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WIVEGUYS

an original TV pilot  
created by

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INT. LIBRARY ROOM, OLD SYNAGOGUE - SIRACUSA, SICILY 1992

Heavy curtains are drawn tight, sealing the old library as much a study as a tomb. Shelves are filled with dusty volumes of books, the furniture worn but comforting.

Enveloped in a warm blanket, DOMINIQUE MERCADO, 12, shivers as the door opens, more from trepidation than cold. Her wet long black hair, pasted to her forehead in a web, covers her dark brown eyes. Her skin complexion, cinnamon and dark, is most striking.

A small puddle collects on the drab rug from her soaking wet clothes.

SEBASTIANO CALVO, 72, walks in, places a tray on the table in front of Dominique and sits down next to her on the sofa. His hair and beard are snow white, in stark contrast to his own ruddy complexion.

They both eye each other carefully and a little suspiciously.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Tell me my child, what brings you here, of all places at this time of night?

DOMINIQUE

Papa said to come. He said to find "The Rabbi!" You would know what to do.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

(perplexed)

I'm sorry to disappoint you my dear child but I am not quite what you would call a holy man of scripture, and far removed from one who would be called "Rabbi."

(strokes his beard  
inquisitively)

May I ask who your "Papa" was?

DOMINIQUE

Demario Mercado. He was-

Sebastiano recalls the name, holds his finger up to his mouth, hushes her to silence. He smiles, offering her comfort.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Hmmm...I know little of your father but your grandfather, he was a man I knew quite well. Quite well.

(to Dominique)

What else did he say?

DOMINIQUE

He didn't...couldn't. They...

(MORE)

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

(upset)

They shot him! I ran as fast as could before they could catch me. I think they followed me but I hid in the basement. I heard voices coming and hid under the water in your pool.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Pool? Oh you mean the "Mikvah."

Dominique looks on quizzically, not fully understanding.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

Ummm...It's where people...

(searching for  
explanation)

It's where people get baptized. Jewish people. Like me. But how did you hide in the "pool"?

DOMINIQUE

Papa said I have lungs like a fish so I held my breath as long as I could until the voices left.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

That's good. Very brave.

Sebastiano hands her an old but beautifully ornate cup.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

Here drink this but sip it slow.

Dominique grasps the cup, but her eyes never waver from the old man.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

You have nothing to fear from me, except some tea that might be a tad too hot and perhaps, a tad too weak.

She sips it slowly but pulls back with a sour expression.

DOMINIQUE

Are you trying to poison me? This tastes horrible.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Oh, it's the brandy. I took the liberty to add a small pinch  
(smiles warmly)

To calm your nerves somewhat. Now, let us speak, from the beginning.

Dominique places the cup back on the tray, her dark complexion can't hide the blood that flushes her face and soul.

DOMINIQUE

(tears welling up)

They're dead. All of them. Papa,  
Mama, "Nonno"...Even baby Carlo.

(sobbing)

Carlo? What did he do to them?  
He's nothing but a...stupid...little..  
Kid.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

It's not what he did to them now,  
but rather what he would do to them  
later.

DOMINIQUE

I don't understand. What would he  
do?

SEBASTIANO CALVO

What all sons must do.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

The salon is in disarray, still under construction with debris  
and unfinished countertops. A stylishly dressed woman,  
ANTOINETTE "TONI" ANGELLINI, 49, whose clothes are designed to  
emphasize her most important physical attributes, surveys the  
scene, shaking her head at the mess.

TONI

This is a fuckin' tragedy. That's  
what this is. A fuckin' tragedy.

Bending down to pick up some rags, LINDA HARWICH, 45, begins to  
meekly whimper, tears get the better of her emotionally and she  
breaks down.

LINDA

I already printed the ads for the  
opening. Everything is set. It'll  
never get finished on time!

A contractor, MIKE MURPHY, 43, his overalls stained with shades  
of various paint, walks by, mimics Linda crying.

TONI

(to Mike)

Hey you! Scumbag!

MIKE MURPHY

Watch your mouth lady.

TONI

I don't gotta watch shit, it's you  
that better watch it.

Linda looks over at Toni, surprised at the vulgar outburst from  
her friend.

LINDA

Toni, please, I don't want any trouble. I just want them to finish the job.

Another contractor, TEDDY OVERMAN, 56, comes over to join them.

TEDDY OVERMAN

There a problem here, lady?

TONI

Yeah, there is. You're behind schedule.

Teddy looks Toni over, eyeing her shapely figure.

TEDDY OVERMAN

Ya know something, you got a nice behind that I'd like to schedule.

MIKE MURPHY

(to Linda)

Like I told you before. There's ways to do things...

(winks)

...And then there's ways to do things.

TEDDY OVERMAN

See what we're saying here is..

MIKE MURPHY

...A little grease on the palms goes a long ways to make things go smoothly.

TEDDY OVERMAN

You look like a smart broad, I think you understand what we're talking about.

Toni gazes at the two men, all too knowingly, gently grabs Linda's arm, pulls her away from the leering contractors.

TONI

Sweetie, why didn't you tell me you were having problems with the salon. I know how much it means to you.

LINDA

(ashamed)

I was afraid. You know, to ask for a favor.

TONI

But we're friends. Aren't we?

LINDA

Yes.

TONI

Then as friends, you can always come to me. I know how to take care of these kind of things.

LINDA

I'm sorry, it's just that I heard things...

TONI

Well, the first thing you're gonna have to know is not to believe everything you hear. I'll do anything to help my friends because sometimes friends are more important than even family.

The contractors shrug their shoulders, pick up their brushes and tools.

TEDDY OVERMAN

(calls out)

Okay. Well, I guess we're done here for today.

TONI

(calls back)

Hold on a second guys. Maybe, you're right. Perhaps we can work a few things out.

Teddy smiles at Toni, his intentions not very honorable.

TEDDY OVERMAN

Now you're talking, Sweetheart.

Toni struts back towards Teddy, her walk seductive as she sidles up to him.

She pulls out her cell phone, walks to a more private area.

TONI

Just let me make a call...

(coily)

...To the babysitter. Tell her I'm gonna be about an hour late.

TEDDY OVERMAN

Better make it two.

TONI

(laughs)

My, aren't you the bad boy. Let's make it two then.

INT. MOISHE'S DELI - CARMINE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The delicatessen hustles and bustles with activity as waiters and busboys attend to the patrons and noisy customers.

The backroom office is clean but the decor is anything but fresh. The furniture reeks of use, worn and blemished with suspect stains. The men lazily sitting on the chairs and sofas are of even greater suspect quality.

At a large desk with an even larger chair, sits the CARMINE BACCALLOMENTE, 63, the aging Boss of Bosses and leader of this criminal troupe known as "The Baker Boys."

CARMINE

How many times I gotta tell you  
"Stunads." This is a fuckin' business  
enterprise not a fuckin' sorority.

With his frustration clearly evident, Carmine rubs his thick white hair, trying to soothe his anger.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

You boys been slacking. Month after  
month you get a little lighter.  
(fatherly)  
Me, I don't say nothing. Figure  
it's a this or dat thing. Now here  
we are and it's a big fuckin' thing!

Glancing around the room Carmine takes stock of his employees, sizing them up for the losers they are.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

I'm getting too old for this shit.  
See, when you guys are light, that  
makes me light. I got people that I  
gotta answer to, just like you do.  
It's the way of the world. People  
always answerin' to people.

Buried deeply in the cushions of the sofa, a large burly man, JIMMY ANGELLINI, 52, nervously shifts from side to side, ignoring the cell phone that vibrates incessantly in his jacket.

He carefully glances at the phone, the picture of his attractive but angry wife, Toni Angellini is the screen saver, but instead of her name, it's written "You 'Betta' answer this Call!, Asshole!"

Fearing his wife's retribution more than even Carmine's, Jimmy nervously pulls himself out of the suffocating couch.

JIMMY

I'll be right back, boss.

CARMINE

Where the fuck are you goin'?

Afraid to meet Carmine's eyes, he glances away and rubs his stomach, a look of indigestion on his hound dog face.

JIMMY

I...uh....gotta take a dump.

CARMINE

Really? A dump? In the middle of my fuckin' meeting, when the shit is hitting the fan here, YOU GOTTA TAKE A DUMP!?

Carmine's eyes widen in astonishment, shakes his head in disbelief.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

You're the Caporegime here!

(barking angrily)

Sit that fat ass of yours back in that seat or I'm gonna find me a new Capo!

Carmine points to everyone in the room.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Maybe even a whole new fuckin' crew! That would serve you sorry ass mother fuckers.

(takes a deep breath)

Steinbrenner did it with the Yankees. Traded in his whole fuckin' team and got himself a new one. Then he won the fuckin' World Series. You think you guys can win the World Series ?

A slight giggle emanates from the huge hulking man, SALVATORE "BIG TURI" CAFARELLI whose body has smothered the straining furniture by his sheer presence.

"BIG TURI"

(laughing)

Hey Boss! I thought you were a Mets fan?

A young man, GIOVANNI "WHIZ KID" MATRAZZA, 32, decked out in his usual business casual clothes, glances over at Carmine and rolls his eyes in disbelief.

CARMINE

What are you? A comedian or something?

