

MANO NERA

Story by:

Philip J. Caprio

Written by:

Samantha Caprio-Negret

&

Richard Price Sorin

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Based on a true story

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

A man is looks out to the road ahead. We don't see his face.
It's dark out.

He reaches out, hits the radio. Music cuts on.

EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: Delaware, Present Day

A BLACK CADILLAC CTS with tinted windows drives down I-95.

INT. CADILLAC CTS - EARLY MORNING

In MONTAGE, we see the following:

- The driver's hand reaching for a PACK of CIGARETTES.
- The DRIVER'S EYE in the REARVIEW, illuminated by the lighting of his cigarette.
- The DRIVER'S MOUTH. The CIGARETTE. He takes a drag. Then the smoke curls out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The Cadillac CTS pulls into a warehouse parking lot. Keeps driving. Into the warehouse.

SUPER: New Jersey, Present Day

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The car parks in the center of the warehouse, turns off.

The door opens and out steps MICHAEL COSTANTINI, 30's, average height and average build. Dark, gelled-back hair and a goatee. Button-down shirt and slacks, black leather jacket.

Michael opens the trunk and pulls out an ATTACHE CASE.

A portly, Italian New Jersey mobster SAMMY C NOTE, 55, approaches, wearing an expensive suit and shoes.

MICHAEL
Sammy C Note.

SAMMY C NOTE
Looks like you made record time,
Mikey.

MICHAEL
Tell that to my stiff back.

Michael smiles, hands the attache case to Sammy, who places it on the ground. Kneels down with a GRUNT, and opens it.

The case is filled to the top with stacks of money.

Sammy gives it a shake, nods his head.

SAMMY C NOTE
We're good.

Sammy closes the case, GRUNTS as he stands, and picks it up. Michael shakes his hand and walks back to the Cadillac, lighting a cigarette on the way.

SAMMY C NOTE (CONT'D)
See you in two weeks.

MICHAEL
If my wife doesn't kill me first.

Michael takes a drag, gets in the car, turns the ignition.

EXT. COSTANTINI HOME - NIGHT

SUPER: Florida, Present Day

The Cadillac CTS pulls into the driveway of a two-story, two-car garage home. It parks next to a Mercedes 500 ML.

INT. COSTANTINI HOME

Michael enters, tosses his keys onto the counter, opens the fridge and takes a COLD BEER.

Michael pops the cap off, lifts for a sip when--

ANGELINA (O.S.)
So, you were out making another
run, huh?

ANGELINA COSTANTINI, 27, is sitting in the dark in the living room waiting for him.

Michael's wife, Angelina has olive skin and brown hair. Despite having two children, she's in great shape.

MICHAEL

C'mon, Angie, you're going to start with me about that again?

ANGELINA

(angry)

You swore to me that the last time was going to be the last time. Yet, here we are again.

Michael slams his beer down.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ, Angie! You know we need the money! How else am I suppose to support this family?

ANGELINA

Family? You're jeopardizing your family everyday working for those assholes who don't give a shit about you!

MICHAEL

Well, you like your fancy lifestyle, don't you? That Tiffany diamond ring on your finger? That Mercedes you're driving? This fucking house? Those assholes make it all possible!

ANGELINA

What good are you to your family if you're dead or in jail, Michael?

MICHAEL

Dead or in jail? C'mon, Angie, don't be stupid! I'm just running money for some bookies to Jersey; it's nothing. It ain't drugs or guns. Get off my fucking back!

Unbeknownst to Michael and Angelina, from the top of the staircase, two children, ROSE (5) and ANTHONY (3) watch.

ANGELINA

That's no guarantee. What kind of a man does this to his family?

Michael grits his teeth.

MICHAEL

I 'm good to you and the kids,
Angie. I'm a good husband, a good
father. I'm doing what I gotta do
to make sure there's a roof over
our heads and food on the table. I
do anything and everything to make
you and the kids happy. What more
do you want from me for Christ's
sake?

ANGELINA

I want you to promise me that you
won't work for the mob anymore.

MICHAEL

You know I can't do that.

ANGELINA

Well, I don't want to be married to
a crook.

MICHAEL

You know what? I'm fuckin' tired.
I've been driving for two fuckin'
days straight, and I don't need
this shit! I'm outta here!

Michael picks up his keys, storms out, SLAMS the door. Tires
SCREECH outside, as Angelina plops down on the couch, head in
her hands as tears come out.

FADE TO:

INT. AZEGLIO'S HOME - FOYER - MORNING

A large, one-story house on two acres.

BARBARA AZEGLIO, 60, walks to the front door, and opens it to
see Angelina, eyes dry but red.

BARBARA

Hi, sweetheart. Come in.

She hugs Angelina as she enters, then Rose and Anthony as
they enter behind their mother.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

And how are my two favorite
grandchildren in the world? How
would you like mommom to make you
some pancakes?

The children nod their heads. Barbara takes them by the hand, and Angelina follows as they enter into the--

INT. AZEGLIO'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

On the STOVE, ONE PAN of scrambled eggs, ONE PAN of bacon.

Barbara pours a cup of coffee, hands it to Angelina.

BARBARA
Your father's on the patio.

ANGELINA
Thanks, ma.

EXT. AZEGLIO'S HOME - PATIO - MORNING

FRANK AZEGLIO, 66, looks out at his backyard, cigarette in one hand, cup of coffee in the other.

Frank is a handsome man with olive skin, dark features, and a full head of salt-n-pepper hair.

Angelina comes outside, approaches.

ANGELINA
Hey, dad.

FRANK
Hi, Squirt.

Angelina gives her father a kiss, as he gives her a big hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

They sit at the patio table. Frank puts out his cigarette.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So, talk to me; tell me what's going on.

ANGELINA
I don't know, dad. I really don't think that I can do this anymore. We argue all the time lately. Michael promised me that he'd stop, and he hasn't. I don't think I can handle this marriage. I mean, it shouldn't be like this.

FRANK
Like what?

ANGELINA

I... I don't know. I feel like we're losing what we once had. I can't understand where he's coming from, and he doesn't hear me. Michael hears only what he wants to or just chooses not to listen.

FRANK

Well, what do you think marriage is? Easy? Whoever said it was easy? Marriage is tough. But, if you really love each other, and you've made a family, maybe it's about sticking it out and finding a way to make it work?

ANGELINA

I just don't know if there is anything to work out anymore. Sure, I still love Michael, but we just can't seem to agree on... well, anything.

Frank pauses.

FRANK

I think people today tend to give up as soon as something becomes hard. They forget what the word *commitment* means.

Angelina looks to her father with a look of hopelessness.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ya know, honey, I got a story for you that might get you to look at things from a different perspective. It's a story about your great-grandparents. Maybe after you hear what they went through in their marriage and still stuck together, you might feel differently.

Frank lights another cigarette.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It was November, 1917, and your great-grandfather was on trial for murder --

ANGELINA

What? What are you talking about, dad? Murder? You never told me about this before.

Frank shrugs nonchalantly.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

Well, what happened?

FRANK

You know what, let's start with how your great-grandparents met. The Farinas and the Grecos knew each other from the same village in the old country. When they moved over here to New Jersey, your great grandfather's oldest brother, Gustavo, married Francesca Greco. Your great grandfather, Salvatore had met Francesca's cousin, Gabriella, before...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING

SUPER: New Jersey, 1914

Sunday mass. Towns people fill every pew. FATHER EDDIE at the podium, the choir singing PRAISE HIM. A community.

FRANK

Your great grandfather, Salvatore had met Francesca's cousin before...

SALVATORE FARINA, 24, is sits in the pew. He has light brown hair, olive skin, blue eyes. Handsome. And he's staring at--

FRANK (V.O.)

... but it was one day when he saw her singing in the church choir that he fell in love.

GABRIELLA GRECO, 16. Auburn hair, hazel eyes, fair skin, the sunlight through the STAINED GLASS gives her an angelic glow.

Sal can't take his eyes off of her.

EXT. SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Services are over and the people stream out of the doors.

Sal waits outside. As Gabriella exits, he approaches her.

SALVATORE
Hello, Gabriella.

GABRIELLA
(trying to recall)
Hi...

SALVATORE
Sal. Salvatore. I'm Gustavo's
youngest brother.

GABRIELLA
Oh, yeah. Hi. How are you?

SALVATORE
Good. Real good. You walking home?

GABRIELLA
Yes.

SALVATORE
Mind if I walk you?

GABRIELLA
Sure. Some company would be nice.

Sal reaches out his hand. Gabriella reaches out hers.

He takes her hand in his, leans down, and kisses it.

FRANK (V.O.)
From that moment on, they belonged
to each other.

FADE TO:

EXT. RURAL NEW JERSEY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Sal and Gabriella walk along the road. Gabriella's laughing.

SALVATORE
I mean it. You've grown into a
beautiful woman.

GABRIELLA
Thank you, Sal.

SALVATORE

What do you think about when you think about the future?

GABRIELLA

I think of having a family and being happy. What every girl wants. What about you?

SALVATORE

I also want a family, but I want to make sure I'm a good provider. I hope to one day open a grocery store with my brothers.

GABRIELLA

Well, I believe people should always follow their heart.

SALVATORE

Always?

GABRIELLA

Yes, always.

Sal stops walking. He takes Gabriella's hand and pulls her into him. He looks deep in into her eyes.

SALVATORE

If I must.

Sal kisses Gabriella passionately.

FRANK (V.O.)

Less than a year later, they were married.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING

SUPER: New Jersey, 1915

Sal and Gabriella stand at the altar holding hands.

Sal wears a tuxedo, and Gabriella in her long, laced wedding gown. Sal is wearing a tuxedo. Father Eddie presides.

FATHER EDDIE

...For better or for worse, through sickness and in health, 'til death do you part?

SALVATORE

I do.

FATHER EDDIE

And do you, Gabriella, take Salvatore to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, through sickness and in health, 'til death do you part?

GABRIELLA

I do.

FATHER EDDIE

Then, by the powers vested in me and in the presence of God, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Sal and Gabriella kiss, as the CHURCH ORGAN crescendos. Then, They turn to face the applauding crowd, smiles on both of their faces.

EXT. FARINA HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

White flowers everywhere. A band plays MUSIC. People dance, eat, drink. Kids run. A joyous WEDDING RECEPTION.

Sal and Gabriella sit at a private table, a beautiful WEEPING WILLOW behind them. They watch it all and sip champagne.

Sal leans in and kisses Gabriella. He stays close, keeping eye contact. He tucks a loose strand of hair behind her ear, and surprisingly pulls an object out from behind it.

Gabriella looks down to his hand and sees: a KEY.

FRANK (V.O.)

Sal gives Gabriella a key as a wedding gift.

ANGELINA ROMANO (V.O.)

Why a key?

FRANK (V.O.)

Because he finally opened the grocery store that he always wanted with his brothers. And it was a surprise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE- DUSK

SUPER: New Jersey, 1917

The store is a modest-sized ONE STORY BUILDING on Main Street. Large, PANED WINDOWS on either side of the front door. Outside the windows are PRODUCE DISPLAYS.

Overhead is a sign:

FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY

Outside the store JOSEPH FARINA, 29, sweeps. He's short, a bit overweight, with brown hair with a receding hairline, brown eyes, and dark, olive skin. He's not especially handsome, and almost always has a Lucky Strike in his mouth.

He leans the broom against the store, picks up a BUSHEL of fresh VEGETABLES, and brings it inside.

FRANK (V.O.)

Two years later, the store was doing well. Sal and Gabriella had their first child and were about to have their second. Meanwhile, Gustavo's marriage was in serious trouble.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - DUSK

GUSTAVO FARINA, 35, sits behind the register, counting money.

Gustavo is tall and stocky. Brown eyes, balding brown hair.

Salvatore, now 27, walks down the aisles taking inventory.

Joseph carries in the BUSHEL of VEGETABLES.

JOSEPH

Hey, did you guys see the *grandi seni* on Mrs. Palermo today?

GUSTAVO

Joey, quit fucking around and get back to work!

Joey puts down the vegetables.

JOSEPH

Geez, okay, okay. Take it easy. I'm just playin' around.

GUSTAVO

Have some respect, she's a married woman.

Sal looks at his two brothers.

SALVATORE

Come on, fellas. Let's get finished up here. I want to go home to my beautiful wife. She's making her famous macaroni, meatballs, and gravy.

JOSEPH

(sarcastic)

Boy, you sure are a lucky guy. But not as lucky as I'm about to get.

SALVATORE

Let me guess, Joey, another night at the brothel?

JOSEPH

You betcha!

Salvatore shakes his head with a smirk but Gustavo's annoyed.

GUSTAVO

You just don't get it Joey, and you never will.

JOSEPH

Why are you in such a shitty mood?

GUSTAVO

Forget about it.

SALVATORE

Did I mention the delicious meal waiting for me at home?

GUSTAVO

All right, all right. Everybody get back to work.

(joking)

God forbid Sal misses a meal.

The three men resume their duties.

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The three Farina brothers exit the store. Gustavo locks the door behind them.

JOSEPH
Catch ya' tomorrow, fellas.

SALVATORE
Good night, Joey. Good night, Gus.

GUSTAVO
Good night.

They each go their own way, with Joseph heading towards town.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Joey enters the smoky brothel with a grin.

A LONG BAR stretches from the front wall to the back wall, PATRONS in front of the BARTENDER pouring shots.

In the center, men GAMBLE and DRINK at the tables. COCKTAIL WAITRESS go to and fro. Amidst it all, soliciting any man they can find, are the PROSTITUTES.

One PROSTITUTE leads a MAN up a GRAND STAIRCASE to the second floor. At the top of the stairs, a LARGE-BREASTED PROSTITUTE leans over the bannister, surveying the scene below.

Joey sits down at a POKER TABLE. He's barely lit his cigarette when a cocktail waitress appears.

WAITRESS
Hey, Joey. Usual?

JOSEPH
You know it, toots.

Joey gives her a pat on the butt as she walks away, then turns to the DEALER.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(to the dealer)
Deal me in.

Joey trades some CASH for CHIPS.

DEALER
Anti up.

The PLAYERS each toss a chip into the center, and the dealer deals. The cocktail waitress reappears with Joey's drink.

WAITRESS
Here you go, honey.

JOSEPH
Thanks, toots. Put it on my tab.

PROSTITUTE #1 walks behind Joey, brushes him as she passes.

PROSTITUTE #1
Hey, handsome, ready for a good
time?

He turns. He likes what he sees, but--

JOSEPH
Not yet. I'm going to try my luck
with the cards for a little while.

She winks at him.

PROSTITUTE #1
You just let me know when you're
ready, sugar.

As she saunters away, Joey returns to the game. He throws
down two cards, looks up. At the top of the staircase:
PROSTITUTE #2. Young, beautiful. Long, curly black hair, full
red lips, and a curvy figure.

JOSEPH
(to the dealer)
Give me two.

Prostitute #2 seductively walks down the stairs. As she
passes the bar, the bartender hands her a drink. She lights a
cigarette and looks to Joey. Joey can't stop staring.

DEALER
Well, Joey?

JOSEPH
(to dealer)
I fold. Cash me out. I've got
business to attend to.

He trades back his CHIPS for CASH, then Joey stubs out his
cigarette. He rises from the table, and approaches the bar.

PROSTITUTE #2
Miss me, baby?

JOSEPH
You know it, sweetheart.

PROSTITUTE #2
You got what I like?

Joey pulls out his CASH.

JOSEPH
Right here.

PROSTITUTE #2
You want to go upstairs?

JOSEPH
There's nothing I'd like better.

She takes his hand, and leads him upstairs.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sal enters his TWO-STORY HOME, and is greeted by Gabriella, who is seven-months pregnant, and glowing every bit of it. They embrace, as LOLA FARINA, 16 MONTHS OLD, toddles up.

LOLA FARINA
Papa! Papa!

Sal picks her up into a big hug and kiss.

SALVATORE
There's my little angel.

GABRIELLA
Dinner is ready and on the table,
honey.

SALVATORE
It smells wonderful. I'm starving.
Let's eat.

INT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gustavo enters his home. The only noise is the kitchen sink, where Gustavo sees ROSE MARIE, 13, washing dishes.

ROSE MARIE
Hey, pop, dinner's on the table. We
went ahead and ate because the
little ones were hungry.

GUSTAVO
Thanks, Rose Marie. Where's your
mother?

ROSE MARIE
She left a little while ago.

GUSTAVO

Where are your brothers and sisters?

ROSE MARIE

Upstairs. Alyssa's getting them ready for bed.

Gustavo starts heading upstairs.

ROSE MARIE (CONT'D)

Pop, what about dinner?

GUSTAVO

I'm not hungry right now, sweetheart.

Gustavo continues up, and walks into a bedroom, where ALYSSA, 15, is getting the FOUR YOUNGER CHILDREN ready for bed.

ALYSSA

Hi, pop.

GUSTAVO

Where's your mother?

ALYSSA

She went to play cards with the girls. Said she'd be home late, and not to wait up for her.

