

ABC MOTION PICTURES

PRIZZI'S HONOR

Story and Screenplay

by

RICHARD CONDON and JANET ROACH

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Rev. Oct. 1, 1984

Director: John Huston

Producer: John Foreman

"But dreadful is the mysterious
power of fate; there is no deliverance
from it by wealth or by war, by fenced
city; by dark, sea-beaten ships."

Chorus, ANTIGONE

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

(BEFORE CREDITS)

A1 TWO MEN STAND TOGETHER IN A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR LOOKING A1
THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW OF A HOSPITAL NURSERY.

DON CORRADO

(putting arm around ANGELO
PARTANNA, as they look
down into bassinet at
the infant)

You son has lost his mother but
he has gained another father.
I am his father now, with you.
I will be as one with you in
protecting his future.

DISSOLVE TO:

* B1 LITTLE CHARLEY PARTANNA, age 10 or so, sits at the foot B1*
of a gaily decorated Christmas tree. Wrappings and
ribbons are strewn around him, as are the presents he
has already unwrapped: roller skates, a knit scarf,
a Parchesi board, books, a kite, etc. As we watch,
he unwraps a somewhat smaller package. In it he finds
a small, elegant set of brass knuckles, which he
immediately slips onto his hand.

LITTLE CHARLEY

(beaming with great delight)

Oh, boy!

He smacks the brass knuckles into his other palm.

* C1 Omit C1*

* D1 Omit D1*

E1 INT. LARGE BASEMENT ROOM - HOMESTATE LAUNDRY - E1
NIGHT

About 40 men sit around a long laundry sorting table.
Three bare light bulbs hang down above the table, forming
heavy shadows around the eyes and jowls of the silent
men, making them even grimmer than they are.

(CONTINUED)

B1*

E1 CONTINUED:

E1

A slight, short man, DON CORRADO PRIZZI, in his middle-fifties, stands at the end of the table nearest the door.

F1 INT. LARGE BASEMENT ROOM - ANGLE ON ANGELO'S ENTRANCE F1
WITH YOUNG MAN - NIGHT

DON CORRADO raises his hand.

DON

Everybody up.

The 40 men, scraping chairs, get to their feet.

ANGELO moves the YOUNG MAN forward to the end of the table.

DON

We are here tonight to make a
new member -- Charley Partanna.
I, myself, am his sponsor.

DON CORRADO, with heavy solemnity, drives a dagger into the wooden table and holds its hilt.

DON CORRADO places a large revolver at the base of the upright dagger.

DON

Charley, know that you enter
our companionship alive and you
go out dead. You will live
and die by the gun and the knife.
Take my hand upon the knife.

CHARLEY reaches across the table and puts his hand over the Don's.

DON

Does the fratellanza come before
anything else in your life?

CHARLEY

Yes.

DON

Before family? Before country?
Before God?

CHARLEY

Yes.

DON

Do you swear it?

(CONTINUED)

F1 CONTINUED:

F1

CHARLEY

I swear it.

DON

There are two laws of the brotherhood which must become part of you. First, you must obey your superiors, to death if necessary, without question, because it will be for the good of the brotherhood. Do you swear it?

CHARLEY

I swear it.

DON

You must never betray any secret of our common cause nor seek any other comfort, be it from church or from government, than the strength, protection, and comfort of this fratellanza. Do you swear it?

CHARLEY

I swear it.

DON

Violation of these oaths will mean your instant death without trial or warning. Raise the first finger of your right hand.

CHARLEY raises the finger. ANGELO pricks it with a straight pin.

G1 CLOSE ON FINGER: A tear of blood appears.

G1

DON CORRADO

This drop of blood symbolizes your birth into our family. We are one until death.

H1 He reaches up to embrace CHARLEY.

H1

DON CORRADO

As we protect you, so must you protect Prizzi honor. Do you swear it?

(CONTINUED)

D1*

H1 CONTINUED:

H1

CHARLEY

I swear it before God.

He kisses the DON. He starts around the circle of men,
kissing and embracing each.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

END MAIN TITLES.

FADE IN:

1. INT. CHURCH OF SANTA GRAZIA DI TRAGHETO (BROOKLYN) - DAY 1

The Bride and Groom are at the altar, where a Bishop wafts incense at them from a golden censer. A single, beautiful soprano VOICE SINGS in Italian from the choir loft:

2. INT. CHURCH - DAY 2

In the first pew of the church, right side, sit a row of flower girls and bridesmaids, all resembling Botticelli angels. Immediately behind them is DON CORRADO PRIZZI, 84. He seems to be asleep, but every few minutes his small, sharp eyes open -- as merry as ice cubes; he reads from an ancient, leather-bound missal, then seems to sleep again. Beside him sits his eldest son, DOMINIC, a heavy, cubical man, like a statue made from lasagne. Beside Dominic is his brother, EDUARDO, silver * hair in high, teased waves, wearing a business suit by Cifonelli (Roma). All the other men in the first four pews wear dinner jackets. Directly behind Don Corrado sits ANGELO PARTANNA, his consigliere, a scrawny, bald and relentlessly dapper man in his mid-70's. Beside him are seated three capo regimes, two executive assistants to Eduardo Prizzi and their wives. Every pew behind Angelo is filled.

3. INT. CHURCH - DAY 3

Also on the right side of the church, behind visiting heads of families and their wives, key aunts, and the sotto-capo, sit an honor guard made up entirely of several hundred men, invited soldiers of the Prizzi family. Nearly all of them wear tuxes.

4. INT. CHURCH - DAY 4

CHARLEY PARTANNA, Angelo's son, sotto capo of the Prizzi family, sits on the right side of the church in the fifth row, just behind AMALIA SESTERO. Amalia, a corsage on her shoulder and a happy smile on her face, is the Don's daughter and aunt to the bride. Both Charley and Amalia are surrounded by cousins and high-ranking soldiers. It is clear that dinner clothes are not Charley's usual attire. He scans the crowd restlessly, his glance stopping suddenly when he spots IRENE WALKER.

5 INT. CHURCH - DAY

5

Irene Walker sits in the upper tier of the church, as reposeful as a swan. Around her are ranged the special guests of the day: The Papal Nuncio, superstars of screen and opera, bag men from the chief inspector's squad and -- in uniform -- the Police Commissioner's squad of the Brooklyn Police Department.

6 INT. CHURCH - DAY

6

Two rows behind Charley, MAEROSE PRIZZI watches him as he stares transfixed. She observes the object of his attention and frowns. Maerose is seated among other family women, all of whom are dressed appropriately for the occasion, i.e., in black. Maerose is far more colorful; she is dramatic, stylish, flamboyant -- in lengths of silk, eye-catching jewelry and important hat.

7 INT. CHURCH - DAY

7

Charley looks around to see if others are also smitten by Irene. Then his eyes return to her. He is blind to the ceremony, deaf to the Bishop's chanting, mute as the rest of the congregation makes the required responses.

8 INT. CHURCH - DAY

8

The nuptial mass is over. Joyous ORGAN MUSIC RESOUNDS. Charley, even before the Bride and Groom pass down the aisle, bolts for the vestibule, which is filled with photographers.

9 INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE - DAY

9

A PHOTOGRAPHER is snapping away, totally concentrated on the recessional parade of assembled notables, of whom many are in clerical or police garb. Charley grabs his elbow just as he is shooting, ruining the shot.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey, fella! Watch it!

CHARLEY

(pointing back into the nave)
See that girl up there? The blonde?
In the green dress, with the gloves?

PHOTOGRAPHER

(turning back to his work)
Look, pal, I'd like to help you out,
but I'm supposed to shoot just the
notables -- you know: the bishops,
congressmen. Like that.

A 2ND PHOTOGRAPHER has overheard this exchange. He interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER

You want something, Mr. Partanna?
What can I do for you?

Charley still has his eyes on Irene, who -- with others
seated in the balcony -- has begun to leave the church.

CHARLEY

(near mad with hurry,
pointing)

I want some shots of that blonde!
See? In the purple dress!

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER

You got it, Mr. Partanna. My
pleasure!

Charley shakes his hand, presses a bill on him and rushes
out into the church garden, where the crowd is now
gathering. The photographers, too, are moving into the
garden. The first turns to his nearest colleague.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Don't tell me that was Charley
Partanna.

The colleague nods.

10 EXT. SANTA GRAZIA'S CHURCH - DAY

10

the bride, groom and wedding party emerge into the bright
light of mid-day, closely followed by parents and guests.
The women are teary, the men ill-at-ease. All gape at
the wedding party, which is assembling in the church
garden for the obligatory photographs. ORGAN MUSIC con-
tinues to be heard in the background. The Don is escorted
to the scene. He stands between the bride and groom to
have his picture taken. He is a head shorter than the
groom, who is a head shorter than his bride.

Other members of the family join in, too -- calling out
to the groom, oohing and aahing at the bride, greeting
each other. Maerose watches from a distance. Everyone
else either takes or poses for pictures.

Eventually, the bride and groom and wedding party are
escorted to limousines. They pull away, HORNS TOOTING.

11 EXT. SANTA GRAZIA'S CHURCH - DAY

11

Charley is surrounded by the exiting crowd. Traffic is
jammed. Charley goes to a police squad car and leans
in the window.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CHARLEY

Hey! Gimme a ride over to the reception, will ya? It's worth a haffa dozen veal steaks on the Prizzi meat company.

VOICE FROM THE CAR

You got it, Charley! Jump in!

*12 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION (BROOKLYN HOTEL) - DAY

12*

The BRIDE and GROOM at the head table, are receiving congratulations and the gifts of money (in envelopes) from the line of guests approaching their table.

At the nearest table sit the DON, EDUARDO, AMALIA and the officiating BISHOP as well as other honored guests. DOMINIC is glad-handing around the reception hall.

As guests drop their envelopes in the BRIDE's satin sack, MUSIC begins and couples rise to dance.

*13 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

13*

The DON, on the arm of his son EDUARDO, totters off toward the stage behind the bridal party.

*14 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

14*

MAEROSE, seeing that AMALIA is nearly alone at her table, approaches and greets her aunt.

MAEROSE

Hello, Aunt Amalia, Look who's here. It's me, the black sheep.

She bends to kiss Amalia on both cheeks.

MAEROSE

(continuing; gamely)

Poppa actually invited me to my own sister's wedding. Imagine that! He must be getting soft in his old age.

AMALIA

Maerose! Mi carissima figliola!
Let me look at you!

Maerose steps back, does a gay pirouette and an exaggerated curtsy.

MAEROSE

So, Aunt Amalia, what d'ya think?

14 CONTINUED

14

She whirls around once again, this time not quite so gaily.

Amalia shakes her head, still smiling indulgently.

AMALIA

Such a one, you are! Always making a show of yourself!

MAEROSE

C'mon, Aunt Amalia, I've got a reputation to live up to. I'm the family scandal. Everybody'd be disappointed if I stopped.

Amalia sighs, takes Maerose's hand in both of hers.

AMALIA

Have you paid your respects to your father yet?

MAEROSE

(frowning)

Do I have to?

AMALIA

Sure you have to!

She looks sharply at Maerose, then softens. She closes the sack in her lap, beckons another ample Italian lady in black and turns the sack over to her.

AMALIA

(continuing)

Come. We'll go together.

Amalia takes Maerose's hand. Together they move through the crowd. Guests are elaborately respectful and warm to Amalia, apparently unaware of Maerose. A few women, though, furtively squeeze her free hand.

*15 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

15*

Charley peers through the crowd anxiously, then spots Irene at a table on the groom's side of the hall. He makes a bee-line for her, and seats himself right at her side.

CHARLEY

Some spread, huh?

He stares at her as if he'd never seen anything like her. She smiles neutrally in return. The bride and groom are nearby, accepting congratulations from the crowd around them. There is much hugging and laughter.

15 CONTINUED

15

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Have I seen you before? I'm sure
I'd remember! I mean, maybe you
went to Marymount with the bride
or something. How could I miss
you?!

Irene smiles more broadly.

IRENE

And you are?

CHARLEY

Charley Partanna. Pleased to meet
you!

Irene stiffens at the sound of his name. Charley
reaches out to shake her hand enthusiastically. He is
oblivious to her cool demeanor.

CHARLEY

* How about we dance? *

IRENE

* Lovely idea. *

* They step onto the dance floor. In the background,
the obliging 2nd Photographer is steadily taking
pictures of Irene and Charley. Charley grabs two
glasses of champagne from a passing waiter and hands
one of them to Irene. He raises his glass to her. *

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHARLEY

Here's to you, Miss...

As he realizes he doesn't know Irene's name, a SMALL BOY approaches.

SMALL BOY

Phone call, lady.

CHARLEY

Phone call?

Irene smiles at Charley, hands him her champagne glass.

IRENE

I'll be right back.

Charley watches as the Boy and Irene disappear into the crowd.

Maerose, in passing, notices Charley's attempts at intimacy with Irene... and the Photographer, who is snapping away.

16 INT. RECEPTION - DAY

16

*

Maerose and Amalia approach Dominic whose back is turned. At the last moment, Amalia gives Maerose a little push forward, then stands just behind her shoulder.

*

MAEROSE

Hello, Poppa.

Vincent turns, takes in the outfit and ignores her. After a few seconds of hostile silence...

AMALIA

*

Dominic, Dominic. She's still your daughter. She came to pay her respects. Speak to her!

*

*

DOMINIC

*

(speaking only to
Amalia)

Then how come she ain't dressed right? She's so respectful, how come she shows up at a family wedding dressed like a puta?

He turns his back to her.

Amalia flinches.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MAEROSE
(now totally defiant)
Don't worry, Aunt Amalia. It
isn't the end of the world.

17 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

17

Maerose moves away from the crowd, looking as if for an exit or a ladies' room. She bumps into Charley Partanna, who is standing ox-like, waiting for Irene to return. He still holds the two glasses of champagne.

MAEROSE
(letting off steam)
Hello, Charley.

Charley is scanning the crowd for Irene. It takes him a moment to tune in.

CHARLEY
Oh, hi, Maerose.

Maerose takes one of the glasses of champagne and drinks it down, startling Charley into full attention.

CHARLEY
(continuing)
How are ya, Mae?

MAEROSE
(smiling brightly)
Fine, Charley. Just fine. And
you?

CHARLEY
Oh, I'm fine, too.

There's an awkward pause.

CHARLEY
So, how's the decorating business?

MAEROSE
(too brightly)
Just great, Charley. We're always
busy. Everything is Art Deco now.

CHARLEY
Art who?

MAEROSE
Charley! Art Deco. You know!
After Art Nouveau. It's a style,
not a person. You know. All that
Erte stuff.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

As she prattles on, Maerose begins to cry. Her mouth is set on smile, her talk animated. But the tears run down her cheeks. Charley is taken aback. He puts his arm around her with genuine concern.

CHARLEY

Maerose, whatsamatter?

He reaches for his handkerchief, gets his buttoniere, flings it down and finds the handkerchief, which he hands to Maerose. She dabs her eyes.

MAEROSE

God damn!

Charley hugs her closer. It's the only thing he can think of to do.

Maerose tries to brighten up, hands him back his handkerchief.

MAEROSE

I shoulda known to stay away.

CHARLEY

(with great concern)

What happened?

MAEROSE

I went to say hello to my father.
He called me a whore.

CHARLEY

(with real compassion)

Oh, Maerose, I'm sorry.

Maerose is in tears again. She takes the handkerchief back out of Charley's breast pocket while he thinks it all over.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Look, Maerose, what ya gotta do
is forget your father. Forget
the Environment. They ain't never
gonna take you back. So screw
'em! They don't deserve you.
Especially Dominic.

*

*

Charley turns to Maerose, takes her by both shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHARLEY

(continuing)

You're still beautiful, Maerose!
 Why don't you find yourself
 someone who has nothing to do with
 the families. You know. Settle
 down. Have a couple kids ... a
 life ...

Charley is impassioned in both his anger and his certainty about what Maerose should do. As she listens, her resolve is renewed.

MAEROSE

(bitterly)

Sure, Charley. Thanks a hell
 of a lot. You're a big help.

She reaches for Charley's hand, plunks the sodden handkerchief in it and goes on her way.

18 INT. BALLROOM - CHARLIE'S POV

18

Dominic Prizzi talks with an old country-Brooklyn accent into a microphone on the stage in front of the orchestra. He is a cement-faced man who looks like the patron saint of rocks, television, and fallen cake.

DOMINIC

Ladies and gentlemen, my brother
 Eduardo and I wanna introduce you
 to a man who needs no introduction
 -- our father, your dear friend, a
 legend to his people -- Don
 Corrado Prizzi!

