

C O O K I E

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT 1

A deserted street in the Greenpoint section near docks, mostly factories and lofts.

There's a warehouse with a neon sign: Blackstar Garage & Limousine.

A car pulls up in front of Blackstar Garage. TWO MEN are inside.

One gets out. He's wearing an overcoat and a hat.

The MAN walks into:

2 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 2

Row after row of black limousines. This is where all the limousines go to spend the night.

Off to the side, a white stretch limousine. Haunting opera music coming from inside.

The MAN opens the back door and begins to get in.

Five, four, three, two, one, BANG.

The limousine EXPLODES.

HOLD ON THE EXPLOSION FOR A SPLIT SECOND.

3 CLOSE UP: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - "DAPPER DINO DEAD" 3

There's a picture of Dominick "Dapper Dino" Capisco, and even in this picture -- he's shielding his face slightly -- we can see that Dino was one of the only genuinely handsome mafiosi to have lived.

And PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE TOLL GATE - DAY

A NEWSBOY selling the newspaper we've just seen. The NEWSBOY is standing a few feet ahead of the toll gate, selling to the cars slowing down for the toll, and now we see a black hearse pass the NEWSBOY and go through the toll gate, followed by a funeral procession of black limousines, lights on.

The first car in the procession stops at the NEWSBOY and A HAND IN A BLACK LACY GLOVE reaches out the back window, buys the paper for a dollar, glides on through the toll gate.

4 EXT. QUEENS CEMETERY - DAY

4

An aerial shot from a surveillance helicopter.

Manhattan in the distance.

A row of Cadillac limousines parked behind a hearse.

WOMEN in black. MEN in overcoats and hats. REPORTERS. DETECTIVES. A mobster's funeral in spades.

A coffin is being lowered into the ground.

Standing near the hole in the ground is a PRIEST with a Bible, reading from the Catholic Missal.

The chief mourner is a young woman named COOKIE LUPO. She happens to be the daughter of the deceased. She's in her early twenties. She's wearing black lace gloves and a very short black dress with black lacy stockings, a little black hat with a veil. She's holding a black lace handkerchief and dabbing at her eyes.

On either side of COOKIE are two men, VINNIE and VITO LOMBARDI. VINNIE is a wiseguy in his fifties. He's overweight and he looks like an Italian bulldog. His nephew VITO is a good-looking young man in his mid-twenties. Next to them is a lawyer, HENRY SOLOMON, a little man in a camel overcoat. He has white hair and a big head like Norman Mailer's.

Around the perimeter of the burial, like jackals at a kill, are a ring of REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, FEDERAL AGENTS. An NYPD helicopter hovers overhead.

PRIEST

...May his soul and the souls of
all the faithful departed through
the mercy of God rest in peace --

COOKIE watches, dabbing the tears away, her face a picture of grief. VITO and VINNIE are practically holding her up as the service ends. The PRIEST closes the Bible. The MOURNERS start to drift toward the parked cars.

COOKIE hiccups a sob, hides her face in her handkerchief. The cameras go off, click, click, click. She's almost crumpled up in despair for a moment.

And then she straightens up. Looks at VINO and VINNIE. Time to go. And in an act of will and grace-under-pressure we haven't seen anything like since Jackie Kennedy in 1963, COOKIE pulls herself together, her bearing erect, and approaches the gravesite. She throws a single rose onto the coffin.

WE HOLD on her proud, tear-stained face, as WE HEAR the thunkathunka of a synthesizer, "Cookie music", building in the background --

CARD: "FOUR MONTHS EARLIER"

5 EXT. LOWER BROADWAY - DAY

5

BEGIN CREDITS.

The hustle of downtown. Tower Records. Canal Street Jeans. Downtown kids. Short skirts. Long legs.

Coming down the street is COOKIE. We are talking about major league Brooklyn punk. Enough earrings, she could start a store. Gum in her mouth. She's full of energy and bounce. Rock and roll, the sound of a synthesizer, thunkathunkathunka over all this.

COOKIE'S friend PIA, equally punk, is with her, racing to keep up with COOKIE, who moves through the crowd quickly.

COOKIE stops for a split second at one of the dozens of peddler's tables that line the street. She kisses the GUY who runs it, swaps one of her bracelets for one of his earrings, and moves along screwing an earring into another of the holes in her ear.

They come to a street. COOKIE puts up her hand to stop traffic as they cross, weaving in between cars like a pro.

Now she passes a GUY selling beauty products. Lipstick, rouge, glitter shadow. He waves COOKIE over.

COOKIE

(to guy selling beauty products)

You are definitely going to get your money...next week...

The GUY nods, he's heard this before. He blows COOKIE a kiss as she sashays off down the street toward the subway. COOKIE sees something.

COOKIE

Omigod, love at first sight --

The TWO FEDS pull DINO and COOKIE over.

FOUR FEDS leap out of the car, pull COOKIE and DINO out of the car, slap them against the side of the car.

They start to frisk them slightly more roughly than is necessary.

COOKIE

Hey, they were shooting at us --

DINO

(to COP frisking COOKIE)

Get your dirty hands off her --

DINO starts to move toward the COP, but TWO FEDS hold him back.

FED #1

(to COP frisking COOKIE)

We need a woman officer to frisk her.

The COP stops. COOKIE looks at her father -- it's the first moment he's demonstrated any sort of affection for her -- but he's getting into the back of the police car with the FEDS and looking straight ahead.

97 INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE - DAY

97

COOKIE is being frisked by a BIG WOMAN POLICE OFFICER.

98 INT. HOLDING ROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

98

OLIVIERI, his assistant ALVIN DIAMOND, DINO, lawyer HENRY SOLOMON and COOKIE.

HENRY SOLOMON

(referring to COOKIE)

There was really no need to pull her in.

DINO

Richie loves to do things like that, Henry. You remember. It's Richie's pattern.

OLIVIERI

Look, she was a witness to an attempted murder --

COOKIE

Yeah. Of me. They were attempting to murder me. It's really justice when a dyke feels you up because someone took a shot at you.

OLIVIERI

Who was it, Dino?

DINO shrugs.

DINO

I have no idea who might want to kill me. I have nothing but friends. But I'm sure your men will get to the bottom of it, Richie. That was very impressive police work today. They saved our lives. They let the other car get away, but hey --

OLIVIERI

Get out of here --

DINO looks contemptuously at OLIVIERI.

DINO

Richie. Get a shoeshine.

99 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

99

DINO, HENRY and COOKIE coming down the steps. Waiting is a HUGE CROWD OF TELEVISION CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS. They start to ask questions: "What's going on?" "Who was shooting at you?" "What happened in Olivieri's office?" etc. DINO ignores them.

DINO

Who's the guy called me Dapper
Dino?

PEARL

I did.

DINO looks at him, shoots his cuffs. COOKIE gives a big smile to one of the CAMERAMEN. She's enjoying the attention. More questions: "Are you and Carmine at war?" "Are you moving in on Tarantino?" etc.

DINO

Guys, I will not make a move
without calling you.

(MORE)

DINO (cont.)

(beat)

The day I go for it, you will be
the first to know.

(beat)

Meanwhile, I'm just a simple guy
with some tomato plants. I'm
staying out of trouble.

He smiles his most charming smile and flashbulbs go off.

100 EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - NIGHT 100

CLOSE UP on the glare of car headlights. The car turns
and pulls into the driveway of a modest suburban house.

100A INT. CAR 100A

SLOPPY LOUIE at the wheel, a cigar in his mouth.

He presses the garage door remote control and the door
automatically opens.

100B INT. GARAGE 100B

SLOPPY LOUIE drives in and turns off the ignition, as a
gun comes INTO FRAME.

LOUIE looks up, surprised.

And now WE HEAR the POP of a gun with a silencer.

And now WE SEE SLOPPY LOUIE'S face. A bullet between the
eyes. Dead. The cigar still in his mouth.

Behind him, the garage door automatically closes.

101 INT. QUEENS HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 101

DINO and FOUR OF HIS WISEGUYS are at the kitchen table,
which is covered with guns -- hand guns, a machine gun,
a couple of rifles, silencers, dum dum bullets. Two of
the wiseguys are ANGELO and MIKEY ROSELLO, who are talking
about the guns. The room is smoky from cigars. The table
also has beer cans and bags of potato chips and cardboard
containers of Chinese food on it.

The sound of dogs, of course.

BUNNY comes into the room. She's all dressed up in a
turquoise blue ensemble that looks like the sort of thing
the mother of the bride wears. She's carrying the
horrible little chihuahua under her arm.

She waves her hand in front of her face to fan away the smoke, opens a window, and looks at the table in disgust.

BUNNY

If you're not using a tablecloth,
at least use the goddamn coasters.
I don't like rings.

(she sets the dog on the
counter and starts to put
a white capelet around
its neck)

DINO

(noticing the dog)
Somebody going to a christening?

BUNNY

It's a wedding, okay?

(beat)

Now that you're a superstar all
over the papers, why don't you
spend a little money on this place,
we could use a paint job, we could
use a satellite dish, a jacuzzi --
I'm making a list --

DINO

Jesus Christ, Bunny.

DINO'S FRIENDS are trying to pretend they don't hear
what's going on.

BUNNY

You don't like it around here, go
back to jail. I don't care, go
live with that slut you say is
your driver --

DINO

You know who's going to go to jail,
you with these stolen dogs,
regrooming stolen dogs and selling
them --

BUNNY

I have somewhere to go, if you
don't mind --

BUNNY starts out of the kitchen.

DINO
(shouting after her)
-- one of these days you're going
to be locked up for running a chop
shop for pets --

102 EXT. QUEENS HOUSE - DAY

102

DINO'S limousine is in the driveway, blocking BUNNY'S van.

BUNNY comes out of the house, holding the chihuahua, with DINO'S words echoing after her.

BUNNY
(shouting at the top
of her lungs)
Your car's blocking my car.

DINO
I can't hear you Bunny, speak up.

There's just enough commotion that some PEOPLE on the street take notice. A COUPLE OF KIDS are watching, maybe they've stopped their bikes across the street to listen.

BUNNY
Move your goddamn car --

DINO
(shouting)
Move it yourself.

The NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS appear on their front porch to watch.

BUNNY sets the dog in the bridal outfit down on the front lawn.

She starts it, backs out of the driveway peeling rubber, backs it into an illegal place in front of the house, right next to a fire hydrant.

She gets out of the car, leaving it running.

BUNNY
(shouting)
The car won't turn off.

DINO
(shouting back from
house)
What do you mean, the car won't
turn off?

BUNNY
I mean the car won't turn off.

DINO stamps out of the house.

BUNNY standing there. She has just picked up the dog.

He stares at the car. It's still running. The FOUR
WISEGUYS appear behind him. All of them stare at the
car.

At that moment:

BANG

The car blows up.

HOLD on the explosion.

103 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

103

A TV REPORTER is standing in front of BUNNY'S house.

TV REPORTER
Still no clues in the gangland car
bombing in Queens, Jim, but mobster
Dino Capisco has apparently gone
into hiding after the unsuccessful
attempt on his life, the second in
less than one week. I'm here with
his wife, Bunny --

WE SEE BUNNY now. She's wearing a big white apron over
her clothes, and on the apron WE CAN SEE the words:
Bunny's Bark Place, and a phone number, LU 3-5729. She's
holding a dog in her arms.

BUNNY
My husband and I lead a respectable,
quiet life. We just don't understand
how something like this could happen.
But the miracle, Len, is that not a
single hair was singed on a single
dog. I run a dog grooming salon,
probably the finest in the borough,
Bunny's Bark Place --

TV REPORTER

Thank you very much, Mrs. Capisco.
Back to you, Jim.

The camera cuts back to the local news now, and WE PULL BACK to reveal we're in:

104 INT. BLACKSTAR GARAGE - NIGHT

104

DINO and VINNIE are watching BUNNY on television in the corner of the garage. There's a battered couch, an old table and a couple of old vending machines. VITO comes through the door with a large box of pizza.

VINNIE turns off the TV. He goes over to the table, lifts the top of the pizza box, looks inside.

VINNIE

You order it with anchovies, just to piss me off. You don't really like 'em.

VITO

I do...I once knew this girl who said you could tell about a guy if he liked anchovies.

VINNIE

Tell what?

VITO

Figure it out. Then you'll learn to like anchovies.

VINNIE

Go back and get a plain one --

DINO

Don't go back, it'll just call attention, nobody knows I'm here.

The bell rings.

All THREE OF THEM spring to their feet. VINNIE pulls his gun, VITO starts hurriedly to load his.

LENORE (VO)

(through garage door)

Yoohoo. Anyone home?

DINO looks at VITO and VINNIE.

LENORE (VO, cont.)
(through garage door)

Dino?

DINO
Put the gun down and open the door.

VINNIE goes to the door, looks out a peephole, then unbolts it.

There are COOKIE and LENORE. LENORE is carrying some Balducci's shopping bags filled with food, and she walks right past VINNIE to the table where DINO is waiting. She's wearing the jazzy fur coat DINO hijacked for her.

DINO (cont.)
Lenore, how'd you get here?

LENORE begins to unload her shopping bags, setting up the table.

LENORE
Taxi.

DINO
You can't be here now -- you got to go, Lenore. It's dangerous here.

VITO and VINNIE are now standing in the doorway, watching.

LENORE
Dino, I have to talk to you, I got a right to talk to you --

COOKIE
She has a right, and I need to talk to you, too --

DINO looks over and suddenly notices that COOKIE has picked up a revolver and is spinning the cylinder.

DINO
Put that down, Cookie, it's not a toy!

COOKIE puts down the gun, and begins to check out the "hideout," fascinated.

DINO
What do you want to talk about?

LENORE

Us. You and me.

(beat)

Dino, I've never asked you for anything --

DINO now notices that COOKIE has walked over to the window and is fingering the black-out shade.

DINO

Get away from the window -- !

LENORE

You're going to die, I'm not even going to be at the funeral --

(she bursts into tears)

Where does it leave me, Dino? I'm not going to sit home and watch it on television, like everything else that happens to you --

DINO

You can be at my funeral, okay? All right? Stop crying, I can't stand it. You can be in the front row.

LENORE

Are you going to tell your wife?

DINO

Lenore, I love you, I only love you. When I die, you run the whole thing. It's your funeral, you can make out the guest list, you can call the caterers. But right now before I die, I need you to stop worrying about my funeral so I can do what I have to do, I have to get what's coming to me so you and me can go fish and fuck our brains out before we're too old. Okay? You happy?

LENORE has tears coming down her face, but she's very happy.

LENORE

I'm happy.

DINO puts his arm around her, guides her towards the door of the garage. Gives her a kiss.

LENORE

Us. You and me.

(beat)

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DINO now notices that COOKIE has walked over to the window and is fingering the black-out shade.

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LENORE has tears coming down her face, but she's very happy.

LENORE

I'm happy.

DINO puts his arm around her, guides her towards the door of the garage. Gives her a kiss.

DINO
Now go home and take Cookie with
you.

COOKIE
I'm staying.

DINO
What?

COOKIE
I'm part of this.

DINO
The little Mafia Princess wants to
be part of this.
(to VITO)
Get her outta here.

VITO lifts COOKIE up, carries her through the door.

105 INT. CAR - NIGHT

105

VITO driving. LENORE sniffing loudly in the passenger
seat. COOKIE in back, smoking a cigarette, looking
pissed off. Silence except for LENORE'S sniffles. VITO
hands her his hankie. She blows her nose. A major honk.

106 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LENORE'S - NIGHT

106

As a car driven by VITO pulls up. LENORE gets out of
the front seat, wiping her nose.

COOKIE gets out to follow her, but as she starts toward
the house, VITO grabs her by the arm.

VITO
Let me explain this to you. Your
father's on the Hit Parade, he's
probably going to be killed. You
following me so far?

COOKIE
(defensively)
I know that.

VITO
Carmine's trying to kill him,
Olivieri's trying to send him back
to jail. He needs a fucking miracle
to get out of the box he's in, and
you come out there like it's some
kind of slumber party --

COOKIE
What kind of miracle?

