You did?

LOU

Right here on this napkin.

LORI

You can't make a deal on a napkin!

LOU

You can make a deal on any piece of paper. You just sign it and shake. That's the deal.

Lori clings to her dad's arm. Happy to get a glimpse of her dad's world. They both look out the wide windows.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Special Agent BOB ANDERSON (50), a clean-cut government man, clears his throat. His mannerisms are staccato.

BOB, MARC, LOU, and two of BOB'S ASSISTANTS sit around a large OVAL TABLE.

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

BOB

That's them.

Bob gathers up the PHOTOGRAPHS like playing cards.

MARC

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

Marc is clearly nervous in front of the FBI.

Bob rolls back in his CHAIR with tired authority.

BOB

Would you be willing to wear a wire?

Marc looks to Lou.

BOB (CONT'D)
Mr. Peters.

LOU
A wire?

BOB
To go undercover. And take them up
on their offer. Let them launder
money through your businesses.

LOU
I -

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

Bob sinks back.

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

A pause.

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

LOU
--I'm not taking your money.

BOB'S ASSISTANT
Hear us out--

LOU
--I won't do it for money.

Bob considers him.

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

LOU
Call me Lou.

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

MARC
He could sell oil to an Arab.

BOB
I have to state the danger of this
assignment.

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

LOU
I-

BOB
If discovered--

LOU
I just want to-

BOB
You're gambling with your life.

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

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

INT. DINING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Leslie, Lori, Lisa, and Marilyn sit at the DINING TABLE. They
eat their dinner. It's quiet. Marilyn eats with perfect
posture and table manners. Lori eats quickly.

EXT. BACKYARD - THE YATES' HOME - DUSK

The sun sags on the horizon, nearly asleep. An arresting
amber, otherworldly.

The faint HUSH of CRICKETS.

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

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

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

LOU

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

Marc exhales.

LOU (CONT'D)

I gotta confess something to you.
When I was a kid... I wanted to be
an FBI agent. It was my dream.

It's sensitive somehow, unspeakably personal. The men just
nod.

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lou has a TELEPHONE to his ear. A BEIGE ROTARY attached to
the wall. He props up his large frame with his elbow.

Marilyn is behind him, scrubbing a PAN. Tense, but resigned.

LOU

If I don't, who will? On one
condition. Don't ever call me an
informant. That's not what I am.

BOB (O.S.)

Alright, Lou.
(beat)
How about 'concerned citizen'?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Bob hangs up.

BOB

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

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

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

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

A SHRIEK of LAUGHTER. In dramatic protest:

LINDA

Sharon!

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

SHARON

Who are *you* going to ask to the dance?

Sharon plops down. Brushes off her hands.

LORI

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

SHARON AND LINDA

What?!

SHARON

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

LORI

I will too! He's the one I'm going to marry. Someday.

A hush falls over Linda and Sharon.

LORI (CONT'D)

Do you guys want to get married?

Lori notices their sudden shyness but deliberately trucks on, reigniting the night's carefree mood.

LORI (CONT'D)

Like to Dick - !

Lori doesn't get a reaction. Sharon stares at the ground, tracing a shape in the sand with her shoe.

LINDA

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

Such a strange answer it takes Lori by surprise. She laughs. But Linda's delicate face is steady.

LINDA (CONT'D)

We won't have time. God is coming down to Earth to take everyone up to heaven.

A pause.

LORI

Very funny, Linda.

LINDA
I'm not joking. The Second Coming
is happening.

LORI
The Second... what?

Lori smiles. Are they pulling her leg?

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

Lori registers this slowly. She looks to Sharon.

LORI
Sharon?

SHARON
Yeah.

Sharon traces the same spot over and over with her shoe.

LORI
You can't be serious.

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

SHARON
Mine too.

Both girls study Lori, surprised.

LINDA
Your parents never told you about
The Second Coming?

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

LORI
No.

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

LORI (CONT'D)
How do you know God is coming soon?

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

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

LINDA (CONT'D)

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

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

LINDA (CONT'D)

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

LORI

...What signs?

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

LINDA

Wars and earthquakes. The summer will turn to winter and the winter to summer. Animals will start behaving strangely. There are more signs too, and after they happen, the sky will break open, and God will appear. He'll come down from heaven and ask everyone the question.

LORI

What question?

LINDA

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

LORI

But I want to stay here... I don't want to die. I want to get married to Sam. You die if you go to Heaven. Why would you want that?

LINDA

(happily)

So I can live with God! Heaven is a beautiful place.

LORI

Here is a beautiful place.

LINDA

Well, you can't say no to God.

Lori scans Linda desperately.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I mean you *can* but if you say no and your family says yes, you'll be here all alone. And you'll never see your family again. Because you won't be able to change your mind. You'll have to stay on Earth. With everyone else who said no.

LORI

What happens to the people who say no?

SHARON

Six six six.

Sharon moves to the SWINGS.

SHARON (CONT'D)

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

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

LINDA

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

Lori lets go and spins.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Like, you won't recognize anything. There'll be more wars, people will kill each other. And no matter how bad it gets, you'll never be able to leave. So you'll have to make the right decision...

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

Lori drifts into a reality filled with fog. Everything precarious, flimsy. She feels as if she reached out to touch her friends, they'd disappear in a cloud of dust.

Lori gets up in one jerky motion.

LORI
I have to go!

She runs.

LINDA
Where're you going?!

Lori keeps running.

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

INT. BEDROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lori collapses on her bed. When she pulls the covers over herself, the solitude allows her to cry.

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

She can't. She gets up and paces her bedroom.

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

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

She shakes her head, her breath tied up.

She writes: "What are you going to do? I can't get married or have kids? I'm going to die soon. I can't let God find me. If he doesn't find me, he can't ask me that question. Hide from God? Trick God? Stay close to your family? I have to hear their answers first before I give mine!"

INT. DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

MARILYN
Breakfast!

Marilyn sets the table.

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

She sits. She stares at her PLATE, numbly. Lou is quiet.

LOU
Eat, eat.

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

LORI
You're not eating...

LOU
Sure I am!

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

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

LOU (CONT'D)
Something wrong, honey?

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

LORI
Nothing's wrong, Dad.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

An upper middle class ranch home. The POOL is egg shaped. A vast concrete patio deck.

Floor-to-ceiling WINDOWS panel the backside of the house.

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

Lori, in a wet one piece BATHING SUIT, stands apart from the others. She leans against the window, her heart not in it. Fun, as she experienced it before, now seems senseless.

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

SHARON
Lori, get in!

She flips off Dick's shoulders.

LORI
OK! In a little bit.