The phone in Jimmy's pocket vibrates again and again, a bead of nervous perspiration forms at the edge of his forehead, trickles down the side of his face.

JIMMY

Uh, Boss...? I gotta.....

Carmine glances over at him with a menacing look, Jimmy glances away unsure of what to do until he lets rip a large farting sound, accompanied by a smell that has all of the crew groaning from the bad odor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
...Use the bathroom.

Jimmy emphasizes the point by grabbing his stomach, another fart trickles out of his pants.

CARMINE  
GO! Get the fuck outta here before you kill somebody. Jesus Christ, what's that wife of yours cooking these days?

Jimmy runs out the back of the deli to his car, grabs the phone from his pocket and quickly dials the return call to his wife.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A door opens, an older man, MARCELO MARANZELLO, 68, shuffles in, carefully cradling a plate of perfectly cooked sausage and peppers. The pleasant aroma wafts across the assembled mass of human beings, their faces betray an almost a sexual craving for the food.

Marcelo places the plate before his boss.

MARCELO  
Here ya go, Boss. A meal fit for a king.

Carmine looks over his kingdom and subjects with a sneer of disgust, but the plate of food before him placates him for now.

EXT. ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Cars of every type, expensive to klunkers, are lined up outside the front of the religious institution. Many of the mothers group themselves in circles of gossip.

An expensive Mercedes pulls up to the curb, out steps a very attractive dark-skinned woman, DOMINIQUE "MERCADO" MATRAZZA, 32, her clothes are expensively comfortable. She quietly walks over to a group of mothers.

DOMINIQUE  
Afternoon ladies, how are the children?

Most of the women ignore her, continuing their conversation.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)  
It looks like the weather is a bit chilly here.

The loudest of the ladies, a simian looking VICKI MARINO, 57, whose ugly chic clothes are an assault on the senses, waddles over to Dominique.

VICKI

You know, this is a nice church here, very Catholic. Wouldn't you feel more at home at one of those churches where they sing and dance?

DOMINIQUE

Excuse me? Sing and dance? I was raised Roman Catholic. You must have me confused with someone else.

VICKI

I don't think so.

One of the other ladies TERESE CAPUTO, a gum snapper with big hair, jeans too tight and heels too high, steps forward to join Vicki.

TERESE

What's going on?

VICKI

I was just explaining that this is a nice...

(stresses)

"Eye-talian" Church. We want you to feel more comfortable with, ummm...how do I say this nicely? You know, your own kind.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmine dines on the succulent food, savoring every bite as if it's his last.

CARMINE

Never ceases to amaze me how he does it. Better than my fuckin' mother, may she rest in peace, ever made and she was born in the oldest of the old country.

MARCELO

It's how the meat is butchered. They got a certain knack for that kinda thing.

CARMINE

(sniffs the sausage)

Nothing about this meat is butchered, it's like it's been pampered by God himself.

MARCELO

That's what I mean. Says so in the Bible how to prepare meat.

Carmine grabs his fork, studies the sausage then swallows with an orgasmic look on his face.

CARMINE  
 (yells out)  
 Moishe! MOISHE!

An old Hasidic Jewish man, MOISHE TEITELBAUM, 72, wearing a stained apron, appears in the doorway. He wipes his hands on a frayed towel.

MOISHE  
 (thick accent)  
 Yes Carmine?

CARMINE  
 Moish? How is it that you people can make meat taste so good? Is it that kosher thing you do?

MOISHE  
 Kosher thing?

CARMINE  
 Yeah, What you guys do for food and stuff.

MOISHE  
 (incredulously)  
 Oh sure, like I told you. My brother Schlomo takes the pig outside, says a few prayers then whacks it! There you go. Now it's kosher.

Carmine raises his hands, accepting the accolades from the crew for displaying his smarts.

CARMINE  
 What did I tell you. Kosher sausage, just like God intended.  
 (to Moishe)  
 You know when the good Lord chose you people, he did us all a service. If you guys can make food like this, who am I to argue that it was a good thing that Jesus was born a Jew. At least I know he ate well.

Moishe takes his leave, closing the door behind him.

Leaning forward from his chair to get a whiff of the delicious aroma, VICTOR CUSIMANO, 50, the known fashion plate of the crew, takes a long inhale of the sausage.

VICTOR  
 Makes me wanna think about converting. After all, if being a Jew was good enough for Christ  
 (makes the sign of the cross)  
 Then it's good enough for me.

GIOVANNI

You'd think less about that once the "Mohel" gets a hold of you.

VICTOR

A "Mole?" What the fuck are you talkin' about?

GIOVANNI

Not a mole,  
 (stresses the  
 pronunciation)  
 A "Mohel." That's the guy that performs the circumcisions for the "Bris."

VICTOR

Bris? That's for babies. Right? They don't do that shit on grown men. Do they?

GIOVANNI

They sure do. It's part of the covenant with God.

VICTOR

Well then, I think I'll pass. It's one thing to eat a sausage and it's another to dice one up. Especially my own.

The crew breaks out in laughter.

GIOVANNI

The point was the careful removal of the foreskin of the male sexual organ as a representation of an ancient covenant to God.

(lecturing)

Jews are one of many cultures that symbolically attribute the removal of the foreskin as an important rite of passage. Why rumor has it that Aristotle Onassis used the foreskins of whales to cover the cushions of the bar stools on his yacht.

VICTOR

I'd hate to be the  
 (stresses the  
 pronunciation)  
 "Mo-hel" on that job. Probably got to use a chain saw on that whale. A very angry whale.

Sitting off to the side, JOHN 'BUZZY' MOSCATO, 38, a bundle of nervous energy in a suit a size too big with prematurely grey hair that hides his youth, giggles in a manic laugh.

"BUZZY"

Maybe that's why they called him  
"Mopey" Dick.

The crew bursts out laughing, Carmine puts his fork down, slightly chokes on his food until he regains his composure.

"BIG TURI"

(annoyed)

Jeez, is there nuthin' you don't know nuthin' about? You always gotta be lecturin' us about this and that, like as if we don't know anything for ourselves. We're not cavemen you know.

GIOVANNI

Well, I beg to differ. Just because you look like a Neanderthal doesn't mean you have to think like one.

"BIG TURI"

First of all, my family's from Messina.

GIOVANNI

Of course. Listen, my vacuous "compadre." Neanderthals are a species of early humans. Precursors to modern homo erectus and hence the human race.

"BIG TURI"

Now ya calling me a homo? What the fuck? You know I don't fly that way.

(teasing)

Besides, you should know a thing or two about different races. You're married to one.

The crew grows silent, Carmine eyes Giovanni carefully.

GIOVANNI

You're crossing the line there. I told you about that. Don't make me tell you again.

"BIG TURI"

It's the truth, ain't it. Why do we have to dance around it.

"Big Turi" stands to face the crew, then Giovanni.

"BIG TURI" (CONT'D)

Admit it, you married a "Moolie." Nothing wrong with that. To each his own, is what I say. Not for me though. I don't cross over to the dark side.

VICTOR

He got a point there.

(laughs)

I don't even eat the dark meat turkey on Thanksgiving.

Giovanni's hands curl into a fist, slowly flexing in tension.

GIOVANNI

Then why are you bringing it up. I don't criticize your wife or family.

"BIG TURI"

Because you know better not to.

(snickers)

Jeez, I'm just breakin' your balls. Why is it okay for you to break mine but not yours. I got feelings too you know.

GIOVANNI

Well, next time you think you got some feeling to express, I advise you to keep it to yourself. If you wanna make me the punch-line to your jokes, make no mistake, I'll give you a punch-line you won't never forget.

CARMINE

Hey! Both of you, sit the fuck down! I'm conducting a business meeting here and you "mamalukes" are behaving like kids in a schoolyard.

Carmine pulls the large gold chain from inside his shirt, a crucifix and Italian horn dangle impressively. He puts the glistening cross to his lips, his eyes glance up, looking for some affirmation from a higher authority.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! What did I do to be so forsaken?

(forlorn)

My cousin got a crew of killers, top earners and me? Me? I got the fuckin' gang from Sesame Street.

"BIG TURI"

Hey boss? Does that make me Cookie Monster?

(smiles)

I love Cookie Monster.

CARMINE

Who the fuck else could you be?

EXT. ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The door of the school opens, followed by a rushing throng of children, a mixture of teens and youngsters.

A slight young boy, CARMINE "CORY" MATRAZZA, 8, snakes his way through the kids until he sees Dominique, his mother, waving to him. As he sprints towards her, an unruly chubby kid, FREDDIE MARINO, 11, runs by Cory and knocks into him, causing him to fall.

Dominique runs to Cory's aid, who is shaken but not injured. Freddie sticks his tongue out at Cory, then runs to his mother, Vicki Marino.

DOMINIQUE

Cory? Are you okay? That wasn't nice.

CORY

(brushes himself off)  
I'm fine. That's Freddie Marino.

DOMINIQUE

He should apologize. I'm going to go talk to his mother.

CORY

Don't! If you say something then it'll only get worse.

DOMINIQUE

Has he bothered you before?

CORY

(angry)  
I said let it go!

Dominique looks at her son, then over towards Vicki Marino, who stands defiantly surrounded by her friends, cradling Freddie protectively.

TERESE

Vicki, maybe you should watch yourself. I've heard she knows people.

