

UNDERBOSS

by

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based on the book by Peter Maas

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK ROW - DAY

A crowded downtown Manhattan street. Among the traffic is a small gray sedan with the Federal seal on both front doors. There are four people in the car. (12/11/1990)

SAMMY (VO)

So the time comes when Toddo tells me to be at his club the next day.

AN ANGLE on the car, showing the DRIVER; next to him FBI agent FRANK SPERO; behind Spero SAMMY THE BULL GRAVANO; next to Sammy FBI agent MATTY TRICORICO.

SAMMY (VO)

'Dress up,' he said. Toddo took us to this house in Bensonhurst, Frankie the Wop's house.

Sammy lifts his hands to brush back his hair. He's handcuffed.

EXT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

Two other similar cars are HONKING, trying to get to the entrance through a MOB of reporters, photographers and camera crews. Great crowded NOISE. The cars give up. They stop and out of them emerge more FBI AGENTS, leading from the first car JOHN GOTTI, smiling, waving his handcuffed hands at the cameras, and from the second car FRANKIE "FRANKIE LOC" LOCASCIO, slinking, ducking his face away.

SAMMY (VO)

We go into the living room on the first floor. A bunch of other guys are there. They're calling one guy at a time to go to the basement.

EXT. PARK ROW - DAY

The driver of Sammy's car slows, surrounded by traffic.

DRIVER

We can't get through.

Sammy is matter-of-fact, not asking favors, just stating it.

SAMMY

My kids are gonna see this.

SPERO

We'll take it around the back way.

SAMMY

Thanks.

AN ANGLE on the car, turning off on the side street, the mob scene in bg.

SAMMY (VO)

I'm nervous as hell; but happy nervous.

EXT. ST. GEORGE PLACE - DAY

The rear entrance, a one-lane street. A smaller media MOB is here. They see Sammy's car coming, and surround it.

SAMMY (VO)

I walk down the stairs, and when I get to the bottom, I turn and there's a big long table.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A large game room, dark around the edges, with a dozen THUGS in suits and serious expressions around the long table, with some empty chairs. PAUL CASTELLANO, distinguished, not thug-looking, smiles and gestures a welcome to CAMERA. (1975)

SAMMY (VO)

At the head of the table is Paul Castellano and sitting next to him is Neil Dellacroce.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sammy frowns, angry, affronted, helpless. The car is surrounded by media people.

SPERO

Sorry, Sammy.

SAMMY

Thanks anyway.

EXT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

Frank and Matty and Sammy get out and make their way to the building. A REPORTER yells to the FBI men, pointing at Sammy.

REPORTER

Is he one of the guys who was arrested?

SAMMY

No. I got these two guys under arrest. I got everything under control.

SAMMY (VO)

Paul said, 'Sit down, Sammy. Sit down here. Do you know everybody here?' 'Yes, most of them.'

COPS help clear the way for the trio into the building.

INT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

TRAVEL SHOTS, as Sammy is led through the maze of locked corridors toward the front of the building.

SAMMY (VO)

'Do you like the people here?'  
'Yes.' 'Do you know that this is a brotherhood, a secret society?'  
'Yes,' I say.

INT. PROCESSING - DAY

Gotti and Locascio and their handlers are already here, the cuffs coming off, POLICE CLERKS starting the processing in. Sammy and his two FBI men join the others, Sammy getting close to Gotti.

SAMMY

I don't know about this.

JOHN

This is fucking jerkoff, Sammy, take it easy. I been through this three times, they're fulla shit, I always walk.

SAMMY

I don't know, John.

JOHN

We'll walk, we'll walk. Stick with me, Sammy, you'll walk on water.

GUARD

No talking.

First Frankie, then Sammy, then John, get their mugshots.

SAMMY (VO)

Paul said, 'In this secret society, there's one way in and there's only one way out. You come in on your feet and you go out in a coffin. There is no return from this.'

MORE

SAMMY (VO) (cont)

He said to me, 'Would you drop all loyalties to everything and keep this brotherhood number one, the first thing in your life?' 'Yes.' 'Would you kill for us?' 'Yes.' 'Which finger would you pull the trigger with?' I pointed to my index finger.

First Frankie, then Sammy, get fingerprinted.

SAMMY (VO)

Toddo pricked my finger with a pin until the blood was coming out. He put my blood on a picture of a saint and put the picture in my hands. Paul lit it with a match and it caught on fire.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE on Sammy, awed, caught up in this, staring at the Mass card burning on his cupped hands, flames reflecting in his eyes.

SAMMY (VO)

I ended up with blisters all over my hands.

INT. PROCESSING - DAY

John gets fingerprinted.

SAMMY (VO)

I was supposed to jiggle the picture like the other guys did, but I was just standing there in such amazement, I got so involved in the whole thing, concentrating on the oath, that I didn't feel any pain when I forgot to do it.

The three turn over their valuables, change out of their street clothes into yellow jumpsuits.

SAMMY (VO)

At this point, Paul said, 'You are a member with us. You're now a friend of ours.' He also said that there is no God. We don't have allegiance to any country. Our immediate family, like our wives and children, is secondary.

The three are led out.

INT. TOTAL SEP - DAY

The cells here are one-man, steel-doored, no windows. The three enter with their guards, each is led to a cell, locked in.

SAMMY (VO)

Our Thing, this thing of ours, is first, the only thing in life above everything. I bought this all one hundred thousand percent.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sammy enters, the door is shut. He stands looking around in disgust.

SAMMY (VO)

I really felt that I belonged to a brotherhood that had honor and respect.

Sammy sits on the bed.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Wild country, out west. Sammy, casual but neat, strolls and sightsees while TALKING to an INTERVIEWER OUT OF FRAME.

SAMMY

Later on, I got to learn that the whole thing was bullshit.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

One caged light is lit. Sammy sits on the side of the bed, brooding at the wall. He lies down and turns toward the wall.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sammy sits as before. NOISILY, the door opens. He stands, and two GUARDS enter.

GUARD

Spread em.

Sammy leans hands on the wall, legs spread. They frisk him.

SAMMY

Whadaya think I got, and where'd I get it?

They ignore him, finish their work.

GUARD  
Let's go, you got a visitor.

SAMMY  
Yeah?

GUARD  
Your lawyer.

SAMMY  
About time.

They exit.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

Very plain. John and his lawyer, ALBERT KRIEGER, sit at the table, MURMURING together. Frankie sits apart, not included in. Sammy enters. John rises and greets him with a smile and a hug.

JOHN  
There he is! My Sammy.

Sammy's pleased to see him, but also businesslike.

SAMMY  
Yeah, John, it's nice to be outa that fuckin dungeon. But where's Gerry?

JOHN  
(mock incomprehension)  
Gerry?

SAMMY  
Gerry Shargel. The screw said my lawyer's here.

JOHN  
(dismissive)  
Gerry's off the case.

SAMMY  
What? Since when?

JOHN  
The fuckin judge says he's a house counsel, part of the fuckin criminal enterprise, same as Bruce. Cutler and Shargel, they're both disqualified.

SAMMY

John, I gotta have a lawyer.

JOHN

Lemme introduce you, Sammy Gravano, Albert Krieger, president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers.

Krieger offers a smiling correction as he rises, then shakes hands with Sammy.

KRIEGER

Former president. How are you, Sammy?

SAMMY

I been better.  
(to John)  
John, I gotta have my own lawyer, you know.

JOHN

Mr. Krieger's gonna get you somebody great.

SAMMY

(to Krieger)  
Gerry Shargel was gonna see about, sever my case.

JOHN

Sammy, you don't wanna do that. We're Cosa Nostra, we stay together.

SAMMY

Gerry thought it's better, I'm on my own.

JOHN

Well, he was wrong. Looka Frankie Loc, you don't see him wantin to run off, do you?

SAMMY

I don't see Frankie Loc doin anything at all.

(to Krieger)

No offense, but I need my own lawyer.

KRIEGER

Absolutely. I wouldn't try to represent you both, it wouldn't be ethical.

JOHN

There, you see?

KRIEGER

I've been thinking about calling Ben Brafman, he used to be a Manhattan assistant DA, he knows his way around these kind of cases.

SAMMY

Brafman?

KRIEGER

Ben Brafman. Ask around about him, I'll see if I can get him to come talk to you here. But in the meantime, just for a preliminary, we gotta talk about the situation here.

JOHN

The first thing, we gotta get out of that piss-hole we're in. They call it total sep up there, and it's total fucking shit.

KRIEGER

You boys don't belong up there. Cutler and Shargel are talking to the court about it.

SAMMY

I thought they were out.

KRIEGER

They can't represent you in the trial, but they're still working on the case. Now with the case, the tapes are a problem, but the main--

SAMMY

Tapes?

JOHN

They got some fucking Mickey Mouse tapes.

KRIEGER

But the main thrust of the case is still Paul Castellano.

JOHN

Fucking Paul. He's dead and he's still a pain in the ass.

EXT. CASTELLANO MANSION - DAY

A huge new house, porticoed, on Todt Hill in Staten Island, with great views of the Verrazano bridge and New York harbor. Five cars drive up the curving entryway and stop. (1985)

SAMMY (VO)

I thought Paul was the best thing since sliced bread. He was smart, business-wise.

Out of the cars come John, Sammy, FRANK DECICCO, NINO GAGGI and ROY DEMEO. Paul comes out the front door to greet them, handshakes all around. They go inside.

SAMMY (VO)

He knew how to control people. He was a genius at it. He had that mannerism, that way about him.

INT. CASTELLANO LIVING ROOM - DAY

Very gracious, very expensive, big windows with the view. The guests get themselves drinks at the bar, CHAT easily together, sit around on the sofas.

SAMMY (VO)

The only thing was that he wasn't a gangster and he didn't understand gangsters. He didn't understand what the fuck it was to be broke, to have to go out and rob and do certain things.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Sammy, as before, speaks to the unseen interviewer.

SAMMY

He don't know what it is to rob tires. He don't know what it's like to sit in your in-laws' house with one room for you, your wife and your kids and you can't pay rent or buy a car. Paul don't know these things.

INT. CASTELLANO LIVING ROOM - DAY

They all sit around CHATTING.

SAMMY (VO)

One time, I'll never forget it, we're up at the house, all the guys in the family who regularly killed for Paul, the guys Paul sent out when he wanted somebody hit.

PAUL

(idle, but thoughtful)  
You know who the true tough guys are?

DECICCO

Who, Paul?

PAUL

The cops. They go on these domestic disputes and things and they never know what they're up against.

The others are shocked and angered, but hold it in, because he's the boss. They exchange quick looks. Paul doesn't notice. He looks out at his view. BEAT.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

SAMMY

You could have heard a pin drop.  
He's telling this to us.

EXT. CASTELLANO MANSION - DAY

The five, angry, venting it, come out of the house and go to their cars.

SAMMY (VO)

He's sitting there with guys who you send out to do a piece of work, piece after piece of work, whacking out other guys here, there and everywhere, and you have the balls as a boss to say to us that the true tough guys are the cops?

DEMEO

Next time he's got a hit, he should send in the fucking cops!

They all give angry laughs, and get into their cars, SLAMMING the doors with loud CRACKS, which turn into GUNSHOTS.

## EXT. SPARKS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Close on Paul as he's getting out of the rear seat of his limo, looking up, startled, hearing GUNSHOTS. Four MEN, backs to us, wearing long white coats and Russian fur caps, crowd PAST CAMERA, shooting at Paul and his BODYGUARD. Both go down.

## INT. CELL - DAY

Sammy sits brooding. The door opens and the two guards enter, as before.

GUARD

Spread em.

Sammy obeys. He's fatalistic, bored, low energy.

SAMMY

Visitors? Who've I got this time, lawyers?

GUARD

Your family.

## INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

A large room with many tables and chairs, but at the moment the only people in here are Sammy's wife DEBBIE and his teenage children, KAREN and GERARD. Sammy enters with the two guards, one of whom stands by the door. Sammy starts forward, the other guard with him, then stops and frowns.

SAMMY

Where are the other prisoners, all the other visitors?

GUARD

You're in total sep. You get a separate, completely isolated visit.

Sammy shrugs, accepting this latest indignity.

SAMMY

All right. But why don't you go to the other end of the room? Let me talk to my wife and kids.

GUARD

(apologetic)

Sammy, I can't. I have to sit here and monitor the visit.

Awkwardly, Sammy kisses Debbie, then sits at the square table, Debbie to his right, the kids on the other two sides. The guard brings a chair from a near table, sits between Sammy and Debbie, back a bit from them.

DEBBIE

Sammy? What's going on?

SAMMY

What, this guy? Not his fault, they got us in this thing called total sep, it's a total crock, they're violating their own Federal guidelines, it isn't supposed to be for us, it's supposed to be strictly for nutcases, violent nutcases. They're just busting our--

He remembers the children's presence.

SAMMY

Busting our chops.

DEBBIE

Are you going to get bail?

SAMMY

I don't know, I don't think so. We're supposed to have a hearing.

DEBBIE

It's almost Christmas.

SAMMY

I know, I know, the bail hearing's the twenty-first, four days before Christmas, so maybe. But I wouldn't count on it. They got their hands on us now, they wanna squeeze our--

He remembers the kids again.

SAMMY

Squeeze our brains.

GERARD

Pop, they're not gonna keep you like a long time, are they, like forever?

SAMMY

(laughs)

Not forever, don't say forever. But I think until the trial's over.

DEBBIE  
That's really sick.

SAMMY  
Well, you know, John's made them look like assholes--you know, like bums, a couple times now, so they're gonna get even a little bit. Up until we get acquitted.

DEBBIE  
Are you going to get acquitted?

SAMMY  
Sure. John always gets acquitted.

DEBBIE  
That's John.

SAMMY  
Well, I'm with him. Listen, what you gotta do-- Karen?

KAREN  
Yes?

SAMMY  
You listening, honey?

KAREN  
Sure. It's just, it's like a ugly room.

SAMMY  
It's a whole ugly building, honey. What you gotta do, you and Debbie and Gerry, you gotta do the whole Christmas, regular Christmas, just like we were gonna do. I'll phone you, I get to phone.

GUARD  
Sammy, I'm sorry, your time's up.

SAMMY  
Okay. Sure.

They all stand. Sammy and Debbie embrace. Holding onto her, he MURMURS into her ear. The guard can hear him, but the kids can't.

SAMMY

When you're in this total sep,  
every time you get a visitor,  
afterward, they give you a  
strip search.

DEBBIE

Oh, Sammy.

She's crying, without fuss.

SAMMY

I hate it, Deb, this fucking shit  
is demeaning. But all it's doing,  
it's making me tougher.

DEBBIE

(smile through tears)  
Sammy the Bull.

SAMMY

(smile without tears)  
You got it.

GUARD

Sammy.

SAMMY

Right. Right.

Sammy and the guard leave. Debbie and the kids hug together,  
looking after him.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

The defense's room next to the court. Krieger and BENJAMIN  
BRAFMAN sit at the table, CHATTING. They rise when guards  
escort in John and Sammy and Frankie, all now in suits and  
ties.

KRIEGER

Hello, John.

JOHN

So is this cocksucker gonna give  
us bail?

KRIEGER

I doubt it.

BRAFMAN

Sammy, I'm Ben Brafman.

Sammy and Brafman shake hands.

BRAFMAN  
I talked with Gerry Shargel, and he's happy to have me here if you are.

SAMMY  
Sure. Only we oughta talk together some time.

BRAFMAN  
We'll do that. Gerry can still be around, give advice, he just can't stand up for you in court.

KRIEGER  
Judge Glasser has gone along with our request, the bail hearing's closed to public and press.