GUSTAVO

Thanks for helping out with your brothers and sisters, honey.

ALYSSA

Of course, pop.

Alyssa smiles and Gustavo forces a smile back.

He exits, walks down the hallway into the master bedroom. First thing he sees: an empty, unmade bed.

Gustavo simply stares.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

VINCENT GRECO, 31, and FRANCESCA FARINA, 29. In bed. Sweating. Fucking.

Francesca's naked, except for a pearl necklace choker. She's lying flat on her stomach while Vincent's on top of her.

He's reaching out and pulling her body toward him as he fucks her aggressively from behind.

They simultaneously ORGASM, and Vincent rolls over off of Francesca, and reaches to the nightstand.

He lights up two cigarettes, and hands one to Francesca.

Francesca takes a drag of her cigarette with her full, luscious lips. Her dark, wavy hair drapes her shoulders and breasts. Her free hand plays with Vincent's chest hair. Vincent is stocky, but not fat. He has a square jaw, large nose, and is balding.

FRANCESCA

I can't take this sneaking around anymore. I just need to be with you all the time. I'm going to tell him.

VINCENT

Francesca, what do you hope to accomplish by doing that? It's not like you can get a divorce.

FRANCESCA

Why not? You're *Mano Nera*; you're the boss. People do whatever you tell 'em to... or else.

Vincent laughs.

VINCENT

There are a lot of things that I can do, but I don't have any control over the Catholic Church. I'm not about to threaten or beat up a priest.

FRANCESCA

Can't you just get rid of him then?

Vincent sits up.

VINCENT

Do you realize what you're sayin' to me? This shit ain't no joke. You say something like that to me, you better fuckin' mean it.

Francesca sits up on her knees and reaches out to Vincent.

FRANCESCA

Oh, I mean it, baby. I love you.
I'm ready to start a life with you.

She kisses him.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You love me, too, don't you? I
mean, you want to be with me,
right?

VINCENT

Of course, I do.

Vince gets out of bed.

FRANCESCA

I don't see there being any other
way.

Vince starts to get dressed in front of a full length mirror.

VINCENT

(nonchalantly)

So, I'll get rid of him. Maybe I'll
even take over the produce
business. It's one I don't run yet.

Francesca gets behind Vince and starts rubbing his shoulders.

FRANCESCA

You always know just what to do,
Vince.

VINCENT

I'll take care of everything. And,
Francesca, don't say a fuckin' word
about this to nobody. I'm serious.

An elated smile comes over Francesca's face. She brings
Vince's hand to her lips and kisses it.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

If I wanted to catch Gus alone,
when would be the best time?

FADE TO:

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - AFTERNOON

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO, 29, and NICKY CARMINE, 26, walk toward
a butcher shop. Pauly's short and fat. Nicky's tall and
scrawny. And has a big nose.

As they enter, the bells on the door CHIME.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - AFTERNOON

The BUTCHER, in a bloody apron, puts down his MEAT CLEAVER and looks to the two men. Pauly hands the butcher a LETTER.

The Butcher opens it: *\$100 in BLACK BOLD LETTERS from "Mano Nera". A symbol: A DAGGER and A BLACK HAND.*

With trembling hands but without hesitation, the Butcher reaches into the REGISTER, pulls out cash, folds it in the LETTER, and hands it back to Pauly.

With a smirk, Pauly places it inside his trench coat pocket.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO
Wise choice.

Pauly and Nicky exit. The door CHIMES.

BUTCHER
(in Italian)
You heartless bastards!

The butcher raises his MEAT CLEAVER, then slams it down.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Pauly and Nicky approach Vincent's front door and knock. Vincent opens it and welcomes them in.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They enter the living room as Vincent lights a cigarette.

VINCENT
Nicky, pour us all some Scotch.

Nicky walks to the bar area, as Vince takes a seat.

Pauly sits in a chair next to Vince, and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out *many* Black Hand notes, all stuffed with cash. He hands them to Vince.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
So, how'd we do, Beans?

Nicky returns, hands them drinks. Vincent counts his money.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO
Good, good, real good. Everybody
paid up their protection money in
full, except the baker. He paid
half; said he'd have the other half
next week.

VINCENT
You better make sure he fuckin'
does.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO
I will, boss.

Vincent picks up his glass and takes a sip.

VINCENT
I got an important job for you two.

NICKY CARMINE
Of course, anything you need.

VINCENT
You two are gonna kill Gustavo.

Another sip. Another drag.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
And you make sure it never fucking
leads back to me.

Pauly and Nicky exchange glances.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO
Boss, you know we'll do whatever
you say, but Gustavo? What for?

Vince doesn't blink.

VINCENT
Because. I want what he has.

FADE TO:

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' TRUCK - DUSK

SUPER: April 17, 1917

Salvatore and Joseph are in their truck

JOSEPH
So, you ready to win some money
from the biggest shark in town?

SALVATORE

Hey listen, Joey, Vince may be my brother-in-law, but you know what he's all about, don't you?

JOSEPH

Yeah, I know. He's *Mano Nera*.
Whoop-tee-fuckin-do.

SALVATORE

I know you like to joke, but watch it around Vince.

JOSEPH

What are you so worried about?

SALVATORE

Look, it's the first time he's invited us to one of his card games. It's Gabriella's brother; I just don't want to piss the guy off.

JOSEPH

Okay, okay. I'll behave.

He looks out the window.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I wonder what it's like.

SALVATORE

Wonder what what's like?

JOSEPH

Being the head *Mano Nera*.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DUSK

Sal and Joey approach the front door.

SALVATORE

Look, just do me a favor, put on a smile and make the guy happy.

JOSEPH

Let me get this straight; we're gonna be playing cards and drinking liquor, and you want me to *act* happy.

Sal gives him a glance.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
It's a stretch, but I'll try.

Sal knocks on the door, and after a few seconds it opens.

They're greeted by Vincent's cousin, CHRISTOPHER GRECO, 26. Christopher looks like a slightly smaller, slightly younger version of Vince, but with hair.

CHRISTOPHER
Welcome, fellas. Come on in. Vince
is already down in the basement.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Vincent sits at a poker table, shuffling cards. At a small bar stands WILLIAM O'HARA, 38, a freckle-faced, Irish tavern owner. William has an Irish accent. Whenever he speaks, it's apparent he's been drinking. Which is what he's doing now.

Chris leads Sal and Joey down. When Vincent notices them, he puts down the deck of cards.

VINCENT
Ah, the Farina Brothers have
finally arrived. But, I only see
two; where's the third?

SALVATORE
It's Gus's turn to close up the
store.

Vincent does a good job of acting surprised.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
On the slower nights we each take a
turn. Gus has Tuesdays, Joey has
Wednesdays, and I got Thursdays.

WILLIAM O'HARA
Let me guess, Joey, the brothel is
closed on Wednesday nights?

They all laugh, even Joey.

JOSEPH
Yeah, and Tuesday nights, too, as
evidenced by my attendance this
evening.

Another round of laughs. Sal sits next to Vince, Joey next to Sal, and William next to Joey.

Joey tosses a pack of Lucky's on the table as he sits. Chris grabs a drink from the bar, then joins the table.

VINCENT

Perhaps that's where Gus is off to
after he closes shop?

Vince hands the cards to Chris.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Deal.

Chris shuffles. Joey lights up a Lucky.

JOSEPH

Nah, not Gus. He's a straight
shooter, that one. He'd never cheat
on Francesca.

CHRISTOPHER

Anti up.

Everyone antis. Chris deals. Everyone looks at their cards.

Vincent takes a long drag of his cigarette.

VINCENT

(smirking, to Joseph)
It's nice to know my cousin's in
good hands.

WILLIAM O'HARA

(to Chris)
Give me three.

Chris deals William three.

SALVATORE

(to Vince)
None better.

WILLIAM O'HARA

I raise.

JOSEPH

(to Chris)
Give me one.

SALVATORE

(to Vince)
I told Gus he should come by when
he's done closing up.

Chris deals Joey one card.

VINCENT
(to Sal)
Yeah, what'd he say?

JOSEPH
I'll call.

SALVATORE
(to Vince)
That he might come by if he isn't
too tired. I wouldn't count on it
though; he hasn't been himself
lately.

Vincent shows mild concern.

VINCENT
(to Sal)
Oh, yeah? How come? Business slow
or something?

SALVATORE
Nah, nothing like that. The store's
doing fine. I don't know what's
going on with him.

Sal lays down two cards.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
Give me two.
(joking to Vincent)
What's the matter, Vince? Takin' me
and Joey's money ain't enough for
you? You want all of the Farina
brothers' money?

They all laugh. Except Vincent.

VINCENT
Hey, you can never have too much
fuckin' money, and tonight just may
be my lucky night.

Sal eyes his two new cards. His face tells they were no help.

SALVATORE
No kidding. Fold.

Vince examines his cards again.

VINCENT
(to Chris)
Give me two.

Chris deals two to Vince. He eyes them, and takes another long drag of his cigarette.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I'll see your bet and raise you.

Vince tosses a fair amount of chips them into the pot.

CHRISTOPHER
The dealer takes three cards.

Chris deals himself, examines his new hand, looks to the pot.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
I fold.

WILLIAM O'HARA
I'm man enough to see your bet,
Vince. In fact, I bet you're just
blowin' smoke up me ass.

William adds his chips to the pot.

JOSEPH
I'm in, too. Only keep your fuckin'
smoke outta my ass.

Joey adds his chips to the pot. It's getting big now.

VINCENT
Don't go home crying with your
pants around your ankles, girls.
Looks like I may be winning all the
way tonight.

He lays down his cards.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Full house.

Vince gathers his winnings. Joey pounds his cocktail.

JOSEPH
I need another drink.

EXT./INT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - DUSK

- Gustavo sweeping the sidewalk by the front door.
- Gustavo propping the door open.
- Gustavo carrying the fruits and vegetables inside.

- Gustavo behind the register checking a list.
- Gustavo counting money on the counter.

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Across the street, watching, are two figures.

Pauly and Nicky.

They watch Gustavo through the glass.

Pauly nods to Nicky, and they tie handkerchiefs over their faces, and head towards the store.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Pauly and Nicky enter. The door is still propped, so Gustavo doesn't hear anything, until CLICK. The hammer of a gun.

Pauly's holding a REVOLVER, right at Gustavo.

With the barrel to his face, he doesn't notice Nicky, who goes behind the counter, wraps his left arm around Gustavo's neck, and with his right produces a knife.

He STABS Gustavo in the stomach and chest.

GUSTAVO

AH! AH! AH!

Gustavo breaks free and runs for the door!

BANG! BANG! BANG! Pauly empties his revolver.

BANG! BANG! BANG! All six shots.

Gustavo collapses in the doorway, GURGLES, and finally EXHALES his last breath.

Nicky empties out the cash register.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO

C'mon! Let's go!

Pauly and Nicky run out into the night.

Gustavo's body lies face down, in a pool of blood, in the doorway to the Farina Brothers' Grocery.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' TRUCK - DAWN

Sal sits in the truck, which is parked in Joey's driveway. Sal checks his time piece. Five after. He rolls his eyes. Finally, Joey walks out, opens the door with a big grin.

JOSEPH

How's it going this morning, little brother?

Sal backs out of the driveway, and heads up the road.

SALVATORE

Geez, can you ever be on time for work?

JOSEPH

Relax, I was up before the roosters. Besides, why are you lecturing me? I'm older than you.

SALVATORE

Seems like someone can't handle playin' cards and drinkin' all night long, and then gettin' up and goin' to work.

JOSEPH

Ah, come on! You're just jealous cause I took all your money.

SALVATORE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever.

Joey pats Sal on the shoulder.

JOSEPH

Listen, if you need any lunch money, just let me know. I'll cover you.

Sal shoots Joey a look.

SALVATORE

Well, we'll play again, and lady luck is fickle.

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - MORNING

The Farina Brothers' truck parks in the alley on the side of the store. Sal and Joey exit the truck.

SALVATORE

I don't know how you're so perky this morning. You must've put away a half a bottle of bourbon last night.

Sal yawns, stretches, and rubs his eyes.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I could really use one of your strong cups of coffee. Do me a favor, when we get inside, brew me up some?

Joey goes to respond as they round the corner, but can't.

He sees it. Sal follows Joey's gaze. He sees it too.

The body in the doorway. Their brother's body. Even that early in the morning, from that distance, they know it's him.

They run towards it. Joey drops to his knees next to Gustavo's body and WEEPS. Sal stands frozen over it.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Oh mio Dio.

Joey grabs Gustavo's lifeless body and shakes him.

JOSEPH

Gustavo! Gustavo!

Joey's now BAWLING. He can barely get out his brother's name. He collapses on the body, hugging it.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(hysterically mumbling)
Gustavo!

Sal bends down, kneels next to Joey, and puts his arms around him as he's shedding tears.

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - DAWN

The Farina Grocery Store has become a crime scene. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of Gustavo's body, before it's covered by a WHITE SHEET. OFFICERS search the surroundings.

Off to the side of the store, Joey sits on the curb, smoking a cigarette. Sal is standing next to him.

DET. HENRY MORGAN, 45, and DET. GREG LEIGHTER, 25, approach.

Det. Morgan is tall, has a thick salt-n-pepper mustache, and raspy voice. Det. Leighter is in good shape and good-looking.

Morgan extends his hand in humble greeting.

DET. MORGAN

Gentlemen, I'm Detective Morgan from the Middlesex County Police Department, and this is Detective Leighter.

SALVATORE

I'm Salvatore, and this is my brother, Joseph.

DET. LEIGHTER

We're very sorry for your loss, fellas. Unfortunately, we have to ask you a few questions.

Sal nods his head. Det. Leighter takes out a pad and pencil.

DET. MORGAN

So, it looks like what we have here is a robbery. Some of my officers found the register empty. Did you notice anyone looking suspicious hanging around your store lately?

SALVATORE

Nah, just the usual customers from the neighborhood.

DET. MORGAN

Did your brother or you guys owe anyone money?

SALVATORE

No, business is good. Everything's fine.

DET. MORGAN

Are you sure that your brother didn't have any gambling debts?

JOSEPH

Gustavo? Pssh, he hardly ever bets.

DET. LEIGHTER

Was he in trouble with anyone that you know of?

SALVATORE

No, there wasn't a straighter guy than our brother.

DET. LEIGHTER

Does Gustavo usually close up the store by himself?

SALVATORE

We each take a turn closing up alone on slow days, but on busy days we close up together. Tuesdays were always Gustavo's night.

DET. MORGAN

Well, gentlemen, sorry to have to ask this, but where were you last night?

Sal briefly pauses.

SALVATORE

Playing cards.

DET. MORGAN

Whereabouts?

SALVATORE

My brother-in-law's house.

Sal doesn't give any more detail.

DET. MORGAN

Well, who's your brother-in-law, Salvatore? Where does he live?

JOSEPH

What difference does it make who his brother-in-law is? Do you think we had something to do with this? You think we would kill our own brother?

Sal gently pats Joey's back.

SALVATORE

Okay, Joey, just take it easy. Take it easy.

He turns his attention back to the detectives.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

My brother-in-law is Vincent Greco.

Det. Leighter's looks up from his notes, curious.

DET. MORGAN

Thank you for your cooperation, gentlemen. If we get any breaks in the case, we'll let you know. If you recall any information that you think may be useful, get in touch with us immediately.

The detectives once again offer handshakes, then leave.

Once they're gone, Sal looks Joey square in the eyes.

SALVATORE

Joey, if you have any gambling debts, you better tell me right now. Joey, if you --

JOSEPH

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. I ain't got nothing to do with this. All my debts are square. I swear.

SALVATORE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

JOSEPH

It's okay.

SALVATORE

Whoever did this, ain't gonna get away with it, Joey. I'll tell you that right now.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter approach their car.

DET. MORGAN

So, Salvatore's brother-in-law is Vincent Greco.

DET. LEIGHTER

That's worth looking into.

Morgan nods in agreement.

DET. LEIGHTER (CONT'D)

What now, Morgan?

EXT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A hand raps on a door, which Francesca Farina answers.

It's Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter.

DET. MORGAN

Hello, ma'am. I'm Detective Morgan from the Middlesex County Police Department, and this is Detective Leighter. We're sorry to disturb you, but may we come in?

FRANCESCA

What is this about?

Looking just past Francesca, the detectives see a kitchen full of children eating breakfast.

DET. LEIGHTER

I'm afraid we have some bad news, ma'am. Is there somewhere we can talk in private?

Francesca turns to look at her children in the kitchen, then back to the detectives.

FRANCESCA

Of course, gentlemen. Please, come in.

INT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - FOYER

The detectives enter and remove their hats. Francesca closes the door behind them, yells to the kitchen.

FRANCESCA

Alyssa, I need to speak with these gentlemen. Close the kitchen door, and keep an eye on your sisters and brothers for me.

ALYSSA

Yes, ma.

FRANCESCA

Right this way.