VITO
Just stay out of it. Okay?

He gets in the car and slams the door and drives off, leaving COOKIE on the street.

107 INT. LENORE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

107

COOKIE comes in. LENORE sitting in half-darkness on the couch.

COOKIE goes to the tape deck, puts on a Frank Sinatra tape. "The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea, the memory of all that, oh no they can't take that away from me."

She goes and sits down on the couch next to LENORE, puts her arm around her.

HOLD on COOKIE and LENORE.

HOLD on COOKIE, thinking.

108 INT. OLIVIERI'S OFFICE - DAY

108

RICHARD OLIVIERI is sitting at his desk. A mirror is on the desk. He's looking into it and combing his hair in the other direction. He looks at himself to see how he likes it. The phone intercom buzzes, startling him. He folds up the mirror and puts it and the comb into his desk drawer as he presses the speakerphone.

SECRETARY (VO)
Cookie Lupo is on the phone. She
says she's Dino Capisco's driver.

OLIVIERI picks up.

109 EXT. ST. MARKS PLACE - DAY

109

As COOKIE walks down the street on her way. She passes some of the street vendors, waves at them. One of them holds up a yoyo that lights up.

VENDOR
Cookie, this one has your name on
it --

COOKIE

I'm changing my name, any second
now --

She turns into a bar.

110 INT. BAR - DAY

110

Mostly empty, because it's daytime. One of those grubby
St. Mark's Place bars that's populated half by punks and
half by various Eastern European older persons.

Sitting in a booth are COOKIE and OLIVIERI, who has
clearly never been in a place of this sort before.

COOKIE

He's gone crazy. He's gone into
hiding. He's afraid Carmine's
going to kill him and if Carmine
doesn't kill him, you're going to
send him back to jail and he'll
die there.

OLIVIERI

What do you want?

COOKIE

(beat)

I want him to have that thing
where they give you a new identity.
Y'know, you get plastic surgery
and they burn off your fingerprints
with acid.

OLIVIERI

(condescendingly)

Are you referring to the Federal
Witness Program?

COOKIE

I dunno. Am I?

OLIVIERI

Mr. Capisco would have to agree to
testify against his associates, in
exchange for which he would be
given a new identity, a place to
live, and immunity.

COOKIE

He'd never do that.

(beat)

He'd never rat on his friends.

OLIVIERI

I'm a little confused, Cookie --

COOKIE

Miss Lupo. Call me Miss Lupo.

OLIVIERI

Miss Lupo, you want me to give Mr. Capisco immunity in exchange for what?

COOKIE

(beat)

In exchange for me.

OLIVIERI

You?

COOKIE

What I know.

(beat)

I am his daughter.

OLIVIERI

(blinks; he didn't know
this)

His daughter.

COOKIE

And I know a lot.

OLIVIERI

I would prefer to get what your father knows.

COOKIE

You get me, you get my father out of action, and with what I know you get Carmine Tarantino. I'll testify. I'll wear a wire. I'll do anything you want.

OLIVIERI

Does your father know you're here?

A pause.

COOKIE

Yeah...Sure...Why do you think I'm here --

111 EXT. BLACKSTAR GARAGE - DAY

111

DINO, VITO, VINNIE and COOKIE in the office of the garage.

DINO

(furious)

You told him what!?

COOKIE

I told him you would go into the Witness Program --

DINO

And rat on my people? Are you crazy?

COOKIE

No, listen, you don't have to testify. I got it all worked out. They give you a new identity, they give you immunity, and I'm the one that's supposed to testify. I get a new identity too --

This is quite heated.

DINO

You going to live in Cleveland and nobody's going to notice you? You stupid?

DINO stalks out of the garage. COOKIE runs out after him.

112 EXT. GARAGE - DAY

112

An empty lot littered with car parts, beer cans.

COOKIE

Look, I know it's not a perfect plan, it's got a few loose ends --

DINO

My own daughter setting me up, arranging it so I can go somewhere and wait for them to find me? You stupid?

COOKIE

(really angry, shouting)

Stop calling me stupid, I'm really
(MORE)

COOKIE (cont.)

sick of it --

(she's on the verge of
smacking him, he's on
the verge of smacking
her)

I'm just trying to save your life --

VITO steps between them.

VITO

(attempting to mediate)

She's just thinking of you --

COOKIE looks at him gratefully.

DINO

What are you, Dear Abby?

(beat)

She's setting me up so I can get
hunted down and whacked --

VITO

That's not what she meant.

DINO

She wants me to go live in Kalamazoo
where you can't even get a decent
eggplant Parmigiana.

(beat)

What about my money? What am I
supposed to do about my money?

COOKIE

We'll get the money and then you'll
go into the Federal Witness Program.

DINO

Cookie, honey, let me tell you as
nice as I can, the only way I go
into the Witness Program is dead.
Feet first, dead. You understand.

An electric light goes on in COOKIE'S brain. She looks
at VITO.

COOKIE

They could do that, couldn't they?

VITO

Do what?

COOKIE

Make it look like he died. Not like he disappeared, not like he went into the Witness Program --

(with emphasis)

Like he died.

(to DINO)

They can do that. Can't they?

DINO

Maybe.

COOKIE

Good...then I've got another idea.

113 EXT. CARMINE TARANTINO'S HOUSE

113

A large house in the Todt Hill section of Staten Island. We are talking nouveau riche mansion here.

114 INT. TARANTINO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

114

Carmine's house is decorated in Ocean Parkway Ming, everything is covered in plastic, including the runner that comes from the front door through the living room, God forbid your shoes should touch actual carpet. There's a lion lamp with the lampshade sticking out of the lion's head and, of course, the blackamoor lamp that's about four feet high with a clock in the belly of the blackamoor.

In the living room are CARMINE and ARNOLD ROSS. Between them sits ENZO DELLA TESTA, in his white-haired, three-piece-suited splendor. He's peeling an orange with a knife which he has taken from an enormous basket of fruit.

ARNOLD

Dino has two million dollars.

CARMINE

Don't be crazy.

ARNOLD

He comes and tells me he wants to go to Sicily. He needs a passport. He wants to live out his years in peace. And he asks me if there's anything he can buy a piece of -- some way to launder his money and send some cash out of the country.

CARMINE

Dino doesn't have that kind of money.

ARNOLD

I'm telling you he does. Or he can get his hands on it.

DELLA TESTA

(evenly)

Dino's made a lot of friends since he's been out.

CARMINE

That miserable piece of garbage. I'm gonna kill him!

DELLA TESTA

(amused)

You already tried it. It blew up in your face.

CARMINE

This time it'll work. I'm gonna kill that fuck!

ARNOLD

That's what I figured.

(a little smile here)

So I have an idea...Let's not kill him 'til we get his money.

CARMINE starts to smile. He looks over at DELLA TESTA for approval. But DELLA TESTA, without expression, continues to peel his orange.

115 EXT. FULTON FISH MARKET UNDER MANHATTAN BRIDGE -
EARLY MORNING

115

A Mercedes pulls up. CARMINE gets out.

He starts to walk down the street.

And WE HEAR now the sound of OPERA, and WE SEE A WHITE STRETCH LIMOUSINE parked under the bridge.

CARMINE reaches the car, gets in the back seat.

116 INT. WHITE LIMOUSINE - EARLY MORNING

116

DINO is waiting for him.

COOKIE is talking about a pink Instamatic camera, which she picks up from a tableful of objects. (The MUSIC is still pounding so we can barely hear their voices.)

VENDOR

Fourteen dollars.

COOKIE

(digging into her little purse)

Nine dollars, say yes to nine dollars --

VENDOR

(shaking his head)

No way, Cookie --

COOKIE

Pia, lend me five dollars --

PIA

It's all I've got --

VENDOR

Ten dollars.

PIA digs into her purse for her last five dollars --

COOKIE

Nine fifty and it's a deal.

(she smiles, a great smile)

They conclude the transaction, and COOKIE and PIA move on to the subway, COOKIE thrilled with her new purchase which she jams into her purse.

6 INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

6

As COOKIE and PIA come down the stairs to the turnstile and look at each other.

PIA

It's my last five dollars.

COOKIE shrugs and jumps the turnstile. PIA jumps after her as a train comes into the station.

Coming toward them are TWO TRANSIT AUTHORITY COPS.

The train doors open.

COP #1

Hold it!

COOKIE hops into the subway, snatching PIA along with her.

7 INT. TRAIN

7

The subway doors close. As they do, COOKIE takes out her new pink camera and snaps a picture of the frustrated COPS outside the train.

COOKIE

Gotcha --

The train starts to pull out, and as it does WE SEE a TRANSIT COP ON THE TRAIN, directly behind PIA and COOKIE. PIA sees him first.

PIA

Oh Cookie...
(she's stricken)

CREDITS END and so does the MUSIC.

8 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

8

Ten in the morning now. COOKIE and PIA sitting on a bench in a courtroom in the Criminal Courts Building in downtown Manhattan, along with a crew of PROSTITUTES, JUNKIES, WINOS, LOITERERS, etc., as a CLERK reads the name of someone who's been arrested, and the JUDGE assigns a LAWYER, asks for a plea. COOKIE, chewing gum as usual, is fixing one of her several earrings. PIA is rummaging through COOKIE'S purse.

COOKIE

Pia, get out of there.

PIA

I'm just looking for gum, Cookie.

COOKIE

Always ask first.

PIA

I got a bad taste in my mouth.

The DEFENDANT -- a transvestite hooker -- pleads guilty and is given a suspended sentence.

CLERK

Carmela Maria Angelina Theresa Lupo.

COOKIE

Yo.

She stands up and goes before the bench, still fixing the earring.

JUDGE

Miss Lupo, you are charged with violating Section 235-b of the penal code, theft of services. You're also charged with 316-c, resisting arrest and obstruction of justice. Are you represented by an attorney?

At the same time:

COOKIE

No.

VOICE

Yes, Your Honor.

WE SEE A LITTLE MAN in a camel overcoat. He's walking toward the bench to the CLERK. His name is HENRY SOLOMON.

HENRY SOLOMON

(he knows the clerk)

Henry Solomon, blah blah blah.

CLERK

(reacting with some surprise)

Yes, Mr. Solomon.

JUDGE

(he knows Solomon too)

Counselor --

HENRY SOLOMON

Your Honor.

There's a small stir in the court as SOLOMON comes over to stand next to COOKIE, who is tossing her head indifferently.

HENRY SOLOMON (cont.)

Henry Solomon, I'm a friend of your father's.

COOKIE

My father?

JUDGE

How do you plead?

HENRY SOLOMON

Not guilty.

COOKIE

Not guilty? Come on, give me a break. I'm just going to get a suspended sentence --

HENRY SOLOMON
Your Honor, I'd like to ask you to
release Miss Lupo on her own
recognizance --

COOKIE
What are you, an ambulance chaser?

HENRY SOLOMON
(ignoring her)
-- She lives quietly with her mother,
who is a respectable member of the
community, and having had to leave
trade school for medical reasons, she
has been conducting an exhaustive search
for employment --

COOKIE looks at him. This is the first she's heard of it.

JUDGE
Granted, Mr. Solomon. Date of
appearance --
(he consults his calendar)
How is May 16?

HENRY SOLOMON
(to Cookie)
How's May 16?

COOKIE
(doesn't have anything planned
for the rest of her life)
I gotta check my calendar.

HENRY SOLOMON
Thank you, Your Honor, that will be fine.

SOLOMON steers COOKIE toward the door.

PIA looks wistfully after her as her name is called.

PIA
So what about me, huh?

9

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

9

As HENRY SOLOMON shepherds COOKIE down the corridor,
through the total mayhem of LOUNGERS, LOITERERS, COPS,
CRIMINALS, LAWYERS. THREE REPORTERS come tearing down
the hall: ANDY O'BRIEN of the Daily News; FRANK PEARL
of the New York Post; MIKE FUSCO of the New York Times.
All of them are seasoned police reporters in their
forties or fifties.

FUSCO

Henry, Henry, what's the deal, you
down here on a little misdemeanor?

HENRY SOLOMON

No problem, nothing at all --

As SOLOMON pushes COOKIE through the revolving door.

COOKIE

Where are we going?

10 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

10

Papers are blowing around as HENRY SOLOMON tries to hurry
COOKIE down to the curb, the REPORTERS a few steps behind.

PEARL

Henry, the press has always been
nice to you --

COOKIE

(to Henry)

What are you doing?

O'BRIEN

Give us a little break, why not?

COOKIE

(to Henry)

You trying to kidnap me?

HENRY SOLOMON

(to reporters)

Just doing a favor for a friend.

COOKIE

(to reporters)

He's trying to kidnap me.

COOKIE exasperates her power broker by stopping -- hair
blowing in the wind, nose in the air -- halfway down the
steps to adjust her heel straps.

PEARL

Miss, can you spell the name of the
friend Mr. Solomon is doing a favor
for?

COOKIE

B-U-G as in George, O-double-F like
Frank.

PEARL writes most of this in his notebook until he sees what she's up to. He looks up at her, but she's been swept off by SOLOMON.

A black limousine is parked on the street. VINNIE and VITO LOMBARDI are waiting next to it. VITO, who is VINNIE'S nephew, is very good-looking. Even in the chaos of the moment, COOKIE realizes this.

HENRY SOLOMON

You're going to take a little trip
with Vinnie and Vito..

COOKIE whirls around, furious.

COOKIE

You have to have a warrant to kidnap
someone --

VINNIE and VITO more or less lift her into the backseat of the car. Her tight black leather skirt rides way up her lacy thighs in the process. VITO looks at her legs for a split second longer than is necessary, closes the door.

11 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

11

As it pulls away from the curb. VINNIE driving, VITO next to him.

COOKIE

Look, I have rights under the law,
where are you taking me? I've heard
about stuff like this, white slavery,
you're going to sell me to some turban,
does my mother know about this -- and
don't you dare touch me, don't put one
hand on me --

VITO

We're taking you to see your father.

COOKIE

My father?

She sits in stunned silence.

VINNIE

It's a long drive, so you let me know
if you have to make a wee wee.

12 EXT. LEWISBURG PRISON - AFTERNOON 12

A sign: Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. The famous wall.
The limousine pulls into the parking lot.

13 INT. PRISON VISITORS ENTRANCE - DAY 13

COOKIE going through security with VINNIE. TWO GUARDS
watching.

VINNIE

She's here to see Dino Capisco.

GUARD

How you doing, Vinnie?

VINNIE

Fine, Bobby. I'm out, you're still in.

COOKIE sets off the metal detector.

GUARD #1 holds out a box to her and COOKIE begins method-
ically taking off her bracelets, belts, earrings, hairpins,
and other jewelry.

14 INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY 14

Behind the glass in prison uniform is a make-my-day tough
guy, DOMINICK "DINO" CAPISCO. The plexiglass he's behind
looks dirty, but it's just got that film plexiglass gets.
There are TWO GUARDS on DINO'S side of the plexiglass.
VINNIE is standing on COOKIE'S side.

COOKIE comes in the door. She sees her father. She goes
to sit down opposite him. She's chewing gum as usual.
She tries to wipe off the plexiglass so she can see better,
realizes there's nothing she can do to get it clean.

COOKIE looks at DINO. DINO looks at COOKIE.

DINO picks up the phone.

A pause.

COOKIE picks up the phone.

DINO

Vito and Vinnie brought you?

COOKIE nods.

DINO (cont.)

That's good. How's your mother?

COOKIE nods again.

DINO (cont.)
I can't hear you on this thing.
How's your mother?

COOKIE
She's okay...Okay?

DINO
I heard you quit beauty school.

COOKIE
I was allergic to the hair spray.

COOKIE'S chewing her gum.

DINO
Don't chew gum when you're talking
to me, you look like a hooker.

COOKIE'S jaw stops.

DINO (cont.)
Reason I'm disappointed you quit
school, your mother told me you had
my brains.

COOKIE takes the gum out of her mouth and very deliberately
sticks it onto the plexiglass.