Dick pinches Sharon from behind. Sharon SQUEALS!

Lori remains where she is.

A TAP TAP TAP on the window. An adult, LINDA'S MOM, makes a motion like "you're smudging the window".

LINDA'S MOM

Don't lean on the glass, please.

Lori straightens. Her wet bathing suit and sticky skin peel off the otherwise clean, clear glass.

Feeling exposed, she crosses her arms. Looks out at the pool.

She turns to leave. Unlatches the gate. And walks through the side yard, barefoot. No one looks for her and she doesn't look back.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Lori walks.

The day stretches out endlessly before her. Cloudless.

She walks streets lined with ACACIA TREES. Their long silvery leaves diving in weeping arcs.

Above, TELEPHONE WIRE. Lori looks up to see a row of CROWS. Jet black, their feathers gleaming.

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

A CACOPHONY of BARKING DOGS. Lori jumps! Four small, fluffy DOGS press themselves against a FENCE, their soft paws clawing, relentless.

She continues walking. Row after row of neat California homes. Their beauty unsettling.

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

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

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

LOU

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

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

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

LORI
What happened to Grandpa?

LOU
Heaven.
(tiny beat)
He's in heaven and he's happy,
that's all you need to -

LORI
I wouldn't be happy in Heaven.

Lou looks at her, quizzically.

LORI (CONT'D)
It sounds boring! God sounds boring. Angels sound boring. I don't want to float around and sing all day.

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

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

LOU
Why would you be separated from me?

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

LOU
Honey, honey.

He tries to make her laugh by flexing.

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

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

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

LOU
Bill, you know I have so much
respect for your father.

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

He isn't alone. JACK DIFILIPPI (50), Joe Bonanno's nephew,
Sicilian, and very very edgy, guards the door.

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

LOU (CONT'D)
I want to do everything in my
power, anything at all, to make
your family proud. You know, my
father was from the old country.

Bob, through the wire:

BOB (O.S.)
Cool it...

Lou swivels in his chair.

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

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - NIGHT

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

BOB
What the hell is he doing?

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB (O.S.)
(urgently)
Lou - Lou - Lou --

LOU
This is how we'll do it: The
"Barchetta". Custom Firebird's.
(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

I've been flooded, *flooded* with orders already.

BOB (O.S.)

Lou!

LOU

My guy, he's an ex-race car driver, we do silver and black, side exhaust pipes. Real 1930s gangster coupe. We're up to a few million just on pre-orders. We'll sell you the *patent and rights for distribution* and you - can - wash your money.

BILL

I never make a move without my father knowing.

Bill grins like a school boy.

BILL (CONT'D)

...But *I love it*.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou is alone. A wild grin spills out of him too - his hands shaking as he fishes for the WIRE under his SPORTCOAT.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

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

BOB

That wasn't the plan.

LOU

A Mafia owned dealership?

This truth pierces the room.

LOU (CONT'D)

General Motors owns the majority stake, they would *never* sign off.

Bob and the other men are frozen.

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

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

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

Lou looks at him in disbelief.

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

Lou stands, toe to toe.

LOU
The Barchetta is it.

Bob turns back.

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

LOU
Where has staying on the tracks ever got you? The Old Man's never been nailed, and that's because you government guys are all the same.
(beat)
You need wild.

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

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

She goes through the stages of processing. She anguishes. Panics. Tries to calm herself. Tries to lie down on the floor. Tries to get up. Nothing brings her solace for long.

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

TWENTY STUDENTS sit at DESKS in neat rows.

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

Lori is having a difficult time concentrating.

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

Sharon is giggling, but Lori doesn't see the point.

EXT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Lori sees Linda approaching, BOOKS in hand. Lori turns toward her LOCKER, avoiding her.

Dark rings of sweat rim her SWEATER'S armpits.

INT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL - DAY

Behind the school building, Lori tucks herself away.

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

JAMIE

You want one, little girl?

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

Lori takes the cigarette. Takes to it pretty naturally.

LORI

Little girl?

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE

Never seen you back here before.

Lori shrugs, feeling his gaze on her.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

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

Lori's face. Staring straight at home. In UNIFORM, crouched, she concentrates. Her hair pulled tight. Sweat beading.

She looks up at the open sky. God could come for her. Anytime. The CRACK of a bat.

Lori jumps.

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

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

The jolty adrenaline fades. Next BATTER to the plate. Lori tries even harder to concentrate.

LORI
Hey batter batter.

She spots her father in the stands. She smiles.

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

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

Another pitch. Too high. Ball.

Lou shuffles past the knees of a few ONLOOKERS, down the BLEACHER steps, and he is gone.

The fourth ball is called. The player walks.

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

INT. HALLWAY - THE PETERS' HOME - DUSK

Lori lugs in her softball gear, sullen.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. REC ROOM - LODI LAKE - NIGHT

Lori's hair is brushed but not freshly washed. She wears clean clothes, but it seems like maybe she's not showering. She chews one of her nails, nervously.

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

Jamie leans in to her,

JAMIE

Hey, you wanna go for a walk?

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

EXT. LODI LAKE - NIGHT

The MUSIC from the dance, and the other boy's VOICES, fade gently into the distance.

Jamie sits on a ROCK near the lake's shore.

LORI

Where are we going?

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

JAMIE

You wanna kiss?

A beat.

LORI

Sure.

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

JAMIE

You wanna have fun?

LORI

Yeah?

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

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

The classroom is empty save for Lori, seated at her DESK. Mr. Chappell shuffles through PAPERS before the period begins.

Jamie and his friends walk past the open classroom door.

FRIEND

Ew, dude!

JAMIE

She reeks dude, like reeks.

FRIEND

Shit!

JAMIE

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

FRIEND

DG?

JAMIE

A Dirty Girl.

Everyone laughs.

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

He looks at Lori. Then hangs his head, shuffles to his DESK.

A woman, A SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR, pokes her head in.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR

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

EXT. CAR LOT - DEALERSHIP - DAY

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

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

Lou winks at Bill. Bill grins ear to ear.

BILL

(hushed, eager)

The discount, huh? The family discount.

Lou nods up and down, clasps Bill's hands.

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DAY

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

LOU

Fuckin' family discount.

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

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - SCHOOL - DAY

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

COUNSELOR
Why don't you have a seat?

Lori takes the only vacant chair.

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

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
Is this your handwriting?

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

LORI
Yes?

COUNSELOR
Are you doing these things with Sam Kessler?

Marilyn's breath is held.

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

MARILYN
Well, I hope not.

LORI
I'm not.

A beat.

COUNSELOR
Well, OK.

Marilyn stares straight ahead. Lori looks at her shoes.