VICKI

I doubt that. People who know people don't prance around with women like her. If she does know anybody then it's because she's someone's someone on the side. They would never get involved with a "moolinyan", no matter how good looking she is. It's against the rules or something like that.

Dominique takes Cory by the hand, brushes by Vicki and her cohorts to her parked Mercedes.

She pulls out of the spot abruptly, the tires squeal in protest as she darts down the street.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S MERCEDES CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dominique eyes Cory suspiciously, but he ignores her, stares out the window.

CORY

Mom?

DOMINIQUE

Yes, sweetie?

CORY

Freddie said I was an eggplant.

DOMINIQUE

What? Why would he call you that.

CORY

He said that's what his Mom told him. Said we were all eggplants. Everyone but Daddy. He's Italian.

DOMINIQUE

I don't follow you.

CORY

I'm confused too. I thought eggplant was something you cook every Sunday.

DOMINIQUE

It is. Look Cory, we're all Americans here. Even Freddie.

CORY

I hate that "Fat Freddie!"

DOMINIQUE

Don't say that, Cory. Hate's a strong word to use. Especially for little boys. The best thing to do is ignore him. They're not nice people.

(motherly advice)

The world is filled with some people who aren't nice but more importantly the world is filled with a lot more people who love you. Like me! Like Daddy?

Dominique rustles Cory's hair, causing him the giggle.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE CARMINE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy paces back and forth across the parking lot, his large bulk barely fits between the parked cars. His cellphone is held away from his ear but the conversation is loud.

TONI (O.S.)  
Listen to me, you "Big Braciola,"  
when I call you, you answer. Capice?

JIMMY  
Toni, I told you I was sorry. I was  
in a sitdown with Carmine and the  
boys. I can't just get the fuck up  
and walk out.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - CONTINUOUS

(Intercut between the two conversation between Jimmy and Toni.)

TONI  
You sure it was Carmine and not one  
of those cumares you have on the side?

JIMMY  
Jesus Christ, Are you ever gonna  
forgive me for that?

TONI  
Forgive you? We're Sicilians. That  
word's not even in our dictionary.

JIMMY  
(affable)  
You're only half Sicilian.

TONI  
Lucky for you. Think what your life  
would be worth if my mother was born  
a few miles south.

JIMMY  
Think what my life would like if...

TONI  
Yes? What would your life be life  
if...? If what?

JIMMY  
(thinks otherwise)  
Nevermind.

TONI  
I thought so. No, you'll fuckin'  
pay, with interest! And my interest  
will make that nut you been carryin'  
every month seem like small potatoes.

JIMMY  
What nut?

TONI  
(sarcastic)  
Oh what nut? You know what nut.  
(MORE)

TONI (CONT'D)

You're in five large to that "strunze"  
Joey "Boobats."

JIMMY

What makes you think...Oh fuck it!  
You called me for something? What  
the fuck is it?

Antoinette, tires of the game.

TONI

Okay, to be continued.  
(laughs)  
You know my friend, Linda?

JIMMY

Yeah, the dyke you been pallin' around  
with.

TONI

She's not a dyke! She's divorced.

JIMMY

Right. She's divorced because she's  
a dyke. Don't tell me you're leavin'  
me for her. Or better yet you want  
me and her. I can do that and-

TONI

(cuts him off)  
Fuck you James Fredo Angellini! I'm  
being serious here.

JIMMY

(laughs)  
Okay, I'll stop but you know never  
to use the "F" word. Ever.

TONI

I'm sorry. You know I love you.  
How the fuck could your mother name  
you Fredo? What was she thinking?

JIMMY

Tell me about it. Jesus Fuckin'  
Christ, ain't life hard enough without  
that baggage haunting me. Anyways,  
what's going on?

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmine pushes his plate away.

CARMINE

Ah, forget it. You boys have ruined  
my appetite.

"Big Turi" eyes it with hungry eyes, that is until Carmine gives him a cutting look.

"BIG TURI"

Hey Boss? It'd be an "infamia" to waste such good food.

CARMINE

At a time like this is that all you can think of?

Carmine slams his fist down on the table, the plate flips up, scatters the sausage across the table with one lone piece landing right in "Big Turi's" lap.

"Big Turi" eyes the sausage, concentrating on the tasty morsel.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

FUCKIN' FOOD! That's what's on your mind. Not the fact that you boys have put me in a compromising situation here.

GIOVANNI

Look, Carmine. I know things have not been looking good these past few months, but every business has been affected in one way or another by the financial crisis. It's the economy.

Gio stands to begin another lecture, the other crew members roll their eyes knowingly.

"BIG TURI"

Here it comes again.

GIOVANNI

Quiet down "Mr. Flintstone." Let some people of intellect converse here.

"Big Turi" gives him a nasty look.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(looks to Carmine)

As I was saying. Every business has been reeling from the loss of income and obligations. Why this morning alone, the chairman of North American Mutual Trust had to resign. Other companies have been forced to reorganize and revise their financial targets.

Giovanni, sits down, the crew thankful for the short lecture.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

I think you have a good case to present to Frank. I'm sure the other crews are under the same duress.

CARMINE

(incredulous)

Really? You want me to revise my financial targets to Frank.

GIOVANNI

There's not much difference between us and those businessmen.

VICTOR

He's got a point. Except those guys are criminals.

Carmine shakes his head in disbelief, rubs his large hand through his hair, wipes away the sweat that is forming on his forehead.

GIOVANNI

They may be, but they'll never take a perp walk, do time in the house or even pay their taxes.

CARMINE

Enough! For someone so smart how stupid can you be?

(raise his voice)

This ain't a fuckin' corporation where if you don't make your numbers you get a gold watch, a big fuckin'...

(in thought)

What do they call them things?

Parachutes. Golden parachutes. If I don't make my numbers, they'll push me out of plane at ten thousand feet with no fuckin' parachute.

Carmine walks towards Giovanni, his bulky frame hovers over the smaller man.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Or more likely, take a fuckin' gun to my head and pull the trigger,

(emphasizes the point  
with his fingers)

Over and over and over, again and again.

Carmine grabs his coat, walks towards to door.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Then they'll come for you guys. Each and every one of you losers.

The door slowly closes behind him.

"Big Turi" picks the lone sausage that fell into his lap and pops it into his mouth, savors the essence as if he was rewarded by heaven itself.

"BIG TURI"

Carmine wasn't exaggerating. This kosher sausage is heaven sent.

"Big Turi" licks his fingers clean, closes his eyes and dreams of mouth watering plates of sausage and peppers.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE CARMINE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The parking lot is filled with cars pulling in and out, many of them slowly piloted by elderly drivers. Jimmy paces back and forth, avoids being run down by one near-sighted old man.

(Cut between Jimmy and Toni conversing on cell phones)

JIMMY

Really? The fucker really said that?

TONI

Doesn't matter right now. Him I can take care of. Right now, I need you to handle this for Linda. It'd mean so much to her, and me.

JIMMY

Well, if you were nicer to me then maybe.

(teasing)

But since you're not then I got things to do.

TONI

Okay! Okay! I'll stop being a bitch. You just take care of this.

(flirting)

And I'll take care of you.

JIMMY

With Linda?

TONI

Fuck you, James Fredo! I'm serious.

Carmine unknowingly appears right next to Jimmy.

JIMMY

(laughs)

Okay, I'll stop. Besides you're more woman than any man can handle.

CARMINE (O.S.)

Even a man like me?

JIMMY

Oh shit?

CARMINE

Exactly.

A large black sedan pulls up, the driver jumps out and opens the door for Carmine to get in.

JIMMY

Carmine, really I finished and then Toni called and...

CARMINE

(rolls down the window)

You know Jimmy, I don't know who you fear most, me or that wife of yours? Either way, you better start pulling this thing of ours together.

The car pulls away abruptly, a cloud of dust and exhaust envelopes Jimmy.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Young athletes run up and down the field while their parents, mostly mothers congregate off to the sidelines, except for PATRICIA "PATSY" CAFARELLI, 37, her loud voice overwhelming the coaches as she harries up and down the field.

The referee passes by, motions for her to keep it down.

PATSY

What's the problem Ref? Can't a mother coach her son?

The referee stops to confront Patsy.

REFEREE

No! That's what coaches are supposed to do. Mothers are supposed to sit on the sidelines drinking iced tea and talking about the weather.

PATSY

What're you some kinda sexist? I bet if I was a man you wouldn't say that.

REFEREE

To you I would. Let the kids play for God's sake!

PATSY

You do your job, I'll do mine.

REFEREE

Exactly! Do just that. Let the kids be.

The game continues, until the crowd roars at the play and whistles are blown.

COACH BENSON, a middle-aged man with white hair poking under his baseball cap, approaches Patsy and the referee, his frustration clearly evident.

COACH BENSON

Are you two done?

(to referee)

Ref! You just missed that play.

REFEREE

Oh shit!

The referee runs off with nary a goodbye.

COACH BENSON

For God's sake, it's hard enough without you two carrying on week after week. It's a game for kids, stop behaving like you're coaching the Giants.

PATSY

I'm enthusiastic, that's all.

COACH BENSON

Well, curb your enthusiasm.

The coach takes off his baseball cap, rubs his thinning hair.