DINO (cont.)
I guess you got my temper instead of
my brains.

COOKIE turns to look at VINNIE as if she's expecting him to
side with her, but he hasn't heard any of this because he's
on the phone, and he's not on her side in any event.

She looks back at her father.

DINO (cont.)
(calmly)
You're going to get a job when you
get home, I'll talk to your mother
about it --

COOKIE
Where do you get off, I haven't even
seen you since I was seven years old --

COOKIE'S getting upset now, nose running, she wipes it with
her hand.

DINO

Going around with bums, staying out all night, getting pinched. I'm coming up for parole in a month, I'm coming up for parole against a D.A. who's trying to make his bones keeping Italians like me in the tank, and the son of a bitch is one of our own --

COOKIE

(figuring it out)

Your parole? My little two-bit arrest is going to jam up your parole? Nobody even knows you're my father, including me --

DINO

You're getting a job, nine to five, in bed early after a little TV, this is the last time you upset your mother.

COOKIE

I'm the one listened to her cry my whole life because of you in jail all these years and still married to your wife and she sits at home with the Frank Sinatra tapes reminding her of how she threw her life away --

DINO

Don't talk to me like that, ever.

COOKIE hangs up the phone. A tear starting down her face.

DINO starts to say something, then realizes she's hung up.

COOKIE glares at him, wipes her nose again.

DINO nods his head at VINNIE, who's standing behind COOKIE.

VINNIE comes right up behind her.

VINNIE

Pick up the phone.

COOKIE looks up at him with surprise.

VINNIE (cont.)

Pick up the phone.

COOKIE picks up the phone.

DINO

It seems like what we have here
right now in your case is an Angie,
and if you want to be an Angie your
whole life, if you want to be a cute
kid with a big mouth, that's okay
except insofar as it reflects on me,
so when I get out of here, which is
soon if you don't fuck it up which
you're not going to, you and I are
going to have to talk about it.

COOKIEIE staring at him.

DINO (cont.)

Now say goodbye.

COOKIEIE

Goodbye.

DINO looks at her, waits for her to finish.

COOKIEIE (cont.)

Daddy.

COOKIEIE hangs up, stands to go.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BACK OF LIMOUSINE - DUSK

15

CLOSE UP of COOKIEIE as the car goes back to New York, the
lights of the oncoming cars flashing across her face.
For a moment -- just a moment -- we want to see she's
still upset and rattled and hurt and confused and all
the things she usually pretends she never is.

VINNIE

You oughto have more respect.

COOKIEIE

For you? I don't even know you?

VINNIE

For your father, I'm talking about
your father --

VITO

What does she know, she's a one-way
street --

VITO checks her out in the rear-view mirror.

COOKIE pushes the button that raises the dark window between the front and back seats.

HOLD ON COOKIE as the lights flash across her face.

16 EXT. METROPOLITAN AVENUE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

16

A row of shops in a low-rise building.

The limousine pulls up, VITO hops out, opens the door for COOKIE.

She sails out of the car.

COOKIE
Screw off, screw off, screw off --

And walks into the entrance to a shop called LENORE'S GILDED CAGE, one of those places that specialize in upscale hooker clothes, lots of satin, sequins, black jet, leather in the window.

17 INT. LENORE'S GILDED CAGE - NIGHT

17

In the window, redressing the window dummies, is COOKIE'S mother LENORE LUPO. LENORE has the sweet sexiness of Marilyn Monroe in middle age. She dresses like an ex-showgirl, in a short red dress with a black silk flower perched right over one of her breasts.

Helping her is her friend DOTTIE, a brassy redhead who's a chain smoker.

On the tape deck Frank Sinatra is playing.

COOKIE slams in the door and LENORE looks back into the shop toward her.

LENORE
I got some of that Subgum Chicken
Ding you liked last time.

COOKIE gives her a major look. Doesn't answer. She goes to the back of the store and up a staircase, making considerably more noise than is necessary in the process.

LENORE (cont.)
I knew she was going to be mad at
me. Dino says she has to go to work.

DOTTIE

I don't want to criticize you,
Lenore, but you treat that girl so
special. A job is exactly what that
smart alec. needs --

LENORE nods at DOTTIE. Gets up. Girds herself.

Follows COOKIE up the stairs to:

18 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

18

This is one of those apartments that you can't really
tell which room is the living room and which the bedroom
except that someone has put beds in one and a couch in
the other. There's lots of pink and mauve neo-Deco
furniture, black lacquer and plexiglass, étagères, etc.

COOKIE is poking through the refrigerator, which contains
nothing but takeout cartons. It's obvious LENORE doesn't
cook. On the tape deck: "Night and day, you are the
one..." She looks angrily at LENORE.

COOKIE

Don't ever rat on me again, that's
all I'm going to say.

LENORE

I talked to Henry Solomon, he thinks
he can get you off.

COOKIE

That'll be a big relief to Dino, what
with him up for parole.

COOKIE takes her carton and goes into:

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

19

A PARROT in a parrot cage squawks.

PARROT

Screw off, screw off.

COOKIE takes a cloth and puts it over the cage.

COOKIE

Bedtime for you, bird.

PARROT

(from under cloth)

Screw off, screw off.

LENORE

Dino got you a job, you're going to work on Seventh Avenue for Carmine Tarantino, and you are very lucky to have a father who has important business associates who owe him a great deal --

COOKIE

What am I supposed to do in this job?

LENORE

Whatever they tell you to do.

(beat)

How did he look?

COOKIE

I couldn't see him too good, they put plastic between you.

LENORE

They used to have a wire net. You maybe don't remember, you went a few times, that's all. You got carsick. I used to hold your little face up to the net so you could kiss your daddy, and you'd say Daddy, Daddy.

LENORE is starting to cry now. She takes a lace handkerchief out of her bosom. COOKIE goes to her, puts her arms around her.

COOKIE

Mom, Jesus, I'm sorry you're so upset --

She's utterly helpless.

LENORE

What did I ever ask you for?

(a huge snuffle)

I want you to take this job. He's coming out and I just want us to be a family.

COOKIE

A family?

LENORE nods her head. Wipes her eyes.

Frank Sinatra starts singing "Once in a Lifetime" on the tape deck. COOKIE hates it.

COOKIE
Jesus Christ.

LENORE
I don't see why you don't like him,
most people do.
(beat)
You start Monday.

20 EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

20

As COOKIE comes out of the coffee shop, trying to maneuver a cardboard tray piled high with coffee containers on it, and a brown bag of food through the madness of Seventh Avenue -- trucks, racks of clothes pushed by messengers, gorgeous models with portfolios, garment workers, etc. She crosses the street, darting between trucks and cars, dodging taxis. A construction worker whistles at her.

21 INT. RITZ MANUFACTURING - DAY

21

COOKIE emerges from the elevator and passes through a rippled glass door marked "Ritz Manufacturing" and past the reception area into the factory. She passes the women at sewing machines. She passes piles of stolen merchandise -- Vuitton bags, boxes of Rolexes, stacks of designer clothes.

She walks down the hallway, which is quite unpretentious and plain, to a doorway at the end of the hall. The door is unmarked, but we know someone important is behind it because sitting out in front of it are FOUR WISEGUYS in windbreakers and caps. One of them is reading the Racing Form, one of them is reading the Financial Times, two are smoking cigars. They pay no attention whatsoever to COOKIE, who has her hands full and is having trouble opening the door to the office within.

COOKIE
(to the group of WISEGUYS)
I don't suppose it would cross anybody's
mind to open the door for a person --

The FOUR OF THEM look at her, go right on doing what they were doing as she opens the door.

22 INT. CARMINE TARANTINO'S OFFICE

22

This space is as luxurious as the outer office is mundane. It's decorated in a formidable blend of lush contemporary and Italian rococo -- wall-to-wall carpet, zebra throw rugs, enormous sofas covered with brocade fabric, marble coffee table with a huge bowl of fruit, a white statue of David on a pedestal in the corner.

On the walls there are several photographs of Carmine Tarantino with Cardinal O'Connor, Tony Bennett, Joe DiMaggio, Vic Damone, Perry Como, and Geraldine Ferraro.

Standing with his back to the door is CARMINE TARANTINO. He is a man of classic Godfather bearing. He is wearing a white shirt and trousers and over it a paper tailor's suit that is being tailored to his exact measurements by a HONG KONG TAILOR and his TWO CHINESE ASSISTANTS, who are scattered about the floor at the feet of this modern Medici, thus exaggerating the Papal effect.

DOMINICK TARANTINO, Carmine's son, a vain, self-satisfied young man who is Miami Vice/Gianni Versace, is sitting on the couch, talking to his father. He uses a Filofax.

DOMINICK

I had to have a talk with Eddie.
His cost overruns aren't in sync
with our projections.

CARMINE

Speak English, Dominick, he's stealing
from the pier.

COOKIE offers the coffee to the TWO ASSISTANTS who are nearest her.

COOKIE

Who ordered the fried egg sandwich?

HONG KONG TAILOR

(indicating the trouser leg)
You want the same cuff?

CARMINE

Yeah.

COOKIE

Somebody must have ordered it, I
didn't make it up.

(beat)

Perrier with a twist of lime.

DOMINICK nods at her. She brings the Perrier over to him. He takes a good look at COOKIE.

DOMINICK

We've got labor-management problems
in Brooklyn.

CARMINE
That nut from the union is trying to
organize the plants.

COOKIE
(she waves the sandwich)
I don't know why you ordered it if
you didn't want it --

The TAILOR gently removes the paper suit from CARMINE.

DOMINICK.
(to COOKIE)
Just leave it there, okay?

The TAILOR has just brought in a new suit jacket.

COOKIE
(under her breath)
...It's one of the worst things
about this job, there's no chain of
authority --

DOMINICK stands and gives COOKIE a little pat on the ass
to move her toward the door. She wheels on him, only to
find herself under CARMINE'S full gaze. Even COOKIE
wilts slightly.

CARMINE
You Dino's girl?

COOKIE nods.

CARMINE (cont.)
How's your Dad?

COOKIE
Getting out soon.

CARMINE
Be good to see him. See what he's
been up to. Although my guess is
not much.

CARMINE laughs and slips on his new suit jacket. He has
a big jolly laugh like Old King Cole. COOKIE smiles --
she's really not sure how to react. CARMINE gives her a
wave, dismissing her.

DINO in his cell adjusts his old suit jacket, the one he
wore into prison thirteen years earlier. It hangs a little
too loose. His tie is too wide, his pants flare at the
bottom.

TWO GUARDS outside the cell. They open the cell gate for him, give him a nod, or say something like "It's time."

DINO walks out of his cell and starts to walk down the catwalk, past the other cells, and as he does, hands reach out to shake his, say goodbye, wish him luck.

He stops for a moment at the end of the row of cells to say hello to TOMMY, an older man with a dese-dem-dose accent.

DINO

Tommy. I heard you were in. Tough luck.

TOMMY

Fuckin' guinea D.A. Watch out for him.

DINO

I'm going straight, Carmine's been looking out for me --

TOMMY

Carmine was looking out for me too, but so was that fuckin' guinea D.A.

CLOSEUP - THAT FUCKIN' GUINEA D.A.

His name is RICHARD OLIVIERI, he works for the U.S. Attorney's office. He is tall and dresses like a man who intends one day to run for governor.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

24 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

24

A parole hearing before THREE PAROLE OFFICERS.

The U.S. ATTORNEY, RICHARD OLIVIERI, is on his feet before the panel. With him is his assistant, ALVIN DIAMOND, a young man with a rabbit face and large ears.

Sitting with DINO is his lawyer HENRY SOLOMON.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER

Mr. Olivieri, could you elaborate on the reasons why the U.S. Attorney's office opposes parole?

OLIVIERI

(he points as he speaks,
for emphasis)

Gentlemen, thirteen years ago Mr. Capisco was convicted for labor racketeering, and the government's position is that while in federal prison, he continued these activities in partnership with Carmine Tarantino. Under the circumstances we have no choice but to oppose parole.

OLIVIERI sits down. Gives DINO a look. DINO gives him a look back.

HENRY SOLOMON stands.

HENRY SOLOMON

Gentlemen, the issues here are simple. Mr. Capisco is eligible for parole. He has been a model prisoner for thirteen years. This ought to be a completely routine parole hearing. But Mr. Olivieri wants to be governor and has been waging a vendetta against persons of Italian descent in his endless pursuit of cheap front-page stories.

WE SEE THREE REPORTERS - PEARL, FUSCO, and O'BRIEN -- taking notes.

HENRY SOLOMON (cont.)

You have heard his objections. Mr. Capisco is partners with Carmine Tarantino. That, gentlemen, is a complete fabrication. Mr. Capisco has had no source of income whatsoever for the past thirteen years. His devoted wife Bunny has been forced to board animals to support herself --

As OLIVIERI rises to his feet to object, we see, sitting in the spectator section, BUNNY CAPISCO, a small, spiky dark-haired woman who, in spite of her efforts at this moment to look like Mother Theresa, looks like Elaine May in a very bad mood.

OLIVIERI

Objection. Gentlemen, I think you should know that his devoted wife Bunny

(his voice drips with sarcasm)

(MORE)

OLIVIERI (cont.)
 is the daughter of the late Anthony
 Bayardo, a.k.a. Tony Boy the Artichoke
 King -- and their marriage united two
 major organized crime families --

BUNNY is now on her feet.

BUNNY (shouting)
 You leave my father out of this,
 you Wonder Bread wop --

PAROLE OFFICER
 (banging his gavel)
 Order. This court will come to order
 or I will have to hold you in contempt.

BUNNY sits down.

OLIVIERI sits down, leaving HENRY SOLOMON to continue.

HENRY SOLOMON
 I'm sure the distinguished members
 of this parole board will see through
 this provocative interruption by the
 prosecutor and will come to a just
 ruling in this case.

25 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

25

As DINO and BUNNY come out of the courtroom: DINO'S
 smiling. HENRY SOLOMON beside them.

DINO waves aside REPORTERS' questions about how he feels
 about having won his parole, BUNNY fixes her hair for
 PHOTOGRAPHERS, but HENRY SOLOMON stops to answer them,
 leaving DINO free to walk down the corridor to the
 elevator bank.

There waiting for him is OLIVIERI.

OLIVIERI
 (with his little finger-
 pointing gesture)
 Don't buy too many new clothes, Dino,
 you won't be out that long.

DINO
 Richie, you know the way you point
 when you talk, I was noticing this
 in the courtroom, it hurts you, it
 hurts your presentation --

And DINO steps into the elevator.

26

26 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY

A white VW van driving down a street in a neighborhood like Douglaston. Split-level houses. A sign is painted on the van: Bunny's Bark Avenue, and a slogan: I ♥ Ur Dog.

27

27 INT. CADILLAC - DAY

DINO in the front seat next to BUNNY, who's driving. He's picking at his suit. CLOSE ON: a horrible hairless dog like a chihuahua in the back seat, yapping.

DINO

This car is wall-to-wall dog hair.

BUNNY

Next time you get out of the joint I'll bring the Rolls Royce but it was in the shop.

DINO

Knock it off, Bunny.

BUNNY pulls into the driveway of a typical split-level house. DINO gets out of the car and slams the door as the SOUND OF BARKING DOGS erupts from the backyard. This is Dino's home.

28

28 INT. BEDROOM, LENORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LENORE, dressed especially provocatively, is dusting the bedroom.

She's pushed the two single beds together and is finishing making them up as one large bed. Music is playing on the radio and she dances a little bossa nova step as she works.

29

29 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As COOKIE comes in the door from work. She looks around the room. There are red scarves draped over all the lights. COOKIE drops her coat on a chair, stares at the room.

COOKIE

This place looks like a bordello.

COOKIE goes into the kitchen and gets a large carrot, brings it out to the living room. She leaves her shoes on the floor, starts to eat as she walks toward the bedroom.

COOKIE
(undoing her belt)
I'm working for Mussolini so you
can feel like we're a normal family.

LENORE
(from bedroom)
Honey, don't make a mess -- I just
straightened up in there.