Alyssa closes the kitchen door as Francesca leads the detectives to the living room.

DET. LEIGHTER

Please, ma'am, have a seat.

FRANCESCA

No, just tell me what's going on. First, my husband doesn't come home from work last night, and now two detectives show up at my door. Something must be wrong. Tell me.

DET. MORGAN

I regret to inform you that your husband, Gustavo, is dead. He was murdered last night at his grocery store.

FRANCESCA

What? No!

Francesca falls to the floor SOBBING. Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter exchange glances.

Det. Leighter reaches out his hand, which she doesn't take.

DET. LEIGHTER

Ma'am, we know you're upset, and this might not be the best time, but we need to ask you some questions. We want to catch whoever did this, and any information that you can give us might be helpful.

Det. Leighter once again offers his hand to the widow, and she reluctantly accepts. He helps her up and onto the couch where he sits next to her. Det. Morgan remains standing.

DET. MORGAN

Mrs. Farina, was anyone upset with your husband? Did he have any enemies?

FRANCESCA

My husband didn't discuss his affairs with me, but as far as I know, no one wished him any harm.

Det. Leighter reaches into his jacket pocket, produces a handkerchief; he hands it to Francesca.

DET. MORGAN

How were his finances? Did he owe anyone money?

FRANCESCA

Honestly, detectives, our conversations didn't go past the laundry and children, but I get the impression the family business is doing fine. The store is always busy.

The detectives exchange glances again.

DET. LEIGHTER

I'm sorry to have to ask, but it's standard procedure. Where were you last night between the hours of 7 and 10 PM?

FRANCESCA

(annoyed)

What do you mean where was I last night? I was at home with my children, waiting for my husband to get home from work like any good mother and wife should be.

DET. LEIGHTER

I'm sorry, ma'am, but we had to ask. We'll leave you to grieve in private with your children.

The detectives head to the door, put on their hats.

DET. MORGAN

We're very sorry for your loss, ma'am.

Det. Leighter tips his hat, and they leave.

Francesca closes the door, and walks toward the kitchen, a sinister look on her face.

FRANCESCA

Kids... I have something to tell you.

FADE TO:

EXT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Cars line the street. Mourners, in BLACK, enter the house.

INT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

In his best SUIT and TIE, Gustavo lies in an OPEN CASKET.

Gustavo's OPEN CASKET sits in front of the fireplace, flanked by a sofa on each side of the room.

The DINING TABLE is stuffed with ITALIAN DISHES and PASTRIES, and the nearby CREDENZA hosts FRANGELICO, SAMBUCA, ESPRESSO.

Mourners somberly eat, drink, talk.

Francesca, Joey, Sal, and Gabriella each sit in chairs beside Gustavo's casket.

Beside them is GIANNI FARINA, 57. With his gray hair he looks every bit the father. His eyes: one blue, one brown. He has a slight limp, and speaks with a thick Italian accent.

As people enter, they pay their respects to the family.

Francesca SOBS into a handkerchief. She wears ALL BLACK, including a HAT with LACE which covers her eyes.

FRANCESCA

I can't believe he's gone.

Salvatore puts his arm around her while Joey rubs her back. Gianni looks on with disdain.

SALVATORE

Francesca, it's going to be okay.
Don't worry. We're here for you,
and we'll help take care of you and
the kids.

FRANCESCA

Really, Sal, you would do that for
me?

JOSEPH

Of course we would; we're family.

Vincent Greco enter. Pauly and Nicky follow behind him.

Vince walks over to the casket.

VINCENT

My condolences.

PAULY "BEANS" BENITO

We're sorry for your loss.

Nicky nods in agreement with Pauly.

SALVATORE

Thank you.

VINCENT

Of course, Sal. And don't worry, whoever did this to your brother, we'll fucken' get 'em. I got people on it.

(to Gabriella)

You make sure you take good care of him, sis.

Gabriella nods.

GABRIELLA

I will, Vince.

She kisses Sal on the cheek.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I always do.

Sal grins a little.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to check on Lola. Excuse me.

Sal stands to help Gabriella up. He sits, and she exits.

Vincent moves to Francesca. He leans down, kisses her right cheek, then her left.

VINCENT

Francesca, honey, I'm so sorry.

Vincent wipes a tear running down her cheek. Sal notices.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It'll get easier with every passing day.

FRANCESCA

Thank you, Vince. I know it will.

They gaze at each other for a moment, until Vincent turns to Pauly and Nicky.

VINCENT

C'mon, let's go get some food.

Vincent, Pauly, and Nicky walk away.

Gianni leans into Sal. (NOTE: *Gianni speaks in Italian. Dialogue in italics indicates Italian, subtitled.*)

GIANNI

I don't trust that guy.

Sal looks at his father. Gianni looks down with his eyes, shakes his head, and looks back up at Sal.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

Never did.

William O'Hara then enters and approaches Francesca.

WILLIAM O'HARA

I'm so sorry for your loss, my dear.

FRANCESCA

Thank you.

He turns to the rest of the family.

WILLIAM O'HARA

My condolences.

He shakes hands with Gianni, Sal, and Joey.

WILLIAM O'HARA (CONT'D)

Gus was a good lad. He deserved better.

Gianni, Sal, and Joey all nod in agreement.

FRANCESCA

Excuse me for a moment.

Francesca walks to the kitchen.

INT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Francesca, makes more espresso, alone in the kitchen. A pair of hands grabs her from behind. It's Vince.

He spins her around, kisses her. She pushes him away, but only slightly. She likes him close.

FRANCESCA

Vince, stop. Someone will see us. We need to wait awhile before we let people know we're together.

VINCENT

I do whatever I fucken' want, baby. People answer to me; I don't answer to them.

He kisses her again. They hear someone PUSH the kitchen door, and Francesca pulls back abruptly.

Gabriella enters. She didn't see them kiss, but did see Francesca react oddly, and she sees Vince's smirk.

GABRIELLA

Francesca, I came to see if you need any help in here.

Gabriella looks to Vince, then to Francesca.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Is everything all right?

VINCENT

Everything's fine, sis. I was just consoling our poor cousin here.

Francesca continues making espresso.

FRANCESCA

I'm fine, Gabriella. I'm just making more espresso.

Francesca sets the pot to boil and leaves.

Gabriella looks at Vince inquisitively. Vince shrugs his shoulders. Gabriella leaves the kitchen without a word.

FADE TO:

EXT. FREEHOLD TOWNSHIP CEMETERY - DAY

Father Eddie is standing in front of GUSTAVO'S COFFIN, which is surrounded by flowers and friends. And family.

FOUR CEMETARY WORKERS gently lower the coffin amidst the SOBBING and SNIFFLING.

FATHER EDDIE

The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not be in want. He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters, he restores my soul. He guides me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

(MORE)

FATHER EDDIE (CONT'D)

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

Everyone stands and pays their respect one last time to Francesca, Gianni, and the Farina brothers. They say their goodbyes and head off, leaving just the family behind.

SALVATORE

Gabriella. You, pop, and Joey help Francesca gather up all the kids and take them to the truck. I want to thank Father Eddie.

Gabriella, Gianni, and Joey get the kids and walk off, while Sal approaches Father Eddie.

Francesca says goodbye to the last mourner, then Vince puts his arm around her and leads her away.

FATHER EDDIE

My deepest condolences for your loss, Sal.

SALVATORE

Thank you, Father. And thank you for the beautiful service.

FATHER EDDIE

May your brother's soul be resting peacefully in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Sal looks away, and notices Vince and Francesca. He watches as Vince's arm slides down her back and onto her ass. A little squeeze, then back up to her shoulder.

FATHER EDDIE (CONT'D)

May whoever did this to your brother be caught, and may justice be served. Regardless, you can take comfort in knowing that one day he'll be judged by his Maker.

Salvatore hasn't taken his eyes off Vince and Francesca.

SALVATORE

Amen to that, Father, and if
Gustavo's soul isn't resting
peacefully yet, it will be soon.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

SUPER: 2 Months Later

Sal is sitting in a chair in the waiting room, his hat
gripped in his hands, his right leg is shaking.

A SECRETARY approaches.

SECRETARY

The detectives will see you now,
sir.

SALVATORE

Thank you, ma'am.

Sal is led to an office. The Secretary opens the door to Det.
Morgan, sitting behind his desk, while Det. Leighter leans
against it. Both are smoking cigarettes.

DET. MORGAN

Come in, Sal. Have a seat.
Cigarette?

SALVATORE

No. If you don't mind I'd like to
get right to it.

DET. LEIGHTER

What's going on, Sal?

SALVATORE

That son-of-a-bitch moved in with
her; he moved in with Francesca!
Can you believe that? They're first
cousins for Christ's sake! It's
contro la familia.

DET. LEIGHTER

Calm down, Sal.

DET. MORGAN

Like I've been telling you, we just
don't have anything on Vince.
We've investigated; we've looked
into it.

(MORE)

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
There's simply no hard evidence
linking Vincent Greco to your
brother's death. Hell, you and Joey
are his alibi.

Sal paces.

SALVATORE
He didn't have to do it himself;
Vince's got guys that would've done
it for him.

DET. LEIGHTER
We can't prove anything, Sal.

SALVATORE
Now Vince moved in with Francesca
and the kids...what *villania*.

Sal turns to face the detectives.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
What more do you need to know?

DET. MORGAN
Sal, we're not disagreeing with
you; the guy is scum. Having an
affair with your dead brother's
wife gives him motive, but it
doesn't prove that he had anything
to do with the robbery and murder.

SALVATORE
Robbery? Come on. He made it *look*
like a robbery. You're smarter than
that. What are you gonna rob, a
grocery store or a bank? I *know*
Vince had Gustavo killed. He and
Francesca have been carrying on
since the funeral.

Sal pounds the desk.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
The funeral!

DET. LEIGHTER
I know your upset, Sal. What this
guy is doing to your family, and
right in your faces, is disgusting.

DET. MORGAN
 Unfortunately, you're gonna have to
 turn your head and look away.
 There's simply nothing we can do.

Without a word, Sal eyes the detectives, turns on his heels
 and walks out, slamming the door.

DET. LEIGHTER
 Wow, do you believe the balls on
 this guy Vince?

Det. Morgan raises his eyebrows.

DET. MORGAN
 Umm hmm.

Just on the other side of the door he just slammed, Sal is
 frozen. Hand on the knob. Finally, he releases it.

He pulls out his wallet, and takes out a PICTURE: Joey,
 Gustavo, and Sal. Smiling arm-in-arm in front of their
 GROCERY STORY, an OPENING DAY banner above them.

SALVATORE
 Turn away from *my* family? Never.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DUSK

Sal enters, slamming the front door.

Gabriella (no longer pregnant) approaches wearing an apron and
 drying her hands with a dish towel.

GABRIELLA
 Shhhhh. You'll wake the baby.
 What's going on?

SALVATORE
 Nothing's going on, Gabriella, and
 that's the problem. Those fucking
 cops are useless.

GABRIELLA
 What do you mean? Did you tell them
 that he moved in with her?

SALVATORE
 Of course, I did. They said that
 didn't prove anything.

As he moves to the living room, and takes a seat, he softens.
 A moment of doubt.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Do you think maybe they're right?

Gabriella sits down, puts her arm around him, rubs his shoulder, and kisses his head.

GABRIELLA

I wish they were right, Sal. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I noticed some peculiar behavior--

A KNOCK at the door; the KNOCK repeats. Gabriella answers the door and Joey rushes in.

JOSEPH

Well, what happened? What did they say? Are they finally going to do something or what?

GABRIELLA

Joey, shhh. You'll wake the baby.

SALVATORE

No, Joey, the police said Vince moving in with Francesca doesn't prove anything, and I'm starting to wonder if they're right. What if it was just a robbery?

JOSEPH

Are you outta your fuckin' mind? That bastard, no disrespect, Gabriella, had Gustavo killed, and you know it. What's gotten into you?

SALVATORE

The police haven't been able to find anything linking Vince or his goons to the murder.

GABRIELLA

Sal, there's something else. During Gus's wake, I went to help Francesca in the kitchen, and I think I walked in on her and Vince.

SALVATORE

What do you mean you *think* you walked in on them?

GABRIELLA

When I opened the door they jumped like two children who just got caught with their hands in the cookie jar. Francesca rushed out of the kitchen, and Vince had one of his sick smirks on his face. I know that look -- he's up to no good.

SALVATORE

You know what? I saw something, too. Vince wiped a tear from Francesca's cheek at the wake, but it seemed inappropriate. Sexual. And after the funeral, as they were walking away, I saw Vince slide his hand down to Francesca's ass.

JOSEPH

And you're still questioning it?

SALVATORE

I don't know, Joey. I guess I didn't want to believe Vince had Gustavo killed to be with Francesca. The cops aren't doing anything about it, so now what?

Gabriella hugs her husband.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - EARLY MORNING

Super: 7 Weeks Later

A clear, sunny day. Rows of PRODUCE VENDORS. Sal and Joey walk down an aisle, stop at a TOMATO VENDOR.

TOMATO VENDOR

Ah, Sal and Joey. How's business?

SALVATORE

Good, good. How about you?

TOMATO VENDOR

Can't complain. What can I get for you, gentlemen?

SALVATORE

We'll take six bushels.

TOMATO VENDOR

Good choice. The tomatoes are nice
and ripe.

Sal trades his money for the SIX BUSHELLS.

JOSEPH

See you next week.

Sal and Joey carry the tomatoes to the truck, start loading
them. As they're finishing, another truck pulls up.

All black Ford. Painted in big white letters on the side:
GRECO'S PRODUCE. The door opens and out steps Vince.

VINCENT

How's it going, boys?

Sal and Joey stand in shock, while Vince pats the hood.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What do you think of the new Ford?

SALVATORE

It's nice, Vince, but what do you
need a produce truck for?

VINCENT

You guys didn't hear? I'm getting
in the huckster business.

Joey's face goes red, and starts forward at Vincent.

JOSEPH

Why, you son-of--

Sal reaches his arm across Joey's chest. Stops him.

VINCENT

What are you gonna do 'bout it,
Joey?

Sal and Joey don't move.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Exactly. Nothing.

SALVATORE

Boy, you really have it all now.

VINCENT

Like I said, you can never have too
much money. So, how are the fruits
and veggies lookin' today?

Vince makes his way to the MARKET ENTRANCE.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hopefully, I won't have to strong
arm any of these vendors into
giving me a good price. Catch you
later, boys.

Vince turns and walks in, as Sal and Joey look at each other.

JOSEPH

That son-of-a-mother-fucking-bitch!

SALVATORE

Oh, that's it! Get in the truck,
Joey.

They get in the truck, slamming their doors.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' TRUCK - MORNING

Sal drives erratically.

SALVATORE

In Gus's name, he's a dead man,
Joey. I'm going to do it. I'm going
to kill that bastard!

He pounds his fist on the steering wheel.

JOSEPH

I can't believe this shit! The
fucking nerve on that guy!

SALVATORE

I'm serious, Joey. He's dead.

JOSEPH

Whatever we gotta do, I'm in.

SALVATORE

No. I gotta do this alone. I need
you to be around to take care of
the family in case something
happens to me.

JOSEPH

No way. Gus was my brother, too. I
want in.

SALVATORE

Be reasonable, Joey. Both of us don't need to get in trouble... or worse.

JOSEPH

You never killed nobody, Sal. You're gonna need my help.

SALVATORE

Oh, and what do you know about killing somebody?

JOSEPH

Nothin', but I know if there's two of us it doubles the chances of getting the job done, and getting out alive. I don't want to lose you, too, Sal.

Sal takes a moment. Seems like an eternity. Finally--

SALVATORE

Okay, Joey. For Gustavo.

JOSEPH

For Gustavo.

SALVATORE

May *he* rest in peace.

Sal reaches to the CROSS around his neck, and kisses it.

FADE TO:

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. The house is quiet. Sal enters.

SALVATORE

Gabriella, I'm home.

Gabriella comes out of the kitchen, greets Sal with a kiss.

GABRIELLA

How was your day, sweetheart?

SALVATORE

Not so good. Let's sit and talk.

GABRIELLA

Of course.

Sal takes Gabriella to the living room.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

Sal gestures to the sofa, where Gabriella sits. He joins her.

SALVATORE

Joey and I went to the Freehold Market this morning to pick up tomatoes, and we ran into Vince.

GABRIELLA

What was Vince doing at the market?

SALVATORE

Exactly. He pulled up in a new produce truck that had "Greco's Produce" on the side of it. He's getting into the huckster business.

GABRIELLA

What? That doesn't make any sense. Why would he get into produce?

SALVATORE

He's going after our livelihood. This is the last straw, Gabriella. First, your brother murdered my brother to be with his wife. Now, he's looking to take over our business. I'm afraid of what he'll do next. This has got to end now.

GABRIELLA

What are you implying?

SALVATORE

You know what I mean.

GABRIELLA

What? No! Sal, you can't! He may be no-good, but he's still my brother. How could you think of committing such a sin?