SAMMY  
(heartfelt)  
Good.

KRIEGER  
That may be the only break we get.

INT. COURT - DAY

JUDGE I. LEO GLASSER presides. The three defendants and their lawyers take their places at the defense table. JOHN GLEESON leads the prosecution.

SAMMY (VO)  
John told Frankie Locascio and myself that we all should intimidate the judge, glare at him to show how tough we are. I told John I know the judge. He was the judge in my tax case with the Plaza Suite disco.

John glowers menacingly at the judge. Sammy looks a little bored, a little embarrassed. Frankie tries to disappear.

SAMMY (VO)  
I said to John he's a tough-minded judge, but he's fair. Why antagonize him? But John don't listen. He gives the judge his look.

AN ANGLE on Glasser, glowering right back.

SAMMY (VO)

And Judge Glasser stares right back. He wasn't intimidated. He don't look scared to me.

GLASSER

In the issue of bail, does the government have a position?

GLEESON

The government requests, your honor, that bail be denied.

GLASSER

On what basis?

GLEESON

These defendants, your honor, present an extremely high risk to society. Murder is not only their business, it's just about their pastime. If they were to be released on bail, the likelihood of further killing is very high.

KRIEGER

Your honor, these assertions about these gentlemen are reckless in the extreme.

GLEESON

Your honor, with your permission I will play certain tapes of these defendants, which will bear out my assertions.

SAMMY

(sotto voce, to Brafman)  
Tapes? What tapes?

GLASSER

Mr. Gleeson, what is the provenance of these tapes?

EXT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

On Mulberry Street, in Little Italy. WIDE SHOT from across the street.

GLEESON (VO)

Your honor, for some time we had court-authorized microphone taps in the Ravenite club, where these defendants planned their activities.

INT. COURT - DAY

GLEESON  
We got little of value. They never seemed to discuss their business.

EXT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

CAMERA PANS slowly up to focus on the third floor.

GLEESON (VO)  
Then, through an informant, we learned that John Gotti and his associates did their actual meetings in an apartment above the club, resided in by one Nettie Cirelli, widow of a Gambino soldier named Michael Cirelli.

INT. COURT - DAY

Sammy is stunned. He stares at John, who won't respond, but only keeps glowering at the judge.

GLEESON  
We have tapes of five recording sessions in the apartment, from November 30, 1989 to January 24, 1990. These are the tapes we would like to play.

KRIEGER  
Your honor, may we have a delay, so the defense can study these tapes?

GLASSER  
Mr. Krieger, why don't we all listen to them together? Go ahead, Mr. Gleeson.

Gleeson nods to his TECHNICIAN. The tapes begin.

JOHN (VO)  
Frankie, I gotta order Louie DiBono hit. It's a fuckin shame, but I got Sammy all over me, Louie DiBono this, Louie DiBono that.

Sammy stares at John, who keeps looking at the judge. Sammy's shaking his head; it didn't happen like that.

JUMP CUT, AN ANGLE on John, stone-faced, glaring at the judge, the shocked Sammy beyond him.

JOHN (VO)

There was no fuckin choice on Louie Milito.

FRANKIE (VO)

You do what you gotta do.

JOHN (VO)

I already give him a pass, him and Joe Bilotti, but Sammy's after me all the fuckin time, he's a double crosser, he's a danger to the family, I got no choice.

FRANKIE (VO)

It's known all over the family.

JOHN (VO)

That's fuckin right. Okay, Sammy, I go, whack the fucker out.

JUMP CUT, AN ANGLE on Glasser, stone-faced, listening, the three defendants in bg.

JOHN (VO)

Angie tells me Sammy hit DiB right there in his office, in Sammy's own office at the construction business, shot him in the back of the fuckin head right in his own office. That Sammy's a fuckin monster, he's a fuckin maniac.

JUMP CUT, TWO SHOT, John glaring at the judge, Sammy glaring at John.

JOHN (VO)

I tell him a million times, Sammy, pull it in a fucking notch. You got concrete-pouring. You got Italian floors now. You got construction. You got drywall. You got asbestos. You got rugs. What the fuck next?

JUMP CUT, CU, Sammy, turning his face away from John, looking icily down at the table.

JOHN (VO)

This Sammy's creating a fuckin army inside an army. I'm not gonna allow that.

JUMP CUT, CU, Glasser.

GLASSER  
Bail denied.

INT. HALL - DAY

The three defendants are being escorted back toward their van. John faces front, Sammy glares at John, John finally looks at Sammy. He's friendly, but aloof.

JOHN  
You're disturbed?

SAMMY  
Fucking A, I'm disturbed. I think we gotta talk about these tapes.

JOHN  
Sammy, I gotta say what the people oughta hear.

SAMMY  
What the fuckin judge oughta hear?

JOHN  
Sammy, you're my enforcer, people gotta know you're dangerous but you're workin for me. How the fuck do I know they got a fuckin bug in there?

Sammy shakes his head, stymied by this explanation. They all go out the door at the end of the hall.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

An open hexagon with a pool table in the middle. Double rows of cells are in honeycombs up and down half-flights. INMATES in brown jumpsuits read, TALK or watch TV in the open area. John, Sammy and Frankie, in brown jumpsuits, are led in.

JOHN  
At fuckin last.

SAMMY  
I never thought a place like this would look good to me.

FRANKIE  
We even got television.

Frankie moves closer to the TV. John starts into an empty cell. Sammy calls to him.

SAMMY

John.

John turns, raises an inquiring brow.

SAMMY

I been thinkin more about those tapes.

JOHN

What's done is done.

SAMMY

Those things didn't happen like that, like you said. It almost sounded like you were setting me up in there.

JOHN

Setting you up? Settin me up! I'm the one on those tapes, saying whack this guy, whack that guy.

SAMMY

But it's Sammy, Sammy, Sammy.

JOHN

It's your fault, you know that. You got me annoyed. All these businesses you're in, where's my fuckin piece?

SAMMY

Your piece? I'm giving you thirty per cent! Some of the stuff you get fifty.

JOHN

You got money on the street. You're loan-sharking.

SAMMY

That's not family, that's my business. I'm bringing in fifteen grand a week, I'm putting it all right back out on the street, I'm not keeping a fucking dime of that.

JOHN

You gotta think of the family. You can't be off on your own.

SAMMY

I'm never off on my own. I give my heart and soul to the family, you know that. But John, I got a problem with these tapes.

JOHN

(impatient)  
That's over.

SAMMY

It isn't over. They'll play them at the fuckin trial. John, I gotta talk to Brafman, I gotta get a severance.

JOHN

(stern)  
Sammy, don't bring that up again.

SAMMY

I gotta contradict you, John, I gotta say it didn't happen that way. We can't be in the same trial and not agreeing with each other.

JOHN

The lawyers can work that out. The tapes aren't that big a deal. You don't sever. We're all in this together. I got to think of the future of the family. I got to think of the future of Cosa Nostra. I got to think of my public.

John goes into his cell. Sammy stands there, stymied.

SAMMY

(low, wondering)  
My public.

INT. REGINE'S - NIGHT

The disco, on a lively night. A large table for ten stands empty, in a prominent spot. (1988)

SAMMY (VO)

I never liked to be in public. John loved that shit, I never did.

A group of ten well-dressed THUGS, headed by John and Sammy, are led to the table. Sammy's a fish out of water, but the others are all up and cheerful and expansive. John's the obvious host.

SAMMY (VO)

One night, I did go with him to Regine's. It had to be the best champagne. Not Dom Perignon. The other one.

JOHN

(loud, to the waiter)  
Cristal Rosé!

SAMMY (VO)

The more expensive, the better.

They all sit, John at the head of the table, Sammy to his right, BOBBY BORIELLO to his left. John looks around, pleased with life.

JOHN'S POV: Two girls at a nearby table have recognized him, and are giggling together.

PREVIOUS SHOT.

JOHN

Bobby, go talk to those girls, ask them, would they like a drink with John Gotti?

BOBBY

Sure, John.

Bobby gets up and crosses to that other table. Sammy looks on, with a sour expression.

SAMMY (VO)

Fuck that shit! I mean, I did that when I was eighteen, nineteen years old.

Another guy at the table, JOE WATTS, leans toward John.

JOE

(excited)

John, look to your left, you got a movie star over there! And that's that guy on the TV, the news guy.

John waves to the movie star and the TV guy, who wave and smile back.

SAMMY (VO)

Who gave a fuck about them? That wasn't me, to go somewhere just to be seen.

Bobby comes back with a Regine's postcard.

BOBBY

They don't want a drink, they don't  
wanna take up your time. They  
just want an autograph.

JOHN

(grinning)

Sure. They're shy. Bobby, tell  
the waiter, send them a bottle of  
the Cristal Rosé, my tab.

BOBBY

Sure, John.

John waves to the girls, takes out his pen, makes an  
elaborate flourish of signing his name.

SAMMY (VO)

We're not actors, we're not actresses.  
We're gangsters and racketeers.

CUSTOMERS grin and wave to John, who grins and waves back.

SAMMY (VO)

We're not supposed to be known to  
the public. What happened to that  
prick in the finger, when Paul  
said, 'We're a secret society'?  
What kind of secret is this?

Three bottles of Cristal Rosé are brought to the table and  
poured for everybody.

JOHN

(to Sammy)

So. Isn't this the life? Aren't  
you glad you come out for once?

SAMMY

Sure.

They all drink.

JOHN

This is my public, Sammy. They  
love me.

## INT. COURT - DAY

The jury files in. ANGLES on them as they look around, interested, curious.

JURY POV: The three defendants, in suits and ties, come in, cross to their table. John is smiling and waving to the famous people in the audience. Frankie seems humble, peaceable. Sammy is mulish, sullen, indrawn. John waves to the jury.

SAMMY (VO)

For years, I didn't know John Gotti.

A few of the jurors smile back. A couple start tiny waves of their own.

SAMMY (VO)

He's on another planet as far as I'm concerned, Ozone Park, in Queens.

JURY POV: The defendants sit. CAMERA PANS in to Sammy's rockhard profile, reacting to nothing.

SAMMY (VO)

I'm in Bensonhurst, in Brooklyn, it's another place entirely.

## INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dark, a little seedy, half full. Sammy sits in a booth with a few friends. BOOZY, an older man, comes over. (1976)

SAMMY (VO)

Anyway, I'm in this after-hours club that belongs to Frank DeCicco, and Boozy, Frank's father, says to me

BOOZY

Did you ever meet this John Gotti?

SAMMY

(not particularly interested)  
No.

BOOZY

Well, he's a good kid and he's going to be a friend someday with us, take it from me. Let me take a minute and introduce him.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

So Boozy brings him over and I said, 'Hey, John, how you doing? You just got out?' 'Yeah,' he says, 'I did some time.' He was part of a hit that got all screwed up over on Staten Island, where the shooter, Ralphie Wigs Galione, got seen by so many witnesses that Carlo Gambino had to order Ralphie Wigs hit. So with the shooter dead, John's lawyer was Roy Cohn, and he plea-bargained down to attempted manslaughter. So he did about thirty months, and now he's out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

John and a few of his FRIENDS are now with Sammy and his friends. They're both younger here, and John dresses in black turtleneck, without his later flash.

JOHN

Yeah, Greenhaven, it's a fucking walk-through.

SAMMY

Now you're going back to work?

JOHN

Yeah, out to the airport, out to JFK, we're right around the corner out there. They got a shitload of freight comes through, you got designer clothes, you got your gourmet foods, you got dental gold.

SAMMY

Sounds good.

JOHN

It's a fucking feeding trough.

John laughs, pleased with the idea.

INT. COURT - DAY

John laughs, pleased with himself. He winks at the jury.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Judge Glasser enters; all rise. John performs a pantomime in which he's stopped laughing and he's going to be serious now. But no glaring at the judge. He pats Sammy's shoulder, and Sammy reacts as though startled awake.

SAMMY (VO)

So that's the first I met John Gotti, and the last time he got convicted of anything.

GLASSER

Be seated.

All sit. Sammy looks at the jury.

PAN over the jurors, all intent, ready to do their best.

SAMMY (VO)

The first time the Feds went after John, I got to one of the jurors, cost me sixty thousand. This time, we haven't been able to reach anybody. But the guys in the crew, they're still trying.

INT. SECOND COURT - DAY

Earlier; a different trial. GERRY SHARGEL, Sammy's regular lawyer, delivers his SUMMATION. Glasser is the judge. Gotti is not involved. (1985)

SAMMY (VO)

The last time I'm in front of this judge, it's a shitty IRS thing. They're trying to Al Capone me, get at me through income taxes, but it's all bullshit.

SHARGEL

(deep sarcasm)

What a brilliant criminal mastermind this is. He pays every penny of his taxes -- a year late. Why? Because he went to get presumably professional advice. He went to his accountant, and he went to his lawyer. Ladies and gentlemen, what would you do? Would you file when your professional advisers tell you to? Or would you just file any old time, regardless?

JUMP CUT. Sammy in a different suit, watching the jury.  
The foreman rises.

FOREMAN

Not guilty.

Sammy and Shargel laugh and embrace.

INT. COURT - DAY

Present time. Sammy looks toward Glasser. Faintly he smiles.

SAMMY (VO)

I like this judge.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Several PRISONERS, including Sammy and Frankie, watch Gulf War reportage on TV. John comes yawning out of his cell, obviously newly awake. He joins the others.

JOHN

Go Saddam, Kill those fuckers.

SAMMY

What?

JOHN

The enemy of my enemy is you know  
who it is? Saddam Hussein.

SAMMY

You're not rooting for Iraq.

JOHN

Fuck, yes, I am. Who's he bustin  
there is the fuckin U S government.  
(to the screen)

Fuckin blow them away, all those  
assholes in the brown there.

SAMMY

John, don't say that.

JOHN

Why the fuck not?

SAMMY

Look, it could be our kids in the  
army. Some of them could be the  
kids of people we know. What the  
fuck.

JOHN  
U S fuckin government, that's what.

SAMMY  
Okay, we hate the government, but what do these kids got to do with it? I mean, like it or not, we belong to this country.

JOHN  
Sammy, I don't want to hear this shit. If you can't say something positive about Saddam fuckin Hussein, then shut the fuck up.

Sammy frowns, but shuts up, and looks at the screen.

SAMMY (VO)  
I was in the army myself.

INT. ENTRY - DAY

A small room leading to the roof. A bunch of army jackets hang from hooks. INMATES, including our three, are led up the stairs. Each is given a jacket, then sent out.

SAMMY (VO)  
Maybe once or twice a week, they take you to the roof for recreation.

Sammy gets his jacket, reacts with pleasure.

SAMMY (VO)  
Lo and behold, I go to the roof and its raining and what do they give you to wear?

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Raining. Smallish exercise area surrounded by very high walls. Sammy comes out, starts walking around like the others.

SAMMY (VO)  
An army jacket! This jacket just brings back every memory I ever had about the army and the military.

CAMERA PANS with Sammy, deep in thought.

SAMMY (VO)  
And now I have to take it off and go back down and root against the army?

Sammy gives John a rebellious look as they pass one another. John gives him a now-what smile, shrugs, and moves on.

SAMMY (VO)

It really turns me off. It's not me. I'll fight the government. I'll fight anybody who's fucking with me, but this is beyond that, hoping our kids should get bombed and killed and everything.

Everybody else slouches and ambles. Sammy's gradually building up to almost a march beat.