COOKIE comes into the bedroom leaving a trail of clothes behind her.

30 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

COOKIE
I suppose you know they put Ralph
Lauren labels on stolen Hong Kong
shit --
(she suddenly sees the
beds pushed together)
I'm not having him sleep here.

The doorbell rings.

COOKIE (cont.)
I'm not.

LENORE
Don't start with me.

LENORE gives her hair a quick final spray of Aqua Net and her mouth of spritz of Binaca.

COOKIE
You don't even care about the ozone
layer --

LENORE leaves the bedroom, followed by COOKIE.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

LENORE opens the front door.

Standing there is DINO. His face is partially hidden behind a huge bouquet of flowers.

LENORE looks at him. He looks terrific.

DINO smiles at her. It's no big deal, but it's the first time we've seen him smile.

He kisses her. It's a real kiss.

COOKIE is there, watching. The kiss lasts. She's utterly disgusted. She turns and stomps back to the bedroom.

The bedroom door slams. The kiss stops.

HOLD ON the two of them for a moment, looking at each other.

DINO
Pack a bag, I'm taking you to
Atlantic City --

LENORE squeals. Looks around.

LENORE
Cookie, your father's here.
(she starts toward the
bedroom)
I wanted you to say hello --

LENORE walks down the hallway to the bedroom. A door. Closed. LENORE knocks, opens it. COOKIE standing there.

COOKIE
You're just going to go out with
him? He calls, you drop everything?

LENORE
Yes. Now come out here and say
hello to your father.

WE FOLLOW them as LENORE sort of pushes COOKIE out to the living room.

COOKIE looks at DINO. LENORE glares at her.

COOKIE
(coldly)
Hi.

DINO nods at her.

COOKIE (cont.)
You know I'm working for these two
broccolis who sell swag...

DINO
(after a beat)
Really.

LENORE
Cookie doesn't like her job, honey.

COOKIE
I'm practically the only person
there who's not an alien.

DINO takes a long pause. Looks at COOKIE.

Then he looks at LENORE.

DINO
You look great.

The two of them can't take their eyes off each other.

COOKIE slams out the door.

LENORE
I don't look the way I used to look.

DINO
You had a baby face before, now.
you're beautiful.

DINO starts to kiss LENORE. A passionate kiss, a greedy kiss, a frantic kiss, an almost hilariously passionate, greedy and frantic kiss. His hands move her skirt up around her waist, she starts to unbutton his shirt, etc.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. NEW YORK CLUB - NIGHT

32

Nell's, or any other club that has a MOB OF PEOPLE out front, waiting to get in. COOKIE and PIA are waiting in the crowd. There's a GUY ON THE DOOR, screening the people who get in.

PIA
I don't see what the big deal is,
everybody hates their mother.

COOKIE
She's such a wimp...If you ever
catch me falling for a guy like
him, shoot me. Put me out of my
misery.

A GROUP OF CHICLY-DRESSED PEOPLE push their way past PIA and COOKIE and the DOORMAN opens the rope for them.

PIA

I dreamed about this place last night. I dreamed we stood in line for three whole hours and didn't get in.

COOKIE

(to DOORMAN, who's letting another group in)
Someday I'm going to be very famous and you are making a major career mistake.

The DOORMAN looks at COOKIE with total indifference.

33 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT 33

Hotel lights twinkling. LENORE and DINO, lovey-dovey on a wicker rolling chair moving down the boardwalk along the strip of casinos.

34 INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - NIGHT 34

WE can SEE people betting at the craps tables, the blackjack tables; WE can HEAR the bing bing bing of the slot machines. WE SEE LENORE betting one chip at the roulette table.

35 INT. CASINO LOUNGE - NIGHT 35

A GIRL GROUP in sequins and spandex is singing to a half-empty lounge.

36 INT. ARNOLD ROSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT 36

We can see the GIRL GROUP singing but we can't hear them. They're either behind a one-way glass wall or on a large closed-circuit console in the office of the casino manager at a large Atlantic City hotel called the Silver Slipper. In the office are a half-dozen closed-circuit television cameras showing various areas of the casino.

DINO is seated across from ARNOLD ROSS, the casino manager. It's as if the Playboy Magazine fashion editor has dressed ARNOLD ROSS. At 55, he wears a silk shirt, cream-colored loafers, a bracelet, tight pants. He's bald on top and has some hair plugs growing from the bald spot. He also has an earring in one ear. He's got a friendly smile and seems to know the look is inappropriate. He's pointing to his hair plugs, which look like the ones William Proxmire used to have, obvious tufts growing from nowhere.

ARNOLD

You pay by the plug, it costs a fortune. In six months they say it's going to look like a lawn in England.

(he shrugs)

The chicks like it, what can I tell you. It's not so easy for an old bald fuck to get laid these days. It's a new world, Dino...very competitive.

He offers DINO a cigar from a humidor. DINO shakes his head.

DINO

You remember Solly Buns?

ARNOLD

(lighting up)

Sure.

DINO

He died in the joint. Eight cigars a day, right to the end. He was sneaking out of the oxygen tent to smoke his cigars. People think you can't get lung cancer from cigars, they're wrong.

(beat)

I wanted to come here and thank you for everything you've done while I've been away --

ARNOLD

Dino, please --

DINO

Now I'm out. Now I'm out and I want what I'm owed.

ARNOLD looks at him impassively.

ARNOLD

What you're owed?

DINO

Let me refresh your memory, Arnold. Before I went away, I helped build this place. When the unions wouldn't move, who broke their legs? You don't remember this?

ARNOLD

I remember.

DINO

In exchange for which I got a piece
of the action.

A pause.

ARNOLD

(carefully)

Yeah, well, this is what is a little
confusing to me. We bought Carmine
out. Which includes you.

DINO

(after a beat)

When?

ARNOLD

Six, seven years ago.

DINO

That's my money. My money gets paid
to me.

ARNOLD

Look, Dino, Carmine screwed me too,
I hate his guts, but I didn't take
it personally --

DINO

How should I take it? As a group?

ARNOLD

Yeah. Take it as a group.
(he smiles, starts to laugh,
finally wipes his face from
laughing)
Forget it. Swallow it. This is my
advice to you. Here.
(he takes some money from
his pocket)

DINO

No, no --

ARNOLD

A loan. I'll loan you. You need
some new clothes. You need some
walkaround money. Just til you get
on your feet, then you pay me back.
(hands him the money)
...The "Tom Jones" suite is vacant
...It's on the house.
(he throws DINO the key)

37 INT. "TOM JONES" SUITE - NIGHT

37

One of those unbelievably elaborate, rococo suites with sunken tubs and chandeliers. A large portrait of Tom Jones, maybe.

DINO and LENORE in bed. DINO awake.

LENORE opens her eyes.

LENORE

You awake?

DINO nods.

LENORE (cont.)

I was hoping you would try to spend a little time with Cookie --

DINO

I got a lot of things to do.

LENORE

Honey, she doesn't even know you --

DINO

I got business to work out, Lenore --

LENORE

I thought you were going straight.

DINO

I am. But it turns out things are not exactly breaking the way I thought, so I may have to bend a little before I can straighten out.

LENORE

...But then you're going straight.

DINO

Shhhh --

LENORE

And we can be a normal family.

DINO

Sure. A normal family.
(he laughs, then gives her a playful cuff)

Sure.

LENORE

Stop. It's not a joke. I wanna
be a family. I want to marry you --

DINO

Lenore, honey, you know I gotta live
with her. It's a condition of my
parole --

LENORE looks away, upset.

DINO (cont.)

Hey, come on.
(a little kiss)
Hey.

He starts to kiss her.

38 INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY

38

The CAMERA PANS the room to show that it's full of a
large assortment of stolen merchandise and fake knock-
offs of Vuitton luggage, TV sets, ghetto blasters, tube
socks, etc.

Along one side is a row of women -- Spanish, Chinese,
Korean -- at sewing machines.

COOKIE is one of them. Everyone is sewing "Guess" labels
onto jeans. CARMEN, a very pleasant older woman, is
explaining to COOKIE in perfect Spanish how you put the
label on. COOKIE doesn't understand a word of it.

COOKIE

I am seriously thinking of giving
my notice.

Suddenly she sees:

DINO walking through in a new overcoat and Fedora. Very
Gianni Versace.

As DINO arrives at the door to Carmine's office, the FOUR
WISEGUYS see him. One of the wise guys, TONY, stands to
greet DINO, kisses him on both cheeks. TWO OTHERS shake
his hand. The FOURTH WISEGUY, LOUIE, looks at him coldly.

DINO walks over to him and takes a handkerchief out of
LOUIE'S jacket pocket. He shakes it out.

DINO

Sloppy Louie. Very impressive. But
nobody taught you how to fold it.

DINO refolds the handkerchief, puts it back into LOUIE'S pocket.

Then he opens the door to CARMINE'S office and walks in.

39 INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE - DAY

39

DINO comes in. CARMINE sitting at his empty desk. He stands to shake DINO'S hand. DOMINICK on the couch, with a cellular phone. DINO looks around the office.

DINO

Nice.

CARMINE

Nice coat.

(beat)

You remember my son Dominick.

DINO acknowledges DOMINICK.

CARMINE looks appraisingly at DINO.

CARMINE (cont.)

So. You go to prison and lose weight. You lose weight and I get fat like a pig.

DINO

You were always fat like a pig, Carmine.

CARMINE laughs his big jolly laugh, sits, motions DINO to sit.

DINO

I went down to Atlantic City to see Arnold.

CARMINE

He's got a nice place.

DINO

Yeah. Nice chandeliers.

(beat)

I said to him, I'm out, I'm going straight, buy me out, and he tells me he already bought me out. Which is news.

CARMINE

I got some things you might be interested in instead --

DINO
I'm not interested in business,
Carmin. I just want my money so
I can go live my life.

CARMINE
It's not so easy, Dino --

DOMINICK
We had a lot of capital outlays,
plus there was capital gains, plus
we thought we were eligible for
investment tax credits only it turned
out we weren't, which really hurt us --

CARMINE
Dominick here went to Wharton.

DINO
Then maybe Dominick can figure out
what you owe me, plus thirteen years
compound interest. I always have
trouble remembering the formula for
compound interest.

CARMINE
(laughs)
Dino, you always make me laugh.
You're alive, you're here, it's not
enough for you. Another guy would
come out of the joint, he'd be glad
to be alive.
(big smile)
You want to be the Godfather, right?
(he laughs his merry old
soul laugh)
He wants to be the Godfather.
(big smile)
We're having a Christmas party next
Sunday. Come. We'll talk then.

DINO stands, walks out the door.

As the door closes, the smile vanishes from CARMINE'S
face.

40 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

40

DINO walks down the corridor to:

41 INT. SWEATSHOP - DAY

41

There's COOKIE among the ALIENS, cutting labels out of
coats.

COOKIE sees her father.

COOKIE
I got to talk to you.

DINO
Not now, Cookie, I gotta be
someplace --

DINO starts out of the sweatshop, COOKIE following.

COOKIE
I got to talk to you about this job.

COOKIE bolts after her father, who by now has reached the
elevator bank.

COOKIE (cont.)
I can't stay here.

The elevator comes. DINO steps in. COOKIE beside him.
A HALF-DOZEN OTHER PEOPLE in the elevator, your basic
Seventh Avenue crowd.

COOKIE (cont.)
I can't. I'm not a passive person.
I can't stay there all day getting
eyestrain.

41A The elevator opens on the ground floor. Everyone gets
out. COOKIE is now walking with DINO out the door of
the building.

41A

COOKIE (cont.)
They only gave me this job because
of you. You know what they're
paying me? The minimum wage.

DINO
So what are you going to do if you
quit? You could go work at McDonald's,
wear a hairnet.
(beat)
What are you trained for?

COOKIE
What are you trained for?

They go out the door to:

42 EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

42

VINNIE and VITO waiting at the curb for DINO with a limousine as he and COOKIE come toward them.

COOKIE (cont.)
It's like a prison there --

DINO gets to the car.

COOKIE (cont.)
I don't see why I have to be in a prison if you're not anymore.

DINO'S angry.

DINO
Nobody ever taught you how to have a private conversation, I guess.

COOKIE
Yeah, well, what did I ever need to have a private conversation about?

DINO
Shut up.
(beat)
Your mother didn't teach you any manners at all.

COOKIE
(furious)
Don't you say anything against my mother, after what she put up with all these years --

DINO slaps her across the face.

COOKIE looks at him. She's stunned.

DINO
I knew a guy in prison, Jimmy Blue Nose, he put a hit on his own kid.

COOKIE gives DINO an Italian hand gesture, swings around and tumbles into a BLACK GUY wheeling a rack of Santa Claus outfits, banging herself in the eye.

SHOT OF COOKIE picking herself up and walking briskly down the crowded Seventh Avenue street, pushing her way through the CROWD, proud and easily hurt.

43 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

43

OPEN ON A CLOSEUP OF LENORE. A big sneeze. And PULL BACK. She's on the living room couch with a cold. Satins, humidifiers, a red nose. There's a white Christmas tree in the corner, hung with pale pink ball ornaments.

LENORE
I can't go, I'm sick.
(blows her nose)
Take Cookie.

We now see DINO standing there. He's looking very natty.

DINO
Don't talk to me about Cookie.
Get dressed. You're going.

LENORE blows her nose again. A honk. She wipes her eyes, her mascara's running. Is it the cold?

LENORE
She's like you, Dino. She's just
like you.

There. She's said it.

DINO
She is not like me.

LENORE
Well, she is certainly not like my
family, there's never been anyone
like her in my family.

DINO
I'm not saying that --

LENORE
From the very beginning, she hit kids
on the playground. Where'd she get
that from? I never hit kids on the
playground. I kept clean on the
playground -- she was always dirty.
I got twelve pins for deportment when
I was in school, Dino, the nuns loved
me --

DINO
I'll take her.

LENORE has been about to cry, she's got her little lace hanky all ready, but now she sees she doesn't have to. She daintily wipes away the tear that hasn't quite formed, fluffs herself up.

LENORE

Cookie? Honey? Could you come in here?

44 INT. BATHROOM

44

SHOT of COOKIE examining her black eye in the bathroom mirror.

LENORE (O.S.)

(shouting now)

Cookie, get in here right this minute!

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

45

As COOKIE comes into the living room. She's wearing pink tights, five-inch blue high heels, and a tight black mini-skirt.

COOKIE

Whut?!

COOKIE glares at DINO.

LENORE

Your father has been invited by the Tarantinos to a party and I would like you to change your clothes and go with him.

COOKIE

I'm not going anywhere with a child abuser.

DINO

Lenore, you have to teach this girl some manners, I never raised my voice to my parents in my life --

COOKIE

That's because they probably used to hit you, right? That's how it works, it's a cycle, they hit you, you hit me --

DINO

You shut up, you hear me?

DINO steps forward toward COOKIE.

COOKIE

Hit me again, you big tough guy --

LENORE

(screaming at the top
of her tiny little lungs)
I can't stand this, my heart's
beating so fast I can't even breathe,
I'm getting palpitations!

COOKIE and DINO stop, look at her.

LENORE (cont.)

(to COOKIE)

I raised you all by myself, you
talk about your single mothers, I
was a single mother way before they
started talking about it on TV.

(to DINO)

And I waited thirteen years for you.
I had plenty of offers, let me tell
you. I didn't have to spend my entire
life with my tits on hold.

(beat)

Now you two learn to love each other
-- right now!

46 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

46

DINO and COOKIE looking miserable with each other in the
back seat of the car. COOKIE'S got on outrageous sun-
glasses to cover her black eye.

47 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

47

As the limousine pulls up in front of the Chateau Mer,
or any one of the large Italian party places in the
Bensonhurst section.

VITO, VINNIE, DINO and COOKIE get out. COOKIE is wearing
a Laura Ashley dress. She might even look sweet if it
weren't for the sunglasses, black leather bomber jacket,
and the fact that she's chewing gum.

As they start toward the house:

VITO
(to COOKIE)
You look nice.

COOKIE
Please. Give me a break.