A hush instantly falls on the awe-racked ballroom. On the arm of his younger son, Eduardo, the Don -- ancient and seemingly enfeebled -- shuffles slowly across the platform to the microphone. The Don is an essence of violent death and corruption so vibrant that the assembly seems to sigh with gratitude that this sine qua non is the prisoner of such withered flesh.

* When he reaches Dominic's side, Don Corrado motions for Eduardo to bring his head down. *

* Eduardo bends over and nods as he listens. He turns back to the microphone. *

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

*

EDUARDO

*

(continuing)

My father welcomes you to this great family occasion. He says that you are all going to have a good time. He offers his toast of love to the happiness of the bride and groom and wishes them many children.

Dominic lifts his glass. The eight hundred guests lift their glasses. Everyone drinks. Don Corrado, accompanied by both his sons, shuffles slowly off the stage to disappear behind the piano into a curtain.

19 INT. BALLROOM - DAY

19

Charley moves aimlessly through the wedding crowd at the ballroom trying to look over and around people as he searches for Irene. He sees the Small Boy racing through the crowd with other children. He stops the Boy.

CHARLEY

Where's the lady you took to the phone?

SMALL BOY

The lady?

CHARLEY

You dragged her away to the telephone.

SMALL BOY

How should I know, mister?

He disengages and runs after his friends.

Charley knocks on the door marked "Ladies." The ATTENDANT opens the door.

CHARLEY

(peering around her)
Anybody in there?

The Attendant shakes her head.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

I'm looking for a lady -- blonde.

He gestures to indicate her height.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CHARLEY

(continuing)

I thought she might be sick or something.

The Attendant shakes her head again.

ATTENDANT

Nobody here, mister.

Charley hands her a ten dollar bill.

20 EXT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 20

SHOT PANS UP from building entry to Charley's solarium/terrace. Charley, still in his tux, is on the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON 21

CHARLEY

You the guy that took the pictures?

As he talks, Charley tears off his bow tie, loosens his shirt collar and begins to flip on lights in the apartment. His surroundings are modern, very Bill Blass masculine. It was clearly "done," right down to the pop-art wall posters, which Charley has not yet noticed, and the books, which he hasn't read.

21A INT. CHARLEY'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON 21A

The phone conversation continues with Charley pacing from the terrace into his apartment.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

So when will I see them.

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

They're in the lab, Mr. Partanna. I'll make sure I get 'em to you as soon as they're out -- about noon tomorrow.

CHARLEY

Okay. Meantime, tell me her name.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Name?

CHARLEY

Yeah! Name. Her name, fahcrisake!

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Gee, Mr. Partanna. I didn't get
no name. I thought you knew her.

CHARLEY

Ah, fahcrisake!

He slams down the phone. Picks it up again and dials.

22 OMIT

22

23 INT. MAEROSE'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

23

Intercut phone conversation:

CHARLEY

(continuing, into
phone)

Mae?

GIRL

(into phone)

She ain't here. You wanna leave
a message?

CHARLEY

Who is this?

GIRL

This is the girl.

CHARLEY

You got a pencil?

GIRL

Wait. I get a pencil. Okay.

CHARLEY

This is Charley Partanna. You
want me to spell it?

GIRL

No. I got it. What's the
message?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CHARLEY

Ask her -- this is very important
-- ask her if she knows a woman
who was at the wedding who wore a
purple dress. You got it?

GIRL

Yeah. I got it.

CHARLEY

Make sure she calls me, you hear?
Now give me your name and I'm
gonna send you ten bucks.

GIRL

Ten bucks? This Miss Peaches
Altamont.

CHARLEY

Okay, Peaches. Tell Miss Prizzi
she has to call me no matter how
late.

Charley hangs up, goes to a table, pulls open a drawer,
takes out an envelope, puts a bill into it, seals and
addresses it. He gets a stamp out of his wallet and
sticks it on the envelope, then leaves his apartment.

24 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE CORRIDOR AT MAIL CHUTE -
EVENING

24

Charley walks a short way down the hall and drops the
envelope into a mail chute.

The elevator door directly across the corridor opens.
Two BIG MEN get out.

GALLAGHER

Hey, Partanna.

Charley freezes.

Gallagher flashes a police shield.

GALLAGHER

(continuing)

Gallagher, Homicide.

Charley's tension eases.

CHARLEY

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

GALLAGHER

Somebody tagged Sal Netturbino
this afternoon.

CHARLEY

Yeah? Who done it?

GALLAGHER

Where were you between two and
five today?

CHARLEY

At the wedding. Corrado Prizzi's
granddaughter's wedding.

GALLAGHER

(to his partner)

What did I tell you? They are all
gonna turn out to be at the
wedding.

(to Charley)

Come on. We're taking you in.

25 EXT. POLICE STATION - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

25

Charley emerges from police headquarters with his
father, Angelo Partanna. They get into an innocuous
looking grey sedan and drive away.

26 INT. CAR - NIGHT

26

POP

(driving)

Well, you couldn't be cleaner --
right?

CHARLEY

Who made the hit, Pop?

POP

We did.

CHARLEY

We did? How come we did? I
didn't know nothing about it.

POP

Well, that's the best way, ain't
it?

CHARLEY

Who hit him?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

POP

Outta town talent. It was a specialist job.

CHARLEY

How come?

POP

Vincent told me to set it up so we couldn't have nothing to do with it. We was all at the wedding.

27 EXT. CORNER OF CHARLEY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

27

Charley sits in the corner of his terrace overlooking lower New York Harbor with a telephone in his lap. As he dials he walks into his apartment.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Mae? You have any luck?

28 INT. MAEROSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Maerose is in bed watching television. Her place is very "white on white" -- with an enormous bed covered in white pillows of all sizes and shapes. Against the white-on-white, Maerose's black hair and tawny skin are particularly beautiful.

29 INT. CHARLEY'S APT. - NIGHT

29

Intercut Telephone SHOTS.

MAEROSE

(into phone)

Charley, what kind of a message was that? Who can remember a girl with a green dress? What are you tryna do -- bug me? I was wearing a green and yellow dress!

CHARLEY

So you don't know who she is?

MAEROSE

Who?

CHARLEY

The woman in the green dress.

MAEROSE

Ah, go soak your head!

She hangs up.

29A EXT. CHARLEY'S APT. TERRACE

29A

Charley hangs up. He begins to pace. He jams a huge cigar into his face, bites off the end, tries to light it, discovers he has bitten off the wrong end and flings it off the terrace in a rage.

Charley sits staring out, brooding. The PHONE RINGS again almost immediately.

Startled, Charley picks it up so reflexively that he juggles it, throws it, drops it, dumps his chair forward when he tries to pick it up, but finally, sitting on the floor, manages to answer.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Yeah?

30 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

30

Intercut telephone SHOTS.

IRENE

(into phone)

Mr. Partanna, please. This is Irene Walker calling.

CHARLEY

What?

IRENE

Is this Charley Partanna?

CHARLEY

(hoarsely)

Yeah! Yeah!

IRENE

I hope you don't mind me calling so late. But I wanted to apologize for running out the way I did this afternoon.

CHARLEY

(nearly gushing
with delight)

This is you? Irene Walker! I recognize the voice. But I didn't get your name before!

IRENE

Anyway, I wanted to explain. I hope you don't think it was too rude of me.

30 CONTINUED:

30

CHARLEY

Rude? Oh, never. I mean, you
could never be rude.

Irene laughs. Very sweetly.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Listen. I mean, well -- how about
we get together. Like for a late
dinner?

IRENE

Now? Tonight?

CHARLEY

Yeah! I can pick you up in like
half an hour.

IRENE

But I'm in California.

CHARLEY

California?

IRENE

That's where I live. I had to
come home.

There is a four-beat pause.

CHARLEY

Then how about lunch tomorrow?

IRENE

I could make it dinner. Would
that be okay? Make it -- how
about the lobby of the Le Bel Age
Hotel?

CHARLEY

That would be tremendous. What
time?

IRENE

Seven?

Charley sits on the terrace smiling dreamily with the
telephone in his lap.

31 INT. LE BEL AGE HOTEL - DAY

31

Charley strides into the hotel lobby, his head turning like a turret to find Irene. When he spots her, sitting amid the potted plants, he stops short and seems to have to support himself on the back of a chair. As he stares, his sexual attraction to her is palpable. Irene looks up, lifts two fingers and flutters them at him. He strides to her.

CHARLEY

I was scared I was never going to see you again.

Irene stands up, smiling. Both hesitate.

IRENE

Well, shall we?

CHARLEY

Oh. Yeah, sure.

IRENE

Let's take my car. You drive.

They head for the door.

32 OMIT

32

33 EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY - DAY

33

They walk out to the hotel porte-cochere. Irene speaks to the car hop and a foreign sports car with the top down is backed into place in front of them. Charley hands Irene into the car, tells the jockey to tell his driver to take his limo back and goes around to the driver's side.

CHARLEY

What kind of car is this?

IRENE

A Gozzy. The Japanese make them in England for the Arab market. It's a great California car.

CHARLEY

It's a great any place car.

The car moves forward.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Jesus, it must cost.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

IRENE

Well, it wasn't free but think what it will cost two years from now. Do you like to eat outside?

CHARLEY

Great.

IRENE

Turn left on Wilshire.

As they drive, Charley is ecstatic.

CHARLEY

I am never going to forget your dress. I am never going to forget anything about today. If they play a song where we're going I am gonna make it our song.

Irene looks at him shrewdly out of the corner of a cold, appraising eye as the car zooms away.

34 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - EVENING

34

Charley and Irene are shown to a table overlooking Los Angeles. In Spanish, Irene orders something from the waiter. Charlie is hypnotized.

CHARLEY

What was that you said?

IRENE

Oh, I just ordered us a drink. It's something I think you'll like.

CHARLEY

Say it again.

IRENE

Jugo de pina con Bacardi.

CHARLEY

What is it? Something Puerto Rican?

IRENE

I suppose it could be. It's pineapple juice with rum. I've only had it in Cuba.

CHARLEY

What were you doing in Cuba?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

IRENE

I was on my honeymoon.

CHARLEY

(dismayed)

I didn't know you were married.

IRENE

My husband left me four years ago.
I don't know where he is. I don't
want to know.

CHARLEY

He left you?

IRENE

(smiling)

Crazy, right?

CHARLEY

I could find him.

IRENE

Let him stay lost.

CHARLEY

You might want to get married
again someday.

IRENE

Maybe. But until that happens,
I don't want to know about him.

Irene puts her hand over his.

IRENE

(continuing)

What about you? Are you married?

CHARLEY

Once, I was almost married. I
grew up with her -- Maerose is her
name. We had a big fight one
night, because I danced too much
with some other girl. I suppose I
did it on purpose -- to make her
jealous. Anyway, she flew off to
Mexico with some guy. They shacked
up in a hotel. Her father sent
some goons to clobber the guy
and bring her back to the States.
But he wouldn't let her back
into his house. That was ten
years ago.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

IRENE

And that was it?

CHARLEY

Well, yeah. She don't even come to Brooklyn except for a few special occasions -- like weddings, funerals, that kind of thing. We're still good friends, though. She's a decorator. She did my apartment for me. A real nice job, too.

IRENE

(shaking her head)

That's some family you got, Charley. Anyway, I like your jacket.

CHARLEY

(brightening)

Do ya? A jacket like this would stick out in New York. My old man is always telling me it's better to stand out because of how serious you are than to let clothes or cars or diamond rings do it for you.

(he grabs her hand)

For men, that is. Hey how come I'm doing all the talking? And how come you ain't a wop and I meet you at a Prizzi wedding?

IRENE

The bishop who married them wasn't Italian.

CHARLEY

(shrugging)

Yeah. He's Polack.

IRENE

So am I.

CHARLEY

(startled)

Walker is a Polack name?

IRENE

It was Walcewicz. But I shortened it. My born name was Maida Walcewicz.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

CHARLEY

(enraptured)

Either way, you're sure one
beautiful woman to me.

IRENE

(smiling)

I guess I thought Walker sounded
more like a tax consultant should.

CHARLEY

You're a tax consultant?

IRENE

Yup.

CHARLEY

Like what'dya do when you consult?

IRENE

I save them money -- you know,
show them angles. There's a lotta
angles, like there was an L.A.
corporation had a guy kidnapped in
the Middle East. I told them the
ransom money was deductible as a
theft loss. That kinda stuff.

CHARLEY

That is terrific. Irene, I gotta
say it. I can't sleep. I am a
grown man. Maybe middle-aged
even. But nothing, nobody, in my
life ever made me feel like what I
feel about you. I love you.
That's it. That's everything. I
love you.

She studies him carefully, then touches his lips with
her fingertips.

IRENE

I think I am in love with you.

CHARLEY

(fiercely)

Not in love. In love is temporary
then you move on to the next in
love. Everybody is always going
in and out of love. I know about
this. I remember everything I
ever read about it in magazines.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

When you're just in love it's just -- wait a minute! -- a hormonal secretion which changes the sense of smell so as to affect someone in a certain way. that's what in-love is. Who needs it?

IRENE

Love. I mean -- I love you -- I think. It sounds like I hedged it. I don't know how to say it because I never said it. All my life I had to protect myself and you can't protect yourself any more when you love somebody. I love you, Charley.

In the b.g., Charley and Irene can hear the RECORDED VOICE of a WOMAN SINGING an Augustin Lara song. Charley holds up his hand, asking Irene to listen.

CHARLEY

What's she singing?

IRENE

That's "Noche de Ronda."

CHARLEY

I'm never going to forget it.

35 OMIT

35

36 INT. LARGE HOTEL BED - NIGHT

36

Charley and Irene are in passionate embrace. We see the back of Charley's head, the face of Irene. Her howls, his grunts suggest we are witness to a mugging. Suddenly, the positions change -- we see Charley's face, the back of Irene's head. This change of position occurs once again -- quickly and with the almost balletic quality of a martial arts display. As the shot pulls back, we see that Charley and Irene are in bed, naked and engaged in Olympically athletic sex. Who'll be on top at the finish is a close question.

CHARLIE AND IRENE

(in chorus)

Ohhhhhhh. Ahhhhhhh.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

The lovers lie back, holding hands. They are satisfied, gratified, at peace with themselves and the world.

CHARLEY

Listen, Irene. Everything being even, would you marry me?

IRENE

Everything being even?

CHARLEY

Just suppose.

IRENE

Yes, I would marry you, Charley.

Charley falls back on the pillow and stares at God in the flies.

37 EXT. HOMESTATE LAUNDRY (BROOKLYN) - DAY

37

38 INT. HOMESTATE - DAY

38

The interior of a working laundry. Huge washing vats are turning; pressing machines are ironing sheets and towels; moist steam is everywhere. Charley breathes in this familiar atmosphere as if he were an oenophile sniffing the bouquet of a Mouton '61.

39 INT. ANGELO'S OFFICE - DAY

39

The office is a cubicle, with a single well-worn desk but several chairs. An interior window looks out on the laundry. Charley enters his father's office.

CHARLEY

(expansively)

Hi, Pop.

POP

How was California?

CHARLEY

Wonderful! Great! Sensational!

Pop eyes him appraisingly. Charley takes a deep breath.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

God it smells good!

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

POP

What does?

CHARLEY

The laundry. I love the way this laundry smells.

POP

You ain't on anything, are you?

CHARLEY

(offended)

No, Pop! Hey, before I forget it, I picked up a gimmick out there maybe will come in handy sometime. When somebody gets kidnapped, the ransom payments are tax deductible as a theft expense.

POP

(impressed)

That's a pretty good wrinkle. Where'd you get it?

CHARLEY

Some tax expert. What's going on around here?

POP

We got a little problem with Marty Gilroy. He's shorting payoffs again.

CHARLEY

(shocked)

What?

POP

So break his legs.

CHARLEY

I'll do better than that. I'll shove a bruciatore in his mouth and keep it there until he signs a check for every dime he has. Then I'll take him out on the Island. When his checks clear, I break his legs and let him hitchhike home.

POP

Why is that different?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

CHARLEY

Because we will flash his
certified checks to every lottery
banker in Queens and Brooklyn and
they will know Marty isn't getting
away with only broken legs.

POP

* I like Marty. He's got a sweet nature,
just like that guy -- you know, my
favorite actor ... *

CHARLEY

* Ronnie Reagan? *

POP

Yeah. Just like Ronnie Reagan.
A real sweet nature. Who you
taking with you?

CHARLEY

The Plumber and Philly. Hey, Pop,
come over my place tonight. I'll
cook you a dinner.

POP

I got a meet with a coupla
basketball coaches tonight.

CHARLEY

Well, as soon as you can.

POP

Sure.

40 EXT. GILROY'S GARAGE - DAY

40

Charley, the PLUMBER and PHIL VITTIMIZZARE get out of
Charley's laundry van in front of a large and prosperous
service garage.