SAMMY (VO)

I was in the army myself.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

CU, dice rolling on a taut Army blanket on a bed, bouncing off a footlocker placed where the pillow should be. SHOUTS of joy or dismay. (1965)

WIDE SHOT, a dozen SOLDIERS clustered around the bed, which is now their crap table. Sammy, in fatigues, is among them. He's running the game, with stacks of bills between the fingers of his left hand.

SAMMY

Six, the man's point is six.

SOLDIER

Don't come! A hundred on don't come!

SAMMY

Put it there, put it right there.

The next bed is where the sidebets are made. Sammy covers the hundred.

MP (OC)

Okay, that's it! Break it up!

Sammy spins around.

AN ANGLE to show four MPs walking into the barracks, a sergeant first and then three privates. Sammy runs down the row of bunks toward them.

SAMMY

What are you doin? Hey, what are you doin?

SERGEANT  
You can't gamble on the base.  
It's illegal.

SAMMY  
Are you nuts? You're getting a  
piece.

SERGEANT  
What are you talking about?

Sammy waves the left hand with all the bills in it.

SAMMY  
You're in this. You're in, for  
Christ's sake.

The sergeant looks at the money, Sammy, the gamblers.  
Suddenly he grins, and turns away.

SERGEANT  
(to his MPs)  
Okay, come on, let's get out of here.

The four MPs leave. The game starts up, Sammy goes back to  
running it.

SAMMY (VO)  
From there on, I had him on the  
payroll. I think I had everybody  
on the payroll but the general.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Everybody walks around in the rain.

SAMMY (VO)  
All in all, I did very very good  
in the army. I got promoted to  
corporal.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY  
I wouldn't have minded going to  
Vietnam. You got medals for killing  
people there.  
(shrug)  
Anyway, I got an honorable discharge.

INT. COURT - DAY

A DETECTIVE is testifying. A large poster on an easel shows the neighborhood of Sparks Steakhouse.

DETECTIVE

We believe there were three gunmen, and at least one driver for their getaway.

AN ANGLE on Sammy, looking at the detective and the poster. The testimony continues UNDER.

SAMMY (VO)

There was in fact ten of us in on that hit, and heavy planning, and all kinds of backup. I mean, this is some massive guy we're taking out, with massive connections.

AN ANGLE on the poster. A RED 'X' SUPERIMPOSES in front of Sparks, on the sidewalk.

SAMMY (VO)

There are the four shooters, all from John's crew.

A second smaller RED 'X' SUPERIMPOSES on the sidewalk across the street from Sparks.

SAMMY (VO)

Another guy with John, Tony Roach Rampino, will be a backup right across the street.

A third RED 'X', as large as the first SUPERIMPOSES farther along 46th Street toward Second Avenue.

SAMMY (VO)

Up the street towards Second as backups will be Angie Ruggiero, who caused the whole fucking thing in the first place, and Joe Watts and Iggy Alogna.

A BLACK AUTO SILHOUETTE SLIDES ACROSS THE POSTER from Park Avenue to Third.

SAMMY (VO)

John and me will be in a car on the other side of Third Avenue.

EXT. 46TH STREET - NIGHT

CRANE SHOT, moving along 46th from the direction of Second toward Third. Christmas decorations, Christmas MUSIC, thousands of SHOPPERS, tons of traffic.

SAMMY (VO)

Nine days before Christmas, five to six at night, in the middle of Manhattan, in the middle of the rush hour, in the middle of the crush of all them shoppers buying presents. The hit would only take a few seconds, and being able to disappear afterwards in the crowds would be in our favor.

The four hitmen in their white coats and Russian hats become VISIBLE as CAMERA CRANES FORWARD. They stand beside the entrance to Sparks.

SAMMY (VO)

I don't know whose idea that was, the coats and the hats, I guess John's. But I thought it was brilliant. The big thing would be confusing the witnesses. 'Well, what was their weight, their height?' 'I dunno. They all looked alike.' And the truth was, afterwards, the witnesses couldn't even tell how many there was.

CAMERA CRANES across Third, as a black Lincoln, moving toward us, stops at the far corner, on our right (its left).

AN ANGLE through the Lincoln from outside its driver's door. John is at the wheel, Sammy beyond him.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Sammy lifts a walkie-talkie.

SAMMY

I'll tell em we're here.

He CLICKS the send button twice.

EXT. 46TH STREET - NIGHT

One of the hitmen carries a walkie-talkie. It CLICKS. He responds; sends two CLICKS back.

REPEAT THE ANGLE through the Lincoln from outside its driver's door. Sammy lowers the walkie-talkie. Another Lincoln slows to a stop for the traffic light just beyond Sammy. The two men inside are clearly visible, with their dome light on. The driver, nearer CAMERA, is TOMMY BILOTTI. The passenger is Paul Castellano.

AN ANGLE on Sammy through his side window. He turns, sees Paul, reacts.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Sammy picks up the walkie-talkie.

SAMMY

John, look past me.

John looks.

JOHN

Holy shit.

SAMMY

(into walkie-talkie)  
They're at Third.

He puts down the walkie-talkie, takes out an automatic.

SAMMY

If they look this way, I start shooting.

JOHN

No, no, we got our people in place.

SAMMY

Yeah, but if they see us, maybe they don't go there.

EXT. 46TH STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE on the traffic light, as it changes.

WIDE SHOT, Paul's Lincoln starts across the intersection. John's Lincoln stays put.

CLOSE on Sammy through the windshield, peering ahead.

SAMMY'S POV: The Lincoln going away, down the block, brake lights coming on. The Lincoln stops. Tommy gets out, into the street. Confused movement on the sidewalk, the four men in white coats moving. Tommy ducks down, hiding behind the car. A white-coated man comes around the front of the car after him.

PREVIOUS SHOT, Sammy through the windshield, trying to see.

SAMMY (VO)  
What made it necessary,

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY  
a lot of John's crew was dealing drugs, and John wasn't stopping them. He wasn't in it himself, but that don't matter. Paul's iron-clad rule was, 'You deal drugs, you die.' John was responsible for Angie Ruggiero, that he grew up with, for his own brother Genie, for all of them. And there were tapes that proved what they were doing. Paul had to die before he heard those tapes. So all the rules of the brotherhood go out the window. You do not do an unauthorized hit. We did an unauthorized hit. You do not ever whack your own boss.

EXT. 46TH STREET - NIGHT

AN ANGLE on Paul, dead on the sidewalk, against his car. CAMERA LIFTS, to see John's Lincoln slowly driving by, Sammy looking out.

SAMMY'S POV, TRAVELING, downward, Tommy's body lying on the street side of the car.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

John is tense, Sammy solemn.

SAMMY  
He's gone.

EXT. 46TH STREET - NIGHT

The Lincoln moves away to the corner and turns south.

SAMMY (VO)  
We make up our own rules, and then we don't keep them.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Sammy and a few other INMATES watch the Today show. Frankie comes sidling up, grinning like a naughty kid.

FRANKIE

Hey, Sammy. I got an orange for you. I glommed six of them out of the refrigerator when I was in the kitchen.

Frankie's oranges are under his shirt, lumpy. He slides one out, passes it to Sammy, who's pleased and touched.

SAMMY

Hey, thanks, Frankie.

They sit together, watching TV. Sammy eats the orange.

LATER. They watch a mid-morning talk show. John comes yawning out of his cell.

SAMMY

Morning, John. How you feeling, bro?

FRANKIE

Hey, John, I got an orange. You want an orange?

JOHN

(coldly furious)

Stick the fucking orange up your motherfucking ass.

The other inmates look over, surprised, interested. Sammy is shocked, and wants to keep this quiet.

SAMMY

John, John, what are you doing?  
He's your consigliere.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up.  
(to Frankie)

You fucking bum. You think I was sleeping. I heard you. I'm the fucking boss. You offered him a fucking orange first?

SAMMY

John, he robbed a half a dozen.  
He gave me one. He's giving you five. You weren't up.

The other inmates are very interested. Sammy turns to them.

SAMMY

Okay, get away, this is private.

The other inmates move away. John misses his audience.

JOHN

What did you do that for?

SAMMY

You're the boss. You want to abuse your consigliere, go ahead. But not in front of these assholes.

John gives an angry dismissive shrug.

JOHN

All right. Frankie, when we get the fuck out of here, I'll show you who the fuck the boss is.

Frankie tries to figure out something to say to John. He fails. He looks at Sammy, shakes his head, goes into his cell.

SAMMY

John, you're killing this guy. And me, too. For what? You said we're fighting this case together. What the fuck are we doing wrong here?

JOHN

Sammy, I'll explain it to you when we get out. But this fucking bum, I got him up to here.

SAMMY

All right, John. But there's other guys around. You know what I mean? We're starting to look bad.

John shrugs that off.

JOHN

Over a fucking orange.

He goes back into his cell. Sammy walks over to enter Frankie's cell.

INT. FRANKIE'S CELL - DAY

Frankie sits on his bunk, hands in his lap. Tears stream down his cheeks.

SAMMY  
Frankie, Frankie.

Frankie looks up. He wipes his eyes.

FRANKIE  
Sammy, can I talk to you?

SAMMY  
Yeah, sure, what's up?

Sammy sits beside Frankie on the bunk. Frankie looks at the floor, speaks in a low and almost unemotional way.

FRANKIE  
He's gone crazy. You know what I mean, John. I gotta apologize, on them tapes, I didn't stand up for you, I shoulda done that.

SAMMY  
What could you say? Don't worry about it.

FRANKIE  
The minute I get out, I'm killing this motherfucker.

SAMMY  
Frankie, he's your boss.

FRANKIE  
Sammy, I never been a punk in my life. Nobody's ever talked to me that way. I don't give a flying fuck if I die trying to do it or afterwards. He made me feel like a punk.

Sammy studies his profile.

SAMMY (VO)  
I knew it wouldn't never happen, but he needed me to hear him say it.

SAMMY  
I agree with you, bro. The minute we get out, we'll set up a victory party, and we'll kill him.

FRANKIE  
And I got to be the shooter.

Solemnly, they shake hands, they kiss cheeks. Frankie sits up straight, wipes his face, smiles. He's a man again.

INT. COURT - DAY

The jury, the attorneys, the defendants and the judge have earphones and transcripts. The tape is also being BROADCAST into the courtroom.

JOHN (VO)

I already give him a pass, him and Joe Bilotti, but Sammy's after me all the fuckin time, he's a double crosser, he's a danger to the family, I got no choice.

FRANKIE (VO)

It's known all over the family.

Sammy turns to look at the spectators.

SAMMY'S POV: His sister's husband, EDDIE GAROFALO, sits among the spectators. He gives Sammy an encouraging smile.

JOHN (VO)

That's fuckin right. Okay, Sammy, I go, whack the fucker out.

Eddie winces on that line, shakes his head, sympathetic to Sammy.

AN ANGLE on Sammy, as he gives a shit-eating grin back and faces front again. Tape CONTINUES UNDER.

SAMMY (VO)

I been blessed with two asshole brothers-in-law. One of them, my sister Fran's husband, Eddie Garofalo, started coming to the trial. The other one, my wife Deb's brother, Nick Scibetta, was long dead.

EXT. HORSE FARM - DAY

Trial SOUNDS FADE OUT. CAMERA WANDERS a serene and beautiful horse farm. Horses grazing in fields, neat stables, a large white farm house. (1986)

CAMERA FINDS Sammy and Deb, he in suede jacket and corduroys, she in jeans and a workshirt, walking down the long private drive from the house to the main road. They're hand in hand.

SAMMY (VO)

For a while I had a horse farm in New Jersey. I loved it. Just being there was the best time in my life. Weekends, we'd have friends out, or my sister Fran and that useless fucking Eddie. But not Deb's brother Nick. He was ten years gone by then.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A room behind a bar with a round table where poker is played; but not tonight. Frank DeCicco sits at the table with LOUIE MILITO and STYMIE at the sides. (1977)

SAMMY (VO)

This is two years after I'm made, I took the oath.

Sammy enters.

SAMMY

Frank. What's up?

Frank stands, the other two stay seated. Frank gestures to the chair on the fourth side.

FRANK

Sammy, thanks for comin by. Have a seat.

Sammy greets and handshakes the other two.

SAMMY

Louie. Stymie.

LOUIE

Hey, Sammy.

STYMIE

How you doin'?

Frank and Sammy sit.

FRANK

I'm sorry to tell you this, Sammy, but it's your wife's kid brother.

SAMMY

I know, I know, he's a fuckup, but listen, he's a good kid.

FRANK  
Not any more.

STYMIE  
(friendly, encouraging)  
Listen to this, Sammy.

FRANK  
He's into drugs, and he's into  
booze, and he's out of control.

SAMMY  
Listen, I'll slap him around, I  
did that once.

FRANK  
Sammy, he's insulted a lot of  
people, he's got in fights, it  
can't go on.

STYMIE  
It got to Paul.

Sammy now knows what's coming. He looks angry, but held in.

FRANK  
At first, it was going down without  
you knowing about it. But we  
couldn't do it that way.

SAMMY  
Paul ordered this?

FRANK  
We told him we had to tell you, he  
says yes.

SAMMY  
Fuck Paul! I'll take Paul out first!

FRANK  
Come on. You go to war with Paul  
and you're a dead man. And your  
brother-in-law still dies anyway.

Sammy thinks desperately.

SAMMY (VO)  
None of us could know that eventually  
I would go to war with Paul and he'd  
be the dead man. And I didn't know  
that night, Louie and Stymie had  
orders from Paul, if I said no, they  
were to shoot me right then, in the  
room.

SAMMY

I wish you never told me.

FRANK

Think about it. How could we live  
with ourselves without telling you?  
How could we look you in the eye?

Sammy nods slowly, thinking it over, looking around at the  
three of them. He sighs.

SAMMY

I still gotta look Deb in the eye.  
(forestalling gesture)  
I know, I know.

He looks at the table, still trying to think of a way out,  
then shrugs his acceptance.

SAMMY

I know.

EXT. HORSE FARM - DAY

Sammy and Deb have stopped by the railed fence and some  
horses have come over. She has apples and carrots in her  
pockets and is feeding them. Sammy watches her fondly.

SAMMY (VO)

I was hoping that it would be like  
he just disappeared. It would be  
better for his mother and father.  
They knew he was a crazy kid. Maybe  
he had met somebody, some group of  
people, and run off.

Deb and Sammy walk toward the house.

SAMMY (VO)

The bottom line is that I let it  
happen. That makes me just as  
guilty. I didn't know his body  
would be chopped up afterwards.  
The cops found his hand somewhere.  
There was a memorial. I figured  
my job was to comfort the family  
as much as possible. What else  
could I do?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

At the farm. Christmas. Eddie and FRAN are there, and  
their KIDS.

SAMMY (VO)

Just being there at the farm was the best time of my life. I became like a different human being. I never brought any business with me.

Eddie gives Sammy the high-sign: come out and talk.

SAMMY (VO)

But that asshole Eddie wouldn't understand nothing like that.

INT. FRONT HALL - DAY

Eddie comes into the hall and gets his coat and hat. Sammy follows suit.

SAMMY (VO)

He's my sister's husband, so I gotta carry him, so we're in the construction business together. Legitimate. The first time, I admit, you do a little intimidation, but after that you get the work because everybody knows Sammy's people do a good job.

They go out the front door.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A broad plantation-style porch, with views toward the stables and a private racetrack. A snow-covered landscape. Eddie and Sammy come out and walk around on the porch while they talk.

SAMMY

What's up?

EDDIE

The building we're working on, by the Gowanus Expressway, the fourteen story building.

SAMMY

Yeah, I know the building, what about it?

EDDIE

The financing's fucked up, the original estimates are all off. I just got word, if we stay with that thing, we're gonna lose a couple hundred grand.