VITO
Forget it.

He walks on ahead of her
into the house.

VINNIE
There's only one way
to fish, off of a boat.

DINO
A boat? You know what
it's like being on a
boat? It's like you
put on your clothes and
climb in the bathtub
and turn on the shower
and open a can of beans
and eat it.

DINO
(as they get to the front
door, to COOKIE)
The gum.

COOKIE takes out her gum, hands it to him.

DINO sticks it on one of those phony Greek statues that
decorate the entrance.

TWO WISEGUYS at the door nod them all in.

48 EXT. PARKING LOT OF CHATEAU MER - DAY 48

DINO, VITO, VINNIE and COOKIE from POV of a surveillance
car down the street, with TWO FBI MEN in it.

49 INT. CHATEAU MER BALLROOM - DAY 49

A huge room with a great deal of statuary and fountains.
Lots of people. Christmas decorations. One of CARMINE'S
WISEGUYS is dressed as Santa Claus. Children are waiting
on line to sit on his lap.

There's a long table groaning with food -- peppers,
anchovies, provolone, salami, calamari salad, veal cutlets,
stuffed mushrooms, stuffed onions, pepperoni, stalks of
celery and finocchio, olives.

DINO walks in with COOKIE, VINNIE and VITO just behind him.

There's a mild frisson for a moment as people notice he's
there -- and also notice he's not there with Bunny.

Suddenly ROSA TARANTINO, a pleasant, ample woman who is
Carmine's wife, comes up to greet them. She kisses DINO.

DINO

Rosa, my daughter Carmela --

COOKIE

Cookie --

ROSA

Your mother's such a doll, she picked
this dress out for me.(she squeezes COOKIE'S
cheeks affectionately)

Que bella.

(beat)

This is my sister Angela -- Dino's
daughter Carmela --

COOKIE

Cookie --

ANGELA

Have a rice ball, honey.

COOKIE takes a rice ball.

COOKIE

(making an effort)

This is great. How d'ya make them?

ANGELA

You take rice, you make balls --

(to DONNA, a younger
woman who's come over
for a rice ball)Donna, have you met Dino's daughter
Carmela?COOKIE shrugs it off, what's the point of worrying about
the name.

50 INT. CHATEAU MER BALCONY - DAY

50

From the POV of DOMINICK we can see the floor below.

On the balcony are CARMINE TARANTINO and ENZO DELLA TESTA.
DELLA TESTA is a major Godfather. We know he's a major
Godfather because he's old, he has white hair, and he
wears a three-piece suit. They are both sitting in
chairs. CARMINE'S GRANDDAUGHTER, a five-year-old in a
white dress, is on his lap. DOMINICK is standing with
them.

CARMINE

Last week Olivieri picked up Carlino in the Bronx. Next he'll get Uptown Ernie. There's a grand jury looking into Nicky's operation, Nicky's gonna get indicted. I figure Olivieri's two away from us. Two? Three? Maybe he'll nail Frankie Lavezzo first.

DOMINICK

Fuckin' guinea D.A.

CARMINE

Guys in suits taking pictures every time we turn around. Guys tailing us. Guys buggin' us. No wonder there's a crime wave.

From DOMINICK'S POV WE SEE DINO in the room below, shaking hands all around, good to be back, good to have you here.

DOMINICK

Dino just walked in.

CARMINE

Shut up, Dominick, I'm figuring this out --

ENZO

You have to deal with Dino or there's gonna be problems.

CARMINE

Dino gets caught jaywalking, the D.A.'s gonna send him away for ten years.

(beat)

I don't have to deal with Dino. I just gotta stall him.

51 INT. BALLROOM - DAY

51

Later.

A group of five slightly drunk and overweight GUYS singing 1950's shoop shoop music.

COOKIE'S wandering around. She's got her Instamatic out and takes a few snapshots: the food on the table, a VERY OLD LADY, a LITTLE GIRL dressed like Madonna, dancing by herself.

When she aims the camera at DELLA TESTA, VITO rushes over, opens the back and pulls out the film.

VITO

What are you, stupid?!

COOKIE

(innocent)

It was just a souvenir.

Insulted, COOKIE walks away in a huff, and VITO goes back to the dark, bosomy YOUNG WOMAN he was talking to. COOKIE looks back over at VITO and the YOUNG WOMAN. VITO sees COOKIE looking. COOKIE turns away, pretending she doesn't give a damn.

A ting ting ting on the glasses as everyone turns to watch as CARMINE stands, raises his glass.

CARMINE

I want to say something about friends, about one friend in particular, a friend who is here today after a long absence and who is becoming more and more important to us all. My old friend Dino. Dino Capisco. My partner.

WE SEE DINO watching, steady-eyed.

WE ALSO SEE COOKIE. She's completely mystified.

52 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CARMINE TARANTINO'S HOUSE - DAY 52

An unmarked car with TWO FBI MEN sitting in it. A tape recorder is picking up Carmine's remarks by some miracle of modern eavesdropping, and we can hear them listening to it.

FBI MAN #1

Dino Capisco.

53 EXT. BALLROOM - DAY

53

As CARMINE continues.

CARMINE

I don't want this day to go by without saying things that have been on my heart for many years. Dino -- we started together, we worked

(MORE)

CARMINE (cont.)
 together, we had good times and bad
 -- good times for me, bad times for
 you --

(a big jolly laugh)
 -- but those times are over now.
 This is your home. Welcome, Dino.
 Welcome home.

Everyone lifts glasses, clinks, drinks.

DINO rises, his glass in hand.

DINO
 Carmine, you know how I feel about
 you. I don't have to tell you.
 Every day I was away I knew how
 much we owed each other and I know
 you know. So now it will be good
 times for us both. It's good to
 be back.

DINO raises his glass.

54 INT. SAME BALLROOM - LATER

54

A band is playing Dion/Fabian/Frankie Vallee, that kind
 of thing. Everyone is dancing.

COOKIE is dancing with DOMINICK. She's utterly miserable.
 She's smoking a cigarette while she's dancing. DOMINICK
 is a terrible dancer and keeps trying to pull her closer
 to him than she wants. She blows smoke at him.

Meanwhile, nearby, VITO is dancing with the DARK YOUNG
 WOMAN. VITO is unquestionably the greatest dancer in all
 of Brooklyn. He's dipping and swooping and twisting and
 turning and grinding. COOKIE looks over at VITO wistfully
 as DOMINICK pumps her up and down.

DOMINICK
 Now that our fathers are partners,
 you and me should become better
 acquainted.

COOKIE
 (she really can't stand
 him)
 You and me.
 (she blows a big puff of
 smoke)

DOMINICK turns abruptly, pulls her toward him, and then propels her across the dance floor like some reject from Tango Argentino. He leans in toward her.

DOMINICK

Name the day.

COOKIE tries to pull away from him, but he's holding her tightly, he's hurting her a little. He leans in, lifts up her dark glasses, touches the bruised skin near her eye.

DOMINICK

You like it rough. I should have figured that out.

COOKIE manages to get her arm free and takes the cigarette from her mouth and stabs it deliberately into DOMINICK'S tie.

COOKIE

My father may have to suck up to your family, but I don't. Go fuck yourself.

DOMINICK

(examining the hole in
his tie)

You're fired.

COOKIE

I'm fired? I quit. Okay? I quit.

DINO

What happened? What is this?

COOKIE turns. DINO is standing there.

COOKIE

Nothing, nothing.

DINO

Dominick, what happened?

DOMINICK

Nothing.

DINO

(taking COOKIE by the arm
and hustling her out)

We're going.

55 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

55

As DINO comes out the front door of the Chateau Mer, pushing COOKIE in front of him.

They walk past TWO WISEGUYS who work for Tarantino and are out front.

They start toward the limousine.

DINO

What happened?

COOKIE doesn't answer.

DINO (cont.)

What happened?

COOKIE

I burnt his tie. He was making a pass at me.

DINO

(furious)

I can't tell if you're really smart or retarded. You mad at him? You want to get even? You don't tell people to go fuck themselves if you want to get even. You never get even with people when they know it's coming. Instead of you getting them, they're waiting for you. But you, you're too stupid to know what I'm talking about.

COOKIE

I can't believe you're partners with that creep's father.

DINO

The day
Carmine Tarantino calls you his partner is the day you watch your back.

(they're in front of the
limousine now)
Get in and drive.

COOKIE

Why can't Vito drive?

DINO
Vito's busy. Drive.

COOKIE
You drive. I don't feel like driving.

DINO
I don't have my license on me.

COOKIE
You're worried you're going to get
stopped for driving without a
license?

DINO
Get in the car before I throw you in.

COOKIE
I don't believe this.

56 INT. CAR

56

COOKIE gets into the driver's seat of the car.

DINO gets in next to her.

COOKIE fastens her seat belt.

COOKIE (cont.)
Buckle up. We got a seat belt law
these days, y'know.

DINO fastens his seat belt.

COOKIE starts the car.

It peels off, burning rubber.

FREEZE FRAME for a moment as WE HEAR the CLICK of a camera
shutter for a surveillance photograph.

56A EXT. ENTRANCE TO BELT PARKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

56A

As the limousine goes onto it.

A few cars behind, following, is the unmarked car -- a
gray Chevrolet -- with the TWO FBI MEN in it.

57 INT. LIMOUSINE - LATE AFTERNOON

57

DINO looks out at the side mirror. In the mirror WE
SEE the Chevrolet.

DINO

We got company.

COOKIE looks in the rear view mirror.

COOKIE

Who is it?

DINO

Feds.

COOKIE

No shit!

(beat)

I saw this in a movie.

(beat)

You want me to lose them?

DINO

(calling her bluff)

Do I want to see you lose them?

No, I was planning we all go to
Coney Island and ride the Cyclone.

COOKIE steps on the gas.

She's driving very fast. Zigs in and out as the Chevrolet
tries to keep up.

58 EXT. BELT PARKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

58

COOKIE now on an open stretch.

- There's a grass divider in the middle of the Parkway.

Suddenly COOKIE hits the brakes, almost throwing DINO
into her lap, and makes a U-turn over the grass. Now
she's driving the other way on the Parkway.

The FBI manages the same maneuver behind her.

COOKIE driving. Going 85 m.p.h. Cool as a cucumber.
DINO next to her, a little smile on his face.

59 EXT. BELT PARKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

59

COOKIE passes an entrance ramp to the Parkway. About
30 feet past the entrance, she brakes with a screech,
stops.

The Chevrolet passes, stops about 150 feet past her.

Now COOKIE starts backing up, and then honking madly, she backs up the entrance ramp, scattering the cars coming down the ramp. Her head is sticking out the window.

COOKIE
(shouting)
Get out of the way, it's an emergency.
I got a man with a heart attack, get
out of the way.

And HOLD on the Chevrolet now as ONE FBI MAN gets out to watch COOKIE disappear backwards up the ramp.

60 EXT. PARKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

60

Moments later, COOKIE has backed into a slow-moving lane of traffic on the parkway. Her car is pointed in the wrong direction, so she must drive in reverse to keep in line with the other cars. She looks over at DINO and smiles.

COOKIE
I lost them.

DINO
Beginner's luck.
(really, he's proud of
her)

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH OF COOKIE AND DINO IN THE
LIMOUSINE

And PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

61 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

61

U.S. Attorney RICHARD OLIVIERI at a table with his rabbit assistant, ALVIN DIAMOND. A WAITRESS standing there.

OLIVIERI
Baloney on white with mayonnaise.
Rice pudding and a diet Coke.

There's a stack of 8 x 10 photographs he's flipping through, mostly of COOKIE and DINO in the car.

OLIVIERI
(flipping through the
pictures)
My old friend Dino Capisco.

He tosses the photos to ALVIN.

OLIVIERI

Go break up the poker game in the press room and leak these to the hardworking gentlemen of the press.

ALVIN

I think they went to a movie.

OLIVIERI

Yeah, well, find them. I want this in the Friday paper, not the Saturday paper. Nobody buys papers on Saturday....and get me a toothpick on the way out.

62 INT. QUEENS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

62

DINO is using the wall phone in the kitchen. There are leashes, collars, bows and huge sacks of dog food, dog biscuits, doggie treats scattered about. A chihuahua goes running through the room chasing another dog.

WE can HEAR the other end of the phone conversation -- it's a man's voice saying, "Leave your message at the sound of the beep."

DINO

(on phone, a little awkwardly)

It's me, I'm back, looking for you.

(two dogs come through barking loudly)

Bunny! Get these dogs out of here --

(finishing the phone call)

I'll stop by --

He hangs up as BUNNY, who has come into the kitchen from outside, sets down a bag of groceries and a newspaper.

DINO

Jesus Christ, I'm trying to work --

BUNNY

The dogs pay the rent around here, not you.

She takes the newspaper and waves it in DINO'S face. It's a page three picture of DINO and COOKIE, with a headline reading: "DINO MOVING UP MOB HILL."

BUNNY

Who is she? Just tell me. Who is she?

DINO

(making this up)

She...works for me. She's...my driver.

BUNNY

Oh right, she's your driver.

DINO

(this isn't a bad idea)

She's a good driver, too. Best I've ever had.

BUNNY gives him a nasty look and storms out, leaving a horrible little dog behind. DINO growls at it. Frightened, it runs away.

63 EXT. NINTH AVENUE - DAY

63

COOKIE is driving DINO in a limousine. On the back window of the limousine is a sticker saying: "Support Your Local Police."

COOKIE stops the car in front of a fish market. She watches as DINO gets out and goes into the market. COOKIE turns on the radio. A rock and roll station. Volume up.

64 INT. FISH MARKET - DAY

64

PINO and PEPE, the proprietors of the fish market, behind the counter. PINO is putting some fried calamari into a brown bag for DINO.

DINO

So how're you doing?

PEPE

Still in business.

DINO

Who put you in business?

PINO

You did, Dino.

DINO

Just wondered if you remembered. There's a lot of Alzheimer's going around.

DINO reaches into his pocket to pay for the calamari.

PEPE

Your money's no good here.

65 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

65

Rock and roll blasting. DINO gets in.

COOKIE

What was that about?

DINO'S not about to tell her. He turns off the radio.

DINO

You want some calamari?

COOKIE

I'm the driver here. I'm risking my neck. I got a right to know.

DINO

Shut up and eat some fish.

COOKIE pulls into traffic, shakes her head no.

COOKIE

(angry)

All you eat all day is fried foods, you ought to have a salad once in a while...

66 EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

66

As it glides into traffic.

The sound of a surveillance camera.

8MM VIDEOTAPE

OLIVIERI (VO)

Here he is outside of Aiello's Fish, a well-known bookmaking and policy establishment.

66A DINO COMING OUT OF THE FISH MARKET HOLDING THE BROWN BAG. PEPE AND PINO AT THE DOOR.

66A

OLIVIERI (VO)

Pepe Aiello and Pino the Squid in the doorway. We have reason to

(MORE)

OLIVIERI (cont.)
believe that the brown bag in Dino's
hand contains his cut from their
operation.

66B DINO AT A MANHATTAN CONSTRUCTION SITE TALKING TO THREE 66B
MEN, PATTING EACH OTHER ON THE BACK, GOOFING AROUND.

OLIVIERI (VO)
Here he is, three days later, with
Eddie the Snake, Milk Bottle
Montebello, and Tiny Tucci. They
all did time for labor racketeering.

66C DINO STANDING IN FRONT OF A WEST SIDE MEAT PACKING 66C
PLACE WITH TWO MEN. MEAT HANGING ON RACKS.

OLIVIERI (VO)
The Butchers. Angelo and Mikey
Rosello. They disappeared Tommy
the Lizard for Carmine two years
ago.

66D DINO TALKING TO VINNIE AND VITO. 66D

OLIVIERI (VO)
Vinnie Lombardi, he was in jail
with Dino, and his nephew, Vito,
they're Dino's lieutenants, they
run a garage and limousine company,
we suspect it's a front for a
loansharking racket --

66E DINO AT A PARK WITH ENZO DELLA TESTA, THE GODFATHER WE 66E
SAW AT THE PARTY, IN HIS THREE-PIECE SUIT. ENZO IS
WITH A BABY WHO'S APPARENTLY A GRANDCHILD. DINO SWINGS
THE BABY IN THE AIR LIKE AN AIRPLANE. EVERYONE LAUGHING.