COACH BENSON (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, Mrs. Cafarelli. Let's make a deal. You let me coach the team, my way, and the next time you come by the store, that antique table you've been eyeing the last few months...

Patsy's eyes light up.

COACH BENSON (CONT'D)

It's yours, twenty five percent off.

PATSY

I don't know...twenty five seems like it's not really worth the effort. The game means so much to the boys and they like it when I-

COACH BENSON

(interjects)

Okay! Fifty percent! Just let me be.

A distant whistle blows from the other end of the field, the coach runs off to join the rest of the team.

Patsy keels over, her body aching as she makes her way to some of the other mothers that congregate on the sidelines.

Leaning on the side of a white Mercedes Benz with a customized license plate "*SPOILED*", PAULINA "PAULIE" FRIEDMANN MOSCATO, 38, well manicured and coiffured, tosses a towel to Patsy, who is about to heave up her guts.

\*

PAULIE

(laughs)

Here you go!

PATSY

(out of breath)

Thanks...oohhhh.....

PAULIE

Well that took long enough. You sure it was worth it?

PATSY

Whew! I must have lost twenty pounds the last few weeks.

Patsy takes some deep breaths, opens a bottle of water and swallows deeply. Paulie sips from a large Starbucks coffee cup, her huge diamond ring glistens blindly in the sun.

PATSY (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. Definitely worth it.

PAULIE

Really? For a few hundred bucks? I've seen you go to extremes but this takes the cake.

PATSY

If you'd seen what he originally wanted for that table you'd be out here with me.

PAULIE

Not me, I have no problem spending Buzzy's money. He made me give up my career to take care of the kids, so this is payback. You should do the same.

PATSY

It wouldn't be the same. I like a challenge.

(breathing hard)

I guess business school didn't go to waste.

PAULIE

You're certainly a tenacious little fuck. You probably would have done quite well.

A young boy runs by, waves to Patsy.

YOUNG BOY

Hi Mom...bye Mom.

PATSY

(waves back)

Hi Sweetie!

(to Paulie)

I think I did all right.

PAULIE

I guess. Do you miss it? Being a professional?

PATSY

Are you kidding? The hustle and bustle, dealing with bosses? This is as far as I want to go.

PAULIE

Haggling for antiques?

PATSY

It's not haggling, it's the art of the deal. This makes me feel special, it gives me a rush.

PAULIE

You make it sound like sex. You really get off on this, don't you?

Patsy grins, her smile says it all.

PATSY

Who needs "Shades of Grey" when the color of money will do just fine.

Both women toast to that.

A whistle blows, calling an end to the game.

PAULIE

Finally. What a day.

The kids run off the field, downing drinks and hurry to their parents.

PATSY

It's not over, now comes dinner, homework and that god-forsaken PTO meeting tonight.

PAULIE

Can't we blow that off tonight? I'm beat.

PATSY

You know better than that. And you want to be a working Mom?

PAULIE  
What was I thinking?

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jimmy enters the office, walks over to sit behind Carmine's desk but thinks otherwise, returns to his original chair.

JIMMY  
Well, that didn't go so well now,  
did it? Fuck me.

VICTOR  
Fuck us.

"BIG TURI"  
I've never seen the boss so mad.  
Couldn't even finish his meal and  
you know how much he looks forward  
to that.

GIOVANNI  
Again with the food? The boss is  
right, you really are piece of work.

"BIG TURI"  
That's right, I am a piece of work  
because it seems I'm the only one  
who really works here.

VICTOR  
Are you kiddin' me? What do you  
think we're all doing?

"BIG TURI"  
Beats the hell outta me, but let me  
tell you this. Out of all you  
motherfuckers, I pull in the biggest  
numbers, month after month.

JIMMY  
What do ya want a fuckin' prize? We  
ain't selling Girl Scout cookies here.

"BIG TURI"  
No, but I want some respect from you  
guys. I earn what I earn. Haven't  
missed a mark yet.  
(to Giovanni)  
What about you over here, "Mr. 'Gee  
Whiz' look how fuckin' smart I am."  
You make your mark this week? Or  
are you light?

GIOVANNI  
I made my mark, don't you worry your  
little self about me.

JIMMY

Look boys, fighting amongst ourselves isn't gonna get us anywhere. We gotta think different. Think big.

"BUZZY"

I could make a coupla more heists. I got a buddy down at the Newark port. Could be something there.

JIMMY

What's going on down at the "Salami?"

Victor shrugs his shoulders, disrespecting Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(apologetically)

Okay, sorry. I meant "Sal-o-me's"

Victor smiles, pardoning Jimmy's affront.

VICTOR

Apology accepted, you know I hate when people call my club that.

"BUZZY"

(snickers)

Why? It's the perfect name for a place where all you do is slip the salami.

Victor gives "Buzzy" an angry look.

JIMMY

My God, when did you guys turn into a bunch of sensitive old women?

VICTOR

"Salome's Dance" is doing just fine. Although we been starting to get a little heat from that new titty joint down Route 35.

(questioning)

Maybe we should... you know...talk to them.

JIMMY

Talk about what? Tits? You wanna talk to them about tits?

VICTOR

Well you said think big,  
(laughs)

And we all know my joint got the biggest tits south of the Amboys.

Jimmy rises from his chair, walks over to Victor and backhands him across the top of his head, but his gelled hair remains firmly intact.

JIMMY

This is not the time for foolin' around.

VICTOR

Jimmy! What the fuck?

JIMMY

Carmin was serious. Serious enough this time that even I'm scared of what he might do.

"BUZZY"

He was pretty steamed but we're kinda stuck here. We got businesses but so does everyone else. Can't squeeze blood out of a rock.

GIOVANNI

That may be but I'm sure Carmin will figure out how to get blood out of us. He does have a reputation.

JIMMY

It's more than a reputation. Don't be fooled by that genial old padrone routine. He's from the old country, same town my old man came from and believe me they don't fool around.

GIOVANNI

I concur.

JIMMY

(annoyed)

Oh, you concur? Nice to hear.

GIOVANNI

It's where I was born in fact. That's why I'm here.

JIMMY

No. You're here as an insurance policy, don't you forget that.

"Big Turi" stirs in his seat, uncomfortable in his position.

"BIG TURI"

What's that mean? Insurance policy?

JIMMY

It don't mean nuthin'. Capice!

"BIG TURI"

(suspiciously)

Why is it everything that "concur" our friend over here is done in whispers?

GIOVANNI

I have no idea.

"BUZZY"

What are ya gettin' at Turi? He's one of us. Made and blessed.

"BIG TURI"

I know that but something smells fishy and it ain't the "bacala" I had last night.

JIMMY

The hell it ain't.

(lectures "Big Turi")

You! You gotta stop with this paranoid bullshit. Clear that mind of yours of all that junk that courses from inside that brain and think for a second. This is serious. If we don't come through, then you boys better be prepared for a mattress war because they'll be coming for Carmine and us. All of us, earners and or not. Soldiers or capos, won't fuckin' matter.

GIOVANNI

Wait a minute! War!... Junk!... Soldiers... That's it!

VICTOR

What're you talkin' about?

Giovanni jumps up, excitedly paces back and forth, his mind racing in thought.

GIOVANNI

That kid! The one that just got back from Afghanistan.

The crew looks at him perplexed until "Buzzy" realizes who Giovanni is referring to.

"BUZZY"

Monza? Eddie Monza?

GIOVANNI

Yes! Eddie Monza! He worked in logistics for the Army. Oversaw the transportation of supplies to support to the war effort.

"BUZZY"

Yeah so? He was a shipping clerk.

GIOVANNI

No, better than a shipping clerk. A contract signatory for materiel.

"BUZZY"

So? The war's over. They're not shipping shit there.

GIOVANNI

Correct, but now they have to ship all that materiel back home. The Army is so far behind that they're paying anyone with a heartbeat to get rid of the stuff for them. The Monza kid said they're shipping containers filled with stuff stacked 4 high and they go for miles.

JIMMY

Yeah? And your point is?

GIOVANNI

My point is that there's probably a treasure trove of stuff in there. Tons of stuff we can sell off the books.

Giovanni walks over to "Buzzy."

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

If Buzzy here can square it away with some of the teamsters we got on the payroll, to pick the stuff up, we're good to go.

JIMMY

What about customs?

GIOVANNI

We can have Monza ship them to a preferred destination of our choosing. The Army doesn't clear through customs. The containers go to the docks at a military base and then to us.

JIMMY

Interesting idea?  
(to the crew)  
Whatta ya think boys?

The crew stirs uncomfortably, looking skeptical of the plan.

"BUZZY"

I think it could work. We can see about the docks over at the Highlands.

JIMMY

Okay?  
(to "Big Turi")  
Whaddaya say Sallie?

"BIG TURI"

It sounds good but how do we know what's being shipped back? It has to be worth our while.

VICTOR

The big man is right. We could be pulling exposure. See what I'm saying here? Government exposure.

JIMMY

Fair point.  
(to Giovanni)  
Kid?

GIOVANNI

With all due respect. Our businesses here have flat-lined. The growth potential is inconsequential. If we don't do something different now, then when? We all heard Carmine clear enough.

JIMMY

Anybody know this Monza kid? Can he be trusted?