SAMMY

What are you talking about that here for? We don't talk business here, not mob business, not the construction business, not nothin.

EDDIE

Sammy, we gotta walk away from that job. Pull out now. And lose nothing.

SAMMY

We got a contract, Eddie.

EDDIE

Fuck the contract. What the fuck can they do to you now?

SAMMY

You're right, they can't do nothing, but you know what will happen with that? Everybody in the world will hear about it. For everybody in the world we do work with, it'll be Sammy does work and makes money, all well and good. If he loses money, he'll abandon you. How do you think that'll sit with people? This will be the best two hundred thousand I'll ever spend.

EDDIE

You mean throw away.

SAMMY

I mean spend. That's important to businesspeople, Eddie. That's why you were never successful in business. Because you scheme too fucking much. Now, come on in and enjoy Christmas, and don't talk business to me out here.

Sammy goes inside. Eddie, frustrated, stands frowning at the view.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sammy comes in, starts playing with the kids and their new toys.

SAMMY (VO)

The funny thing is, when it started, I worked for Eddie. The one time in my life I went straight.

Eddie comes in, grins and shrugs at Sammy; we'll do it your way. Sammy grins and nods back; forgotten.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A little old-fashioned Mom-and-Pop Italian restaurant. TODDO, an old Mafia boss, sits at a table by himself, with coffee. Sammy joins him. (1974)

SAMMY (VO)

Toddo was the boss then, the guy that recommended me to be made.

SAMMY

I'm tired, Toddo. I'm packing it in. I'm gonna make a new life with my wife out in Long Island, legitimate. But I'm still with you. You need me for anything, you just call.

TODDO

Go ahead. See if you can do it. If I need you, I'll call. If you need me, I'm always here. You're with me.

SAMMY

Thank you, Toddo.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A ranch house development on Long Island. Sammy's with the CREW laying plywood on a roof. He's working hard, sweating in the sunlight.

SAMMY (VO)

Eddie's got a construction company out there, and he's paying me peanuts. I tell him I need more, and he says he'll give me a ten cent an hour raise. A ten cent an hour raise! I felt sick.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Sammy, looking happier, installs Sheetrock with a cordless drill.

SAMMY (VO)

Through an uncle of Deb's, I got work with a guy a lot better than this asshole brother-in-law, and if I hadn't been indicted for the one murder in my life I didn't commit, who knows, I might still be there.

## INT. LONG ISLAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

Small and cramped and underfurnished. Debbie looks worried in bg, while Sammy is on the phone. (1974)

SAMMY

The Dunn brothers? Who the fuck are the Dunn brothers?

## INT. LONG ISLAND RAILROAD - DAY

Sammy, looking worried, dressed neatly but shabbily, rides with the commuters.

SAMMY (VO)

It's a whole cockamamie story. This Jewish gangster, Michael Hardy, he's turning state's evidence to get out of some rap, but he's making up stories to get even with people he hates, one of whom I know, so he throws me in for the hell of it, I'm one of the guys killed these Dunn brothers that owned a body shop in Brooklyn.

## EXT. PENN STATION - DAY

Sammy comes out of the terminal, looks at the taxis, starts walking uptown.

SAMMY (VO)

A frame can be a lot worse than something you actually done, because you don't know what they're gonna throw against you.

## INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

The LAWYER watches while Sammy reads the indictment.

SAMMY (VO)

But I was starting to wonder if maybe I had killed the Dunn brothers. Hardy's story was so detailed. The meetings, times, dates. It sounded real.

## EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

Sammy and the lawyer come out together, shake hands, go off in opposite directions.

SAMMY (VO)

I'm on the run, I'm in detention,  
I'm out on bail, I'm up to my ass  
in debt, I've got legal fees forever.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An upscale Brooklyn neighborhood, nice cars parked along both curbs. Down the one lane in the middle comes a small slat-sided truck, driven by ALLEY BOY CUOMO. He stops and starts, stops and starts.

SAMMY (VO)

Alley Boy Cuomo's another mastermind  
in this Dunn brothers hit, according  
to Michael Hardy,

Behind the truck comes Sammy, on foot, with a crowbar. Quickly, fiercely, he pops the trunk of every car on both sides of the street, throws the spare tire into the truck along with anything else of value: golf clubs, bowling balls, coolers.

SAMMY (VO)

and me and Alley went on a robbing  
rampage for a year and a half that  
was unbelievable. We robbed  
everything that wasn't nailed down.  
We went trunking. We didn't leave  
nothing.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

As before. Sammy peels off many bills onto the lawyer's desk. The lawyer watches, calm, asking no questions.

SAMMY (VO)

But finally Hardy's lies caught up  
with him, and the indictments got  
dropped.

EXT. BENSONHURST ST. - DAY

Sammy the power walks down the street, GREETED by NEIGHBORS.

SAMMY (VO)

But by then, I was back. That pinch  
changed my whole life. I never ever  
stopped a second from there on in.  
That Dunn brothers thing glued me to  
the mob.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

And I kind of brought Eddie with me. I think what it is, Eddie's married to my sister, and my sister's my blood, so Eddie's connected to my blood. Nick was also my brother-in-law, but in a different way. I'm married to Deb, but Nick was her brother, not my blood, not my responsibility. I think he was just that little bit farther away.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Sammy is led in.

SAMMY (VO)

A half dozen times people wanted to whack Eddie out, for good reasons, and I always managed to protect him.

AN ANGLE to show Eddie seated at a table, smiling at Sammy. Sammy approaches him.

SAMMY (VO)

And now he's in the visitors room.

SAMMY

How you doing, Eddie?

EDDIE

Better than you, Sammy.

SAMMY

Don't say things like that.

EDDIE

Sammy, we been close a long time. You loaned me money when you didn't have any money. I sit in there in that court, day after day, and I just feel for you.

SAMMY

I know you do. I know you do.

EDDIE

Sammy, why don't you get your own trial? So you can get rid of all this shit John's saying on these tapes.

SAMMY

Those fucking tapes are driving me crazy! I don't get to hear them, and they're fulla lies.

EDDIE

Whadaya mean, you don't get to hear them?

SAMMY

John and the lawyers get to listen to the tapes ahead of time, but I don't. John says I don't need to, I'm the underboss, I'm not making the decisions.

EDDIE

Your lawyer goes along with this?

SAMMY

I don't have a lawyer! Not one I picked. I wanted my own lawyer, I wanted a severance--

EDDIE

Fuckin A! Those are John Gotti tapes, you don't want them in your fuckin trial.

SAMMY

John won't let me do it, he won't let me cut loose. And he's right, I'm the underboss, that's all I ever wanted to be. I never wanted to run the whole show. I take the orders, and I do the job.

EDDIE

Jesus, Sammy, if you go down, what the fuck am I gonna do?

Sammy considers him, then gets confidential.

SAMMY

Eddie, let me tell you a story. I ever tell you, my first hit?

This is a scary part of the life for Eddie.

EDDIE

No, you never talk about that stuff, why would you?

SAMMY

Okay, this is twenty years ago, before I'm made. But first, you know, you got to make your bones, you gotta show you can do a hit. So it don't matter the why, but I'm in charge. My team is Tommy Spero, and a guy named Frankie, and the target is Joe Colucci. I got the gun and I worked out how we were going to do this. Looking back, I can see how lucky I was, that I missed a lot of basics. In a hit, pulling the trigger is the easy part. Because it takes no brains.

EDDIE

(nervous)

Jesus, Sammy, you sure you want to talk about all this?

SAMMY

Yeah, there's a point. So the four of us go out drinking and carousing--

EDDIE

The four of you? Joe Colucci, too?

SAMMY

Yeah, that we're gonna whack out at the end of the night. So after this last place, this cafeteria we were in, I arranged it so Tommy's driving and Joe beside him, and me and Frankie in back. You see it?

EDDIE

(reluctantly)

Yeah.

SAMMY

It was strange. I didn't hear the first shot, I didn't seem to see any blood. I felt like I was a million miles away, like this was all a dream.

Sammy pauses, reliving the strange moment. Eddie watches him, repelled and fascinated.

SAMMY

I shot a second time in the same spot. This time everything was different. I saw the flash. I smelt the gunpowder. The noise was deafening. Tommy and Frankie started yelling at one another. I can't describe the anger, the violence, the intensity that filled the car. But I can still feel it.

EDDIE

(awed)

It's gotta be . . . so powerful.

SAMMY

We threw the body out of the car. We were all scared, not like afraid, but excited. I can't really describe it. But then I felt a surge of power. I realized that I had taken a human life, that I had the power over life and death.

EDDIE

It changed you.

SAMMY

It changed everything. Sometime later on, me, Frankie and Tommy were in another car. The seating arrangements were the same as the night Joe got clipped, except in front of me now, Frankie was in Joe's seat. All of a sudden, Frankie said to stop, he don't feel good. He got out of the car and started throwing up. I said, 'Bro? You all right? What's wrong?' He said that ever since the hit on Joe, he was scared he would be next.

EDDIE

Jesus, Sammy!

SAMMY

I tried to soothe him. I said, 'Frankie, are you crazy? I would never hurt you, no way.' He said, 'Sammy, in my head, I know that, but my stomach's churning all the time. That's all I could think of with you sitting behind me.'

EDDIE

(slow and reluctant)

Sammy, I gotta tell you, I kinda know how he felt.

Sammy nods, understanding and accepting that.

SAMMY

That was the last time I ever saw Frankie. He just took off, out west somewheres, to the heartland of America. This life wasn't for him. I think about him a lot. I wonder if he ever thinks of me.

EDDIE

I see what you're saying. Early on, you made your choice, and so did Frankie, and you could both do it then. But Frankie couldn't come back in now.

SAMMY

Frankie couldn't want to come back in now. This is the life I chose, the life I lead. I've always known the chances are someday I'll get whacked out myself, but that's where I am, that's who I am. Eddie, you've always been a little bit inside, a little bit outside. You're right to worry. If I go down, what the fuck is gonna happen to you?

EDDIE

(humble)

I don't know.

Sammy stands.

SAMMY

Thanks for comin by.

EXT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

A small Corrections Department bus drives out of the building.

INT. BUS - DAY

The three defendants in suits and ties. Frankie sits forlorn. Sammy peers out the mesh-covered window, trying to see the real world. John frowns at Sammy. BEAT.

JOHN

Sammy.

SAMMY

Yeah, John.

JOHN

Yesterday, when your wife come to visit, she was like rubbing your hand.

Sammy smiles at the memory.

SAMMY

Can you believe it? We been married some twenty-some years. Dope that she is, she still loves me.

JOHN

It's not a contact visit. The guards see it, you could screw everybody up.

SAMMY

They don't mind stuff like that, John.

JOHN

Sammy, you're the underboss. We got to carry ourselves a certain way in front of people.

SAMMY

Oh, did she slip and grab my dick at one point that I don't remember?

JOHN

Don't be fucking cute with me.

Sammy shrugs and looks away. John looks away. Sammy and Frankie exchange a look. Sammy peers out the window again.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT BUILDING - DAY

The bus drives in.

## INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Two small rooms. John sits in the first, where general reading sits on shelves on two walls. The second, visible beyond it, is the law library, with typewriters and a copier and four INMATES and a volunteer ATTORNEY.

SAMMY (VO)

The fuckin trial went on and on, and just to twist the knife, after about four months they split myself, John and Frankie up. I'm in Eleven South. John is in Eleven North. Frankie is in Nine North.

Sammy enters, gives John a secret grin. John returns it. Sammy studies the available books.

SAMMY (VO)

One day when we're visiting with the lawyers, John tells me, 'Eleven South and Eleven North has the same library day. Put your name on the list.'

Sammy chooses a book, sits near John.

SAMMY (VO)

He's not so bad when we meet. He seems to have calmed down a little bit, even about Frankie.

They SPEAK in guttural whispers.

SAMMY

Hey, bro. How you doing?

JOHN

Well, it's a lot quieter now. I'm just in with dinges and tax evaders.

SAMMY

Yeah, I got a lotta bad companions in with me, too.

JOHN

I don't mind being away from that fucking Frankie, I can tell you that much.

SAMMY

Why, John? Frankie didn't do nothin.

JOHN

I can't take him no more.

SAMMY

Come on, bro, it ain't Frankie, it's this place. Month after month of this fucking asshole place.

JOHN

I hate this place.

SAMMY

Me, too, bro. Can you imagine living your entire fucking life in these conditions?

JOHN

Don't even think it.

SAMMY

But I do. And I tell you, John, if I lose everything and don't want to play this game anymore, I would take myself the fuck out.

JOHN

Easy, Sammy.

SAMMY

It's the truth. I don't think I would have a problem in the world doing it. If I could hit somebody else, which I did plenty, as you know, I could definitely hit myself for the right reason.

JOHN

Don't get fuckin suicidal on me, Sammy.

SAMMY

I'm not suicidal, but I would do it if I didn't like being in the can forever. I would take something. I would whack myself out and it'd be, 'OK, God, let's go onto this next life, what do we do now?'

JOHN

Jesus, I think you would. I wouldn't. I'd grit my teeth and wait. You want to know why?

SAMMY

Why?

JOHN

It's what my public would expect from me.

SAMMY

(amused)

You mean those fuckin movie stars in the courtroom?

JOHN

They're important, Sammy. You don't think mind-fucking the jury is important?

LATER. The first room is empty. INMATES walk through it, in and out of the law library. Sammy enters, looks for a book in the first room.

SAMMY (VO)

The prison realizes that me and John were together, so they change to a Wednesday for me and a Thursday for John.

Frankie enters. He and Sammy react to one another with pleased surprise.

SAMMY (VO)

But that put me in with Frankie.

TWO SHOT, Sammy and Frankie; both happy, GREETING one another. They sit together, quietly TALK.

SAMMY

How you doin, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I'm better now that I'm away from that fucking John.

SAMMY

That's very funny. He said the same fucking thing about you.

FRANKIE

We're still on, right? For afterwards. You know what I mean, the party.

SAMMY

Sure, the victory party.

FRANKIE

And John.

SAMMY

(hurried, looking around)  
Yeah, sure, careful, Frankie.

FRANKIE

You know, Sammy, I don't like the way this trial's goin.

SAMMY

I don't like how long it's goin. All this fuckin technical testimony, accountants, engineers, G-men, you could put a fuckin pit bull to sleep with all this shit. And I hear it could go a year. You like that? We're not even fuckin halfway.

FRANKIE

I wish I had my own lawyer.

SAMMY

We got lawyers.

FRANKIE

Picked by John. I want my own fuckin lawyer, Sammy.

SAMMY

I feel the same way, Frankie, but whadaya gonna do? John's the boss. This is the way he wants it done, and he's the boss.

FRANKIE

I don't like it, Sammy.

SAMMY

It's not up to us to like it. We took the oath, Frankie, we both did that.

FRANKIE

I know that.

SAMMY

The boss is the boss. Toddo used to say that. He's the one put me up to be made, he used to say, that's the most important thing to remember.

FRANKIE

I know.

SAMMY

Your child could be dyin of cancer, got like an hour to live, the boss' calls, you got to go there, you got to abandon the child and go there.

FRANKIE

I still believe it, Sammy.

SAMMY

We got the rules because we need the rules. We got the rules, and we got to live by them.

FRANKIE

I believe that, Sammy, I still one hundred per cent believe that. What I'm beginnin to not believe, and listen to me, Sammy, what I'm beginnin to not believe is John Fuckin Gotti.

SAMMY

He's the boss. End of statement.

FRANKIE

I just hope he knows what he's doin.