41 INT. GILROY'S GARAGE - DAY

41

They walk through to the inner office. MARTY GILROY, a
large black man, smiles broadly as he starts to stand
up to greet them from behind his desk. Charley slams
Gilroy in the face as Gilroy is half-rising. The
Plumber and Phil rush around the desk, lift Gilroy back
into his swivel chair and tie him to it.

CHARLEY

Keep his people out, Phil.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Phil leaves the office. Charley slaps Gilroy's face, not to hurt him but to wake him up. Gilroy's eyes flicker.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Where's your checkbook, Marty?

MARTY

Top drawer. Charley, listen --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

Charley pushes the swivel chair back so he can open the drawer. He slides out a three-tiered checkbook and a .38 calibre pistol.

CHARLEY
(to Gilroy)
Registered to you?

Marty shakes his head. Charley drops the gun in his side pocket and, with his other hand, takes a leather-bound notebook from his opposite pocket. He reads from it.

CHARLEY
(continuing)
You got \$208,439.21 in the A account, Marty. Make me out a check to cash for that much.

MARTY
Listen, Charley -- this is a mistake. You trying to say I fuck the Prizzis around? No way, man.

CHARLEY
You shorted on the payoff again. You know it and we know it and you know we know it. So make out the check. Untie the arm, Plumber. You right-handed, Marty?

MARTY
(groaning)
Lefty.

Charley moves behind Gilroy and pushes the pistol barrel into the base of his skull while the Plumber unties Gilroy's left arm.

PLUMBER
Don't get wise or I'll flush you right down the terlet.

Gilroy makes out the check while the Plumber holds the checkbook steady.

CHARLEY
(reading from his notebook)
You got \$86,392.17 in the B account. Make it out, Marty.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

MARTY

Charley, that's my kid's money.
That's the safety money.

CHARLEY

What is it with you, Marty? Make
it out already.

Gilroy signs. Charley tears the checks out of the
books.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Hey, Phil.

(as Phil's head
appears)

Take these to Pop.

(to the Plumber)

Okay, let's get Marty out of here.

42 EXT. GILROY'S GARAGE - DAY

42

It takes all three of them to manhandle Gilroy's large
bulk, tied to the swivel chair, into the back of the
van. They throw a laundry bag over his head. Four of
Gilroy's runners watch them work, standing very still
and wondering how their luck had made them witnesses.

PLUMBERS

(to the runners)

Just keep your mouth shut and
you're gonna be all right. Start
talking and you're gonna get
stuffed down a terlet without a
plunger.

43 EXT. LONG ISLAND ROAD - DAY

43

Charley and the Plumber, with Gilroy in the back, drive
East on Long Island.

44 EXT. ISOLATED FRAME HOUSE (ELMONT) - DAY

44

It is a Prizzi family "safe house."

45 INT. VAN - DAY

45

Charley and the Plumber leave Gilroy under a laundry bag,
tied to the swivel chair, inside the van which is inside
a closed garage.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ISOLATED FRAME HOUSE - DAY

46

After a while the PHONE RINGS. Charley picks it up.
He listens and hangs up.

CHARLEY

(to the Plumber)

All certified. Let's go. Bring
me the big crowbar from the shed.

47 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

47

Charley is in bed, alone. It is 9:45 p.m. by the bedside
clock. Charley is reading the latest issue of "Esquire."
He puts it down, turns out the light. After five beats,
the bedside light comes on again. Charley dials the bed-
side telephone.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Irene? Charley.

48 INT. IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

48

Intercut telephone SHOTS.

IRENE

(into phone)

Aaaaah.

CHARLEY

I'm a wreck.

IRENE

Can you get out here this weekend?

CHARLEY

I don't think so.

IRENE

Aaaaah!

CHARLEY

Tell me.

IRENE

What?

CHARLEY

Tell me "I love you."

IRENE

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY

I love you, too. It's real. It may not be scientific, but it's real.

IRENE

Scientific?

CHARLEY

I read it in a magazine that, according to a doctor, everyone is always looking to get what they thought they needed from their mother and didn't get.

IRENE

Charley! I can't even remember my mother!

CHARLEY

That's the amazing part. Something in you knows anyway. The magazine said so. That's what love is -- when you find someone you think will give you what you wanted when you were a baby. A doctor wrote it.

IRENE

Charley, forget the doctor. Or better yet, let's us play doctor. Right now.

Charley holds the phone away from himself and looks at it quizzically.

CHARLEY

On the phone?

IRENE

(laughing lasciviously)
Yeah. Listen, Doctor Partanna, I've got his itch ...

DISSOLVE TO:

Charley is sleeping with a beatific smile on his face. The phone RINGS and Charley struggles out of a happy dream to answer it.

POP (O.S.)

Cholly?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

CHARLEY'S P.O.V.

CHARLEY

Yeah, Pop?

POP (O.S.)

Dominic wants to see you.

CHARLEY

Tonight?

POP (O.S.)

Yeah. Get over here.

49 OMITTED

49

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. LAUNDRY OFFICE - NIGHT

51

Charley enters Dominic's office, passing on his way two very respectful Prizzi soldiers. Angelo Partanna, Dominic, and a deeply tanned MAN wearing a wildly-plaid sports jacket are seated around Dominic's desk.

DOMINIC

(to Charley)

Siddown, Charley.

(to all the world)

Jesus, my gout is killing me.

(to the meeting)

We all know Cyril Bluestone, here. He is going to tell us what happened at the big casino, the dirty bastards.

BLUESTONE

I been president of the three Prizzi hotels in Vegas for twenty years and I never seen a scam like this.

(reaches into his pocket)

I got fourteen phony IOU's here. They come to \$722,085. When the collectors go to get the money, the player who signed the IOU is dead from a bad cold or something before he signed the paper. Or he was someplace where he couldn't have signed the paper in Vegas.

Every piece of paper is countersigned -- that's the house rules -- by Louis Palo, who was

(MORE)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BLUESTONE (CONT'D)

acting manager, and by a man in the cage, Marxie Heller. They hadda been workin' together.

POP

I don't get it. Louis takes paper to the cage, all he gets back is chips. That's house rules, too.

BLUESTONE

The pit boss says there was a woman in it. He says twice he saw Louis bring two big racks of thousand dollar plates to a woman who took 'em to the cashier's window. He didn't think anything of it at the time.

CHARLEY

Where's Louis and Heller?

DOMINIC

Louis is dead. A bullet in the head. Heller disappeared.

BLUESTONE

They found Louis laying across the front seat of his car in the parking lot behind Presto Ciglione's bar out past the Strip.

DOMINIC

(saddened)

I knew Louis when he was a helper on an ice truck, thirty years ago. We taught him his trade. He wasn't smart enough to figure a scam like this.

CHARLEY

So I guess the first thing to do is find Marxie Heller.

DOMINIC

Didn't Marxie used to be with the old Detroit mob? Buncha slobs.

POP

Hey, I remember him now. He wore a silver toop on the job and he had dark brown bags under his eyes -- like he was carrying coffee grounds in 'em or something. A big-assed, bossy guy with about
(MORE)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

POP (CONT'D)

forty-two hundred dollars wortha
caps in his mouth.

BLUESTONE

Right. He was good with figures.
Steady. But he got TB. So Detroit
set him up with a guy named
Virgil Marowitz in Phoenix.
Marowitz runs a chain of finance
companies. He's got a hard-on for
tough guys. Marxie was with him
until about four years ago, when
his lungs got worse. So Marowitz
sends him to us in Vegas.

DOMINIC

(to Charley)

Tomorrow morning you fly out to
Phoenix to see Marowitz. We want
the money back. You lay it on
Marowitz to take you to Heller.
Louis Palo was thief, but he was
ours. Heller must have iced him.
So you ice Heller.

52 PHOENIX AIRPORT - FULL SHOT - PLANE COMING IN (STOCK) 52

53 OMIT 53

Bright sun. Charley parks his rented car.

54 EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - DAY 54

Charley takes out his small notebook and dials a tele-
phone number.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Virgil Marowitz? This is Charley
Partanna. The Prizzis sent me.

VIRGIL (O.S.)

Charley Partanna! What an honor!
Are you actually in Phoenix? When
can I see you?

Charley holds the phone away from himself and stares at
it.

CHARLEY

I'm gonna pick you up in front
of your office in twenty minutes.
Be there.

Charley hangs up heavily.

55 OMIT
56 OMIT

55
56

57 EXT. VIRGIL'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

57

There are a number of people in front of the building as Charley's car drives up, but a short, roly-poly, grinning MAN comes half-running, half-walking to the car.

VIRGIL

Mr. Partanna! May I call you Charley?
(opens car door)
What a privilege and a pleasure.

Closes door and car moves off.

58 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

58

CHARLEY

Listen to me, my friend. I come here a coupla thousand miles to tell you that your man, Marxie Heller, stole \$722,085 from my people.

VIRGIL

Marxie? I always thought his gang name was Moxie. I haven't seen or spoken to the man in more than four years.

(pleasantly)
Where are we driving?

CHARLEY

We drive 'til it gets dark. Then you get out and dig a hole, then I do the job on you and drop you in the hole and cover it up.

VIRGIL

Really? I'm to be the victim of a gangland killing?

CHARLEY

Gangland?

VIRGIL

Do I have an out?

CHARLEY

Give me the money and you can sleep in your own bed tonight.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

VIRGIL

Well, then. No need to drive any further. We can go straight to my bank and I'll make you out a counter check, which they will certify.

He smiles winningly.

VIRGIL

(continuing)

But I hardly think you'd want to kill me anyway.

CHARLEY

Why not?

VIRGIL

Because of the way the cable company is set up.

CHARLEY

What cable company?

VIRGIL

Mine and the Prizzis'. They own sixty-five percent of a forty-million dollar investment -- so long as I am around to insure the revolving credit funds. I made that deal because I need protection from certain people.

CHARLEY

Jesus, Virgil, you are really something else. Virgil --

VIRGIL

Yes, Charley?

CHARLEY

(pulling a U-turn)

Ah, shit. Let's find a place to get out of this heat while I call New York.

59 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

59

Virgil is seated alone at a table in an air-conditioned bar. Charley comes to the table.

CHARLEY

(to the bartender)

Two jugos de pina con Bacardi.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(to Virgil)

You were right. Somebody screwed up. They told me to buy you a drink and they gave you a lifetime pass. What a business!

VIRGIL

How very nice of them!

The bartender serves the drinks. Virgil sips.

VIRGIL

(continuing)

Umm! Dee-lish!

CHARLEY

Are you gay, Virgil?

VIRGIL

Oh, a little.

(his face lights up)

Are you?

CHARLEY

Nah.

VIRGIL

Oh, well. Don't worry about it.

CHARLEY

Now where the hell am I gonna find Marxie Heller?

VIRGIL

(smiling coyly)

Well, perhaps I can help after all.

As Charley stares at him, Virgil signals the bartender to bring him a phone. He dials.

VIRGIL

(continuing; to Charley)

I have the most wonderful secretary!

CHARLEY

So what's she gonna be able to come up with?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

VIRGIL

(confused)

She?

(then comprehending)

Oh, no, silly. He!

(continuing into phone)

Killer, this is me. Would you please go to the file and see what we have on Markie Heller?

(pauses)

Yes, that's right. You know: social Security stuff, an insurance beneficiary form maybe. He had a wife -- in L.A. I think. Anyway, you check. I'm at the Gusher Motel bar. Call me back. Right away. Thank you, Killer, baby.

He hangs up and signals the bartender for another drink.

VIRGIL

(continuing, to

Charley)

He isn't really a killer, of course. I just call him that.

59A STOCK SHOT - AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - WESTBOUND

59A

60 EXT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

60

Charley parks his rental car twenty yards up the street and walks back toward the house, whose garage door is open. He looks into the garage. There is one car and space for another. He lets himself into the house through the side door that connects the garage to the kitchen. He closes the door quietly behind him.

61 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

61

Charley moves quietly along the hall which leads from the kitchen, turns a corner and hears coughing from behind a closed door. He opens the door.

62 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE STUDY - DAY

62

MARXIE HELLER is dealing solitaire at a large desk. Heller stares at Charley; two bright fever spots burn into his cheekbones. He begins to cough again, almost exhausting himself and holding a handkerchief to his mouth.

HELLER

What do you want, my friend?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CHARLEY
The Prizzis sent me.

Heller moves his right hand to open a desk drawer. Charley moves across the room, lifts Heller's forearm with both hands and crashes it down on the edge of the desk. Heller goes under. Charley opens the drawer and takes out a long throwing knife. He balances it approvingly. He slides it under his belt at the small of his back. Heller opens his eyes.

CHARLEY
(continuing)
Where's your wife?

HELLER
At the supermarket. Who are you?

CHARLEY
Charley Partanna. Where's the money, Marxie?

HELLER
(tries to smile,
begins to cough)
Straight Arrow Charley, the All-american Hood. I don't know what you're talking about.

CHARLEY
Up. On your feet. Against the wall. Feet apart, hands over the head.

HELLER
(cradling his
injured wrist with
his other arm)
I think you broke my wrist.

He gets up.

CHARLEY
You won't need it.

He finds a gun in Marxie's bathrobe pocket. He unloads it and drops the gun into a wastebasket.

63 INT. CORRIDOR OF WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

63

Charley moves Marxie along the corridor and out the side door of the house.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE WESTWOOD HOUSE GARAGE - DAY

64

CHARLEY
Open the garage door.

Marxie pulls it open, Charley moves him inside.

65 INT. INSIDE WESTWOOD GARAGE - DAY

65

Charley closes the garage door.

CHARLEY
Where's the money?

HELLER
I don't know.

Charley takes a silencer-fitted gun from a shoulder holster and SHOTS Marxie three times. He replaces the weapon in its holster, gets keys from the ignition, and opens the trunk of the car. He picks Marxie's body up and folds him into the trunk, slamming the trunk lid shut. He puts out the garage light, opens the garage door and goes into house.

66 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

66

Charley sits in the dining room, which is just off the kitchen and side entrance door. He waits stolidly until he hears two short toots and car wheels on the driveway. The side door opens and a woman comes in, her face concealed by large paper bags of supermarket shopping. As she puts the bundles down, her BACK TO CAMERA, she calls out:

WOMAN
I'm home, dear.

Charley moves to the kitchen doorway.

CHARLEY
Marxie isn't here, Mrs. Heller.

The woman whirls around. The face. The voice. It is Irene Walker.

IRENE
Charley!!!

They are both numbed by surprise and shock.

CHARLEY
What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

IRENE

Why didn't you call? You always call. Aaaah, Charley. You've ruined everything.

CHARLEY

(still numb)

You're Marxie Heller's wife? You were married to Marxie Heller?

She nods. They stare at each other for a moment.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Where's the money?

IRENE

Money?

CHARLEY

No bullshit! Heller killed Louis Palo to get the money. Where is it?

IRENE

Charley, I don't understand what you're talking about. You really knocked me for a loop. Where's Marxie?

CHARLEY

Dead. In the trunk of his car.

IRENE

Oh! Oh!

CHARLEY

Stop this cheap bullshit! Where is the money your husband and Louis Palo stole from Prizzi's in Vegas?

Irene moves as in a daze.

IRENE

Maybe I do know. He had a little bag. I'll show you.

She walks out of the kitchen. Charley follows her.

67

INT. MAIN HALL OF WESTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

67

Irene and Charley walk along the main hall. She opens a closet door and shoves a satchel out with her foot.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

IRENE

It could be in there. That's the only place I know it could be.

Charley lifts the satchel to the top of a hall table. He opens it. It is filled with money. He counts the money.

CHARLEY

You're short.

IRENE

I'm short?

CHARLEY

I got three hundred and sixty thousand here. Half!

IRENE

Half?

CHARLEY

Mrs. Heller, don't keep telling me what I just said. Where is the rest of the money?

IRENE

Charley, I swear to you, I didn't even know it was there so how could I know it was short? When Marxie came back three nights ago after almost five years away from me, he threw that satchel into the closet.

CHARLEY

Did you ask him how come he came back after five years?

IRENE

Charley, please try to understand this. I was glad Marxie showed up. It was my chance to ask for a divorce.

CHARLEY

You know what I remember?

Irene shakes her head.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

I remember you came in the kitchen door tonight and you yelled out,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

"I'm home, dear." Is that how people ask for a divorce these days? Mrs. Heller.

IRENE

Charley, I saw how sick he was. I didn't need to ask for a divorce. He only had a few weeks left.

Irene's face convulses and she cries.

IRENE

Poor Marxie.

She looks accusingly at Charley.