OLIVIERI (VO)
And this, gentlemen, is Enzo Della
Testa. A rare pleasure.

CLOSER SHOT SHOWING DELLA TESTA.

OLIVIERI (VO, cont.)
The capo di tutti capi -- we spotted
them together last Tuesday in
Prospect Park.

66F DINO GETTING INTO THE LIMOUSINE WITH COOKIE, WHO'S 66F
ADJUSTING HER PANTYHOSE.

OLIVIERI (VO)

The girl is his driver, Carmela Lupo --

67 DINO PULLING UP IN THE LIMOUSINE ON MULBERRY STREET AND SAYING SOMETHING TO COOKIE (a different day from the previous slide). 67

OLIVIERI (VO)

She seems to have some influence with him.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - DAY

The film comes to life. COOKIE leaps out of the car and opens the door for DINO. It's raining. The car is in front of a candy store. SLOPPY LOUIE keeping watch out front.

DINO

I'm going to be a while here, go buy some cannoli.

COOKIE

I'm sick of cannoli.

DINO

I'm sick of you, what are you complaining about?

COOKIE

I can't believe I've been working for you three weeks and I'm still making the minimum wage.

DINO

What do you do all day? You don't do dick all day. You just drive around listening to your rock and roll garbage.

COOKIE

(defensive)

Yeah, and what do you do all day? You hang around with your friends and eat carbohydrates. Jesus.

DINO thrusts a \$10 bill into her hand.

DINO

Here...have a fuckin' salad.

DINO goes into the candy store, passing SLOPPY LOUIE, who's smoking a big cigar.

DINO

People think you can't get lung cancer from cigars, they're wrong.

68 INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

68

THERESA, an old lady in a black dress, behind the counter. DINO stops to buy a pack of mints from her, then goes through a curtain into:

69 INT. BACK OF CANDY STORE - DAY

69

A small room with three or four tables, an espresso machine. An OLD MAN at the espresso machine.

CARMINE and DOMINICK at a table, drinking espresso.

DINO walks in, sits down with them. He signals the OLD MAN for coffee.

The OLD MAN looks at CARMINE, who nods his approval.

The OLD MAN brings DINO coffee in a glass.

DINO takes a sip.

Waits.

CARMINE

I hear you been moving around, shaking a few hands.

DINO

I got a lot of friends. I been away a long time, I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. Good coffee.

CARMINE

I'm a generous guy, Dino. I got \$25,000, it's all yours.

DOMINICK hands CARMINE a wad of money and CARMINE hands it to DINO. DINO looks at the money.

DINO

Twenty-five thousand dollars.
(MORE)

DINO (cont.)
 (another sip of coffee)
 You're insulting me or you're joking.
 You're being a comedian, right?
 This is a joke --

He starts to laugh, stands up smiling, then with one swoop, knocks over the table. A loud crash.

Broken crockery. Coffee splattered here and there.

CARMINE stands now. Both men impassive. Two mastodons. CARMINE calmly and slowly brushes the coffee from his sleeve with a handkerchief. He looks at DINO.

CARMINE
 You're an impulsive guy, Dino.
 You were always an impulsive guy.
 (DINO heads towards the
 door, but CARMINE moves
 along with him)

He walks out.

70 EXT. MULBERRY STREET - DAY

70

Raining.

SLOPPY LOUIE comes to attention like a drill sergeant as CARMINE appears with DINO. Almost from nowhere he produces a large black umbrella which opens over CARMINE'S head with an audible CLICK.

CARMINE
 Guy opened his mouth, you popped
 him one, which is okay on the
 streets. You move into an office,
 you learn a little restraint.
 (threatening him now,
 but politely)
 You better watch out, Dino, it
 would upset me to see you get
 hurt.

DINO
 You're a diplomat, Carmine. You
 were always a diplomat.

70A 8MM VIDEOTAPE OF DINO STARTING TOWARD THE CAR AS CARMINE 70A
 WALKS AWAY. DINO LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO THE LENS OF THE
 SURVEILLANCE CAMERA AND TIPS HIS HAT.

OLIVIERI (VO)
It's quite clear that Dino is moving
in on Carmine Tarantino and is on
the verge of making a major move
on Tarantino's operation --

The lights go on and now we're in:

71 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

71

A large video machine. OLIVIERI, ALVIN DIAMOND and
FUSCO, PEARL and O'BRIEN, all three reporters with
notebooks.

OLIVIERI (cont.)
Alvin has made a chart of the
current structure of the Mafia in
the city of New York and you are
all welcome to a Xerox copy of it.

OLIVIERI stands to go, takes his overcoat.

OLIVIERI (cont.)
Now obviously we could arrest Dino
for associating with known criminals --

The REPORTERS stand to follow him. They grab the Xerox
copies from ALVIN and start out the door --

72 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

72

OLIVIERI, followed by the THREE REPORTERS, through the
lunch hour crush in the corridor --

FUSCO
Jesus, Richie, is that all you got?

OLIVIERI
(ignoring them)
-- but we prefer to watch him and
see what he'll do.

PEARL
Why are you doing this? Is this
guy really important?

FUSCO
He's doing it because he wants to
be governor --

O'BRIEN
He's doing it because he's got a
personal vendetta, let's face it.

PEARL

It's not personal, it's just
business -- right, Richie?

OLIVIERI steps into the elevator.

OLIVIERI

All business is personal.

HOLD ON OLIVIERI and his white mask as the elevator
closes.

73 EXT. NEW YORK CITY NEWSSTAND - DAY

73

WE CAN SEE the headlines of the three newspapers, side
by side:

ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: THE CHART OF
THE MAFIA, A PICTURE OF DINO, AND THE HEADLINE "OBSCURE
MOBSTER EMERGING AS MAFIA POWER."

THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY NEWS: "IS THIS THE NEW
GODFATHER?" AND THE CHART OF THE MAFIA AND A PICTURE OF
DINO CAPISCO.

THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK POST: THE CHART OF THE
MAFIA, A PICTURE OF DINO CAPISCO, AND THE HEADLINE "THE
CAPISCO CAPERS."

COOKIE'S at the newsstand with all three newspapers in
her arms. This is a newsstand like Gem Spa in the East
Village, with a lot of action on the street.

COOKIE

...and I'll have six packs of
Wrigley's Spearmint and an instant Lotto
ticket.

She pays and heads back to the limo parked by the curb.
She gets in and is about to drive off when a FUNKY-LOOKING
GUY leans in.

FUNKY GUY

Hey, Cookie, where you been,
haven't seen you around lately.

COOKIE

Some of us are in the work force
now. Some of us take life seriously.
Some of us are facing the big one,
21...Get in, I'll give you a ride.

74 EXT. MULBERRY STREET - NIGHT

74

As COOKIE gets out of the car. So does the FUNKY GUY and another STREET PUNK.

DINO waiting for COOKIE on the street. He gives her friends the once-over.

COOKIE

(attempting to introduce him)

This is my dad --

DINO looks coldly at Cookie's friends. One of them sticks out his hand for a handshake but pulls it back when DINO shows no sign of responding. They split. DINO and COOKIE start to walk down the street.

DINO

Nice. Nice friends.

COOKIE

You should talk. I suppose now that you're a celebrity, I'm supposed to hang around with debutantes --

DINO

Don't believe everything you read in the papers.

COOKIE

Well, why did they write it if it's not true?

DINO

Why? Because Olivieri is trying to set me up, so he calls in the Mafia Writers of America, they name me the Godfather, then when Olivieri busts me, he looks like a big shot.

COOKIE

And you're just gonna let him do that? You gotta have a plan.

DINO

My plan is I have a good lawyer.

They walk into:

75 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

75

A crowded restaurant. DINO and COOKIE make their way down the center aisle.

COOKIE

-- but they're gonna send you back to jail. After she waited all that time. You can't let them do that --

DINO

Shhh. I don't want to talk about it. And don't talk about it in front of your mother. She'll just get upset.

COOKIE

What if she asks a question?

DINO

Your mother don't ask questions.

LENORE is waiting for them at a table set for three. She's angry. DINO and COOKIE sit down.

LENORE

So. Is it true?

COOKIE looks over at DINO to see how he's going to handle this. DINO just picks up a breadstick and begins to butter it.

LENORE

(upset)

Oh, Dino...I thought you were going straight.

DINO

I am...eventually.

JOHNNY, the maitre d', appears suddenly at the table with a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket.

JOHNNY

With my compliments. It's an honor to have you here, Mr. Capisco.

He looks over his shoulder. And now we see that the restaurant is full of the WISEGUYS we've seen in the videotape -- PEPE, PINO, EDDIE THE SNAKE, MILK BOTTLE MONTEBELLO, TINY TUCCI, ANGELO ROSELLO, MIKEY ROSELLO.

DINO nods to them. They nod back. He lifts his champagne glass for a toast, and at their separate tables, they all lift their glasses.

76 INT. CARMINE'S OFFICE, RITZ MANUFACTURING - DAY 76

CARMINE polishing his shoes with his electric shoe polisher.

Hears some commotion in the outer office. He starts toward it.

77 INT. RITZ MANUFACTURING - DAY 77

ALL THE WOMEN at their sewing machines, looking confused.

THREE WISEGUYS we saw in the previous scene with DINO are walking down the rows of machines. ONE has a bullhorn.

WISEGUY #1

These premises are on strike.
Everybody out. Local #247 of the
Ladies Garment Workers IND has
called a strike against Ritz
Manufacturing as of now. Let's
go. Everybody out.

And now we see FOUR MORE WISEGUYS starting to hustle the LADIES, who are completely confused, away from their machines and toward the stairs and elevator. ONE OF THE WISEGUYS has picket signs and poles and puts them into the hands of the LADIES.

CARMINE'S WISEGUYS appear in the corridor and see this, but they're completely outnumbered. LOUIE starts to muscle in, but CARMINE appears behind him, restrains him.

CARMINE

What's going on? I got no problems
with the union.

WISEGUY #2

You got a beef, tell it to City
Hall...Outside, everybody out --

CARMINE goes over to a window and looks out.

78 EXT. RITZ MANUFACTURING - DAY 78

Down below he sees:

PICKETS in front of the building. RITZ MANUFACTURING
UNFAIR, etc. They're on Seventh Avenue.

WE PAN around the corner to 37th Street, where there's a row of Ritz Manufacturing delivery trucks parked under Absolutely No Parking signs. All four tires on each truck are flat.

WE SEE one of CARMINE'S DRIVERS on a pay phone on the corner.

TRUCK DRIVER

Somebody shot out the tires.

(beat)

No, all four of them. On all the trucks.

79 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT 79

THREE RITZ MANUFACTURING TRUCKS traveling in a convoy. They stop at a red light.

80 INT. RITZ TRUCK - NIGHT 80

One of the TRUCK DRIVERS stopped at the light.

Suddenly, a gun at his head.

VOICE

Get out of the truck.

81 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT 81

The TRUCK DRIVER gets out of the truck, and now WE SEE the two other trucks -- the same thing is happening to them.

82 INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 82

The THREE HIJACKED TRUCKS are being unloaded. Sweaters, dresses, furs -- lots of furs.

DINO is going through a rack of furs with several of the men who are now his WISEGUYS -- maybe LEONARDO, PATSY, NINO and PEPE. VITO walks through past COOKIE, who is resentfully sitting in a chair some distance away, reading a book: "Mafia Princess". VITO is carrying a fur coat out the door with him.

COOKIE

Who's that for?

VITO

My mother.

Is he telling the truth?

VITO goes on out the door. Now DINO and his pals come past. DINO is carrying two furs -- one a white fur stole, one a jazzy coat.

DINO
(to his friends)
Wait 'til the son of a bitch finds
out about this --
(he throws the furs
to COOKIE)
Take one and bring one home to your
mother.

COOKIE
Bring it yourself.

DINO
You know, you're turning into a
real pain in the ass.

COOKIE
What d'ya expect? Look who I got
for a role model.

83 EXT. NEW YORK CLUB - NIGHT

83

A HUGE CROWD of people waiting to get in, as usual.

VOICE
Celebrities...make way...

WE SEE COOKIE now, pushing her way through the crowd,
looking absolutely great in her new white fur stole.
PIA is scampering behind her.

It's the same GUY AT THE DOOR as the last time, but this
time he drops the rope and lets them in. COOKIE pulls a
twenty from her bra and tips him. A big shot.

She goes in, and for a split-second WE SEE VITO a distance
behind her.

84 INT. DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

84

A series of FAST SHOTS:

COOKIE, the center of attention, surrounded by friends
at the bar. A fast glimpse of VITO, watching from a
distance.

COOKIE dancing on the dance floor with this one and that one. She's wiggling around, using her white stole the way a stripper uses a scarf. She's great.

VITO standing across the dance floor, watching. COOKIE dances over to him, stands in front of him, moving suggestively.

COOKIE
You followed me here.
(beat)
Guess you can't stay away from me.

COOKIE pulls him onto the dance floor with her and they start to dance. They're great together. They're hot. She almost manages to kiss him, but he keeps just out of reach. They move together and apart, they swoop and swirl.

VITO
(moving in close)
I have something to tell you.

COOKIE
(excited)
What is it?

VITO
You're supposed to get the car
washed in the morning.

VITO turns and walks off the dance floor, leaving COOKIE alone and furious.

85 EXT. BAMONTE'S PARKING LOT - DAY 85

The newly washed and shining limousine in the parking lot.

86 INT. LIMO - DAY 86

COOKIE is in the back seat, watching "The Godfather" on the limo's VCR. She's got on her white fur stole, eating a salad.

The back of the car is a mess -- plastic salad bar containers, soda cans, magazines scattered about.

87 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BAMONTE'S - DAY 87

A Mercedes comes down the street.

88 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

88

SLOPPY LOUIE is driving CARMINE and DOMINICK.

CARMINE

Son of a bitch calls himself my friend and then he knifes me in the back.

DOMINICK

What are you going to do about it?

CARMINE

I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to see the son of a bitch. I just want to have a good meal.

89 EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO BAMONTE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

89

As CARMINE and SLOPPY LOUIE get out of the car. DOMINICK scurries after them toward the restaurant.

90 INT. BAMONTE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

90

As CARMINE and DOMINICK and SLOPPY LOUIE come in the door past the bar. CARMINE looks into the restaurant. A stunned look on his face.

What he sees:

An empty restaurant except for DINO at a banquette, eating a huge antipasto. There's a white napkin around his neck.

CARMINE

That's my table.

He looks at DINO, and now we see behind DINO, at the door to the kitchen, PINO and PEPE. They take a step forward.

SLOPPY LOUIE goes for his gun, but it's knocked from his hand from behind.

CARMINE turns around and WE SEE DINO'S WISEGUYS PATSY and NINO at the door behind him.

DINO

(friendly)

Sit down. There's another good table here. The joint is full of good tables.

All FOUR WISEGUYS take a step forward again.

CARMINE looks around.

Then he turns and walks through the TWO WISEGUYS at the door and out to the street, DOMINICK and LOUIE scurrying behind.

91 EXT. BAMONTE'S - DAY

91

DOMINICK, CARMINE and LOUIE get into their Mercedes, pull away.

91A INT. MERCEDES - DAY

91A

CARMINE
That stupid fuck is starting to
get on my nerves.

LOUIE looks at CARMINE. CARMINE nods at him.

92 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

92

COOKIE is still watching the TV in the back seat of the car. Marlon Brando among the tomato plants.

DINO walking jauntily across the parking lot, whistling "My Way". He opens the door to the back seat of the car and looks at COOKIE.

DINO
Drive. We're going back to
Manhattan.

COOKIE salutes him, starts to get out. DINO notices the back seat of the car.

DINO (cont.)
This car is a pigsty.