SAMMY

I think we can count on that.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

Krieger and Brafman and two other LAWYERS sit at the long table, briefcases open, in DISCUSSION. Sammy and John are led in.

KRIEGER

Morning, John. Morning, Sammy.

JOHN

(smiling, pleasant)  
Morning, Albert. You gentlemen excuse us a minute, okay?

Sammy's surprised. The lawyers are obedient, all rising.

KRIEGER

Sure, John. Give a call, we'll be out here.

The lawyers troop out.

SAMMY  
Obedient little puppies, aren't they?

John suddenly shows how angry he is.

JOHN  
What do you think, I'm a fucking jerkoff? You think I ain't got eyes and ears all over this prison?

Sammy's bewildered.

SAMMY  
Sure, John, what's the problem?

JOHN  
You and Frankie went sneaking down to a meeting in the library.

SAMMY  
Hey, John, we didn't sneak. Like with you and me, the prison put me and Frankie on the same day.

JOHN  
You don't get to sneak around me. Don't even think it.

SAMMY  
What do you mean, sneak? Everybody knows we were there.

JOHN  
Yeah, well, don't go on another library meeting together again.

SAMMY  
What, you don't want me around Frankie?

JOHN  
That's right. That's what I'm saying. I don't want you around Frankie.

Sammy considers, then accepts.

SAMMY  
You're the boss, John.

JOHN

That's right. Now tell those  
assholes to come back in.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Haircut day. Two BARBERS, one black, one white, in different corners of the hexagon. The barbers are inmates, in khaki two-piece fatigues. Each has customers of his own race. Sammy takes his turn in the barber chair. The barber greets him as an old customer.

BARBER

Sammy, how you doing?

SAMMY

How do you think? It's true, your hair does keep growing after you're dead. I'm dead in this fucking place, and my hair keeps growing.

BARBER

Sammy, can I ask you a question?

SAMMY

Am I under oath?

BARBER

This is just a rumor I heard, I just wondered, is it true.

SAMMY

Jesus, is this place bugged?

BARBER

Nothing like that, Sammy, I wouldn't ask you nothing like that.

SAMMY

Well, try me.

BARBER

Is it true, Mr. Gotti had a barber come to him every day?

Sammy offers a surprised and pleased laugh.

SAMMY

Where'd you hear a thing like that?

BARBER

Oh, you know, barbers hear things, and they talk to each other. It isn't true, huh?

SAMMY  
 (laughing)  
 Sure it's true!

The barber's surprised; both that it's true and that Sammy will tell him so.

BARBER  
 It is?

INT. GOTTI OFFICE - DAY

The annex to the Bergin Hunt and Fish Club. Empty. CAMERA ROVES, seeing the framed blow-up of Gotti's Time cover, the desk, the couch. CAMERA MOVES into rear room, equipped with mirrored walls, barber chair, complete barbershop.

SAMMY (VO)  
 He had a whole barbershop set up for himself in the back of his office at the Bergin Hunt and Fish. He had a professional barber's chair. He had that sink with a curve in it where you can lay your head back for a shampoo.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

The barber works while Sammy talks.

SAMMY  
 The barber, the stylist, would come every single day. Shampoo his hair, cut it, blow-dry it, comb it out and shape it.

BARBER  
 (awed)  
 Every day.

SAMMY  
 I used to tell him, 'Bo, why do you get a haircut every day. Your hair can't grow that fast.' And he'd say, 'Well, he finds little things. He snips the hair in my nose and ears, he snips this and that.'

The barber understands this.

BARBER  
 Well, yeah, sure. Was he a good tipper?

SAMMY

The best!

PEAT. They're both pleased with the conversation. Sammy's more relaxed than when they started.

SAMMY

You know, I could be here, doin this. If things were different. You know what I mean, doin what you're doin.

BARBER

Sure you could.

SAMMY

No, I mean it, I could.

BARBER

Why not? Truth be told, it's not that hard to learn.

SAMMY

It was for me.

BARBER

What?

SAMMY

(sly grin)  
You didn't know that, did you? I got my hairdresser's license.

BARBER

Go on.

SAMMY

No joke. I went to school, I got my license.

BARBER

Are you shittin me?

SAMMY

Absolutely not.

BARBER

You went to school.

SAMMY

It was after I got out of the army.

EXT. BEAUTY SCHOOL - DAY

A nice sunny day. The beauty school includes a beauty parlor, where the students practice on actual customers. It's a class break, the STUDENTS out on the sidewalk, smoking, CHATTING together, most of them girls, a few males. (1968)

SAMMY (VO)

It was a scam. I could take the haircutting classes on the GI Bill, the guy that ran the place got the government money, and I got the unemployment tax-free because I'm learning a trade.

Sammy walks down the other side of the street, dubious, checking it out.

SAMMY (VO)

I have to admit, it was a weird fucking idea.

LORRAINE, one of the girls in front of the school, sees Sammy, and waves and calls to him.

LORRAINE

Sammy!

He stops. She hurries across the street.

SAMMY

How you doin'?

LORRAINE

You remember me, Lorraine, from high school.

SAMMY

(grin)

I remember you.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

SAMMY

(reminiscent grin)

I remembered her. I'd always been lookin to nail her.

EXT. BEAUTY SCHOOL - DAY

LORRAINE

I hear you might be enrolling.

SAMMY  
I'm thinking about it. Why?

LORRAINE  
(laughing)  
This school is loony. The girls  
are all crazy.

SAMMY  
Really? What's going on?

LORRAINE  
All they think about is sex. You  
should hear them talk. And there's  
only three straight guys enrolled.  
Believe me, you're going to need a  
cast-iron cock. After a couple  
days, you won't be able to walk.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

SAMMY  
Well, that sounded good to me.  
That was some school. They had  
classes for doing nails. I'm not  
there for that. I was the one they  
practiced on.

INT. BEAUTY SCHOOL - DAY

In a cubicle, a GIRL STUDENT gives Sammy a facial.

SAMMY (VO)  
I'm the one getting the massages  
and stuff. Right off the bat, this  
girl is giving me a facial . . .

She moves down BELOW CAMERA RANGE. Sammy is pleased.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Sammy shakes his head, grinning, still in awe at the experience.

BARBER  
Hold still.

SAMMY  
I'm getting laid every three minutes,  
in closets, on massage tables. Every  
time I turn around, practically.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

Sammy gives an OLD LADY a haircut. They CHAT together UNDER.

SAMMY (VO)

What I'm supposed to be learning is haircutting. And I am the worst, the absolute and total world's worst.

Sammy pauses.

SAMMY

Sweetheart, I'm talking to you. Are you deaf?

LADY

What?

CLOSE as Sammy examines her head, her hair, finds the wire from her hearing aid, cut through.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

The barber is laughing, Sammy grinning.

SAMMY

Un-fucking-believable. But I got another problem. My girlfriend then, Louise, finds out about what's going on at school, and she joins up to keep an eye on me.

INT. BEAUTY SCHOOL - DAY

A GIRL gives Sammy a manicure. LOUISE, suspicious, appears in the doorway.

SAMMY

Hi, Louise.

LOUISE

Hi, Sammy. Another manicure.

SAMMY

I'm givin my all for the student body.

Louise leaves. Sammy gets out of the chair. He and the GIRL start heavy necking.

SAMMY (VO)

These other girls know she's my girlfriend, but they don't give a fuck.

Fulling at each other's clothes, they move toward a closed closet door.

SAMMY (VO)

Louise never actually catches me,  
but she hears rumors.

Sammy pulls open the door. The small closet is piled with laundry; sheets and towels. They fall in on top of them. She's pulling her panties off as Sammy reaches up to pull the door shut.

SAMMY (VO)

I luck out, though. She blames them.

HOLD on the door.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

SAMMY

When it's time to graduate, to get my license, I figure I don't stand a chance with the state board tests.

BARBER

They can be tough.

SAMMY

Right. And by now I'm thinking I want the license. I'm looking ahead. Somewheres down the line, I might open a string of beauty salons and I'll need it.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

A professional place. A skilled HAIRDRESSER gives a cut to Sammy's sister, Fran (who later marries Eddie). Sammy watches.

SAMMY (VO)

I used my sister Frannie as a model.  
I had her hair cut professionally.

Sammy kneels to scoop hair from the floor into a small paper bag.

SAMMY (VO)

And I saved what was cut.

INT. STATE BOARD - DAY

A line of chairs. APPLICANTS give haircuts to the MODELS they brought, while INSPECTORS move among them. Sammy and Fran are at one chair in the middle.

CLOSE on Sammy, pretending to cut Fran's hair, looking around, waiting his chance. He goes to his sink behind his chair.

CLOSE at the sink, as Sammy takes the bag from his pocket, shakes the hair into his palm, and wets it slightly from the sink.

WIDE SHOT, everybody working, everybody serious. Sammy circles Fran, studying her, as though deciding his next move.

CLOSE on his legs, his left hand down at his side, as he sprinkles the hair onto the floor.

TWO SHOT, Sammy and Fran, as he enacts a real flurry of haircutting, then steps back.

WIDER SHOT, as Sammy nods to a woman INSPECTOR. She crosses to them.

The inspector circles Fran, studying the haircut. She looks down.

The inspector stoops, moves some of the hair clippings with a comb, looks up, comparing hair color.

She straightens, nods and smiles at Sammy.

INSPECTOR

You're good, pretty good, at cutting hair.

SAMMY

(big grin)

I know. Thank you very much.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

SAMMY

You got a shop on the outside?

BARBER

I used to.

SAMMY

You could hire me, all unknowing, I'd put you out of business in a month.

BARBER

That's why I like to work in here. I've got what you call your captive audience.

SAMMY

That's not funny.

JUMP CUT. Another day.

Sammy, among STRANGERS, keeps to himself, reading a book, not part of the CONVERSATIONS or TV watching. A GUARD enters.

GUARD  
Gravano.

SAMMY  
(rising)  
Here.

GUARD  
Attorney visit.

Sammy's surprised, but joins him.

SAMMY  
Really? It's early for that.

They exit.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

Gerry Shargel paces, alone in the room. Sammy enters.

GERRY  
Hey, Sammy, how you doing?

They shake hands.

SAMMY  
You tell me.

GERRY  
(reluctant)  
Well, you never know.

SAMMY  
Shit, you don't. Gerry, I could  
use you in that fuckin courtroom.

GERRY  
I can't represent you there, Sammy.  
I can counsel you here, that's it.

SAMMY  
Fuckin government. They don't have  
enough of an edge as it is.

GERRY  
What I wanted to tell you--

SAMMY  
Shouldn't we wait for the others?

GERRY  
No others, Sammy. You're the one  
I wanted to talk to. I know John  
usually sleeps late--

SAMMY  
(laughing)  
You got that! If we don't go to  
court, he rolls out eleven, twelve  
o'clock.

GERRY  
So you I can talk to, and it's just  
the two of us. Otherwise, you'd  
have to have other lawyers here,  
and this is just between us.

SAMMY  
Sure. What's up?

GERRY  
You know Al D'Arco.

SAMMY  
Sure. He's the street boss for the  
Lucchese family.

GERRY  
Well, he flipped.

SAMMY  
(shocked)  
No!

GERRY  
He's talking to the prosecutors right  
now. They're keeping it quiet, but  
I found it, and John ought to know.

SAMMY  
Jesus, yes. John did a lotta business  
with the Luccheses.

GERRY  
So that's my good news for today.

SAMMY  
I don't think I could stand much  
more good news.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

I didn't get a chance to talk to John yet, and in the afternoon, another guard comes over and says, 'Your friend wants to see you.'

INT. ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Locked gates at both ends, no one visible.

SAMMY (VO)

Now between Eleven South and Eleven North, there's a corridor where the elevators are.

A GUARD unlocks one gate, lets Sammy through, locks it again behind him.

SAMMY (VO)

The guard says, 'Make like you're waiting for an elevator.'

Sammy stands waiting. The gate at the other end opens and John comes in, angry.

JOHN

You never the fuck learn!

SAMMY

Now what, John? Fuck! Now what?

JOHN

What did I tell you about meeting lawyers alone?

SAMMY

John, whadaya think--

JOHN

Shargel! You think I don't know?

SAMMY

John, the guard said there's a lawyer waiting. How could I know you and Frankie and everybody ain't down there? That's number one. Number--

JOHN

You don't go down there without me!

SAMMY

I didn't know it was without you.  
And number two, the only reason  
Gerry Shargel came was to tell me  
Little Al flipped, and to give you  
the message.

JOHN

Don't let it happen again!

SAMMY

John? You don't care about Little  
Al?

JOHN

I don't give a fuck about Little  
Al! What I care about is, what I  
tell you to do, you do it!

SAMMY

All right, John, all right.

JOHN

I got a lot on my fuckin mind here.

SAMMY

I know you do. Okay.

JOHN

This is a whole fucking chess game  
I'm playing here, I can't have these  
fucking distractions all the time.

SAMMY

You're right. I'll get word to  
Gerry, don't come here by himself  
no more.

John allows himself to be mollified.

JOHN

Good.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

John doesn't give a fuck about D'Arco  
and how it might affect our case.  
All he cares about is me meeting  
this lawyer.

INT. COURT - DAY

An EXPERT WITNESS gives extremely boring TESTIMONY, with charts showing blow-ups of signatures on contracts and checks. Testimony sometimes AUDIBLE, sometimes GIBBERISH. CAMERA ROVES a courtroom bored into paralysis.

AN ANGLE on Sammy, half-asleep, sullen, looking dangerous. He stifles a yawn, looks over toward the jury.

Most of the jurors are stuporous. A couple are shielding grins as they look at the spectators.

Sammy turns to look at the spectators.

The movie star, playing to John, mimes different ways of killing himself because of the boredom, doing it all small enough not to attract too much attention: he shoots himself in the head with his finger, pulls up a rope to strangle himself, slits his throat.

TWO SHOT, Sammy and John. Sammy watches John doing small appreciative reactions, grinning, nodding. Sammy frowns, looks past John at the jurors.

More jurors are noticing the byplay now, grinning both at the movie star and at John.

Sammy looks at the spectators again.

CAMERA PANS PAST the movie star to find Eddie. Eddie is the only person in the room awake and following the testimony, and it's worrying him.

Sammy looks at the witness.

The witness DRONES on.

Sammy shakes his head; he can't figure out what the guy's talking about.

WIDE SHOT. The class cut-ups are barely noticeable.

SAMMY (VO)

Eddie really had to be worried about his life to put up with that shit in that courtroom. And more.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

Come October, and I've been in that building ten months, and the trial's still going on, it's got no reason that it's ever gonna end. These fucking lawyers and prosecutors, we're their job, and they come to their job every day, and that's it. And then it's my whining brother-in-law, Eddie, a whining motherfucker all my life, who puts this new idea in my head.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Sammy and Eddie sit at a table, with other INMATES and VISITORS all around them.

EDDIE

Sammy, you're gonna go down on this case.

SAMMY

John says we'll walk.

EDDIE

John's wrong. You can't get at any of the jurors on the case, they got all these tapes, they got these paper trails, have you been following all this evidence?

SAMMY

Fuck, no. Why should I follow the fucking evidence? Do I get a vote on the jury?

EDDIE

They're gonna nail you, Sammy. They're gonna nail all three of you. Even John is gonna get it this time.

SAMMY

Whadaya mean, even John?

EDDIE

I mean the fuckin Teflon Don is gonna take a hit. And you're with him.

SAMMY

So what do you suggest, Eddie?

EDDIE

I hate to say this, Sammy, but maybe you should cooperate.

SAMMY

(astounded)

What? You mean flip?