SALVATORE

Gabriella, you know I tried to do the right thing. How many times did I go to the police? But they didn't do anything. Vince already had Gustavo killed; who knows what he's gonna do next?

(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

It's my job to protect this family.
And that's what I'm going to do.

GABRIELLA

Well, what about you? What if you
go through with this and something
happens to you? Have you thought
about that?

SALVATORE

Don't worry; nothing will happen to
me.

Gabriella's eyes water.

GABRIELLA

You can't guarantee that, Sal. And
he's still my brother.

She bursts into tears.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I can't talk about this. I just
can't!

Gabriella stands, storms up the stairs.

Sal SIGHS, his head falling into his hands.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sal gets out of bed, shuffles to the closet, quietly begins
dressing for the day.

Gabriella lies awake, turned away from Sal.

He leaves, and Gabriella continues to lie there. The light
from the window slowly brightens.

Suddenly, she sits up. Gets out of bed. Gets dressed.

EXT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A hand KNOCKS on the front door.

Moments later, Francesca opens it. To Gabriella.

FRANCESCA

Gabriella.

GABRIELLA

Hi, Francesca.

FRANCESCA
(not pleased)
This is a surprise.

GABRIELLA
Can we talk?

FRANCESCA
Now's not really a good time.

GABRIELLA
It'll just take a minute.

Francesca reluctantly steps outside, closing the door.

FRANCESCA
(direct)
What is it, Gabriella?

GABRIELLA
This affair you're having with my
brother, *your first cousin*, has to
end. It's disgusting. It's gotten
out of control, and it's tearing
our families apart.

Francesca laughs.

FRANCESCA
This is more than an affair,
Gabriella. I love him. I would do
anything for him. He's the first
and only *real* man I've ever known.

GABRIELLA
Love? What about Gus? Your dead
husband and father of your
children. Remember him?

Francesca's stone.

FRANCESCA
Gus is dead. And I'm moving on with
my life. Stay out of this,
Gabriella. It's none of your
business. Vince and I are happy.

GABRIELLA
Francesca, Vince is my brother, and
you're my cousin; this has been my
business from the beginning.

Francesca just looks back steely-eyed, then suddenly goes
back inside and SLAMS the door.

Gabriella's frozen for a moment. When she collects herself, she starts BANGING on the door.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
Francesca, I'm not done talking to you!

Gabriella continues BANGING.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
Francesca, open the door!

The door swings open, but it's not Francesca.

It's Vince.

VINCENT
Gabriella, it's time for you go.
This is out of your hands.

GABRIELLA
But Vince, you're --

VINCENT
Don't you get it? There's nothing you can do. I'm the final word on everything in this town.

GABRIELLA
Mano Nera boss or not, you're still my brother, and I'm telling you to back--

VINCENT
I like your moxie.

Vince looks his sister up and down. In a way no brother should look at his sister.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Don't worry; you're my flesh and blood. Nothing'll ever happen to you. Just make sure Sal and Joey stay out of my way.

Gabriella sees something in Vince's eyes. She backs up.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Now go home.

She turns and leaves. Vince watches her go, grinning.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

In darkness, in silence, Gabriella sits on the sofa.

The door swings open, and Salvatore enters

SALVATORE
Honey, I'm home.

Sal stands there. Gabriella *doesn't* approach as usual.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Gabriella? Sweetheart?

Sal notices Gabriella sitting in the dark.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Why are you sitting in the dark? Is
everything okay?

She waits what feels like forever to answer.

GABRIELLA
You have my permission. Do it.

Sal stops.

He takes a moment, sits, and puts his hand on her leg.

SALVATORE
Are you sure about this?

GABRIELLA
He's a monster, Sal. He's never
gonna stop.

SALVATORE
I'm sure this couldn't be an easy
decision, but we're doing the right
thing. He doesn't deserve to live
after what he's done to this
family.

GABRIELLA
You and the children matter most to
me. It's the only way I know we'll
be safe. It has to be done. Just be
careful. I love you, Sal.

SALVATORE
I love you too, sweetheart.

As Gabriella SOBS, the two hold each other close.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - AFTERNOON

SUPER: August 17, 1917

Sal and Joey browse TABLES of FRUITS and VEGETABLES.

Sal spies Vince enter the market and walk up to an APPLE VENDOR. Sal taps Joey, nods toward Vince.

SALVATORE

Joey, I'll take the right. You take the left to go look for him.

JOSEPH

You got it.

Sal walks toward Vince, while Joey takes the roundabout way. Sal approaches Vince, who is browsing APPLES.

SALVATORE

Good afternoon, Vince.

VINCENT

Ah, Sal. How's it going?

SALVATORE

Shopping for apples? I know where to get *the best*.

VINCENT

Oh, yeah? Where at?

SALVATORE

A farm just down the road. It's a well-kept secret; most hucksters don't know about it. They only sell to people they know.

VINCENT

Oh yeah?

SALVATORE

Yeah. I'll take you over there, if you want.

Vince ponders, then shrugs.

VINCENT

Okay.

They start toward the exit.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Does this guy have good tomatas? I
like the big, juicy ones.

SALVATORE
Best you ever had.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

They reach the parking lot, and Sal heads toward his truck.

VINCENT
(authoritative)
I'll drive.

Sal stops in his tracks. Shrugs.

SALVATORE
Ok.

They head to Vince's truck.

Vince gets in the driver's seat, Sal in the passenger seat.

They exit Freehold Market and turn left.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - VENDOR AREA - AFTERNOON

Joey makes his way through the VENDORS, looking for Vince and Sal. He notices that BLACK FORD TRUCK with PAINTED LETTERS driving away, and catches Sal's profile.

JOSEPH
What the hell?

Joey runs toward the exit.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Vince and Sal drive a few miles. In silence.

The truck makes a right turn. A narrow, desolate, dirt road.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Joey runs toward the Farina truck. Snatches the keys in his pocket, fumbles 'em in his state. Picks 'em up. Dashes on.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OFF JERSEYVILLE-ASBURY PARK ROAD - AFTERNOON

SALVATORE

Ahhh, I think I made a mistake.
This is the wrong road.

VINCENT

Thought you knew where you're
goin'?

SALVATORE

I haven't been there in a couple of
months. Don't worry; I know what
I'm doing. Turn around, and we'll
find it.

Vince wheels around, making a K-TURN. Halfway through, he
stops, and WHIPS OUT A GUN. Sticks it to Sal's temple.

VINCENT

What'd think I'm fucking stupid? I
know why you brought me out here.
You think I had your brother
killed, and you were gonna try and
whack me.

Vincent laughs obnoxiously.

The Farina truck then turns onto the road, approaching.

Inside, Joey sees the truck across the road, so Joey swings
his truck to block it in. Then he sees Vince, Sal, and a GUN.

JOSEPH

Sal!

Vince notices Joey, dismisses him.

VINCENT

Imagine that. *You* killing me?

Another laugh.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Damn right I killed your brother.
Then, I went home and fucked his
wife. Now, I'm gonna kill you,
too. Oh, and don't worry, Sal; I'll
take really good care of Gabriella.

SALVATORE

(softly)
Sorry I failed you, my love.

Vince squeezes the trigger, but the gun jams! He looks at it with confusion, and it's all Sal needs to yank his own gun out and shove it under Vince's chin!

VINCENT

Oh, fuck.

Vince raises his gun to strike Sal, but Sal's too fast. BANG!

The bullet goes through Vince's CHIN, and out his mouth, BUSTING TEETH. Somehow, Vince jumps out, and runs.

Sal gets out after him, and so does Joey. The chase is on.

EXT. DIRT ROAD (FARTHER DOWN) - AFTERNOON

Vince looks over his shoulder, his face a mess of blood.

Sal is hot on his heels, so Vince turns to face him and holds his hands up defensively. Sal raises his gun.

VINCENT

Ok, ok. You got me. Put the gun down. Let's work something out. I can forgive this.

Sal extends his arm, takes aims at Vince's chest.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Are you fucken' crazy? Do you know who the fuck I am?

SALVATORE

Yeah, you're the piece of shit who killed my big brother.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The five bullets in the gun are now in Vince's chest.

Joey runs up on the last shot, finds his brother still pulling the trigger. Over and over. Joey grabs Sal.

JOSEPH

Sal. Sal! He's dead! He's dead!

Sal comes out of his trance.

SALVATORE

Joey, go grab the gas can out of the truck.

Joey dashes off, and Sal just stands over Vince's body.

Joey returns with the TIN GAS CAN. Sal takes it, douses Vince's body. Lights a match, drops it.

The brothers stare at the flames.

A noise calls Joey's attention, and he looks over his shoulders. Not seeing anything, he turns back to Sal.

JOSEPH

C'mon, Sal. We gotta get outta here.

Joey picks up the GAS CAN, not realizing the CAP wasn't all the way on. It falls off.

They walk back to their truck, get in, and take off, leaving dirt and dust behind them.

And the CAP of the GAS CAN.

EXT. BOGGY AREA - AFTERNOON

The Farina Brothers' truck pulls off to the side of the road.

The two exit the truck, to the woods. Joey carries the GAS CAN, and Sal furiously wipes his hands with a HANDKERCHIEF.

They disappear into the woods.

After a brief moment, they return. Without the GAS CAN. Without the HANDKERCHIEF.

They get back in the truck and drive off.

FADE TO:

EXT. PINKERTON FARM - AFTERNOON

The Pinkerton home is a LARGE WHITE HOME.

A LARGE WHITE PORCH in front, a BARN in the back, and land that stretches to the horizon full of TOMATO FIELDS, CORN FIELDS, and APPLE TREES.

The Farina Brothers' truck pulls up.

Sal and Joey get out, walk towards the house, disappear for a moment, then return with a FEW BUSHELS of APPLES. They load 'em up, and drive off.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The Farina Brothers' truck enters and parks.

Sal and Joey get out and enter the market.

EXT. DIRT ROAD (CRIME SCENE) - LATE AFTERNOON

TWO PATROL CARS are parked on the dirt road, their lights flashing. An unmarked car pulls up, and Detectives Morgan and Leighter exit.

They approach PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI, 22.

DET. MORGAN

What've we got, Jurkowski?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

There's an abandoned produce truck over there with a gun inside on the floor. However, there's second set of tire tracks, so there must've been another vehicle here.

Jurkowski points to a SECOND SET of TRACKS. Then, he leads the detectives toward the PRODUCE TRUCK.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures. They approach, and the patrolman points to the DRIVER'S SEAT, then down the road.

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI (CONT'D)

There's a trail of blood that starts here and leads down the road a bit where we found a dead body on fire.

DET. MORGAN

Show us.

DET. LEIGHTER

Hey, Morgan. There's three sets of foot prints leading down the road.

DET. MORGAN

(to Jurkowski)

Did you make casts of the tire tracks and foot prints?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

Yes, sir.

DET. MORGAN

Good.

Det. Morgan walks down the road; Det. Leighter and Patrolman Jurkowski follow. He approaches the body, now covered by a WHITE SHEET.

Det. Morgan bends down by the head, and lifts the cover. Det. Morgan cringes and Det. Leighter pinches his nose.

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
He's burned beyond recognition.

DET. MORGAN
You don't say.

Det. Leighter then spots something. He reaches down.

DET. LEIGHTER
Morgan, I got something.

Det. Leighter holds up the GAS CAP.

DET. MORGAN
Let's go back to the truck and see
if we can figure out who this guy
is.

The Detectives and Patrolman return to the truck, search the cab. Det. Morgan pulls something from the glove compartment.

A driver's license: Vincent Greco.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Looks like our victim is Vincent
Greco.

DET. LEIGHTER
That would stand to reason. The
sign on the side of the truck
reads, "Greco's Produce."

DET. MORGAN
Produce, huh? There's a farmer's
market just down the road from
here. Let's go check it out.

They head back to their car.

DET. LEIGHTER
I can't believe someone actually
had the guts to take out Vincent
Greco.

DET. MORGAN
Yep, and I think we know who.

EXT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sal and Joey load VEGETABLES into the back of their PRODUCE TRUCK. In the background, a car pulls up, and the detectives emerge. They approach the Farina brothers.

DET. MORGAN
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

JOSEPH
Would you look at this, Sal? They pay cops so little, they have to buy and sell produce on the side.

DET. MORGAN
I wish we were here to make an extra buck. Unfortunately, we got some bad news, fellas.

SALVATORE
What's going on?

DET. LEIGHTER
It's your brother-in-law, Vincent Greco. He's been murdered.

Joey raises his eyebrows. Sal rubs his chin, grits his teeth.

SALVATORE
What?

DET. MORGAN
We found his body a few miles from here.

Joey lights a cigarette, takes a long deep drag. Exhales.

JOSEPH
How? Who did it?

The brothers each hide their surprise, helped by the fact that they don't stop loading the vegetables.

DET. MORGAN
We're still working out the details.

He eyes them.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
You two seem concerned; that's odd considering you think Vince killed your brother.

SALVATORE

I'm not saying the guy didn't have it coming to him, but it's shocking. And that's still my wife's brother. She's going to be devastated when I tell her the news.

DET. LEIGHTER

When was the last time you saw Vince?

SALVATORE

A couple of hours ago. Joey and I were here to buy some vegetables. We saw Vince buying some apples, and I offered to take him over to the Pinkerton Farm.

DET. MORGAN

Go on.

SALVATORE

When we got out to the parking lot, Vince said he remembered some urgent business he needed to attend to. Then, he took off.

DET. LEIGHTER

Let me get this straight. You were going to take a guy you can't stand to the Pinkerton Farm to help him out with his business?

SALVATORE

Either you ride the snake, or you get swallowed by him. Which one would you choose, Detective?

DET. MORGAN

Or in this case kill the snake.

JOSEPH

That snake bit quite a few people. You're gonna have to put in a lot of overtime to talk to all of those victims. See that, Detective, you're gonna make an extra buck after all.

DET. LEIGHTER

Did Greco say what this urgent business was?

SALVATORE

He didn't say, and we didn't ask.

DET. LEIGHTER

Well, fellas, whoever killed Vince had it out for him good. He was brutally murdered; shot and burned. If you think of anything that can help us catch who did this, let us know.

JOSEPH

You guys know Vince was *Mano Nera*, right? He extorts just about every hard working business owner in town.

SALVATORE

And he was involved with gambling and grand larceny. Does that help?

DET. MORGAN

We're aware.

Sal loads the last box of vegetables into the truck.

SALVATORE

C'mon, Joey. We got work to do.

JOSEPH

Good luck, Detectives.

Joey salutes the detectives. The brothers get in the truck and drive off, as Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter watch.

Det. Morgan looks down at the ground: Sal and Joey's FOOTPRINTS. And from the truck, TIRE TRACKS.

DET. MORGAN

Radio over to Jurkowski. Tell him to bring his casting equipment.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Sal is driving. Joey is in the passenger seat. Quiet.

SALVATORE

Good job, Joey. You were as cool as a cucumber.

Joey's face lights up.

JOSEPH

Hey... how come you left me? That wasn't the plan.

SALVATORE

I saw an opportunity and I took it. I didn't want anything to happen to you.

Joey looks out the window.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Joey.

Sal puts his hand on Joey's shoulder.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you followed us.

INT. FREEHOLD OUTDOOR MARKET - AFTERNOON

Detectives Morgan and Leighter go from vendor to vendor, notebooks out.

They come to the APPLE VENDOR Vince talked to earlier.

DET. LEIGHTER

Good afternoon. I'm Detective Leighter and this is Detective Morgan with the Middlesex County Police Department. We're investigating the murder of Vincent Greco. Did you see him here earlier today?

APPLE VENDOR

Yeah, I saw him. He was about to buy apples from me. Then, Salvatore came over and said something to him.

DET. MORGAN

Then what?

APPLE VENDOR

Then nothing. They left.

DET. LEIGHTER

When they left, did Mr. Greco seem happy to be leaving with Mr. Farina, or did he seem concerned?

APPLE VENDOR

Mr. Greco seemed just fine to go with him.

DET. LEIGHTER

Did they come back?

APPLE VENDOR

I saw both the Farinas return a little later, but not Mr. Greco. Why? You don't think the Farinas killed him do you? Those fellas--

DET. MORGAN

Thank you for your time. Leighter, take down his info.

Leighter nods in agreement, licks the tip of his pencil.

EXT. GIANNI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With the truck parked in the driveway, Sal and Joey approach a MODEST ONE-STORY HOUSE and knock on the door.

After a moment, Gianni Farina opens the door.

INT. GIANNI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gianni prepares ESPRESSO and SAMBUCA, while Sal and Joey sit at the kitchen table. Gianni carries over a tray, places the DRINKS in front of his sons.

GIANNI

Wipe that pathetic look off your faces. Your brother's soul can rest a little easier now.

Gianni takes a sip of his espresso.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

Did anyone see you?

JOSEPH

Don't think so, pop.

GIANNI

Did you get rid of all of the evidence?

SALVATORE

Everything, but this.