IRENE

(continuing)

You know, in all the years I knew him, Marxie never once yelled at me, or hit me, or took my money. He was my friend. Except for him, I'd probably still be earning my living on my back -- and turning over half the take to some of your pals in Chicago. It was his idea for me to learn bookkeeping. And he got me my job with the main wire, too. Then he talked them into making me a courier -- and told me to study up on tax laws while I was riding back and forth to Switzerland. Marxie was always there for me, Charley. The way no one else ever has been. I loved him. Not the way I love you. But I loved him.

Charley paces back and forth wildly, trying to sort out truth from lie, emotion from profession.

IRENE

(continuing)

It's the God's honest truth I'm telling you, Charley. If you don't believe me, kill me and get it over with.

Charley slumps into a chair; a deep groan comes out of him.

CHARLEY

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

He looks at her in pain.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

I can't change the way I feel about you. I look at you and see what I want to see. That's what love is. If you were anyone else, I'd blow you away. But I can't, I hafta believe you.

68 INT. DOMINIC'S OFFICE - HOMESTATE LAUNDRY - DAY

68

Charley enters. Dominic has his leg up on the desk and is rubbing his ankle.

DOMINIC

How'd it go out there?

CHARLEY

Half right. I got back three hundred-sixty thousand dollars.

DOMINIC

(sharply)

How come only half?

He stops rubbing the ankle, lowers his leg and gives Charley his full attention.

CHARLEY

I talk to Heller, but he won't say anything. So I pay him off. Then the wife comes home. I talk to her. No problem. She takes me to the money which she thinks is there because Heller brought home a satchel with him. I count it and it is only half there.

DOMINIC

You work her over?

CHARLEY

(shaking his head)

She was scared. She knew I iced her husband. I think she's telling the truth.

DOMINIC

So what happened to Louis' split?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CHARLEY

I don't know, Dominic.

Dominic reaches for a medicine vial on his desk, finds it empty, throws it into a wastebasket violently.

DOMINIC

Well, somebody's got our three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Find it.

69 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

69

Charley and Pop are eating a sumptuous meal Charley -- who wears an apron -- has prepared. On the table are heaping bowls of sissizzo ci'U Cimulu, alose n camicia and copotina, along with a salad and a bottle of Barolo.

POP

(wiping his lips)

When I close my eyes and eat your cooking, Charley, I think your mother is still with us.

He reaches for more and sips his wine appreciatively.

CHARLEY

Thanks, Pop.

He pauses between bites.

CHARLEY

Pop, you think Dominic believes it was me copped that other three-sixty.

POP

What the hell, Charley, the money hadda go somewhere. And Dominic hates your guts anyway.

CHARLEY

(shaking his head)

Yeah, that's getting real bad. He never lets up.

POP

Well, look: he never gets to eat like this.

Pop reaches for more.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

POP

(continuing)

He's got permanent heartburn
from that place he eats at
all the time. Tucci's I think it's
called. They make that Neapolitan
garbage. Not like this.

CHARLEY

Pop, the guy can't hate me because
he don't eat right.

POP

* Cholly, believe me. I know how
Dominic's mind works. His whole
life turned out miserable. He
has to blame someone. And every
time he sees you, he's reminded
of the shame Maerose put on you
and on him and on the whole family.
You forgot, but not Dominic.
He's probably worked it around
so the whole mess is all your
* fault. If he could have you hit, he'd
have you hit.

Pop pushes his plate away.

POP

(continuing)

Great dinner, Charley. Now, what's
the occasion.

Charley offers his father a cigar, takes one himself.
They both light up.

CHARLEY

I wanna show you that woman, Pop.
The one I went to see in
California.

He reaches for a packet of pictures and hands them to Pop.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Did you ever see such a beauty?

POP

(looking at the pictures)

I like a darker, kinda more round
woman myself.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

Pop looks more closely at one of the photographs. Expressionlessly, he puts it to one side. He finds two more like it, which he places on top of the first.

POP

(continuing)

I see you got some pictures of me with her.

Pop finishes going through the pictures, then takes the three he put aside and slowly tears them to pieces. He puts the remnants in his pocket.

CHARLEY

(puzzled, shocked)

Pop! Whatta you doing?

POP

Jesus, Charley. She was the outside talent we brought in the day of the wedding to make the Netturbino hit. She was the specialty hitter.

Charley is stunned. He looks blankly at his father, then begins to clear the table silently.

POP

(continuing)

Hey, Cholly, lemme give you a hand with the dishes.

CHARLEY

(very controlled)

That's okay, Pop. I'll just stack. The girl'll do them in the morning. Thanks, though.

Pop watches Charley work in the kitchen. Then he gets up from the table, goes to the closet for his coat and hat.

POP

Well, then, I guess I'll head on home. It's late by my clock.

Charley comes out of the kitchen, wiping his hands. The cigar is still in his mouth. He helps Pop with his coat. They embrace.

POP

(continuing)

Great dinner, Charley. 'Night.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

CHARLEY

'Night, Pop.

Charley closes and bolts the door, then turns off the lights in the dining area and lets himself out onto the terrace of his apartment. He sits in a corner, staring at the night. He holds his stomach with both arms and rocks back and forth, gripping the cigar in his teeth, tears running down his face. He reaches down blindly, pulls the telephone up on his lap and dials.

70 INT. MAEROSE'S APT. - NIGHT

70

INTERCUT WITH CHARLEY

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Maerose? Charley. Charley who?
Charley Partanna, fahcrissake!
How many...

MAEROSE

(on phone)

Charley, what is this? It's a
quarter to one in the morning!
It's the second time you ever
called me in almost four years!

CHARLEY

Mae -- Mae, listen. I broke the
vase.

MAEROSE

What vase?

CHARLEY

The special vase that matched the
border on the rug. The vase you
knocked yourself out trying to
find.

MAEROSE

Charley, what are you? Outta your
mind?

CHARLEY

Are you alone?

MAEROSE

Of course I'm alone, you klutz..

CHARLEY

I gotta see you, Mae.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MAEROSE

About a vase? Hey -- are you in trouble?

CHARLEY

Why should I be in trouble because I got to see you? I miss you. I need to talk to you. Okay?

MAEROSE

* After four years-- you suddenly miss me? *

CHARLEY

I gotta see you.

MAEROSE

Okay. So come on in.

Charley hangs up the phone, reaches for a vase, and drops it on the floor deliberately.

71 INT. MAEROSE'S APARTMENT - EAST 60'S (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT 71

Charley rings Maerose's doorbell. Maerose opens the door, smiling. She is wearing only a sheer black peignoir. Her blue-black hair falls down her back to below her hips. Her Arab-Sicilian nose and her carriage are commanding.

MAEROSE

What's with you?

CHARLEY

We got to talk.

MAEROSE

You want to talk out here or you want to come in and sit down and talk?

CHARLEY

Sure.

72 INT. MAEROSE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72

Charley and Maerose sit beside each other on a large sofa.

CHARLEY

This is some beautiful set-up you got here.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

The room is furnished like the interior of an important Chinese pagoda during the period of Napoleon II when the emperor reigned over farmhouses stuffed with middle-American antiques.

MAEROSE

The colors are right. That's what counts. Everybody sees shapes differently but colors are forever.

Charley is trying to look Maerose in the face because she doesn't have anything on under the black, filmy thing she is wearing. Also she smells like a wholesale flower market at dawn.

MAEROSE

Why did you call, Charley?

He rests his hand on her knee, maybe more on her thigh.

CHARLEY

(solemnly)

We wasted a lot of time.

MAEROSE

Four years? You call that a lot of time? How come you didn't wait till I was fifty?

CHARLEY

(exhaling slowly)

Well, you could be a fat wop broad by fifty.

MAEROSE

You want to do it, Charley? Is that what you want?

CHARLEY

Hey, come on! Take it easy. What the hell.

MAEROSE

Nobody took it slower than me.

Four years? Answer the question. You want to do it?

CHARLEY

Well -- Yeah.

MAEROSE

Okay. Let's do it.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

Maerose stands up and gets out of the three-ounce overcoat.

CHARLEY

With all the lights on?

MAEROSE

Yeah. Right here. On the Oriental. With all the lights on.

CHARLEY

(rising, in every sense, to meet her)

Momma mia.

73 INT. MAEROSE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

73

Charley is chewing vigorously. Maerose hovers over and around him wearing only a small black apron over her nudity. He looks at her with dismay mixed with awe.

MAEROSE

Charley, what's your problem? It certainly isn't the goddamn vase.

CHARLEY

How can I tell you, of all people? But there's no one else I can talk to. It's about a woman.

MAEROSE

Go ahead -- tell me anyway. We grew up together. We are the same people. How can I feel worse than I used to feel -- before last night? What the hell, Charley, believe me -- the calendar takes care of everything.

CHARLEY

I saw her in the church and it just happened. I knew she was the woman for me.

Maerose stares at him grimly.

CHARLEY

(continuing; wildly)

She organized the scam at Vegas! I go after the money and the bad guy turns out to be my woman! Can you believe it? Then I find out from Pop that she is the piece man

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
who took the Netturbino contract.
Just the same, I love her, Mae. I
love her.

MAEROSE
Well....!

CHARLEY
How can I live with this? I gotta
straighten it out!

MAEROSE
Then do.

CHARLEY
Do what?! Do I ice her? or do I
marry her? Which?

MAEROSE
Marry her, Charley.

Charley stares at her.

MAEROSE
(continuing)
Look, Charley -- What the hell --
just because she's a thief and a
hitter doesn't mean she isn't a
good woman in all the other
departments. If she was some
fashion model, it couldn't last
thirty days. But you and her are
in the same line of business. You
are lucky you found each other --
you know that, Charley?

CHARLEY
Yeah, I guess...

MAEROSE
She's an American! She had a
chance to make a buck so she
grabbed it! Marry her, Charley.
Then at least I'll get something
out of it. I'll be able to go
back in the family.

Maerose chucks Charley under the chin in motherly
fashion and smiles. Charley heaves a very heavy sigh.

*74 OMIT

74*

75 OMIT

75

76 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY

76

Charley overtips the Waiter.

CHARLEY

I'm going to sit at that table. I don't want anybody near me. Keep a fence of two tables between me and anybody else.

77 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY

77

Charley sits at the table. Irene enters, moving unhurriedly, smiling.

Unexpectedly, they each extend hands to be shaken. Irene sits beside Charley at the table. The waiter waits.

IRENE

Shall we tell him to play the song?

CHARLEY

Umm.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

She speaks to the waiter in Spanish. He hurries away. They stare at each other, then the LARA TAPE BEGINS TO PLAY in the b.g.

He puts his hand over Irene's.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

I been all shook up.

IRENE

Why?

CHARLEY

I know everything. I know you clipped Netturbino when you left the wedding reception the day we met. I know you scammed us with Louis and your husband.

Irene lifts her head and the force of her serenity is narcotic.

IRENE

(icy calm)

I did the work on Netturbino. I had nothing to do with what Marxie and his partner did.

CHARLEY

Louis Palo was so suspicious he checked for bombs every time he started a car. But he woulda let some beautiful broad walk up to the car and get in.

IRENE

(unflinching)

No matter how you've got it in your head, that's wrong. I had nothing to do with it. Nothing.

Irene looks Charley in the eye, neither hostile nor defensive. Her gaze is steady. Then she changes gears.

IRENE

(continuing)

Did you mean it that first night when you asked if I'd marry you?

As Charley stares at her, all the doubting hardness leaves his face. Tears come to Irene's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

IRENE
(continuing)
Ah, Charley.

CHARLEY
All right. The Prizzis are going
to have to believe me because I
believe you. How soon can we get
married? Hey, let's have another
one of those pineapple drinks.
The honeymoon has already started.

Charley blows his nose loudly.

IRENE
(taking both his
hands in hers)
Kiss me, Charley.

CHARLEY
(looking around)
In public?

Charley looks around. She kisses him.

78 INT. CHARLEY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

78

CHARLEY
(into phone)
Pop? Charley. I'm in L.A. And
that ain't all. I'm gonna get
married.

78A INT. LAUNDRY OFFICE - DAY

78A

INTERCUT

POP
(on phone)
The same woman -- the contractor?

CHARLEY
Yeah. She's Polish. But the
family will get used to that
gradually.

POP
Yeah. Every time she walks into a
room, all the other women in the
family are gonna hafta shut up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

78A

POP (CONT'D)

But I know how you feel about her,
Charley. I won't try to stop
Nature. Good luck, son.

CHARLEY

Thanks, Pop.

POP

Listen, the Don wants you here for
a big meet tomorrow night.

CHARLEY

Jesus, Pop, what about my
honeymoon?

POP

So you'll have it in Brooklyn.

CHARLEY

Ah, shit.

He hangs up.

79 INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OFFICE - DAY

79

Charley and Irene enter what appears to be a small chapel in a Mexican Border town. At the front, a wedding ceremony is under way. They sit on a bench at the rear, holding hands. Charley sweats slightly. Irene is cool and elegant. Charley puts a bottle of champagne on the bench in front of them. He notices a sign -- in Spanish and English -- by the door listing options and prices for "extras." Offered -- at inflated fees -- are: Witnesses, Corsage for the Bride, Buttoniere for the Groom, Confetti, Music, Handkerchiefs and Pictures. A number of the last, snaps of giddy newlyweds, are thumbtacked to the wall nearby. It is not an ugly or awful place, just slightly anonymous and worn.

CHARLEY

Whatdya say we go for the confetti
and maybe a couple pictures?

IRENE

Whatever you say, honey.

She laughs, quietly at first, then louder.

IRENE

(continuing)

God, Charley, if only Marxie could
see me now!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

CHARLEY
(not laughing)
What's so funny?

IRENE
Me. Marrying a Sicilian!

She continues laughing, shaking her head.

IRENE
(continuing)
I can just hear him.
(she imitates
Marxie's voice)
"The Jews in this business are bad
enough, sweetheart. But them
Sicilians! They'd rather eat
their children than part with
money. And they are very fond of
children."

She laughs at herself.

CHARLEY
(not smiling)
If Marxie was so smart, how come
he's so dead?

The wedding ceremony at the front of the room concludes.
A scratchy record of Mendelsohn's "Wedding March" is
heard; the newlyweds proudly march the few feet to the
back of the room. The BRIDE smiles radiantly.

BRIDE
I do hope you're taking the
corsage option!

She fusses at unpinning a slightly wilted gardenia from
her dress. Irene looks at her blankly. Charley takes
the corsage and offers his hand to the GROOM.

CHARLEY
Congratulations, man! And good
luck!

GROOM
Thanks! You doin' it too?

CHARLEY
Yeah, we're up next, I guess.

GROOM
Great! Well, good luck to you,
too!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

They leave -- hands, arms, eyes entwined. Charley turns to Irene, pins the corsage on her shoulder and picks up the bottle of champagne. They head for the front of the room.

79A DON CORRADO'S HOUSE (BROOKLYN HEIGHTS) - DAY

79A

Don Corrado is seated on the deck of his house. The deck overlooks his garden, The Promenade and lower Manhattan. The Don ignores them all as he says his rosary, his eyes closed in concentration. When he opens them for a moment he sees into his house, where Amalia -- in her kitchen -- is on the phone.

80 INT. DON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

80

Amalia sits in a large, well-equipped kitchen. She is talking on the phone, and, at the same time, making spinach fettucine in her pasta machine.

AMALIA

(into phone)

Lissena me, Maerose. I just got a big piece of news from Angelo. Charley Partanna got married. She's from California, not in the environment, so it's a mixed marriage. But it's the end of your troubles.

Telephone SHOTS.

MAEROSE (O.S.)

Yeah.

AMALIA

Write a letter to Poppa right away and say that the time has come to let you come home. Then he will tell your father he has to take you back.

MAEROSE (O.S.)

Thanks, Aunt Amalia.

AMALIA

I'll be there when the letter comes in. I'll encourage him. Write it in Sicilian. Tell him how much you want to come home.

82 INT. DON CORRADO'S HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

82

Don Corrado's chair is unoccupied at the head of the table as Charley and Angelo enter the room through old-fashioned sliding doors. Hanging over the massive table is a fringed lamp, illuminating the faces of the men already seated. Dominic is to the right of the empty chair, Eduardo to the left.

Pop seats himself at Dominic's right, Charley beside him. A somber stranger wearing conservative clothes is seated at the foot of the table.

The sliding doors open again and Don Corrado enters the room on the arm of Amalia. The men stand. She sees that he is seated, then leaves the room, closing the doors.

DON

The gentleman at the end of the table is Mr. Alvin Gomsky, treasurer of the 18th largest bank in the United States -- of which we own twenty-five percent. I have asked Mr. Gomsky to come here so that you can hear from his own mouth what has been happening.