INT. BATHROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori cries in the shower. She scrubs and scrubs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lori sits on the couch with wet hair, staring blankly at the TV SCREEN. Leslie lounges on the floor next to her, flipping through a FASHION MAGAZINE. An AD for a stain remover BLARES.

The phone RINGS. Once. Twice. Three times.

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

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

LORI

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

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

Hi Lori. Are you the oldest?

LORI

Um, no.

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

That must be Leslie then, huh?

Lori doesn't answer.

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

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

LORI

Oh. Hello.

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

I was thinking we could get
together some time.

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

LOU

Who's that, sweetie?

DIFILIPPI (O.S.)

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

LORI

Jack?

JACK (O.S.)

What'do'ya say -

Lou's face goes ashen. His arms heavy.

He rips the PHONE away from Lori.

LOU
Go outside.

LORI
But Dad -

LOU
Go. Outside.

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

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

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

Lou is shaking with anger.

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

He grits his teeth.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn is seated on the bed. Lou paces.

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

MARILYN
It's OK, Lou.

LOU
It's not OK! It's not OK...

Lou looks nauseated, sick to his stomach.

LOU (CONT'D)
I think I need a divorce.

A small intake of air from Marilyn.

LOU (CONT'D)

(quickly)

A separation! I think... to protect you and the girls.

MARILYN

This is interfering with our life, our - our life is so good. The business is so good -

LOU

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

MARILYN

For how *long*?

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

A Tudor home on a quiet street. Immaculately trimmed lawn. An American FLAG.

It's dark. No street lamps.

Lou bangs at the door.

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

Commotion inside. Shuffling feet. Locks being unbolted.

The door opens to reveal Bob, looking tired and skinny in his bathrobe... with a BASEBALL BAT in his hand.

BOB

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

LOU

I'm getting a separation from my wife.

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

BOB

OK. Can we talk about this another--

LOU

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

Bob pays attention. Lou's breath is belabored.

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

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

LOU
I'm not asking permission.

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - MORNING

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

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Lori looks at the WALL CALENDAR.

Nothing is written. Quiet panic.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

LOU
You wanna do something today?

Lori looks up at him, saved.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR - SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Lou and Lori walk down the midway, a CANDY APPLE in her hand.
The tops of tall sycamore trees poke out above the
fairgrounds. A multi-colored FERRIS WHEEL towers and spins.

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

Lori gazes up at the men. Their strength. Their power. Her
eyes sparkle, lit like a match.

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

They ride in silence. Lou is pensive.

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

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

LORI
 Dad, no - I don't want to -

The sky is bright, baking the surroundings. Lori immediately
 begins to cry.

LORI (CONT'D)
 (pleading)
 Don't tell me Dad, don't tell me...

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

LORI
 You can't! No Dad! You can't leave!

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

Lori begins to say something, but Lou continues -

LOU (CONT'D)
 It's strictly for business.

Lori falls still.

LOU (CONT'D)
 I need to sign a few things without
 your mother's name on it. That's
 all. And we'll get back together as
 soon as the deal's over. I promise.

Lou sighs bitterly. This is harder than he thought.

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

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

It's a simple bachelor pad. Pretty bare. Especially when compared to Lou's family home in Lodi.

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

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

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou's FIREPLACE is now bugged.

The guys set-up a second VIDEO CAMERA in the living room. They secure it, then place a LARGE PAINTING OF A TIGER over it. The lens matches up with the TIGER'S EYE.

We hold on that for a moment.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

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

Marilyn fusses nervously with her hair.

MARILYN

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

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LODI, CA - DAY

Standing on the platform is GRAMMY (80), Marilyn's mother. She has an air of politeness. She's dressed conservatively.

INT. MARILYN'S CADILLAC - DAY

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

GRAMMY

(unenthusiastic)
Hello.

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

Lori walks out and joins them.

Both girls are in their BIKINI TOPS and JEAN SHORTS.

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

She turns the lights off. Walks to her bedroom.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Darkness. Silence, save for the CHIRP of CRICKETS far far in the distance.

Lori lays still in her bed. She can't sleep.

Grammy is in the TWIN BED opposite her.

Lori thinks she's the only one awake. Out of the darkness:

GRAMMY

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

Grammy's voice is clear. Piercing.

A long moment:

LORI

It was hot outside, Grammy.

Silence. Lori is sweating, her anxiety spikes.

LORI (CONT'D)
...And we were thinking about going swimming.

GRAMMY
You do not dress like that outside.

LORI
But Grammy--

GRAMMY
No! That is not the way a young lady dresses! *Epecially* around boys. You look like a whore!

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

GRAMMY
Yes you do. You're a whore!

Lori stays frozen. Leslie swings the door open.

LESLIE
Don't you talk to my sister like that!

Lori sits up.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
C'mon. Sleep in my room.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

He fiddles with the dials.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou comes out of the bathroom, *naked*. He strolls around.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The men groan. Laugh.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bob is not amused.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. KITCHEN - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

COFFEE and ORANGE JUICE on the table. Marilyn flips PANCAKES. Grammy sits, stares into the distance.

Lori walks slowly into the kitchen. She doesn't look at her grandmother. Grabs a juice.

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

GRAMMY

(without feeling)

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

Grammy looks robotically back at Marilyn.

Lori doesn't respond. She wants to crawl out of her skin.

Marilyn gives the slightest nod to Grammy.

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lori sits on her bed.

LORI

God, if you come back today, take my grandmother. And if everyone in Heaven is like her, I'll take my chances *staying here*.

Lori falls back on her mattress. Succumbs. She begins to cry.

INT. DINER - LODI, CA - NIGHT

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

JOHN

You're so cute.

Lori blushes, shy.

LORI

Thanks.

JOHN

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

LORI

A few weeks.

JOHN

A few weeks is a while.

Lori takes a sip of soda.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I think it's time we - you know.

Lori's heart beats faster.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know you've never... and it would be your first time, but--

LORI

It'll hurt - ?

JOHN

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

John walks around. Puts his SHORTS on. Yawns.

JOHN
Let me get you a towel.

LORI
OK.

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

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

John throws her a HAND TOWEL. Lori places it over the blood, soaking it up. John bends down and kisses her forehead. Rubs the top of her head, smoothes her hair.

JOHN
How do you feel?

LORI
Good.

JOHN
Good.

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

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

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

LORI
I like it. Keeps my mind off things.

SHARON
What things?

LORI
I don't know...

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

LORI
What's the point?

SHARON
Helps you become a secretary.

LORI
I mean if the world's gonna--

A BATTER hits a line drive. Sharon hustles, staring into the sun.