EDDIE

We wouldn't be the first. Look at Little Al.

SAMMY

We?

EDDIE

I'll go with you. Me and you cooperate and we'll go into a whole other life. Take our families and run after it's over.

Sammy broods about this. The idea is new, and repellent, but also interesting.

SAMMY

Cooperate. That's what you think we should do.

EDDIE

Yeah. We have no other choice.

SAMMY

You're willing to pack up your family and go with me and my family and we'll just duke it out from there on in?

EDDIE

We'll make another life, Sammy.

Sammy thinks it over some more. Eddie watches him, anxious.

SAMMY

Eddie, think about this when you leave. Next visit, see if your opinion changes. And I'll think about it when I go back to my cell. You're hitting me with something I never thought about in my life.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

And it's true. Back in seventy-four when I got pinched in the double murder of the Dunn brothers and the DA was offering me total immunity, I didn't even consider cooperating.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Sammy walks off. CAMERA HOLDS on Eddie, who sits there, looking after him.

SAMMY (VO)

I'm trying to figure where Eddie's coming from. He knows he ain't too popular with a lot of guys. I've been his protector. With me away, he probably is thinking he's very vulnerable.

INT. SAMMY'S CELL - DAY

Sammy lies on his bunk, looking at the ceiling.

SAMMY (VO)

But back in my cell, I say to myself this could be a real possibility. It would be a real rough road. What the fuck would my wife think? My kids? Would people try to hurt them? This thought went out of my mind because other guys cooperated, and we never even considered hurting their families. They're innocent. What the fuck did they have to do with this life? What I worried about more was assholes who might think it would help them get to be made if they took me out.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

The lawyers and the defendants have assembled.

SAMMY (VO)

But I still didn't want to do it. Turn my back on everything I ever believed? I was still hoping there was some other way.

SAMMY

Mr. Brafman, can I say something?

BRAFMAN

Sure, Sammy.

SAMMY

A lot of the evidence here doesn't have anything to do with me, isn't that right?

BRAFMAN

In a way.

SAMMY

I mean, I'm not even charged in the Paul Castellano hit. Only John is charged on that.

JOHN

(warning)

We're still all in this together.

SAMMY

But we're not, John. A lot of the evidence, if I had my own trial, couldn't even be brought in. Isn't that right, Mr. Brafman?

JOHN

(getting angry)

Are you talking about fucking severance again?

SAMMY

Don't get mad, John, I just got to think this out for myself.

John turns off the anger and turns on the smoothness.

JOHN

I'm not mad, Sammy, I just need you to understand. A severance? What would my public think? They would think you don't want to be on trial with me.

SAMMY

You want me to do the rest of my life in prison without even trying to fight for myself because of what the public may think?

JOHN

Sammy, you got to understand this. It's not about me now. Everything has to be to save Cosa Nostra, which is John Gotti. Cosa Nostra needs John Gotti. You got a problem with that?

Sammy does, but he can't say so. He can't say anything. John raises an eyebrow, waiting. Sammy shakes his head. John turns back to the lawyers.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Exercise time. Sammy is here with his new cellblock mates. It's a clear crisp cool fall day; Sammy's in the army jacket again. He ignores everybody else, walks around thinking.

SAMMY (VO)

Cosa Nostra is John Gotti. Cosa Nostra needs John Gotti. What is he saying here?

INT. PROCESSING - DAY

REPRISE.

JOHN

I been through this three times, they're fulla shit, I always walk.

REPRISE

JOHN

I always walk.

REPRISE

JOHN

I always walk.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy walks.

SAMMY (VO)

I? Me? My public? Cosa Nostra is John Gotti? I thought Cosa Nostra was a brotherhood. I thought we helped each other. I thought we were loyal to each other, above everything.

INT. COURT - DAY

REPRISE, John reacting to the witty movie star killing himself.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy walks.

SAMMY (VO)

All them lies he was telling about me, wanting to kill everybody, keeping all the money, why was he doing that? He didn't know there was tapes, so why?

INT. FRANKIE'S CELL - DAY

REPRISE.

FRANKIE

I gotta apologize, on them tapes, I didn't stand up for you, I shoulda done that.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy walks.

SAMMY (VO)

In this double-crossing life of ours, John must of decided maybe I'm a threat down the road. But he can't just decide to whack me out for nothing. So John was hoping Frankie would go out and lay the groundwork, dropping little hints to the captains that Sammy's doing this and that. Maybe it's time for Sammy to go. Only Frankie didn't do that.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

REPRISE.

JOHN

You don't think mind-fucking the jury is important?

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy walks.

SAMMY (VO)  
Mind-fucking everybody. What is  
Mr. Machiavelli up to here? Why  
do I gotta be in the same trial  
with him?

INT. ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - DAY

REPRISE.

JOHN  
This is a whole fucking chess game  
I'm playing here.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy walks.

SAMMY (VO)  
It's a chess game. Who am I in  
this fucking chess game? Am I the  
piece that gets sacrificed?

INT. REGINE'S - NIGHT

REPRISE.

JOHN  
This is my public, Sammy. They  
love me.

INT. COURT - DAY

REPRISE, the jury loving John.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

REPRISE.

FRANKIE  
. . . listen to me, Sammy, what  
I'm beginnin to not believe is  
John Fucking Gotti.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

REPRISE.

JOHN  
Cosa Nostra needs John Gotti. You  
got a problem with that?

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Sammy stops walking. He stares into space.

SAMMY (VO)

The jury could look at John as the boss, the way he dresses and all, and that poor John has lost control of this Sammy the Bull, his underboss. This Sammy has run rampant and John's on tape actually complaining about it. Maybe with his personality, his charisma, with movie stars coming into court and waving at him, the jury would think he's not such a bad guy and the real monster here is Sammy. So let's convict him.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

So, on October 10th, I reached out, you know what I'm saying, I kept it secret, but I reached out to Frank Spero and Matty Tricorico. Those were the two FBI guys drove me to the House of Detention last December. I knew those guys from tailing me around for months before, and I knew they'd keep it quiet.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Sammy is talking with somebody OFF CAMERA.

SAMMY (VO)

At first what I asked was total immunity, but the answer I got was, the Federal prosecutor, unlike the state prosecutor, can't set the terms of the plea bargain.

SAMMY

So the best they can offer is, he'll try to get a twenty year cap on any prison sentence. And even that isn't a guarantee.

Sammy looks around, thinking it over.

SAMMY

But it could be less, if they like what I tell them. The more I give them, the less they give me.

He finds an unpleasant comedy in the idea. He shrugs.

SAMMY

If we meet, it has to be some way that John one hundred per cent doesn't know about.

(shakes his head)

Shit. To go against every bit of loyalty I ever learned. But he fucking left me, I didn't leave him.

(angry shrug)

Fuck it. It's a deal.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

I was just told that they would reach out to me soon. Then we had to do this bullshit voice test to prove that was our voices on the tapes. The test was in a court over in Brooklyn, and the three of us go on three different days, me last. Brafman's there and we do the test. He leaves, and I'm taken down to go back to jail.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

A large holding cell containing a number of TRANSIENTS, including two Lucchese SOLDIERS. Sammy is led in.

SAMMY (VO)

There's a couple of guys from the Lucchese family in the bullpen waiting to go back, too.

SOLDIER 1

Hey, Sammy, been a while.

SAMMY

No shit it has. They tyin you guys up, too?

SOLDIER 2

Little Al D'Arco's making a lotta trouble in the family, Sammy.

SAMMY  
Yeah, I suppose he is.

SOLDIER 2  
A lotta guys would like to find  
him right now.

SAMMY  
(laughing)  
I bet he doesn't wanna be found.

SOLDIER 1  
We can be patient, for that prick.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD  
Gravano.

SAMMY  
Yeah, here.

GUARD  
You're wanted back upstairs.

SOLDIER 2  
What do they want you for?

SAMMY  
I probably forgot to sign something.  
Who knows with these fucking bums?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated casually at the long conference table are prosecutor Gleeson, Spero and Tricorico (Sammy's drivers at the beginning) and agents BRUCE MOUW and GEORGE GABRIEL. A MARSHAL leads Sammy in, then leaves. The others stand. Spero and Tricorico are glad to see Sammy, who's glad to see them. Gleeson is astonished and warily pleased.

SPERO  
Hiya, Sammy. This is Agent Mouw  
and Agent Gabriel. You know  
John Gleeson, I guess.

SAMMY  
Yeah, I guess.  
(to Gleeson)  
I want to switch governments.

Gleeson's taken aback. He doesn't know exactly what Sammy means, but he goes along.

GLEESON

Happy to welcome you, Mr. Gravano.  
Have a seat.

They all sit.

GLEESON

What are you willing to talk about?

SAMMY

Whatever. Anything you want.

GLEESON

Murder?

SAMMY

Sure.

GLEESON

Over the years, Mr. Gravano, how  
many murders were you directly  
involved with?

Sammy hadn't expected a numerical question.

SAMMY

How many.

GLEESON

Yes.

SAMMY

I gotta think. Eighteen or nineteen.

They're all surprised at this, exchanging glances.

GLEESON

And you're willing to talk about  
all of them.

SAMMY

Sure. That's cooperate, right?  
That's what I'm doing, cooperating.

GLEESON

All right, fine. Let's start with  
the Paul Castellano killing.

SAMMY

Sure.

GLEESON

You have direct knowledge of that  
killing.

SAMMY

Naturally.

GLEESON

Fine. From pre-trial discovery, you know we have a witness that puts John Gotti standing on the sidewalk nearby, when Castellano was gunned down.

SAMMY

(headshake)

No.

GLEESON

No?

SAMMY

John never got out of the car.

GLEESON

He was present, but in a car?

SAMMY

Yeah, parked across Third.

GLEESON

You're certain of this.

SAMMY

Yeah. He was driving, and I was next to him.

(grin)

Paul and Tommy drove right--

GLEESON

(astounded)

You were there?

SAMMY

Sure.

GLEESON

With John Gotti. At the scene of the crime.

SAMMY

We were there for the scene of the crime. That's why we were there.

GLEESON

And you'll testify to this.

SAMMY

Sure. That's what it's all about, isn't it? The more I give you, the less you give me.

Gleeson sits back and considers Sammy.

GLEESON

Before you came in here, we discussed the possibilities, and what you were actually hoping to accomplish, and what we could hope from you.

SAMMY

Cooperation.

GLEESON

Yes. There were two things you could have done when you walked in here that would make us think you maybe weren't going to be very useful after all.

SAMMY

Did I do them?

GLEESON

You did the reverse. First, you might have tried to downplay your own criminal activities. That's been done before. But you aren't doing that, are you?

SAMMY

No point doing that.

GLEESON

No. We had you involved in no more than three possible murders, and you say you're prepared to talk to us about eighteen or nineteen.

SAMMY

Nineteen, I think.

GLEESON

So much for downplaying. Now, the other thing you might do is try to just tell us things we want to hear.

SAMMY

Sure, that's what I'm doing.

GLEESON

I mean, whether it's the truth  
or not.

SAMMY

(dismissive)

No no no no no.

GLEESON

You could have told us our witness  
was right, that Gotti was standing  
there when Castellano was shot, that  
would have pleased us.

SAMMY

But he wasn't, I'm sorry. You know  
what I think it might be.

GLEESON

What?

SAMMY

Your witness. Does he think John  
was one of the guys in the white  
coats?

GLEESON

Yes.

SAMMY

Then it was probably Vinnie Artuso.  
He was one of the shooters, and he  
looks something like John.

MUOW

Yes, he does.

SAMMY

(to Muow)

Thank you.

GLEESON

I have to ask you something else.

SAMMY

Sure.

GLEESON

Why?

SAMMY

Why am I flipping?

GLEESON

Yes.

SAMMY

Well, you know, from the beginning, I wanted a severance of my case, and John wouldn't let me. And he wouldn't let me have my own lawyer. And I finally got it, what he was doing. He's setting me up to be the bad guy. Let the jury sock it to me, and give him a slap on the wrist.

GLEESON

That's exactly right.

SAMMY

It is?

GLEESON

I mean, we came to the same conclusion. Gotti had to be scheming something--

SAMMY

He's a major schemer, John.

GLEESON

And frankly, we haven't known how to guard against it. We couldn't very well protect you in court.

SAMMY

I had no protection.

GLEESON

This is the only way it can work. If you see the situation yourself, and decide to do something about it.

SAMMY

John told me he's playing chess here. So I finally figured out which piece I am.

GLEESON

Good. Now, we can't go much further without you being represented by a lawyer.

SAMMY

Not the one I got now. He's more with John than with me.

GLEESON

Would you like Judge Glasser to appoint someone?

SAMMY

Yeah, that'd be good. Just so it's somebody where it isn't gonna get back to John.

SPERO

Sammy, you're out of there now, you don't have to worry about Gotti any more.

SAMMY

Oh, no. I can't leave yet..

TRICORICO

(surprised)

You want to go back to Detention?

SAMMY

I got to go back to Detention. I got stuff I gotta take care of, tell my wife and kids about all this, talk to my brother-in-law, get my affairs in order on the outside.

GLEESON

How long do you need?

SAMMY

At least two weeks.

GLEESON

You want to go on living in Detention another two weeks.

SAMMY

I need it.

SPERO

Sammy, you know what might happen.

SAMMY

(shrug, grin)

Well, if it does, I guess the deal's off.

INT. BUS - day

The Corrections bus takes Sammy and three other INMATES back to Detention. Sammy peers through the mesh at the street.

SAMMY (VO)

And the other reason, I needed some time to think. This is the most major thing I've ever done in my entire life. It's something I couldn't imagine doing, and here I was about to do it.

EXT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - DAY

The bus drives in.

SAMMY (VO)

It wasn't that I was going to change my mind. I'm not a half-assed guy in anything I ever did.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

The three defendants and all the lawyers TALK together. John does most of the talking, Frankie almost none. Sammy takes part in a normal way, asking questions, discussing.

SAMMY (VO)

But I knew this was going to be enormous. I needed time to just breathe and relax . . . and just think about everything.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Eddie, shocked, scared.

EDDIE

No!

TWO SHOT, Sammy and Eddie.

SAMMY

No? You're backing out?

EDDIE

I don't want nothing to do with this!

SAMMY

It was your fucking idea!

EDDIE

No, Sammy, no, leave me out of this!

Sammy sits back and contemplates him.

SAMMY

You know, one time, one of the old foxes, one of the old timers in Cosa Nostra, he talked to me about you.

Eddie doesn't know where this is going.

EDDIE

Yeah?

SAMMY

He said, 'Sammy, there will come a day this guy'll double-cross you, betray you. Go on vacation with your wife and kids and we'll kill him.' And I wouldn't do it, because of Fran.

EDDIE

(wide-eyed, scared)  
Who said that?

SAMMY

Doesn't matter. He's dead.

EDDIE

Why are you telling me this? Why tell me this now?

SAMMY

Because he was right. I know you, Eddie, you're a schemer, a wheeler dealer, a conniver. At first, with me away, you were afraid, you figured you had no protection. But nothing happened, so now you've got second thoughts. 'Fuck this. I'm not pinched, Sammy is. Why should I take off? I could bad-mouth Sammy, grab some of his construction business.'

EDDIE

No, Sammy, I wouldn't do that.

SAMMY

Whatever you do, you don't do, you don't tell anybody what's going on with me now.

EDDIE

I don't even wanna know it myself!

SAMMY

Listen to me, Eddie, I'm still in here, my life is on the line here. If I have to, I can still reach out, I can have you whacked out and include it in with my deal with the feds. Nineteen, twenty, what's the difference?