The Don smiles and nods benignly at Gomsky -- in much the manner the Pope uses when he smiles and nods at his flock. Gomsky stands.

GOMSKY

The bank president, Mr. Robert Finlay, is stealing from the bank, principally through crooked foreign exchange deals. If he's allowed to continue, the bank will go under in less than a year.

DON

Thank you, Mr. Gomsky. See Mr. Gomsky to his car, Arrigo.

The youngest son-in-law, who has been seated to Eduardo's left, leaves the room with Gomsky. Everyone at the table is silent until the doors are once again closed.

DON

(continuing)

Robert Finlay's real name is Rosario Filargi. Anybody'd change his name from Filargi to Finlay is also stupid enough to think we wouldn't protect our twenty-five percent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

DON (CONT'D)

(pauses)

Tell them our plan, Eduardo, my son.

Eduardo Prizzi is Dominic's younger brother -- and everything his brother is not.

He is slim and quick-witted; he dresses like a show business lawyer, wears jewelry and prefers the flawless shell-game to the broken kneecap. The Don listens, eyes closed and hands clasped as in prayer.

EDUARDO

(standing)

We are going to kidnap Filargi. He's covered with two-and-a-half million dollars in kidnap insurance. So that's the tag on him when we make the snatch. We know they'll pay because -- as Charley has pointed out -- that ransom money is tax deductible. We are also going to leave a trail so the Feds will think Filargi organized the whole thing -- cheating the bank and milking the insurance company.

He pauses while admiring looks are exchanged among the men at the table.

EDUARDO

(continuing)

When the merda hits the fan, we'll be able to buy another good-sized chunk of the bank for about ten cents on the dollar -- get controlling interest. Eventually we stand to make 60, 70 million dollars.

Eduardo sits. Don Corrado opens his eyes, looking from face to face around the table. The heads nod as one in appreciation.

DON

Thank you, Eduardo.

The Don, whose posture until now has been almost casual, draws himself up straight.

(CONTINUED)

DON

(continuing)

Some men suffer most when you take their lives. Life is what is sweetest to them. To Filargi, money is sweetest. We will leave him with his life -- and without money or any way to get it.

The men begin to voice their approval and enthusiasm.

CHARLEY

(shaking his head)

Jesus, Don Corrado. That's beautiful. I almost feel sorry for the guy.

EDUARDO

(interrupting)

Beautiful is right. It costs us practically nothing, and it will pay the family the biggest money we've ever made on a single deal. Plus we end up owning a legit bank.

DON

(smiling simply)

Like most beautiful things, Charley, this one is very simple. We rely on you.

Charley nods to the Don, honored by the direct acknowledgement of his role. Then he turns to Dominic.

CHARLEY

How do you want me to handle it?

DOMINIC

Pick your own people. We don't want to know.

The men stand, ready to leave. Each one embraces the Don, leaving the room in reverse order of rank.

DON

Dominic, my son. Stay with me a moment.

Dominic resumes his seat, wincing as some pain takes yet another stab at him.

The Don watches as the sliding doors close, then puts his bony hand on Dominic's ham-like forearm.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

DON

Maerose has written to me, Dominic.

He takes the letter from his vest.

DON

(continuing)

The man she wronged has married another woman. Maerose has suffered, Dominic, as you have suffered during the years of her disgrace. Now honor is protected, and I beg you on my knees to show compassion.

Tears are streaming down the Don's face.

DON

(continuing)

Here, read her letter. See how the child loves you. She wants to take care of you.

He hands the letter to Dominic, who reads it and weeps.

DOMINIC

(mopping his eyes)

Send her to me, Poppa. She is my daughter again. We will make up those years to each other.

CUT TO:

82A INT. CHARLEY'S DINING AREA - NIGHT

82A

Charley, Irene and Pop examine the floorplan of Filargi's hotel.

CHARLEY

What we gotta do is take care of the bodyguard and get Filargi down to our van in the basement. Right?

(looks to Pop)

Okay. There are only three apartments to a floor.

(points)

This one is Filargi's. We get the other two.

IRENE

How you gonna do that?

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED:

82A

CHARLEY

(vexed at her aggressive
involvement)

One's empty. This one. We rent it.
(points)

The other one, we send matinee theater
tickets and a heavy-duty lunch
invitation to the dame that lives
there. Our limo picks her up and
brings her back. She'll think
it's a prize she won for helping
plant tulips at the public library
last year. She'll go. Awright?

Irene smiles in appreciation.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

Every day, Filargi's bodyguard goes
out first and rings for an
elevator. When it comes, he puts
it on hold and raps on the door.
That's when Filargi comes out.

IRENE

Listen, you guys -- You oughta
have a woman on this stand.

CHARLEY

(horrified)

A woman?

IRENE

Look, Charley. Listen to me. A
woman should come out of the south
apartment holding a baby after
the guard gets Filargi out of
his apartment. She smiles at them,
goes goo-goo/gaa-gaa at the baby,
then she tosses the little darling
at the bodyguard, who naturally
tries to catch it. And while he
does that, she covers him with
her piece. Then you come out,
take Filargi down to the garage,
and the woman takes the bodyguard
back into Filargi's apartment and
does the job on him there.

POP

Hey, that's good.

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (2)

82A

CHARLEY

Fahcrissake! Where we gonna get a baby? And where we gonna get a broad who would do a thing like that?

IRENE

Where? Here! Me. We'll get a fake baby.

POP

Good thinking, Irene.

IRENE

You fellas work it out. I have a terrific dinner almost ready. Just give me a minute.

Irene moves into the kitchen, which is only a few steps away. She can see and hear through the room divider. She dons an apron and turns to the stove, the image of happy domesticity.

CHARLEY

(with desperate
impatience)

Pop, what the hell is the matter with you? I didn't get married so my wife could keep working.

POP

Charley, she's right and you know it. Throwing the baby -- that's strictly a masterpiece.

In the kitchen, Irene appreciates the compliment.

CHARLEY

If the Prizzi's ever find out I used my own wife on this job, I couldn't hold my head up. Every family in Brooklyn and New York would fall down laughing.

POP

Charley, who's gonna know? Anyway, what's a little honor compared to sixty or seventy million dollars.

CHARLEY

(weakening)

Will Irene get hers?

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (3)

82A

POP

(expansively)

I'm gonna see she gets a hunnert
and fifty for this one.

Irene enters, holding aloft a steaming casserole and
smiling her best smile.

IRENE

Gentlemen, dinner is served.

82B INT. BATHROOM OF DOMINIC'S HOUSE - DAY

82B

Maerose is making herself up to look like a ruined
spinster. Her hair is drawn back in a severe bun.

She has powdered herself into a heavy pallor. She is
adding dark circles under her eyes with an eyebrow pencil.
When she is done, she draws back to study the effect.
The CAMERA FOLLOWS as she shuffles out of the room,
shoulders rounded and head down. Passing through the
dining room into the kitchen, she pauses to be sure her
stockings have sagged sufficiently around the ankles.
She enters the kitchen, where Dominic is reading sheets
of figures. The dregs of breakfast are on the table.

MAEROSE

(innocently)

Was it a good breakfast, Papa?

Dominic looks at her.

DOMINIC

Jesus, Mae -- you look terrible.
My beautiful daughter is turned
into an old woman. Charley
Partanna did this to you. He had
a chance to marry into the Prizzi
family, but he had no use for you.

MAEROSE

He had a use for me, Poppa. He
came to my place in New York the
night before he left to marry the
woman in California and he forced
himself on me and did it to me.

DOMINIC

(leaping to his feet)

Did it to you?

MAEROSE

He screwed me, Poppa. Three
times. Maybe four. I can't
remember.

(CONTINUED)

82B CONTINUED:

82B

Dominic slaps her heavily.

DOMINIC

You wash out your filthy mouth,
you hear? You are talking to your
own father. He done that to you?
Charley? Are you sure?

MAEROSE

Am I sure? Poppa, you should see
the size of him, you should --

DOMINIC

(interrupting)

Shaddapp! Stop! How can you say
such things to your father? Where
is your honor?

MAEROSE

Are you kidding, Poppa? I have
no honor any more.

Dominic is seized with impotent rage that brings flecks
of foam to his lips. Maerose dutifully gets him a glass
of water, except it isn't water but pure grappa. He
gags; Maerose gloats.

CUT TO:

82C INT. FILARGI'S HOTEL - SOUTH APARTMENT - DAY

82C

Irene wraps a large doll in swaddling clothes and lays
it on the bed. She screws a silencer on the barrel of
a pistol and checks its load. She looks at her watch,
picks up the fake baby maternally, and opens the door
to a slit.

82D INT. FILARGI'S HOTEL - IRENE'S POV

82D

Filargi's BODYGUARD pushes the call button to summon
the elevator. The car arrives. The bodyguard disappears
into it, emerges at once, crosses to Filargi's door and
knocks. Filargi comes out. As the room door closes
behind him, Irene, carrying the fake baby, opens her door
and goes out into the hall.

IRENE

(smiling)

Good afternoon.

BODYGUARD

(uneasily)

Good afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

82D CONTINUED:

82D

IRENE
(tossing the fake
baby at the
bodyguard)

Catch!

Irene is about five feet away from the bodyguard.

SIMULTANEOUSLY: (1) The bodyguard lets the fake baby fall to the floor, going for his gun. (2) Irene has her piece out of her purse. (3) Charley comes out of the south apartment, gun in hand. (4) The second elevator opens and a middle-aged WOMAN comes out of the second elevator just as Irene shoots the bodyguard. The woman stares at Irene.

WOMAN
I must have the wrong floor.

Irene shoots the woman in the face. She falls back into the elevator.

The doors of the second elevator begin to close. Irene lunges to stop them. Charley moves in behind Filargi, slams him face-forward against the mail chute between the two elevators, then raps him behind the ear with the barrel of his automatic. Filargi falls unconscious.

Irene punches the hold button then drags the woman's body out of the car by the ankles, dress riding up to her hips. Irene releases the hold button and presses ground to send the elevator back to the lobby.

IRENE
(to Charley)
No stains.

Charley grabs the bodyguard's arm, turns him over and drags him toward the south apartment.

CHARLEY
Come on! Let's move them!

IRENE
Take one arm. I'll take the other.

Together they drag the woman's body into the south apartment. It's shoulder catches on the mail chute. Irene has to jerk the arm to drag the body free.

(CONTINUED)

82D CONTINUED:

82D

IRENE

(continuing)

I had to hit her, Charley. She was looking straight at me.

82E INT. FILARGI'S HOTEL FOYER - DAY

82E

Charley is dragging the body of the bodyguard into the south apartment. Irene guards Filargi.

CHARLEY

You done right.

She watches as he piles the body of the bodyguard on top of the woman.

IRENE

I can't get over it. What kind of creep wouldn't catch that baby? If it'd been a real baby, it woulda been crippled for life.

CHARLEY

He wasn't paid to bodyguard no baby.

The two bodies lay sprawled together obscenely. Charley leaves the south apartment, shutting the door.

82F INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

82F

Charley heaves the unconscious Filargi into the elevator. He pushes the hold button, gives Irene a quick kiss.

CHARLEY

You were terrific, Honey. Absolutely terrific. When we get the Don what he wants, I'm gonna tell him we want to take a trip to the old country. We can have a real honeymoon, maybe even a real baby.

IRENE

God, I love you, Charley.

The elevator door closes, leaving Irene on the deserted floor. As the elevator leaves, she pushes the down button, ignoring the fake baby at her feet.

Filargi's eyes flutter open. He is uncomprehending at first. It takes about 12 floors for him to come to.

(CONTINUED)

82F CONTINUED:

82F

FILARGI
(struggling to sit up)
What's going on here? What are
you doing? Where am I going?

The elevator door opens. The PLUMBER is standing there.

PLUMBER
What'd you do? Take a coffee
break up there?

82G INT. HALLWAY - DAY

82G

They walk Filargi along the short hall to the garage,
where the laundry van awaits them -- rear doors open.

The Plumber pushes Filargi onto the floor in the back of
the van.

82H INT. VAN - DAY

82H

Charley gets in front beside PHIL, the driver. As PHIL
moves the van forward, the Plumber saturates a cotton-wool
dressing with chloroform and presses it over Filargi's
face. Filargi struggles weakly, then relaxes. Plumber
throws a laundry bag over him.

82J EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - DAY

82J

The car crosses the Queensboro Bridge.

83 OMIT

83

84 OMIT

84

85 EXT. WESTERN END OF VEGAS STRIP - DAY

85

Maerose Prizzi is in a Las Vegas taxi driving along the
Strip. The horrendous architecture thins out. Ahead
we can read a roadhouse sign which says:

PRESTO CIGLIONE'S PLACE

*85A EXT. PRESTO CIGLIONE'S PLACE (VEGAS) - DAY

85A*

Maerose Prizzi alights from the taxi and goes inside.

*86 INT. PRESTO CIGLIONE'S OFFICE - DAY

86*

The office is on a balcony overlooking a sprawling
dancehall and bar. Maerose arrives at the top of the
stairs to find Presto at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

*86 CONTINUED:

86*

MAEROSE

I'm Maerose Prizzi. I called yesterday.

PRESTO

I know who you are.

Maerose lays three photographs of Irene Walker on Presto's desk.

PRESTO

(continuing)

I already talked to some of my girls.

He walks to the edge of the balcony and motions down to the dance hall area. A few seconds later, a WOMAN in what couldn't possibly be described as a waitress' uniform ascends the stairs.

PRESTO

(indicating the photos)

This the broad?

The woman nods.

PRESTO

(continuing)

Tell the lady.

WOMAN

I was using this camper for a trick room out in the parking lot. As I lifted up my head from the job, I seen this woman in hot pants run into the lights of the car where Louis Palo caught it in the head. She was in the car a coupla minutes, then she gets out and goes to the trunk and takes out a satchel. Then she fades.

MAEROSE

(indicating the pictures)

This same woman?

WOMAN

Yeah. The same one.

Maerose nods at Ciglionone, takes a roll of bills out of her pocketbook and gives a fifty to the woman.

(CONTINUED)

*86 CONTINUED: (2)

86*

MAEROSE
Buy yourself a cigar, honey.

CUT TO:

*87 OMIT

87*

*88 OMIT

88*

88A INT. ANOTHER RESTAURANT - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

88A

Dominic and CASCO VASGONE are having lunch in a small restaurant, eating lustily while they talk.

(CONTINUED)

88A CONTINUED:

88A

DOMINIC

Some of my boys have cased a fur warehouse on your home grounds. I wanted to clear it with you first.

CASCO

Well, if it's in my country we have to make an arrangement.

DOMINIC

I will personally be responsible.

CASCO

Your guarantee is gold with me.

DOMINIC

I also wanted to get a telephone number. I need the best free-lance hitter around.

CASCO

(surprised)

Angelo Partanna has them numbers.

DOMINIC

I know.

Long pause.

CASCO

You want the best, it costs.

DOMINIC

I need the number.

CASCO

It's an out-of-town number. The worker happens to be a woman.

(he writes on the
inside of a matchbook)

A woman, but she's the best in the business. About seventy-five dollars.

88B INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

88B

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

You have reached the answering machine for 226-1275. No one can take your call right now. Please leave a message after the beep.

(CONTINUED)

88B CONTINUED:

88B

DOMINIC
(into phone; shrugs)
Meet me in Brooklyn on the Promenade.
Five-twenty P.M. Tomorrow.
Full price. I'll be at the
north end, onna bench, reading
"Popular Mechanics."

88C EXT. PROMENADE - BROOKLYN - DAY

88C

Dominic waits on a bench pretending to read Popular Mechanics. Other benches are empty. Irene walks down, stops short when she recognizes the client, then realizes that the client has never seen her, doesn't know who she is. She approaches Dominic.

DOMINIC
You the contractor?

Irene nods, sitting beside him.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
How much?

IRENE
It depends. Some are tricky. Who
is it?

DOMINIC
A Brooklyn fella. Charley
Partanna.

IRENE
(controlling shock)
Charley Partanna?

DOMINIC
You know him?

IRENE
I know about him. It could be a
very tricky hit.

DOMINIC
How much?

IRENE
It would have to be a hundred.

DOMINIC
Ridiculous!

(CONTINUED)

88C CONTINUED:

88C

IRENE

If you can buy it for less, go
buy.

DOMINIC

They told me seventy-five.

IRENE

You told me Charley Partanna.

DOMINIC

Ah, shit. I'll go to ninety.

IRENE

Forget it.

DOMINIC

(disgusted)

Okay, okay. A hundred.

IRENE

When?

DOMINIC

Right away.

IRENE

I need time to lay it out. If it
doesn't look right, I won't take
it.

DOMINIC

Yeah? When you think you'll know?