INT. RAHWAY PRISON - AFTERNOON - SIX MONTHS LATER

The door to the visitors area opens, Giovanni shuffles in, his head hung low, shame written all over his face.

Dominique sits at a table, reading a book to her young daughter, CORINNE MATRAZZA, 9, who sits quietly until she looks up to come face to face with her father. She hugs Giovanni tightly, tears well up in his sad eyes.

CORINNE

Daddy!

GIOVANNI

Hey Peanut!

Giovanni lifts her up, spins her around playfully.

Cory sits quietly, expressionless and avoids looking at Giovanni. Dominique notices this and snaps him out of his doldrums.

DOMINIQUE

Cory! Say hello to your father.

CORY

(mutters softly)  
Hello.

Giovanni kisses Cory on the top of his head, rubs his hair affectionately.

GIOVANNI  
I understand how he feels.

DOMINIQUE  
Exactly!  
(nasty)  
And you should have done everything  
to spare him from this. Spare all  
of us.

GIOVANNI  
You make it sound like this is what  
I wanted.

DOMINIQUE  
Of course not, I just thought you'd  
be smarter than the rest of them.

GIOVANNI  
So did I. It's a jungle in here.  
Surrounded by low-life scum, Mexican  
banditos and "moolinyans."

Dominique cuts him a icy glare that burns a hole through  
Giovanni's soul. He recoils from the knowing look.

DOMINIQUE  
You know I hate that word.

GIOVANNI  
Sorry, but I'm not talking about you.  
Just a Freudian slip, that's all.

DOMINIQUE  
You shouldn't have to apologize.  
You should know better.

GIOVANNI  
You're right. I'm sorry but believe  
me this place is fucked.

Corinne giggles at the curse word.

Corinne tugs on Dominique's arm, looking for her attention and  
to continue reading.

CORINNE  
Mommy! Daddy said a bad word.

DOMINIQUE  
Yes he did. I guess we're going to  
have to wash his mouth out with soap.  
(to Cory)  
Isn't that right, Cory?

CORY  
Who gives a fuck?

Dominique slaps Cory hard across the face, he breaks down in tears and runs to hug Giovanni, seeking comfort in his father's arms.

Dominique looks to Giovanni, her eyes pleading for strength.

DOMINIQUE  
I...uh...Oh, fuck it!

Everyone giggles then breaks out in a fit a laughter, the tension finally broken.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The office is dark, a few slivers of sunlight peer through the venetian blinds, casting shadows that look like prison bars across Carmine, who sits alone at his desk.

The door quietly opens, Marcelo enters with a bowl of chicken and matzoh ball soup.

MARCELO  
Moishe's wife sent this in. All  
homemade. She said it'll make you  
feel better.

He places the bowl in front of Carmine, who ignores him.

MARCELO (CONT'D)  
It's better than sex, she said.  
(affable)  
And if I was married to Moishe, I  
probably couldn't agree more.

CARMINE  
(sullen)  
I'm not hungry.

He pushes the bowl away, looks up at Marcelo.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
Well? How's the recruitment?

MARCELO  
Lousy. These "mamalukes" have been  
watching too much TV. All wannabees.

CARMINE  
Great. Just what we fuckin' need.  
Actors from the casting couch of  
Martin Scorsese.

Marcelo sits down, motions to the bowl of soup.

MARCELO  
May I?

Carmine shrugs, pushes it closer to Marcelo.

MARCELO (CONT'D)

Look, let's not panic. We got some reserve cash to make the books for the next few months.

(swallows a spoonful of soup)

Wow!

(takes another spoonful)

You should try some of this.

CARMINE

It's not making our marks that has me concerned. We're gonna lose what we have if we don't get some people we can trust in place.

Carmine grabs the spoon out of Marcelo's hand, takes a spoonful of the soup. Marcelo pushes the bowl closer to Carmine.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Only a matter of time before they jump ship and join another family. Then we got "uh-gots."

MARCELO

Let me think this through. The "Baker Boys" aren't done just yet. You, me and your brother have been through worse.

CARMINE

My brother's probably rolling in his grave right now seeing what's become of his family.

Marcelo grins, relaxes for a moment then bolts upright in his chair.

MARCELO

Oh! I almost forgot. Your niece called, she needs to see you.

CARMINE

Tell her I'm not feeling good.

Marcelo nods as Carmine digs deeper into the bowl of soup, unaware that the office door has opened.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Tell her anything you want but I don't want to see her.

TONI (O.S.)

I love you too, Uncle Carmine.

Carmine pushes the bowl of soup away, his appetite clearly lost.

EXT. RAHWAY PRISON YARD - AFTERNOON

The yard bustles with activity. Off to the side, Victor plays craps with a mixed group of prisoners, wagering cigarettes for their bets.

VICTOR  
(shakes the dice)  
C'mon, baby...seven to heaven.

Victor tosses the dice but comes up short. He throws the dice across the yard in a moment of frustration.

The inmates look at him menacingly, but are clearly wary of him, which he spots all too knowingly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
That's right. You all keep looking at me but you know the deal.

INMATE 1  
Man! Do you know what it took to get them dice?

VICTOR  
Nothing compared to what it's going to take for me to keep from beating your sorry ass. Those dice deserved their fate. Same as you.

Victor struts away, heads towards "Buzzy" who was sitting off to the side in what little shade there is in the yard.

"BUZZY"  
You should watch yourself. Don't push it with these guys.

VICTOR  
(confidently)  
They know better. Our reach is long, even into prison. Carmine's seen to that.

"BUZZY"  
Maybe so, but any one of these losers would like nothing more than to reach you at arm's length and drive one of them shivs right through your neck.

VICTOR  
And if they do that then they'll never make it past the night.

Victor drags his finger across his neck in a sign of death.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Morte! Dead on arrival.

"BUZZY"

Do you think death scares them?  
It's living that has them shitting  
in their pants.

A siren blows loudly, the busy yard slows down to a crawl.

VICTOR

Looks like party time is almost over.

"BUZZY"

First bell. We got time.  
(inquiring)  
Has Stevie come by?

VICTOR

Nope. She said something about it  
being too traumatic.

"BUZZY"

For who? You or her?

VICTOR

Very funny.

"BUZZY"

Just keep your eyes open.

Victor starts to walk away but "Buzzy" grabs Victor's arm,  
holding him back.

"BUZZY" (CONT'D)

I got a funny feelin'.

VICTOR

Probably gas from all this fine  
cuisine we been eating.

(annoyed)

Stop being such a mother hen. Jesus  
Christ, you sound like my wife.

Victor walks away, mingles with some of the other criminal  
colleagues and makes his way back inside the prison.

EXT. CONJUGAL VISIT TRAILER PARK - RAHWAY PRISON - AFTERNOON

A crudely painted sign "Lovers Lane" welcomes inmates and their  
female companions, who are lined up awaiting their turn. Most  
of the women are holding a pile of clean sheets.

The trailer parked off to the side of the yard shakes back and  
forth. An occasional grunt followed by a muffled orgasmic high  
note has the guards standing outside desperately trying to hide  
their amusement.

GUARD 1

Man he's really going to town today.

GUARD 2

I pity his poor wife. Imagine trying to screw that fat bastard?

GUARD 1

She's about half his size. He probably flattened her like a pancake.

GUARD 2

We're probably gonna need a spatula just to peel her off the bed.

Both guards laugh heartily, then quickly regain their composure and resume their watch.

INT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The bed creaks and groans under the weight of "Big Turi" who shudders in ecstasy as Patsy straddles his large bulk. Exhausted, she rolls off him as he reaches for a long stalk of pepperoni and takes a huge bite.

"BIG TURI"

Do you want some? It's a little hard.

PATSY

I think I've had enough of anything that's long and a little hard.

Patsy puts on her silk robe and walks into the shower stall.

"BIG TURI"

I know it's not the Waldorf but at least we get to spend some quality time together.

PATSY

Oh sure, that's what this is.  
(sarcastic)  
Quality time.

The sound of the shower drowns out Patsy's bitching as "Big Turi" gouges on some cheese.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmine sits in his chair as Toni paces back and forth, her tight jeans accentuating her inviting posterior have him captivated until he jolts himself to attention, embarrassed.

Toni notices his stare and stops in her tracks.

TONI

Have you been listening to me?

CARMINE

Of course.

(MORE)

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ what else can I do here.  
You're just like your mother.

TONI

Really? Don't get all fuckin'  
psychological on me. I got enough  
problems here.

Toni sits down, props her designer pocketbook on the desk, pulls out a paper and tosses it on the desk.

TONI (CONT'D)

Look. This is Jimmy Jay's tuition  
bill.

Carmine looks at the amount, snickers and tosses it back at her.

CARMINE

You gotta be shitting me. Forty  
large for college? That's a lot of  
dough for school. What's that come  
out to? Ten grand a year?

TONI

Don't be stupid. That's forty grand  
for the year. ONE YEAR!

CARMINE

Forty grand? And you're calling me  
stupid? Save your money. Jimmy Jay  
ain't gonna ever be a rocket scientist.

TONI

And what would you have him do?  
Follow in his father's footsteps?

Toni breaks down, tears well, causing her mascara to run in streaks of black and blue.

CARMINE

I know this is tough on you. It is  
for everyone.

(reassuring)

Jimmy did very well for his family.