SHARON
Mine mine mine mine!

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DEALERSHIP - DAY

Lori concentrates on typing at a hulking egg-colored DESKTOP COMPUTER. As her focus intensifies, her breathing slows.

The sky darkens, a storm is brewing.

The COMPUTER goes out. Lori looks around, then gets up. She goes to find her dad...

INT. DEALERSHIP - DAY

Just as Lori is about to knock at his office door, Lou pops out. He is accompanied by a short, gray-haired gentleman, JOSEPH BONANNO (73), "The Old Man".

LORI
Hey Dad -

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

LOU
Ah. I want to introduce you to someone.

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

LOU (CONT'D)
This is my middle daughter, Lori.

Lori holds her hand out to shake, just as her dad taught her.

THE OLD MAN
Hello, Lori. It's nice to meet you.

He is sincere, his eyes kind, his Sicilian accent thick and round. He warmly holds her hand in both of his. Lou cuts it off pleasantly -

LOU

We have some business to take care of.

Lori watches them go.

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

Lou drives The Old Man, who sits in the back seat.

The sky is gray. The Old Man is quiet.

LOU

I hope you enjoyed your tour, Mr. Bonanno.

THE OLD MAN

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

Lou eases into sentimentality.

LOU

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

The Old Man nods, looking out the window.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

Lou's eyes well with tears.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

The Old Man is moved. Lou's mouth goes tight - only for a second.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Old Man takes a look at the modest digs.

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

LOU
Please, Signore, call me Lou.
Please.

Lou almost removes his JACKET, out of force of habit - but
remembers the WIRE in time.

LOU (CONT'D)
And thank you. My apologies for the
humble furnishings.

THE OLD MAN
Who lives upstairs?

Lou's blood runs cold.

LOU
Pardon, Sir?

THE OLD MAN
Upstairs.

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

The Old Man is expressionless.

BOB (O.S.)
(wire)
The Nagra is running out of tape.

Lou steadies himself by pouring a CUP OF COFFEE from a
morning-old percolator. A MUG for The Old Man too.

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

LOU
(whispered)
Just leave him here?

BOB (O.S.)
You have to extract yourself.

At the moment Bob says this, the phone RINGS. High pitched.
Lou jerks.

LOU
Oh! Who the hell could that be?

He answers.

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

LOU
(phone)
Well I am here entertaining a
guest... Jackie.

BOB (O.S.)
It's of utmost importance.

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

BOB (O.S.)
Yes sir, Mr. Peters.

LOU
Thank you Jackie.

Lou turns to The Old Man.

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lou walks to his car. Gets in. He's sweating.

INT. LOU'S CAR - DAY

Lou speeds in the direction of Lodi.

LOU
(wire)
And just leave him sitting there in
my apartment?! Alone?!

BOB (O.S.)
(wire)
We're not picking up his voice. We
need the Nagra.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Old Man lifts up both COFFEE MUGS, sniffs them. Pops the top of the BOTTLE of CREAMER. Sniffs that too.

INT. SQUAD CAR - LODI, CA - DAY

Marc Yates, and CARL LARSEN (37), blonde, the FBI technician responsible for the surveillance equipment, sit in the CRUISER parked at a drive-up coffee shop off Highway 99.

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hooked up to bulky machines, Bob sits on the edge of his bed. He's glued to the TV screen as he watches The Old Man.

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

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Lou jumps into the passenger side.

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

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

Carl's hands are precarious, but steady.

The Old Man smiles.

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lori, John, and his brother, KURT (17), just as muscular, are playing MUSIC in their bedroom after school.

Kurt peels off his VARSITY FOOTBALL PRACTICE JERSEY.

KURT
Did you bring my report?

Lori goes to her backpack.

LORI
Yeah!

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

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

KURT
I heard you liked to type.

Kurt sits down on the edge of the bed.

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

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

KURT (CONT'D)
I just wanna talk. See how things
are going.

Lori sits. John gives Kurt a small smile and a tilted-head nod, then swings his backpack over his shoulder.

John exits. Leaving Lori alone with Kurt.

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

She cranes her neck around the corner for John, but he's gone. Lori tries to play it casual.

LORI
Yeah...

Kurt walks to the door. Shuts it.

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

KURT
They're not home.

LORI
What about John?

KURT
He's gone. Swim team.

Kurt sits down and leans in to kiss Lori.

He pushes her down on the bed and puts a hand on the waist of her pants. Lori jolts up.

LORI
What're you doing?

KURT
It's OK!

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

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

KURT
Don't worry - you'll like it.

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

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

Lou, confident, eats voraciously and talks with gusto.

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

LOU

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

DiFilippi notices Lou is sweating. Lou feels his eyes on him and wipes his forehead with a NAPKIN.

DIFILIPPI

Hey, Lou. It's hot in here.

LOU

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

Lou goes to the patio doors. Slides one open.

DIFILIPPI

You're sweating.

LOU

I feel alright!

DIFILIPPI

(shrugs)

Take your jacket off.

LOU

Jack - when I conduct business I wear business attire.

DIFILIPPI

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

Pause. Lou thinks.

LOU

What's the matter, you don't like my jacket? You got an issue with my jacket? My clothing is ugly to you?

They stare one another down. DiFilippi starts to laugh. Lou laughs with him, looks around the room, everyone joins in.

LOU (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Man asks another man to undress, I don't believe it. What happened to manners?

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

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

He grabs it.

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

A beat.

The telephone RINGS.

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

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

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

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

The men look at him.

LOU (CONT'D)
I have to go.

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

JOE JR
Good for you!

Joe Jr smiles for the first time during dinner.

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

The guys move to clear their plates, grinning.

BILL
We'll see ourselves out.

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

DIFILIPPI
(coldly)
Go get 'em. Tiger.

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

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

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

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lou rushes from the apartment. He is delirious with stress. Buzzing. His heart pounding out of his chest.

He gets in his car. Starts the engine.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kurt puts his shirt on. He straightens things on his desk.

KURT
(nonchalant, to the point)
You have to leave. My mom's coming
home soon.

Kurt doesn't look at her. Lori pulls up her pants. Rises from the bed.

INT. LOU'S CAR - NIGHT

Lou brakes at a lonely fork in the road.

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Lori, dazed, steps out onto the sidewalk. The street lamps glowing. The houses inviting, friendly.

They hang on tight.

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

EXT. RODEO - CLEMENTS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

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

Lori, Sharon, and another girl, KATHY, all now sixteen, gasp and point at the feats of skill. Lori holds a BEER. They are all a bit intoxicated.

Lori leans over to Sharon.

LORI
I'm getting another one.