IRENE

Tell me where I can call you.

DOMINIC

(nastily)

That don't work with me. You took
the call. You come here. You
know what your work is. No
maybes.

(he takes out an
envelope and drops
it in her lap)

Fifty thousand. A down payment.

Irene takes some of the well-used bills and rubs them
together.

(CONTINUED)

88C CONTINUED: (2)

88C

DOMINIC

(continuing)

Next payment when you make the
hit, but two weeks at the outside.

88D INT. FILARGI'S CELLAR ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

88D

Filargi and Charley are watching television. A stack
of books, including some mystery thrillers, are on the
small table by Filargi's chair.

FRED, THE ANCHORMAN

Re-capping the top stories at this
hour...

PLUMBER (V.O.)

(interrupting)

Phone, Charley!

FRED

New developments in that mysterious
mid-town murder...

CHARLEY

Shaddup! I wanna hear this.

FRED

Police have identified both victims.
One of them was a police captain's
wife.

CHARLEY

Oh, shit.

FRED

The man found with her was the
bodyguard of bank president Robert
Finlay.

(Filargi's picture
appears on the screen)

Finlay's apartment is next door to
the one where the two bodies were
found. Bank officers reported him
missing when he failed to appear
at a meeting Monday morning.
Police now speculate that he has
been kidnapped.

(woman's picture appears)

They also believe that Victoria
Calhane, who'd gone to visit in
the building, stumbled into the
scene of the crime.

(CONTINUED)

88D CONTINUED:

88D

Charley is shaking his head in disgust. Filargi is now totally alert. The Plumber appears in the doorway.

CHARLEY

Howdya like that! First, she has to push the wrong button. Then she has to be a cop's wife.

PLUMBER

Charley, the phone's still waiting.

Charley goes upstairs to phone.

88E INT. KITCHEN OF SAFE HOUSE - DAY

88E

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Yeah!

IRENE (V/O)

Hi, honey.

88F INT. CHARLEY'S APT. - DAY

88F

Intercut Irene on phone.

CHARLEY

You see the t.v. just now?

IRENE

Yeah! A police captain's wife. I couldn't believe my luck.

CHARLEY

All hell's gonna break loose, Irene. The cops don't like it much when we hit one of theirs.

IRENE

But it was an accident!

CHARLEY

Um.

IRENE

(softening, flirtatious)
Anyway, honey, you're coming home for dinner, aren't you?

CHARLEY

Yeah, why?

(CONTINUED)

88F CONTINUED:

88F

IRENE

Cuz I got a surprise for you,
that's why.

CHARLEY

Just what I need today is another
surprise. What is it?

IRENE

(now totally flirtatious)
Something special. You're gonna
love it. Get here as soon as you
can, okay?

She laughs at her "joke."

CHARLEY

(with a sigh)

Yeah.

He hangs up.

88G INT. DON CORRADO'S SITTING ROOM/BEDROOM - DAY

88G

Maerose kneels before Don Corrado's chair and kisses his hand. She is dressed in black, but has managed nonetheless to make herself look like a madonna from Fra Filippo Lippi. She sits beside her grandfather and holds his hand. He is listening, eyes closed, to the trio that ends Act I of Così fan Tutti. As it ends, he opens his tiny, icy, auger eyes and they bore into her consciousness.

DON

Amalia has told me that you wish
to thank me for bringing you home.
But who else? You are blood of my
blood, flesh of my flesh and, as
long as I am able, I will think of
your well-being.

MAEROSE

Thank you, Grandfather. You have
drawn me back from Purgatory..

DON

I wish you had been a son. You
are a true Prizzi. Will you have
a cookie?

He reaches for a plate piled high with Amalia's best.

(CONTINUED)

88G CONTINUED:

88G

MAEROSE

It is I who must offer a gift to you, Grandfather. A gesture of my gratitude.

DON

I have always enjoyed gifts.

Maerose opens her purse and takes out an envelope. She removes three photographs and gives them to the Don.

DON

(continuing)

Ah, who is this handsome lady?

MAEROSE

That is Charley Partanna's wife, Grandfather.

DON

Well, well.

MAEROSE

Grandfather, my gift to you is not only the pictures, but also what they mean. Louis Palo was killed in a parking lot in Vegas.

DON

I know.

MAEROSE

I took these pictures there. There was a woman who had been turning tricks in a camper in the parking lot. She told me she saw this woman get into a car with Palo. After a minute she got out, went to the trunk and took out a satchel.

DON

(looking at the pictures)

This woman?

MAEROSE

Yes, Grandfather. She killed Palo and she stole seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars from you. She gave back half to save herself.

(CONTINUED)

88G CONTINUED: (2)

88G

DON

What do you want me to do?

MAEROSE

She dishonored us.

DON

(smiling fondly)

You are like me. We forgive nothing.

Maerose lowers her eyes.

DON

(continuing)

But what would that do to Charley Partanna?

MAEROSE

She must pay, like anyone else.

DON

To do what you ask would cause Charley great pain.

MAEROSE

What is that compared to the honor of the Prizzis?

DON

* Charley is almost my son. I pledged to be his second father the day he was born. *

MAEROSE

But Grandfather ...

DON

* (interrupting sharply) Have another cookie, my dear. *

*88H OMIT

88H*

*88J OMIT

88J*

89- OMIT

89-

104

104

105 EXT. DON CORRADO'S GARDEN (BROOKLYN HEIGHTS) - DAY

105

Amalia shows Irene into the Don's garden. It is small, but elegant and lovingly tended by the Don himself. Flowers abound and ivy covers the wall. In a bower

105 CONTINUED:

105

of shrubbery stands a small statue of St. Francis of Assisi, palm upturned and holding a bowl of seed to which small birds have come.

DON

(taking Irene's out-stretched
hand in both of his)

You are a fine-looking woman.
Charley Partanna is a lucky man.

He motions for Irene to be seated and seats himself
close beside her.

DON

(continuing)

Thank you for coming. What a
surprise you gave us with this
sudden wedding.

IRENE

We just sort of swept each other
away.

DON

(patting her hand)

I understand. But your marriage
has troubled me.

IRENE

Why?

DON

The people at Presto Ciglione's
place in Vegas have looked at
pictures of you and have told us
that you killed Louis.

He holds her hand tightly, looking directly into her
face, smiling.

Irene cannot speak. She stares at him with terror.

DON

(continuing)

Under ordinary circumstances we
would have to --

(he waves his hand
delicately)

-- punish you because those who
steal must pay. But you are the
wife of my godson so I have
searched for some way to show
you clemency.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

IRENE

What can I do?

DON

You have the other half of the
seven hundred and twenty thousand
dollars?

Irene nods, badly frightened.

DON

(continuing)

Was Charley in this with you?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

IRENE

No! He believed me when I told him the half was Marxie's split. He doesn't even know that I was in on it or that I did the number on Louis.

DON

Good. You can have five days to get the three hundred and sixty thousand together.

(he pats her shoulder
solicitously)

Then you will give it back -- together with a fifty percent penalty for what you have done to us. Will five days be enough time for you?

IRENE

(dazed)

Five days? Yeah -- I can get it together in five days.

106 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

106

Charley is in bed, alone. As he flips through the television channels, the PHONE RINGS.

CHARLEY

(picking it up)

Yeah!

107 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

107

Intercut telephone SHOTS. Irene, too, is in bed, a case containing bundles of money is at her side.

IRENE

What d'ya mean, yeah? It's me.
Try "hello."

CHARLEY

Irene. Where are you?

IRENE

In L.A. Didn't you get my note?

CHARLEY

Yeah. But why'd you have to leave so fast?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

IRENE

Something came up. I'll be back tomorrow. Tell you all about it then. Miss me?

CHARLEY

I been thinkin' about you all day long. And what we'd do when I got home. Too bad you're not here.

IRENE

(flirting)

Like what were you thinking?

CHARLEY

We could be taking a shower together maybe. With lotsa soap. We could soap each other everywhere.

IRENE

Charley, I'm getting all wet just thinking about it.

CHARLEY

Yeah? So am I.

IRENE

Ummmmmmmm. Tell me more. What it would be like?

CHARLEY

Hot and slow.

IRENE

Very hot and verrrrrry slow?

CHARLEY

Ummmm. God. I love your skin, Irene. I can taste it now.

IRENE

You are such a turn-on, Charley. Kiss me.

They are silent for a moment, each in reverie.

IRENE

(continuing)

Are you with me, Charley?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

CHARLEY
(in agony)
Oh, yeah, baby. Baby!

Another pause.

IRENE
Tell me, Charley, tell me! Tell
me!

CHARLEY
I'm doin' it. I'm doin' it.
Baaaaby!

CHARLEY AND IRENE
(simultaneously)
Ahhhhhhhhh.

After a moment.

IRENE
Oh, baby. How I love you! I'll
try to get home tomorrow.

She hangs up.

108 INT. RESTAURANT - MONTAGUE STREET - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS 108
- DAY

Angelo, HANLEY and KIELY are in a corner of the back
room. Lt. Hanley is in police uniform; Kiely is in
plainclothes.

HANLEY
What we are here for is to tell
you what we are telling all the
families in town. All contracts
are off until we get whoever
killed Captain Calhane's wife.

POP
(mildly)
How do you mean, Davey?

KIELY
He means: nothing happens and we
are coming down hard on you.
A police captain's wife was
murdered.

HANLEY
You got narcotics, right? Plus
loan-sharking. Plus horse books,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

HANLEY (CONT'D)

jai alai, football, basketball,
 boxing, dogs. Not to mention what
 you take outta restaurants and the
 trucking business. Plus a couple
 million in television sets that
 fall of trucks every week.
 Right? We're gonna put 'em all
 outta business as of now. It'll
 cost us hundreds of thousands.
 but that's the way it's gonna be.

POP

(ignoring Kiely)

Davey, I been doin' business with
 the Police Commissioner's squad
 for forty years. We always went
 under one rule: you take our
 money, you leave us alone.

Hanley doesn't answer.

POP

(continuing)

The more pressure you put on us,
 the more money you cost yourselves.
 There ain't a cop on the squad
 that's had to get along on straight
 police pay for a long time.

HANLEY

Look, Angelo, our people don't
 like this any better than you.
 But this one's a point of honor
 with us. You understand that,
 Angelo.

109 EXT. DON CORRADO'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

109

Don Corrado and Charley are seated in the garden. Because
 it is mid-day and because the Don needs protection from
 the sun, he wears a cloth hat almost as floppy as a
 baby's bonnet. A bottle of wine and glasses are on a
 small table.

DON

(pouring and giving a
 glass to Charley)
 The wine of Mamertino.

CHARLEY

(sipping delicately)
 Delicious.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

DON

How come you hit that cop's wife
on the Filargi job.

CHARLEY

Padrino! You never saw anything
like it. The broad pushes the
wrong elevator button, and the door
opens the minute the second man
drops the bodyguard. The woman
is standing there. She makes
all three of us. She had to go.

DON

(savoring the wine)

I am sure you did not act without
thinking. That is why I have called
you here today. You are a thinker.

Amalia calls from the kitchen window.

AMALIA

Poppa, la zuppa sta pronta. Viena
qua.

DON

(rising)

Ah, Amalia's soup. It is the best
anywhere. Amalia spoils me with
her wonderful cooking.

He smiles up toward the now-empty window.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. DON CORRADO'S DINING ROOM - DAY

110

The large, round dining table is covered with the remains
of lunch -- platter after platter of half-eaten delica-
cies. Plates of fruits and sweets cover the side board.
Charley is torpid, the Don never more alert. He motions
for Charley to join him in the Morris chairs in the
sitting section of his quarters. Both light cigars.

DON

Dominic is a sick man. The blood
pressure is very high; the pain
of the gout distracts his mind. The
return of his daughter has brought
him no ease. He has ulcers coming
on.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

CHARLEY
(mechanically)
Well, modern medicine...

DON
(interrupting)
I am going to move Dominic to Vegas. I am going to make you Boss.

Charley's torpor seems to vanish.

CHARLEY
I am speechless, padrino. This is an honor beyond my dreams. How can I show my gratitude.

DON
To be allowed to witness the son of my oldest friend taking over fills me with joy and emotion. But -- for the time being -- this must be our secret. You must not even tell your father.

CHARLEY
(warily)
I don't understand, padrino.

DON
(with his awful smile)
We will announce everything when the Filargi thing is settled. Then Dominic will move out and you will move in.

111 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

111

Charley and Irene are on the living room floor, once again satisfied, gratified, etc. Irene's suitcase and briefcase are just inside the door. Charley is wearing his socks and his shirt. Irene's panty hose are on the doorknob; she still wears her dress though the top is open and off her shoulders.

CHARLEY
(his voice thick)
God, I missed you!

IRENE
So I gather.

She reaches over and begins nuzzling his ear.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

IRENE
(continuing)
What's been happening?

CHARLEY
(suddenly alert,
sitting up)
Plenty! I just came from a
meeting with the Don -- a private
audience. He wants me to take
over. He says Dominic is sick and
he's moving him out to Vegas
and I'm to be Boss.

IRENE
Charley, that's fantastic!

Irene, too, sits up.

CHARLEY
I dunno...

He gets up from the floor, finds his cigar and begins
pacing.

CHARLEY
(continuing)
It smells fishy. First, it shoulda
been Dominic telling me instead
of the Don.

IRENE
(standing and retrieving
her pantyhose)
Maybe the Don hasn't broken the
news to Dominic yet.

CHARLEY
Whether he has or not, he'd have
talked to Pop about it. He don't
decide which Mass to go to without
talking to Pop. A big deal like
this, they'd have gone over every
angle fifteen times.

IRENE
And didn't he?

She is fastening her clothing as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

CHARLEY

No. Worse than that, he says
for me not to tell Pop. You
wanna know what I think, Irene?

IRENE

What?

CHARLEY

I think they're setting me up.

Irene ponders this long and hard.

IRENE

Charley, you're right. They're
after our scalps.

CHARLEY

How do you know?

IRENE

(taking a deep
breath)

Charley, I gotta couple of things
to tell you.

(pauses for another
breath)

I went to L.A. on orders from the
Don. He told me to bring back
the money I took from Louis Paolo.
Plus fifty per cent interest.

CHARLEY

So you did zotz Palo? You swore
to me you didn't! You lied to me?

IRENE

I lied to you because you wanted
me to. I told you what you
wanted to be true.

(near tears)

I told the Don it was all my doing
-- but... Oh, Charley, I'm so
sorry.

CHARLEY

(all concentration)

What's the other thing you had to
tell me?

IRENE

Dominic put out a contract on you.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (3)

111

CHARLEY

How the hell do you know that?

IRENE

I'm the contractor.

CHARLEY

(wildly)

Dominic hired my own wife to clip
me? *

IRENE

(both laughing and
crying)Oh, Charley. He doesn't know I'm
your wife. He just wanted the
best.

Charley paces madly, trying to take it all in.

IRENE

(continuing)

Charley, honey. Let's go to Hong
Kong. Tonight.

CHARLEY

What are you talking about?

IRENE

I mean, let's beat it while we
can.

CHARLEY

Beat it?

IRENE

Yes. Scram. Split. Make a run
for it. I know someone in Hong
Kong who could give us new prints
--even new faces -- in a few
days.

(near desperate)

We could get out of this crazy
world, Charley. Start fresh.
We could be together all the time. *

CHARLEY

Hong Kong?

IRENE

Hong Kong. Brazil. South Africa.
It doesn't matter. What matters
is us -- together! Please,
Charley!

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (4)

111

She takes a deep breath.

IRENE
(continuing;
pressing)

Charley, I've done three or four hits a year for the past few years. Most of them for full pay.

CHARLEY
(startled)
That many?

IRENE
That's not so much when you consider the size of the population.

Charley looks at her, amazed.

IRENE
(continuing, near
tears)

Charley, the point is I've got almost a million in a safety deposit box on the coast. You must have at least that much put aside. We could take all our money and make a run for it. Go where we want, do what we want. Please, please, Charley, let's just go! Before they get us.

CHARLEY
(enraged)
They're not gonna get us, Irene! Screw 'em. The Prizzis can't win all the time. There has to be a way we can beat 'em. Let's call Pop.

Charley retrieves his trousers from the floor and steps into them.

112 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

112

POP
The Don told you to keep this a secret from me?

CHARLEY
Yup.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

POP
(to Irene)
And he told you he's letting
you off if you just give back
the money?

IRENE
Right.

POP
(also to Irene)
And Dominic gave you a fifty dollar
down-payment to hit Charley?

IRENE
Absolutely. Brand new bills.

As he questions Charley and Irene, Pop's face contorts
itself out of its habitual blandness into a consuming rage.
He walks out onto the terrace of Charley's apartment
alone, closing the door behind him.