Sal pulls a REVOLVER out of his pocket.

GIANNI

*Give me that. I'll hide it. Don't
you boys worry.*

Sal hands the GUN to his father, who wipes it down and wraps it in a HANDKERCHIEF.

SALVATORE

*The cops came to the market
questioning us after finding
Vince's body.*

GIANNI

*You don't say anything more than
you have to.*

JOSEPH

*Don't worry, pop, we handled it
good.*

SALVATORE

*The cops know we blame Vince for
Gus's murder, so naturally they're
gonna suspect--*

JOSEPH

We were cool as cucumbers, pop!

SALVATORE

*I'm just hoping we covered our
tracks carefully.*

He pauses.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

*What am I gonna do? What am I gonna
do if we get caught? Fuck!*

Gianni puts his hand on Sal's shoulder.

GIANNI

*Salvatore, stop doing this to
yourself. You're a good man.
You're a good husband, father,
brother, and you make me proud as
my son.*

Sal looks to his father with expectant eyes. Gianni leans over and kisses the top-side of Sal's head. Joey watches.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

*Sometimes in life, things don't
make any sense.*

(MORE)

GIANNI (CONT'D)

But you do what you have to do to survive, and what you have to do for your family. Famiglia è tutto.

SALVATORE

Thanks, pop.

GIANNI

You boys want some biscotti?

JOSEPH

Yeah, I'll have --

SALVATORE

No thanks, pop. We gotta go.

Joey's smile is replaced by disappointment.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I've gotta get home to Gabriella before she starts worrying.

The three men stand, Gianni a little slower, and make their way to the front door.

GIANNI

You boys be careful. And remember, keep your mouths shut.

SALVATORE

We will.

Sal hugs his father, and they kiss on each cheek.

JOSEPH

Bye, pop.

Joey hugs his father, and they kiss on each cheek.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

SUPER: August 18, 1917

Detectives Morgan and Leighter stand over TIRE TRACKS.

DET. MORGAN

Let's see where these lead, Leighter.

The detectives get in their car and follow the TIRE TRACKS.

EXT. DIRT ROAD (MOVING) - MORNING

They go past the Pinkerton Farm.

The road turns, winds through a BOGGY AREA.

Det. Leighter points.

DET. LEIGHTER

Morgan, the tracks stop there and
turn around.

Det. Morgan pulls the car over to the side of the road, where
the TIRE TRACKS pull off as well. They see TWO SETS of
FOOTPRINTS and follow them into the woods. They come out near
a LAKE, and spot a PATCH of DIRT.

Det. Leighter goes to one knee, digs through the DIRT a bit.
He pulls out a TIN GAS CAN. One that's missing its CAP.

DET. LEIGHTER (CONT'D)

Well, well. Look at what we've got
here.

He holds it up to show Morgan.

DET. MORGAN

That gas can is brand new. An old
can would've gotten rusty sitting
in this bog.

Det. Morgan looks past the GAS CAN, squinting. He walks a
couple of feet past Leighter, bends down, and picks up a
HANDKERCHIEF soiled with GASOLINE, BLOOD, and GUNPOWDER.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Look at this.

Det. Morgan shows the handkerchief. Leighter nods.

DET. LEIGHTER

I guarantee the cap I found at the
crime scene fits this gas can.

DET. MORGAN

I don't doubt it.

Det. Morgan furrows his brow.

DET. LEIGHTER

What's the matter, Morgan?

DET. MORGAN
Looks like the evidence is stacking
up against the Farinas.

DET. LEIGHTER
Yeah, and?

DET. MORGAN
I was hoping to be wrong about
those guys. But, we've got a job to
do. Let's start canvassing the
area; see if we can find any
witnesses.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

With about half a dozen CUSTOMERS, the store is busy.

In the aisle, Sal helps a CUSTOMER, while Joey restocks some
shelves nearby.

An elderly woman, MRS. MCCANTY, walks up to the register,
puts her groceries on the counter. She's greeted by
Gabriella's smiling face.

MRS. MCCANTY
Hello, Gabriella.

GABRIELLA
Hello, Mrs. McCanty. Will that be
all for you today?

MRS. MCCANTY
Yes, dear.

Gabriella rings up the groceries, as Mrs. McCanty puts them
in her cart.

GABRIELLA
That will be six dollars and thirty-
two cents.

Mrs. McCanty reaches into her pocket book. Counts out exact
change, and hands it to Gabriella.

MRS. MCCANTY
Here you are, dear.

Mrs. McCanty puts the money in Gabriella's open hand, who
puts in the register DRAWER, and closes it.

GABRIELLA
Thank you, Mrs. McCanty.

MRS. MCCANTY
You have a wonderful day.

GABRIELLA
Thanks. You, too.

Gabriella's eyes follow Mrs. McCanty to the exit with her cart, as her attention is drawn to TWO POLICE CARS outside.

TWO PATROLMEN step out of *each* car. Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter exit from their UNMARKED VEHICLE (which Gabriella didn't even notice. The SIX MEN head toward the store.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
Sal!

Sal turns from the customer, to see Det. Morgan and two Patrolmen approaching him.

Det. Leighter takes the other two patrolmen, and they walk up to Joey.

Customers in the store silently watch in shock as the pairs of Patrolmen take Sal and Joey by the arms.

DET. MORGAN
Salvatore Farina, you're under the arrest for the murder of Vincent Greco.

DET. LEIGHTER
Joseph Farina, you're under the arrest for the murder of Vincent Greco.

SALVATORE
That's ridiculous! We didn't kill Vince.

JOSEPH
You coppers are crazy!

SALVATORE
We're innocent!

DET. MORGAN
Take 'em outside.

JOSEPH
We never hurt nobody!

SALVATORE
Wait! What about the store? Who's gonna take care of the store?

Sal looks over at Gabriella, where tears start welling.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, honey. I'll be out soon. This is all a big mistake.

GABRIELLA

Go straighten this out and come right home.

Joey is being led toward the exit by the Patrolmen.

JOSEPH

What about innocent until proven guilty? What happened to land of the free and home of the brave?

The Patrolmen escort Sal and Joey outside, who don't make it easy for them.

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Sal and Joey have their hands up on the wall, as the Patrolmen frisk them.

Finding nothing, the Patrolmen grab the brothers' arms, pull 'em down and the CUFFS go on.

INT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Through the window, Gabriella watches her husband get put in one police car, her brother-in-law in the other.

The cars drive away, and Gabriella can no longer hold back tears. A GENTLE CUSTOMER approaches the counter.

GENTLE CUSTOMER

There, there, dear. It'll be all right.

But Gabriella just cries more.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

The patrolmen enter with Sal and Joey in custody. Det. Morgan and Det. Leighter follow behind.

DET. MORGAN

Put Salvatore in One, and Joseph in Two.

They shove Sal through one door, Joey through another.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Let's go at Sal first. Maybe we can appeal to his sense of reason.

DET. LEIGHTER
Right. And if that doesn't work, Joey seems like the easier nut to crack.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - AFTERNOON

Sal sits in silence, as the detectives enter and plop down across the table from him.

DET. MORGAN
I understand why you did what you did. And I'm sure it felt right, but it was wrong.

Sal doesn't budge. Hardly blinks.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Son, make this easy on yourself and your family. Work with us. If the judge knows you cooperated, he's likely to be lenient on you boys.

Still no response from Sal.

DET. LEIGHTER
We've got evidence, Sal. Evidence and witnesses. You and Joey murdered Vincent Greco.

Still nothing.

DET. MORGAN
Damn it, Sal. I'm trying to help you. You don't want to put your family through a long trial. You don't want to be in jail away from them any longer than you have to, right? So, let's make this easy on everybody. Tell us what happened.

Sal looks up at both detectives.

SALVATORE
I've got nothing to say, gentlemen.

DET. LEIGHTER

Yeah, well your brother doesn't seem to know how to keep his mouth shut. Let's see what he has to say.

Det. Morgan stands, followed by Det. Leighter. Det. Morgan gets to the door, opens it, then--

SALVATORE

Were you this diligent when you investigated my brother's murder, Detective?

Det. Morgan pauses.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Maybe if you had been, we wouldn't all be here today.

Det. Morgan closes his eyes, then swiftly and silently continues out, followed by Leighter, as the door swings shut.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - AFTERNOON

Joey sits at a table in a room identical to Sal's. Not identical to Sal, Joey sings HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

JOSEPH

(singing)

*We love one another we do,
We do, we do,
With brotherly love and it's true,
It's true, it's true,
It's one for all, the big and
small,
It's always me for you;
No matter the weather--*

The detectives enter. Joey never stops singing. He flaps his arms as if conducting an orchestra.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(singing)

*When we get together
We drink a toast for two.
Hail! Hail!
The gang's all here,
What the deuce do we care
What the--*

DET. MORGAN

I hope you're smarter than your brother, Joseph.

JOSEPH
Popular opinion would say
otherwise.

Det. Morgan narrows his eyes, but Det. Leighter interjects.

DET. LEIGHTER
We've got witnesses and evidence to
prove that you and Salvatore killed
Vincent Greco.

JOSEPH
You know what I think? I think
whoever killed Gustavo killed
Vincent.

The detectives look at each other in disbelief.

DET. LEIGHTER
Joey, the shoe prints at the scene
of the crime are an exact match for
Sal and your shoe prints. The tire
tracks match your truck.

JOSEPH
Exactly. The murderer is trying to
set us up. Obviously, someone has
it out for us.

DET. MORGAN
We found the gas can you buried off
of Gordons Corner Road.

JOSEPH
Well, that ought to come in handy
if you run out of gas.

Det. Morgan jumps up, POUNDS his fists on the table.

DET. MORGAN
That's it!

He turns to Det. Leighter.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Clearly these boys don't want our
help. They want to do things the
hard way and spend the rest of
their lives in jail.

Det. Morgan exits the room, SLAMMING the door behind him.

DET. LEIGHTER

You let me know if you decide you want things to go easy for you and your brother.

Det. Leighter gets up and walks out, leaving Joey alone to ponder his situation.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

An OFFICER stands at each door. Det. Morgan paces up and down as Det. Leighter approaches.

DET. MORGAN

Get warrants drawn up for all of the Farina's residences, grocery store, and their truck. Have them taken over to Judge Campbell to sign.

DET. LEIGHTER

I don't think they realize that we're trying to help them out.

DET. MORGAN

I don't think we're going to get through to them.

He turns to the officers at the doors.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Take the Farinas to holding.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Two beds with a toilet in between. Sal and Joey each in a bed, on their backs, arms behind their heads.

SALVATORE

Did you say anything?

JOSEPH

I just spoke in circles to make 'em dizzy.

Joey rises from his bed, looks at Sal.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do, Sal?

SALVATORE

Exactly what we've been doing.
Don't say a word and continue to
maintain our innocence.

JOSEPH

But, Sal, they say they have all of
this evidence against us.

Sal springs up, faces Joey.

SALVATORE

Forget what they said, Joey. No
matter what they got, we keep to
the story that we're innocent.
Whoever's sitting on that jury will
know the kind of scum bag Vincent
Greco was. Chances are he probably
screwed over a few of them, too.
They're sure to side with us.

JOSEPH

I don't know, Sal. I think--

Sal flies at Joey, grabs him by his shirt.

SALVATORE

Listen to me and listen good. Our
only way out of this is to stick to
our story. If we confess, we
definitely go to prison. I can't be
away from Gabriella and the kids.
We're brothers, Joey. We gotta
stick together. Can I count on you?

JOSEPH

(murmurs)
Yeah.

SALVATORE

I didn't hear you.

JOSEPH

Yes, Sal. I'm with you.

SALVATORE

Good.

Sal releases Joey, calms down.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

You've been puttin' up a great
front with the cops. Just keep it
up, and you'll be fine.

Joey nods.

JOSEPH
Okay, Sal.

Sal and Joey lie back and put their arms behind their heads, in the exact same position.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Sal, do you think pop is right. Do you think Gus really knows what we did?

SALVATORE
I do, Joey.

JOSEPH
Do you think he's resting easier now?

SALVATORE
Yep.

JOSEPH
Do you think he's proud of us?

Sal fidgets, trying to get comfortable. Then he props up on his elbow and looks over at Joey.

SALVATORE
Most definitely.

JOSEPH
I sure hope so.

SALVATORE
It's been a long day, Joey. Try to get some sleep.

JOSEPH
Okay, Sal. Good night.

SALVATORE
Good night, Joey.

Quiet.

Stillness.

JOSEPH
We haven't slept in the same room since we was kids.

SALVATORE

Yeah, and you wouldn't shut up back then either.

JOSEPH

Remember pop used to wait 'til he thought we were asleep? Then, he'd come in and give us all a big kiss on the forehead and pull our covers up to our necks. Little did he know we were just pretending to sleep.

The smile on Sal's face fades to sadness. He's alone in this holding cell, just as his kids are alone without him.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING

SUPER: November 13, 1917

JUDGE RICHARD CAMPBELL, 46, lumbers up to the bench, his linebacker frame filling out his robes.

At the DEFENSE TABLE: Sal and Joey in suit and tie. Next to them, attorneys WILLIAM DAVIDSON, 33, is tall, dark and handsome, and MARK ADAMS, 42, is average, and wears glasses.

In the GALLERY behind the DEFENSE TABLE: Gianni, Gabriella, Lola, and BELLA FARINA, 5 months.

The GALLERY is filled out by townsfolk, including Francesca, Paula, and Nicky.

In front of the WITNESS STAND is PROSECUTOR ROGER BRAXTON, 36. He's tall and stocky, with wavy auburn hair and a mustache. He wears a bowtie.

In the WITNESS STAND itself, is Patrolman Jurkowski.

The JURY looks on, as a BAILIFF stands guard, and a COURT REPORTER types it all up. Currently, she's typing:

PROS. BRAXTON

Officer Jurkowski, is this a cast of the tire tracks found at the crime scene?

Braxton holds up a CAST, shows it to the witness.

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

Yes, Mr. Braxton.

Braxton puts down the CAST, picks up another.

PROS. BRAXTON

And this cast, is it of the tire tracks found at the Gordons Corner Road location where more evidence from the murder was found?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

Yessir. We followed the tracks from the dirt road off--

PROS. BRAXTON

And do they match each other?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

Yes.

Braxton puts down the SECOND CAST, and picks up a THIRD.

PROS. BRAXTON

This is a cast you made of the tire tracks from the Farina's truck, correct?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

It is. Detectives Morgan and Leighter were at the Freehold Farmer's Market--

PROS. BRAXTON

Please, Officer Jurkowski, just answer my questions simply and directly. There's no need to elaborate. Does this cast match the first two?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

It matches them perfectly.

PROS. BRAXTON

So, there's no doubt in your mind that it had to be the Farina's truck that was at the crime scene and Gordons Corner Road?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI

No doubt at all, sir.

Sal and Joey remain stone-faced. Braxton puts down the TIRE CAST and picks up SMALLER CASTS. SHOE PRINTS.

PROS. BRAXTON
Officer Jurkowski, are these casts
of the shoe prints found at the
crime scene?

DISSOLVE TO:

Defense's turn. Davidson now stands in front of Jurkowski.

DAVIDSON
Officer Jurkowski, are my clients
the only men in town who own
Belleville boots?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
Well, I can't say for sure.

DAVIDSON
In fact, those boots are fairly
common, aren't they?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
I suppose they are.

DAVIDSON
Those tire tracks you found, what
kind are they again? Me-shell-een?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
(correcting Davidson's
pronunciation)
Michelin. Same kind and size as the
tires on the Farina's truck.

DAVIDSON
So you've said. Is my clients'
truck the only one that has *those*
Michelin tires on it?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
I suppose not.

DAVIDSON
In fact, those tires are pretty
common, aren't they?

PATROLMAN JURKOWSKI
Yessir.

DAVIDSON
It appears your casts are about as
rare as pennies.

Braxton springs up from his chair.

PROS. BRAXTON
Objection, your Honor!

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Overruled.

DAVIDSON
No further questions.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
You may step down, Officer
Jurkowski. The court will take a
recess for lunch and adjourn in one
hour.

Judge Campbell STRIKES his gavel twice. Then, he rises from his seat (as does everyone else) and he exits the court.

Sal turns around to Gabriella, who's directly behind him, their family beside her.

GABRIELLA
Salvatore. Oh, Salvatore.

She grabs his hand, squeezes it, her eyes wet. SNIFF. SNIFF.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
I miss you. The kids miss you. I
don't like where this is going.
I'm worried.

Sal puts his other hand on top of hers.

SALVATORE
My beautiful, Gabriella, please
don't cry.

The Bailiff approaches Sal and Joey, takes their arms.

BAILIFF
Let's go, gentlemen.

SALVATORE
Can you give me a moment alone with
my wife?

BAILIFF
Make it quick.

The bailiff lets go, leads Joey a few feet away.

SALVATORE
Sweetheart, it'll be okay. We'll
get out of this.