EXT. RODEO - DAY

New DRINK in hand, Lori takes a moment outside the stands. The DIN of the ARENA pulsing in the background.

She's really alone. She looks around at the TREES and FIELDS, which begin to shine and vibrate in her mind. They are not real, nothing can be real. She looks up to the sky, arms outstretched. A direct confrontation:

LORI
God!

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

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

Nothing. Her breathing slowly returns to normal. Heaven is deaf to her cries.

EXT. RODEO - DUSK

Lori walks back to the stands, deflated, numb, and runs into Sharon and Kathy, who hand her another BEER.

KATHY
Roadies!

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

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

INT. LORI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lori drives as Kathy and Sharon chatter away.

FLASHING LIGHTS and A POLICE SIREN erupt.

LORI
Shit! Why is he pulling me over?

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

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

LORI
We just drove back from the Clements Stampede.

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

LORI
Oh -

KATHY
Lori!

LORI
My license plate was stolen.

OFFICER
License and registration please.

Lori digs through her jean pockets.

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

She tries her PURSE. As she does, she knocks over a BEER BOTTLE, which, with a loud RATTLE, knocks into the others, which CLINK AND CLANG and draw the officer's attention.

OFFICER
Everyone step out of the vehicle.

LORI
(Teary)
I'm sorry!

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The officer cuffs Kathy, Sharon, and Lori.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Lou picks it up.

LOU
Yeah?

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

Lou goes blank.

LOU
There's no way they know about me,
is there?

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

The line goes dead.

LOU
What-?

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

LOU (CONT'D)
Marilyn?

INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

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

When Lou arrives, he shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Lori is being sentenced. The JUDGE, looking over his thick framed GLASSES, reads from the docket in a bored voice. Marilyn watches coolly from the VIEWING GALLERY.

JUDGE

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

MARILYN

Administrative mix-ups happen all the time.

Lou is fuming.

LOU

She was the only girl there! And you know what she said? That there was a *murderer* on that bus with her! A murderer, Marilyn!

MARILYN

Doing community service?

Lori, listening from the hallway, smiles at her dad's protectiveness.

LOU

I'll go to Marc, I'll go to his superiors--

MARILYN

When are you coming home, Lou?

LOU
I don't know.

MARILYN
I can't do this forever.

LOU
It's not gonna be forever.

MARILYN
Look how Lori is without you.

Lou feels a pang of guilt.

LOU
I'm going to Miami tomorrow. With
Jack and with Bill to pitch the
Barchetta deal with the big guys. I
think we can get something good.

Marilyn's face is blank.

MARILYN
She really is just like you.

INT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - DAY

Lou, DiFilippi and Bill stand in line at the boarding area. Bob watches from a distance. He flips through a MAGAZINE. A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE walk past, obscuring Bob's view.

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

Bob looks around. He stands up.

He sees the hem of Lou's coat and trousers rounding the corner. He hurries, but he's too late. When he gets to a proper vantage point, they are nowhere to be seen.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

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

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

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

INT. MIAMI HOTEL - DAY

Bob approaches the check-in desk.

BOB
Checking in for Anderson.

HOTEL STAFF
Yes, sir.

BOB
Has a Peters checked in yet?

HOTEL STAFF
(Checking)
I.... Don't see that any guest by
that name has checked in today.

BOB
Thank you.

Bob purses his lips, thinking.

BOB (CONT'D)
Don't mention to anybody that I
asked, would you? He's a, uh,
private individual.

HOTEL STAFF
Of course, sir.

INT. BAR - MIAMI HOTEL - DAY

Bob finds a seat at the bar. He looks over his shoulder,
checks his WATCH.

INT. BAR - MIAMI HOTEL - EVENING

It's been hours. Bob sits with EMPTY GLASSES in front of him.
Something catches his eye.

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

EXT. MIAMI HOTEL - NIGHT

Lou's eyes dart around, checking to see if anyone's watching.

BOB
What the hell was that?

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

BOB
Where?

LOU
We flew to Jacksonville first.

Bob's head goes into his hands, distraught.

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

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

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

BOB
You're being reckless. The Bureau does not--

LOU
I can do this!

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

Lou pays no mind.

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

BOB
The wharf?

LOU
It's where they feel safe.

BOB
Say to hell with the case, Lou!

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

BOB
I can't follow you down there, there's no way we wouldn't be spotted.

LOU
I can do it without you.

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

...

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

Bob turns to leave. He sighs and shakes his head.

BOB (CONT'D)
Hero.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lou enters. He notices his hands are shaking.

He checks all around the room for MICROPHONES, CAMERAS...

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

Finally feeling secure, he flops onto the bed and falls asleep with his clothes on.

EXT. MARINA - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

Lou exits a BLACK CAR. It pulls away. Lou looks petrified. He steadies his breath once, twice, then puts on a big smile, and begins to walk.

Bill, DiFilippi, and A MAN IN A WHITE SUIT await him.

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

Bob watches through a very long CAMERA LENS as DiFilippi, Bill, Lou and their investor meet. Lou is animated, laughing. He seems to keep the conversation afloat.

They all file up a gangplank and onto a very expensive BOAT. They enter the boat's cabin and Bob loses sight of them.

A loud BANG! Bob looks over his shoulder. A group of teenagers is shooting off FIREWORKS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lou and Bob listen to the tape.

BOB
This is amazing stuff.

LOU
We can use this!

Bob sits. He thinks.

BOB
We might.

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

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

Bob can't look at Lou.

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

LOU
No.

BOB
We haven't collected anything we could use against The Old Man himself and I'm working real hard to keep you on this case...

LOU
No.

BOB

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

LOU

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

BOB

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

LOU

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

Lou massages his forehead.

LOU (CONT'D)

I just need another month. Just -
give me one more month.

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

Everything is shiny. Sparkling white tile. Lou looks
dejected. Dark circles rim his eyes. He looks for Lori.

LORI

Dad?

Lori pokes her head out from the women's section. She's
wearing a smart outfit and a NAME TAG.

LOU

Woah! Look at you!

LORI

I work here.

LOU

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

Lou holds up a WOMAN'S SHIRT.

LOU (CONT'D)

Although, this is - I think I could
pull this off. What do you think?

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

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

LORI
Plans? Um, I don't know, I'll
probably just stay home.

LOU
How about I take you out on a date?

Lori is at a loss for words.

LOU (CONT'D)
Well?

LORI
Yeah! Yeah. That'd be -

LOU
I'll pick you up at six.

Lori throws her arms around Lou, hugging him tight.

INT. THE PETERS' HOME - EVENING

The doorbell DINGS.