112A EXT. CHARLEY'S APT. TERRACE - NIGHT

112A

Pop stands with his back to Charley and Irene, staring
out across the night bay.

*112B INT. CHARLEY'S APT. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

112B*

CHARLEY
He's hot -- I've never seen him
so hot.

He fondles her behind.

IRENE
What the hell. You're his son.

She returns the compliment. Pop returns from the
terrace. He is his old, bland self once again.

POP
It's just business, Charley. Just
business.

CHARLEY
What do we do, Pop?

POP
First, Irene pays the Don his
money back. Plus the fifty
percent interest.

(CONTINUED)

*112B CONTINUED:

112B*

Angelo fixes Irene with a stare that would intimidate a rock. She sighs, reaches for the briefcase she brought with her from Los Angeles, hands it to him.

IRENE

It's all there. Some interest on a two-week loan!

POP

Good. I'll bring it to the Don in the morning. Then he'll see that you are serious for when you lay out the deal that will keep botha you alive.

CHARLEY

What deal?

POP

You have to take away the only thing the Don wants. Filargi, golden Filargi. You have to snatch Filargi again -- this time from the Prizzis. How many people you got out there holding Filargi down?

CHARLEY

Two. My people. They do what I tell them.

POP

(to Charley)

You send a letter to the Don. You tell him you got Filargi and you want to talk but only with a third party you can trust. The Don will ask me who the third party should be and I will tell him I am the only man for the job because you ain't gonna trust anybody else.

IRENE

Yeah.

POP

Filargi is worth seventy million -- maybe more -- to the Prizzis plus control of the bank. What are you next to seventy million dollars? Nothing! He'll take whatever deal you offer.

(CONTINUED)

*112B CONTINUED: (2)

112B*

IRENE

* Yeah. No choice, right? *

POP

(blandly)

* Right. No choice. They know we can let Filargi go and he'll testify against them. And worse, you can turn and go into the Government's Witness Protection program and testify against the Don and Dominic. To a jury, the cold facts would be, you shot the police captain's wife on orders from the Don and Dominic, after they hired you to do it for 150 dollars. *

(pause)

You are very, very dangerous to the Prizzis, Irene. It is important that we remember that.

CHARLEY

Right!

POP

(lights a cigar --
blows out a smoke
ring)

It could turn out to be a good thing that Irene zipped the police captain's wife.

(he grins wolfishly
staring at Irene)

It could solve all our problems.

Irene smiles with grateful relief.

Charley looks at his father with dismay mixed with fright because he knows how his father thinks.

~~113 INT. HANDBOOK AND GAMBLING JOINTS~~~~113~~

Police raid handbooks and gambling joints.

~~114 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE - PATROL WAGON~~~~114~~

Police unload hookers into the patrol wagon.

~~115 INT. PRECINCT HOUSES~~~~115~~

Police arrests clog precinct houses.

116 INT. RESTAURANT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

116

Dominic Prizzi and his bodyguards are eating, when two very large uniformed police officers approach. One of them "accidentally" knocks the bread basket into Dominic's lap. The other brushes off the crumbs, with just a touch of unnecessary force.

DOMINIC

What is this, Keifetz? This is the third time you been on my ass in three days.

KEIFETZ

Who did the job on Mrs. Calhane, Dominic?

DOMINIC

How do I know? I don't know nothing.

*117 OMIT

117*

118 INT. RENTED BOARD ROOM AT A BANK - BROOKLYN - DAY

118

The BOSSES of the five families are seated around a big table with their consiglieri. A short, fat MAN has the floor.

BOCCA

They ain't kidding around this time. It's going to get worse. They are going to keep leaning on us until we give them whoever hit that cop's wife. All I know is one thing here. The cops tell us that the guy who was snatched the day they did the number on the cop's wife also did big business with the Prizzi family. I wanna make this a short meet. I wanna put it to a vote that Dominic Prizzi tells us what he's gonna do about it. All right? Raise your hands.

Bocca sits down.

Dominic gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

DOMINIC

Hold the hands. Who do you think you're talking to? I am Dominic Prizzi. When most of you people had holes in the ass of your pants or you was sticking up gas stations, we was the biggest family in the country and now that some of you have figured out how to run broads we are still the biggest. We lose more when the cops are in an uproar than any of you. We don't like it, but you ain't going to tell us how to run our business. Anybody here who don't like it, you come and get us. We ain't taking any shit from any outsiders about the family business. And I mean most of all a scummy little pimp like you, Signor Bocca.

Dominic glares at Bocca.

Dominic and Angelo move out of the meeting room slowly while the men around the table, except Bocca, who is working himself into a numb rage, look at their cigars.

119 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - MONTAGUE STREET - DAY

119

Pop on the telephone.

POP

(into phone;
urgently)

Charley, lissena me. The heat is really on to turn over the second man. You gotta snatch the banker by noon tomorrow at the latest.

120 EXT. BROOKLYN HOTEL - NIGHT

120

A crowd of celebrants outside the Palermo Gardens pushes to get inside. Pop shepherds Maerose. All the men wear dinner jackets in every color. The women are in finery.

A long limousine stops at the entrance. The three Caporegimes have formed an honor guard to bring Dominic to the banquet in his honor. The dense crowd cheers as Dominic gets out of the car. Two of the Caporegimes move ahead of him to slice through the crowd and one

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

pushes him from behind. They get him into the hall amid cheering and to his place on the dais.

121 INT. BROOKLYN HOTEL - NIGHT

121

The Prizzis, Partannas (except Charley), Sesteros and Garrones on the dais are lined up under the large sepia photographs of the men Corrado Prizzi admires most: Arturo Toscanini, Pope Pius XII, Enrico Caruso and Richard M. Nixon.

There is an empty chair at the center of the dais. As the last course is cleared from all the tables, two men bring Don Corrado through the curtains behind the dais to his place at the center. The cheering is loud and wild because the Don is not alone -- at his side is the world-famous Italian tenor GUILLIANO RIZZO.

The tiny Don embraces the enormous singer. The crowd roars. Don Corrado holds the empty chair for the singer, then raises his hands. Immediately, the noise stops. Everyone sits down.

DON

We are here tonight to honor my son. He is going to leave us --

A moan comes up from the crowd.

DON

(continuing)

-- to live in a nine hundred and thirty-five thousand dollar house next to his own golf course in Las Vegas, Nevada. I say to him -- for you -- from my heart -- God speed you and God bless you, Dominic -- and I present you with these tokens of the esteem of your entire family, going-away presents to which everyone in our entire neighborhood has contributed -- a complete set of sterling silver golf clubs and one thousand of your favorite Mexican cigars.

The guests cheer. Two men stagger through the back curtains under the weight of an elephant-hide golf bag that holds more golf sticks than were seen on the entire St. Andrews links throughout 1754. Two other men follow, balancing towers of cigar boxes.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

The guests leap to their feet, producing a deafening ovation and a great surge of love. Once again, the Don motions for quiet.

DON

Now, we will have a song in celebration of this grand occasion.

The world-famous Italian tenor GUILLIANO RIZZO rises, bringing on yet another paroxysm of cheers. As he stands in this pool of emotion, the Don is swiftly removed through the curtains and back door of the building by the four gift-bearers.

*121A EXT. DON'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

1-21A*

The Don is bundled into the back seat of the car. A SOLDIER is in the front seat beside the DRIVER.

SOLDIER

(to the driver)

Get moving!

The driver just sits. The soldier peers into his face.

SOLDIER

Holy shit, boss! Somebody done the job on Zingo!

DON

What?

SOLDIER

He's dead. They shot his fuckin' eye out.

*121B INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

1-21B*

Guilliano Rizzo is bowing to the applause for his aria. We ZOOM over his bow to a woman at the back of the hall. Her face is distorted with fear.

122 CLOSE-UP OF WOMAN'S FACE

122

WOMAN

(screaming)

Fire! Fire!

Instantly, the wall behind her bursts into flames. Almost as suddenly flames begin to lick at the east interior wall to the left.

123 INT. DAIS - NIGHT

123

DOMINIC

(urgently)

Come on!

He grabs Maerose's arm and pulls her behind him, through the stage curtains, running for the back door.

Angelo walks rapidly after them. Soldiers follow with their wives. The phalanx gains momentum, knocking down two waiters as they make it to the street. As they reach the alley, one of the soldiers stops and says to his wife.

SOLDIER

My sister Tessie is in there.

His wife screams and tries to hold him but he breaks away. The entire building is now on fire.

~~*124 EXT. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE HOTEL BACK DOOR - NIGHT~~~~124~~

* Soldier meets Dominic coming out. *

SOLDIER

The Don is waiting for you.
This way!

~~*125 EXT. DON'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT~~~~125~~

Dominic runs up to the limousine and he and Maerose get in beside the Don.

~~*125A INT. DON'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT~~~~125A~~

Limousine pulls away immediately.

DOMINIC

Jesus! Somebody set the room
on fire.

DON

The Boccas again?

Dominic nods.

DON

The Boccas have made their point.
This killing of the police
captain's wife is costing us
all too much.

*126 OMIT

126*

*127 OMIT

127*

128 EXT. DRIVEWAY OF SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

128

A self-contained motor home moves into the driveway of the isolated house. Charley gets out and walks to the back door, drawing a gun. Irene moves in the opposite direction, to the front, holding a gun.

129 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

129

Charley moves into the kitchen. Halfway across he hears the PLUMBER'S VOICE behind him.

PLUMBER

Hey, Cholly!

Charley spins around. The Plumber has pistol in his hand, pointed at Charley's middle.

PLUMBER

(continuing)

Drop the toy, Charley.

Charley lets it fall.

CHARLEY

What's the piece for?

PLUMBER

You were gonna take the big banker outta here, hey Charley? Jesus, that could make the Prizzis kinda sore.

CHARLEY

I don't get it.

PLUMBER

We all got a job here, Charley. I am the telephone man. I tape all the calls and I got you and Angelo when he called yesterday.

CHARLEY

Then I'm a dummy.

PLUMBER

Charley, I don't know a smarter cat than Angelo. If he has you taking the banker outta here then we are talking heavy money. If it's rich enough for you and Angelo, then I want in.

CHARLEY

In?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

PLUMBER

If we can make a deal then I'm
your man.

CHARLEY

How much are the Prizzis paying
you for this stand?

PLUMBER

Fifteen.

CHARLEY

We'll make it fifty.

PLUMBER

When?

CHARLEY

As soon as we settle with the
Prizzis.

PLUMBER

How much you figure they owe you?

CHARLEY

You were okay with the fifteen.
Now you got fifty. That's all you
need to know.

PLUMBER

You're right, Charley. So whatta
we do now?

CHARLEY

We put the piece away.

The Plumber tucks the pistol into his belt. Irene moves
into the kitchen from the left, covering him in the
doorway to the dining room.

IRENE

You made the best deal you ever
made, Plumber.

The Plumber breaks up.

PLUMBER

They doubled on you and I make
a big deal out of it and all
the time you are doubling on me.

103.

130 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LATER THE SAME MORNING

130

Charley and the Plumber tie Phil to a bed, making him as comfortable as possible.

CHARLEY

Is that okay? You comfortable?

PHIL

Listen, I could starve to death in here. You take off with the client and I'm tied here with no food.

CHARLEY

How can you starve? Dominic will call at noon for his regular check and when nobody picks up they'll come out here.

PHIL

Listen -- I am the one who is on the shit list. At least I am entitled to a good breakfast.

CHARLEY

Okay.
(to the Plumber)
Make him some breakfast.

PHIL

Not him! Did you ever try to eat it when this guy cooks it? You make it, Charley. Some fried pasta with a little tomatoes, a little garlic, some scrambled eggs with peppers, and --

CHARLEY

(interrupting)
Ah, shit.

He hits Phil with a sap.

*130A INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

130A*

With the Plumber at the wheel, the motor home heads away from the safe house. Filargi, bound and blind folded, is in a rear compartment. Charley and Irene are seated in the "living room" area, behind the Plumber.

PLUMBER

So where are we headed, Charley?

(CONTINUED)

*130A CONTINUED:

130A*

* Charley spreads a map of New York State on the table. *

CHARLEY

This may take a coupla days, and
we're gonna hafta keep moving. So
let's get someplace where there's
plenty of scenery and not much else.

PLUMBER

(with enthusiasm)

* Hey, I got an idea. How about we
go up the Palisades towards Bear
Mountain. It's bee-utifull up
there--we could maybe even get in
a little fishing. *

130B MONTAGE OF SHOTS OF MOTOR HOME ALONG PALISADES PARKWAY 130B
ROUTE 9W AND THE RIVER ROAD.

131 INT. EDUARDO'S WILLIAMSBURG SAVINGS BANK - DAY 131

Dominic, Eduardo, and Angelo. Eduardo holds a letter.

EDUARDO

Lemme read this to you.

(adjusts his glasses)

"Dear Eduardo: You are probably
hot right now because we took Filargi.
But when you hear the reason why, you
and the Don are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

EDUARDO (CONT'D)

going to understand there was no other way we could go.

(pause)

Dominic put out a contract on me."

DOMINIC

(half-rising in his chair)

He's a fucking liar! If I put out a contract on him he'd be blown away by now.

EDUARDO

You want to hear this letter? Then listen, don't talk. There is about a hundred and thirty million dollars here, maybe more, that's got to be renegotiated to get it back. So just shut up and listen.

He continues to read from the letter smoothly.

EDUARDO

(continuing)

"Dominic will say it's a lot of bullshit, but it so happens he hired my own wife and he gave her a down payment of fifty thousand dollars and my wife is sitting here beside me and she's laughing like hell. I personally think the Don found Dominic on a doorstep because Dominic is fifty times too dumb to be a Prizzi."

Eduardo grins broadly at his brother.

EDUARDO

(continuing)

I never knew Charley was such a joker.

He returns to reading the letter.

EDUARDO

(continuing)

"So the first thing I got to have before you get Filargi back is that you deliver Dominic to me where I tell you and when I tell you."

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

Eduardo looks blandly from Dominic to Pop, then goes back to the letter. The only sound is Dominic's heavy breathing. He is the color of a basket of flowers.

DOMINIC

(in a strangled voice)

This time no contract. I'll kill him myself.

EDUARDO

(resumes reading)

Listen to the letter: "For the main money this is what I want. Twenty-three hundred fourteen dollars for expenses, then fifty dollars for my helper; of course, the one hundred fifty dollars that was promised my wife as second man in the Filargi stand -- " Charley's wife was the second man?

POP

Right! She was the only way we could take out the bodyguard.

EDUARDO

(back to reading)

"Then I want all of the insurance coverage on Filargi's kidnap policy, which is two million five."

(he pauses)

My God, he's a real businessman. We make him a counter offer and eventually we settle.

Pop beams with pleasure.

EDUARDO

(continuing)

The way I see it, to get back sixty or seventy million dollars, that is only about five point nine percent sales cost -- even if we give Charley everything he wants, which we won't.

DOMINIC

(totally choleric)

And I am part of the fucking sales cost!

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (3)

131

EDUARDO

C'mon, Dominic. Take some blood pressure medicine, will ya? Charley is just making a point. Everything is negotiable.

DOMINIC

You don't know Charley. Charley don't settle. When he says what he wants, he will never settle for less.

EDUARDO

Come on, we'll go over to Poppa's and hash this thing out.

132 INT. CROWDED OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

132

The three men ride down in an office building elevator. Eduardo ogles a young woman in the car.

133 INSERT

133

We see his hand fondle her behind.

133A INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

133A

The woman steps from the elevator, then turns to smile at Eduardo. He follows her through the lobby.

EDUARDO

Look, I know a great place for a drink. How about later today?

He reaches into his suit coat pocket for a card, which he hands to her.

EDUARDO

(continues)

Gimme a call. About three, hmm? I know we're going to like each other.

Pop who has remained at a discreet distance, rejoins Eduardo as the woman goes on her way.

134 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

134

A large car which had been parked about fifty feet down the street from the office building moves sedately past Dominic, who is alone at the curb. It OPENS FIRE with

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

an automatic weapon as it goes past. Dominic goes down. The car vanishes into the traffic. Pop and Eduardo run to Dominic's body.

POP

He's dead, Eduardo.

EDUARDO

Well, at least now we don't have to give Dominic to Charley.

135 INT. DON CORRADO'S SITTING/BEDROOM - DAY

135

Pop enters, closes the door and walks toward Don Corrado.

DON CORRADO

Who is dead?

POP

Dominic.

DON CORRADO

The Boccas again?

Pop nods.

DON CORRADO

(continuing)

Dominic was a lovable man. He was modest. He was shy. He loved his family. He lived for honor.

POP

We won't forget him.