EDDIE

(deep sincerity)

Sammy, not a word. On my mother, not a word. Not even to Fran.

SAMMY

Goodbye, Eddie. Maybe I'll send you a postcard some day.

Eddie hastily rises.

EDDIE

You don't have to do that. Don't go out of your way.

Sammy laughs. Eddie shakily extends a hand.

EDDIE

I wish you good luck, Sammy.

Sammy's surprised. He gets to his feet, embraces Eddie.

SAMMY

Thanks, bro. Take better care of Fran.

Eddie nods. He hurries away. Sammy looks after him.

SAMMY (VO)

One more betrayal on my way out of this life. A good reminder.

INT. INFIRMARY WAITING ROOM - DAY

A uniformed NURSE at a desk. Three INMATES waiting, and two GUARDS. Frankie's one of those waiting. Sammy enters, with another guard. They react with pleased surprise.

SAMMY

(to the guard)

Can I sit with my friend?

GUARD

Go ahead.

Sammy sits next to Frankie. They grin at one another and TALK quietly.

SAMMY

If John finds out, he'll think we done this on purpose.

FRANKIE

Fuck John.

SAMMY

Well, yeah. What are you here for?

FRANKIE

My stomach. It's disgusting. My nerves are shot. What about you?

SAMMY

I'm getting headaches. Where the back of my head was shot off that time.

FRANKIE

It's fucking nervous exhaustion, that's what it is, the both of us. We been in this can for almost a year, Sammy.

SAMMY

I know.

FRANKIE

(very low, private)

I swear to God, if I could flip, I think I would.

SAMMY

Don't say that, Frankie.

FRANKIE

But it's true. If I could, I think I would.

SAMMY

But you can't.

FRANKIE

No. You know my son, he's a made man. If I turn over, they'll kill him.

SAMMY

That's right.

FRANKIE

That's the rule. If you're in the family, you got to live by the rules.

SAMMY

And die by the rules.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry he was made. I'm sorry he followed me in.

SAMMY

I worry about my own son. He's fourteen, he's a good kid, but what if he tries to follow in my footsteps and I can't stop it because I'm in jail? He's going to be running around, his father is this big underboss, and people are going to cater to him and he's going to wind up in the fucking life.

FRANKIE

That's the way it happens.

SAMMY

He's not for the life. I've always sheltered him from it. And if he winds up in the life, he's sure to end up either being whacked or going to jail himself.

FRANKIE

We can only hope for the best. And I can't do a death warrant on my own son by turning over.

SAMMY

You know, about three years ago, John wanted a formal meeting of the Cosa Nostra commission. It's the only really high level meeting I was ever at.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

An overstuffed dining room, old-fashioned New York Italian. Ten MOBSTERS sit around the table or stand nearby, including John and Sammy. CAMERA FOCUSES ON VINCENT "CHIN" GIGANTE, gaunt, unshaved, filthy-looking, in pajamas and bathrobe and slippers, drinking from a bottle of Coke. The others are all deferential (or scared) with Chin, concentrating on him until he chooses his seat at the table. (1988)

SAMMY (VO)

The heads of all the New York families were there. Even Chin Gigante was there. You know how he'd walk around Greenwich Village acting like he's nuts, dressed in the bathrobe and the pajamas, he was like that, only not being nuts. But very dirty. To sit next to him, you had to pretend it was all right. People told me he could have dirt on him that got so dirty, it wasn't like dirt, but turned kind of crusty white.

INT. INFIRMARY WAITING ROOM - DAY

FRANKIE

That's disgusting.

SAMMY

You don't wanna tell him that. But there's one thing I'll never forget from that meeting.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Late in the meeting. All sitting around relaxed. Ashtrays full. Jelly glasses of wine here and there.

JOHN

(to Chin; proud)

You know what just happened, just a couple weeks ago?

CHIN

No.

JOHN

My son, John Junior, got made! Now he's a friend of ours.

CHIN

(serious)

Jeez, I'm sorry to hear that.

John doesn't know how to take this, and neither do the others nearby. He starts to laugh, as though it's a joke, but stops.

INT. INFIRMARY WAITING ROOM - DAY

SAMMY

We were a little shocked by this, but Chin was right. Paul Castellano didn't want his kids in the life. None of Chin's sons were made. So here was Chin, who's supposed to be crazy, saying who in their right mind wanted their son to be made? And there was John boasting about it. Who was really crazy?

FRANKIE

What it is with John, he loves Cosa Nostra like it's himself.

SAMMY

He thinks it is himself.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

Sammy and John and Frankie and the lawyers.

SAMMY (VO)

It was hard going on the same as always, but I had to. You could buy a hit in that can, from some of those degenerates, for a hundred bucks.

JOHN

Sammy, what's the matter with you?

SAMMY

Me? The usual. Why?

JOHN

You aren't complaining like you do. You off your feed?

SAMMY

John, I think I'm just getting worn down. I don't get anything I want anyway, so what the fuck. Why waste my breath.

John gives him a speculative look.

JOHN

You aren't talking about whacking yourself again, are you?

SAMMY  
No, John. I'm tired, but I'm not  
that tired.

John considers him, thinking about him.

SAMMY (VO)  
I know how fast John can be. If  
he wants you dead, he wants you  
dead yesterday. If he even  
considers the possibility that I  
could be trouble for him, I'm gone  
meat. What I mostly got going for  
me is, he needs me to take the hit  
from the jury.

JOHN  
What are you thinking about, Sammy?

SAMMY  
The three Musketeers. Can you  
remember what their names are?

JOHN  
The what? Why do I care what their  
fucking names are?

SAMMY  
Cause that's us. You and me and  
Frankie. The three Musketeers.  
Only I'm trying to remember their  
names.

John grins, liking this game.

JOHN  
Okay. John and Sammy and Frankie,  
how about that?

SAMMY  
Or could be Sammy and John and  
Frankie.

JOHN  
In your dreams.

John turns back to the lawyers. Sammy smiles at him.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Deb and Karen enter. They look worried. They find an  
empty table among the other inmates and visitors.

SAMMY (VO)  
 The hardest thing of all, though,  
 was to tell Deb and Karen. I  
 called them to come see me, but  
 not my son. He's only fourteen.

Sammy comes in, sheepish, and joins them.

SAMMY (VO)  
 But I had to tell them, ahead of  
 time. I had to give them my  
 thinking.

DEB  
 Sammy? How are you?

SAMMY  
 A little shaky, Deb. Lemme sit  
 down.

The three sit at the table. Deb rests her hand on his.

DEB  
 You sounded shaky, on the phone.  
 Is something bad gonna happen?

SAMMY  
 Something's gonna happen. We'll  
 see if it's good or bad. I'm  
 gonna cooperate.

Neither of them gets it at first.

DEB  
 What do you mean? With who?

SAMMY  
 With the prosecutors.

DEB  
 (shocked)  
 No!

KAREN  
 Dad? What are you doing?

SAMMY  
 Honey, I'm goin over to the other  
 side.

KAREN  
 No, Dad, please!

Karen starts to cry.

SAMMY

It's the only thing I can do. I got no choice.

He reaches out to Karen, but she jumps up, crying, and runs from the room. Sammy looks bleakly at Deb.

DEB

Sammy, why?

SAMMY

John was setting me up. He was betraying me, pure and simple. I was gonna spend the rest of my life in the can, so John Gotti can walk the streets. With his public.

DEB

What's going to happen?

SAMMY

If I live through it? I'll do some time, but not forever. And then I'll be out, and it'll be all over.

DEB

The witness protection program?

SAMMY

Probably, for a while.

Deb begins to cry, softly, silently.

DEB

No, Sammy.

SAMMY

I understand.

DEB

I have to tell you, Sammy, I'm not going into any witness protection program. I'm not going to be part of this. I was never part of that part of your life, and I'm not going to be part of this. I'm not going to be part of anything.

SAMMY

Deb, I understand your position and I respect it. You're a mother, not a gangster. You do what you got to do as a mother and I'll understand it one hundred per cent.

She palpates his hand, still crying but trying to smile.

DEB

I keep thinking about the farm. We were happy there.

SAMMY

I loved that place. I wish we could of kept it. I wish we could have stayed there forever and never come back to this life at all.

DEB

Those are the days I'll remember.

SAMMY

Me, too, Deb.

She stands. He stands after her. She embraces him, and they stand in a long hug, reluctantly separating.

DEB

(whispered)  
Goodbye, Sammy.

She hurries away. He sits down at the table. He looks beaten down. He covers his face with his hands. A guard comes over to take him back to the cells, but stops, says nothing, waits. Sammy takes his hands from his face, looks at the guard.

SAMMY

Okay.

He stands. They leave.

INT. CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The inmates watch a sitcom. Sammy sits next to a black con named ROSY.

SAMMY (VO)

Now there's more people know what I'm gonna do. And every day I'm in this place, it's another day something could go wrong.

The commercials begin, and the inmate with the remote MUTES it. Rosy points at the TV.

ROSY

You know what the fuck that is?

SAMMY

What? It's a TV show.

ROSY

It's a rerun, Sammy, it's a fuckin rerun.

SAMMY

Yeah, Rosy, I think most of them are.

ROSY

I don't watch fuckin reruns, Sammy. The fuckin reruns come on, I got women. You know what I mean?

SAMMY

Yeah, I do.

ROSY

Women's better than reruns, you know that yourself.

SAMMY

I do. Yeah.

ROSY

On the outside, you know what I do.

SAMMY

You deal.

ROSY

I got motherfuckers workin for me deal. What I do, I make deals. I make it happen. I sell in a big way, you see what I mean?

SAMMY

Sure.

The commercials finish, the TV SOUND returns. Sammy and Rosy talk under it.

ROSY

You know what I want?

SAMMY

What's that, Rosy?

ROSY

I want in here somethin to sell.

SAMMY

What, coke? The fuckin place is fulla coke, Rosy.

ROSY

No no no, Sammy, somethin to sell to get me outa here. If I could sell somethin -- sell somebody, maybe -- I'd make the deal and be gone.

SAMMY

You mean flip? Cooperate?

ROSY

Shit, yeah. What them motherfuckers out there ever do for me? You think they're watchin reruns? They on top a my bitches, that's what they doin.

SAMMY

So you gonna do it?

ROSY

Nobody asked me. They got my ass and they know it, they don't need no deal with me.

BEAT. Rosy gives a sidelong grin to Sammy.

ROSY

They'd ask you, all right.

SAMMY

They did. Years ago.

ROSY

What'd you tell them?

SAMMY

To go fuck themselves.

ROSY

(grinning)

Yeah? Shit, you must like reruns a lot more'n I do.

Rosy goes back to watching the rerun. Sammy gives his profile a quick suspicious glance.

SAMMY (VO)

Now, is that just cellblock talk, or is that John checking up on me? Offer this Rosy some cash maybe, some help, tell him keep an eye on Sammy. Cut Sammy's fuckin head off if he don't look right.

ROSY

(disgusted)

Man, I know how this fucker ends, man.

SAMMY (VO)

Time to get the fuck outa here.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

It wasn't exactly that easy. If I make a move, inside there, I'm probably not gonna live to the front door. The first time, it was that voice test bullshit that got me out. If I'd stayed out then, I was cool, but I couldn't do it. I had things I had to take care of. So now the job was to get me out of the detention center a second time, without anybody getting jumpy. Rosy, or anybody else.

INT. VISITING ATTORNEY ROOM - DAY

The lawyers enter, spread themselves and their briefcases.

SAMMY (VO)

The feds had a prison in upstate New York, a little burg called Otisville.

John and Sammy and Frankie enter.

SAMMY (VO)

It was a common thing, because of the crowding in Manhattan, to move guys up there sometimes when they weren't needed to be in court.

General GREETINGS.

BRAFMAN

Sammy, I got word they're moving you.

John is instantly suspicious.

JOHN

Moving him? Moving him where?

BRAFMAN

Otisville.

SAMMY

(showing anger)

What the fuck for?

BRAFMAN

They just move people around, that's all.

SAMMY

They're afraid me and John are getting together, planning strategy, figuring out how to beat their fucking asses for them.

BRAFMAN

It'll only be for a week or two, until you're needed in court.

SAMMY

They ship you up there at night, don't they? How far is it?

BRAFMAN

Two hours.

SAMMY

To Nowheresville. What the fuck.

JOHN

(amused)

Have fun up there, Sammy. Breathe the country air.

SAMMY

Fuck the country air.

KRIEGER

Can we discuss the trial?

They begin to discuss the trial.

SAMMY (VO)

I knew I wasn't going to no Otisville.

## INT. SAMMY'S CELL - NIGHT

Sammy, dressed in his prison garb, packs his trial suit and other clothing and toilet materials into a small suitcase. Rosy enters.

ROSY

Hey, Sammy, I hear you're leavin us for a while.

SAMMY

One more way to bust my chops.

ROSY

We'll miss you around here, man.

SAMMY

(wry)

Yeah, it's been a home to me.

ROSY

Be well, my man.

Rosy leaves. Sammy sends a jaundiced look after him.

SAMMY

(muttered)

That's what I'm trying for.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD

Ready, Sammy?

Sammy closes the suitcase.

SAMMY

All set.

## INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

An administrator's office. Standing here are FBI agents Mouw, Gilbert, Spero and Tricorico, plus agent WILLIAMS, who is about Sammy's height and shape. Sammy and the guard enter. The guard leaves.

SPERO

Evening, Sammy. How you feeling?

SAMMY

(flat)

Okay.

MOUW

Sammy, this is agent Williams.  
There's a bathroom in there, you  
two switch clothes.

SAMMY

For what?

MOUW

He'll be the decoy, leave first.

SAMMY

Decoy! Forget it.

SPERO

Sammy, we can't be sure the mob  
doesn't know what's happening here.

GILBERT

There've been leaks before.

SAMMY

Yeah, and I bought 'em.

SPERO

There could be a leak again.

TRICORICO

They won't want you to leave the  
building alive, Sammy.

SAMMY

(gesture at Williams)  
So you want this poor guy to take  
it? No no, I'll walk out as myself.

WILLIAMS

I don't mind, Sammy, I really don't.

SAMMY

I mind. I'll walk out as myself.

MOUW

All right, Sammy, if you insist.

SAMMY

(to Mouw)  
You're in charge?

MOUW

For this part of it, yes.

SAMMY  
You're Mouw?

MOUW  
Yes. Bruce Mouw.

SAMMY  
I heard you were from Iowa.

MOUW  
That's right, I am.

SAMMY  
Well, if I got to trust somebody,  
it might as well be somebody from  
Iowa.

Mouw laughs. Gilbert speaks into the phone.

GILBERT  
We're coming down. No decoy.

EXT. MANHATTAN HOUSE OF DETENTION - NIGHT

AN ANGLE on upper floor office windows as they open and a SWAT TEAM in bulletproof vests, carrying rifles, take up positions overlooking the street.

AN ANGLE on a uniformed black woman GUARD, whose job is to walk the perimeter outside the building. (Perimeter duty is the only time the guards are armed.) She looks up.

GUARD'S POV: The SWAT team visible at the windows.

PREVIOUS SHOT. The guard walks around to St. George Place, looks down it.

GUARD'S POV: The cars waiting, motors on, drivers in.

PREVIOUS SHOT. The guard starts down St. George Place, then looks up.

AN ANGLE on the SWAT team as they look upward.

AN ANGLE on the helicopter, moving into position, hovering over the building.

AN ANGLE on the guard moving down St. George Place.

CLOSE on the rear door, as Tricorico and Spero come out, looking both ways. They step back, step out again with Sammy between them, move him quickly toward the cars.