GABRIELLA
But, Mr. Braxton, he--

SALVATORE
Don't worry about Mr. Braxton and his questions. It's his job to make us look like monsters in the eyes of the jury. But we have good defense attorneys working on this. And some of those jurors have known Joey and me for years.

Still, Gabriella's concerned.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Honey, please. I need you to be strong. Have faith.

The Bailiff walks back, grabs Sal's arm.

BAILIFF
Mr. Farina, it's time to go.

Sal kisses his wife on the cheek, and throws a wink to his daughters. Gabriella watches as Sal and Joey are led out of the courtroom.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Court is back in session. Braxton is standing before an EMPTY WITNESS STAND.

PROS. BRAXTON
The people call Mrs. Betty Pinkerton.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON, 62, rises from her seat. A proper woman, she is dressed in a navy coat and long skirt, with white gloves and a white blouse. Not a hair out of place.

She walks gingerly to the witness stand. The Bailiff approaches with a Bible, and she places her left hand on it.

BAILIFF
Please raise your right hand.

She does so.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

I do.

The bailiff steps away, and Mrs. Pinkerton sits down. Braxton approaches.

PROS. BRAXTON

Mrs. Pinkerton, can you please tell me what you were doing on Friday afternoon, August 17th, the day Vincent Greco was murdered?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Yes, sir. I set some apple pies on the windowsill in the kitchen to cool.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PINKERTON FARM - FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Betty comes out her door holding a GLASS of COLD, SWEET TEA. She sits down in her ROCKING CHAIR and takes a sip.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON (V.O.)

Then, I made myself a nice, cold glass of sweet tea and went out on the front porch to enjoy it.

RICH FOLIAGE surround the Pinkerton home, but only grass in the front. Giving a CLEAR VIEW of the ROAD.

From MRS. BETTY PINKERTON'S POV: Vincent Greco's Truck passes the farm. A few moments later, the Farina Brothers' Truck passes, going faster.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON (V.O.)

As I was sitting there, enjoying my tea in my rocking chair, I saw a black produce truck drive past my house. Then, a couple minutes later, the Farinas' truck. Going pretty fast, might I add.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

PROS. BRAXTON

Mrs. Pinkerton, are you sure it was the Farinas' truck that you saw?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
 Yes, sir. I've known the Farinas
 for years. I'm familiar with their
 truck.

PROS. BRAXTON
 What happened next?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
 Both trucks turn right down a dirt
 road into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PINKERTON FARM - FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Mrs. Pinkerton rocks on her porch, sipping tea. BANG! She's startled by a GUN SHOT.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON (V.O.)
 Then, I heard one gun shot. It
 scared me something fierce.

A few moments later, five more gun shots from the same direction. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON (V.O.)
 Moments later, I heard five more
 shots. I darn near soiled my
 knickers.

Mrs. Pinkerton puts down her TEA, rises from her ROCKER, walks toward the direction of the shots.

From MRS. BETTY PINKERTON'S POV: SMOKE rising from the woods. Then, the Farina Brothers' truck makes a left turn from the dirt road onto the main road and passes her farm.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON (V.O.)
 And a few minutes after that, I saw
 the Farinas' truck coming out of
 that dirt road and whiz by my
 house. They were in an awful rush.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

PROS. BRAXTON
 Did the second truck ever emerge
 from the woods?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
 No, Mr. Braxton. I'm sorry to say
 it never did.

PROS. BRAXTON
Is that the last you saw of the
Farinas' truck that day?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
No, sir. About ten, fifteen minutes
later, the Farinas' truck entered
our driveway. The boys bought some
apples from my husband.

PROS. BRAXTON
When you say "the boys," you're
referring to Salvatore and Joseph,
correct?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
Yes, sir. That's correct.

PROS. BRAXTON
Thank you, Mrs. Pinkerton. No
further questions.

Braxton returns to PROSECUTOR'S TABLE, a snide look on his
face as he passes Davidson.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)
Your witness.

Braxton takes his seat. Davidson rises, buttons his jacket.

DAVIDSON
Good afternoon, Mrs. Pinkerton.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
Good afternoon.

Davidson slowly approaches.

DAVIDSON
Mrs. Pinkerton, about how far would
you say it is from your front porch
to the Jerseyville-Asbury Park
Road?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
Well, sir, around here we just call
it Jerseyville Road, but I'd say
it's about a hundred feet.

DAVIDSON

I measured the distance. Would it surprise you to learn that it's a hundred and eighty-seven feet?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Not really. I was estimating. If you measured a hundred and eighty-seven feet, I believe you.

DAVIDSON

That's a pretty good distance wouldn't you say?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Well, I suppose.

DAVIDSON

Now Mrs. Pinkerton, I know a gentlemen should never ask a lady her age, but in this case, I have to. How old are you, dear?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Mr. Davidson, are you flirting with an old lady?

DAVIDSON

Please answer the question, ma'am.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Mr. Davidson, I'll have you know I'm sixty-two years young.

DAVIDSON

And you don't look a day over forty-five. But, honestly, ma'am, can you say for sure a woman your age can see across that distance and positively identify the Farina brothers' truck?

Mrs. Pinkerton's demeanor changes.

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON

Sir, I may be past the prime of my life, but I'll have you know I can spot a flea on a dog's behind from five hundred yards. So yes, I'm sure it was their truck that drove by my house... twice.

DAVIDSON

Do you wear glasses, ma'am?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
Yes, I do. They're--

DAVIDSON
But if you wear glasses, how can
you be sure it was my clients'
truck you saw?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
They're for reading. I'm
farsighted.

Davidson takes a moment.

DAVIDSON
Is it possible, Mrs. Pinkerton,
that because you saw the Farinas'
truck when they bought apples from
your husband, you associated it
with the truck that drove past your
house minutes before?

MRS. BETTY PINKERTON
No, sir. It was the Farinas' truck.
I'd recognize it anywhere. Believe
me, I wish it weren't true. Those
Farinas are generally good boys.

DAVIDSON
No further questions, your Honor.

Judge Campbell nods, turns to Mrs. Pinkerton.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Thank you, ma'am. You may step
down.

Davidson returns to the DEFENSE'S TABLE. Mrs. Pinkerton rises
from the WITNESS CHAIR and returns to the GALLERY.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
That's all for today. Court will
reconvene tomorrow morning at nine
am.

Judge Campbell STRIKES his gavel twice. Then, he rises from
his seat (as does everyone else) and he exits the court.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POTATO FIELD - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Super: August 17, 1917

LUCAS BEAUMONT, 13, is in the dirt, digging for potatoes.

BANG! A gun shot. Lucas lifts his head and looks for where it came from. He pauses; then, he turns his attention back to digging potatoes. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Lucas drops his PRONGS, jumps to his feet, and runs.

GERARD BEAUMONT, 34, Lucas' father, digging for potatoes nearby, sees Lucas running.

GERARD BEAUMONT
Lucas, stop! Get back here!

Gerard gets up, chases after his son.

Lucas runs through a GRASSY FIELD. He gets to a CLEARING and sees TWO MEN ahead. Lucas stops, ducks into the TALL GRASS.

He watches Sal take a GAS CAN from Joey, cover Vince's body in GASOLINE, and drop the GAS CAN. Lucas' eyes go wide as Sal lights a MATCH drops it on the body setting it ablaze.

Lucas watches, as the brothers watch Vince's body burn.

Trying to get a better view LUCAS stumbles, making a noise. Lucas FREEZES, as Joey turns and seems to look right at him. But nothing happens, and Joey turns back around.

JOSEPH
C'mon, Sal. We gotta get outta here.

Lucas watches Sal and Joey walk away down the dirt road. Then, faintly, calling from behind:

GERARD BEAUMONT (O.S.)
Lucas! Lucas, where are you?

Lucas runs to Gerard, whose head is just above the grass.

LUCAS BEAUMONT
Pa! Pa!

Father and son hug.

GERARD BEAUMONT
Lucas, are you okay?

LUCAS BEAUMONT
 Yes, pa, but there's a man over
 there who ain't.

Lucas points to Vince's BURNING BODY. BLACK SMOKE rises.

Gerard grits his teeth, then they both head towards it. They come out of the tall grass, and approach the BODY. As they get closer, Gerard covers his son's eyes.

THE CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE SMOKE. THEN, THE CAMERA IS PULLING BACK FROM DARKNESS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING

AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE ENTIRE SCENE, WE SEE THE DARKNESS WAS THE PUPIL OF ONE OF LUCAS' EYES.

Super: November 14, 1917

Lucas is in the WITNESS CHAIR. Braxton is by the JURY.

PROS. BRAXTON
 What happened next, Lucas?

LUCAS BEAUMONT
 My pa kicked dirt on the burning
 body to put out the fire.

PROS. BRAXTON
 What were you doing while your
 father was extinguishing the
 flames?

LUCAS BEAUMONT
 I have to say, it was terrible,
 sir. I had to turn my head. And the
 smell was stinkin' awful.

Braxton walks toward to Lucas.

PROS. BRAXTON
 I'm sorry your youthful eyes had to
 witness something so grotesque and
 inhumane. Then, what happened?

LUCAS BEAUMONT
 My pa told me to go call for help,
 and the police came.

Braxton moves closer to the WITNESS STAND.

PROS. BRAXTON

Lucas, the two men who you saw pour gasoline on Vincent Greco's body and set it afire, do you see them in the courtroom today?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

Yes, sir.

PROS. BRAXTON

Can you please point them out?

Lucas points his finger at the defense table.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)

Let the record show that the witness has identified Joseph and Salvatore.

(to Lucas)

Thank you, Lucas.

(to Judge Campbell)

No further questions, your Honor.

Braxton walks back to his chair and sits down.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Your witness, Mr. Davidson.

Davidson rises from his chair and approaches the witness.

DAVIDSON

Top of the morning, Lucas.

LUCAS BEAUMONT

Hello, sir.

DAVIDSON

Lucas, you and your father knew Salvatore and Joseph before Vincent Greco was killed, correct?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

Yes, sir.

DAVIDSON

How did you know them?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

They used to buy potatoes from my pa.

DAVIDSON

They *used* to? So, they don't buy potatoes from your pa anymore?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

No, sir.

DAVIDSON

They don't. Why not?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

I'm not really sure.

DAVIDSON

You're not really sure? Isn't it true your father had a falling out with the Farinas over some spoiled potatoes?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

I think they had a fight, but I'm not sure 'bout what.

DAVIDSON

Isn't it true that the Farinas returned the potatoes and refused to pay for them?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

All I know is that pa was angry with the Farinas cuz they said he sold them bad potatoes on purpose, but my pa wouldn't do that.

DAVIDSON

I see. Lucas, isn't it true that you and your father are making this story up to get back at the Farinas?

LUCAS BEAUMONT

No, sir! We would never do anything like that. We're Beaumonts, and Beaumonts don't lie.

DAVIDSON

Of course not.

Davidson walks back, then turns to face Judge Campbell.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

No further questions.

Davidson takes his seat.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

The court will take a one hour recess for lunch.

Judge Campbell STRIKES his gavel twice. Then, he rises from his seat (as does everyone else) and he exits the court.

The GALLERY empties out leaving only Sal, Joey, Davidson, Adams, Gianni, Gabriella and her children in the courtroom. The bailiff approaches.

BAILIFF

Let's go, gentlemen.

ADAMS

We need ten minutes with our clients.

BAILIFF

You got five.

The bailiff returns to his post.

SALVATORE

Pop, take the kids outside. Gabriella will be there in a few minutes.

Gabriella hands the BABY to Gianni.

GIANNI

Let's go, Lola.

Gianni, with the baby in arms, takes Lola and they leave.

ADAMS

I've got to say, fellas, it's not looking good. I know my partner here...

Adams gestures toward Davidson.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

...Is charismatic and casting some doubt, but after countless hours of research, I haven't been able to find any case law to help us. Nothing that could get any of their evidence or witnesses excluded from the trial. The prosecution has a good case and solid evidence. I've got to recommend, like I did when we first met and discussed your case, to take a plea bargain.

SALVATORE

No way, Adams. We're sticking to our story.

JOSEPH

I don't know, Sal. Maybe we should--

SALVATORE

What did I tell you, Joey?

Joey backs down. Gabriella leans in to Sal.

GABRIELLA

You know I'll support whatever decision you make, honey, but I don't know, maybe Mr. Adams makes a good point; just think about it for a minute.

SALVATORE

Gabriella, no. I don't need to think about it. I'm convinced that this jury will see the situation for what it is. They no longer have to fear Vincent Greco. *He* was the bad guy. We're the good guys. The jury isn't going to send us to jail for killing the bad guy. It's that simple.

Joey pats Sal on the back and nods his head.

DAVIDSON

All right. If that's the way you fellas want it, then that's what we'll do.

Sal looks at Gabriella, and she takes his hand.

GABRIELLA

At this point, it's in God's hands.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Braxton is pacing.

Detective Morgan is on the WITNESS STAND.

PROS. BRAXTON

Besides your investigation into Vincent Greco's murder and the evidence you found linking the Farinas to his death, do you have any other reason to believe Salvatore and Joseph killed Vincent Greco?

DET. MORGAN

Yes, I do. Salvatore came to me and my partner numerous times because he was convinced Vincent Greco had his brother, Gustavo, killed.

PROS. BRAXTON

And did Vincent Greco kill Gustavo?

DET. MORGAN

We didn't have evidence to support that.

PROS. BRAXTON

When you didn't arrest Vincent Greco for Gustavo's murder, how did Salvatore react?

DET. MORGAN

He was angry.

PROS. BRAXTON

Angry enough to murder Vincent Greco?

Davidson jumps up.

DAVIDSON

Objection! Calls for speculation.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained.

Braxton walks toward Davidson, grinning.

PROS. BRAXTON

Your witness.

Davidson, still standing from his objection, rapidly approaches Det. Morgan on the WITNESS STAND.

DAVIDSON

Detective, isn't it true that Vincent Greco was the head of an illegal Italian crime syndicate known as Black Hand or *Mano Nera*?

DET. MORGAN

That's what I hear, but--

DAVIDSON

Isn't it also true that Vincent Greco was involved in extortion, gambling, and grand larceny?

DET. MORGAN
He was never arrested.

DAVIDSON
But you suspected him of such crimes?

DET. MORGAN
Yes, but there wasn't evidence--

DAVIDSON
And did you investigate any of Greco's business associates for his murder?

DET. MORGAN
No. It wasn't necessary. The evidence--

DAVIDSON
What about the people he was extorting?

DET. MORGAN
No.

DAVIDSON
So you never investigated anyone else besides the Farinas for Vincent Greco's murder?

DET. MORGAN
No.

DAVIDSON
Isn't it true that lots of people wanted Vincent Greco dead?

Braxton rises.

PROS. BRAXTON
Objection. Speculation.

DAVIDSON
No further questions.

Davidson returns to the DEFENSE TABLE and sits.

Braxton stays standing.

PROS. BRAXTON
With the conclusion of Detective Morgan's testimony, the prosecution rests its case.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Very good, Mr. Braxton. The court will reconvene at nine am tomorrow morning when the defense will present its case. Court is adjourned.

Judge Campbell STRIKES his gavel twice. Then, he rises from his seat (as does everyone else) and he exits the court.

The bailiff approaches the DEFENSE TABLE. Adams cuts him off.

ADAMS

I need a moment with my clients.

The bailiff returns to his post. Adams turns to Sal and Joey.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we present our defense. I have to strongly urge, once again, that Gabriella testify on your behalf.

SALVATORE

No. I've put her through enough. I'm not going to subject her to Braxton's cross examination.

ADAMS

I understand. However, I still think it's a bad idea to call your father to the stand. They found the gun in his home.

SALVATORE

My pop is a tough, old, Italian man. Braxton won't crack him.

DAVIDSON

Sal, we don't question that your father is tough, but the fact of the matter is the gun that killed Vincent Greco was found in a bread box in your father's kitchen. There's simply no defense for that.

JOSEPH

I think we should listen to 'em, Sal. If they think it's gonna hurt us more than help us, then I say we don't put pop on the stand.

SALVATORE

Fine... but Gabriella's still not testifying.

ADAMS

That's your decision, Sal, but we don't have much to work with here. Without Gabriella, you and Joey will be the only ones testifying on your behalf.

Sal rubs his chin.

SALVATORE

Then, that's how it has to be.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Gabriella, carrying Bella, enters with Lola. She closes the door with her free hand, then reaches out to Lola, who takes it, as Gabriella leads her upstairs.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - LOLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lola lies in bed. Gabriella tucks her in, kisses her forehead.

LOLA FARINA

Good night, momma.

GABRIELLA

Good night, sweetheart.

Gabriella turns off the light, exits, and closes the bedroom door behind her.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC plays. Gabriella, in her nightgown, leans over the crib and kisses a sleeping Bella on her forehead. She then moves over to her bed, kneels beside it and clasps her hands.

We can't make out her WHISPERING over the MUSIC. She then makes the SIGN OF THE CROSS, as she says:

GABRIELLA

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen.