COOKIE
I just washed it --

DINO
You should keep a little garbage
bag in it for trash --

COOKIE angrily starts cleaning the back of the car, throwing the garbage onto the ground.

COOKIE
I was on line an hour and a half
at the car wash --

DINO
Don't throw it all over the
ground --

COOKIE still dumping the trash out of the car.

COOKIE
I mess up the car because I have
to eat in the car --

DINO
You're a driver, that's your job --

He picks up some of the trash, stamps over to a garbage
can, puts it in. His hands are all sticky now.

COOKIE gets into the driver's seat, starts the car, and
begins to reverse out of the parking space.

DINO gets into the moving car and slams the door.

93 INT. CAR

93

COOKIE
(angry, as she reverses
out)
You don't notice Carmine asking
Dominick to eat in the car --

DINO
Dominick goes into the restaurant
because of business --

COOKIE
(furious)
Dominick goes into the restaurant
because he's Carmine's son --

DINO
I never should have hired you, it
was a terrible idea. I only did
it because of your mother -- watch
the damn truck!

A garbage truck is approaching the entrance to the parking
lot.

COOKIE breaks abruptly to avoid it, throwing DINO a bit.

COOKIE
-- Don't even mention my mother.
You can't walk all over me the way
you walked all over her --

DINO
You want me to fire you?

COOKIE
Fire me. Go ahead. Fire me, go
get yourself a goddamn son --

COOKIE accelerates out of the lot and onto the street.

A GUNSHOT.

The rear window of the car SHATTERS.

COOKIE and DINO duck for cover. COOKIE peers up over the steering wheel and looks into the side view mirror.

In the mirror, she sees a car driven by a DRIVER, with SLOPPY LOUIE in the passenger seat, aiming a gun.

Another GUNSHOT.

COOKIE cuts the wheel hard to the left and makes a sharp turn, throwing DINO against the door.

94 EXT. STREET

94

COOKIE turns onto a two-way street under the elevated train.

LOUIE'S car bumps her from behind.

A SHOT rings out which blows one of the tires.

95 INT. CAR

95

The car is veering left and right. COOKIE is struggling with the steering wheel. DINO is helping her.

DINO
When this is over, you're not
driving anymore, capecce?

There's another SHOT and then a loud SIREN.

It sounds like the cavalry has finally arrived.

96 EXT. STREET

96

WE SEE two unmarked gray Chevrolets with FBI MEN in them bearing down.

LOUIE makes a sharp right turn and gets away.

CARMINE sits.

They look at each other.

CARMINE
So I hear you want to retire in
Sicily.

DINO
It's Cookie's idea. I don't know,
I guess it's a good idea. Lenore's
putting a lot of pressure on me.
(a long beat)
I'm tired, Carmine.
(he does look tired)

CARMINE
You and I are like brothers, Dino.
So we piss each other off.
(he shrugs)
It's time to stop. We're a couple
of old men, you and me, time to sit
in the shade of the olive tree and
watch the young people dance.

DINO
You're full of shit, Carmine.
CARMINE laughs his merry old soul laugh. DINO joins him.
CARMINE wipes his face with his handkerchief.

CARMINE
Here's how I look at it. You can
get stuck on the past if you want
to, which there's no future in --
(he laughs merrily)
-- or you can forget the fact that
you got screwed over when you were
away, and get in on the next good
thing.

HOLD a moment on DINO, thinking it over.

117 EXT. STREET, FISH MARKET

DINO and CARMINE walking through the early morning
activity on South Street.

CARMINE
There's a building site about a
mile down the boardwalk from the
(MORE)

CARMINE (cont.)

Silver Slipper. Maybe you heard about it? Some friends of Arnold's are going to put up a casino there, they've offered me a chance to invest.

DINO

How much?

CARMINE

I gotta come up with four million by Friday. I don't have that kind of cash at the moment. I need a partner. I'm willing to go half with you.

DINO

Sounds good.

(thinks about it for a minute)

How will I know if you've put up your half?

CARMINE

Arnold will tell you.

DINO

I don't trust Arnold...Who's taking your money down?

CARMINE

(shrugs)

I haven't thought about it.

DINO

Maybe Cookie and --

(beat)

Dominick. They go together...We could fly them down.

CARMINE

(impatient)

Fine. Whatever.

DINO thinks this over, decides against it.

DINO

Nah, I don't want Cookie flying in one of those little planes.

CARMINE

Look, I don't care how they get there.

DINO

They can go on the bus.

CARMINE

What bus?

DINO

One of those buses that takes the old people down. It would be hard to hold up a bus.

CARMINE

(exhausted with this)

Okay, a bus.

DINO

(changing his mind)

Not a bus.

CARMINE

I'm remembering what it was being partners with you. Every fucking thing was a negotiation.

DINO

What about a limo? One of Arnold's limos.

CARMINE

Whatever you want, Dino.

118 INT. ORNATE RESTAURANT - EVENING

118

CARMINE and DOMINICK are eating pasta.

CARMINE

He thinks somebody's going to try to stick him up on the way to delivery.

DOMINICK

Why don't we? It would be a lot simpler.

CARMINE

This is a lot simpler. You just get the money to Arnold, and then we kill Dino.

119 INT. LENORE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

119

LENORE, in a wrapper, is having her hair dyed by COOKIE. She's got it pulled back with one of those plastic things you wear. COOKIE is mixing the dye in a plastic bowl. A makeshift mirror propped up on the kitchen table.

LENORE
What about...Kitty?

COOKIE
If you have to change your name,
at least pick a good one.

LENORE
Roxanne.

COOKIE
I once knew a fat Roxanne.

LENORE
Genevieve!

COOKIE
It sounds like a nun.
(she's finished mixing
the dye and starts to
apply it to LENORE'S
head)
Now I'm going to write this down
for you. You just say equal parts
of Nordic Dawn and peroxide and
don't overlap.

LENORE
What if they can't do this where
I'm going?

COOKIE
You'll change your hair, it'll
help disguise you as an ordinary
person.

LENORE
It's so romantic. You wait twenty-
three years for a man to leave his
wife, and finally he's going to.

A pause. COOKIE goes on applying the stuff to LENORE'S
hair.

LENORE looks at COOKIE. A very loving look. Is she starting to cry?

COOKIE
Look. The good news is you get to live with Dino. The bad news is it's going to be tough arranging visits. We'll work it out.

LENORE nods. A little sniff.

A beat.

LENORE
What about Vanessa?

120 INT. MARKET DINER - DAY

120

COOKIE sitting in a booth by the window with DINO. She's making a tower out of sugar cubes.

DINO checks his watch.

COOKIE
There's something we gotta discuss --
(DINO looks up at her)
Where's my cut?

DINO
Your cut?

COOKIE
Yeah.

DINO
(considering this)
What were you thinking?

COOKIE
Fifteen percent.

DINO
Fifteen?

COOKIE
Look, I'm taking some risks here, too --

VITO appears suddenly at the table.

VITO
Time to go.

They look outside, see a silver stretch limo with the words "Silver Slipper Hotel and Casino" written on the door.

COOKIE stands up, tosses her head cockily.

DINO

Hey, big shot. I'm not sending you on this because you're so good. I'm sending you because you're a famous fuckup. It's a perfect cover...Ten percent.

COOKIE picks up her suitcase and a flat box with a ribbon on it.

COOKIE

Adios, muchachos.

121 EXT. MARKET DINER, ACROSS THE STREET - DAY 121

From POV of gray Chevrolet with TWO FBI MEN in it. They're drinking coffee from styrofoam containers, as COOKIE emerges from the diner.

122 EXT. MARKET DINER - DAY 122

COOKIE steps into the silver limousine.

123 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 123

A DRIVER and a BODYGUARD in the front seat. DOMINICK in the back, with a suitcase. He looks cold and unfriendly.

COOKIE

Be nice.

(beat)

I brought you a present.

She hands him the flat box with the ribbon.

124 INT. MARKET DINER - DAY 124

DINO, looking pensive, watches her pull away.

After a decent interval, the FEDS' Chevrolet follows.

Now, through the window, WE SEE an unmarked black van pull up.

VITO gets in, the black van follows the limousine.

HOLD ON DINO.

On the table is the tower of sugar cubes COOKIE was building. He takes a cube and sets it carefully on the top, finishing the structure.

125 INT. SILVER LIMOUSINE - DAY

125

A suitcase full of money. The BODYGUARD is counting it. He finishes one suitcase, slams it shut, opens the next and starts to count the money in it.

In the back seat, DOMINICK is putting on the new tie COOKIE has just given him.

COOKIE

Now that our fathers have made
peace, I think we should let
bygones be bygones...What d'ya say?

COOKIE smiles her most charming (and phony) smile.

126 EXT. ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY

126

As the silver limousine enters the Lincoln Tunnel.

A few car-lengths behind are the FEDS in the gray Chevy.

A few car-lengths behind them is the black van with VITO.

127 INT. BLACKSTAR GARAGE - DAY

127

DINO and ALVIN DIAMOND walk out onto the garage floor where all the cars are.

ALVIN

I want to go over what we'll be
doing.

(beat)

We're going to begin wiring the
car now.

WE SEE a TEAM OF THREE MEN who are demolitions experts.

ALVIN (cont.)

Later today -- assuming everything
goes okay with Cookie -- you will
be taken into protective custody.

(beat)

At ten o'clock tonight, the garage
will close. As soon as it's empty,

(MORE)

ALVIN (cont.)

Vinnie will lock up as usual and come to tell you --

(indicating the TEAM OF MEN)

-- that the place is cleared out and you can detonate the explosion. The car blows up, and tomorrow we announce to the press that you were killed.

(looking at DINO)

We're going to need something that's yours. Something that we can say survived the blast.

DINO holds up his hand. On his pinkie finger is a diamond ring.

ALVIN (cont.)

Something like that.

DINO nods. A long pause.

DINO

What'll you give me for it?

ALVIN

I'm not going to give you ten cents for it.

128 EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

128

The silver limo.

129 INT. LIMO - DAY

129

DOMINICK is wearing his new tie. COOKIE is now sitting closer to him, flirting.

COOKIE

You know, Dominick, you really are a much more sensitive person than I imagined.

DOMINICK

(flattered)

Yeah. Ya think so?

COOKIE

You should allow that side of yourself to come out more.

DOMINICK nods, thinks about it for a moment, then lunges at COOKIE.

DOMINICK
(trying to be sexy)
I'd like to lick every inch of your
body.
(he goes to kiss her)

COOKIE
Aww...shiit...ya banged my lip...

130 INT. BLACK VAN - DAY 130
VITO is on a car radio.

VITO
They're just passing Exit 40.

131 INT. TRUCK - DAY 131
A TRUCK DRIVER, who we recognize as one of DINO'S
wiseguys, on the radio with VITO.

TRUCK DRIVER
Gotcha.

132 EXT. REST STOP OFF TURNPIKE - DAY 132
As two large trucks with DINO'S MEN in them pull onto
the Turnpike.

133 INT. SILVER LIMOUSINE - DAY 133
DOMINICK and COOKIE grappling like teenagers in the back
seat, their bodies tangled and twisted up. DOMINICK is
in the throes of lust, but COOKIE'S eyes are wide open as
they roll around.

COOKIE
Ouch...now you're crushing my leg...

DOMINICK shifts slightly so he's no longer crushing
COOKIE'S leg.

WE SEE COOKIE glance out the window. Up ahead she spots
a sign: Atlantic City Expressway, 2 miles.

DOMINICK is trying to get his hands between her legs.

COOKIE
Hey! Get your hand outta there!

DOMINICK
 (moaning with lust)
 Oh God, oh God -- Baby -- Ooooh --
 Yeah.

(beat)
 What the hell is this?!

And now WE SEE he's found COOKIE'S BUG, a small tape recorder taped between her legs.

DOMINICK pulls it out and looks at it.

DOMINICK (cont.)
 You're wearing a wire. What the
 fuck do you think you're doing?
 (to the BODYGUARDS in
 the front seat)
 I don't believe it! The bitch is
 wired.

Then suddenly he turns around.

DOMINICK'S POV: A few car lengths behind, a gray Chevrolet.

DOMINICK (cont.)
 Christ! Feds.
 (to the DRIVER)
 Lose the gray Chevy.

134 EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

134

As the silver limousine starts to speed up.

The gray Chevrolet picks up speed, too.

The silver limousine is approaching an Exit from the Turnpike.

And now, suddenly, we notice the TWO LARGE TRUCKS on the road, just in front of the Feds.

135 INT. ONE OF THE TRUCKS - DAY

135

The TRUCK DRIVER nods at the other TRUCK DRIVER.

Then, carefully, the TWO TRUCKS COLLIDE, blocking all three lanes of the Turnpike. The back doors open and Jersey tomatoes go spilling down the highway.

VITO'S van just gets past them, but the gray Chevrolet is behind, and along with all the other cars on the road, it screeches to a halt.

And now we see the silver limousine speed off on the Exit ramp.

136 INT. SILVER LIMOUSINE - DAY

136

As it speeds onto the on ramp for the Atlantic City Expressway:

The DRIVER checks his rear view mirror.

DRIVER
(with relief)
We lost them.

And now suddenly WE HEAR SIRENS.

The DRIVER looks into the rear view mirror again.

DRIVER (cont.)
Cops.

WE can SEE TWO POLICE CARS in pursuit.

DOMINICK
Lose 'em.

DRIVER
Lose 'em? These are cops.

DOMINICK
So were the others.

DRIVER
These guys could take away my
chauffeur's license.

The DRIVER starts to pull over.

He comes to a stop on the right shoulder.

137 EXT. EXPRESSWAY

137

ONE POLICE CAR parks in front, SECOND POLICE CAR parks behind.

A STATE TROOPER gets out of the car in front and starts toward the silver limousine.

DOMINICK twists COOKIE'S arm back.

DOMINICK
(to COOKIE)
You say one word and you're dead.

COP
License and registration.

The DRIVER reaches into his pocket for his wallet, when suddenly the back doors of the limousine are opened.

FOUR STATE TROOPERS with guns.

STATE TROOPER
Don't move --

They reach in and grab the two suitcases.

Slam the door.

COOKIE goes for the door.

138 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESSWAY

138

As COOKIE bursts out of the silver limousine and runs toward the police car parked in front of them.

COOKIE
Stop thief --
(turns to the DRIVER)
Stop them --

The STATE TROOPERS speed off.

DOMINICK gets out of the car and runs after COOKIE. She loses one of her high heels, so she's hobbling on one heel.

DOMINICK
Get back here, you bitch --

COOKIE
How could you let them do that?
You just let them do that?

DOMINICK
You set this whole thing up --

DOMINICK grabs her, holds her tightly. She's slapping at him.

COOKIE

Like hell I did -- they just stole
my father's money --

DOMINICK

Don't give me that shit, those
cops were working for you --

COOKIE

(still kicking and
screaming)

That makes a lot of sense, that
really makes a lot of sense! I
wear a wire so I can record my own
stickup, that's really logical!
What are you, nuts?

DOMINICK is thinking about this -- she's right, it isn't
really logical --

COOKIE (cont.)

How do you know they were my father's
cops, they could have been your
father's cops!

The DRIVER and the BODYGUARD split the two of them up
and the BODYGUARD starts carrying COOKIE back to the car.
She's kicking and still shouting at DOMINICK.

COOKIE (cont.)

I hated you the first time I ever
set eyes on you --

TRAFFIC passes by slowly, rubbernecking.

LADY IN TRAFFIC

You tell him, honey.

139 EXT. EXPRESSWAY

139

A few minutes later.

DOMINICK is standing in the marshland that borders the
Expressway, talking into a cellular phone.

In the limo, about 50 feet away, COOKIE is sitting in
the front seat, between the DRIVER and the BODYGUARD.

DOMINICK

(into phone)

It seems like there were some
unforeseen complications during
the final stages of the procedure.

140 INT. CARMINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

140

CARMINE on phone. And CUT BACK AND FORTH.

CARMINE
Speak English, Dominick.

DOMINICK
Somebody held us up on the way
down.