AN ANGLE at the corner of St. George Place and Pearl Street, with police cars parked at both sides of the egress. Foot PATROLMEN walk the opposite sidewalk.

AN ANGLE on the guard, nearing the Sammy group, seeing Sammy, recognizing him. She understands, and is surprised, and saddened.

GUARD

Oh, no, Sammy. Not you.

Sammy stops. He understands at once that this is the first time of what will be a normal reaction to him now; the turncoat. He shakes his head, offers a quick and discouraged smile.

SAMMY

Yeah, it's me.

SPERO

Come on, Sammy.

They hustle him on to the car. Mow and the other FBI agents come out and they all move to the various cars. The guard watches.

AN ANGLE on Sammy, in the back of the middle car. He looks toward the guard.

AN ANGLE on the guard. She shrugs, gives him a smile and a little wave: "You do what you gotta do."

AN ANGLE on Sammy, who nods and smiles, grateful. The car moves.

WIDE SHOT, the cars moving down St. George Place.

AN ANGLE on the parked police cars, engines coming on, as the cars emerge.

AN ANGLE on the SWAT team, watching the line of cars move away. Above them, the helicopter swings INTO FRAME, following the cars.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

ANGLES of the cars moving across downtown Manhattan.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT, the cars driving across the bridge, the helicopter above. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK, the city shrinking, almost disappearing. FADE TO BLACK. (For this shot, the city model in Flushing would be perfect.)

(Sammy's VO is over the receding helicopter shot.)

SAMMY (VO)

It didn't have to be this way. All John had to do was come to me once during that eleven months we were in there together and say, 'Sammy, I'm sorry. My big fucking mouth got you indicted, number one. Number two, let's try to get a severance for you, so you could fight your case. Fuck the public. Let's try to fight this so that one of us, all of us, a couple of us, get out of this fucking mess.' If he done that, I would have never cooperated with the government, not in a million years would I have cooperated.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A large sunny ground floor office with a military base outside. Prosecutor John Gleeson sits at a conference table with two ASSISTANTS. Sammy and Mow enter. Gleeson gets to his feet.

GLEESON

Sammy, good morning.

SAMMY

Yeah, good morning.

Gleeson offers his hand. Sammy takes it.

GLEESON

How are you, Sammy?

SAMMY

How am I? I don't even know where  
am I.

GLEESON

We're in Quantico, Virginia. This is the Marine base.

SAMMY

(amused)

The Marines? You figure the mob won't get through the Marines, huh?

GLEESON

That's what we're hoping. Sit down, Sammy, let's work out what we're gonna do.

They all sit around the table.

GLEESON  
The main point is, you'll testify.

SAMMY  
Right.

GLEESON  
About your own activities, as well.

SAMMY  
Right.

GLEESON  
In return, you get a reduced sentence.

SAMMY  
Right.

GLEESON  
To a maximum of twenty years.

SAMMY  
I don't like that part.

GLEESON  
What's wrong with it?

SAMMY  
Twenty years. That's a long time.  
I mean I'm not a kid.

GLEESON  
Nobody's saying you'll do twenty years. If you open up and testify, you'll do a lot less. But if you get on the stand, Sammy, and for whatever reason you dry up, Judge Glasser is gonna hand you the max.

SAMMY  
I think it oughta be ten years.  
I'm already gonna be an old man.

GLEESON  
Judge Glasser won't go along with that, Sammy, and I wouldn't recommend it. You say you're gonna cooperate, and if you do, this won't be an issue.

SAMMY

Then for twenty years I'm on tap to testify? That don't feel good.

GLEESON

No no. The stuff you know is already getting older, Sammy. We want you for cases we've already got in the pipeline.

SAMMY

Two years.

GLEESON

What?

SAMMY

If it's in the pipeline, it's gonna be in court in two years, so that's how long I'm available.

Gleeson turns aside to CONSULT with his assistants.

SAMMY (VO)

What I wanted here, I didn't want to have to testify against anybody in my own crew. The rest of them I don't give a shit about, but the guys from the neighborhood, I don't wanna have to talk against them.

Gleeson turns back.

GLEESON

We'll give you that, Sammy, with one exception.

SAMMY

Yeah?

GLEESON

If, through no fault of the government, one of our cases already under way isn't brought to trial within the two years, you'll come back in. Otherwise, after the two years, whether you testify or not is strictly up to you.

SAMMY

What have you got that's gonna take more than two years?

GLEESON

Maybe nothing. But Vincent Gigante, for instance, we've been building that case more than two years already.

SAMMY

(amused)

Oh, Chin. Mr. Gleeson, we'll both be old men before you nail Chin for anything.

GLEESON

Well, we'll see. Do we have a deal?

SAMMY

If the judge signs off on it, yeah.

GLEESON

That's not the way it works.

SAMMY

What isn't?

GLEESON

The judge never approves the deal until it's time for the sentence.

SAMMY

Is this a law?

GLEESON

No, it's just the way it's done.

SAMMY

Well, I need it done different. I need the judge to sign off now.

GLEESON

Nobody's ever asked that before.

SAMMY

Well, they're wrong. What if the judge ain't there no more, at the end of the day, it's some different judge, says, 'What agreement?' What if you ain't there, at the end of the day?

ASSISTANT

It could be done.

GLEESON  
Okay. It's a deal.

They stand, and shake hands.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY  
I'm on the other side now. It's  
like, you know, through the looking  
glass. It's very strange.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Almost pitch black. A two lane road up a wooded hill.

SAMMY (VO)  
At Quantico, I'm not with Bruce  
Mouw and the other New York agents  
any more. I'm in the control of  
the FBI Hostage Rescue Team, more  
military than the military.

Headlights start slowly up the hill.

SAMMY (VO)  
At first they wanted me in handcuffs  
all day. I said no. It was an  
argument, but I wasn't gonna put  
up with no handcuffs, so they  
backed off.

It's a military truck, moving slowly.

SAMMY (VO)  
Then they were keeping me locked  
down day and night, nothing to do,  
nowhere to go, no way to exercise.

Someone is jogging ahead of the truck, the truck keeping pace.

SAMMY (VO)  
Then Spero and Tricorico, the FBI  
guys I knew, finally talked these  
Quantico guys into letting me run.

It's Sammy jogging, steady and determined.

SAMMY (VO)  
Every morning, in the dark, five-  
thirty, I do this three mile run.

CAMERA PANS to keep Sammy and the truck IN FRAME as they go by. The back of the truck contains half a dozen heavily-armed combat-uniformed MEN.

SAMMY (VO)

That's what I do now. All day long I answer questions, and in the mornings I run.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY

There were a lot of questions. What was I into? Everything. Construction in the city of New York, nothing happened without I said so. I bought jurors, I bought cops. Gambling, I ran that. When there was a hit, usually I was the one planned it. I was the underboss, I was the guy took care of business. And that's the business the prosecutors wanted to hear about. So they asked their questions, and I answered them.

INT. COURT - DAY

Gotti and Frankie are marched in and placed with their lawyers.

SAMMY (VO)

But finally there came a time when I had to leave Quantico, Virginia.

Judge Glasser enters.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone stands. Judge Glasser takes his seat, gavels.

GLASSER

Be seated.

All sit.

SAMMY (VO)

Finally there came a time when I had to confront my old friends.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

Sammy, in his trial suit, sits with agents Spero and Tricorico and JIM FOX.

SAMMY (VO)

Of course, I was nervous. I've been reading all this stuff about me, like I'm the devil. I'm a rat. I'm a canary. I'm a stool pigeon. I'm a piece of shit. I'm a traitor. All this in the newspapers. I'm confused. Which side are these reporters on? It's killing me that my wife and kids have to read all this.

Gleeson sticks his head in the door.

GLEESON

Ready, Sammy?

SAMMY

(rising)

Sure.

INT. COURT - DAY

AN ANGLE across John, in bg the door from the anteroom, which opens, and Gleeson enters, to cross to the prosecution table. As Sammy enters, John turns his head to offer Sammy his coldest strongest glower. CAMERA PANS on his turn, keeping his face and the approaching Sammy IN FRAME.

SAMMY (VO)

When I walked through that door into court, I thought I was in a funeral parlor. You could literally hear a pin drop.

Sammy gives John a mild deadpan look as he approaches. CAMERA PANS so that Sammy passes between US and John. John's head turns, keeping his glare on Sammy, while Sammy faces front.

SAMMY (VO)

I heard John's people put pressure on Debbie, they wanted her in court, to unnerve me, but she wouldn't do it.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO A WIDER ANGLE, John on one side, Sammy on the other, as Sammy approaches the witness chair.

SAMMY (VO)

I think what it comes down to,  
John thought he was some sort of  
Robin Hood with the people cheering  
him. I don't think I'm Robin Hood.  
I think I'm a gangster.

CAMERA PANS behind Judge Glasser, keeping John and Sammy  
IN FRAME, moving closer to Sammy, as Sammy TAKES THE OATH.

SAMMY (VO)

I think I'm somebody with a very,  
very limited education, and I fought  
and kicked and punched and did the  
best I could to get ahead.

CAMERA PANS around behind Sammy, till Sammy is in profile,  
looking solemnly at John ACROSS FRAME. John now has a  
little I'll-get-you smirk.

SAMMY (VO)

I dealt with the reality that someday  
I will probably be killed or go to  
fucking jail, and I lived with that  
reality all my life. That's the  
life I chose. That's the road I  
took.

Gleeson approaches Sammy.

GLEESON

You are Salvatore Gravano?

CAMERA PANS toward John, Sammy going OUT OF FRAME, John  
maintaining his cocksure fuck-you expression.

SAMMY (OC)

Yes.

GLEESON (OC)

And are you the underboss of the  
Gambino crime family?

SAMMY (OC)

Yes.

GLEESON (OC)

And who is the boss of the Gambino  
crime family?

CAMERA HOLDS at a CU on John's face.

SAMMY (OC)  
John Gotti.

John's smirk widens a little.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

As before.

SAMMY  
That first day John was like he  
always was. Sitting straight up,  
not a hair out of place, fancy  
suit, whatever, the big boss.

INT. COURT - DAY

CU, John, a little messy, haggard, unkempt, worried.

SAMMY (VO)  
My last day, three full days with  
Gleeson, John ain't so erect any  
more. He was slumping down. His  
hair is a little messy. His tie  
is crooked.

CAMERA PANS back to include the defense attorneys.

GLASSER (OC)  
Your witness.

A lawyer rises. Gotti looks up at him with desperate hope:  
Are you gonna save me?

SAMMY (VO)  
I think he knew he was beat.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

SAMMY  
I had five days of cross-examination,  
like they're trying to be tough with  
me, but what can they ask me? It's  
all bullshit. Did I commit this  
crime, that crime, the other crime?  
Yeah, sure, I already said so.  
(headshake, grin)  
It took the jury thirteen hours to  
make up its mind on all the different  
counts. Which is fast.

INT. COURT - DAY

John, Frankie, the lawyers and the jury foreman stand. Sammy is not present.

FOREMAN

Guilty.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

SAMMY

That was April, 91, a year and a half after me and John walked into the Manhattan House of Detention. We walked in there the closest of partners, friends, bonded together with an oath of blood. Only both guys gotta believe in the oath, or where's the oath?

(shrug)

Judge Glasser gave John and Frankie Loc both life sentences without parole. John's in forever.

INT. COURT - DAY

Sammy and Gleeson stand before judge Glasser.

SAMMY (VO)

My own sentence didn't come along until a year and a half later, after I done a lot of testifying.

GLEESON

Your Honor, with respect to all previous cooperators, when those people cooperated, there was no ripple effect in the street, in the organized crime community. The take on that was, well, there's something wrong with the guy. What we heard from informants, what we heard from the people who followed Gravano in to become a cooperating witness was that when Salvatore Gravano cooperated, it did not indicate that there was something wrong with Salvatore Gravano, but it indicated that there was something wrong with the mob. It was very much of an attitude adjustment, very much a turning point.

## GLASSER

I can't recall seeing any reference to Gravano that wasn't preceded by words such as rat, snitch, turncoat or some other pejorative word. Would we view it in the same way if, for example, a member of the World Trade Center bombing conspiracy informed on his fellow conspirators, the perpetrators of that disaster? Who, in that context, has Gravano informed against? Is assisting the government to bring major criminals to book a contemptible thing? I think not. I agree with the Federal agent who said that Gravano's decision to testify was the bravest thing he had ever seen. There has never been a defendant of his stature in organized crime who has made the leap he has made from one social planet to another. There has never been a defendant whose impact on organized crime, and the suffocating hold of that criminal octopus upon industry and labor, has been so important and so extensive. Salvatore Gravano, I sentence you to five years incarceration, to be followed by three years of supervised release.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Sammy sits on a fallen log overlooking a western view.

## SAMMY

I'd already been in three and a half, so that was time served, and the rest I just walked through. Except I had to spend that time thinking. How I could have put Cosa Nostra ahead of loyalty to my wife and my kids is something I will always have to live with.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Toddo leads Sammy down the basement stairs to be made.

## SAMMY (VO)

They say I broke the oath. But it wasn't the oath I thought I was taking.

Sammy sits next to Paul Castellano, who TALKS to him under.

SAMMY (VO)  
I thought it was about honor and  
brotherhood.

Sammy points to his index finger. Paul pricks it to draw  
blood, while another guy holds the saint's picture.

SAMMY (VO)  
I mean, when you took the oath,  
that honor stuff got you as high  
as a kite when you were being made.

REPRISE, Sammy, awed, holding the burning picture in his palms.

SAMMY (VO)  
You really believed in it, that it  
was worth living for and dying for  
and going to jail for.

SCREEN DARKENS toward black, until only the little flickering  
flame is visible, in the center of screen. BEAT. GO TO  
BLACK. BEAT.

SAMMY (VO)  
It was none of that.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

SAMMY  
It was all about greed and power.  
In reality, it was a total joke.

He looks away from CAMERA, then back, looking at the OC  
interviewer again.

SAMMY  
I remember, in 1972.

EXT. BENSONHURST - DAY

Bright sunny day, happy people. A movie marquee: 'The  
Godfather'.

SAMMY (VO)  
When there was that movie, 'The  
Godfather'.

CAMERA PANS to the theater entrance as Sammy and his PALS  
come out, ecstatic, laughing, punching each other. They go  
down the street, walking on air.

SAMMY (VO)

I left that movie stunned. I mean, I floated out of the theater. Maybe it was fiction, but for me, then, that was our life.

CAMERA PANS to the line waiting to get into the next show; a million happy young punks, with a lacing of their more dignified elder thugs, all very happy.

SAMMY (VO)

And not only the mob end, not just the mobsters and the killing and all that bullshit, but that wedding in the beginning, the music and the dancing, it was us, the Italian people!

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Sammy's excited again at the memory of it.

SAMMY

The mob end was so on the money, it was crazy. It was basically the way I saw the life. Where there was some honor. Like when Don Corleone, Marlon Brando, says about the drugs, sure, he owned these people, but he would lose them with that. It wasn't like gambling and certain vices we do, loan-sharking. His thinking and what he said was how the life was supposed to be.

He turns away.

SAMMY

Maybe it never was. Maybe I kidded myself from day one.

He turns back to the interviewer.

SAMMY

Whatever. It's over. And I'm out of the life, I'm done with it.

(small grin)

Of course, I don't know is it done with me. I'm not saying some kid won't try and make a name for himself taking me out. But this kid, whoever he may be, better be good.

INTERVIEWER (OC)  
What if he's good?

SAMMY  
(shrug, little grin)  
Then I'm in the box.

CUT TO BLACK.

FIN