Gabriella stands, pulls the covers up and gets into bed. She reaches to Sal's side. Empty.

The ANALOG CLOCK on the nightstand reads 11:17 PM.

It fades to 3:17 AM.

Gabriella lies in bed, still awake.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING

Super: November 15, 1917

Court is in session. Everyone is seated. The GALLERY is full, and amongst the crowd are Francesca Farina, Pauly "Beans" Benito, and Nicky Carmine.

Davidson paces in front of the WITNESS STAND, where Joey is.

DAVIDSON

Joey, can you please tell us your version of the events as they occurred on August 17th?

JOSEPH

Sure thing. I went with my brother, Sal, to the Freehold Market to buy some produce. I saw Sal and Vince walk to the parking lot, so I followed. Sal had offered to take Vince to the Pinkerton Farm for apples. We were about to leave when Vince said he remembered some urgent business he needed to attend to.

DAVIDSON

What was the urgent business to which Vince was referring?

JOSEPH

He didn't say, and he's not the type of guy you ask. I assumed it was *Gumba* business.

Braxton springs up.

PROS. BRAXTON

Move to strike, your Honor!
Assuming facts not in evidence.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained. Mr. Farina's last sentence will be stricken from the record.

Braxton sits back down.

DAVIDSON

So, what happened next, Joey?

JOSEPH

Vince got in his truck and took off. Sal and I decided since we were already in the parking lot to go over to the Pinkerton's to buy the apples, and then come back to the market for the rest of the produce. And that's what we did.

DAVIDSON

Joey, did you and your brother kill Vincent Greco?

JOSEPH

No. Of course not. That's ridiculous. I can't even believe I'm being accused. This is nuts.

DAVIDSON

Thank you, Joey.

He turns to Braxton.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Your witness.

Davidson takes his seat as Braxton rises and approaches.

PROS. BRAXTON

Mr. Farina, why don't you just come clean and admit that you and your brother killed Vincent Greco?

JOSEPH

Why don't you admit that your bow tie is too tight? I think it's cuttin' off the oxygen to your brain.

PROS. BRAXTON

Move to strike, your Honor. Non-responsive.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained. Mr. Farina's last comment will be stricken from the record.

Judge Campbell addresses Joey.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Answer the question.

JOSEPH
Simple. I won't admit it because
it's not true. We didn't kill
Vince.

PROS. BRAXTON
How can you say that after the
overwhelming evidence I've
presented? The witnesses?

JOSEPH
I can say it with my mouth. We
didn't do it.

PROS. BRAXTON
Isn't it true your brother,
Salvatore, forced you to lie to the
police during the investigation,
and he's forcing you to lie to this
court now?

JOSEPH
No, I'm telling the truth.

PROS. BRAXTON
May I remind you, Joseph, that
you're under oath. Tell us who
squeezed the trigger. Was it you or
Sal?

JOSEPH
Neither of us cuz we weren't there.

PROS. BRAXTON
Well, Mr. Farina...

Braxton gestures to the JURY.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)
I don't think these good people
believe you.

Davidson springs up.

DAVIDSON
Objection!

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Sustained.

PROS. BRAXTON
No further questions.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
(to Joey)
You may step down.
(to Davidson)
Call your next witness.

Joey steps down from the WITNESS STAND and takes his seat.
Davidson stands up.

DAVIDSON
The defense calls Salvatore Farina.

Sal gets up and takes the WITNESS STAND.

The bailiff approaches with a BIBLE, on which Sal puts his left hand, raises his right.

BAILIFF
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

SALVATORE
I do.

The bailiff retakes his post and Sal sits down.

DAVIDSON
First of all, Sal, let me offer my condolences for the loss of your brother-in-law, Vincent Greco.

SALVATORE
Thank you, Mr. Davidson. My wife hasn't even had the chance to mourn the loss of her brother.

Sal makes eye contact with Gabriella.

PROS. BRAXTON
Objection, your Honor. Relevance? Mr. Davidson can offer his condolences at another time.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Sustained. Mr. Davidson, proceed with your questions.

DAVIDSON
Yes, your Honor.
(to Sal)
(MORE)

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Sal, can you tell us what happened the day your brother-in-law was killed?

SALVATORE

Sure, but it's just like Joey said. I ran into Vince at the Freehold Market. He was about to buy some apples when I offered to take him to the Pinkerton Farm for some better ones. We got out to the parking lot. Joey came out shortly thereafter. Then for what ever reason, Vince said he had something he needed to take care of, and he left. Joey and I went to the Pinkertons. Then, we came back to the market to buy more produce.

DAVIDSON

Did Vince tell you where he was going?

SALVATORE

No.

DAVIDSON

Was that the last time you saw your brother-in-law alive?

SALVATORE

Yes.

DAVIDSON

I'm sorry to have to ask you this, Sal, but did you kill Vincent Greco?

SALVATORE

No, I did not.

Francesca scowls from the GALLERY.

FRANCESCA

(under her breath)
Lying bastard.

DAVIDSON

Your wife, Gabriella, Vince's sister, is she in the courtroom today?

Sal gestures to where Gabriella.

SALVATORE

Yes, she's right over there.

DAVIDSON

And your wife has stuck by your side during the arrest and the trial?

SALVATORE

Yes, absolutely.

DAVIDSON

So she believes you're innocent?

Braxton stands up.

PROS. BRAXTON

Objection. Calls for speculation. If the defense wants the court to know what's on Mrs. Farina's mind, they can call her to the stand.

Braxton retakes his seat.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained.

DAVIDSON

Thank you, Sal. No further questions.

Davidson walks toward the DEFENSE TABLE as Braxton gets up and slowly approaches the witness.

PROS. BRAXTON

Mr. Farina, isn't it true that you blamed Vincent Greco for the murder of your brother, Gustavo?

SALVATORE

I had a suspicion.

PROS. BRAXTON

A suspicion? Isn't it true you went to the police on more than one occasion accusing Vincent Greco of Gustavo's murder?

SALVATORE

I suggested they look into it.

PROS. BRAXTON

And when the police couldn't find any evidence linking Vincent Greco to Gustavo's murder, you decided to take matters into your own hands, didn't you?

SALVATORE

No. Like I said, I only had a suspicion. When the police couldn't find any proof Vince was involved in Gus's death, I assumed the police had it right; it was just a random armed robbery.

PROS. BRAXTON

I see. And you expect us to believe you willingly tried to help Vincent out by taking him to the Pinkerton Farm, even though his business competed with yours?

Mr. Davidson springs up.

DAVIDSON

Objection, your honor. Badgering the witness.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained.

(to Braxton)

Rephrase your question, Mr. Braxton.

PROS. BRAXTON

If Vincent Greco was your business competitor, why would you help him?

SALVATORE

Because he was still family. And if you knew Vincent Greco, you would also know it's wise to stay on his good side.

Braxton walks right up to the WITNESS STAND.

PROS. BRAXTON

Isn't it true, Salvatore, that you used the Pinkerton Farm as an excuse to lure Vincent out of the Freehold Market, so you and your brother could isolate him and murder him?

SALVATORE

No, that's not true. Vince took off as soon as we got to the parking lot, and that's the last I saw of him.

PROS. BRAXTON

What about the witnesses who saw you?

SALVATORE

Mrs. Pinkerton is just mixed up.

PROS. BRAXTON

And what about Gerard and Lucas Beaumont?

SALVATORE

You can't trust a word outta their mouths. The Beaumonts sold us some rotten potatoes, so we refused to pay... claimed their potatoes were fine... said we didn't store 'em properly. That was hogwash, so we didn't pay 'em. They'd say anything to stick it to us.

PROS. BRAXTON

You actually expect us to believe that the Beaumonts would accuse you of murder over some bad potatoes?

Davidson interjects.

DAVIDSON

Objection, your honor. Badgering the witness again.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained.

PROS. BRAXTON

Tell the truth, Salvatore. You lured Vincent out of the Freehold Market.

SALVATORE

No.

PROS. BRAXTON

You rode with Vince in his truck under the assumption that you were going to the Pinkerton Farm.

SALVATORE

No.

Braxton's accusations get sharper. Sal shifts in his seat.

PROS. BRAXTON

You lead him down a dirt road
pretending you took a wrong turn
and you had Joey block him in with
your truck.

FLASH - SALVATORE'S POV - Sal next to Vince in his truck.

SALVATORE

No.

Braxton makes a SHOOTING GESTURE.

PROS. BRAXTON

You shot him once in his truck, but
it didn't kill him.

FLASH - SALVATORE'S POV - Vince's gun against Sal's temple.
The trigger pull. The gun jam. Sal's gun whips out. BANG!

SALVATORE

No, I wasn't there.

PROS. BRAXTON

Vince, wounded, got out of his
truck and ran for his life. You
chased him down the road to finish
him off.

FLASH - SALVATORE'S POV - Vince dashing out of the truck. Sal
chasing him.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)

You caught up to him and shot him
five more times.

FLASH - SALVATORE'S POV - Vince turns, hands up. "*Do you know
who the fuck I am?*" BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Kissing the
cross. Joey shaking him.

SALVATORE

No.

PROS. BRAXTON

Then, you doused his body in
gasoline and set him afire.

FLASH - SALVATORE'S POV - The GAS CAN. Dousing Vince. The
match. The flames.

Davidson stands, POUNDS his fist.

DAVIDSON

Objection! Your Honor, Mr. Braxton is continuously leading the witness.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Sustained.

(to Braxton)

Questions, instead of statements, Prosecutor.

PROS. BRAXTON

You and your brother fled the scene, and drove to Gordon's Corner Road where you buried some of the evidence, didn't you?

SALVATORE

I didn't bury anything.

PROS. BRAXTON

Then, you went to the Pinkerton Farm and back to the Freehold Market in an attempt to give yourselves an alibi. Isn't that so?

SALVATORE

You got it all wrong. Those are the only two places we went, the Pinkerton's and the Freehold Market.

PROS. BRAXTON

Salvatore, why don't you admit that you and your brother did it?

SALVATORE

We didn't do anything. You're accusing the wrong men.

PROS. BRAXTON

Have it your way, Sal.

Braxton gives a small smile, then addresses Judge Campbell.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)

No further questions.

Braxton takes his seat. Judge Campbell addresses Sal.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

You may step down.

Sal steps down, walks to the defense table. Davidson rises.

DAVIDSON

No further witnesses, your honor.
The defense rests.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

The court will recess for lunch for
one hour. Then, we'll hear closing
arguments.

Judge Campbell STRIKES his gavel twice.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON,
NOVEMBER 15, 1917

MONTAGE:

- Davidson standing in the center of the courtroom. He
gestures to the prosecution and witnesses in the gallery.

DAVIDSON

The prosecution has failed to prove
it's case. The witnesses are
unsure. The evidence is
circumstantial...

- Davidson pacing in front of the JURY with passion.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Remember, if you have even the
slightest reasonable doubt, as I'm
sure you must...

- Davidson gesturing to Sal and Joey. Gabriella is seated
next to Sal, and each is holding a child.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Anyone who knows Salvatore and
Joseph knows that they're incapable
of carrying out such a heinous
crime...

- Davidson leaning into the JURY STAND.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

...you must find them not guilty.
You can't let innocent men rot in
prison, and allow those two
children to grow up without a
father. Thank you, gentlemen.

- Braxton paces in front of the JURY.

PROS. BRAXTON
The people have provided
overwhelming evidence and testimony
proving Salvatore and Joseph
murdered Vincent Greco. Let's
review, shall we?

- Braxton gestures at Davidson.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)
Mr. Davidson has put on a nice
show, but that's all it is folks.
Don't be fooled.

- Braxton stands directly in front of the JURY. His speech is
slow, concise, and deliberate.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)
Whether it was for good reason or
bad... whether Vincent Greco was
good or bad... is all irrelevant.
Murder is never okay. We can't have
vigilante justice in our streets.

- Braxton looks the JURY in their eyes.

PROS. BRAXTON (CONT'D)
You must find Salvatore and Joseph
guilty of the premeditated murder
of Vincent Greco and impose the
maximum sentence of life in prison.

- Judge Campbell at his bench, addressing the JURY.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
You've all been instructed in the
law. You will now begin your
deliberations.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Davidson, Adams, Sal, Joey, Gabriella, Gianni, and the
children all sit in silence. Joey's leg shakes nervously.

After a moment, a KNOCK on the door. It opens and the bailiff
sticks his head in.

BAILIFF
The jury's back.

Sal smiles, but the attorneys look worried.

DAVIDSON
Okay. We'll be right there.

GABRIELLA
That was fast. Is that a good thing?

SALVATORE
The jury came back after only two hours. That's gotta be a good sign.

Davidson and Adams exchange glances.

DAVIDSON
(reluctantly)
You never know with juries, Sal.
Let's go find out.

SALVATORE
All right.

The group begins to make their way out of the room.

GABRIELLA
Can Sal and I have a moment?

DAVIDSON
Sure. Make it quick though before the bailiff comes back.

Davidson exits, leaving Gabriella and Sal alone.

GABRIELLA
I'm scared, Sal. But I want you to know that know matter what happens, I love you, and I'll stick by your side.

SALVATORE
I love you, too, Gabriella.

Sal takes Gabriella by the face, and they share a kiss.

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Court is in session. Everyone is seated. Gianni, Gabriella, Lola, and Bella are in the GALLERY behind Sal and Joey.

JUDGE CAMPBELL
Has the jury reached a verdict?

The JURY FOREMAN stands.

JURY FOREMAN

Yes, we have, your Honor.

The JURY FOREMAN hands the bailiff a piece of paper. The bailiff takes it to the bench and hands it to the judge.

Judge Campbell unfolds it, reads it, and hands it back. The bailiff hands it back to the JURY FOREMAN.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Salvatore and Joseph Farina, please rise.

Sal, Joey, and their attorneys rise.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

In the matter of the people versus Salvatore and Joseph Farina for the murder of Vincent Greco in the first degree, how do you find?

JURY FOREMAN

We, the Jury, find the defendants guilty.

Sal and Joey deflate. Gabriella SHRIEKS.

GABRIELLA

No!

The gallery erupts with CHATTER. Francesca smiles darkly. Judge Campbell BANGS his gavel three times.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Order in the court!

Still CHATTER. Judge Campbell BANGS his gavel five times.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I said order in this court!

The room goes quiet. Judge Campbell addresses the Foreman.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Thank you. You may be seated.

He then turns to the court.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

The court will now impose sentencing.

He directly addresses Sal and Joey now.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
 Salvatore and Joseph, you've both
 been found guilty of murder in the
 first degree. For your gross
 actions and lack of remorse, I'm
 following the jury's recommendation
 of life imprisonment without the
 possibility of parole.

Judge Campbell BANGS his gavel twice.

JUDGE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
 Bailiff, take the prisoners away.

The bailiff walks toward Sal and Joey as Gabriella rushes to
 her feet hysterical and CRYING. She's clings to Sal.

GABRIELLA
 No! No! Please! You can't! You
 can't take him away from me! From
 us! I need my husband! Our children
 need their father! Sal, no!

Lola sees her mother CRYING and starts CRYING too. Gianni
 puts his arm around Lola, holds her tight.

JOSEPH
 Sal, what's happening?

SALVATORE
 Gabriella, I'm so sorry. I love
 you.

Sal manages to hug and kiss Gabriella as the bailiff pulls
 them apart. He starts to escort Sal and Joey.

JOSEPH
 Sal, I thought it was all gonna
 work out?

Sal and Joey are struggling with the bailiff.

SALVATORE
 You people are crazy! We're
 innocent!

JOSEPH
 We didn't do nothing! Let us go!

SALVATORE
 We're innocent!

JOSEPH

I'd rather go to the electric chair
than state prison for life!

The bailiff finally gets them through the door.

As the last of Sal slips through, Gabriella collapses on to
the bench and the tears just flow.

JUDGE CAMPBELL

Thank you gentlemen of the jury for
doing your duty. You are dismissed.
This court is adjourned.

Judge Campbell BANGS his gavel and stands. The GALLERY starts
to empty. Davidson and Adams each pick up their briefcases,
and come to Gabriella.

DAVIDSON

I'm very sorry, Gabriella. We did
the best we could.

Gabriella, unable to speak, just nods in agreement.

ADAMS

We'll file appeals, but I wouldn't
get your hopes up.

Gabriella just nods again. Davidson and Adams exit.

The courtroom clears out leaving only Gabriella, who is
crying, and Gianni with her two children.

Gianni waits quietly as Gabriella pulls herself together.

As a family, but missing two, they exit the courthouse.

EXT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Francesca leans on the wall by the exit, smoking a cigarette
with a smug look on her face.

Gianni, Gabriella, and the children exit the courthouse.
Gabriella is so distraught, she doesn't even notice Francesca
until she speaks.

FRANCESCA

This is all your fault, you know.

They all stop.

GABRIELLA

Pop, take the children and keep walking. I'll catch up.