DON CORRADO

(wearily)

The ulcers, the kidneys, the blood pressure -- he got old. Something happened. Maybe it was the daughter, who knows? But he agreed to retire and I gave the job to Charley. I told him to keep it a secret for a little while, until after Dominic's banquet, I thought. Now Charley is all mixed up and we have to get him back. Only Charley can hold everything together.

136 EXT. CROWDED JUNCTION SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

136

Passengers mass across the platform.

Pop comes off a train at the center of a crowd. Charley emerges from the mob and works his way to a place directly behind Pop.

CHARLEY

Sorry to drag you out here, Pop.
I didn't want anyone taking a pot
shot at me.

POP

When I told the Don about Dominic
putting out a contract on you, it
knocked him out. He couldn't
believe it, Charley. He told me
with tears in his eyes that he's
gotta straighten all this out
with you.

Charley is so affected by the news that he stops walking. He and his father stand on the platform and talk as the crowd swirls around them.

CHARLEY

You mean he wasn't setting me up?

POP

He said -- and I know him for
fifty years -- so I know I was
looking into his heart -- he said:
"We need Charley."

CHARLEY

He said that?

POP

The Don and me don't have much time
left. The family has to keep
going. You're the only one who can
run it.

CHARLEY

Then everything is okay? We don't
have to hang onto Filargi?

POP

(briskly blowing
his nose)

The Don gave his guarantee.
Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock,
bring Filargi to Madison Avenue
and Sixty-first Street and let him
out. I will tip off the cops and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

110.

136 CONTINUED:

136

POP (CONT'D)
the FBI that he will be at his
hotel.

*137 EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

137*

* With the Plumber at the wheel, the motor home rolls
along the secondary roads that parallel the Hudson River.*

CUT TO:

*138 INT. MOTOR HOME

138*

Filargi, in deep shadow, sits stoically as the motor
home rolls on. Charley and Irene are in a separate
compartment.

IRENE
How are you going to take him in?

CHARLEY

* Pop's sending someone to meet
us up on the Palisades. We'll
transfer him to the van there,
and I'll take him into the city.
You stick with the Plumber; he'll
drop you at the apartment.

IRENE
(wary, fishing)
Tell me about the numbers, Charley.

Her eyes are no longer on the passing scenery. They
are directly on Charley.

CHARLEY
It's all settled. My end is the
two and a half million... plus I
am Boss of the Prizzis, with heavy
points in everything the family
does. We'll have the money this
time next week.

IRENE
You mean to tell me you're going
to turn over our whole ball of wax
because some Sicilians say they're
going to pay you what they owe you
some day?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY

Irene, I'm Boss now. They need me. I believe Pop. They're not about to screw us over.

IRENE

Sure, Pop's looking after your interests. That don't necessarily mean he's looking after mine.

CHARLEY

You're my wife!

IRENE

Your Polack wife...

CHARLEY

Come off it, Irene!

IRENE (takes a deep breath)

Alright, for 900 dollars I'll come off it.

CHARLEY

What 900 dollars?

IRENE

The 720 from the Vegas scam, plus the \$180 penalty the Don made me pay. That's 900 dollars. I want it back.

CHARLEY

You're completely crazy, Irene. That's Prizzi money, not yours. You stole it!

IRENE

(boldly, lest her voice quiver)
The Prizzis got theirs back from the insurance company. I want what's mine.

CHARLEY

(restraining himself)
That aint gonna make no sense to the Prizzis, honey. Don't you remember the words of the late, great Marxie Heller? We'd rather eat our children than part with money. You keep them words in mind, honey.

IRENE

I am. I am.

138A EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

138A

The motor home and the laundry van are parked together by the side of the road. Charley and the Plumber open doors of both, then Charley beckons to Filargi. Irene is not seen.

CHARLEY

Come on, Rosario. Time to get this show off the road.

They transfer him to the van.

*139 OMIT

139*

140 EXT. VAN DRIVING ACROSS QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE - DAY

140

141 INT. VAN - DAY

141

CHARLEY

Mr. Filargi. You were born a poor kid in Naples, right?

FILARGI

Yes, that's right.

CHARLEY

You remember the Camorra?

Filargi nods with distaste.

CHARLEY

(continuing)

The Camorra were small. We are very big. There is no place we can't go. They could lock you in a steel room in a submarine on the bottom of the ocean floor and we would get to you.

(he pauses)

The cops will talk to you. If you say anything about who took you,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
or where you thought we took you
-- then we are going to kill you.
Avete capito?

FILARGI
I understand.

142 EXT. A MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

142

Charley stops the van by a curb.

CHARLEY
You're free, Mr. Filargi. Good
luck.

Filargi gets out of the car. He leans into the window
opening and stares at Charley.

FILARGI
I have forgotten the Prizzis
already.

143 INT. DON CORRADO'S BED-SITTER -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

143

* Don Corrado, Eduardo and Pop sit in the Morris
chairs. Charley sits in a straight-backed chair
facing the two men. *

DON
Tell us what's on your mind, Charley.

CHARLEY
I got a request to make -- or
Irene has.

* EDUARDO
Yeah? What kind of request? *

CHARLEY
She wants her money back.

POP
What money?

CHARLEY
The five-forty she gave you for the
Don, plus the three-sixty I got from
her the night I zipped Marxie
Heller. That money. She's willing
to forget the two-and-a-half-million
from Filargi's insurance and the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
rest of what Dominic owed her for
the contract on me. But she wants
the nine hundred back.

* EDUARDO *

With all due respect, Charley, your
wife must be cracked.

CHARLEY
Try to see it from her point of
view. I mean, you did agree to
all that stuff in the letter we sent
when we had Filargi.

Charley looks to the Don, who appears to be sleeping.

CHARLEY
(continuing)
You made a commitment, Pop. And
anyway it was her moves that got
Filargi out in the first place.
We're gonna get the bank. So the
nine hundred doesn't seem like so
much money. Irene figures she has
it coming.

DON
(suddenly awake)
I am glad she is that foolish and
grasping. It makes it a little
easier what we gotta do.

CHARLEY
(apprehensively)
What?

* DON *

The family has decided we
gotta give the second man to the
cops.

Charley looks with horror from Don Corrado to Pop.

CHARLEY
Give Irene to the cops?

* DON *

The family decided that we
have one week to give up the
second man or we will be at war.
A war would cost us everything we
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

DON (CONT'D)

have -- it could mean the end of
the family.

CHARLIE

(bewildered)

But, padrino...

POP

Charley, you never shoulda married
a woman that wasn't in the
environment. That wasn't smart.
It mighta been all right if she was
straight. But she wasn't.

DON

She's gotta go. And you gotta do
the job on her, Charley. You are
the only one who can get close
enough to do it?

CHARLIE

Zotz Irene? Clip Irene?

DON

If they take her alive, they will
make her talk. And if she talks,
she will drag us all to jail --
maybe even to the chair. Filargi
will go free. We will never get
the bank. There is no choice.

CHARLEY

But how will wasting Irene satisfy
the cops about the broad who
pushed the wrong button?

DON

Filargi will identify your wife's
body. There will be no one to
question. Everybody will have
what they want and we can get back
to doing business.

CHARLIE

She is my wife, padrino. I can't
kill her!

DON

(mildly)

Charley, you swore an oath of blood
-- my blood and yours -- that you
would always put the family before

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (3)

143

DON (CONT'D)
anything else in your life. We are
calling on you now to keep that
sacred oath.

CHARLEY
Irene is my family, padrino! She is
my wife.

POP
Charley, she is a woman you have
known for only a few weeks. She is
your wife. We are your life.

DON
You failed in your oath when you
covered up for her part in the Vegas
scam. A great sin against your
honor. For this you must atone.

CHARLEY
(scared and desperate)
Pop, padrino, Eduardo! I need her!
Look at you!
(looking at Pop)
You've been alone since Mama died.
You, padrino -- you're alone all my
life. Is that what you want for me
-- to grow old as you have with only
bodyguards and money for company?

DON
Charley, Charley, my beloved man.
You will be even more alone if you
turn your back on us. We are your
blood.

* The three men stare at Charley implacably. Charley
paces. *

CHARLEY
I feel like I'm drowning or
something. I covered up the Vegas
scam to protect her. I thought
that's what we did for our women.
How can that be a sin against honor?

DON
She is a hitter and a thief. You
must give her to us. Tell us your
answer.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (4)

143

Charley paces the length of the room and back. Then, stopping in his tracks, he faces Pop and the Don.

CHARLEY

(hoarsely)

The family is the only place I can be. I know that.

POP

It's business, Charley. It's only business.

Charley picks up the Don's telephone and dials rapidly.

144- OMIT
146144-
146

147 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

147

Irene answers the PHONE ON THE SECOND RING.

INTERCUT phone shots:

CHARLEY

Irene? Charley.

IRENE

(tensely)

Yeah?

CHARLEY

Everything's okay. The Don is giving you your money back -- the whole \$900. I have it right here.

IRENE

The Don is giving money back?
Since when?

CHARLEY

(very heartily)

You coulda knocked me over. And that ain't all. He's gonna pay you every dime -- for the Filargi stand, and what Dominic said. How about that?

IRENE

(thoroughly frightened)

Oh, Charley.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

CHARLEY

Well, I'm glad everything is settled. I'll be right home -- thirty-five minutes tops. We'll celebrate. I just wanted you to know, sweetheart -- everything is a hunnert percent okay.

They hang up. Irene sits for a moment, staring at the phone. She gets up, paces, looks at her watch, and begins to pack a suitcase. She is certain Charley is lying. She goes to a dresser drawer, takes out a pistol and packs it carefully in her purse.

IRENE

(looking heavenward)

Marxie, I shoulda listened...

She calls for a taxi, leans over the desk in the living room, writing a note. She is out of the apartment within minutes of hanging up with Charley.

147A INT. DON CORRADO'S BED-SITTER - DAY

147A

DON

(to Charley)

After you take this stone out of my shoe, call your father and tell him where they can get her. Then the wind will stop blowing.

*

*

Charley leaves the room.

148 EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

148

Irene pays taxi driver and rushes into terminal.

149 INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

149

Irene at an airline ticket counter facing an airline CLERK.

IRENE

Next -- what is the flight out of Los Angeles tomorrow morning to Hong Kong?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

CLERK

(consulting computer)

Flight 009, leaving at 10:45 a.m.
But we can get you to Hong Kong
tonight out of LAX.

IRENE

Thanks. But I have to get to the
bank in the morning. Reserve 009
for the morning, please. One
seat, one way, first class. The
name is Hilary Jackson.

150 STOCK SHOT - EXT. JETLINER ON TARMAC - DAY 150

151 INT. CHUTE FROM AIRPORT BUILDING TO PLANE - DAY 151

Irene hands her boarding pass to a uniformed airline
attendant and hurries along the chute to the plane.

152 EXT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY 152

Charley steps out of a taxi and rushes into the building.

153 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY 153

Charley yells Irene's name as soon as he enters the
apartment. There is no answer. He sees the note on
the table. He rushes to the note. He reads it.

154 INSERT - NOTE 154

"DEAREST CHARLEY: I HAVE TO GO OUT AND FINISH THE
MOVING OPERATION IN CALIFORNIA. I'LL BE BACK IN THREE
DAYS. ALL MY LOVE, IRENE."

155 BACK TO SCENE 155

Charley moves fast. He goes to a closet and removes
Marxie Heller's long balanced knife from a box.

156 INT. LAX - NIGHT 156

Charley comes out of the chute at LAX. He carries a
case rapidly toward an auto rental agency booth.

157 EXT. WESTWOOD HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT 157

Charley gets out of his rental car and opens the case,
removes Marxie's knife and straps it to his calf. He goes
into the house.

CHARLEY

(over threshold)

Hey! Irene! Look who's here!

158 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

158

Irene, greatly startled at the sound of his voice, grabs her purse, removes the pistol, and rushes with it to a makeup case in her dressing room. She puts the gun in it, raising its top to conceal it, its back facing the large bed.

IRENE

Charley! What a wonderful surprise!

159 INT. STAIRWAY OF WESTWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

159

Charley comes bounding up the stairs with the case.

CHARLEY

Baby! We're gonna have a ball for three whole days!

They meet at the top of the stairs and embrace passionately.

IRENE

Hey -- you're packing a lot of heat. I hope you won't wear it to bed.

CHARLEY

Just part of the uniform. I can't wait to get it off.

160 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

160

Irene puts the AUGUSTIN LARA TAPE ON A PLAYBACK DECK, watching Charley hang up his jacket, unstrap the shoulder harness and hang it over a chair which is across the room from the bed.

CHARLEY

Jesus, what a beautiful song.

161 INT. WESTWOOD HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

161

They sit back-to-back on either side of the double, wide bed while they undress.

Charley untapes the knife from his leg and lets it drop onto the floor beside the bed.

When Charley has only Jockey shorts on he crosses to the bathroom in front of Irene, nearly naked, to show her how unarmed he is.

Charley returns to lie on the bed on the far side, away from the dressing room. He lies back, his right arm

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

dangling out of sight, with the long, thin knife in his right hand on the far side.

Irene brushes her hair in the dressing room, visible from the bed.

IRENE

Keep it warm for five more minutes, honey.

162 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

162

She puts the brush down, seems to listen to the LARA MUSIC for a moment then she takes out the pistol from the makeup case, shielding it with her body, letting it hang at her side. She moves out of the dressing room and begins to raise the pistol. Charley moves.

163 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

163

Charley on the bed, lifts the knife and throws it with tremendous force across the fifteen feet which separates them. The pistol FIRES harmlessly as the knife shatters her larynx, severs her spinal cord, and nails her to the lintel of the door behind her.

Heavily, Charley gets out of the bed and dresses himself with mechanical slowness.

Dressed, Charley picks up his suitcase. He goes to the body with stiff exhaustion, and using all his strength, pulls the knife out of Irene's throat. While the body slips grotesquely to the floor, he wipes the knife and carefully tapes it to his calf.

Charley picks up the pistol laying beside the body. He holds it under the body's left breast and FIRES it once while the lyric of the LARA SONG SINGS ON.

He wraps the body in a blanket, hoists it over his shoulder, carries it to the tape player and starts to switch the player off. He hesitates, staring at the machine, then walks away from it, carrying the body and the case with the MUSIC STILL PLAYING.

164 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

164

He carries the body down the stairs to the side door.

165 INT. WESTWOOD GARAGE - NIGHT

165

Charley carries the body to the trunk of the car. He dumps the body into the trunk and closes it.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

Charley reopens the trunk and, leaning down, kisses Irene's mouth.

Charley gets into the car, backs out of the driveway, and heads for the airport.

166 OMIT

166

167 OMIT

167

168 INT. DON'S HOUSE - BED-SITTER - NIGHT

168

Pop sits in Morris chair. Behind him we see the sleeping Don. The phone rings.

POP

(into phone)

Yeah.

CHARLEY (O.S.)

On the east side of the parking lot at the L.A. airport about halfway down.

POP

You done good, Charley.

CHARLEY (O.S.)

Yeah.

POP

What time is your plane?

CHARLEY (O.S.)

Twenty minutes.

POP

I'll call The Man in half an hour.
We are off the hook.

168A EXT. LAX PAY PHONE

168A

Charley leans heavily against phone.

the LARA MUSIC, playing discordantly on a single scratchy violin, COMES UP. Charley listens to it for a moment then brings his fist down with a crash on the shelf under the phone, smashing it.

The MUSIC STOPS.

Carrying two cases, he walks away, across the deserted airport mall. (N.B. One case is for knife, one contains "Irene's" money.)

169 EXT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - EARLY 169

A taxi drives up in front of Charley's apartment house. Charley gets out, removes the two cases and takes them into the building.

170 INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 170

Charley untapes the knife from his leg and puts it away in a drawer. He undresses.

171 INT. SHOWER BATH - EARLY MORNING 171

Charley showers.

172 EXT. CHARLEY'S TERRACE - DAY 172

Charley takes the telephone into his lap and dials.

CHARLEY
(into phone)
Mae? Charley.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE SHOTS with:

173 MAEROSE 173

MAEROSE
(into phone)
Hey, Charley! You know what? My sister Teresa just got back today from her honeymoon.

CHARLEY
Where did they go? Outer space?
How about we'll have dinner tonight?

MAEROSE
Dinner? Whatta you mean?

CHARLEY
What do I mean? I mean, let's go someplace and eat.

MAEROSE
You and me and Irene?

CHARLEY
No. Just you and me.

MAEROSE
What about Irene?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

CHARLEY

She had to go away. She won't be
back. How about it?

MAEROSE

How about it? Holy cow, Charley!
Just tell me where you want to
meet.

FADE OUT.

THE END