TONI

We don't have a pot to piss in.

CARMINE

What do you mean? He was a good  
earner.

TONI

Well whatever he earned, he pissed  
away then. He even owes Joey  
"Boobats" and that guy doesn't stop  
pestering me every other day.

CARMINE

That cockroach?

TONI

I spoke to him, asked him for some better terms and more time. He was not so "accommodating." Said something about how he doesn't refinance loans, that he wasn't like the government or them other banks.

CARMINE

I'm not surprised, that shylock still got the first penny he pinched.

TONI

Fuckin' leech that he is. I was hoping you might do me a favor, you know...reason with him a little.

CARMINE

I'll see what I can do but business is business. You know that.

Carmine shrugs his shoulders indifferently, Antoinette bows her head in respect.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Carmine sits back in his chair.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Didn't you two save anything? Put something away in stocks or investments?

Antoinette shakes her head no.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

I told him. I told all them guys. Be smart. Don't go blowin' it all on houses and cars and shit like that.

TONI

And what did you expect them to do? Hire a financial consultant on where to hide their marks? A paper trail?

CARMINE

I didn't expect them to do anything stupid.

TONI

Me neither. If you weren't such a hard ass then they wouldn't have even gone down that road.

CARMINE

Really? A hard ass? I was too fuckin' soft on that crew. That's the problem.

Carmine gets up, walks to the window, looks out in contemplation.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Look, I know some of those guys were not Einsteins. They did the best they could. Solid earners but nothing more. But to go down that road, how fuckin' stupid could they be? Partners with a government employee?

TONI

Soldier. He was a soldier.

CARMINE

He was a fuckin' ruse. Lookin' for a quick buck.

TONI

It's not like they could've done a background check on him.

Carmine punches the window, shatters the glass and cuts his hand. Toni screams at the sight of blood but all Carmine does is pull out his handkerchief, and wrap up his hand.

TONI (CONT'D)

(calls out)  
Uncle Carmine!

CARMINE

Leave me be. It's nothing but a paper cut.

Carmine sits back down in his chair.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

How do you trust a guy like that? Fuckin' drug smuggler.

TONI

Yeah, it was dumb but they didn't know he was a junkie smuggling "junk" in junk.

CARMINE

(smiles at the thought)  
So fuckin' obvious. Junk in junk. Brilliant.

TONI

Not that it's my place but did any of "our" friends ever find out what happened to him?

CARMINE  
 (sardonically)  
 We're working on it.

TONI  
 Well if I got my hands on him, he'd  
 die regretting it.

Carmine waves his bloody finger at her like a parent reprimanding a child.

CARMINE  
 You're my blood. My brother's only  
 child but that's no way for a young  
 woman to talk.

TONI  
 It's the truth. I'd kill that  
 motherfucker myself.

CARMINE  
 You don't get to make those decisions.  
 Those kind of things are for men. A  
 certain kind of man.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Soft ethereal music fills the well appointed room, which is decorated in beautiful Indian motifs.

In the center of the room STEPHANIE "STEVIE" CUSIMANO, 45, struggles with a yoga pose that has her tight lithe body flexing under duress. Her raven hair, tied back in a ponytail, drips with sweat.

A young man, DREW SOMMERS, 32, takes careful note of Stevie's form. He shakes his head, no. As he walks over, his taut muscular body evident under the tight fitting gym clothes, ripples like a panther strutting through the grasslands.

DREW SOMMERS  
 Almost but you're just a little shaky  
 across your chest.

Stevie unwinds from the difficult pose, stands up and faces Drew. Her bodacious breasts heave in deep breaths.

STEVIE  
 (teasing)  
 What were you saying about my chest?

Drew moves closer, clearly too close for comfort.

DREW SOMMERS  
 Your form was a little shaky across  
 your chest.

Stevie slowly moves her chest up and down, her large silicone breasts straining the fabric of her sports bra in anticipation.

STEVIE

Like this?

A loud knock at the door breaks the moment.

HALEY (V.O.)

Mom? I'm back.

STEVIE

(whispers)

Shit.

Stevie composes herself, motions for Drew to move out of sight into one of the closets off to the side, and opens the door to greet her daughter.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Hi Sweetie, you're home early.

Standing before Stevie, HALEY CUSIMANO, 17, the splitting image of her mother except with blond hair and smaller natural breasts, enters the studio. Her clothes are stylish, the latest in fashion couture.

HALEY

Sorry Mom, I didn't know where you went. I should've known you'd be down here.

STEVIE

Where else would I be? Just me working out.

HALEY

Oh, I thought I heard voices.

Haley shrugs, glances suspiciously around the room.

STEVIE

Voices? No, just me chanting I guess.

HALEY

Oh sure.

(changes subject)

Anyway, I wanted to talk to you about school next year. I have an idea for college and-

Stevie holds her well manicured hands up, stopping Haley in her tracks.

STEVIE

We're not doing anything about college until we speak to your father.

HALEY

Speak to him, we don't even go see him. What's he gonna do from there?

STEVIE

Until your father gives me an idea of our finances, I don't know what to tell you.

HALEY

MOM! That's so unfair.

STEVIE

Fair or not, that's the way it is right now.

Haley abruptly walks out of the basement, trudges up the stairs, her high-heeled boots clacking away.

HALEY

I hate you both!

The front door slams shut. Tires squeal as she drives away in a fury of anger.

STEVIE

Haley!

The door of the closet slowly opens. Drew takes one look at Stevie's face, thinks better of the situation and walks out of the basement studio.

Stevie's taut body becomes soft and weak as she collapses into a heap, whimpering and crying.

INT. ANELLOS RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

The private room of the restaurant is dark except for one lone table in the back. A waiter walks around the large round table, refilling glasses of wine, catering to every whim of the four ladies, who are animated in conversation, except for Dominique who sits quietly observing.

One chair remains empty.

PATSY

I don't know where they get those mattresses from?

TONI

Tell me about it.

STEVIE

I won't even go there. Not me. He can take care of himself.

TONI

That kind of attitude will get you nowhere.

STEVIE

Let's not kid ourselves. They all have somebody to take care of that.

TONI  
Well Jimmy don't.

STEVIE  
Don't be so sure.

TONI  
No I'm sure. Very sure.

STEVIE  
You say that now.

TONI  
That's right. Now I do because after last time he knows there won't be another chance.

PATSY  
I was surprised you even gave him another chance.

TONI  
A moment of weakness for the children. But let me tell you this, if I were a pure blood he'd be fish food right now.

The waiter brings out the main courses, all rich and heavy italian food, except for Stevie who has a small plate of steamed vegetables.

He pays very special attention to Stevie as he ogles her tight-fitting blouse.

WAITER  
For you. Specially made as you so desired. Is there anything else I can get you?

STEVIE  
No. Thank you.

The waiter walks back to the kitchen, takes a good long look at Stevie.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Is he new here?

PATSY  
I think so.

STEVIE  
Well, I don't like him. Did you see the way he stared at me?

TONI  
Honey, everyone stares at you.

STEVIE

Is it my fault I like to look good  
and feel healthy, inside and out?

Stevie motions with her hands in a praying fashion down the  
center of her body.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

It's important to be centered.

TONI

Centered or not, men check you out  
because you like to be checked out.

STEVIE

And what is that supposed to mean?

TONI

You know exactly what it means.  
Don't tell me you put all this effort  
to look good for the husband you  
never see. What would be the point  
of that?

STEVIE

The point is so I don't start  
spreading in all the wrong places.  
Maybe that's something you should  
take a cue from.

TONI

At least I'm all woman. A real woman.

Toni cups her large breasts to emphasize the point.

Patsy rolls her eyes, braces herself. Dominique looks on with  
concern.

PATSY

Enough! Can't we get through one  
dinner without you two going at it?

Stevie tosses her napkin at Toni.

STEVIE

Well, she started it. She always  
starts it.

PATSY

Why is it always a competition between  
you two? Jesus Christ, it's a good  
thing you don't have a penis between  
your legs.

(to Dominique)

These two would be measuring them  
every day to see who's is bigger.

Dominique blushes through her dark skin, snickers at the that  
vision.

DOMINIQUE

You got a point, although with these two I think they'd both be very small.

TONI

Really? You think us two...

(points to Stevie)

...Would be packing pea shooters?

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

No doubt about it. The bigger the mouth, the smaller the weapon. Probably works the same way for women.

TONI

Well, "Miss Dominique" over here seems to be getting a little more comfortable around us.

DOMINIQUE

I've never been the one "uncomfortable."

Patsy frets, glances at the empty chair then looks at her expensive watch.

PATSY

Where the hell is she?

STEVIE

You know "The Princess."

TONI

All too well.

PATSY

Well she better get here soon. Things are tight enough and I'm paying the baby sitter by the hour.

TONI

That's why we're here.

STEVIE

Have you spoken to Carmine about our situation.

TONI

Of course.

PATSY

And?

TONI

He was no help.

STEVIE

I don't understand.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Our husbands worked hard for him all these years. The least he could do is help us out.

PATSY

It's not like they can go on unemployment like all those "moolinyans" collecting checks, even in prison.

Dominique puts her fork down, a look of displeasure crosses her face, flush with annoyance.

Toni clears her throat, Patsy glances over to her then to Dominique.