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

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

LORI
Playing this to the hilt, huh?

He reaches for her hand.

LOU
May I?

He leads her down the walkway to his car and holds the door
open for her.

INT. BLACK ANGUS STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

Lou orders.

LOU
Steak and lobster.

LORI
I'll have the same.

LOU
And a bourbon water. No ice.

LORI
(playing coy)
I'll have the same.

Lou shoots her a look.

LORI (CONT'D)
Or, make it a ...Diet Coke.

WAITER
Coming right up, Sir.

As he takes the MENU from Lori:

WAITER (CONT'D)
Madame.

Off he goes.

LOU
I really miss you girls.

LORI
Come home.

LOU
Soon.

He takes a breath. Takes her in.

LOU (CONT'D)
I hear you're in danger of not
graduating.

Lori's cheeks burn red.

LORI
I'm sorry.

LOU
Just tell me. What's going on?

Lori shrugs.

LORI
Stuff.

LOU
Like what?

LORI
I can't concentrate.

Lou searches her eyes for the meaning of it all.

LORI (CONT'D)
I get scared. I get dizzy. I panic
sometimes.

LOU
Do you talk to your mother about
this?

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

LOU (CONT'D)
Do you want to graduate?

Lori nods, ashamed.

LOU (CONT'D)
Than you have to recommit. You have
to give it your *all*. It's a fight
now. It's sink or swim.

Lori watches her dad's every syllable, every move.

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

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

Lou pulls Lori's hand.

LOU (CONT'D)
Dance with me.

Once the photo is snapped, Lou kisses her forehead.

Marilyn hands Lou the CAMERA, and they switch.

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

The photo of Lori and Marilyn is very different to the photo of Lori and Lou. Lori puts her arm around her mother but Marilyn shrinks under it. They both smile, but it's stiff.

INT. BATHROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

Lori vomits. She washes her mouth and applies LIPSTICK.

On her way out the door:

LORI

Mom?

No one answers. Lori's world is shrinking.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

INT. LORI'S CAR - DAY

The day is bright. Cloudless. Trees glitter in the sun.

Hanging from the dash is a Stockton Community College PARKING PASS.

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

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

The spotless California landscape begins to look fake. Hallucinated.

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

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

But she suddenly looks so unwell...

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

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

Lori is on the floor. Limp.

Marilyn tip toes in.

MARILYN
Back from school already?

LORI
Yeah. My head hurts.

Lori doesn't move a muscle.

MARILYN
Are you going out with Kathy tonight?

LORI
No. I don't think so.

MARILYN
Alright. She called.

LORI
OK mom.

MARILYN
When was the last time you left the house?

LORI
Today, mom.

MARILYN
For longer than an hour?

LORI
I'm tired.

MARILYN
OK.

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

In her pajamas, Lori scribbles out every mention of "SCHOOL" on the WALL CALENDAR. When she's done, she puts one "X" through today's date.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

BOB
I have good news.

Lou jumps. He didn't expect Bob.

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

LOU
Huh.

BOB
You were a major piece of this.

LOU
But the big guy...

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

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

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

Lou hits the table with his fist.

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

LOU
And nothing to show.

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

We're working on ideas to extract you, so you can go back to your real life. I'm advocating for heart attack. You've had two previous, we could make it very realistic.

LOU

You hardly need to fake it, I'm close enough to one as it is.

BOB

You'll be free from all the stress.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Or we could give you a grand jury subpoena. You tell them the heat is too much, you have to be safe.

LOU

Make them think I'm afraid of the feds. If that isn't ironic.

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

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

MARILYN

I'm glad you're taking a break.

LOU

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

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

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - EVENING

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

STEWARDESS

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

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

LORI

Peters' residence. This is Lori.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR

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

LORI

Of course. Of course.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR

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

Lori, in shock, hangs up. She looks around the empty house. It's got to be her.

EXT. TARMAC - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

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

EXT. LORI'S CAR - NIGHT

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

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

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

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

She cranes her neck as she pushes through the intersection.

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

They collide.

Lori's car is blasted like a billiards ball towards a LAMPPOST, which it strikes. The front left corner crunched. Smoke bellows from the engine.

Lori has been dislodged from her seat, the top of her skull slammed against the CRACKED WINDSHIELD, her right knee wedged against the steering column.

VOICES from outside the car:

VOICE
Jesus Christ! Are you alright?

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Lou and Marilyn sink happily into their seats. They close their eyes.

They take off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LODI, CA - TRANCE STATE

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

Lori's mouth is covered by an anesthetic inhalant MASK. Her eyes are wide, horror struck, bloodshot. Blood trickles down her forehead.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lori wakes. The lights blind. A voice echoes.

MARC
Lori. Lori.

She groans. Squints her eyes closed, then open. The voice distorts, then resolves into a familiar cadence.

MARC (CONT'D)
Hi Lori. How are you feeling?

She hears her own voice.

LORI
I'm okay.

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

For a minute, Lori stares at the MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, thinking.

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

She thinks for a second, clarity returns to her.

LORI (CONT'D)
Oh! There's a note! On the
refrigerator, with the information.

MARC
Okay. You just get better, okay?

LORI
How- how's Les?

MARC
She's... doing well. She just left
the ER, and she's in her own room.
Don't worry. Just rest.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A frantic Lou and Marilyn rush in.

Lori is banged up, but their expressions turn to relief when they see her.

Lou puts a tentative hand on her cheek.

LORI
Is Les still here?

MARILYN

Yes.

LORI

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

There's some hesitation.

MARILYN

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

LOU

You wanna go, we'll go.

Marilyn protests, but Lou shuts it down.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - HOSPITAL - DAY

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

LORI

Where's Les?

Lou gestures to the woman in the bed before them. She's unrecognizable. Blue swollen face, every inch of her bruised and covered in third-degree burns. BANDAGES and CASTS. She's hooked up to multiple PURRING and WHIRRING MACHINES, TRACTION WIRES everywhere.

It's brutal. Lori begins to cry.

MARILYN

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

A fog descends on Lori. She shakes uncontrollably.

LORI

Take me back to my room! Please!

Lori thrashes, tries to get out of her WHEELCHAIR.

LORI (V.O.)

Don't take my sister, God - don't take her! I'm the bad one!

(MORE)

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

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

INT. LOU'S OFFICE - DEALERSHIP - DAY

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

LOU
 Might as well get this over with.

They sit for a moment in the quiet.

Lou dials.

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

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

LOU
 How are ya, Signore?

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

LOU
 Oh no. Give my love to Faye.

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

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

The Old Man hangs up. They sit in silence.

RING RING. RING RING.