CARMINE
Somebody held you up on the way
down?
(bellowing)
Who?

DOMINICK
I dunno, Dad. I figured it was...y'know...
part of your plan.

CARMINE
What're you, stupid? Somebody held
you up? Stupid! Somebody struck
my plant. Somebody hijacked my
trucks. Somebody took my table.
Somebody shot Louie. Where's the
girl?

DOMINICK
She's with me, we're on the road
ten miles from Atlantic City.

CARMINE
Get her to Arnold. Don't let her
outta your sight.

DOMINICK
Dad, there's one more thing.
(beat)
She was wired.
(beat, silence at the
other end)
Dad?

141 INT. ARNOLD ROSS' OFFICE - DAY

141

ARNOLD is on the phone and COOKIE is pushed into the room
by DOMINICK.

ARNOLD hangs up. He stands and walks over to DOMINICK.

ARNOLD
(to DOMINICK)
You fucked up everything.
(he smacks the side of
DOMINICK'S head)

DOMINICK
Me?

ARNOLD
Your father just called me, I told
him he sent a boy to do a man's
job --

DOMINICK
What did I do?

ARNOLD
We were set up, okay? Dino set us
up.

COOKIE
Arnold? What are you doing?

ARNOLD
Give me the wire.

DOMINICK gulps, reaches into his pocket, hands ARNOLD the
tiny tape recorder.

ARNOLD smacks DOMINICK again.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Get out of here. Your father knows
we're holding Cookie hostage until
he gets his money back. Now get
out. Go home.

COOKIE looks terrified.

DOMINICK backs out of the room.

HOLD ON COOKIE, looking terrified.

142 INT. BLACKSTAR LIMOUSINE - DUSK

142

DINO is just staring stony-faced at ALVIN DIAMOND, who
is leaning against the wall, furious.

A stalemate.

RICHARD OLIVIERI arrives with HENRY SOLOMON.

OLIVIERI
Everything set?

DIAMOND shakes his head "no".

OLIVIERI (cont.)
What's going on?

DIAMOND
He won't give us the ring.

DINO
It's a \$5,000 ring.

DIAMOND
(explaining to SOLOMON)
We need the ring for the explosion.

HENRY
Dino, they need the ring.

DINO
Then they have to pay for the ring.

DIAMOND
Yeah, well, I don't happen to have
five thousand dollars on me --

OLIVIERI
-- Listen, we already paid you for
the car, the insurance covers the
garage --

DINO
I'm calling it off, Henry.

HENRY
Just a minute, Dino, sit down.
Let me work this out --

HENRY gestures for OLIVIERI to join him over in the
corner of the garage.

HENRY
(sotto voce)
It's a symbol, Richie. He's giving
up his whole life, for God's sake,
give the guy a break. Otherwise,
I promise you, he's going right out
the door.

OLIVIERI nods to ALVIN to come over and join the huddle.

OLIVIERI
(to ALVIN)
How much cash do you have on you?

ALVIN
Are you crazy?

OLIVIERI
It's a symbol, you meathead.

ALVIN DIAMOND digs into his pocket, gives his cash to OLIVIERI, who's already got his out.

OLIVIERI walks over and gives the bills to DINO, who counts out the money.

DINO
I'm 55 years old, I got to start my life over, and you give me three hundred and twenty bucks for a \$5,000 diamond ring.

DINO walks into the office at the garage, shuts the door behind him.

He sits down at the desk.

He checks his watch.

The phone rings.

DINO picks it up.

And CUT BACK AND FORTH between CARMINE on the phone in his living room, and DINO.

143 INT. CARMINE'S LIVING ROOM

143

CARMINE
We've got your daughter. Arnold's holding her until you and me can work things out.

DINO
Meet me at 10:00 tonight. At the garage. Come alone.

DINO hangs up. Now he dials another number. WE HEAR it ringing.

DINO (cont.)
 He went for it.
 (a smile here)
 We got the fuck.

144 INT. ARNOLD'S OFFICE

144

ARNOLD hangs up the phone and breaks into a slow grin.

ARNOLD
 We got the fuck.

WE NOW REVEAL the other people in the room with ARNOLD --
 COOKIE, VITO and the FOUR STATE TROOPERS, who are clearly
 not state troopers at all. WE also SEE both suitcases.

COOKIE jumps up and down for joy. Shakes hands with
 ARNOLD and the STATE TROOPERS.

She looks at VITO, then looks away. But he comes up now
 and kisses her. A good one. Their first real kiss. A
 funny, sexy, wild kiss (maybe reminiscent of DINO and
 LENORE).

145 INT. OFFICE AT BLACKSTAR GARAGE - DUSK

145

DINO stands up. Puts on his hat and coat. Goes out the
 door.

WE FOLLOW HIM to:

146 EXT. BLACKSTAR GARAGE - DUSK

146

TWO FEDERAL AGENTS are waiting in an unmarked beige car.
 DINO gets in and the car drives away.

147 INT. OLIVIERI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

147

The clock on the wall says that it's nearly 9:30.

OLIVIERI is pacing back and forth, agitated. In the room
 with him are the TWO FEDS who were following COOKIE.

OLIVIERI
 (trying to control himself)
 Tell me again, how do you lose a
 silver stretch limo, in broad daylight,
 on the Garden State Parkway.

FED #1
 (embarrassed)
 I don't know, we were right behind
 them and suddenly there was this
 accident --

OLIVIERI
 (apoplectic)
 You're on a simple tail! You're
 tailing a girl, for Christ's sake,
 and you lost her. I don't believe
 this --

FED #2
 It wasn't our fault --

OLIVIERI
 (muttering to himself)
 ...and it's not your fault.

OLIVIERI shakes his head in disgust and pops a Tums.
 Checks his watch again.

The door opens.

ALVIN bursts in, out of breath. He's holding the tape.

ALVIN
 It's here.

ALVIN hands him the tape.

OLIVIERI
 This better be good, or the whole
 deal's off.

OLIVIERI puts it into a machine, presses the Play button.

HOLD on the FOUR MEN waiting.

HOLD on OLIVIERI and ALVIN.

And now WE HEAR what's on the tape: groans, grunts...
 oohh, baby. It's COOKIE and DOMINICK'S encounter in the
 back seat of the limo.

COOKIE'S VOICE (VO)
 Ouch, Dominick, God, you're hurting
 my shoe --

MOVE IN ON OLIVIERI'S outraged face.

148 EXT. STREET NEAR BLACKSTAR GARAGE - NIGHT

148

WE can HEAR the crackling static of the POLICE RADIO in
 an unmarked car.

RADIO (VO)
Car Four, do you read me?

PERSON IN CAR FOUR
Roger, loud and clear.

149 INT. OLIVIERI'S OFFICE

149

OLIVIERI
(talking into a radio)
This is Olivieri. Do not proceed.
The deal's off. Please confirm.

150 INT. UNMARKED CAR

150

And now WE SEE that the person in the car is VITO.

VITO
Confirming, the deal is off. Over
and out.

VITO disconnects the radio, gets out of the car, and
walks around the corner to the garage.

151 EXT. GARAGE

151

VINNIE at the door of the garage.

VITO nods at him.

VINNIE walks into the office in the garage. There are
TWO FEDS, watching sports on TV.

VINNIE
It's time.

WE can SEE the clock. It's ten minutes to ten. The TWO
FEDS stand to walk out.

152 EXT. STREET BEHIND FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

152

As OLIVIERI, DIAMOND and the TWO FEDS get into the gray
Chevrolet and peel off.

153 EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

153

A car pulls up in front.

A MAN gets out. He's wearing an overcoat and hat.

We're duplicating the opening of the movie here, only now
we want to see that the man is CARMINE TARANTINO.

He leans into the car. One of CARMINE'S WISEGUYS in the front seat, loading a gun.

CARMINE
When I come out with the money,
you go in.
(beat)
Don't be nice.

The WISEGUY nods.

The car pulls away.

154 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

154

VINNIE lets CARMINE into the garage.

CARMINE starts toward the back of the garage. WE can HEAR the haunting sound of OPERA MUSIC.

155 EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

155

VINNIE goes around the corner and over to TWO FEDS in the unmarked car.

VINNIE
All clear.

156 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

156

CARMINE sees the white stretch limousine the opera music is coming from.

157 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

157

As OLIVIERI'S car comes careening around a corner.

158 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

158

CARMINE opens the door to the limousine, starts to step in.

159 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

159

The TWO FEDS press a remote-controlled detonator.

160 EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

160

As OLIVIERI'S car pulls up, OLIVIERI bursts out of it.

BANG

The side of the garage blows off.

HOLD ON the explosion, then

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

161 INT. BLACKSTAR GARAGE - DAY 161

ALVIN DIAMOND standing nearby as POLICE poke through the wreckage of the car.

A COP comes over to him, hands him a diamond pinkie ring.

DIAMOND pales as the COP walks away.

DIAMOND reaches into his pocket, takes out DINO'S pinkie ring. He stares at the two pinkie rings.

DIAMOND
Oh shit. Oh shit.

162 INT. OLIVIERI'S OFFICE - DAY 162

U.S. ATTORNEY OLIVIERI on the phone, apparently with DIAMOND.

OLIVIERI
What do you mean, a body has been
found in the car? Whose body?

163 EXT. ARMY BARRACKS - DAY 163

As a car pulls up. OLIVIERI gets out. He's furious.

164 INT. ARMY BARRACKS - DAY 164

Waiting in a small office are DINO, COOKIE and HENRY SOLOMON.

OLIVIERI
(pointing his finger at
DINO as he talks)
That's it. Goodbye. We had a deal.
Don't deals mean anything to you?
What the hell did you do?

COOKIE
Stop pointing, Richie, you shouldn't
point so much when you talk. Now
sit down. Sit!

OLIVIERI does.

COOKIE sits on the edge of the desk, sexily dangling her legs.

COOKIE (cont.)

I been thinking about all this, and what I think is we should just go ahead the way we planned -- except for the part about putting me in the Federal Witness Program, because if you do that I'll have to tell people how the U.S. Attorney and the FBI killed Carmine Tarantino.

(looking at DINO and HENRY)

Did I say that right?

DINO and HENRY SOLOMON nod.

COOKIE (cont.)

So you'll send Dino to a safe place, you'll give him a new name and some money to live on, we'll have the funeral, and you'll announce that you're looking for Carmine as a suspect in Dino's death, and so forth --

OLIVIERI, SOLOMON, and DINO looking at her --

COOKIE (cont.)

-- and that way, we'll be straight with each other, we can get on with our respective lives, and if you run for Governor or something, you won't have to worry about me telling anybody what happened --

165 EXT. GOVERNORS ISLAND HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

165

COOKIE hugging LENORE. LENORE is dressed more conservatively than we have ever seen her -- the bleached blonde hair is now an ash brown -- it's her idea of Middle America. She's carrying the parrot in a cage.

COOKIE

You look great, Mom -- totally normal.

LENORE sniffles and wipes her nose with a hankie.

COOKIE (cont.)

I want you to know, I am really not going to miss your crying.

LENORE

And I am really not going to miss
your fresh mouth.

LENORE gives COOKIE a kiss, turns to walk to the helicopter that's waiting. Piled next to it is a stack of phony knockoff Louis Vuitton luggage.

COOKIE turns to DINO. DINO's carrying the suitcase with the money.

They look at each other.

DINO

I owe you one.

COOKIE waits for him to hug her. He doesn't.

DINO (cont.)

Take care of yourself, okay?

COOKIE nods.

DINO nods.

DINO turns, starts toward the plane.

Then he stops, puts down the suitcase, turns back to her, opening his arms.

COOKIE runs towards him.

Big hug.

A tear is rolling down COOKIE'S face.

The hug ends. He looks at her.

DINO (cont.)

Beginner's luck.

Both of them smile.

DINO starts toward the plane, but turns again.

DINO (cont.)

Cookie?

COOKIE

What?

DINO
You gonna take care of your money?

COOKIE
Yeah. Sure. Vito and Vinnie are
gonna help me invest it.

DINO
In what?

COOKIE
...Municipal bonds.

DINO looks at her. Is she telling the truth or not?

DINO
You are going straight, aren't you?

COOKIE
(a look of total innocence)
Sure, Dad.

Then DINO smiles and starts to walk away.

COOKIE
Hey! Hold it!

COOKIE reaches into her purse; pulls out her pink Instamatic, and hands it to HENRY SOLOMON.

She runs next to DINO and gestures for LENORE to join them.
CLICK.

FREEZE FRAME on a slightly off-center photo of the three
of them, smiling into the camera.

A family...sort of.

And now WE HEAR the thunkathunkathunka of the synthesizer,
COOKIE music.

As WE SEE:

A SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

166 INT. COOKIE AND LENORE'S APARTMENT

166

COOKIE putting on mascara.

COOKIE putting on black lace stockings.

COOKIE wiggling into the little black dress.

COOKIE slipping on the little black shoes with the skinny black heels.

COOKIE tucking the little black lacy hanky into her bosom.

COOKIE putting on the little black hat with the little black veil. The hat is resting on a small suitcase stuffed with cash.

COOKIE dressed and ready to go. She goes over to the bed and looks down. There WE SEE VITO, asleep, curled up in the sheets. She lifts her veil and gives him a kiss.

Thunkathunkathunk...

167 INT. HALLWAY

167

And now COOKIE goes down the apartment hall in her little black get-up, sashaying her fanny all the way down the stairs, VITO behind her, goofing around. He pinches her ass --

168 EXT. STREET - DAY

168

And into the limousine that's taking them to:

169 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

169

THE SAME FUNERAL WE WERE AT BEFORE

ONLY THIS TIME it's a rock and roll funeral -- the police helicopter flutters overhead, and the PRIEST goes blah blah blah, and COOKIE dabs at her eyes --

And THIS TIME WE SEE SOME PEOPLE at the funeral we didn't see last time -- primarily, WE SEE BUNNY, the grieving widow, maybe she even has a little dog with her with a little black ribbon around its neck, and the truth is that BUNNY is the person the PHOTOGRAPHERS are shooting pictures of most of the time --

And WE ALSO SEE ENZO DELLA TESTA, the white-haired God-father we saw earlier, the man who is the main reason there are so many Feds at the funeral --

PRIEST

Eternal rest grant to him, oh Lord --

MOURNERS

-- and let perpetual light shine upon him --

170 INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE - DAY

170

DINO and LENORE in front of a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE somewhere in America. They are both dressed like out-of-towners.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Do you, William, take Vanessa to
love and to cherish, from this day
forward, until death shall part
you --

DINO
Sure I do.

171 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

171

Same as before.

PRIEST
May he rest in peace.

MOURNERS
Amen.

172 INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE - DAY

172

Same as before.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Do you, Vanessa, take William to
love and to cherish from this day
forward, until death shall part
you --

LENORE
I do.

173 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

173

Same as before.

PRIEST
May his soul and the souls of all
the faithful departed through the
mercy of God rest in peace --

MOURNERS
Amen.

174 INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE - DAY

174

Same as before.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
By the authority granted to me by
the state of Minnesota, I now
pronounce you man and wife.

DINO kisses LENORE. A wonderful kiss.

Frank Sinatra sings the last verse of "When I Was Seven-
teen, It Was a Very Good Year" -- "And now the days are
long," etc.

175 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

Same as before.

175

It starts to rain.

Suddenly WE HEAR a CLICK.

An umbrella has opened over COOKIE. One of DINO'S WISEGUYS
is holding it over her.

And another CLICK.

An umbrella has opened over the Godfather, ENZO DELLA TESTA.
COOKIE turns to look at him. He gives her a respectful
nod. She nods at him.

BUNNY looks properly widow-like and COOKIE dabs at her
eyes and VITO and VINNIE practically have to hold her up,
and then COOKIE straightens up and not-since-Jackie-
Kennedy, and she throws the rose, and the synthesizer
continues to thunk --

And now COOKIE starts to leave the gravesite, and WE HOLD
on her proud, tear-stained face, only this time WE SEE,
for just a split second, the triumphant look of victory.

And we -- FREEZE

END CREDITS ROLL