Gianni nods. He gives Francesca a dirty look and spits on the ground next to her foot.

GIANNI

Puttana.

Francesca looks at Gianni with narrow eyes and laughs.

FRANCESCA

You never did like me, old man.

Gabriella hands Bella to Gianni, who takes the children away.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You just couldn't leave things alone, could you?

GABRIELLA

How dare you? How dare you point the finger at *me*?

Francesca leans forward from the wall, leans in to Gabriella.

FRANCESCA

Thanks to you, Vince is dead, and your husband is going to jail for the rest of his life.

Francesca puts her cigarette to her lips, takes a drag, and blows the smoke in Gabriella's face.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

And it's all because of you.

Gabriella SLAPS Francesca. Hard. Turning Francesca's head sideways. Francesca brings her hand up to her cheek, then lifts her eyes and scowls back.

Gabriella turns and walks away. She begins to tear up, as doubt creeps in. *Was it all because of her?*

FADE TO:

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - JAIL CELL - MORNING

Super: November 16, 1917

Sal stands at the bars, with Gabriella on the other side. They hold hands as best they can.

SALVATORE

They're shipping me and Joey to
Trenton State Prison tomorrow.

He catches a lump in his throat.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I was naive to think things
wouldn't go this way. I can't
believe I got you into this
situation. You deserve better than
this, Gabriella. I want you to
forget about me; move on with your
life. Find a decent man who will
take care of you and the kids.

Gabriella shakes her head "no" before Sal even finishes.

GABRIELLA

Never, Salvatore. I took a vow, for
better or for worse. This is just
as much my fault as it is yours. I
gave you my consent. We're in this
together.

SALVATORE

You're too good to me.

Gabriella smiles.

GABRIELLA

And you to me. Things aren't going
to be easy, but we'll get through
it. I promise.

SALVATORE

How did you become the strong one
all of sudden?

GABRIELLA

That's how marriage works.
Sometimes you're the pillar that
keeps me up, and sometimes I'm the
rock.

SALVATORE

How are the kids?

GABRIELLA

They miss their father, of course,
but they'll be all right, Sal. And
Gianni's been so helpful.

Gabriella lowers her head.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

It would've been nice to have the support of my family, too, but they disowned me for sticking by your side. To hell with them anyway.

SALVATORE

I'm sorry.

Sal rubs her shoulder, then returns his hand to hers.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I know money's gonna be tight. I'm gonna figure out how to make some bread while I'm in here.

GABRIELLA

Just be careful, Sal. In the meantime, I'm going to get a job as a seamstress. Your father said he'll watch the kids.

SALVATORE

I hate the idea of my wife having to work.

Gabriella puts on a smile for Sal.

GABRIELLA

Well, I hate the idea of my husband behind bars, but there's nothing we can do about that now.

They kiss through the bars.

FADE TO:

INT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Super: 1922

In the center of a PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM, Sal, 32, Joey, 34, and THREE PRISONERS sit around a FOLDING TABLE. The five of them play a game of poker.

Behind a WASHING MACHINE, TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO, 44, observes them undetected. Tony has slicked back salt 'n pepper hair, a raspy voice, and a scar on his neck.

Joey, PRISONER 2, and PRISONER 3 are out of chips.

It's down to PRISONER 1 and Sal. PRISONER 1 eyes his cards, shoves all his remaining chips into the pot.

PRISONER 1

I'm all in.

Sal checks his CARDS, looks to Prisoner 1, and then back at his CARDS. Sal puts the proper amount of CHIPS in.

SALVATORE

I'll call.

Prisoner 1 lays down his CARDS.

PRISONER 1

Full house. Aces over eights.

SALVATORE

Good hand.

Sal lays down his CARDS. He has FOUR SEVENS.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

But not good enough. Four of a kind.

PRISONER 1

Damn, man! You get me every fuckin' time. Only reason people still play you is because beating you would be like winning the World Series.

Prisoner 2 gets up, and walks behind Sal. Joey eyes Prisoner 2, slides back from the table ready.

Prisoner 2 rubs Sal's shoulders.

PRISONER 2

Lucky motherfucker!

Joey eases.

All three prisoners exit. Tony is still perched behind the washer. Joey lets out a SIGH and slouches back in his chair, while Sal gathers his winnings.

SALVATORE

If they only knew that I made my own luck.

Sal pulls some cards from his sleeve, lays them on the table.

JOSEPH

Pretty slick, Sal. I know you're cheating, and I still don't see you pullin' the friggin' cards.

Joey laughs. Sal sighs.

SALVATORE
You think I enjoy this, Joey? You
think I like cheatin'?

JOSEPH
I don't know. I just --

SALVATORE
I'm only doing this for one reason,
to help Gabriella and the kids.

JOSEPH
Okay, Sal. Take it easy; take it
easy.

A PRISON GUARD holding a baton walks into the room.

PRISON GUARD
Farina. Visitor.

Sal gets up and leaves the room with the GUARD.

INT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Sal and the GUARD walk down a corridor of cells.

Tony steps out of one of the cells as Sal is passing and
stops him. Tony hands a PACK of cigarettes to the Guard.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
May I have a word with Salvatore?

The Guard takes the PACK.

PRISON GUARD
Make it quick.

Tony walks in to his cell, gesturing Sal to follow. Sal
doesn't move. Tony pops his head back out.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
Relax, if I wanted you dead, you
wouldn't be standing here. I just
want a word.

Sal walks in, leaving the Guard to wait in the corridor.

SALVATORE
What's this all about?

Tony extends his hand to shake. Sal obliges.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
 Allow me to introduce myself. I'm
 Tony "The Clip" DiAngelo. Have you
 heard of me?

SALVATORE
 I've heard your name in passing.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
 Then, you know I'm well connected.

SALVATORE
 Yeah, well, what do you want with
 me?

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
 Easy, friend. You know, you're
 lucky to still be breathing.
 Nobody kills a made guy and gets
 away with it.

SALVATORE
 So, why am I so lucky?

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
 Married men have their
 indiscretions, but you *never* sleep
 with another man's wife. Especially
 if she's your first cousin.

Tony lights up a cigarette, takes a drag.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO (CONT'D)
 So, you got a pass because what he
 did is an *infamia* -- a vile deed, a
 dishonor and disgrace.

SALVATORE
 Look, my wife is waiting for me--

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO
 I heard about the poker games
 you're running, and I'm impressed.
 The Italians and Irish in here love
 you. You're robbing them blind in
 crooked card games, yet you have
 their admiration and respect.
 That's not easy to do.

He puts his hand on Sal's shoulder.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO (CONT'D)

I just want you to know that there's room for you in my organization. We can get you set up doing a few things in here, and then, when and if you ever get out, the sky's the limit. Your family will always be taken care of.

SALVATORE

I need some time to think about it.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO

That's a sign of intelligence. Few men take the time to truly mull things over. They just make stupid, impulsive decisions.

Tony takes another long drag of his cigarette.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO (CONT'D)

Think about what this would mean for you and your family. We'll always make sure they're safe... food on table, roof over their heads... all your worries will be over.

He pats Sal's shoulder.

TONY "THE CLIP" DIANGELO (CONT'D)

Think about it.

Tony shakes Sal's hand, again. Then, Sal leaves.

INT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - VISITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Gabriella and the kids are at a VISITOR TABLE as Sal enters.

LOLA AND BELLA

Papa! Papa!

They run up to Sal and hug him. Gabriella rises.

GABRIELLA

Hello, my love.

She hugs and kisses Sal.

SALVATORE

You look more and more beautiful every time I see you.

Gabriella smiles. They all sit down at the table.

GABRIELLA
How are you holding up?

SALVATORE
I'm doing.

Sal looks over his shoulders, then swiftly hands Gabriella some CIGARETTE PACKS. She peeks into one. No cigarettes. Just a LARGE WAD OF CASH.

GABRIELLA
Looks like someone's been doing very well.

SALVATORE
I guess I've been doing all right. You and the kids have everything you need?

GABRIELLA
Yes, Sal.

Gabriella glances at the girls.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
We're doing just fine.

LOLA
Mama, did you bring it?

GABRIELLA
Yes, dear.

Gabriella reaches into her PURSE, and pulls something out, which she hands to Lola. A folded piece of paper. Lola then gives it to Sal.

LOLA
Look at the picture I made you, papa.

He unfolds the paper to a LOVELY DRAWING.

SALVATORE
That's beautiful, honey. You did such a good job. Thank you.

Sal gives Lola a big hug. Then he reaches over to Bella, and puts her on his lap.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
She's getting so big.

GABRIELLA

She looks more and more like you as she gets older.

SALVATORE

Well, lets hope that doesn't continue. For her sake, let's hope she starts looking more like you.

Sal laughs. Gabriella smiles.

GABRIELLA

She keeps calling this place, "papa's home. When are we going to papa's home?"

SALVATORE

I guess that's both cute and sad at the same time.

A moment of silence.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Hey, something happened on my walk over here that I want to talk to you about.

GABRIELLA

What?

Sal looks at the kids and back at Gabriella. Gabriella reaches into her PURSE, takes out some CRAYONS and PAPER, places them on the far end of the table.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Sit here quietly like good little girls and draw another picture for papa.

LOLA

Okay, momma.

BELLA

I'm gonna draw a picture for papa, too.

Gabriella rejoins Sal on the other side of the table.

SALVATORE

What if I said that we wouldn't have to worry anymore? What if I could promise that you and the kids would always be taken care of?

GABRIELLA

What are you talking about, Sal?
How?

SALVATORE

An opportunity presented itself. A
guy, Tony DiAngelo, approached me.
He's a made guy, and he wants to
make me a made guy.

Gabriella's speechless.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I'm thinking about accepting his
offer.

GABRIELLA

What? Sal, no. Are you crazy?

SALVATORE

Look, I'm already stuck in this
place. What more can they do to me?
I just want to make sure you and
the kids are all right. That's all
that matters to me anymore.

GABRIELLA

If we're all you care about, Sal,
then you won't do it. We're getting
by just fine. And don't say you're
stuck in here. You never know what
could happen. I can't accept that
you're going to be in this prison
forever.

SALVATORE

I don't know, Gabriella. I used to
have hope of getting out, but I've
come to accept that it's not going
to happen. I think working with
Tony might be our best bet.

GABRIELLA

It's because of men like Tony that
we're in this situation. These are
bad people, and bad things happen
around them. I don't want our
family associated with *Mano Nera*
society.

SALVATORE

Okay, Gabriella.

GABRIELLA
I mean it, Sal.

SALVATORE
(submissive)
Okay.

GABRIELLA
*When you get out of here, and you
will get out of here, I want us to
move away and start over.*

SALVATORE
Are you dreaming?

Gabriella reaches over and takes Sal's hand.

GABRIELLA
Yes, Sal. Dream with me.

INT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - SAL'S CELL - NIGHT

Sal walks into his cell, plops into the LOWER BUNK.

He looks up: a PICTURE of Gabriella stuck to the bottom of the upper bunk.

EXT. GUSTAVO & FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON
(FLASHBACK)

Sal and Gabriella's wedding reception. The music. The dancing. The family.

Sal and Gabriella at their private table. They sip champagne and smile at one another.

The moment after they kiss, when their faces are close.

GABRIELLA
What's this?

SALVATORE
It's the key to our future.

INT. SALVATORE & GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

Gabriella sits at the VANITY, brushing her hair. Sal walks up behind her, caresses her shoulders. They gaze at each other in the mirror.

Sal leans down and gives her a soft kiss on her neck. She smiles and blushes and cranes her face up toward him.

Then she stands up. She's wearing lingerie. She places her hands on his cheeks, and they kiss. He pulls the straps of her bra off her shoulders.

In MONTAGE:

- Sal and Gabriella in bed making love in the missionary position. Gentle but intense.

- Sal is behind Gabriella spooning her. They're MOANING with pleasure. He moves her hair and kisses the back of her shoulder. She closes her eyes.

- Sal caressing her face with his hand. Then, it makes its way down to her stomach. She places her hand on top of his. They interlace their fingers and climax in unity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - VISITING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 1929

Sal, 39, is sitting at a table. Gabriella, 31, enters.

He stands up and they embrace, just as passionate as ever.

SALVATORE
Where are the kids?

Gabriella is acting coy.

GABRIELLA
I didn't bring them.

SALVATORE
Why not?

GABRIELLA
I didn't see the need to make them take the long trip when they'll be seeing their father soon enough.

SALVATORE
What are you talking about, Gabriella?

GABRIELLA
Sit down, Sal.

They both sit.

Gabriella reaches into her pocket and pulls out an object. She takes Sal's hand, and places the object in it.

Sal opens his fist to reveal a KEY. Just like the GROCERY STORE KEY. Might even be the exact same KEY.

SALVATORE

What's this?

GABRIELLA

It's the key to our future.

SALVATORE

What are you--

GABRIELLA

Listen, Sal. You know all of that money you've been slipping to me in cigarette packs over the years? Well, I used what I needed for me and the girls, but I used the rest to pay off Judge Campbell to get your sentences commuted. You and Joey are being paroled. You're getting out of here, Sal.

Sal slowly rises from his chair in disbelief.

SALVATORE

What? Are you serious?

GABRIELLA

It's true, Sal. After twelve long years, you're finally getting out of here.

SALVATORE

I can't believe it! Honey, you're amazing!

Sal picks Gabriella up, twirls her around, and kisses her deeply. He then hugs her tight against him.

ANGELINA (V.O.)

But, dad, the key she gave him... what was it for?

Gabriella and Sal lean close and talk in whispers, smiling and laughing.

FRANK (V.O.)

It was the same key he gave her on their wedding day; the key to the grocery store.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE:

INT. MONMOUTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Judge Campbell sits behind his desk, looking over papers. Gabriella enters. The Judge looks up for a moment, she hands him an envelope and leaves.

Judge Campbell takes the ENVELOPE, quickly places it in his DESK DRAWER and goes back to his papers.

FRANK (V.O.)

Like I was saying, Gabriella was paying off the judge to get Sal and Joey out of prison.

FADE TO:

EXT. FARINA BROTHERS' GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

The store is empty. A "FOR SALE" sign on the front door.

Through the window, we see Gabriella and an OLDER GENTLEMEN, signing papers. They shake hands.

FRANK (V.O.)

The grocery store had sat empty since Sal and Joey went to jail, but they still owned the property. When it was apparent that Sal and Joey would be getting out of prison soon, Gabriella sold the store.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRENTON STATE PRISON - FRONT - MORNING, 1929

Sal and Joey exit the prison in CIVILIAN CLOTHING. They walk down the driveway to the MAIN GATE, which opens wide.

There waiting is Lola, 14, and Bella, 12. They run up, give Sal a big hug. Gabriella hugs Joey. And finally, Sal and Gabriella embrace.

FRANK (V.O.)

Soon after, Sal and Joey were released from Trenton State Prison.

WE HEAR Frank take a long drag of his cigarette.

FRANK (V.O.)

It was a day they thought they'd never see.

EXT. BEACH - SUNRISE

SUPER: North Miami Beach, FL 1931

Sal, Gabriella, Lola, Bella, and KATIE FARINA, 1, are walking along the beach. Waves break by their feet.

Sal has Katie on his shoulders.

FRANK (V.O.)

About a week later, they packed up the family, and moved to North Miami Beach. They used the money from the sale of the grocery store to open a motel. Joey moved there too and helped them run it. And most importantly, Salvatore and Gabriella ended up having another child... my mother... *your grandmother.*

INT. FRANK & BARBARA'S HOME - PATIO - DAY

Angelina and Frank are still sitting at the patio table.

FRANK

Do you realize if Gabriella hadn't stuck by Salvatore, you and I wouldn't be sitting here right now?

ANGELINA

Wow, dad. That's an incredible story. I had no idea.

FRANK

You gotta understand, honey, what you decide to do now affects future generations of your family. And don't forget, after they had Katie, they went on and also had two boys - you're great uncles.

ANGELINA

I never thought about it that way.

FRANK

These days everyone is so quick to get divorced; they forget family is supposed to come first. When things are at their worst, it's family you can still count on. They forget Monday morning always comes.

Angelina looks at her father.

FRANK (CONT'D)

In other words, when you first fall in love, it's like fun on a weekend, but eventually the honeymoon ends, and you're left with each other. If you still have what it takes when reality hits, then you have what it takes to make a marriage work. You have to decide, is Michael your Monday morning?

Angelina leans in, kisses her father on the cheek.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Why don't you leave the kids here for a couple of hours, and go take some time to think.

ANGELINA

Thanks, dad. I will.

Angelina stands. Frank stands up after her. They hug.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

I love you.

FRANK

I love more. And I know you'll make the right decision.

INT. MICHAEL & ANGELINA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael is on the couch with TWO DOZEN RED ROSES.

The LOCK TURNS, the door opens, and Angelina enters. She looks at his pleading, PUPPY-DOG EYES, and sees the ROSES.

Michael has a loving smirk on his face, and Angelina can't help but to smile back at him.

FADE OUT.