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

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

Lou clears his throat.

LOU

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

THE OLD MAN

Ahhhh.

LOU

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

THE OLD MAN

Oh, him...

LOU

Who?

THE OLD MAN

The guy who sent the boys to San Quentin.

LOU

That son of a bitch?

THE OLD MAN

Mmm.

LOU

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

THE OLD MAN

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

LOU

Right! I know...!

THE OLD MAN

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

LOU

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

A pause. Lou picks up the slack.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

THE OLD MAN

Don't mention the boys name.

LOU

The... tall one.

(hushed)

What should I do if they want those records?

THE OLD MAN

The records?

LOU

Yes.

THE OLD MAN

You have *records* there?

LOU

Yes.

THE OLD MAN

...What do they say.

LOU

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

THE OLD MAN

I never knew this.

A beat.

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Can the records be taken out?

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

LOU

Sure.

THE OLD MAN

Play it safe.

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

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

THE OLD MAN
Sure. That's right.

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

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

THE OLD MAN
That thing is very dangerous.

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

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

LOU
I'll just eat it.

They both laugh.

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

LOU
Okay. Okay. I did it.

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

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

THE OLD MAN
Goodbye.

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

BOB
You did it!!

LOU
I did it?

BOB
You- you-

LOU
I did it!!

BOB
We got him!

LOU
We got him!

BOB
You got him!

LOU
I got him!

Lou jumps up out of his chair. He hugs Bob. They jump up and down like kids and scream their heads off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PETERS' HOME - NIGHT

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

Leslie is wheeled behind her. We see her briefly. Her injuries are extensive - a long road ahead.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

BOB
We rented you a beach house in La Jolla.

Lou cracks a smile. Everything is packed up in boxes.

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

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

Lou freezes.

LOU
 (reluctantly)
 Just for before the trial.

BOB
 After too.

Lou shakes his head 'no', ashes his cigar.

LOU
 I'm really gonna miss this place.

BOB
 No you're not.

LOU
 No I'm not.

They laugh.

BOB
 Thank you, Lou.

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

INT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

A big man in TRADITIONAL ARAB DRESS (long robe, sandals, sunglasses, a checkered keffiyeh held by a black igal) steps closer with his LUGGAGE.

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

The OTHER AGENT cracks into laughter. Bob resists, relieved Lou's alright, but peeved.

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

LOU
 Draw no attention!

Bob leads the way to the idling government car.

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

INT. COURT ROOM - SAN JOSE, CA - DAY

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

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

Lou leans into the MICROPHONE.

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

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

HONORABLE JUDGE INGRAM hands down his decision.

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

Bob looks to Lou.

BOB
(mouths)
We got him.

INT. HALLWAY / EXT. COURTHOUSE - DUSK

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

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

LOU
Obstruction? That's all?

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

LOU
 Sure, he's seventy-four, seventy-five, but he's a *murderer*. I want something heavier.

Bob pats his back.

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

EXT. LAWN - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

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

LORI
 Hey, Dad.

LOU
 Hey, kid.

LORI
 What're you doing out here?

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

LOU
 Oh... just looking at the sky.

A beat.

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

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

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

LORI
 Mom! Lisa!

Lisa comes running, as does Marilyn. Lori dials 9-1-1.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LODI, CA - DAY

Lori, Lisa, and Leslie walk into the hospital room.

Lou is propped up in bed, Marilyn at his side.

Lou smiles uneasily. The girls gather at the foot of the bed.

LORI
What's the matter?

LOU
This is going to be difficult to say, and difficult to hear, so if it becomes too hard for you, I need you to leave the room.

They nod, waiting anxiously.

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

We focus on Lori. Her vision is starting to blur, sound going in and out.

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

Lori starts to cry.

Marilyn doesn't move. She speaks evenly.

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

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - DAY

A sense of un-reality descends on Lori. She walks quickly down a hallway, passing room after room, DOCTORS and NURSES in a blur. She gets to an information desk.

LORI
Is there a chapel?

A NURSE points, Lori follows.

INT. CHAPEL - HOSPITAL - DAY

Lori steps into the small chapel, and locks the door.

LORI
(anguished tears)
God, you know I don't like you.
(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

You know I don't want to believe in you. But don't let my dad die! I'll do anything. Please...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LODI, CA - DAY

A different chapel. First Methodist Church.

A toss of FLOWER PETALS like confetti.

Marc Yates holds Marilyn's arm. She wears a rose pink GOWN. Marc walks her down the aisle.

At the altar, is Lou. He looks proud. Standing to his left is his best man, Bob Anderson.

On the right, stand Leslie, Lori, and Lisa. They hold BOUQUETS.

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

As Marilyn and Lou grasp hands,

MINISTER

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

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Marilyn and Lou cut the WEDDING CAKE. The vibe is spirited. Lori beams.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - STOCKTON, CA - DAY

Lou is gaunt, pale. But he's dressed nicely. He's hooked up to MICS, etc, giving an interview for the FBI database.

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

LOU

I would come up with some really wild ideas because I wanted to nail the Bonannos. The FBI was always very protective of me, making sure that my safety was number one on their list.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

The agents I met were pleased to work with me because I was trying to do something that they had been trying to get businessmen to do all over the United States. And there's a time, I believe, when you have to stand up and be counted for. I agree that I probably went to the extreme, but that's my way of life. When I tackle something, I believe in going at it one hundred percent.

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

LOU (CONT'D)

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

We pull out further to see Bob watching the interview.

LOU (CONT'D)

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

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SOUND TECHNICIANS work around Lou, removing equipment.

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

LOU

What's this?

BOB

A bullet proof vest.

Lou guffaws.

LOU
That's OK.

 BOB
Take it.

 LOU
It's OK.

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

Lou looks visibly upset.

 LOU
I won't be needing it.

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

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

 LOU
Will you stay with me? Until I fall
asleep?

 LORI
Of course.

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

They lay there. A blanket of hush over everything.

 LOU
Do you like working at the mall?

 LORI
No. Not really. I quit.

 LOU
You did?

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

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

LORI
I don't have one.

LOU
A plan? Or a future?

Lori lays in silence.

LOU (CONT'D)
What do you love?

LORI
I don't know yet.

LOU
When you find it, give it one
hundred percent.

LORI
OK, Dad. I will. I promise.

Lou lays in silence. Sleep is on the way.

INT. GYM - DAY

Lori still has a leg brace. She's the only woman around.

She's on BENCH PRESS, her eyes welling with tears, giving a half effort.

In her line of vision, she catches a FLYER on the wall. It's a picture of a man and a woman - both boldly muscular. It reads "Bay Area Bodybuilding Championships".

Lori sets her BARBELL back in the rack. Sits up.

INT. GARAGE - THE PETERS' HOME - DAY

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

He sorts through ARTICLES, PAPERS, DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS.

Lori sneaks in.

LORI
What're you doing, Dad?

LOU
Just, working on my book.

LORI
Your book?

LOU
Help me. With my book.

Lori comes close.

LORI
Let's get you to bed. OK?

Lou allows her to lead him out of the garage.

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

Lori tears up.

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

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Lori sorts through her dad's stuff. She tries to put all the photos into a 20x25-inch SCRAPBOOK.

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

She sees the headlines:

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

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

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

Just then she sees a HARDCOVER BOOK, "Honor Thy Father: a book on Joe Bonanno" by Gay Talese. She turns it over in her hands.

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

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

LOU

...Remember about concealing your
poker hand? Sometimes that's what
you need to do. But it can make you
sick.

A beat. Lori cries softly.

INT. HONOR HALL - SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

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

Marc is by his side.

LOU

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

He stands, but it's tenuous.

LOU (CONT'D)

This is the highest honor our
Justice Department bestows on a
private citizen, and I am proud to
be the fifth -

He stammers. Loses his groove.

LOU (CONT'D)

The fifth person - to ever -

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

Pitying and sorrowful glances from the audience and Bureau.

Lori watches them watch her father.

LOU (CONT'D)

I gave my last healthy years to *the*
FBI - I gave up years with my girls
that I'll never get back --

He's choked up, he continues.

LOU (CONT'D)

And I'd do it again.

Lori sets her face in an expression of unwavering pride.

The Bureau begins a ROUND OF APPLAUSE.

Marc whispers in Lou's ear:

MARC
Honorary Federal Agent, buddy.

INT. HALLWAY - THE PETERS' HOME - EARLY

Lori walks to her dad's bedroom with a glass of WATER and a PILL BOX. At the door, she hears TWO MUFFLED VOICES. She leans in. The words "soul" and "God"... She opens the door.

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

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

LOU
Hi honey. We're having a private conversation, it's okay. Why don't you go back to the family room?

Lori is in shock.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

In this instant, she knows her father will die.

She drops the pan, rounds the corner, where she sees Marilyn.

LORI
But the chemo is working right? The experimental treatment- it's working right?

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

INT. GARAGE - DAY

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

A panic attack.

INT. GYM - DAY

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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

It's then that she sees it - a WALL CALENDAR: July. It's empty.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marilyn enters with Bob Anderson.

MARILYN

Oh. You're still here.

Lori rubs her nose on a TISSUE.

LORI

Yeah. I'm not leaving.

Heavy silence. Marilyn and Bob sit, attempt comfort.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lori frantically swings the door open. We're close on her.

LORI

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

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

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

LORI (CONT'D)

He's - he's - he woke up -

The nurse finds no pulse.

NURSE

Those were the final spontaneous sounds a body makes.

LORI

A body?

The telephone RINGS.

NURSE
Your dad has passed.

Still, the telephone. Marilyn answers.

MARILYN
Les? Yes honey, he's gone.

Lori stands in shock.

Marilyn leans over Lou and uncharacteristically, weeps.

Another NURSE wheels in a GURNEY.

LORI
I'll come with you -

NURSE
I'm sorry Miss, you won't be able
to.

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

MARILYN
Take something, sweetie.

LORI
I'm not going to *take something*.

MARILYN
Well, why don't you have something
to eat then.

LORI
(to the nurse)
What do you mean I won't be able
to? I'm going with my dad.

NURSE
I'm sorry.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

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

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

Lori heads up to the aisle to sit with her family. When she gets there, TRUMPETS BLARING, the front row is full. Marilyn, two uncles, Leslie, and Lisa.

LORI
Mom, scoot down -

MARILYN
The seats are taken, honey.

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

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

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

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

Leslie and Lisa rise from their seats to throw their ROSES in Lou's grave. Lori moves instantly. Being further back, she struggles to work her way through the crowd. She runs. At *the last second*, she makes it - tosses her ROSE in. Goodbye.

INT. LOU AND MARILYN'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Before one of Lou's naps. They lay in their twinned position.

LORI
I don't know if I can be strong
without you.

LOU
I'm here. Right here... always.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

Lori sprints. There's fear on her face, her old companion. But as she runs, as she pushes herself, her breath, though intense, evens out. It mutates from panic to power.

INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

Lori bursts onto the stage in her sapphire blue BIKINI.

She squints past the hot stage lights to look for her mother. She can't spot her.

Lori performs her routine flawlessly, set to the song "Who's That Girl" by the Eurythmics.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

Lori has a huge CELL PHONE tucked under her ear.

LORI

Mom, Hi! Where were you?

MARILYN

Lori, you're so pretty, I don't know why you want to do this to yourself. Enter a beauty contest! Then I'll come.

The anticipation on Lori's face fades.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

Lori is warming up for her final poses. She watches her form in the mirror. Her body has transformed. She *is* strength.

She rounds the corner to grab a TOWEL.

KURT

Lori?

Lori is flooded with terror. Finally, it registers. It's Kurt. He's wearing a headset.

KURT (CONT'D)

Nice to see you--

Her eyes become steely. She faces him, squared shouldered. It's subtle, but it sends a message. He scans her muscular physique. He swallows.

Resigned, Kurt lowers his head, turns, and walks away.

An undeniable confidence envelopes her...

INT. CLASSROOM - MILFORD, CT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lou is seated in front of a class of enraptured 5th graders. He has a CANE, and wears SUNGLASSES. A banner behind him reads "Lou Peters Day at the Live Oak School".

LOU

You have two things that are very precious and valuable...

INT. BAKCSTAGE - EVENT HALL - NIGHT

As Lori weaves through the mid-show chaos backstage:

LOU (V.O.)
...which only you can build or
destroy: your name and your
reputation.

INT. EVENT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

THE FINAL TWO CONTESTANTS stand, hands on hips, big smiles.

ANNOUNCER
And the runner-up of the 1986
Bodybuilding Championship, Women's
Division, Middleweight Group is...

A DRUM ROLL.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Kimberly Scott!

Shock on Lori's face. She's won.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
And today's champion of the 1986
Bay Area Bodybuilding Championship
is LORI... *PETERS!*

With tears of joy, Lori experiences a profound sense of destiny. As a gold medal is placed around her neck, she looks out toward the crowd...

LORI (V.O.)
Dad, I will finish the book you
started. I don't know when and I
don't know how, but the world will
not forget you. They will know you
like I know you- as the hero you
are. I promise.

FADE TO BLACK.