PATSY (CONT'D)

Oh sorry...  
(to Dominique)  
I didn't mean you.

Dominique smiles icily, unmoved and insincere.

DOMINIQUE

Of course not. Why would you?

Patsy blushes in embarrassment.

The door opens and Paulina finally arrives, joining the other women at the table.

PAULIE

Sorry, I'm late. I got tied up with the caterer.

PATSY

Did you work it out with Corrections?

PAULIE

Somewhat. They said he could come, but only if he's got "bracelets" on.

TONI

At least that's a good sign. Is he okay with that?

PAULIE

He's fine but my Dad threw a fit. Said there was no way he'd be there in front of all his family and friends with a hoodlum in chains.

TONI

Jesus Christ, whose Bar Mitzvah is it anyway?

PAULIE

Since my father's now picking up the tab, he thinks it's his.

PATSY

Doesn't he care what his grandson wants? He should have his father there.

PAULIE

When it comes to those two, it's never easy.

STEVIE

I don't get it. After all these years, they're still going at it?

Paulie shrugs indifferently.

The waiter comes over to Paulie.

WAITER

What can I get you?

PAULIE

Just a salad, it's a little late to start eating heavy.

All women look at her incredulously. Patsy looks at her watch, motions to Toni.

TONI

Look, let's figure out what we're gonna do here. We're running outta time. We gotta work together.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A scratchy Italian opera plays softly on an old record player, in stark contrast to the booming voice bellowing from behind the desk.

Carmine is on the phone, bathed in a thick haze of cigar smoke, his voice raspy and sore.

CARMINE

(angry tone)

Listen to me. I don't give a fuck what he thinks. That place has been under my family's control since you was in diapers and your mother was wiping your ass.

Carmine pulls the phone away from his ear, but the garbled voice is angry but muffled.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Really? What do you think you got here? Squatters rights?

The voice on the phone is still garbled and angry.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 NO! No fuckin' way. I still get my  
 taste. Some things change some stay  
 the same.

The voice on the phone remains edgy and angry.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 Okay fine.

Carmine slams the phone down hard, the receiver cracks.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 (to the phone)  
 Fuck you! You hear me you stupid  
 fuck! Fuck you!

The door opens, Marcelo comes in and places a plate of hot  
 pastrami and rye invitingly in front of Carmine.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 Thanks Marcelo.

MARCELO  
 I don't want to spoil your appetite  
 but we got visitors.

CARMINE  
 Really? Can't a man eat in peace?

Carmine takes a bite of the luscious sandwich, a dab of mustard  
 lingers on his chin before he wipes it clean.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 (with mouth full)  
 Who's it this time? Feds Again?

MARCELO  
 No, not Feds.  
 (pauses)  
 The girls are here.

CARMINE  
 What girls?

MARCELO  
 The wives. The wives of the whole  
 crew, even the pretty black one.

CARMINE  
 Really?

Carmine looks down at the savory sandwich but before he can  
 take another bite he's interrupted as Toni peers around the  
 door.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Send them home. I'm busy here.

TONI

(sarcastic)

Not too busy to see us I hope?

Carmine puts the sandwich down, pushes the plate away in disgust.

He walks over, greets all the women warmly as they enter, giving each a kiss. Marcelo does the same then sits in a chair facing the women.

Patsy holds a box of canolis and cookies, which she gives to Carmine, who nods appreciatively. Dominique holds a shopping bag with a long gift box inside.

CARMINE

Please sit down. Make yourselves at home.

Carmine opens a window, trying his best to clear the room of any lingering cigar smoke. Realizing his noble attempt is futile, he sits down in his large chair.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Please excuse the furnishings. They lack a certain woman's touch, if you know what I mean.

PATSY

Please don't apologize Carmine. We're here to see you, not...

Patsy begins to snivel as tears begin to form.

PATSY (CONT'D)

Sorry Carmine. I can almost feel Turi in here.

CARMINE

Your husband does have a way of making his presence known.

TONI

What we're here for Uncle Carmine is this.

(firmly)

Our husbands always did right by you, good times and bad, and now you have to do right by us. We got families to support, children to feed and bills to pay.

CARMINE

My dear ladies, I too am suffering under similar circumstances.

TONI

No! There is nothing similar about it.

STEVIE

Please Carmine, we're going to lose everything.

PAULIE

She's right. The collection agencies have already staked out the house.

CARMINE

As I told Antoinette, I urged your husbands to be frugal. It's a choice they made.

PATSY

We're running out of options. What will happen to us?

Carmine strokes his chin in thought, as the women wait for any answer.

CARMINE

I don't know what I can do. Without my crew the well is dry. This is a difficult business we're in and my bosses...

The women all look at Carmine, surprised at that comment.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Don't look so surprised. I too have obligations up the food chain.

TONI

Well, what are you gonna do?

CARMINE

I don't really know...

MARCELO

(interjects)

What Carmine means is that we're evaluating our options.

DOMINIQUE

Options? Your cash flow is virtually non-existent. You clearly owe more than you take in so you're operating in the red and will continue to hemorrhage-

CARMINE

That's not a good word to use in this line of work.

DOMINIQUE

With all due respect, I meant it as a figurative form of speech, not to be taken literally.

CARMINE

For me, for us, it is literal.

MARCELO

It's true. Miss your numbers on Wall Street, your stock get buried. We miss our numbers, we get buried. Dead and buried.

CARMINE

Without a dedicated crew to oversee the operations, the other bosses are slowly usurping territory. Soon I won't have shit to my name.

PAULIE

Well, what are we gonna do?

Carmine takes a deep breath, his age and exhaustion evident.

CARMINE

I thought about retiring but it's not like that. People like me know too much and as age creeps up we talk too much.

STEVIE

You're not that old.

CARMINE

You're being kind, Stevie.  
(lecturing)  
Be a little kinder to Victor too.  
He needs you.

Carmine stands, regal once again.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

All of my crew needs you. After all we're family and family is always what counts.

(to Marcelo)

Marcelo, please escort these wonderful wives and mothers to their cars. See that they are taken care of the best we can.

Patsy stands up to leave but Toni gives her a cutting stare, shakes her head no. Patsy shrinks back into the old sofa.

TONI

We're not done yet, Uncle Carmine.

CARMINE

Antoinette! Show some respect and do as I say.

TONI

Or what? You'll spank me? I'm not your little girl.

PAULIE

We have a business proposition for you.

Marcelo sits back down, this time at Carmine's side as a Consigliere should.

CARMINE

I'm all ears.

TONI

Look, we all love our husbands  
(glances over to Stevie)  
Some more than others, but we love them nonetheless.

PATSY

We also know their good points and bad points. Especially Turi, who while not the smartest of the bunch-

TONI

(interjects)

What she means is our husbands did well but we can do better.

Carmine stares at Toni, looks over at the women trying his best to look intimidating but he loses control and breaks out in laughter.

Marcelo ignores him, remaining stoic and in thought.

CARMINE

(to Marcelo)

Did you hear them? It sounded like they said they could do better?

STEVIE

We can. Most of us went to college. Dominique studied finance, Paulie there studied pharmacy.

CARMINE

Oh sure. You all are very beautiful smart women but this isn't a classroom. A failing grade has consequences.

STEVIE

We're prepared for that.

CARMINE

How so? You all talk like you're smart, like you know things.

STEVIE

I know what my husband did. I know the places he ran for you and I can do the same and given the chance even better.

CARMINE

It takes more than smarts to run a business like this. Sometimes it's better not to be too smart.

Carmine points to his head.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Too smart can get you killed. What are you gonna do when that red ink turns to blood. Right Marcelo?

MARCELO

I'm curious. I'd like to hear more.

CARMINE

No! This is work for men.

MARCELO

Times change Carmine.

The women all look at Marcelo, sensing an advocate.

CARMINE

No, this is my family. I'm the boss here.

MARCELO

No question about that but I'm your most trusted "associate" and I say it's better to have options.

(to the women)

Besides what harm is there in a little pleasant conversation?

The conversation continues as the women present themselves to Marcelo who questions them.

Carmine sits back, pulls out a cigar but reluctantly places it back into his shirt pocket.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - LATER

Coffee cups litter the desk, half-eaten cannolis and a lone black and white cookie remains on a plate set before Carmine.

The women are all talking over each other, except for Dominique who remains quiet, her eyes fixated on the black and white cookie.

CARMINE

Okay!

(frustrated)

Jesus fuckin' Christ, I've heard enough.

Everyone quiets down, Carmine looks to Marcelo.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

See! This is what it would be like, with no disrespect, a bunch of cackling hens.

MARCELO

They're enthusiastic, that's all.

(to the women)

I must say, you do have some interesting ideas.

CARMINE

You're not serious are you?

MARCELO

I am.

CARMINE

Are you out of your mind?

MARCELO

It won't be easy.

TONI

We know that.

MARCELO

It's full of risks.

PATSY

We're prepared to do whatever it takes.

CARMINE

(dismissive)

This is crazy. "Bafongu" to you all.

MARCELO

This would be a first here. In the old country not so rare but here....

STEVIE

Someone's gotta be first, why not us?

CARMINE

(agitated)

Because we're talking about the "Baker Boys" here! Not some gang of "bacala"!

Toni shoots Carmine a nasty glance at the insult.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

How's it gonna look when I show up  
at a sitdown with my made...

(smiles in thought)

Wait a minute! I can't...I need a  
made guy with me and none of you  
girls can be made.

Everyone looks around at each other, Marcelo taking careful  
not, a disappointed look on his face.

MARCELO

Carmine's right. He needs a made  
man to come with him otherwise he's  
opening up exposure.

TONI

Well, I'm close enough. My Dad was  
acting boss of this family until...

CARMINE

But your mother changes that. She  
was born on the boot, making you  
less than, well,...acceptable. They  
don't give passes, no matter who  
your daddy is.

TONI

That's not fair.

(to Marcelo)

Not even me?

Marcelo shakes his head.

TONI (CONT'D)

Fuckin' rules dating back to the  
Middle Ages.

CARMINE

See I knew it wouldn't work. Whatta  
we got here?

(points to Toni)

A half breed.

(to Paulie)

A Jew.

(to Patsy)

Tuscano, I believe?

PATSY

Yes.

CARMINE

(to Stevie)

A northerner? Part Swiss?

Stevie nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 (to Dominique)  
 And a "moolinyan."

MARCELO  
 Carmine. Be nice.

Carmine pulls out a cigar, looks over at the women but lights it up anyway. After a few strong puffs he sits back in his large chair, benignly triumphant.

CARMINE  
 (laughs)  
 Funny.

Dominique reaches into her shopping bag.

CARMINE (CONT'D)  
 The "Bacalas?"  
 (laughs)  
 How's that for the name of a family?

The sound of a gun being cocked breaks his levity.

INT. LIBRARY ROOM, OLD SYNAGOGUE - SIRACUSA, SICILY 1992 (FLASHBACK)

Sebastiano Calvo tenderly brushes Dominique's drying raven hair from her eyes.

SEBASTIANO CALVO  
 You see, we are one and the same.  
 Very much alike, you and I. Orphans.

DOMINIQUE  
 I don't understand.  
 (upset)  
 They had guns, rifles...They killed my family. Everyone.

SEBASTIANO CALVO  
 Mine too. When I was just a young boy. About your age if I was to guess correctly. Fourteen, you are?

DOMINIQUE  
 Twelve.

SEBASTIANO CALVO  
 (smiles)  
 Then a very mature twelve. I was fifteen when they came.

Sebastiano picks up the cup of tea and takes a long sip, relishing the brandy.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)  
 Soldiers, but not Italians.  
 (MORE)

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

(remorseful)

Germans. Black uniforms, polished and creased. A formidable presence compared to the ragamuffins Mussolini called his own.

(sarcastically)

The Roman Empire reborn. Hah!

He places the cup down.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

So they gathered us up, herded us into the town square. All the remaining "Sephardi and Mizrahi..."

(sighs sadly)

The Jews.

(breathes deeply)

Some people protested, even the priests, but they were ignored or worse. A few managed to flee into the countryside, some into the ancient catacombs. Your great-grandfather hid some amongst his boats.

(angrily)

But others helped those devils in disguise. People in this very town, one man in particular, Fionucci.

(with cruel intent)

Ricardo Fionucci. He above all cooperated, selling us out for lire and prejudice. I watched as he cavorted with those Nazis, toasting to our demise. But in the end it did not matter. The Germans got what they wanted. They always do.

DOMINIQUE

What did they want with everyone?

SEBASTIANO CALVO

We were nothing more to them than a pestilence to be exterminated... eradicated from the face of the earth.

Dominique wraps the blanket snugly around her, as Sebastiano continues his story, he himself wrapped in his own narrative.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

A freighter took us up the coast to a port where a train was waiting. Its engine belching black smoke and ash. An omen.

(eyes well up)

We were all separated, my parents and my little sister Sophia. I did not know what happened to them. At the camps-

DOMINIQUE

(interrupts)

Camps? Like where Carlo and I would play in the summer?

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Not the kind of camp that you would imagine. Death was the only enjoyment here. Being able bodied and strong...

Sebastiano flexes his muscles for Dominique's amusement.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

(seizes the moment of levity)

You giggle but I was once young too, not the aging man that sits before you. Even so, each day there I grew weaker and weaker. We all did, although in the "Sonderkommand" we ate better, not by much, but better than most because we needed our strength. You see, lifting thousands of corpses into the ovens day after day, requires more than just physical strength. A strength most human beings could not even possess. But I did because I was fed a daily diet for vengeance. As you might. You see it doesn't matter whether we are Jew or Gentile,  
(motions to Dominique)  
Black or white.

Dominique looks on with interest.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

The days passed, and the memories of my family slowly faded, not because I wanted to forget but rather because I chose not to remember. That is until one morning. September 10th, Yom Kippur in fact, that would forever burn in my mind. For as I began to load the corpses into the blazing cauldron, I saw a familiar face. My mother.

(remorseful)

"Mamma bella". Her body lifeless, twisted in agony from the gas and clutched within her arms, protecting her from the Angel of Death himself, lay my sister Sophia. And in that moment, as the flames engulfed them, all I saw was the face of Riccardo Fionucci...mocking me.

(choking back tears)

I closed the oven doors, hoping to block out that vision but I couldn't. The blaring heat seared my flesh, drying my tears. Ashes to ashes...

Sebastiano wipes the tears from his face which hardens into a cold visage of stone.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

Now I would spend every last breath I had waiting. Through hunger and starvation, I waited. Through beatings and torture, I waited. Praying to get back home to exact justice on that very man who spoke so freely against us, for nothing more than pocket change and a bottle of cheap wine.

Sebastiano takes another sip of the tea, quenching his thirst.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

After the war ended, the years went by and Fionucci grew fat and old...and comfortable. I bided my time and then when opportunity struck, so did I.

Sebastiano rises and stands to make his point.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

(excited)

In the Book of Numbers it is written, "The next-of-kin avenger is to put the Murderer to death himself." So I did, as was foretold, I avenged them. For me, for my family, for my people. All of them. Just as the Almighty ordered. "Baruch Ha-Shem" (affirming)

Now I know why your father sent you here. He knew the story of Sebastiano Calvo. Not so much a Rabbi but the (proudly in Hebrew)

"Go'el Ha-Dam"...

(reaffirms)

The Blood Avenger.

He smiles at Dominique reassuringly, her eyes knowing but sleepy with fatigue.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

I know you are young and this night has been long but do you understand what must be done?

DOMINIQUE

I'm not sure...I think I do.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Good. We have time for that.

Sebastiano takes the hand of Dominique and motions for her to follow him.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

Come. There is plenty of room upstairs. I'll introduce you to Catherine, my cat. She hasn't had many visitors lately except a few errant mice. She'll enjoy your company.

DOMINIQUE

Will I be safe here?

Sebastiano laughs.

SEBASTIANO CALVO

Of course. This is your sanctuary. You have nothing to be afraid of here.

They both walk out of the room and down the hallway.

SEBASTIANO CALVO (CONT'D)

You see, my child, in time it is they who will learn to fear you.

INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUED

Dominique stands before Carmine, her complexion dark and flush, with a beautifully ornate lupara shotgun aimed straight at him. Marcelo eyes the weapon with great curiosity.

TONI

Dominique! Are you fuckin' outta your mind?

DOMINIQUE

I told you all, I hate that word!

CARMINE

(nervously)  
Enough to kill over an insult?

DOMINIQUE

Where I come from, people have died for less. Good people.

Marcelo eyes the weapon leveled at Carmine.

MARCELO

A lupara!

CARMINE

Just where are you from?

Dominique grins menacingly.

DOMINIQUE

You recognize this? You should.

CARMINE

It's been a while.

MARCELO  
 (in Italian dialect)  
 Come sei arrivato us tale arma della  
 scelta?

CARMINE  
 He asked, "How did you come about  
 such a weapon of choice."

DOMINIQUE  
 I know what he said. Let's just say  
 it's a family heirloom, passed down  
 from generation to generation.

CARMINE  
 Generation...?

DOMINIQUE  
 To generation.

MARCELO  
 But that's a Sicilian gun.

DOMINIQUE  
 Of course. What else would a  
 "Vinnitta Di Saggu" use?

CARMINE  
 Vinnitta?

MARCELO  
 Saggu?

DOMINIQUE  
 Si. A blood avenger. A Sicilian  
 blood avenger.

CARMINE  
 "Ma tu sei Negro. Un Africano."

Translated: But you're a Negro. An African.

DOMINIQUE  
 (annoyed)  
 "Sei un pazzo ignorante!"

Translated: You're an ignorant fool.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)  
 (she feigns spitting)  
 You're just like everyone else. My  
 ancestors were "Mircanti Di Mari."  
 Sea Merchants.

MARCELO  
 (devious grin)  
 You mean Pirates. Moors?

Dominique smiles knowingly, shrugs indifferently.

MARCELO (CONT'D)

I see. Very interesting.

(to Carmine)

Well, Boss...

Marcelo grins mischievously, points to Dominique.

MARCELO (CONT'D)

It looks like we do have a full  
Sicilian in our new crew. A real  
blue blood at that.

(bows his head)

I am honored.

The women stare at Dominique, unsure of what has just happened.  
Carmine takes a deep drag on his cigar, offers a chair to  
Dominique to sit down next to him.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE