THE GODFATHER

Screenplay

by

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and

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THIRD DRAFT

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES
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INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The PARAMOUNT Logo is presented austerely over a black background. There is a moment's hesitation, and then the simple words in white lettering:

THE GODFATHER

While this remains, we hear: "I believe in America." Suddenly we are watching in CLOSE VIEW, AMERIGO BONASERA, a man of sixty, dressed in a black suit, on the verge of great emotion.

BONASERA
America has made my fortune.

As he speaks, THE VIEW imperceptibly begins to loosen.

BONASERA
I raised my daughter in the American fashion; I gave her freedom, but taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a boy friend, not an Italian. She went to the movies with him, stayed out late. Two months ago he took her for a drive, with another boy friend. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted; she kept her honor. So they beat her like an animal. When I went to the hospital her nose was broken, her jaw was shattered and held together by wire, and she could not even weep because of the pain.

He can barely speak; he is weeping now.

BONASERA
I went to the Police like a good American. These two boys were arrested and brought to trial. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison, and suspended the sentence. Suspended sentence! They went free that very day. I stood in the courtroom like a fool, and those bastards, they smiled at me. Then I said to my wife, for Justice, we must go to The Godfather.

By now, THE VIEW is full, and we see Don Corleone's office in his home.

The blinds are closed, and so the room is dark, and with patterned shadows. We are watching BONASERA over the shoulder of DON CORLEONE. TOM HAGEN sits near a small table, examining some paperwork, and SONNY CORLEONE stands impatiently by the window nearest his father, sipping from a glass of wine. We can HEAR music, and the laughter and voices of many people outside.

DON CORLEONE
Bonasera, we know each other for years, but this is the first time you come to me for help. I don't remember the last time you invited me to your house for coffee...even though our wives are friends.

BONASERA
What do you want of me? I'll give you anything you want, but do what I ask!

DON CORLEONE
And what is that Bonasera?

BONASERA whispers into the DON's ear.

DON CORLEONE
No. You ask for too much.

BONASERA
I ask for Justice.

DON CORLEONE
The Court gave you justice.

BONASERA
An eye for an eye!

DON CORLEONE
But your daughter is still alive.

BONASERA
Then make them suffer as she

suffers. How much shall I pay you.

Both HAGEN and SONNY react.

DON CORLEONE
You never think to protect yourself with real friends. You think it's enough to be an American. All right, the Police protects you, there are Courts of Law, so you don't need a friend like me. But now you come to me and say Don Corleone, you must give me justice. And you don't ask in respect or friendship. And you don't think to call me Godfather; instead you come to my house on the day my daughter is to be married and you ask me to do murder...for money.

BONASERA
America has been good to me...

DON CORLEONE
Then take the justice from the judge, the bitter with the sweet, Bonasera. But if you come to me with your friendship, your loyalty, then your enemies become my enemies, and then, believe me, they would fear you...

Slowly, Bonasera bows his head and murmurs.

BONASERA
Be my friend.

DON CORLEONE
Good. From me you'll get Justice.

BONASERA
Godfather.

DON CORLEONE
Some day, and that day may never come, I would like to call upon you to do me a service in return.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

A HIGH ANGLE of the CORLEONE MALL in bright daylight. There are at least five hundred guests filling the main courtyard and gardens. There is music and laughing and dancing and countless tables covered with food and wine.

DON CORLEONE stands at the Gate, flanked on either side by a son: FREDO and SONNY, all dressed in the formal attire of the wedding party. He warmly shakes the hands, squeezes the hands of the friends and guests, pinches the cheeks of the children, and makes them all welcome. They in turn carry with them gallons of homemade wine, cartons of freshly baked

bread and pastries, and enormous trays of Italian delicacies.

The entire family poses for a family portrait: DON CORLEONE, MAMA, SONNY, his wife, SANDRA, and their children, TOM HAGEN and his wife, THERESA, and their BABY; CONSTANZIA, the bride, and her bridegroom, CARLO RIZZI. As they move into the pose, THE DON seems preoccupied.

DON CORLEONE
Where's Michael?

SONNY
He'll be here Pop, it's still early.

DON CORLEONE
Then the picture will wait for him.

Everyone in the group feels the uneasiness as the DON moves back to the house. SONNY gives a delicious smile in the direction of the Maid-of-Honor, LUCY MANCINI. She returns it. Then he moves to his wife.

SONNY
Sandra, watch the kids. They're running wild.

SANDRA
You watch yourself.

HAGEN kisses his WIFE, and follows THE DON, passing the wine barrels, where a group of FOUR MEN nervously wait. TOM crooks a finger at NAZORINE, who doublechecks that he is next, straightens, and follows HAGEN.

EXT DAY: MALL ENTRANCE (SUMMER 1945)

Outside the main gate of the Mall, SEVERAL MEN in suits, working together with a MAN in a dark sedan, walk in and out of the rows of parked cars, writing license plate numbers down in their notebooks. We HEAR the music and laughter coming from the party in the distance.

A MAN stops at a limousine and copies down the number.

BARZINI, dignified in a black homburg, is always under the watchful eyes of TWO BODYGUARDS as he makes his way to embrace DON CORLEONE in the courtyard.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars. Put another number in the notebook. A shiney new Cadillac with wooden bumpers.

PETER CLEMENZA, dancing the Tarantella joyously, bumping bellies with the ladies.

CLEMENZA
Paulie...wine...WINE.

He mops his sweating forehead with a big handkerchief. PAULIE hustles, gets a glass of icy black wine, and brings it to him.

PAULIE
You look terrif on the floor!

CLEMENZA
What are you, a dance judge? Go do your job; take a walk around the neighborhood... see everything is okay.

PAULIE nods and leaves; CLEMENZA takes a breath, and leaps back into the dance.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars. Put another number in the notebook.

TESSIO, a tall, gentle-looking man, dances with a NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, her little black party shoes planted on his enormous brown shoes.

The MEN move on to other parked cars, when SONNY storms out of the gate, his face flushed with anger, followed by CLEMENZA and PAULIE.

SONNY
Buddy, this is a private party.

The MAN doesn't answer, but points to the DRIVER of the sedan. SONNY menacingly thrusts his reddened face at him. The DRIVER merely flips open his wallet to a greed card, without saying a word. SONNY steps back, spits on the ground, turns, and walks away, followed by CLEMENZA, PAULIE, and another TWO MEN. He doesn't say a thing for most of the walk back into the courtyard, and then, muttered to PAULIE.

SONNY
Goddamn FBI...don't respect nothing.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE sits quietly behind his massive desk in the dark study.

NAZORINE
...a fine boy from Sicily, captured by the American Army, and sent to New Jersey as a prisoner of war...

DON CORLEONE
Nazorine, my friend, tell me what I can do.

NAZORINE
Now that the war is over, Enzo, this boy is being repatriated to Italy. And you see, Godfather...
(he wrings his hands, unable to express himself)
He...my daughter...they...

DON CORLEONE

You want him to stay in this country.

NAZORINE
Godfather, you understand everything.

DON CORLEONE
Tom, what we need is an Act of Congress to allow Enzo to become a citizen.

NAZORINE
(impressed)
An Act of Congress!

HAGEN
(nodding)
It will cost.

The DON shrugs; such are the way with those things; NAZORINE nods.

NAZORINE
Is that all? Godfather, thank you...
(backing out, enthusiastically)
Oh, wait till you see the cake I made for your beautiful daughter!

NAZORINE backs out, all smiles, and nods to the GODFATHER. DON CORLEONE rises and moves to the Venetian blinds.

HAGEN
Who do I give this job to?

The DON moves to the windows, peeking out through the blinds.

DON CORLEONE
Not to one of our paisans...give it to a Jew Congressman in another district. Who else is on the list for today?

The DON is peeking out to the MEN around the barrel, waiting to see him.

HAGEN
Francesco Nippi. His nephew has been refused parole. A bad case.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

WHAT HE SEES:

NIPPI waits nervously by the barrel.

HAGEN (O.S.)
His father worked with you in the freight yards when you were young.

LUCA BRASI sitting alone, grotesque and quiet.

HAGEN (O.S.)
He's not on the list, but Luca Brasi wants to see you.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The DON turns to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE
Is it necessary?

HAGEN
You understand him better than anyone.

The DON nods to this. Turns back to the blinds and peeks out.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

WHAT HE SEES:

MICHAEL CORLEONE, dressed in the uniform of a Marine Captain, leads KAY ADAMS through the wedding crowd, occasionally stopped and greeted by FRIENDS of the family.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The DON, inside the office, peering through the blinds, following them.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL moves through the crowd, embraces MAMA and introduces her to his GIRL.

EXT DAY: OFFICE WINDOW (SUMMER 1945)

The DON's eyes peering through the blinds.

EXT DAY: MALL TABLES (SUMMER 1945)

KAY and MICHAEL settle by a table on the edge of the wedding, burdened down with plates of food and glasses and wine. She is exhilarated by the enormity of the affair, the music and the vitality.

KAY
I've never seen anything like it.

MICHAEL
I told you I had a lot of relatives.

KAY looking about, a young and lively thing in a gift shop. We see what she sees:

Her interest is caught by THREE MEN standing by the wine barrels.

KAY
(amused)
Michael, what are those men doing?

MICHAEL
They're waiting to see my father.

KAY
They're talking to themselves.

MICHAEL
They're going to talk to my father, which means they're going to ask him for something, which means they better get it right.

KAY
Why do they bother him on a day like this?

MICHAEL
Because they know that no Sicilian will refuse a request on his daughter's wedding day.

EXT DAY: WEDDING PARTY (SUMMER 1945)

CONNIE CORLEONE, the Bride, is pressing the bodice of her overly-fluffy white gown against the groom, CARLO RIZZI. He is bronzed, with curly blondish hair and lovely dimples. She absolutely adores him and can barely take her eyes from him long enough to thank the various GUESTS for the white envelopes they are putting into the large white purse she holds. In fact, if we watch carefully, we can see that one of her hands is slid under his jacket, and into his shirt, where she is provocatively rubbing the hair on his chest. CARLO, on the other hand, has his blue eyes trained on the bulging envelopes, and is trying to guess how much cash the things hold.

Discreetly, he moves her hand off of his skin.

CARLO
(whispered)
Cut it out, Connie.

The purse, looped by a ribbon of silk around CONNIE's arm, is fat with money.

PAULIE (O.S.)
What do you think? Twenty grand?

A little distance away, a young man, PAULIE GATTO, catches a prosciutto sandwich thrown by a friend, without once taking eyes from the purse.

PAULIE
Who knows? Maybe more. Twenty, thirty grand in small bills cash in that silk purse. Holy Toledo, if this was somebody else's wedding!

SONNY is sitting at the Wedding Dias, talking to LUCY MANCINI, the Maid of Honor. Every once in a while he

glances across the courtyard, where his WIFE is talking with some WOMEN.

He bends over and whispers something into LUCY's ear.

SANDRA and the WOMEN are in the middle of a big, ribald laugh.

WOMAN
Is it true what they say about your husband, Sandra?

SANDRA's hands separate with expanding width further and further apart until she bursts into a peal of laughter. Through her separated hands she sees the Wedding Dais. SONNY and LUCY are gone.

INT DAY: DON'S HALL & STAIRS (SUMMER 1945)

The empty hallway. The bathroom door opens and LUCY surreptitiously steps out.

She looks up where SONNY is standing on the second landing, motioning for her to come up.

She lifts her petticoats off the ground and hurries upstairs.

EXT DAY: MALL TABLES (SUMMER 1945)

KAY and MICHAEL.

KAY
(in a spooky low tone)
Michael, that scarey guy...Is he a relative?

She has picked out LUCA BRASI.

MICHAEL
No. His name is Luca Brasi. You wouldn't like him.

KAY
(Excited)
Who is he?

MICHAEL
(Sizing her up)
You really want to know?

KAY
Yes. Tell me.

MICHAEL
You like spaghetti?

KAY
You know I love spaghetti.

MICHAEL
Then eat your spaghetti and I'll tell you a Luca Brasi story.

She starts to eat her spaghetti.

She begins eating, looking at him eagerly.

MICHAEL
Once upon a time, about fifteen years ago some people wanted to take over my father's olive oil business. They had Al Capone send some men in from Chicago to kill my father, and they almost did.

KAY
Al Capone!

MICHAEL
My Father sent Luca Brasi after them. He tied the two Capone men hand and foot, and stuffed small bath towels into their mouths. Then he took an ax, and chopped one man's feet off...

KAY
Michael...

MICHAEL
Then the legs at the knees...

KAY
Michael you're trying to scare me...

MICHAEL
Then the thighs where they joined the torso.

KAY
Michael, I don't want to hear anymore...

MICHAEL
Then Luca turned to the other man...

KAY
Michael, I love you.

MICHAEL
...who out of sheer terror had swallowed the bath towel in his mouth and suffocated.

The smile on his face seems to indicate that he is telling a tall story.

KAY
I never know when you're telling me the truth.

MICHAEL
I told you you wouldn't like him.

KAY
He's coming over here!

LUCA comes toward them to meet TOM HAGEN halfway, just near their table.

MICHAEL
Tom...Tom, I'd like you to meet Kay Adams.

KAY
(having survived LUCA)
How do you do.

MICHAEL
My brother, Tom Hagen.

HAGEN
Hello Kay. Your father's inside, doing some business.
(privately)
He's been asking for you.

MICHAEL
Thanks Tom.

HAGEN smiles and moves back to the house, LUCA ominously following.

KAY
If he's your brother, why does he have a different name?

MICHAEL
My brother Sonny found him living in the streets when he was a kid, so my father took him in. He's a good lawyer.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE at the window. He has seen the intimacy of the **YOUNG COUPLE.**

LUCA (O.S.)
Don Corleone...

THE DON turns to the stiffly formal LUCA, and he moves forward to kiss his hand. He takes the envelope from his jacket, holds it out, but does not release it until he makes a formal speech.

LUCA
(with difficulty)
Don Corleone...I am honored, and grateful...that you invited me to your home...on the wedding day of your...daughter.
May their first child...be a masculine child. I pledge my never

ending loyalty.
(he offers the envelope)
For your daughter's bridal purse.

DON CORLEONE
Thank you, Luca, my most valued friend.

THE DON takes it, and then LUCA's hand, which he squeezes so tightly we might imagine it to be painful.

LUCA
Let me leave you, Don Corleone. I know you are busy.

He turns, almost an about-face, and leaves the study with the same formality he entered with. DON CORLEONE breathes more easily, and gives the thick envelope to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE
I'm sure it's the most generous gift today.

HAGEN
The Senator called--apologized for not coming personally, but said you'd understand. Also, some of the Judges...they've all sent gifts. And another call from Virgil Sollozzo.

DON CORLEONE is not pleased.

HAGEN
The action is narcotics. Sollozzo has contacts in Turkey for the poppy, in Sicily for the plants to process down to morphine or up to heroin. Also he has access to this country. He's coming to us for financial help, and some sort of immunity from the law. For that we get a piece of the action, I couldn't find out how much. Sollozzo is vouched for by the Tattaglia family, and they may have a piece of the action. They call Sollozzo the Turk.
He's spent a lot of time in Turkey and is suppose to have a Turkish wife and kids. He's suppose to be very quick with the knife, or was, when he was younger. Only in matters of business and with some reasonable complaint. Also he has an American wife and three children and he is a good family man.

THE DON nods.

HAGEN

He's his own boss, and very competent.

DON CORLEONE
And with prison record.

HAGEN
Two terms; one in Italy, one in the United States. He's known to the Government as a top narcotics man. That could be a plus for us; he could never get immunity to testify.

DON CORLEONE
When did he call?

HAGEN
This morning.

DON CORLEONE
On a day like this. Consiglero, do you also have in your notes the the Turk made his living from Prostitution before the war, like the Tattaglias do now. Write that down before you forget it. The Turk will wait.

We now begin to hear a song coming over the loud-speakers from outside. In Italian, with unmistakable style.

DON CORLEONE
What that? It sounds like Johnny.

He moves to the window, pulls the blinds up, flooding the room with light.

DON CORLEONE
It is Johnny. He came all the way from California to be at the wedding.

HAGEN
Should I bring him in.

DON CORLEONE
No. Let the people enjoy him. You see? He is a good godson.

HAGEN
It's been two years. He's probably in trouble again.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

JOHNNY FONTANE on the bandstand, singing to the delight and excitement of the wedding GUESTS.

KAY
I didn't know your family knew Johnny Fontane.

MICHAEL

Sure.

KAY

I used to come down to New York whenever he sang at the Capitol and scream my head off.

MICHAEL

He's my father's godson; he owes him his whole career.

JOHNNY finishes the song and the CROWD screams with delight. They call out for another when DON CORLEONE appears.

DON CORLEONE

My Godson has come three thousand miles to do us honor and no one thinks to wet his throat.

At once a dozen wine glasses are offered to JOHNNY, who takes a sip from each as he moves to embrace his GODFATHER.

JOHNNY

I kept trying to call you after my divorce and Tom always said you were busy. When I got the Wedding invitation I knew you weren't sore at me anymore, Godfather.

DON CORLEONE

Can I do something for you still? You're not too rich, or too famous that I can't help you?

JOHNNY

I'm not rich anymore, Godfather, and...my career, I'm almost washed up...

He's very disturbed. The GODFATHER indicates that he come with him to the office so no one will notice. He turns to **HAGEN.**

DON CORLEONE

Tell Santino to come in with us. He should hear some things.

They go, leaving HAGEN scanning the party looking for SONNY.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN glances up the staircase.

HAGEN

Sonny?

Then he goes up.

INT DAY: DON'S UPSTAIRS ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

SONNY and LUCY are in a room upstairs; he has lifted her gown's skirts almost over her head, and has her standing against the door. Her face peeks out from the layers of petticoats around it like a flower in ecstasy.

LUCY
Sonnyeeeeeeee.

Her head bouncing against the door with the rhythm of his body. But there is a knocking as well. They stop, freeze in that position.

HAGEN (O.S.)
Sonny? Sonny, you in there?

INT DAY: DON'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (SUMMER 1945)

Outside, HAGEN by the door.

HAGEN
The old man wants you; Johnny's here...he's got a problem.

SONNY (O.S.)
Okay. One minute.

HAGEN hesitates. We HEAR LUCY's head bouncing against the door again. TOM leaves.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE
ACT LIKE A MAN! By Christ in Heaven, is it possible you turned out no better than a Hollywood finocchio.

Both HAGEN and JOHNNY cannot refrain from laughing. The DON smiles. SONNY enters as noiselessly as possible, still adjusting his clothes.

DON CORLEONE
All right, Hollywood...Now tell me about this Hollywood Pezzonovanta who won't let you work.

JOHNNY
He owns the studio. Just a month ago he bought the movie rights to this book, a best seller. And the main character is a guy just like me. I wouldn't even have to act, just be myself.

The DON is silent, stern.

DON CORLEONE
You take care of your family?

JOHNNY
Sure.

He glances at SONNY, who makes himself as inconspicuous as he can.

DON CORLEONE
You look terrible. I want you to eat well, to rest. And spend time with your family. And then, at the end of the month, this big shot will give you the part you want.

JOHNNY
It's too late. All the contracts have been signed, they're almost ready to shoot.

DON CORLEONE
I'll make him an offer he can't refuse.

He takes JOHNNY to the door, pinching his cheek hard enough to hurt.

DON CORLEONE
Now go back to the party and leave it to me.

He closes the door, smiling to himself. Turns to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE
When does my daughter leave with her bridegroom?

HAGEN
They'll cut the cake in a few minutes...leave right after that. Your new son-in-law, do we give him something important?

DON CORLEONE
No, give him a living. But never let him know the family's business. What else, Tom?

HAGEN
I've called the hospital; they've notified Consiglere Genco's family to come and wait. He won't last out the night.

This saddens the DON. He sighs.

DON CORLEONE
Genco will wait for me. Santino, tell your brothers they will come with me to the hospital to see Genco. Tell Fredo to drive the big car, and ask Johnny to come with us.

SONNY
And Michael?

DON CORLEONE

All my sons.

(to HAGEN)

Tom, I want you to go to California tonight. Make the arrangements. But don't leave until I come back from the hospital and speak to you. Understood?

HAGEN

Understood.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

Now all the wedding GUESTS excitedly clap their hands over the entrance of the cake: NAZORINE is beaming as he wheels in a serving table containing the biggest, gaudiest, most extravagant wedding cake ever baked, an incredible monument of his gratitude. The CROWD is favorably impressed: they begin to clink their knives or forks against their glasses, in the traditional request for the Bride to cut the cake and kiss the Groom. Louder and louder, five hundred forks hitting five hundred glasses.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

Silence.

HIGH ANGLE ON THE MALL, late day. The GUESTS are gone. A single black car is in the courtyard. FREDDIE is behind the driver's seat: the DON enters the car, looks at MICHAEL, who sits between SONNY and JOHNNY in the rear seat.

DON CORLEONE

Will your girl friend get back to the city all right?

MICHAEL

Tom said he'd take care of it.

The DON pulls the door shut; and the car pulls out, through the gate of the great Corleone Mall.

INT DAY: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (SUMMER 1945)

A long white hospital corridor, at the end of which we can see a grouping of FIVE WOMEN, some old and some young, but all plump and dressed in black.

DON CORLEONE and his SONS move toward the end. But then the DON slows, putting his hand on MICHAEL's shoulder. MICHAEL stops and turns toward his FATHER. The two looks at one another for some time. SILENCE. DON CORLEONE then lifts his hand, and slowly touches a particular medal on MICHAEL's uniform.

DON CORLEONE

What was this for?

MICHAEL

For bravery.

DON CORLEONE
And this?

MICHAEL
For killing a man.

DON CORLEONE
What miracles you do for strangers.

MICHAEL
I fought for my country. It was my choice.

DON CORLEONE
And now, what do you choose to do?

MICHAEL
I'm going to finish school.

DON CORLEONE
Good. When you are finished, come and talk to me. I have hopes for you.

Again they regard each other without a word. MICHAEL turns, and continues on. DON CORLEONE watches a moment, and then follows.

INT DAY: HOSPITAL ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE enters the hospital room, moving closest to OUR VIEW. He is followed by his SONS, JOHNNY and the WOMEN.

DON CORLEONE
(whispered)
Genco, I've brought my sons to pay their respects. And look, even Johnny Fontane, all the way from Hollywood.

GENCO is a tiny, wasted skeleton of a man. DON CORLEONE takes his bony hand, as the others arrange themselves around his bed, each clasping the other hand in turn.

GENCO
Godfather, Godfather, it's your daughter's wedding day, you cannot refuse me. Cure me, you have the power.

DON CORLEONE
I have no such power...but Genco, don't fear death.

GENCO
(with a sly wink)
It's been arranged, then?

DON CORLEONE

You blaspheme. Resign yourself.

GENCO

You need your old Consigliere. Who will replace me?

(suddenly)

Stay with me Godfather. Help me meet death. If he sees you, he will be frightened and leave me in peace. You can say a word, pull a few strings, eh? We'll outwit that bastard as we outwitted all those others.

(clutching his hand)

Godfather, don't betray me.

The DON motions all the others to leave the room. They do. He returns his attention to GENCO, holding his hand and whispering things we cannot hear, as they wait for death.

INT NIGHT: AIRPLANE (SUMMER 1945)

FADE IN:

The interior of a non-stop Constellation. HAGEN is one of the very few passengers on this late flight. He looks like any young lawyer on a business trip. He is tired from the difficult preparation and duties that he has just executed during the wedding. On the seat next to him is an enormous, bulging briefcase. He closes his eyes.

INT NIGHT: HONEYMOON HOTEL (SUMMER 1945)

The honeymoon hotel: CARLO and CONNIE. CARLO is in his undershorts, sitting up on the bed, anxiously taking the envelopes out of the silk bridal purse and counting the contents. CONNIE prepares herself in the large marble bathroom. She rubs her hands over his bronze shoulders, and tries to get his interest.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE in his office. LUCA BRASI sitting near to him.

DON CORLEONE

Luca, I am worried about this man Sollozzo. Find out what you can, through the Tattaglias. Let them believe you could be tempted away from the Corleone Family, if the right offer was made. Learn what he has under his fingernails...

INT NIGHT: MANCINI APT. HALL (SUMMER 1945)

The hallway of an apartment building. SONNY enters, climbs two steps at a time. He knocks, and then whispers.

SONNY

It's me, Sonny.

The door opens, and two lovely arms are around him, pulling him into the apartment.

INT NIGHT: LUCA'S ROOM (WINTER 1945)

LUCA BRASI's tiny room. He is partly dressed. He kneels and reaches under his bed and pulls out a small, locked trunk. He opens it, and takes out a heavy, bullet-proof vest. He puts it on, over his wool undershirt, and then puts on his shirt and jacket. He takes his gun, quickly disassembles, checks, and reassembles it. And leaves.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

A CLOSE VIEW of DON CORLEONE thinking quietly.

INT NIGHT: MOVING TRAIN (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL and KAY on a train, speeding on their way to New Hampshire.

INT NIGHT: SUBWAY (WINTER 1945)

LUCA, in his bulky jacket, sitting quietly on an empty subway train.

INT NIGHT: AIRPLANE (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN on the Constellation. He reaches into his briefcase, and takes out several pictures and papers.

One photograph is of a smiling man, JACK WOLTZ, linked arm in arm with fifteen movie stars on either side, including a lovely young child star to his immediate right.

HAGEN considers other papers.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE looks, and then moves HAGEN into an embrace. He straightens his arms and looks at TOM deeply.

DON CORLEONE
Remember my new Consigliere, a lawyer with his briefcase can steal more than a hundred men with guns.

EXT DAY: WOLTZ ESTATE GATE (SUMMER 1945)

JACK WOLTZ ESTATE. HAGEN stands before the impressive gate, armed only with his briefcase. A GATEMAN opens the gate, and TOM enters.

EXT DAY: WOLTZ GARDENS (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN and WOLTZ comfortably stroll along beautiful formal gardens, martinis in hand.

WOLTZ
You should have told me your boss was Corleone, Tom, I had to check

you out. I thought you were just some third rate hustler Johnny was running in to bluff me.
(a piece of statuary)
Florence, thirteenth century. Decorated the garden of a king.

They cross the garden and head toward the stables.

WOLTZ
I'm going to show you something beautiful.

They pass the stables, and come to rest by a stall with a huge bronze plaque attached to the outside wall: "KHARTOUM." TWO SECURITY GUARDS are positioned in chairs nearby; they rise as WOLTZ approaches.

WOLTZ
You like horses? I like horses, I love 'em. Beautiful, expensive Racehorses.

The animal inside is truly beautiful. WOLTZ whispers to him with true love in his voice.

WOLTZ
Khartoum...Kartoum...You are looking at six hundred thousand dollars on four hoofs. I bet even Russian Czars never paid that kind of dough for a single horse. But I'm not going to race him I'm going to put him out to Stud.

INT NIGHT: WOLTZ DINING ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN and WOLTZ sit at an enormous dining room table, attended by SEVERAL SERVANTS. Great paintings hang on the walls. The meal is elaborate and sumptuous.

HAGEN
Mr. Corleone is Johnny's Godfather. That is very close, a very sacred religious relationship.

WOLTZ
Okay, but just tell him this is one favor I can't give. But he should try me again on anything else.

HAGEN
He never asks a second favor when he has been refused the first. Understood?

WOLTZ
You smooth son of a bitch, let me lay it on the line for you, and your boss. Johnny Fontane never gets that movie. I don't care how

many Dago, Guinea, wop Greaseball Goombahs come out of the woodwork!

HAGEN

I'm German-Irish.

WOLTZ

Okay my Kraut-Mick friend, Johnny will never get that part because I hate that pinko punk and I'm going to run him out of the Movies. And I'll tell you why. He ruined one of Woltz Brothers' most valuable proteges. For five years I had this girl under training; singing lessons! Acting lessons! Dancing lessons! We spent hundreds of thousands of dollars--I was going to make her a star. I'll be even more frank, just to show you that I'm not a hard-hearted man, that it wasn't all dollars and cents. That girl was beautiful and young and innocent and she was the greatest piece of ass I've ever ad and I've had them all over the world. Then Johnny comes along with that olive oil voice and guinea charm and she runs off. She threw it all away to make me look ridiculous. A MAN IN **MY POSITION CANNOT AFFORD TO BE MADE TO LOOK RIDICULOUS!**

EXT DAY: GENCO OLIVE OIL CO. (SUMMER 1945)

An unimposing little building in New York City on Mott Street with a large old sign: "GENCO OLIVE OIL IMPORTS, INC." next to an open-faced fruit market.

A dark Buick pulls up, and a single small man, whom we cannot see well because of the distance, gets out and enters the building. This is VIRGIL SOLLOZZO.

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICES (SUMMER 1945)

Looking toward the staircase we can hear SOLLOZZO's footsteps before he actually rises into view. He is a small man, very dark, with curly black hair. But wiry, and tight and hard, and obviously very dangerous. He is greeted at the head of the stairs by SONNY, who takes his hand and shakes it, introducing himself. For a moment, there is a complex of handshaking quite formal, and whispered respectful introductions. Finally, SOLLOZZO is taken into the DON's glass paneled office; the two principals are introduced. They are very respectful of one another. Folding chairs are brought in by FREDDIE, and soon they are all sitting around in a circle; the DON, SOLLOZZO, SONNY, HAGEN, FREDDIE, CLEMENZA and TESSIO. The DON is the slightest bit foolish with all his compatriots, whereas SOLLOZZO has brought no one. Throughout all that transpires, however, it is clear that this scene is between two men: SOLLOZZO and DON CORLEONE.

SOLLOZZO

My business is heroin, I have poppy fields, laboratories in Narseilles and Sicily, ready to go into production. My importing methods are as safe as these things can be, about five per cent loss. The risk is nothing, the profits enormous.

DON CORLEONE

Why do you come to me? Why do I deserve your generosity?

SOLLOZZO

I need two million dollars in cash...more important, I need a friend who has people in high places; a friend who can guarantee that if one of my employees be arrested, they would get only light sentences. Be my friend.

DON CORLEONE

What percentages for my family?

SOLLOZZO

Thirty per cent. In the first year your share would be four million dollars; then it would go up.

DON CORLEONE

And what is the percentage of the Tattaglia family?

SOLLOZZO nods toward HAGEN.

SOLLOZZO

My compliments. I'll take care of them from my share.

DON CORLEONE

So. I receive 30 per cent just for finance and legal protection. No worries about operations, is that what you tell me?

SOLLOZZO

If you think two million dollars in cash is just finance, I congratulate you Don Corleone.

There is a long silence; in which each person present feels the tension. The DON is about to give his answer.

DON CORLEONE

I said I would see you because I've heard you're a serious man, to be treated with respect...

(pause)

But I'll say no to you.

We feel this around the room.

DON CORLEONE
I'll give you my reasons. I have many, many friends in Politics. But they wouldn't be so friendly if my business was narcotics instead of gambling. They think gambling is something like liquor, a harmless vice...and they think narcotics is dirty business.

SOLLOZZO takes a breath.

DON CORLEONE
No...how a man makes his living is none of my business. But this proposition of yours is too risky. All the people in my family lived well the last ten years, I won't risk that out of greed.

SOLLOZZO
Are you worried about security for your million?

DON CORLEONE
No.

SOLLOZZO
The Tattaglias will guarantee your investment also.

This startles SONNY; he blurts out.

SONNY
The Tattaglia family guarantees our investment?

SOLLOZZO hears him first, and then very slowly turns to face him. Everyone is the room knows that SONNY has stepped out of line.

DON CORLEONE
Young people are greedy, and they have no manners. They speak when they should listen. But I have a sentimental weakness for my children, and I've spoiled them, as you see. But Signor Sollozzo, my no is final.

SOLLOZZO nods, understands that this is the dismissal. He glances one last time at SONNY. He rises; all the others do as well. He bows to the DON, shakes his hand, and formally takes his leave. When the footsteps can no longer be heard:

The DON turns to SONNY.

DON CORLEONE

Santino, never let anyone outside the family know what you are thinking. I think your brain is going soft from all that comedy you play with that young girl.

TWO OFFICE WORKERS are carrying an enormous floral display with the word "THANK YOU" spelled out in flowers.

DON CORLEONE
What is this nonsense?

HAGEN
It's from Johnny. It was announced this morning. He's going to play the lead in the new Woltz Brothers film.

INT DAY: WOLTZ'S BEDROOM (SUMMER 1945)

It is large, dominated by a huge bed, in which a man, presumably WOLTZ, is sleeping. Soft light bathes the room from the large windows. We move closer to him until we see his face, and recognize JACK WOLTZ. He turns uncomfortably; mutters, feels something strange in his bedsheets. Something wet.

He wakens, feels the sheets with displeasure; they are wet. He looks at his hand; the wetness is blood. He is frightened, pulls aside the covers, and sees fresh blood on his sheets and pajamas. He grunts, pulls the puddle of blood in his bed. He feels his own body frantically, moving, down, following the blood, until he is face to face with the great severed head of Khartoum lying at the foot of his bed. Just blood from the hacked neck. White reedy tendons show. He struggles up to his elbows in the puddle of blood to see more clearly. Froth covers the muzzle, and the enormous eyes of the animal are yellowed and covered with blood.

WOLTZ tries to scream; but cannot. No sound comes out. Then, finally and suddenly an ear-splitting scream of pure terror escapes from WOLTZ, who is rocking on his hands and knees in an uncontrolled fit, blood all over him.

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICES (SUMMER 1945)

CLOSE VIEW on the GODFATHER. Nodding.

DON CORLEONE
Send Johnny my congratulations.

----------FADE OUT--------

(SCENES 12 & 12 OMITTED)

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: FIFTH AVENUE (WINTER 1945)

Fifth Avenue in the snow. Christmas week. People are

bundled up with rosy faces, rushing to buy presents.

KAY and MICHAEL exit a Fifth Avenue department store, carrying a stack of gaily wrapped gifts, arm in arm.

KAY
We have something for your mother, for Sonny, we have the tie for Fredo and Tom Hagen gets the Reynolds pen...

MICHAEL
And what do you want for Christmas?

KAY
Just you.

They kiss.

INT DAY: HOTEL ROOM (WINTER 1945)

CLOSE ON a wooden radio, playing quiet Music. THE VIEW PANS AROUND the dark hotel room, curtained against the daylight.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
We'll have a quiet, civil ceremony at the City Hall, no big fuss, no family, just a couple of friends as witnesses.

The two are in each other's arms in a mess of bedsheets on the two single beds that they have pushed together.

KAY
What will your father say?

MICHAEL
As long as I tell him beforehand he won't object. He'll be hurt, but he won't object.

KAY
What time do they expect us?

MICHAEL
For dinner. Unless I call and tell them we're still in New Hampshire.

KAY
Michael.

MICHAEL
Then we can have dinner, see a show, and spend one more night.

He moves to the telephone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D.)
Operator. Get me
(fill in number)

KAY
Michael, what are you doing?

MICHAEL
Shhh, you be the long distance operator. Here.

KAY
Hello...this is Long Distance. I have a call from New Hampshire. Mr. Michael Corleone. One moment please.

She hands the phone to MICHAEL who continues the deception.

MICHAEL
Hello, Tom? Michael. Yeah... listen, we haven't left yet. I'm driving down to the city with Kay tomorrow morning. There's something important I want to tell the old man before Christmas. Will he be home tomorrow night?

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

HAGEN in the Olive Oil Company office. In the background, through the glass partitions, we can see the DON, at work in his office. TOM is tired, and steeped in paperwork.

HAGEN (O.S.)
Sure. Anything I can do for you.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
No. I guess I'll see you Christmas. Everyone's going to be out at Long Beach, right?

HAGEN
Right.

He smiles. MICHAEL has hung up. He looks at the piles of work, and can't face it. He rises, puts on his coat and hat, and continues out.

He peeks into the DON's office.

HAGEN
Michael called; he's not leaving New Hampshire until tomorrow morning. I've got to go, I promised Theresa I'd pick up some toys for the kids.

The DON smiles and nods.

TOM smiles, and leaves; OUR VIEW remaining with DON CORLEONE. FREDDIE is sitting on a bench in the corner, reading the afternoon paper. He puts aside the papers the office manager has prepared for him, and then moves to FREDDIE, raps his knuckles on his head to take his nose out of the

paper.

DON CORLEONE
Tell Paulie to get the car from the lot; I'll be ready to go home in a few minutes.

FREDO
I'll have to get it myself; Paulie called in sick this morning.

DON CORLEONE
That's the third time this month. I think maybe you'd better get a healthier bodyguard for me. Tell Tom.

FREDO
(going)
Paulie's a good kid. If he's sick, he's sick. I don't mind getting the car.

FREDDIE leaves. He slowly puts on his jacket. Looks out his window.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

FREDDIE crosses the street.

INT DUSK: OLIVE OIL OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

OFFICE MANAGER
Buon Watale, Don Corleone.

The MANAGER helps him on with his overcoat. Once again, the DON glances out his window.

The black car pulls up; FREDDIE driving.

DON CORLEONE
Merry Christmas.
(handing the MANAGER an envelope)

And he starts down the stairs.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

The light outside is very cold, and beginning to fail. When FREDDIE sees his FATHER coming, he moves back into the driver's seat. The DON moves to the car, and is about to get in when he hesitates, and turns back to the long, open fruit stand near the corner.

The PROPRIETOR springs to serve him. The DON walks among the trays and baskets, and merely points to a particular piece of fruit. As he selects, the MAN gingerly picks the pieces of fruit up and puts them into a paper bag. The DON pays with a five dollar bill, waits for his change, and then

turns back to the car.

EXT DUSK: POLKS TOY STORE (WINTER 1945)

TOM HAGEN exits carrying a stack of presents, all gift wrapped. He continues past the windows. As he walks, someone walks right in his way. He looks up. It is SOLLOZZO.

He takes TOM by the arm and walks along with him.

SOLLOZZO
(quietly)
Don't be frightened. I just want to talk to you.

A car parked at the curb suddenly flings its rear door open.

SOLLOZZO
(urgently)
Get in; I want to talk to you.

HAGEN pulls his arm free. He is frightened.

HAGEN
I haven't got time.

TWO MEN suddenly appear on either side of him.

SOLLOZZO
Get in the car. If I wanted to kill you you'd be dead already. Trust me.

HAGEN, sick to his stomach, moves with his ESCORTS, leaving our VIEW on the Mechanical windows gaily bobbing the story of Hansel and Gretel. We HEAR the car doors shut, and the car drive off.

EXT NIGHT: RADIO CITY - PHONE BOOTH (WINTER 1945)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL during the Christmas show. KAY and MICHAEL exit; tears are still streaming down her cheeks, and she sniffles, and dries her tears with Kleenex. KAY nostalgically hums "The Bells of Saint Mary's," as they walk arm in arm.

KAY
Would you like me better if I were a nun?

MICHAEL
No.

KAY
Would you like me better if I were Ingrid Bergman?

They have passed a little enclosed newsstand. KAY sees something that terrifies her. She doesn't know what to do. MICHAEL still walks, thinking about her question.

KAY
(a little voice)
Michael?

MICHAEL
I'm thinking about it.

KAY
Michael...

MICHAEL
No, I would not like you better if you were Ingrid Bergman.

She cannot answer him. Rather she pulls him by the arm, back to the newsstand, and points. His face goes grave.

The headlines read: "VITO CORLEONE SHOT, CHIEFTAN GUNNED **DOWN."**

MICHAEL is petrified; quickly he takes each edition, drops a dollar in the tray, and hungrily reads through them. KAY knows to remain silent.

MICHAEL
(desperately)
They don't say if he's dead or alive.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

DON CORLEONE by the fruit stand; he is about to move to the car, when TWO MEN step from the corner. Suddenly, the DON drops the bag of fruit and darts with startling quickness toward the parked car.

DON CORLEONE
Fredo, Fredo!

The paper bag has hit the ground, and the fruit begins rolling along the sidewalk, as we HEAR gunshots.

Five bullets catch the DON in the back; he arches in pain, and continues toward the car.

The PROPRIETOR of the fruit stand rushes for cover, knocking over an entire case of fruit.

The TWO GUNMEN move in quickly, anxious to finish him off.

Their feet careful to avoid the rolling fruit. There are more GUNSHOTS.

FREDDIE is hysterical; he tries to get out of the car; having difficulty opening the door. He rushes out, a gun trembling in his hand; his mouth open. He actually drops the gun.

The gun falls amid the rolling fruit.

The GUNMEN are panicked. They fire once more at the downed DON CORLEONE. His leg and arm twitch where they are hit;

and pools of blood are beginning to form.

The GUNMEN are obviously in a state of panic and confusion; they disappear around the corner as quickly as they came.

The PEOPLE about the avenue have all but disappeared: rather, we catch glimpses of them, poking their heads safely from around corners, inside doorways and arches, and from windows. But the street itself is now empty.

FREDDIE is in shock; he looks at his FATHER; now great puddles of blood have formed, and the DON is lifeless and face down in them.

FREDDIE falls back on to the curb and sits there, saying something we cannot understand. He begins to weep profusely.

INT NIGHT: SUBWAY (WINTER 1945)

LUCA BRASI riding alone on a subway car, late at night. He gets off.

He emerges at a subway terminal, proceeds out.

EXT NITE: NIGHT CLUB STREET (WINTER 1945)

LUCA walks down the late night street. He approaches an elegant New York Nightclub, whose gaudy neon sign is still winking this late at night. He waits and watches. Then the sign goes out; and he proceeds into the club.

INT NITE: NIGHTCLUB (WINTER 1945)

The main floor of the Nightclub is very large, with endless glistening wooden floors. Now, at this late time, the chairs have been stacked on the tables and a NEGRO JANITOR is waxing them. A single HAT-CHECK GIRL is counting her receipts. LUCA moves past the empty bandstand, and sits at the bar. ANOTHER MAN, dark and very well-built, moves behind the bar.

MAN
Luca...I'm Bruno Tattaglia.

LUCA
I know.

LUCA looks up; and out of the shadows emerges SOLLOZZO.

SOLLOZZO
Do you know who I am?

LUCA Nods.

SOLLOZZO
You've been talking to the Tattaglias. They thought we could do business.

LUCA listens.

SOLLOZZO
I need somebody strong to protect my operation, physically. I've heard you're not happy with your family, you might make a switch.

LUCA
If the money is good enough.

SOLLOZZO
On the first shipment, I can guarantee you fifty thousand dollars.

LUCA looks at him; he had no idea the offer would be so good.

SOLLOZZO extends his hand, but LUCA pretends not to see it, rather, he busies himself putting a cigarette in his mouth. BRUNO TATTAGLIA, behind the bar, makes a cigarette lighter magically appear, and holds it to LUCA's cigarette. Then, he does an odd thing; he drops the lighter on the bar, and puts his hand lightly on LUCA's, almost patting it.

INT NITE: SONNY'S LIVING ROOM (WINTER 1945)

The telephone in SONNY's house is ringing. He approaches it, obviously fresh from a nap.

SONNY
Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)
Do you recognize my voice?

SONNY
I think so. Detective squad?

VOICE (O.S.)
Right. Don't say my name, just listen. Somebody shot your father outside his place fifteen minutes ago.

SONNY
Is he alive?

VOICE (O.S.)
I think so, but I can't get close enough. There's a lot of blood. I'll try to find out more.

SONNY
Find out anything you can...you got a Grand coming.
(click)

SONNY cradles the phone. An incredible rage builds up in him, his face actually turning red. He would like to rip the phone to pieces in his bare hands. Then he controls it. Quickly, he dials another number.

SONNY
Theresa, let me talk to Tom. Not yet? Have him call me as soon as he gets home.

He hangs up.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Sonny? Sonny, who is it?
(she enters the room)
What is it?

SONNY
(calmly)
They shot the old man.

SANDRA
Oh God...

SONNY
Honey...don't worry. Nothing else is going to happen.

There is a POUNDING on the door. A BABY starts crying.

SANDRA
(really frightened)
SONNY?

SONNY reaches into a cabinet drawer, takes out a gun, and moves quickly. He opens the front door quickly. It is CLEMENZA. He enters, SONNY closes the door. SANDRA goes to look after the baby.

CLEMENZA
(excited)
You heard about your father?

SONNY
Yeah.

CLEMENZA
The word is out in the streets that he's dead.

SONNY
Where the hell was Paulie, why wasn't he with the Don?

CLEMENZA
Paulie's been a little sick all winter...he was home.

SONNY
How many times did he stay home the last couple of months?

CLEMENZA
Maybe three, four times. I always asked Freddie if he wanted another bodyguard, but he said no. Things

have been so smooth the last ten years...

SONNY
Go get Paulie, I don't care how sick he is. Pick him up yourself, and bring him to my father's house.

CLEMENZA
That's all? Don't you want me to send some people over here?

SONNY
No, just you and Paulie.

CLEMENZA leaves; SONNY moves to SANDRA, who sits on the couch weeping quietly, comforting her BABY.

SONNY
A couple of our people will come to stay here. Do whatever they say; I'm going over to the main house. If you want me, use Pop's special phone.

The telephone rings again. SONNY answers it.

SONNY
Hello.

SOLLOZZO (O.S.)
Santino Corleone?

SANDRA moves behind him, anxious to know who it is. SONNY indicates that she be quiet.

SONNY
Yeah.

SOLLOZZO (O.S.)
We have Tom Hagen. In about three hours he'll be released with our proposition. Don't do anything until you've heard what he has to say. You can only cause a lot of trouble. What's done is done.
(a pause)
Don't lose that famous temper of yours.

SONNY
(quietly)
I'll wait.

EXT NITE: MALL (WINTER 1945)

FULL VIEW OF THE CORLEONE MALL. It is night, but the courtyard is bathed with white light from floodlights on the tops of all the houses. It is very cold. We see the figure of SONNY cross the Mall, and let himself into the main house.

INT NITE: DON'S KITCHEN (WINTER 1945)

SONNY walks into the empty, darkened house. Then he calls out.

SONNY
Ma? Ma, where are you.

The kitchen door swings open. He moves quickly and takes her by the arm. He is deliberately calm.

SONNY
Ma, I just got a call. Pop's hurt...I don't know how bad.

MAMA
(quietly)
Santino? Have they killed him?

SONNY
(almost in tears)
We don't know yet, Ma.

MAMA
I'll get dressed. In case we can see him...

She moves out of the kitchen, and continues upstairs. SONNY turns the gas from the pan of peppers she was frying. He takes some bread without thinking, and dips it in the oil, and sloppily eats some of the peppers, as he moves into his father's office.

INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

He switches the lights on in the DON's office. The massive desk dominates the room. SONNY moves quickly to the telephone, pulling a small chair to the side of the desk, and dials a number.

SONNY
Tessio...This is Santino Corleone. I want fifty reliable men out here.

TESSIO (O.S.)
I heard, Sonny...but what about Clemenza's regime?

SONNY
I don't want to use Clemenza's people right now. Understood?

He hangs up. He moves quickly to a wall safe; operates the dial, and removes a small notebook. He takes it back to the desk, and runs over the list of numbers with his forefinger. We follow the names, until the finger stops at one: LUCA BRASI. SONNY dials the number. There is no answer.

SONNY
Luca.

INT NITE: BUILDING (WINTER 1945)

The interior of an abandoned building. SEVERAL MEN in suits and ties sit around in the booths.

HAGEN sits in one: SOLLOZZO sits across from him.

SOLLOZZO
I know you're not in the muscle end of the family--so I don't want you to be afraid. I want you to help the Corleones and I want you to help me.

HAGEN's hands are trembling as he tries to put a cigarette in his mouth. ONE of the BUTTON MEN brings a bottle of rye to the table, and pours a little into a delicate, flowered china cup. HAGEN sips gratefully.

SOLLOZZO
Your boss is dead...

HAGEN is overwhelmed: actual tears spring to his eyes. SOLLOZZO pauses respectfully.

SOLLOZZO
(pushing the bottle)
Have some more. We got him outside his office, just before I picked you up. You have to make the peace between me and Santino.

HAGEN still is focused on the grief of losing the old man.

SOLLOZZO
Sonny was hot for my deal, right? You know it's the smart thing to do, too. I want you to talk Sonny into it.

HAGEN
(pulling himself together)
Sonny will come after you with everything he's got.

SOLLOZZO rises, impatiently.

SOLLOZZO
That's going to be his first reaction. You have to talk some sense into him. The Tattaglia family stands behind me with all their people. The other New York Families will go along with anything that prevents a full scale war.

He leans close to HAGEN.

SOLLOZZO
The Don was slipping; in the old days I could never have gotten to

him. Now he's dead, nothing can bring him back. Talk to Sonny, talk to the Caporegimes, Clemenza and Tessio...it's good business.

HAGEN
Even Sonny won't be able to call off Luca Brasi.

SOLLOZZO
I'll worry about Luca. You take care of Sonny and the other two kids.

HAGEN
I'll try...It's what the Don would want us to do.

SOLLOZZO
(lifting his hands in an expression of harmlessness)
Good...then you can go...
(he escorts him to the door)
I don't like violence. I'm a businessman, and blood is a big expense.

He opens the door; they step out together.

EXT NITE: BUILDING

HAGEN, SOLLOZZO exit.

But a car pulls up, and ONE of SOLLOZZO'S MEN rushes out. He indicates with some urgency that he wants to talk to SOLLOZZO in private.

Then SOLLOZZO moves with a grave expression. He opens the door, indicating that HAGEN should be led back in.

SOLLOZZO
The old man is still alive. Five bullets in his Sicilian hide and he's still alive.
(he gives a fatalistic shrug)
Bad luck for me, bad luck for you.

EXT NITE: MALL (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL driving during the night. There is a little fog in the air, and moisture has formed on the windshield, making it difficult to see well. The wipers move across the view, as the gate of the Corleone Mall appears before us, still decorated for Christmas. The courtyard is bathed with white floodlight, giving this place a cold and isolated look. The narrow entrance mouth of the Mall is sealed off with a link chain. There are strange cars parked along the curving cement walk. SEVERAL MEN are congregated about the gate and chain; ONE of them approaches MICHAEL's car.

MAN
Who're you?

ANOTHER peeks his ugly face almost right up to MICHAEL, and then turns.

MAN 2
It's the Don's kid; take the car,
I'll bring him inside.

The FIRST MAN opens the car door, and MICHAEL steps out.

INT NITE: HALL (WINTER 1945)

The Hallway of the main house is filled with MEN MICHAEL doesn't recognize. They pay little attention to him. Most of them are waiting; sitting uncomfortably; no one is talking.

INT NITE: DON'S LIVING ROOM (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL moves into the living room; there is a Christmas tree, and countless greeting cards taped to the walls.

THERESA HAGEN is sitting stiffly on the sofa, smoking a cigarette; on the coffee table in front of her is a water glass half filled with whiskey. On the other side of the sofa sits CLEMENZA; his face is impassive, but he is sweating, and the cigar in his hand glistens slickly black with his saliva. PAULIE GATTO sits tensely and alone on the other side of the room. CLEMENZA sees MICHAEL, looks up at him.

CLEMENZA
Your mother's at the hospital with
the old man: He's gonna pull through.

MICHAEL nods his relief.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

He moves to THERESA.

MICHAEL
(gently)
You heard from Tom yet?

Without looking up, she clings to him for a moment, and trembles. Occasionally, STRANGE MEN will cross through the room; everyone speaks in a whisper.

MICHAEL
(taking her hand)
C'mon.

He leads her into his father's office without knocking.

INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

SONNY and TESSIO are huddled around a yellow pad. They look up, startled.

SONNY
Don't worry, Theresa; they just want to give Tom the proposition, then they're going to turn him loose.

He reassuringly hugs THERESA, and then to MICHAEL's surprise, he kisses him on the cheek.

SONNY
I was worried when we couldn't get in touch with you in that hick town.

MICHAEL
How's Mom?

SONNY
Good. She's been through it before. Me too. You were too young to know about it. You better wait outside; there're some things you shouldn't hear.

MICHAEL
I can help you out...

SONNY
Oh no you can't, the old man'd be sore as hell if I let you get mixed up in this.

MICHAEL
Jesus Christ, he's my father, Sonny.

SONNY
Theresa.

She understands, and leaves them alone.

SONNY
All right, Mikey...who do we have to hit, Clemenza or Paulie?

MICHAEL
What?

SONNY
One of them fingered the old man.

MICHAEL didn't realize that the men waiting outside were on trial for their lives.

MICHAEL
Clemenza? No, I don't believe it.

SONNY
You're right, kid, Clemenza is okay. It was Paulie.

MICHAEL
How can you be sure?

SONNY
On the three days Paulie was sick this month, he got calls from a payphone across from the old man's building. We got people in the phone company.
(he shrugs)
Thank God it was Paulie...we'll need Clemenza bad.

MICHAEL is just realizing the gravity and extent of the situation.

MICHAEL
Is it going to be all-out war, like last time?

SONNY
Until the old man tells me different.

MICHAEL
Then wait, Sonny. Talk to Pop.

SONNY
Sollozzo is a dead man, I don't care what it costs. I don't care if we have to fight all the five families in New York. The Tattaglia family's going to eat dirt. I don't care if we all go down together.

MICHAEL
(softly)
That's not how Pop would have played it.

SONNY
I know I'm not the man he was. But I'll tell you this and he'll tell you too. When it comes to real action, I can operate as good as anybody short range.

MICHAEL
(calmly)
All right, Sonny. All right.

SONNY
Christ, if I could only contact Luca.

MICHAEL
Is it like they say? Is he that good?

Outside, we HEAR THERESA cry out, almost a scream of relief. Then open the door and rush out.

Everyone is standing: in the doorway, TOM HAGEN is wrapped in a tight embrace with his WIFE.

HAGEN
If I plead before the Supreme Court, I'll never do better than I did tonight with that Turk.

EXT NITE: MALL, FEATURING DON'S HOUSE (WINTER 1945)

The windows of the main house are dark except for the DON's study. It stands out against the cold, dark night.

INT NITE: DON'S LIVING ROOM (WINTER 1945)

The living room is empty, save for PAULIE GATTO sitting on the edge of the sofa. The clock reads: 4:00 a.m.

INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

SONNY, MICHAEL, HAGEN, CLEMENZA and TESSIO; all exhausted, in shirtsleeves, about to fall asleep. It is four in the morning; there is evidence of many cups of coffee and many snacks. They can barely talk anymore.

HAGEN
Is the hospital covered?

SONNY
The cops have it locked in and I got my people there visiting Pop all the time. What about the hit list.

HAGEN widens his sleepy eyes, and looks at the yellow pad.

HAGEN
Too much, too far, too personal. The Don would consider this all purely a business dispute: Get rid of Sollozzo, and everything falls in line. YOU don't have to go after the Tattaglias.

CLEMENZA nods.

HAGEN
What about Luca? Sollozzo didn't seem worried about Luca. That worries me.

SONNY
If Luca sold out we're in real trouble.

HAGEN
Has anyone been able to get in touch with him?

SONNY
No, and I've been calling all night. Maybe he's shacked up.

HAGEN
Luca never sleeps over with a broad. He always goes home when he's through. Mike, keep ringing Luca's number.

MICHAEL, very tired, picks up the phone, and dials the number once again. He can hear the phone ringing on the other end but no one answers. Then hangs up.

HAGEN
Keep trying every fifteen minutes.
(exhausted)

SONNY
Tom, you're the Consigliere, what do we do if the old man dies?

HAGEN
Without your father's political contacts and personal influence, the Corleone family loses half its strength. Without your father, the other New York families might wind up supporting Sollozzo, and the Tattaglias just to make sure there isn't a long destructive war. The old days are over, this is 1946; nobody wants bloodshed anymore. If your father dies...make the deal, Sonny.

SONNY
(angry)
That's easy to say; it's not your father.

HAGEN
(quietly)
I was as good a son to him as you or Mike.

SONNY
Oh Christ Tom, I didn't mean it that way.

HAGEN
We're all tired...

SONNY
OK, we sit tight until the old man can give us the lead. But Tom, I want you to stay inside the Mall. You too, Mike, no chances. Tessio, you hold your people in reserve, but have them nosing around the city. The hospital is yours; I want it tight, fool-proof, 24 hours a day.

There is a timid knock on the door.

SONNY
What is it?

PAULIE GATTO looks in.

CLEMENZA
I tol' you to stay put, Paulie...

PAULIE
The guy at the gate's outside...says there's a package...

SONNY
Tessio, see what it is.

TESSIO gets up, leaves.

PAULIE
You want me to hang around?

SONNY
Yeah. Hang around.

PAULIE
Outside?

CLEMENZA
Outside.

PAULIE
Sure.

He closes the door.

SONNY
Clemenza. You take care of Paulie. I don't ever want to see him again. Understood?

CLEMENZA
Understood.

SONNY
Okay, now you can move your men into the Mall, replace Tessio's people. Mike, tomorrow you take a couple of Clemenza's people and go to Luca's apartment and wait for him to show. That crazy bastard might be going after Sollozzo right now if he's heard the news.

HAGEN
Maybe Mike shouldn't get mixed up in this so directly. You know the old man doesn't want that.

SONNY
OK forget it, just stay on the phone.

MICHAEL is embarrassed to be so protected. He dials Luca Brasi's number once again. The ring repeats, but no one answers.

TESSIO comes back, carrying Luca Brasi's bullet-proof vest in his hand. He unwraps it; there is a large fish wrapped inside.

CLEMENZA
A Sicilian message: Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes.

INT. NITE: NIGHTCLUB (WINTER 1945)

LUCA sits at the Bar of the Tattaglia Nightclub, as we remember him. BRUNO TATTAGLIA had just patted his hand. LUCA looks up at him.

Then SOLLOZZO pats the other hand, almost affectionately. LUCA is just about to twist his hands away, when they both clamp down as hard as they can. Suddenly, a garrote is thrown around his neck, and pulled violently tight. His face begins to turn to purple blotches, and then totally purple, right before our eyes; his tongue hangs out, in a far more extreme way than a normal tongue could. His eyes bulge.

ONE of the MEN looks down at him in disgust as LUCA's strength leaves him.

BRUNO
(making an ugly face)
Oh Christ...all over the floor.

SOLLOZZO lets LUCA's hand go with a victorious smile on his face.

LUCA falls to the floor.

SOLLOZZO
The Godfather is next.

----------FADE OUT--------

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: CLEMENZA'S HOUSE (WINTER 1945)

Morning in a simple Brooklyn suburb. There are rows of pleasant houses; driveway after driveway, down the block. A dark, somber young man of thirty-one or two walks with a noticeable limp down the sidewalk, and rings the bell. This is ROCCO LAMPONE. The woman of the house, MRS. CLEMENZA, talks to him through the screen door, and then points to the side of the house. ROCCO moves to the garage, which is specially heated, and in which CLEMENZA is busy at work washing a shiny brand new Lincoln. LAMPONE admires the car.

LAMPONE
Nice.

CLEMENZA
Crazy Detroit delivered it with a wooden bumper. They're going to send me the chrome bumpers in a couple months. I waited two years for this car to come with wooden bumpers!

He scrubs and polishes with great affection.

CLEMENZA
Today you make your bones on Paulie. You understand everything?

LAMPONE
Sure.

As he scrubs around the glove compartment, he opens it, unwraps a gun and gives it to LAMPONE.

CLEMENZA
.22 soft-nosed load. Accurate up to five feet.

LAMPONE expertly puts the gun away. GATTO's car pulls into the driveway, and he sounds the horn.

The two men walk to the car. GATTO is driving, a bit nervous, like he doesn't know what is up. LAMPONE gets in the rear seat; CLEMENZA in the front, making a grunt of recognition. He looks at his wristwatch, as though wanting to chide PAULIE for being late. PAULIE flinches a little when he sees LAMPONE will ride behind him; he half turns:

PAULIE
Rocco, sit on the other side. A big guy like you blocks my rearview mirror.

CLEMENZA turns sourly to PAULIE.

CLEMENZA
Goddamn Sonny. He's running scared. He's already thinking of going to the mattresses. We have to find a place on the West Side. Paulie, you know a good location?

PAULIE relaxes a bit; he thinks he's off any possible hook he was on. Also there's the money he can make by selling Sollozzo any secret location.

PAULIE
I'll think about it.

CLEMENZA
(grunting)
Drive while you thinking; I wanna get to the City this month!

The car pulls out.

EXT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR - ON ROAD (WINTER 1945)

Inside PAULIE drives; and CLEMENZA sits in a grump. OUR VIEW does not show LAMPONE in the rear seat.

EXT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR AT TUNNEL (WINTER 1945)

The Car crosses to the Midtown Tunnel in the late Winter light.

INT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR IN TUNNEL (WINTER 1945)

Inside the tunnel; GATTO doesn't like not seeing LAMPONE. He tries to adjust his rearview mirror to catch a glimpse of him.

CLEMENZA
Pay attention!

EXT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR AT MATTRESS (WINTER 1945)

The car is parked in the City. PAULIE comes down from an available apartment and gets back into the car.

PAULIE
Good for ten men...

CLEMENZA
OK, go to Arthur Avenue; I'm suppose to call when I found somethin'.

The car pulls off.

EXT DAY: RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

New part of the city; the car pulls up in a parking lot. CLEMENZA get outs, glances at LAMPONE, then to PAULIE.

CLEMENZA
You wait; I'll call.

He walks, tucking his shirt into his pants, around the corner and enters the Luna Restaurant.

INT DAY: RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

CLEMENZA enters the little restaurant, sits down at a table. The WAITERS know him; immediately put a bottle of wine, some bread--and then a plate of veal on his table. He eats.

EXT DAY: RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

CLEMENZA exits the restaurant, belches, adjusts his pants; he is well fed.

We move with him around the corner, not knowing what to expect has happened to Paulie.

There is the car; PAULIE is still sitting behind the wheel, LAMPONE in the rear seat. CLEMENZA steps in.

CLEMENZA
He talked my ear off. Want us to go back to Long Beach; have another job for us. Rocco, you live in the City, can we drop you off?

LAMPONE (O.S.)
Ah, I left my car at your place.

CLEMENZA
OK, then you gotta come back.

The car pulls out. By now, PAULIE is completely relaxed and secure.

PAULIE
You think we'll go for that last place?

CLEMENZA
Maybe, or you gotta know now.

PAULIE
Holy cow, I don't gotta know nothing.

EXT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR ON CAUSEWAY (WINTER 1945)

The car moves along the ready beach area of the causeway. Inside, CLEMENZA turns to PAULIE.

CLEMENZA
Paulie, pull over. I gotta take a leak.

The car pulls off the Causeway, into the reeds. CLEMENZA steps out of the car, OUR VIEW MOVING with him.

He turns his back three quarters from us (we can no longer see the car), unzips, and we hear the sound of urine hitting the ground. We wait on this for a moment; and then there are two GUNSHOTS. CLEMENZA finishes his leak, zips up and turns, moving back to the car.

PAULIE is dead, bleeding from the mouth; the windows behind him are shattered.

CLEMENZA
Leave the gun.

LAMPONE gets out, the two men walk through the reeds a few feet where there is another car. They get in, and drive off.

----------FADE OUT---------

EXT DAY: MALL (WINTER 1945)

HIGH ANGLE OF THE MALL. It is late afternoon. Many strange cars are parked on the nearby streets. We can see the group

of BUTTON MEN, stationed here and there, obviously sentries with concealed weapons.

MICHAEL walks along in the rear yard.

He is bundled in a warm marine coat. He looks at the strange men, regarding them with an uncertain awe. They look back at him, at first suspiciously and then with the respect of his position. He is like an exile Prince. He wanders past them, and hesitates and looks at the yard.

A rusted set of garden swings; and other home playground equipment. The basketball ring now half coming off. This is where he was a child. Then a shout.

CLEMENZA (O.S.)
Mike. Hey Mikey; telephone.

CLEMENZA had shouted from the kitchen window. MICHAEL hurries into the house.

INT DAY: DON'S KITCHEN (WINTER 1945)

CLEMENZA is in the kitchen, cooking over an enormous pot. He points to the kitchen wall phone which is hanging off the hook.

CLEMENZA
Some dame.

MICHAEL picks it up.

MICHAEL
Hello. Kay?

KAY (O.S.)
How is your father?

MICHAEL
He'll be OK.

KAY (O.S.)
(pause)
I love you.

He glances at the THUGS in the kitchen. Tries to shield the phone.

KAY (O.S.)
I LOVE YOU.

MICHAEL
Yeah Kay, I'm here.

KAY (O.S.)
Can you say it?

MICHAEL
Huh?

KAY (O.S.)

Tell me you love me.

MICHAEL glances at the HOODS at the kitchen table. He curls up in a corner, and in a quarter voice:

MICHAEL
I can't...

KAY (O.S.)
Please say it.

MICHAEL
Look. I'll see you tonight, OK?

KAY (O.S.)
OK.
(click)

CLEMENZA is getting ready to build a tomato sauce for all the button men stationed around the house.

CLEMENZA
How come you don't tell that nice girl you love her...here, learn something... you may have to feed fifty guys some day. You start with olive oil...fry some garlic, see. And then fry some sausage...or meat balls if you like...then you throw in the tomatoes, the tomato paste...some basil; and a little red wine...that's my trick.

SONNY peeks into the kitchen; sees CLEMENZA.

SONNY
You take care of Paulie?

CLEMENZA
You won't see Paulie anymore. He's sick for good this winter.

MICHAEL starts to leave.

SONNY
Where are you going?

MICHAEL
To the city.

SONNY
(to Clemenza; dipping bread into the sauce)
Send some bodyguards.

MICHAEL
I don't need them, Sonny. I'm just going to see Pop in the hospital. Also, I got other things.

CLEMENZA
Sollozzo knows Mike's a civilian.

SONNY
OK, but be careful.

EXT NITE: CAR

MICHAEL sits in the rear seat, calmly, as he is being driven into the city. THREE BUTTONMEN are crowded into the front seat.

INT NITE: HOTEL LOBBY

MICHAEL crosses the lobby, past lines of servicemen trying to book rooms.

INT NITE: HOTEL

MICHAEL and KAY eating a quiet dinner at the hotel. He is preoccupied, she's concerned.

MICHAEL
Visiting hour ends at eight thirty. I'll just sit with him; I want to show respect.

KAY
Can I go to the hospital with you?

MICHAEL
I don't think so. You don't want to end up on page 3 of the Daily News.

KAY
My parents don't read the Daily News. All right, if you think I shouldn't. I can't believe the things the papers are printing. I'm sure most of it's not true.

MICHAEL
I don't think so either.
(silence)
I better go.

KAY
When will I see you again?

MICHAEL
I want you to go back to New Hampshire...think things over.

He leans over her; kisses her.

KAY
When will I see you again?

MICHAEL
Goodbye.

Quietly, he moves out the door.

KAY lies on the bed a while, and then, to herself:

KAY

Goodbye.

EXT NITE: DON'S HOSPITAL (WINTER 1945)

A taxi pulls up in front of a hospital, marked clearly with a neon sign "HOSPITAL--EMERGENCY." MICHAEL steps out, pays the fare...and then stops dead in his tracks.

MICHAEL looks.

He sees the hospital in the night; but it is deserted. He is the only one on the street. There are gay, twinkling Christmas decorations all over the building. He walks, slowly at first, and then ever so quickly, up the steps. He hesitates, looks around. This area is empty. He checks the address on a scrap of paper. It is correct. He tries the door, it is empty.

He walks in.

INT NITE: HOSPITAL LOBBY (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL stands in the center of an absolutely empty hospital lobby. He looks to the right; there is a long, empty corridor. To the left: the same.

HIGH FULL ANGLE, as MICHAEL walks through the desolated building lit by eerie green neon lighting. All we hear are his sole footsteps.

He walks up to a desk marked "INFORMATION". No one is there. He moves quickly to a door marked "OFFICE"; swings into it; no one is there. He looks onto the desk: There is half a sandwich, and a half-filled bottle of coke.

MICHAEL

Hello? Hello?

Now he knows something is happening, he moves quickly, alertly. MICHAEL walking down the hospital corridors; all alone. The floors have just been mopped. They are still wet.

INT NITE: HOSPITAL STAIRS

Now he turns onto a staircase; ever quickening; up several flights.

INT NITE: 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

He steps out onto the fourth floor. He looks. There are merely empty corridors. He takes out his scrap of paper; checks it. "Room 4A." Now he hurries, trying to follow the code of hospital rooms; following the right arrows, quicker and quicker they flash by him. Now he stops, looks up "4A--Corleone".

There is a special card table set up there with some magazines...and some smoking cigarettes still in the ashtray--but no detectives, no police, no bodyguards.

INT NITE: DON'S ROOM 4A

Slowly he pushes the door open, almost afraid at what he will find. He looks. Lit by the moonlight through the window, he can see a FIGURE in the hospital bed alone in the room, and under a transparent oxygen tent. All that can be heard is the steady though strained breathing. Slowly MICHAEL walks up to it, and is relieved to see his FATHER, securely asleep. Tubes hang from a steel gallows beside the bed, and run to his nose and mouth.

VOICE (O.S.)
What are you doing here?

This startles MICHAEL; who almost jumps around. It is a NURSE lit from the light behind her in the hallway.

NURSE
You're not supposed to be here now.

MICHAEL calms himself, and moves to her.

MICHAEL
I'm Michael Corleone--this is my father. What happened to the detectives who were guarding him?

NURSE
Oh your father just had too many visitors. It interfered with the hospital service. The police came and made them all leave just ten minutes ago.
(comfortingly)
But don't worry. I look in on him.

MICHAEL
You just stand here one minute...

Quickly he moves to the telephone, dials a number.

MICHAEL
Sonny...Sonny--Jesus Christ, I'm down at the hospital. I came down late. There's no one here. None of Tessio's people--no detectives, no one. The old man is completely unprotected.

SONNY (O.S.)
All right, get him in a different room; lock the door from the inside. I'll have some men there inside of fifteen minutes. Sit tight, and don't panic.

MICHAEL
(furiously, but kept inside)
I won't panic.

He hangs up; returns to the NURSE...

NURSE
You cannot stay here...I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
(coldly)
You and I are going to move my father right now...to another room on another floor...Can you disconnect those tubes so we can wheel the bed out?

NURSE
Absolutely not! We have to get permission from the Doctor.

MICHAEL
You've read about my father in the papers. You've seen that no one's here to guard him. Now I've just gotten word that men are coming to this hospital to kill him. Believe me and help me.

NURSE
(frightened)
We don't have to disconnect them, we can wheel the stand with the bed.

She does so...and they perform the very difficult task of moving the bed and the apparatus, out of the room.

INT NITE: 4TH FLOOR HOSPITAL (WINTER 1945)

They roll the bed, the stand, and all the tubes silently down the corridor. We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. MICHAEL hears them, stops.

MICHAEL
Hurry, into there.

They push it into the first available room. MICHAEL peeks out from the door. The footsteps are louder; then they emerge. It is ENZO, NAZORINE's helper, carrying a bouquet of flowers.

MICHAEL
(stepping out)
Who is it?

ENZO
Michael...do you remember me, Enzo, the baker's helper to Nazorine, now his son-in-law.

MICHAEL

Enzo, get out of here. There's going to be trouble.

A look of fear sweeps through ENZO's face.

ENZO
If there...will be trouble...I stay with you, to help. I owe it to the Godfather.

MICHAEL thinks, realizes he needs all the help he can get.

MICHAEL
Go outside; stand in front...I'll be out in a minute.

INT NITE: DON'S SECOND HOSPITAL ROOM (WINTER 1945)

They part. MICHAEL moves into the hospital room where they put his FATHER.

NURSE
(frightened)
He's awake.

MICHAEL looks at the OLD MAN, his eyes are open, though he cannot speak. MICHAEL touches his face tenderly.

MICHAEL
Pop...Pop, it's me Michael. Shhhh, don't try to speak. There are men who are coming to try to kill you. But I'm with you...I'm with you now...

The OLD MAN tries to speak...but cannot. MICHAEL tenderly puts his finger to his FATHER's lips.

EXT NITE: DON'S HOSPITAL STREET (WINTER 1945)

Outside the hospital is empty save for a nervous ENZO, pacing back and forth brandishly the flowers as his only weapon. MICHAEL exits the hospital and moves to him. They both stand under a lamppost in the cold December night. They are both frightened; MICHAEL gives ENZO a cigarette, lights it. ENZO's hands are trembling, MICHAEL's are not.

MICHAEL
Get rid of those and look like you've got a gun in your pocket.

The windows of the hospital twinkle with Christmas decorations.

MICHAEL
Listen...

We HEAR the sound of a single automobile coming. MICHAEL and ENZO look with fear in their eyes. Then MICHAEL takes the bouquet of flowers and stuffs them under his jacket. They stand, hands in their pockets.

A long low black car turns the corner and cruises by them. MICHAEL's and ENZO's faces are tough, impassive. The car seems as though it will stop; and then quickly accelerates. MICHAEL and ENZO are relieved. MICHAEL looks down; the BAKER's hands are shaking. He looks at his own, and they are not.

Another moment goes by and we can hear the distant sound of police sirens. They are clearly coming toward the hospital, getting louder and louder. MICHAEL heaves a sigh of relief.

In a second, a patrol car makes a screaming turn in front of the hospital; then two more squad cars follow with uniformed POLICE and DETECTIVES. He smiles his relief and starts toward them. TWO huge, burly POLICEMEN suddenly grab his arms while ANOTHER frisks him. A massive POLICE CAPTAIN, spattered with gold braid and scrambled eggs on his hat, with beefy red face and white hair seems furious. This is McCLUSKEY.

MCCLUSKEY
I thought I got all you guinea hoods locked up. Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?

ANOTHER COP standing nearby:

COP
He's clean, Captain.

MICHAEL studies McCLUSKEY closely.

MICHAEL
(quietly)
What happened to the detectives who were supposed to be guarding my father?

MCCLUSKEY
(furious)
You punk-hood. Who the hell are you to tell me my business. I pulled them off. I don't care how many Dago gangsters kill each other. I wouldn't lift a finger to keep your old man from getting knocked off. Now get the hell out of here; get off this street you punk, and stay away from this hospital.

MICHAEL stands quiet.

MICHAEL
I'll stay until you put guards around my father's room.

MCCLUSKEY
Phil, lock this punk up.

A DETECTIVE

The Kid's clean, Captain...He's a war hero, and he's never been mixed up in the rackets...

MCCLUSKEY
(furious)
Goddam it, I said lock him up. Put the cuffs on him.

MICHAEL
(deliberately, right to McCLUSKEY's face, as he's being handcuffed)
How much is the Turk paying you to set my father up, Captain?

Without any warning, McCLUSKEY leans back and hits MICHAEL squarely on the jaw with all his weight and strength. MICHAEL groans, and lifts his hand to his jaw. He looks at McCLUSKEY; we are his VIEW and everything goes spinning, and he falls to the ground, just as we see HAGEN and CLEMENZA'S MEN arrive.

----------FADE OUT---------

EXT DAY: MALL (WINTER 1945)

HIGH ANGLE VIEW of THE CORLEONE MALL. The gateway now has a long black car blocking it. There are more BUTTON MEN stationed more formally; and some of them visibly carrying rifles; those of the houses close to the courtyard have MEN standing by open windows. It is clear that the war is escalating. A car pulls up and out get CLEMENZA, LAMPONE, MICHAEL and HAGEN. MICHAEL's jaw is wired and bandaged. He stops and looks up at the open window. We can see MEN holding rifles.

MICHAEL
Christ, Sonny really means business.

They continue walking. TESSIO joins them. The various BODYGUARDS make no acknowledgment.

CLEMENZA
How come all the new men?

TESSIO
We'll need them now. After the hospital incident, Sonny got mad. We hit Bruno Tattaglia four o'clock this morning.

INT DAY: DON'S HALLWAY

They enter the house past the scores of new and strange faces.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

SONNY is in the DON's office; he is excited and exuberant.

SONNY

I've got a hundred button men on the streets twenty-four hours a day. If Sollozzo shows one hair on his ass he's dead.

He sees MICHAEL, and holds his bandaged face in his hand, kiddingly.

SONNY
Mikey, you look beautiful!

MICHAEL
Cut it out.

SONNY
The Turk wants to talk! The nerve of that son of a bitch! After he craps out last night he wants a meet.

HAGEN
Was there a definite proposal?

SONNY
Sure, he wants us to send Mike to meet him to hear his proposition. The promise is the deal will be so good we can't refuse.

HAGEN
What about that Tattaglias? What will they do about Bruno?

SONNY
Part of the deal: Bruno cancels out what they did to my father.

HAGEN
We should hear what they have to say.

SONNY
No, no Consiglere. Not this time. No more meetings, no more discussions, no more Sollozzo tricks. Give them one message: I WANT SOLLOZZO. If not, it's all out war. We go to the mattresses and we put all the button men out on the street.

HAGEN
The other families won't sit still for all out war.

SONNY
Then THEY hand me Sollozzo.

HAGEN
Come ON Sonny, your father wouldn't want to hear this. This is not a personal thing, this is Business.

SONNY
And when they shot me father...

HAGEN
Yes, even the shooting of your father was business, not personal...

SONNY
No no, no more advice on how to patch it up Tom. You just help me win. Understood?

HAGEN bows his head; he is deeply concerned.

HAGEN
I found out about this Captain McCluskey who broke Mike's jaw. He's definitely on Sollozzo's payroll, and for big money. McCluskey's agreed to be the Turk's bodyguard. What you have to understand is that while Sollozzo is guarded like this, he's invulnerable. Nobody has ever gunned down a New York Police Captain. Never. It would be disastrous. All the five families would come after you Sonny; the Corleone family would be outcasts; even the old man's political protection would run for cover. So just...take that into consideration.

SONNY
(still fuming)
McCluskey can't stay with the Turk forever. We'll wait.

MICHAEL
We can't wait. No matter what Sollozzo say about a deal, he's figuring out how to kill Pop. You have to get Sollozzo now.

SONNY
The kid's right.

HAGEN
What about McCluskey?

MICHAEL
Let's say now that we have to kill McCluskey. We'll clear that up through our Newspaper contacts later.

SONNY
Go on Mike.

MICHAEL
They want me to go to the conference with Sollozzo. Set up the meeting

for two days from now. Sonny, get our informers to find out where the meeting will be held.
Insist it has to be a public place: a bar or restaurant at the height of the dinner hour. So I'll feel safe. They'll check me when I meet them so I won't be able to carry a weapon; but Clemenza, figure out a way to have one planted there for me.
(pause)
Then I'll kill them both.

Everyone in the room is astonished; they all look at MICHAEL. Silence. SONNY suddenly breaks out in laughter. He points a finger at MICHAEL, trying to speak.

SONNY
You? You, the high-class college kid. You never wanted to get mixed up in the family business. Now you wanta gun down a police Captain and the Turk just because you got slapped in the face. You're taking it personal, it's just business and he's taking it personal.

Now CLEMENZA and TESSIO are also smiling; only HAGEN keeps his face serious.

MICHAEL
(angrily, but cold)
Sonny, it's all personal, and I learned it from him, the old man, the Godfather. He took my joining the Marines personal. I take Sollozzo trying to kill my father personal, and you know I'll kill them Sonny.

MICHAEL radiates danger...SONNY stops laughing.

INT DAY: CLEMENZA'S CELLAR (WINTER 1945)

CLOSE on a revolver.

CLEMENZA (O.S.)
It's as cold as they come, impossible to trace.
(he turns it upside down)
Don't worry about prints Mike, I put a special tape on the trigger and butt. Here.
(he hands the gun to another pair of hands)
Whatsamatter? Trigger too tight.
(it fires: very LOUD)
I left it noisy, so it'll scare any pain-in-the-neck innocent bystander away.

MICHAEL is alone with CLEMENZA in a cellar workshop.

CLEMENZA

Just let your hand drop to your side, and let the gun slip out. Everybody will still think you got it. They'll be starin' at your face, see? Then walk out of the place real fast, but don't run. Don't look anybody directly in the eye, but don't look away from them neither. Hey, they'll be scared stiff o you, believe me. Nobody's gonna bother with you. Don't worry about nothing; you'd be surprised how good these things go. O.K., put your hat on, let's see how you look. Helps with identification.

They put the hat on; CLEMENZA adjusts it.

CLEMENZA

Mostly it gives witnesses an excuse to change their identification when we make them see the light. Then you take a long vacation and we catch the hell.

MICHAEL

How bad will it be?

CLEMENZA

Probably all the other families will line up against us. But, it's alright. These things have to happen once every ten years or so...gets rid of the bad blood. You gotta stop 'em at the beginning. Like they shoulda stopped Hitler at Munich, they shoulda never let him get away with that, they were just asking for big trouble...

INT DAY: DON'S HALL & LIVING ROOM (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL steps into the foyer of the main house. A card table is set up with a man playing cards with three of the Corleone buttonmen.

He continues into the living room. It's a mess. SONNY asleep on the sofa. On the coffee table are the remains of a take-out Chinese food dinner, and a half-empty bottle of whisky. The radio is playing.

MICHAEL

Why don't you stop living like a bum and get this place cleaned up.

SONNY

What are you, inspecting the

barracks?
(SONNY sits up with his head in his hands)
You ready? Did Clemenza tell you be sure to drop the gun right away?

MICHAEL
A million times.

SONNY
Sollozzo and McCluskey are going to pick you up in an hour and a half on Times Square, under the big Camels sign.

HAGEN
We don't let Mike go until we have the hostage, Sonny.

CLEMENZA
It's okay...the hostage is outside playing pinochle with three of my men.

The phone rings in the DON's office.

SONNY
That could be a Tattaglia informer with the meeting place.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

HAGEN has hurried into the Den to get the phone; the OTHERS move in.

HAGEN's on the phone; he writes something down.

SONNY
One of Tattaglia's people?

HAGEN
No. Our informer in McCluskey's precinct. Tonight at 8:00 he signed out for Louis' Restaurant in the Bronx. Anyone know it.

TESSIO
Sure, I do. It's perfect for us. A small family place with big booths where people can talk in private. Good food. Everybody minds their business. Perfect.
(he moves to the desk and makes a crude drawing)
This is the entrance, Mike. When you finish just walk out and turn left, then turn the corner. Clemenza, you gotta work fast to plant the gun. They got an old-fashioned toilet with a space between the water container and the

wall. We can tape the gun behind there.

CLEMENZA
Mike, they're gonna frisk you in the car. You'll be clean so they won't worry 'bout nothing. In the restaurant, wait and talk a while, and then ask permission to go. See? Then when you come out, don't waste time; don't sit down...you come out blasting. And don't take chances. In the head, two shots apiece. And out as fast as your legs can move.

SONNY
I want somebody very good, very safe to plant that gun. I don't want my brother coming out of that toilet with just his dick in his hand.

CLEMENZA
The gun will be there.

SONNY
(to MICHAEL, warmly)
You're on, kid...I'll square it with Mom your not seeing her before you left. And I'll get a message to your girl friend when I think the time is right.

CLEMENZA
We gotta move...

MICHAEL
O.K. How long do you think before I can come back?

SONNY
Probably a year...

HAGEN
(starting to crack)
Jesus, I don't know...

SONNY
Can you do it Mike?

MICHAEL moves out.

EXT NITE: CAMELS SIGN (WINTER 1945)

The enormous "CAMELS" sign, puffing smoke, below it stands MICHAEL, dressed in a warm overcoat, and wearing the hat CLEMENZA had given him. A long black car pulls around the corner and slows before him. The DRIVER, leaning over, open the front door.

DRIVER

Get in, Mike.

He does, the car drives off.

EXT NITE: SOLLOZZO'S CAR (WINTER 1945)

Inside the car, SOLLOZZO reaches his hand over the back seat and shakes MIKE's hand.

SOLLOZZO
I'm glad you came, Mike. I hope we can straighten everything out. All this is terrible, it's not the way I wanted things to happen at all. It should never have happened.

MICHAEL
I want to settle things tonight. I want my father left alone.

SOLLOZZO
He won't be; I swear to you be my children he won't be. Just keep an open mind when we talk. I hope you're not a hothead like your brother, Sonny. It's impossible to talk business with him.

McCLUSKEY grunts.

MCCLUSKEY
He's a good kid. He's all right. Turn around, up on your knees, facing me.

He gives MICHAEL a thorough frisk.

MCCLUSKEY
I'm sorry about the other night Mike. I'm getting too old for my job, too grouchy. Can't stand the aggravation. You know how it is. He's clean.

EXT NITE: SOLLOZZO'S CAR - WEST SIDE HIGHWAY (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL looks at the DRIVER and then ahead to see where they're heading.

The car takes the George Washington Bridge. MICHAEL is concerned.

MICHAEL
We're going to New Jersey?

SOLLOZZO
(sly)
Maybe.

MICHAEL closes his eyes.

EXT NITE: SOLLOZZO'S CAR ON G.W. BRIDGE (WINTER 1945)

The car speeds along the George Washington Bridge on its way to New Jersey. Then suddenly it hits the divider, temporarily lifts into the air, and bounces over into the lanes going back to New York. It then hits it very fast, on the way back to the city.

EXT NITE: SOLLOZZO'S CAR (WINTER 1945)

SOLLOZZO checks to see the cars that had been following, and then leans to the DRIVER.

SOLLOZZO
Nice work; I'll remember it.

MICHAEL is relieved.

EXT NITE: LUNA AZURA RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

The car pulls up in front of a little family restaurant in the Bronx: The "LUNA AZURA". There is no one on the street. MICHAEL looks to see if the DRIVER is going to get out with them. He gets out, and opens the door. SOLLOZZO, McCLUSKEY and MICHAEL get out; the DRIVER remains leaning against the car. They enter the restaurant.

INT NITE: LUNA AZURA (WINTER 1945)

A very small family restaurant with a mosaic tile floor. SOLLOZZO, MICHAEL and McCLUSKEY sit around a rather small round table near the center of the room. There are empty booths along the side walls; with a handful of CUSTOMERS, and ONE or TWO WAITERS. It is very quiet.

MCCLUSKEY
Is the Italian food good here?

SOLLOZZO
Try the veal; it's the finest in New York.

The solitary WAITER brings a bottle of wine to the table. They watch him silently as he uncorks it and pours three glasses. Then, when he leaves, SOLLOZZO turns to McCLUSKEY:

SOLLOZZO
I am going to talk Italian to Mike.

MCCLUSKEY
Sure, you two go right ahead; I'll concentrate on my veal and my spaghetti.

SOLLOZZO now begins in rapid Sicilian. MICHAEL listening carefully and nodding every so often. Then MICHAEL answers in Sicilian, and SOLLOZZO goes on. The WAITER occasionally brings food; and they hesitate while he is there; then go on. Then MICHAEL, having difficulty expressing himself in Italian, accidentally lapses into English.

MICHAEL
(using English for emphasis)
Most important...I want a sure guarantee that no more attempts will be made on my father's life.

SOLLOZZO
What guarantees can I give you? I am the hunted one. I've missed my chance. You think too highly of me, my friend...I am not so clever...all I want if a truce...

MICHAEL looks long and hard at SOLLOZZO, who is smiling holding his open hands up as if to say: "I have no tricks up my sleeve". Then he looks away and makes a distressed look on his face.

SOLLOZZO
What is it?

MICHAEL
Is it all right if I go to the bathroom?

SOLLOZZO is intuitively suspicious. He studies MICHAEL with his dark eyes. Then he thrusts his hand onto MICHAEL's thigh feeling in and around, searching for a weapon.

MCCLUSKEY
I frisked him; I've frisked thousands of young punks; he's clean.

He looks at a MAN sitting at a table opposite them; indicating the bathroom with his eyes. The MAN nods, indicating no one is there.

SOLLOZZO
Don't take too long.

MICHAEL gets up and calmly walks to the bathroom, and disappears inside.

INT NITE: LUNA AZURA TOILET (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL steps into the small bathroom; he is breathing very hard. He actually uses the urinal. Then he washes his hands with the bar of pink soap; and dries them thoroughly. Then he moves to the booth, up to the old-fashioned toilet. Slowly he reaches behind the water tank; he panics when he cannot feel the gun. We see behind the tank his hand is just a few inches from the gun...he gropes searchingly...finally coming to rest on the gun.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL; the feel of it reassures him. Then he breaks it loose from the tape holding it; he takes a deep breath and shoves it under his waistband. For some unexplainable reason he hesitates once again, deliberately washes his hands and dries them. Then he goes out.

INT NITE: LUNA AZURA (WINTER 1945)

He hesitates by the bathroom door; and looks at his table. McCLUSKEY is eating a plate of spaghetti and veal. SOLLOZZO turns around upon hearing the door, and looks directly at MICHAEL. MICHAEL looks back. Then he smiles and continues back to the table. He sits down.

MICHAEL
Now I can talk. I feel much better.

The MAN by the far wall had been stiff with attention; now he too relaxes. SOLLOZZO leans toward MICHAEL who sits down comfortably and his hands move under the table and unbutton his jacket. SOLLOZZO begins to speak in Sicilian once again but MICHAEL's heart is pounding so hard he can barely hear him.

The WAITER comes to ask about the order, SOLLOZZO turns to speak, and without warning, MICHAEL shoves the table away from him with his left hand, and with his right hand puts the gun right against SOLLOZZO's head, just touching his temple. He pulls the trigger, and we see part of SOLLOZZO's head blown away, and a spray of fine mist of blood cover the entire area.

The WAITER looks in amazement; suddenly his white jacket is sprayed and stained with blood.

SOLLOZZO seems in a perpetual fall to the floor; through he seems to hang in space suspended.

MICHAEL pivots, and looks:

There is McCLUSKEY, frozen, the fork with a piece of veal suspended in air before his gaping mouth.

MICHAEL fires; catching McCLUSKEY in his thick bulging throat. He makes a horrible, gagging, choking sound. Then coolly, and deliberately, MICHAEL fires again, fires right through McCLUSKEY's white-topped skull.

The air is filled with pink mist.
MICHAEL swings toward the MAN standing by the bathroom wall.
He does not make a move, seemingly paralyzed.
Now he carefully shows his hands to be empty.
The WAITER steps backward through the mist of blood, an expression of horror on his face.
MICHAEL looks at his two victims:
SOLLOZZO still in his chair, side of his body propped up by the table.
McCLUSKEY finally falls from the chair to the table.
MICHAEL is wildly at a peak. He starts to move out. His hand: is frozen by his side, STILL GRIPPING THE GUN.
He moves, not letting the gun go.

MICHAEL's face; frozen in its expression.

His hand: still holding the gun.

His face: finally he closes his eyes.

His hand relaxes, the gun falls to the floor with a dull thud.

He walks quickly out of the restaurant, looks back.

He sees a frozen tableau of the murder; as though it had been recreated in wax.

Then he leaves.

----------FADE OUT---------

FADE IN:

INT DAY: MATTRESS (WINTER 1945)

A MAN is his shirtsleeves plays a sentimental tune on an old upright piano, while his cigarette burns on the edge. ANOTHER stands nearby, listening quietly.

A little distance away, TEN MEN sit around a crude table, quietly eating. They talk in low, relaxed voices, and there is an occasional laugh.

ROCCO LAMPONE stands by a window, which has been covered with a heavy-mesh wire grating, gazing out.

A large bowl of pasta is passed, and the MEN eat heartily.

The sentimental tune is continued over the following:

INT DAY: BODIES IN CAR (WINTER 1945)

A MAN and a WOMAN, blood coming out of their noses, lie still together in a bullet-riddled automobile.

INT DAY: BODY IN BARBER SHOP (WINTER 1945)

A MAN is covered by a sheet on the floor of a barber shop.

INT DAY: MATTRESS

Ten mattresses are spread out around the otherwise empty living room of an apartment. THREE or FOUR MEN including CLEMENZA, are taking naps.

An arsenal of hand guns are spread out on a card table.

The MEN at the table continue their dinner; passing and pouring the wine.

Trash is thrown in 2 or 3 garbage cans kept in the apartment.

INT DAY: BODY IN OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

A MAN, his clothes soaked in blood, lies on the floor of an office building, dead, under an enormous portrait of Harry S. Truman.

EXT DAY: BODY ON STOOP (WINTER 1945)

ANOTHER MAN, his trousers soaked in blood, lies spanning

three steps of a front stoop.

INT NITE: MATTRESS (WINTER 1945)

TESSIO, sits in a simple straight-backed chair, doing a crossword puzzle.

A thin, boyish BUTTON MAN, writes a letter.

Six or seven empty mattresses, with tossed unmade blankets. Coffee cans beside them serve as ash trays.

A MAN by the table pulls the cork on another bottle of Ruffino, and wine is poured as the MEN eat.

EXT DAY: BODY IN ALLEY (WINTER 1945)

A CORPSE is half out of an overturned garbage can in a quiet alley.

INT DAY: BODY AT TABLE (WINTER 1945)

A MAN in a formal jacket and tie is slumped over a table, in a pool of blood on the tablecloth.

INT DAY: MATTRESS (WINTER 1945)

A neatly stacked pile of newspapers in the corner of an apartment. We catch a glimpse of one headline: "Five Family War..."

The table. The MEN are sitting around cracking nuts. ONE has fallen asleep on his arms at the table.

SEVERAL MEN are taking naps on the Mattresses.

The PIANO PLAYER finishes the tune with finesse. Picks up and takes a drag from his cigarette. The OTHER MAN nods appreciatively.

MAN
Nice Augie...nice.

EXT DAY: MANCINI BLDG. (SPRING '46)

Several cars are parked in front of a pleasant New York apartment building. We recognize a couple of SONNY's bodyguards loafing by the cars, pitching playing cards against the curb.

Inside the building, two others wait quietly by the rows of brass mailboxes: they have been there quite awhile.

Up one flight of stairs, a single man sits on the step, smoking a cigarette.

One of the men by the mailboxes checks his pocketwatch, which is attached to a key chain. We HEAR the sound of a door opening; they look up.

The man sitting on the stop stands; and looks.

SONNY backs out of an apartment, the arms of LUCY MANCINI wrapped around him. She doesn't want to let go of him; she draws him back into the apartment for a moment, and then he comes out alone, adjusting his clothes.

He jauntily skips down the steps, trailed by the bodyguard on the first floor, and moves outside toward his car. The men quickly take up their positions. As he gets in his car:

DRIVER
Pick up your sister?

SONNY
Yeah.

The car drives off; accompanied and escorted by the bodyguards in their cars.

INT DAY: CONNIE'S HALL (SPRING '46)

He knocks on the door. No answer. Then again.

CONNIE'S VOICE
Who is it?

SONNY
It's me, Sonny.

We hear the bolt slide back, and see the door open. SONNY enters, but CONNIE has quickly moved into the hallway, her back to him.

SONNY
(tenderly)
Connie, what is it?

He turns her around in his arms.

Her face is swollen and bruised; and we can tell from her rough, red eyes that she has been crying for a long time. As soon as he realizes what's happened, his face goes red with rage. She sees it coming, and clings to him, preventing him from running out of the apartment.

CONNIE
(desperately)
It was my fault! I started a fight with him and I tried to hit him so he hit me. He didn't even try to hit me hard Sonny, I walked into it.

Sonny listens, and calms himself. He touches her shoulder, the thin silk robe.

SONNY
I'm goin' to have the doctor come over and take a look at you.

He starts to leave.

CONNIE
Oh Sonny, please don't do anything. Please don't.

He stops, and then laughs good naturedly.

SONNY
Hey. Con. What'm I goin' to do? Make your kid a orphan before he's born.

She laughs with him. He kisses her reassuringly, and leaves.

EXT DAY: CONNIE'S STREET

CARLO settles down on the front steps of the 112th St. "Book" with SALLY RAGS and COACH, who have been drinking beer out of glasses and a pitcher of beer from around the corner. The ball game is blaring from the radio; and the kids on the street are still playing stickball.

CARLO has barely settled down, when the kids in the street suddenly scatter, and a car comes screeching up the block and to a halt in front of the candy store. The tires scream, and before it seems as though it has even stopped, a MAN comes hurtling out of the driver's seat, moving so fast the everyone is paralyzed. It is a moment before we recognize that it is SONNY.

His face is contorted with anger; in a split second he is on the stoop and has CARLO by the throat.

He pulls CARLO away from the others, trying to get him down into the street. But CARLO reaches out for the iron railing, and hangs on, his hand in a lock, cringing away, trying to hide his head and face in the hollow of the his shoulders. His shirt is ripped away in SONNY's hand.

SALLY RAGS and COACH, merely sit, watching, stunned.

SONNY is pounding the cowered CARLO with all his strength, in a continuous monologue of indistinguishable cursing. His blows are powerful; and begin to draw blood.

The kids who have been playing stickball, move up, watching in fascination.

CARLO's hands are clenched tight around the railing.

SONNY beats him mercilessly.

Now SONNY's bodyguards' car pulls up, and they too become spectators.

SONNY's tight fists are going down like hammers, into CARLO's face and body.

CARLO's nose is bleeding profusely; but still he does nothing, other than hang onto the railing.

SONNY grabs hold of CARLO's massive body, and tries to drag

him off of the hold on the railing, his teeth clenched in the effort. Then he tries loosening CARLO's locked hands; even biting them. CARLO screams but he does not let go.

It's clear that CARLO is much stronger than he is, and will not be moved. SONNY knees him in the mouth, and beats him more; but he is exhausted. Totally out of breath, he stammers haltingly to the bleeding CARLO.

SONNY
You...bastard...You...hurt my sister... again...and I'll kill...you.

He wipes the sweat from his face, and then turns suddenly. and hurries back to the car, in a moment his car is gone, leaving even his bodyguards in confusion. We notice ONE MAN with a sports jacket in the group of spectators especially interested.

CARLO finally relaxes the clenched, locked hands. He slumps onto the stoop.

----------FADE OUT---------

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: MALL (SPRING 1946)

HIGH ANGLE on the Corleone Mall. It is a gray, rainy day. Young BUTTON MEN in raincoats stand in quiet groups of various points around the main house and compound. Things have changed; one house has been extensively enlarged; a new and secure gate house has been built. Security measures that had been make-shift and temporarily have now been made a permanent part of the Mall, evolving it into a Medieval Fortress. We notice a huge crater in the courtyard; the result of a recent bomb attempt. The house nearest the crater is damaged by fire.

A taxi arrives; KAY ADAMS steps out, huddled in a bright yellow raincoat; she lets the cab go, and hurries to the shelter of the gate house.

They are not expecting her, and ask her to wait while they call the main house.

KAY looks at the imposing, depressing Mall, while rain still runs down onto her face.

She notices the bomb crater, and the fire damage; and the sullen faces of the BUTTON MEN.

TOM HAGEN exits the Main House, and hurries toward her.

HAGEN
Kay, we weren't expecting you. You should call...

KAY
I've tried calling and writing. I

want to reach Michael.

HAGEN
Nobody knows where he is. We know he's all right, but that's all.

KAY looks in the direction of the crater, filling with rainwater.

KAY
What was that?

HAGEN
An accident. No one was hurt.

KAY
Listen Tom, I let my cab go; can I come in to call another one?

TOM is clearly reluctant to involve her any more than he has to.

HAGEN
Sure...I'm sorry.

They hurry through the rain and into the Main House.

INT DAY: DON'S LIVING ROOM (SPRING 1946)

In the living room, KAY shakes the water from her coat and takes her rainhat off.

KAY
Will you give this to him.

HAGEN
If I accept that letter and you told a Court of Law I accepted it, they would interpret it as my having knowledge of his whereabouts. Just wait Kay, he'll contact you.

We hear footsteps descending the staircase; MAMA CORLEONE enters the room; the OLD WOMAN squints at KAY, evaluating her.

MAMA
You're Mikey's little girl.

KAY nods yes; there are still tears in her eyes.

MAMA
You eat anything?

KAY shakes her head.

MAMA
(to HAGEN)
Disgrazia, you don't even give the poor girl a cup of coffee?

HAGEN shrugs helplessly; on an impulse, KAY quickly moves

toward MAMA, the letter extended.

KAY
Will you give this letter to Michael.

HAGEN
Mama, no.

MAMA
You tell me what to do? Even he don't tell me what to do.

She takes the letter from KAY, who is grateful and relieved.

KAY
Why did they blame Michael?

MAMA
You listen to me, you go home to your family, and you find a good young man and get married. Forget about Mikey; he's no good for you, anymore.

She looks directly into KAY's eyes; and KAY understands what that means.

EXT DAY: DON'S HOSPITAL (SPRING 1946)

A hospital in New York City. POLICE and teams of PRIVATE DETECTIVES are stationed guarding the area. An ambulance with a team of DETECTIVES and BUTTON-MEN GUARDS exit the hospital with rifles in hand; followed by SEVERAL HOSPITAL ASSISTANTS wheeling a hospital stretcher, presumably carrying the DON.

TESSIO and CLEMENZA emerge, with OTHER BUTTON MEN bringing up the rear. HAGEN walks with the stretcher, and for a moment they disappear behind the ambulance. Then suddenly, siren blasting, it speeds off, accompanied by dark low-slung cars.

EXT DAY: MALL (SPRING 1946)

The Corleone Mall.

Equally impressive security stands ready at the Corleone Mall. EXTRA BUTTON MEN, as well as SOME POLICE, and PRIVATE **DETECTIVES.**

It all seems to be under the supervision of ROCCO LAMPONE. All is silent. The WOMEN and CHILDREN, dressed in Sunday clothes, wait.

EXT DAY: AMBULANCE (SPRING 1946)

One ambulance, speeding along the Grand Central Parkway, preceded and followed by a dark car, each one carrying a team of BUTTON MEN.

Sitting next to the DRIVER of the ambulance is a GUARD with

a rifle on his lap.

INT DAY: DON'S HALL (SPRING 1946)

Inside the Main CORLEONE House:

Hospital ORDERLIES carry the DON on his stretcher carefully under the watchful eyes of CLEMENZA, TESSIO, LAMPONE and various GUARDS and BUTTON MEN.

All the CORLEONE family is here today: MAMA, FREDO, SANDRA, THERESA, CONNIE, CARLO; the various CORLEONE CHILDREN.

INT DAY: DON'S BEDROOM (SPRING 1946)

The DON is made comfortable in his room, which has all but been converted into a hospital room, with complete and extensive equipment. The various CHILDREN get a turn to kiss the OLD MAN, as he is made comfortable... and then SONNY indicates that all the CHILDREN, WOMEN, and CARLO should leave.

They do, the door is closed.

INT DAY: DON'S DINING ROOM (SPRING 1946)

The mood is quite happy downstairs, as the WOMEN prepare the Sunday dinner, and set the table.

CARLO sits alone among them, a frown on his face.

CONNIE
What's the matter, Carlo?

CARLO
Shut up.

INT DAY: DON'S BEDROOM (SPRING 1946)

All the MEN of the family stand around the hospital bed with grim faces, SONNY and HAGEN closest to the OLD MAN. The DON does not speak, yet he asks questions with his looks and glances, as clearly as if they were verbalized. HAGEN is the spokesman for the family.

HAGEN
...since McCluskey's killing, the police have cracked down on most of our operations...on the other families too. There's been a lot of bad blood.

The OLD MAN glances at SONNY.

SONNY
Pop, they hit us and we hit them back.

HAGEN
We put out a lot of material through our contacts in the

Newspapers...about McCluskey's being tied up with Sollozzo in the Drug Rackets...things are starting to loosen up.

The OLD MAN nods.

SONNY
Freddie's gonna go to Las Vegas...under the protection of Don Francesco of L.A. I want him to rest...

FREDO
I'm goin' to learn the casino business.

The DON nods approvingly. Then he searches around the room for a face he does not see. HAGEN knows who he's looking for.

HAGEN
Michael...
(he takes a breath)
It was Michael who killed Sollozzo.

The DON closes his eyes, and then reopens them in anger and rage.

HAGEN
He's safe now...we're already working on ways to bring him back.

The DON is very angry, he motions with a weak hand that they leave him alone.

INT. DAY: DON'S STAIRS AND HALL (SPRING 1946)

HAGEN is very upset as he comes down the Stairs; SONNY is expansive and optimistic.

SONNY
We'll let the old man take it easy for a couple of weeks. I want to get things going good before he gets better. What's the matter with you?

HAGEN
You start operating, the five families will start their raids again. We're at a stalemate Sonny, your war is costing us a lot of money.

SONNY
No more stalemate Tom, we got the soldiers, we'll match them gun for gun if that's how they want it. They know me for what I am, Tom-- and they're scared of me.

HAGEN
Yes. That's true, you're getting a hell of a reputation.

SONNY
Well it's war! We might not be in this shape if we had a real war-time Consiglere, a Sicilian. Pop had Genco, who do I have?
(TOM starts to leave)
Hey Tom, hey...hey. It's Sunday, we're gonna have dinner. Don't be sore.

INT DAY: DON'S DINING ROOM (SPRING 1946)

The FAMILY, WIVES, CHILDREN and all sit around the table over Sunday dinner. SONNY is at the head of the table.

EXT DAY: MALL (SPRING 1946)

SOME of the CORLEONE GRANDCHILDREN play in the enclosed Mall, in the proximity of the BUTTON MEN stationed liberally by the gate.

ONE CHILD misses a ball, it rolls by the gate house. A young BUTTON MAN scoops it up and throws it back, smiling.

----------FADE OUT-------

INT DAY: CONNIE'S APT. (SPRING 1946)

CONNIE and CARLO's apartment. She's in a slip, on the phone. We HEAR the shower going in the bathroom.

CONNIE
Who is this?

GIRL (O.S.)
(giggle)
I'm a friend of Carlo's. I just wanted to tell him I can't see him tonight; I have to go out of town.

CONNIE's face turns red.

CONNIE
You lousy tramp bitch.
(click)

She slams the phone down; just as CARLO is coming out of the bathroom drying his golden body.

CARLO
What was that?

CONNIE
Your girl friend. She says she can't make it tonight. You lousy bastard you have the nerve to give

your whores my telephone number.
I'll kill you, you bastard!

She hauls off and punches him knowingly; he laughs, so then she flings herself at him, kicking and scratching; her heavy belly heaving under the thin slip.

CARLO
(defending himself)
You're crazy. She was kidding around; I don't know, some nut.

He pushes her aside, and moves into the bedroom to continue dressing.

CONNIE
You're staying home. You're not going out.

CARLO
OK, OK. You gonna make me something to eat at least?

That calms her down; she stands there a moment, breathing heavily; and then she nods, and goes into the kitchen, and starts her wifely duties.

CARLO is dressed; puts on some cologne; CONNIE appears in the doorway.

CONNIE
The food is on the table.

CARLO
I'm not hungry yet.

CONNIE
Eat it, it's on the table.

CARLO
Ba Fa Goulle.

CONNIE
BA FA GOULE YOU!

She turns deliberately, goes out into the kitchen. A moment later we begin to hear the sound of dishes breaking. CARLO slowly walks out, where we can see CONNIE systematically smashing all the dishes against the sink, sending the greasy veal and peppers all over the apartment floor.

CARLO
You filthy guinea spoiled brat. Clean it up or I'll kick your head in.

CONNIE
Like hell I will.

She stands there, solid, ready to punch him again. Slowly, he slides his belt out of his trousers, and doubles it in

his hand.

CARLO
Clean it up!

He swings the belt against her heavy hips. She moves back into the kitchen, and gets a kitchen knife, and holds it ready.

CARLO
Even the female Corleones are murderers.

He puts the strap down on a table, and moves after her. She makes a sudden thrust at his groin, which he avoids. He pulls the knife away, cutting his hand in the process. She gets away momentarily, but he pursues her around the table, gets her; and starts to slap her in the face.

She breaks away from him, and rushes into the bedroom.

CONNIE
The baby! The baby!

INT DAY: CONNIE'S BEDROOM (SPRING 1946)

She runs into the bedroom; he follows. She moves into a corner, and then like a desperate animal, tries to hide under the bed.

He reaches under, and pulls her out by the hair.

He slaps her in the face until she begins to weep; then he throws her on the bed, contemptuously. He grabs part of her thigh, pinching it very hard.

CARLO
You're fat as a pig.

Then he pushes her away, and walks out of the room, leaving her in tears. She is crying; she pulls herself to the bedroom phone, and in a whisper:

CONNIE
Mama...mama, it's Connie. Mama, I can't talk any louder. No, I don't want to talk to Sonny.

We can tell that the phone has been passed to SONNY.

INT DAY: DON'S KITCHEN (SPRING 1946)

In the kitchen at the Mall, MAMA cannot understand the whispering and she has given the phone to SONNY.

SONNY
Yeah Connie.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Sonny, just send a car to bring me home. I'll tell you then, it's

nothing Sonny, don't you come.
Send TOM, please Sonny, it's
nothing; I just want to come home.

SONNY's face is turning red.

SONNY
(in a controlled voice)
You wait there. You just wait there.

He hangs up the phone; and just stands there for a moment.

SONNY
(quietly)
That sonofabitch; that sonofabitch...

HAGEN enters the room; he knows what is happening, knows he cannot interfere.

EXT DAY: MALL

SONNY leaves the house. HAGEN moves to the outside mall just as SONNY's car is driving off. He moves to a group of **BUTTON MEN.**

HAGEN
Go after him.

EXT DAY: CAUSEWAY (SPRING 1946)

SONNY's car on the Jones Beach Causeway, speeds quickly by. After a pause, another car, with the CORLEONE BODYGUARDS, is trailing.

SONNY is driving; he is very angry.

EXT NITE: TOLL BOOTHS (SPRING 1946)

SONNY in his car; driving back. Still breathing hard and still furious. Then he thinks it's funny; he enjoyed it. He starts laughing, louder and louder, as he pulls up to a toll booth, stops, and extends his hand with a coin to the **COLLECTOR.**

----------FADE OUT---------

FADE IN:

INT NITE: AMERIGO BONASERA'S APARTMENT

The serious-faced UNDERTAKER is on the telephone.

HAGEN (O.S.)
This is Tom Hagen. I'm calling for
Don Corleone, at his request.

BONASERA looks at his WIFE, with deep anxiety in his eyes. BONASERA's lips are suddenly dry.

BONASERA
Yes, I understand. I'm listening.

HAGEN (O.S.)
You owe the Don a service. In one hour, not before, perhaps later, he will be at your funeral parlor to ask for your help. Be there to greet him. If you have any objections speak now, and I'll inform him.

Silence. BONASERA stutters, then speaks in fright.

BONASERA
Anything...Anything the Godfather wishes.

HAGEN (O.S.)
Good. He never doubted you.

BONASERA
The Don himself is coming to me tonight?

HAGEN (O.S.)
Yes.
(click)

BONASERA is sweating; slowly he lowers the phone; his WIFE sees his pale expression, and follows him into the room.

Silently, he begins the ritual of dressing. His WIFE knows something serious is happening, and never takes her eyes from him. He lights a cigarette.

BONASERA
For the last year, they have been killing one another. So now, what? Your Godfather comes to me...Why?
(whispering, slyly)
They've killed someone so important that they wish to make his body disappear.

MRS. BONASERA
(frightened)
Amerigo!

BONASERA
They could make me an accomplice to their murder. They could send me to jail!

He slips into his trousers. Then he moves to his WIFE to tie his tie, as she has done for years.

BONASERA
And if the other families find out...they will make me their enemy. They could come here to our house. I curse the day I ever went to the

Godfather.

EXT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR (SPRING 1946)

With his ring of keys, he opens the funeral parlor, enters.

INT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR (SPRING 1946)

BONASERA walks through the darkened funeral parlor, without turning on the lights; then into the rear, preparation room, past the tables, and equipment. He operates the chain that lifts a large overhead garage type door. And looks out into the alley.

He sits on a bench, and waits.

EXT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR ALLEY (SPRING 1946)

The tires of a car roll very quietly along the small alley; we notice a dark car approach the rear of BONASERA's funeral parlor.

CLEMENZA gets out, and moves to the open, rear door. BONASERA greets him, too petrified to speak. He notices TWO OTHER MEN get out of the car, and carry a stretcher with a CORPSE swaddled in a gray blanket, with yellowed feet protruding.

BONASERA closes his eyes in fear, but indicates which way the MEN should carry their sinister burden.

INT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR EMBALMING ROOM (SPRING 1946)

They carry the CORPSE to one of the tables in the embalming room.

Then BONASERA turns to see ANOTHER MAN step out of the darkness somewhat uncertainly. It is DON CORLEONE.

He walks up to BONASERA, very close, without speaking. His cold eyes looking directly at the frightened UNDERTAKER. Then, after a long gaze:

DON CORLEONE
Well my friend, are you ready to do me this service?

BONASERA nods. The DON moves to the CORPSE on the embalming table; he makes a gesture, and the OTHER MEN leave them alone.

BONASERA
What do you wish me to do?

DON CORLEONE
(staring at the table)
I want you to use all your powers, all your skill, as you love me. I do not want his mother to see him as he is.

He draws down the gray blanket.

BONASERA lets out a gasp of horror at what he sees:

The bullet-smashed face of SONNY CORLEONE.

EXT NITE: TOLL BOOTHS (SPRING 1946)

SONNY extends his hand with a coin at the toll booth.

A car suddenly swerves in front of him, trapping him in the booth, and in incredible rally of machine gun fire greets him, coming through and smashing the windows of the toll booths on both side of him, and from the front window of the car blocking him.

The windows of his car are shot out.

Bullet holes puncture the doors of his car.

His hand, with the coin in it, falls inside the car.

His arms, shoulders are riddled by the fire, and still it continues, as though the ASSASSINS cannot take a chance that he will survive it.

Suddenly, he lets out an enormous ROAR, like a bull, and actually, opens the door, and steps out of the car, UNDER fire.

His face is hit; and finally he falls to the ground.

A FULL SHOT...as the ASSASSINS scramble for their cars and make off in the distance.

SONNY's BODYGUARDS stop a safe distance away, realizing they are too late.

INT NITE: DON'S LIVING ROOM (SPRING 1946)

View on HAGEN's ashen face in the living room. He is silent a moment, and then:

HAGEN
(quietly)
OK. Go to Clemenza's house and tell him to come here right away. He'll tell you what to do.

The MEN leave him alone. He is quiet, standing in the middle of the living room a moment. He looks in the direction of the kitchen, where he can see fragments of MAMA moving around.

INT NITE: UPSTAIRS (SPRING 1946)

TOM proceeds up stairs, and quietly in the direction of the DON's room. He opens the DON's door. Looks in.

INT NITE: DON'S BEDROOM (SPRING 1946)

The DON in his hospital bed. Asleep under sedation. HAGEN

hesitates. He cannot go in; he cannot tell the OLD MAN. He closes the door.

INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE (SPRING 1946)

HAGEN alone in the office. He is drinking. He looks up at the sound of cars; the CAPOREGIMES are arriving. Then he hears footsteps.

The door opens; and in a robe, with slippers, DON CORLEONE slowly enters the room. He walks directly to his stuffed armchair, sits down. His face is stern, as he looks into HAGEN's eyes.

DON CORLEONE
Give me a drop of anisette.

HAGEN rises, and pours a glass for the OLD MAN.

DON CORLEONE
My wife was weeping before she fell asleep, outside my window I saw my caporegimes to the house, and it is midnight. So, Consigliere of mine, I think you should tell your Don what everyone knows.

HAGEN
(quietly)
I didn't tell Mama anything. I was about to come up and wake you and tell you. Just now.

DON CORLEONE
But you needed a drink first.

HAGEN
Yes.

DON CORLEONE
Now you've had your drink.

Pause.

HAGEN
They shot Sonny on the Causeway.
(pause)
He's dead.

DON CORLEONE blinks. One feels that just for a second he loses all physical strength; he clasps his hands in front of him on the top of the desk and looks into HAGEN's eyes.

DON CORLEONE
I want no inquiries made. No acts of vengeance.
(pause)
Consigliere, arrange a meeting with the heads of the five families...this war stops now.

He rises and unsteadily leaves the room, turns...

DON CORLEONE
Call Bonasera...he will do me a service.

And leaves. HAGEN moves to the phone; dials...

HAGEN
This is Tom Hagen; I'm calling for Don Corleone, at his request.

BONASERA (O.S.)
Yes, I understand I'm listening.

HAGEN
You owe the Don a service. He has no doubt that you will repay it.

EXT DAY: BANK BUILDING (SPRING 1946)

Day in Manhattan. An impressive Bank Building in the financial center of New York. Many limousines are parked, uniforms and plain-clothed CHAUFFEURS waiting quietly.

INT DAY: BOARD ROOM (SPRING 1946)

The Board Room of a bank, daylight shines in the windows.

CARLO TRAMONTI, an impressive, handsome middle-aged man, sits quietly, smoking a Di Napoli cigar, OUR VIEW moves to a MAN sitting to his left, and a little to the rear, and settles on JOSEPH ZALUCHI, a moon-faced amiable-looking man; as the view continues, around the table, we HEAR:

DON CORLEONE (O.S.)
I want to thank you all for coming. I consider it a service done to me personally and I am in the debt of each and every one of you. Especially those of you who have traveled from such distances as California, St. Louis, Kansas City; and New Orleans...

The VIEW PASSES to FRANK FALCONE and ANTHONY MOLINARI, both younger than any of the others; then on to DOMENICK PANZA, short and squat sitting in a wheelchair; then around the table to DON VINCENENZO FORLENZA, who is whispering to his JEWISH ASSISTANT; the VIEW PASSES on to ANTHONY STRACCI, an older man, sipping from a drink and smoking a cigar; OTTILIO CUNEO, in his middle sixties with a jolly round face; then DON PHILLIP TATTAGLIA, a delicate older man with dyed hair and a pencil mustache; and finally, EMILIO BARZINI, in his early sixties, a man to 'respect'; whom we had seen at CONNIE's Wedding.

DON CORLEONE
Ah well, let's get down to business. We are all honorable men here, we don't have to give assurances as if

we were lawyers.
(he sits, gazes out at them, and sighs)
How did things ever go so far? Well, no matter. A lot of foolishness has come to pass. It was so unfortunate, so unnecessary.

The VIEW examines the room once again, as the DON speaks. A large, clicking board is changing numbers at various times, and two tapes, showing the fluctuations of the Market during the day's trading, and projected above.

DON CORLEONE pauses; and TOM HAGEN hands him a cold drink.

DON CORLEONE
Tattaglia has lost a son; I have lost a son. We are quits. Let there be a peace...
(he gestures expressively, submissively, with his hands)
That is all I want...

BARZINI
Don Corleone is too modest. He had the judges and politicians in his pocket and he refused to share them. His refusal is not the act of a friend. He takes the bread out of the mouths of our families. Times have changed, it's not like the old days where everyone can go his own way. If Don Corleone had all the judges and politicians in New York, then he must share them or let others use them. Certainly he can present a bill for such services, we're not Communists, after all. But he has to let us draw water from the well. It's that simple.

DON CORLEONE
My friends, I didn't refuse out of malice. You all know me. When have I ever refused an accommodation? But why, this time? Because I think this drug business will destroy us in the years to come. It's not like whiskey or gambling or even women which most people want and is forbidden them by the pezzonovante of the Church and the Government. But drugs? No. Even policemen, who help us in gambling and other things would refuse to help us in drugs. But...I am willing to do whatever all of you think is necessary.

DON ZALUCHI

I don't believe in drugs. For years I paid my people extra so they wouldn't do that kind of business...$200 a week. But it didn't matter. Somebody comes to them and says, "I have powders, if you put up three, four thousand dollar investment, we can make fifty thousand distributing." Who can resist such a profit? There's no way to control it, as a business...to keep it respectable.

(rapping the table)

I don't want it near schools! I don't want it sold to children. That is an infamita.

(thinking)

In my city I would try to keep the traffic in the dark people, the colored. They are the best customers, the least troublesome, and they are animals anyway. They have no respect for their wives or their families or themselves. Let them lose their souls with drugs. But something has to be done, we can't have everybody running around doing just what they please, like a bunch of anarchists.

BARZINI

Then, are we agreed; the traffic in drugs will be permitted, but controlled; and Don Corleone agrees to give it protection in the East.

DON CORLEONE nods.

BARZINI

That's the whole matter then, we have the peace, and let me pay my respects to Don Corleone, whom we have all known over the years as a man of his word.

(noticing TATTAGLIA is uneasy)

Don Philip?

TATTAGLIA

I agree to everything here, I'm willing to forget my own misfortune. But I must hear strict assurance from Corleone. When time goes by and his position becomes stronger, will he attempt any individual vengeance?

They all look at the DON; especially HAGEN, who feels that DON CORLEONE has given a great deal, and must have something else in mind. Slowly the DON rises.

DON CORLEONE

I forego my vengeance for my dead son, for the common good. But I have selfish reasons. My youngest son had to flee, accused of Sollozzo's murder, and I must now make arrangements so that he can come home with safety, cleared of all those false charges. That is my affair, and I will make those arrangements.

(with strength)

But I am a superstitious man...and so if some unlucky accident should befall my youngest son, if some police officer should accidentally shoot him, or if he should hang himself in his cell, or if my son is struck by a bolt of lightning, then I will blame some of the people here. That, I could never forgive, but...aside from that, let me swear by the souls of my Grandchildren that I will never be the one to break the peace we have made.

EXT NITE: DON'S LIMO (SPRING 1946)

The DON's black limousine. He sits quietly in the padded rear seat; TOM HAGEN next to him.

It is night. Lights flash by them every so often.

HAGEN

When I meet with Tattaglia's people; should I insist that all his drug middle-men be clean?

DON CORLEONE

Mention it, don't insist. Barzini is a man who will know that without being told.

HAGEN

You mean Tattaglia.

DON CORLEONE

(shaking his head)

Barzini.

HAGEN

(a revelation)

He was the one behind Sollozzo?

DON CORLEONE

Tattaglia is a pimp. He could never have outfought Santino. But I wasn't sure until this day. No, it was Barzini all along.

The black limousine speeds away from us in the night.

----------FADE OUT------

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: ESTABLISHING SICILY SHOT

A CLOSE VIEW OF MICHAEL, moving as he walks, sullen and downcast, the left side of his face healed, but left grotesque and misshapen.

GRADUALLY, THE VIEW LOOSENS, he wears a warm navy Pea jacket, and walks with his hands in his pockets.

THE VIEW LOOSENS FURTHER, revealing a Sicilian SHEPHERD on either side of him, each carrying a shotgun slung over his shoulder, CALO, a squat and husky young man with a simple honest quality, and FABRIZZIO, slender and handsome, likable, and with a pleasing build. Each of the SHEPHERDS carry knapsacks.

The THREE YOUNG MEN continue over the Sicilian landscape, overlooking an impressive view of land and sea.

EXT DAY: SICILY ROAD

The THREE move through a flock of wind-blown sheep, and make their way to a dusty rural road. We HEAR a rinky horn sound, as a pre-war Italian automobile makes its way to them. An OLD MAN peeks from the window, waving to MICHAEL. The car pulls in front of them and stops. MICHAEL nods respectfully.

MICHAEL
Don Tommassino.

DON TOMMASSINO
Michael, why must you do this. We have been lucky so far, all these months you've been here we've kept your name a secret. It is from love for your father that I've asked you never to more than an hour from the Villa.

MICHAEL
Calo and Fabrizzio are with me; nothing will happen.

DON TOMMASSINO
You must understand that your Father's enemies have friends in Palermo.

MICHAEL
I know.

DON TOMMASSINO
Where are you going?

MICHAEL
Corleone.

DON TOMMASSINO
There is nothing there. Not anymore.

MICHAEL
I was told that my Grandfather was murdered on its main street; and his murderers came to kill my father there when he was twelve years old.

DON TOMMASSINO
Long ago. Now there is nothing: the men killed each other in family vendettas...the others escaped to America.

MICHAEL
Don Tommassino...I should see this place.

DON TOMMASSINO thinks a moment, then concedes.

DON TOMMASSINO
That is your birthright...but Michael, use this car.

MICHAEL
No...I would like to walk to Corleone.

The OLD MAN sighs, and then returns to his car.

DON TOMMASSINO
Be careful Michael, don't let them know your name.

The old car sputters off; MICHAEL watches, and then continues on his journey.

EXT DAY: COUNTRYSIDE

The THREE pass through abundant areas of flowers and fruit trees, in bloom and bursting with life.

EXT DAY: VILLAGE

They continue in the empty streets of a little town; the post-war poverty is evident in the skinny dogs; and the empty streets. Occasionally, a military vehicle, the only gasoline-powered vehicles on the road, will pass. And there are many POLICE evident, most of them carrying machine guns.

The THREE pass under an enormous banner slung over the main road "VOTA COMMUNISTA".

EXT DAY: COUNTRY ROAD

They continue through dusty country roads, where occasionally a donkey pulling a cart, or a lone horseman will pass them.

EXT DAY: FIELD

Out in a field, in the distance, they come upon a procession of peasants and activists, perhaps two hundred strong, marching, and singing, and in the lead, are five or six men carrying billowing red banners.

EXT DAY: GROVE

They are in an orange grove; on the other side of the trees is a deep, tall field of wild flowers.

The Shepherds unsling their guns and knapsacks, and take out loaves of bread, some wine, sausage and cheese.

MICHAEL rests against a tree, and uses his handkerchief.

FABRIZZIO
You tell us about America.

MICHAEL
How do you know I come from America?

FABRIZZIO
We hear. We were told you were a Pezzonovanta...big shot.

MICHAEL
Only the son of a Pezzonovanta.

FABRIZZIO
Hey America! Is she as rich as they say?

MICHAEL
Yes.

FABRIZZIO
Take me to America! You need a good lupara in America?
(pats his shotgun)
You take me, I'll be the best man you got. "Oh say, can you seeee...By da star early light..."

MICHAEL laughs.

EXT DAY: ANOTHER ROAD

The TRIO continues down a dirt road, as an American Military convoy speeds by; FABRIZZIO waves, and calls out to each of the U.S. drivers, as they move by.

FABRIZZIO
America.
Hey America!
Take me with you!
Hey, take me to America G.I.!

EXT DAY: CORLEONE HILL

They continue their long hike, high on a promentory; until they hesitate, and look down.

CALO
Corleone.

They can see a grim Sicilian village, almost devoid of people.

EXT DAY: CORLEONE STREET

MICHAEL and his bodyguards move through the empty streets of the village. They walk behind him, and spread to either side about fifteen feet away from him.

They move down ancient steps, past an old stone fountain. MICHAEL hesitates, cups his hands and drinks some water. They go on.

They move up a very narrow old street. MICHAEL looks at the doorways that they pass.

MOVING VIEW: Each door has a plaque, with a ribbon or flower.

CALO sees MICHAEL looking.

CALO
The names of the dead.

MICHAEL hesitates in the center of the main street. He looks.

The street is empty, barren. Occasionally, an old woman will pass.

MICHAEL turns his head.

The other side of the street: empty and deathly.

A HIGH VIEW of MICHAEL standing in the center of the old street, the shepherds a respectful distance away.

----------FADE OUT----------

EXT DAY: BARONIAL ESTATE

A green ribboned field of a baronial Estate. Further ahead is a villa so Roman it looks as though it had just been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. There is a group of young village GIRLS accompanied by two stocky MATRONS, dressed in black. They have been gathering the pink sulla, purple wisteria, and mixing them with orange and lemon blossoms. They are singing, off in the distance as they work.

MICHAEL, CALO and FABRIZZIO are silent as they watch this Fantasy-like scene.

FABRIZZIO
(calling out to them)
Hey, beautiful girls!

MICHAEL
(sternly)
Shhhhh.

He settles down to watch.

The GIRLS are dressed in cheap gaily painted frocks that cling to their bodies. They are still in their teens, but developed and womanly.

They are moving along the fields, picking blossoms, not aware of the three men watching them from the orange grove. Three or four of the girls begin chasing one of them playfully, in the direction of the grove.

The GIRL being chased holds a bunch of purple grapes in her left hand and with the right, picks more grapes, and throws them back at her pursuers laughing.

They come closer and closer. Just short of the grove, she poses, startled, her large, oval shaped eyes catching the view of the THREE MEN. She stands there on her toes about to run.

MICHAEL sees her; now face to face. He looks.

Her face. Incredibly beautiful with olive skin, black hair and a rich mouth.

FABRIZZIO
(murmuring)
Jesus Christ, take my soul. I'm dying.

Quickly, she turns, and runs away.

MICHAEL stands up never taking his eyes from her. We hold on him for a long while; and eventually hear the SHEPHERDS laughing. Then he turns to them.

FABRIZZIO
You got hit by the thunderbolt, eh?

CALO pats him on the shoulder.

CALO
Easy man.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about?

FABRIZZIO
You can't hide it when you're hit by the thunderbolt.

EXT DAY: BARONIAL VILLAGE

The little village built attendant to the Baronial Estate, is decked with the flowers the girls had been picking.

MICHAEL, followed by the bodyguards, moves into the central square, and onto the balcony of a little cafe.

The proprietor of the cafe, VITELLI, is a short burly man; he greets them cheerfully, and sets a dish of chickpeas at their table.

FABRIZZIO
You know all the girls in this town, eh? We saw some beauties coming down the road. One in particular got our friend hit with the Thunderbolt...
(he indicates MICHAEL)

VITELLI gives a big knowing laugh, and looks at MICHAEL with new interest.

VITELLI
You had better bring a few bottles home with you, my friend; you'll need help sleeping tonight.
(he laughs)

FABRIZZIO
This one could seduce the devil. A body! and eyes as big and black as olives.

VITELLI
(laughing with them...pouring more wine)
I know about what you mean!

FABRIZZIO
This was a beauty. Right, Calo?

VITELLI
(laughing)
Beautiful all over, eh?

FABRIZZIO
And hair. Black and curly, like a doll. And such a mouth.

VITELLI does not laugh quite so much.

VITELLI
Yes, we have beautiful girls here... but virtuous.

VITELLI is no longer drinking with them.

MICHAEL
She wore a red dress, and a red ribbon in her hair. She looks more Greek than Italian. Do you know a beauty like that?

As MICHAEL describes her, VITELLI laughed less and less, until he wears a scowl.

VITELLI
No.

Then he curtly leaves him, and walks into the back room.

FABRIZZIO
God in Heaven, I think I understand...

He goes into the back room after the innkeeper. Then he returns.

FABRIZZIO
Let's get out of here; he's boiling up his blood to do us mischief. It's his daughter.

They start to leave; but MICHAEL doesn't move.

CALO
Come quickly.

MICHAEL
Innkeeper. More wine!

FABRIZZIO
(whispered)
The old bastard mentioned two sons he only has to whistle up.

MICHAEL turns to FABRIZZIO with his cold authority.

MICHAEL
Tell him to come to me.

The two BODYGUARDS shoulder their luparas, and disappear in a moment they return with the red-faced angry VITELLI between them.

MICHAEL
(quietly)
I understand I've offended you by talking about your daughter. I offer you my apologies, I'm a stranger in this country, I don't know the customs very well. Let me say this, I meant no disrespect to you or her...

CALO and FABRIZZIO are impressed.

VITELLI
(shrugs)
Who are you and what do you want from my daughter?

MICHAEL
I am an American hiding in Sicily from the police of my country. My name is Michael. You can inform

the police and make your fortune but then your daughter would lose a father rather than gain a husband. In any case, I want to meet your daughter. With your permission and under the supervision of your family. With all decorum. With all respect. I am an honorable man.

CALO and FABRIZZIO are stupefied; VITELLI pauses, and then asks:

VITELLI
Are you a friend of the friends?

MICHAEL
When the proper time comes, I'll tell you everything that a wife's father should know.

FABRIZZIO
It's the real Thunderbolt, then.

VITELLI
(formally)
Come Sunday morning: My name is Vitelli and my house is up there on the hill, above the village.

MICHAEL
Your daughter's name?

VITELLI
Appolonia.

----------FADE OUT----------

EXT DAY: TOMMASSINO COURTYARD

MUSIC comes up; as MICHAEL, dressed in new clothes from Palermo, and carrying a stack of wrapped gifts, gets into an Alfa Romeo. CALO and FABRIZZIO each dressed in their Sunday best, are in the rear seat, huddled together, with their luparas on their shoulders.

DON TOMMASSINO waves them off, as the little car drives off, rocky and bouncing on the dirt road.

The Sunday churchbells ring.

----------DISSOLVE----------

EXT DAY: VITELLI HOUSE

MICHAEL is presented to each of the Vitelli relatives, by the yard of their little hilltop house; the BROTHERS; the MOTHER, who is given a gift; several UNCLES and AUNTS. Finally APPOLONIA enters, dressed beautifully in appropriate Sunday clothing. Now he presents the wrapped gift to APPOLONIA. She looks at her MOTHER, who with a nod gives her permission to open it. She unwraps it. Her eyes light

at the sight of a heavy gold chain; to be worn as a necklace.

She looks at him.

APPOLONIA
Grazia.

----------DISSOLVE----------

EXT DAY: VITELLI CAFE

Now the little Alpha drives into the village near VITELLI's cafe.

MICHAEL is, as ever, accompanied with his two BODYGUARDS, though they are all dressed differently.

They go up to the cafe...and sit with VITELLI, who is talking and talking.

MICHAEL looks at APPOLONIA; who sits, respectfully quiet. She wears the gold necklace around her neck.

----------DISSOLVE----------

EXT DAY: HILLTOP NEAR VITELLI HOME

MICHAEL and APPOLONIA are walking through a hilltop path, seemingly alone, although a respectful distance apart.

As the VIEW PANS with them, we notice that her MOTHER and a half dozen AUNTS are twenty paces behind them, and ten paces further behind are CALO and FABRIZZIO, their luparas on their shoulders.

Further up the hill, APPOLONIA stumbles on a loose stone, and falls briefly onto MICHAEL's arm. She modestly regains her balance, and they continue walking.

Behind them, her MOTHER giggles to herself.

----------DISSOLVE----------

EXT DAY: VITELLI VILLAGE CHURCH

Church bells in an ancient belfry ring out. Music, old and dissonant, plays.

There is a bridal procession in the street of the village; the same in feeling and texture as it might have been five hundred years ago.

Donkeys and other animals have been decorated with abundant flowers; children carrying candles and wearing white confirmation gowns walk in the procession, followed by countless townspeople, members of the clergy, even the police.

We present the entire bridal procession and ceremony with all the ritual and pageantry, as it has always been, in Sicily.

APPOLONIA is radiant as the Bride; MICHAEL is handsome despite the grotesque jaw and occasional white handkerchief.

----------DISSOLVE----------

EXT NITE: VITELLI VILLAGE SQUARE

CALO and FABRIZZIO dance wildly through the night of the great wedding celebration. It is held in the Village Square; under the watchful eyes of SHEPHERDS above on the tops of buildings, carrying luparas.

----------DISSOLVE----------

INT NITE: MICHAEL'S ROOM IN VILLA

MICHAEL opens the shutters in his darkened room; moonlight fills the room.

He turns, and there, in her wedding slip, is APPOLONIA. A little frightened; but lovely.

He moves to her; and for a moment just stands before her, looking at her incredible face; her lovely hair and body.

Slowly and tenderly he kisses her. Her tiny hands come up to his face; touch his cheek and embrace him.

She lets her bridal slip fall to the floor.

----------FADE OUT----------

INT DAY: MICHAEL'S ROOM AT VILLA

Morning. MICHAEL sits on the window ledge, gazing into the room.

APPOLONIA is asleep; she is naked, and only partially covered by the bedsheets.

He looks at her for a long time in the early morning light.

EXT DAY: TOMMASSINO COURTYARD

HIGH ANGLE ON DON TOMMASSINO'S VILLA

We HEAR girlish laughter; the little Alpha is driving erratically, knocking down an occasional wall, and almost hitting th inner court wall.

APPOLONIA is laughing, driving. MICHAEL pretends to be frightened, as he teaches her to drive.

Outside the walls, we notice SHEPHERDS with luparas, walking guard duty.

The car stops and a laughing MICHAEL gets out.

MICHAEL
It's safer to teach you English.

APPOLONIA
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday...See, I learned it. Now teach me to drive!

DON TOMMASSINO enters the Courtyard. He seems tired and concerned.

MICHAEL
Ciao, Don Tommassino.

APPOLONIA kisses him.

MICHAEL
Things went badly in Palermo?

DON TOMMASSINO
The younger men have no respect. Things are changing; I don't know what will happen. Michael, because of the wedding, people now know your name.

MICHAEL
Is that why there are more men on the walls?

DON TOMMASSINO
Even so, I don't think it is safe here anymore. I've made plans to move you to a villa near Siracuse. You must go right away.

MICHAEL
What is it?

DON TOMMASSINO
Bad news from America. Your brother, Santino. He has been killed.

For a moment, the whole world of New York, Sollozzo, the Five Family War, all comes back to MICHAEL.

EXT DAY: VILLA COURTYARD

Morning. MICHAEL leans out of the bedroom window.

Below, FABRIZZIO is sitting in one of the garden chairs, combing his thick hair.

MICHAEL whistles and FABRIZZIO looks up to his window.

MICHAEL
Get the car. I'll be leaving in ten minutes. Where's Calo?

FABRIZZIO
Calo is having a cup of coffee in the kitchen. Is your wife coming with you?

MICHAEL
No, she's going home to her family. She'll join me in a few weeks...

INT DAY: VILLA KITCHEN

MICHAEL, dressed, crosses from the hallway, and into the kitchen. CALO is just finishing a bite. He rises when he sees MICHAEL.

CALO
Should I get your bag?

MICHAEL
No, I'll get it. Where's Appolonia?

CALO
(smiling)
She is sitting in the driver's seat of the car, dying to step on the gas. She'll be a real American woman before she gets to America.

MICHAEL smiles.

MICHAEL
Tell Fabrizzio and wait for me in the car.

He leaves the kitchen, after a quick sip of coffee.

He looks out from the opening in the doorway.

EXT DAY: VILLA COURTYARD

There is the car, with APPOLONIA sitting in the driver's seat, playing with the wheel like a child.

CALO moves to the car, and puts a lunch basket in the rear seat.

Then MICHAEL seems disturbed.

Over, on the other side of the courtyard, he sees FABRIZZIO disappear through the gate.

MICHAEL
(muttering to himself)
Where the hell is he going?

MICHAEL goes down the hallway, and outside.

MICHAEL steps out into the bright sunlight of the outer courtyard, causing him to shade his eyes.

APPOLONIA sees him, and waves, motioning that he should stay where he is.

APPOLONIA
(calling out)

I'll drive to you.

He smiles affectionately.

CALO stands beside the car, smiling, with his lupara dangling by his side. There is no sight of FABRIZZIO. Suddenly the smile fades from MICHAEL's face. He steps forward and holds out his hand.

MICHAEL

No. No!

His shout is drowned in the roar of a tremendous EXPLOSION, as she switched on the ignition.

Part of the wall is caved in, the kitchen door is blown off; and there is nothing left of the Alpha, or of Appolonia.

MICHAEL is thrown against the wall, and knocked unconscious.

INT DAY: VILLA BEDROOM

MICHAEL is unconscious in a darkened room. We hear whispering around him, but can't make any of it out. A soft cloth is applied to his face; gradually his eyes open. DON TOMMASSINO is there, close to him. He looks at them and from their grave expressions, he knows his wife is dead.

MICHAEL

Fabrizzio. Let your shepherds know that the one who gives me Fabrizzio will own the finest pastures in Sicily.

----------FADE OUT----------

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: MALL (SPRING 1951)

Easter.

A HIGH VIEW ON THE CORLEONE MALL in the springtime. Hordes of little CHILDREN including many of the Corleone Children and Grandchilren, rush about carrying little Easter baskets, searching here and there for candy treasures and hidden Easter eggs.

The DON himself, much older, much smaller in size, wearing baggy pants and a plaid shirt and an old hat, moves around his garden, tending rows and rows of rich tomato plants.

Suddenly, he stops and looks.

MICHAEL stands there, still holding his suitcase.

Great emotion comes over the DON, who takes a few steps in MICHAEL's direction.

MICHAEL leaves his suitcase and walks to his favorite son and embraces him.

DON CORLEONE
Be my son...

INT DAY: THE OLIVE OIL FACTORY

DON CORLEONE leads MICHAEL through the corridors of the building.

DON CORLEONE
This old building has seen its day. No way to do business...too small, too old.

They enter the DON's glass-panelled office.

DON CORLEONE
Have you thought about a wife? A family?

MICHAEL
(pained)
No.

DON CORLEONE
I understand, Michael. But you must make a family, you know.

MICHAEL
I want children, I want a family. But I don't know when.

DON CORLEONE
Accept what's happened, Michael.

MICHAEL
I could accept everything that's happened; I could accept it, but that I never had a choice. From the time I was born, you had laid this all out for me.

DON CORLEONE
No, I wanted other things for you.

MICHAEL
You wanted me to be your son.

DON CORLEONE
Yes, but sons who would be professors, scientists, musicians...and grandchildren who could be, who knows, a Governor, a President even, nothing's impossible here in America.

MICHAEL
Then why have I become a man like you?

DON CORLEONE

You are like me, we refuse to be fools, to be puppets dancing on a string pulled by other men. I hoped the time for guns and killing and massacres was over. That was my misfortune. That was your misfortune. I was hunted on the streets of Corleone when I was twelve years old because of who my father was. I had no choice.

MICHAEL
A man has to choose what he will be. I believe that.

DON CORLEONE
What else do you believe in?

MICHAEL doesn't answer.

DON CORLEONE
Believe in a family. Can you believe in your country? Those Pezzonovante of the State who decide what we shall do with our lives? Who declare wars they wish us to fight in to protect what they own. Do you put your fate in the hands of men whose only talent is that they tricked a bloc of people to vote for them? Michael, in five years the Corleone family can be completely legitimate. Very difficult things have to happen to make that possible. I can't do them anymore, but you can, if you choose to.

MICHAEL listens.

DON CORLEONE
Believe in a family; believe in a Code of Honor, older and higher, believe in Roots that go back thousands of years into your Race. Make a family, Michael, and protect it. These are our affairs, sono cosa nostra, Governments only protect men who have their own individual power. Be one of those men...you have the choice.

----------FADE OUT----------

EXT DAY: STOCK FOOTAGE LAS VEGAS (1955)

A MOVING VIEW, driving up the Las Vegas Strip of 1955.

FREDO (O.S.)
There's a new one. Construction going on everywhere.

MORE VIEWS, showing new hotels and casinos being built; the bill marquees read: "MARTIN AND LEWIS", "PATTI PAGE", etc.

FREDO (O.S.)
That's one of the family's new ones. Not bad, eh?

EXT DAY: FLAMINGO (1955)

The car pulls up at the Flamingo Hotel.

Inside the car: MICHAEL, FREDO, TOM HAGEN and a new man, NERI, quiet and sinister.

MICHAEL
Why didn't Moe Green meet us at the airport?

FREDO
He had business at the hotel, but he'll drop in for dinner.

From the expression on MICHAEL's face we know this is a discourtesy.

INT DAY: FLAMINGO HOTEL SUITE (1955)

A whole entourage precedes FREDO and his V.I.P. party of MICHAEL, HAGEN and NERI. Great fuss is made. They are being shown into the hotel's 'special' suite.

FREDO
You look wonderful, kid; really wonderful. That doctor did some job on your face.

MICHAEL
You look good, too.

They enter the suite.

FREDO
Nice, eh?

FREDO is as excited as a kid, snapping orders at the bellboys, waiters and maids.

FREDO
(hurrying into the bedroom)
Kid, take a look-see.

MICHAEL gives a look to HAGEN, and continues into the bedroom.

There is an enormous circular bed on a huge platform, mirrors to each side. FREDO points upward.

A VIEW into a large CEILING mirror.

FREDO
Ever seen anything like that before?

MICHAEL
(dryly)
No.

INT NITE: FLAMINGO SUITE BEDROOM (1955)

MICHAEL is alone in the bedroom. He is just finishing dressing; he puts on his jacket. From the window, with the lights blinking, we can tell it's late at night. MICHAEL passes into the other room.

He stops, looks. He is disturbed.

INT NITE: FLAMINGO SUITE (1955)

A magnificent, circular table has been set up in his suite; a lavish table setting for eight. Standing by the table are HAGEN, JOHNNY FONTANE, looking wonderful, a little heavier, beautifully dressed; FREDO, a dandy, and TWO LAS VEGAS GIRLS. NERI stands quietly by the door.

FREDO
Mike! The party starting!

MICHAEL
Come here a minute, Fredo.

FREDO goes to him, a big smile all over his face.

MICHAEL
Who are those girls?

FREDO
(jokingly)
That's for you to find out.

MICHAEL
Give them some money and send them home.

FREDO
Mike!

MICHAEL
Get rid of them...

INT NITE: FLAMINGO SUITE (1955)

They are seated around the lavish table in Michael's suite. MICHAEL is speaking to JOHNNY.

MICHAEL
Johnny, the Corleone family is thinking of selling out all our interests in the Olive Oil business and settling here. Moe Greene will sell us his interest so it can be wholly owned by friends of the family.

FREDDIE seems anxious.

FREDO
Mike, you sure about Moe selling. He never mentioned it to me and he loves the business.

MICHAEL
I'll make him an offer he can't refuse.

MICHAEL turns to JOHNNY.

MICHAEL
Johnny, the Don wants you to help us get started. We figure entertainment will be the big factor in drawing gamblers. We hope you'll sign a contract to appear five times a year for maybe a week long engagement.
We hope your friends in the movies will do the same. We count on you to convince them.

JOHNNY
Sure, I'll do anything for my Godfather. You know that, Mike.

There is knock on the door. NERI rises, looks at MICHAEL, who nods. NERI opens the door, and MOE GREENE enters, followed by TWO BODYGUARDS. He is a handsome hood, dressed in the Hollywood style. His BODYGUARDS are more West Coast style.

MOE
Mike, good to see you. Got everything you want?

MICHAEL
Thanks.

MOE
The chef cooked for you special; the dancers will kick your tongue out and you credit is good!
(to his BODYGUARDS)
Draw chips for all these people so they can play on the house.

MICHAEL
Is my credit good enough to buy you out?

MOE laughs.

MOE
Buy me out?...

MICHAEL
The hotel, the casino. The Corleone

family wants to buy you out.

GREENE stops laughing; the room becomes tense. NERI eyes the BODYGUARDS.

MOE
(furious)
The Corleone family wants to buy me out. I buy you out. You don't buy me out.

MICHAEL
Your casino loses money. Maybe we can do better.

MOE
You think I scam?

MICHAEL
(the worst insult)
You're unlucky.

MOE
You goddamn dagos. I do you a favor and take Freddie in when you're having a bad time, and then you try to push me out.

MICHAEL
You took Freddie in because the Corleone family bankrolled your casino. You and the Corleone family are evened out. This is for business; name your price.

MOE
The Corleone family don't have that kind of muscle anymore. The Godfather is sick. You're getting chased out of New York by Barzini and the other families, and you think you can find easier pickings here. I've talked to Barzini; I can make a deal with him and keep my hotel!

MICHAEL
(quietly, deadly)
Is that why you thought you could slap Freddie around in public?

FREDO
(his face turns red)
Ah Mike, that was nothing. Moe didn't mean anything. He flies off the handle sometimes; but me and him are good friends. Right, Moe?

MOE
Yeah sure. Sometimes I gotta kick asses to make this place run right.

Freddie and I had a little argument
and I had to straighten him out.

MICHAEL
You straightened my brother out?

MOE
Hell, he was banging cocktail
waitresses two at a time. Players
couldn't get a drink.

MICHAEL rises from his chair, and says in a tone of dismissal:

MICHAEL
I have to go back to New York
tomorrow. Think of your price.

MOE
You son of a bitch, you think you
can brush me off like that? I made
my bones when you were going out
with cheerleaders.

FREDO
(frightened)
Tom, you're the Consigliere; you
can talk to the Don and advise him.

MICHAEL
The Don has semi-retired. I'm
running the Family business now.
So anything you have to say, say it
to me.

Nobody answers. MICHAEL nods to NERI, who opens the door. MOE exits angrily.

MICHAEL
Freddie, you're my older brother.
I love you. But don't ever take
sides with anybody against the
Family again.

EXT DAY: N.Y. AIRPORT (1955)

KAY sits in the back of a limousine parked by the Newark AIRPORT. ROCCO LAMPONE is leaning against it.

She has a little three year old boy; MICHAEL's son, who plays with a cardboard bird on a string.

Two other cars are stationed discreetly, with men we have learned to tell are bodyguards.

MICHAEL, HAGEN and NERI exit the airport with TWO NEGRO PORTERS carrying luggage.

NERI sees something, and taps MICHAEL on the shoulder.

MICHAEL turns, and sees KAY.

LAMPONE opens the car door; KAY steps out with the BOY, and MICHAEL embraces her, and kisses his son. Automatically, the luggage is put in. NERI replaces LAMPONE as the driver; and LAMPONE joins the other men. HAGEN gets into one of the other cars.

And the limo drives off, preceded and followed by the other sedans.

INT DAY: LIMO (1955)

The little BOY looks out the window as they drive.

MICHAEL
I have to see my father and his people when we get back to the Mall.

KAY
Oh Michael.

MICHAEL
We'll go to the show tomorrow night--we can change the tickets.

KAY
Don't you want dinner first?

MICHAEL
No, you eat...don't wait up for me.

KAY
Wake me up when you come to bed?

The little BOY flies his cardboard bird out of the speeding limousine window.

EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

The limousine arrives at the Mall. We are inside.

KAY
Your sister wants to ask you something.

MICHAEL
Let HER ask.

NERI opens the door. KAY wants to talk just a little more.

KAY
She's afraid to. Michael...

MICHAEL nods to NERI; who gives them their privacy a moment longer.

KAY
Why are you so cold to her and Carlo? They live with us on the Mall now, but you never get close to them.

MICHAEL
I'm busy.

KAY
Connie and Carlo want you to be godfather to their little boy.

NERI opens the door; MICHAEL starts to get out; KAY too.

He smiles at her, tired, and a little sad.

KAY
Will you?

MICHAEL
Let me think about it, O.K.?

She smiles; MICHAEL goes with NERI to the Main House; KAY and the little BOY move to the house that was Sonny's.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (1955)

VIEW ON DON CORLEONE, much older, much smaller in size. He wears baggy pants, and a warm plaid shirt. He sits in a chair, gazing out through the window, into the garden.

TESSIO (O.S.)
Barzini's people chisel my territory and we do nothing about it. Pretty soon there won't be one place in Brooklyn I can hang my hat.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Just be patient.

TESSIO
I'm not asking you for help, Mike. Just take off the handcuffs.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Be patient.

CLEMENZA (O.S.)
We gotta fight sometime. Let us at least recruit our regimes to full strength.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
No, I don't want to give Barzini an excuse to start fighting.

TESSIO (O.S.)
Mike, you're wrong.

CLEMENZA (O.S.)
Don Corleone...Don Corleone.

The OLD MAN looks up. CLEMENZA stand before him in the Den. Beside him is an anxious TESSIO. NERI stands by the door; HAGEN is seated; MICHAEL sits behind the big desk.

CLEMENZA
You said there would come a day when Tessio and me could form our own Families. Only with your benediction, of course. I ask permission...

DON CORLEONE
My son is head of the Family now. If you have his permission, you have my good will.

MICHAEL
In six months you can break off from the Corleone Family and go on your own. Carlo, I'm counting on you to make the move to Nevada; you'll be my right-hand man out there. Tom Hagen is no longer the Consigliere.

Everyone is a bit surprised; look to see HAGEN's reaction. He remains inexpressive.

MICHAEL
He's going to be our lawyer in Vegas. Nobody goes to him with any other business as of now, this minute. No reflection on Tom; that's the way I want it. Besides, if I ever need any advice, who's a better Consigliere than my father.

CLEMENZA
Then in a six month time we're on our own; is that it?

MICHAEL
Maybe less...

TESSIO
Let us fill up our Regimes.

MICHAEL
No. I want things very calm for another six months.

TESSIO
Forgive me, Godfather, let our years of friendship be my excuse. How can you hope for success there without your strength here to back you up? The two go hand in hand. And with you gone from here the Barzini and the Tattaglias will be too strong for us.

CLEMENZA
And I don't like Barzini. I say the Corleone Family has to move from strength, not weakness. We

should build our Regimes and take back our lost territories in Staten Island, at least.

DON CORLEONE
Do you have faith in my judgement?

CLEMENZA
Yes, Godfather...

DON CORLEONE
Then do what Michael says...

MICHAEL
All I can say is that things are being resolved that are more effective than a thousand buttonmen on the streets. Understood?

There are uneasy looks all around.

CARLO
Understood. I just wish I was doing more to help out.

MICHAEL
I'll come to you when I need you.

He looks at CLEMENZA, TESSIO and HAGEN. They all nod, reluctantly.

MICHAEL
All right, then it's resolved.

NERI knows the meeting is over, he opens the Den's door.

CLEMENZA and TESSIO pay their respects to the DON and leave, then CARLO. NERI watches CARLO as he walks down the corridor, casting a nervous look back at the sinister man.

Then NERI closes the door.

MICHAEL relaxes.

HAGEN
Mike, why are you cutting me out of the action?

MICHAEL
Tom, we're going to be legitimate all the way, and you're the legal man. What could be more important than that.

HAGEN
I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about Rocco Lampone building a secret regime. Why does Neri report directly to you, rather than through me or a caporegime?

DON CORLEONE
I told you that it wouldn't escape his eye.

MICHAEL
How did you find out?

HAGEN
Bookkeepers know everything. Rocco's men are all a little too good for the jobs they're supposed to be doing. They get a little more money than the job's worth.
(pause)
Lampone's a good man; he's operating perfectly.

MICHAEL
Not so perfectly if you noticed.

HAGEN
Mike, why am I out?

MICHAEL
You're not a wartime Consigliere. Things may get tough with the move we're trying.

HAGEN
OK, but then I agree with Tessio. You're going about it all wrong; you're making the move out of weakness... Barzini's a wolf, and if he tears you apart, the other families won't come running to help the Corleones...

DON CORLEONE
Tom, I never thought you were a bad Consigliere, I thought Santino a bad Don, rest in peace. He had a good heart but he wasn't the right man to head the family when I had my misfortune. Michael has all my confidence, as you do. For reasons which you can't know, you must have no part in what will happen.

HAGEN
Maybe I can help.

MICHAEL
(coldly)
You're out, Tom.

TOM pauses, thinks...and then he nods in acquiescence. TOM leaves.

MICHAEL looks at NERI.

MICHAEL

I'm going to talk to my father.

NERI nods, and then leaves. The DON opens the doors, breathes in the air, and steps outside.

EXT DAY: THE GARDEN (1955)

DON CORLEONE
I see you have your Luca Brasi.

MICHAEL
I'll need him.

DON CORLEONE
There are men in this world who demand to be killed. They argue in gambling games; they jump out of their cars in a rage if someone so much as scratches their fender. These people wander through the streets calling out "Kill me, kill me." Luca Brasi was like that. And since he wasn't scared of death, and in fact, looked for it...I made him my weapon. Because I was the only person in the world that he truly hoped would not kill him. I think you have done the same with this man.

They walk through the DON's vegetable garden. Tomatoes, peppers, carefully tended, and covered with a silky netting. MICHAEL follows; the DON turns and looks at him. Then stoops over to right a tomato plant that had been pushed over.

DON CORLEONE
Barzini will move against you first.

MICHAEL
How?

DON CORLEONE
He will get in touch with you through someone you absolutely trust. That person will arrange a meeting, guarantee your safety...

He rises, and looks at Michael...

DON CORLEONE
...and at that meeting you will be assassinated.

The DON walks on further.

DON CORLEONE
Your wife and children...you're happy with them?

MICHAEL
Yes.

DON CORLEONE
Good.

MICHAEL wants to express something...hesitates, then:

MICHAEL
I've always respected you...

A long silence. The DON smiles at MICHAEL.

DON CORLEONE
And I...you.

EXT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

KAY and MAMA walking from the black car that has just left them off.

KAY
How is your husband feeling?

MAMA
He's not the same since they shot him. He lets Michael do all the work. He just plays the fool with his garden, his peppers, his tomatoes, as if he was some peasant still. But men are like that...

She stops toward the Church.

MAMA
You come in, too.

KAY shakes her head.

MAMA
The Priest ain't gonna bite you cause you're not Catholic.
(whispered)
He's in the back drinkin' his wine.

KAY laughs and follows MAMA up the steps of the Church. They enter.

INT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

Inside the Church, KAY watches as MAMA blesses herself from the holy water.

MAMA
You can.

Tentatively, KAY dips her fingers into the water, and blesses herself. Then SHE follows MAMA down the aisle, in awe at the high ceiling, the art, the windows, and finally the Altar.

MAMA stops by the impressive tiers of candles. There is a large coin box for those who wish to pay for lighting

candles. MAMA fumbles in her purse for change; KAY gives her some.

MAMA drops the coins in the box, one by one; then takes the taper, and in a pattern known only to her, and with great dignity, she closes her eyes, says a prayer, and then lights twenty candles.

She finishes, and bows her head.

EXT DAY: BONASERA'S FUNERAL HOME

Very few people in the streets. TOTAL SILENCE. But black flower cars as far as the eye can see, for blocks and blocks. An expression of respect, of honor and fear that is enormous. Certainly no more could be done for a President or a King.

Each car carries an elaborate floral decoration. We show these in detail; and the flowered messages: "A Benefactor to Mankind", "He Knew and Pitied"..."Our Don Our Leader"..."The Sacred Heart"...

EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

HIGH ANGLE ON THE CORLEONE MALL

Silence.

The flower cars, funeral limousines, and private cars fill all the areas attendant to the Corleone residence.

Hundreds of people fill the Mall, reminiscent in size of the wedding of Connie and Carlo; of course, now the mood is somber and respectful.

MICHAEL, MAMA, FREDO and HAGEN stand by the flowered platform which holds the ornate coffin. We cannot see the remains of Don Corleone.

BONASERA is nearby, ready to do service to the bereaved family. One by one the mourners come by, weeping, or merely with grave expressions; pay their respects and continue on.

The VIEW ALTERS,

and we see that the line is endless. JOHNNY FONTANE, tears openly falling, takes his turn.

Children are taken by the hand, and lifted for their last look at the great man.

CLEMENZA whispers into the ear of LAMPONE. LAMPONE immediately arranges for the members of the Five New York Families to pay their respects.

First CUNEO, then STRACHI and then ZALUCHI. Then PHILIP TATTAGLIA, who merely passes by the Coffin.

Then BARZINI in a black homburg, standing a long time.

MICHAEL watches the scene.

BARZINI crosses himself and passes on, immediately rejoined by his men.

As BARZINI leaves, it seems as though everyone is fawning on him; perhaps asking for favors: But at any rate, it is clear from the doors opened for him, the cigars lit for him, that he is the new Capo di Capi--the place formerly held by Don Corleone.

MICHAEL watches silently.

BARZINI is searching for somebody with his eyes. First CLEMENZA. Then TESSIO.

CONNIE rushes into MICHAEL's arms, tears in her eyes. He embraces and comforts her.

Everywhere MICHAEL goes, NERI is a few feet away--watching all who come close to him.

EXT DAY: MALL (LATER)

Later on the Mall; some people have left, although there are still hundreds of mourners.

A young GIRL approaches TESSIO. She's about 18.

GIRL
Do you remember me?

TESSIO
No...

GIRL
We danced together at Connie's wedding.

TESSIO makes a gesture, which is to say 'How you've grown', and they move though the crowd, looking for Michael. He finds him.

TESSIO
Mike, could I have a minute?

MIKE; nods; and they move to a private place. NERI is close by.

TESSIO
Barzini wants to arrange a meeting. Says we can straighten any of our problems out.

MICHAEL
He talked to you?

TESSIO
(nods)
I can arrange security.

MICHAEL looks at him.

EXT DAY: CEMETERY (1955)

The Cemetery. Late day.

The hundreds of cars, limousines and flower cars line the stone wall that surrounds this Italian-Catholic cemetary in Queens Village.

Hundreds of people stand in a cluster; others watch; take pictures, etc.

MICHAEL stands with his family, his MOTHER...and TOM HAGEN.

MICHAEL
(softly)
Christ, Tom; I needed more time with him. I really needed him.

HAGEN
Did he give you his politicians?

MICHAEL
Not all...I needed another four months and I would have had them all.
(he looks at TOM)
I guess you've figured it all out?

HAGEN
How will they come at you?

MICHAEL
I know now.
(a passion wells up inside of MICHAEL)
I'll make them call me Don.

HAGEN
Have you agreed on a meeting?

MICHAEL
(nods)
A week from tonight. In Brooklyn on Tessio's ground, where I'll be safe.

HAGEN looks at him; understands.

MICHAEL
But after the Baptism. I've decided to stand as godfather to Connie's baby.

They look up.

The coffin is lowered into an excavation, behind which stands an enormous stone monument; it is of a weeping angel, with the bold inscription: CORLEONE.

----------FADE OUT---------

FADE IN:

INT DAY: NERI'S APT. (1955)

ALBERT NERI moves around in his small Corona Apartment; he pulls a small trunk from under his bed. He opens it, and we see in it, nearly folded, a New York City Policeman's uniform. He takes it out piece by piece, almost reverently. Then the badge, and the identification card; with his picture on it. Slowly, in the solitude of his room, he begins to dress.

INT DAY: MICHAEL'S BEDROOM (1955)

MICHAEL and KAY are getting dressed for the christening in their room. MICHAEL looks very well; very calm; KAY is beginning to take on a matronly look.

INT DAY: MOTEL ROOM (1955)

In a Long Island motel.

ROCCO LAMPONE carefully disassembles a revolver; oils it, checks it, and puts it back together.

EXT DAY: CLEMENZA'S HOUSE (1955)

PETER CLEMENZA about to get in his Lincoln. He hesitates, takes a rag and cleans some dirt off of the fender, and then gets in, drives off.

EXT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

The Church.

Various relatives and friends are beginning to gather at the Church. They laugh and talk. A MONSIGNOR is officiating. Not all of the participants have arrived yet.

CONNIE is there, with a beaming CARLO. She holds the infant; showing him off to interested people.

EXT DAY: U.N. PLAZA (1955)

NERI walks down the sidewalk in the neighborhood of the UN Building. He is dressed as, and has the bearing of, a policeman. He carries a huge flashlight.

EXT DAY: MOTEL BALCONY (1955)

LAMPONE steps out onto the little balcony of a Sea-Resort Motel; We can see the bright, neon lit sign advertising **"ROOMS FACING THE SEA--VACANY".**

INT DAY: CHURCH

The Church.

CONNIE holds the baby; the MONSIGNOR is speaking; KAY and MICHAEL stand side by side around the urn.

PRIEST
(to MICHAEL)
Do you pledge to guide and protect
this child if he is left fatherless?
Do you promise to shield him
against the wickedness of the world?

MICHAEL
Yes, I promise.

EXT DAY: FIFTH AVE.

NERI continues up the 55th St. and Fifth Avenue area. He continues until he is in front of Rockefeller Center. On his side of the street, he spots a limousine waiting directly across from the main entrance of the building. Slowly he approaches the limo, and taps on its fender with his nightstick.

The DRIVER looks up in surprise.

NERI points to the "No Parking" sign.

The DRIVER turns his head away.

NERI
OK, wise guy, you wanna summons, or
you wanna move?

DRIVER
(obviously a hood)
You better check with your precinct.

NERI
Move it!

The DRIVER takes a ten dollar bill, folds it deliberately, and hands it out the window, trying to put it under NERI's jacket.

NERI backs up, letting the bill fall onto the street. Then he crooks a finger at the DRIVER.

NERI
Let me see you license and
registration.

EXT DAY: MOTEL BALCONY

LAMPONE on the motel balcony spots a Cadillac pulling up. It parks. A young, pretty GIRL gets out. Quickly, he returns into the room.

INT DAY: HOTEL STAIRS (1955)

CLEMENZA is climbing the back stairs of a large hotel. He rounds the corner, puffs a little, and then continues upward.

INT DAY: CHURCH

The Church. Close on the PRIEST's fingers as he gently applies oil to the infant's ears and nostrils.

PRIEST
Ephetha...be opened...So you may perceive the fragrance of God's sweetness.

EXT DAY: ROCKEFELLER CENTER (1955)

The DRIVER of the limousine in front of Rockefeller Center is arguing with NERI.

Now the DRIVER looks up.

WHAT HE SEES:

TWO MEN in topcoats exit the building, through the revolving glass doors.

NERI opens up fire, trapping BARZINI in the shattering glass doors. The doors still rotate, moving the dead body of BARZINI within them.

INT DAY: CHURCH

In the Church--the VIEW on MICHAEL. The PRIEST hands him the infant.

PRIEST
Do you renounce Satan.

MICHAEL
I do renounce him.

PRIEST
And all his works?

MICHAEL
I do renounce them.

INT DAY: MOTEL MURDER (1955)

LAMPONE, backed up by two other MEN in his regime, runs down the iron-rail steps, and kicks in the door on Room 7F. PHILIP TATTAGLIA, old and wizened and naked, leaps up; a semi-nude young GIRL leans up.

They are riddled with gunfire.

INT DAY: HOTEL STAIRS (1955)

CLEMENZA, huffing and puffing, climbs the back stairs, with his package.

INT DAY: CHURCH

The PRIEST pours water over the forehead of the infant MICHAEL holds.

PRIEST

Do you wish to be baptized?

MICHAEL
I do wish to be baptized.

INT DAY: HOTEL ELEVATOR MURDER (1955)

CLEMENZA, out of breath, climbs the final few steps.

He walks through some glass doors, and moves to an ornate elevator waiting shaft.

The lights indicate the elevator has arrived.

The doors open, and we see a surprised CUNEO standing with the dapper MOE GREENE.

CLEMENZA fires into the small elevator with a shotgun.

The PRIEST hands a lighted candle to MICHAEL.

PRIEST
I christen you Michael Francis Rizzi.

Flash bulbs go off. Everyone is smiles, and crowds around MICHAEL, KAY, CONNIE...and CARLO.

----------FADE OUT----------

EXT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

The christening party outside the Church.

Four or five limousines have been waiting; now pull up to receive MAMA, CONNIE and the baby; and the others.

Everyone is very happy; only MICHAEL seems aloof and grave.

As the fuss is going on, a car pulls up. LAMPONE gets out and works his way to MICHAEL. He whispers in his ear. This is the news MICHAEL has been waiting for.

CONNIE holds the baby up to MICHAEL.

CONNIE
Kiss your Godfather.

The infant turns its head, and MICHAEL uses that as an excuse to back away.

MICHAEL
Carlo...we've had a change in the plans. Mama, Connie, Kay and the kids will have to take the trip out to Vegas without us.

CONNIE
Oh Mike, it's our first vacation together.

CARLO

(anxious to please)
Jesus, Connie...Sure, Mike...

MICHAEL
Go back to your house and wait for me...

He kisses KAY.

MICHAEL
(to KAY)
I'll just be a couple of days...

People are guided to the correct limousines; they start to drive off.

INT DAY: DON'S KITCHEN

TESSIO sits in the Kitchen of the Main House on the Mall.

HAGEN enters.

HAGEN
You'd better make your call to Barzini; Michael's ready.

TESSIO nods; moves to the telephone and dials a number.

TESSIO
We're on our way to Brooklyn.

He hangs up and smiles.

TESSIO
I hope Mike can get us a good deal tonight.

HAGEN
(gravely)
I'm sure he will.

EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

The TWO MEN walk out onto the Mall, toward a car. On their way they are stopped by TWO BODYGUARDS.

BUTTON MAN
The boss says he'll come in a separate car. He says for you two to go on ahead.

TESSIO
(frowning)
Hell, he can't do that. It screws up all my arrangements.

THREE MORE BODYGUARDS appear around him.

HAGEN
(gently)
I can't go with you either, Tessio.

He flashes at the men surrounding him; for a moment he panics, and then he accepts it.

TESSIO
(after the pause)
Tell Mike it was business...I always liked him.

HAGEN
He understands that.

TESSIO looks at the men, and then pauses.

TESSIO
(softly)
Tom, can you get me off the hook? For old times' sake?

HAGEN
I can't.

HAGEN turns, and walks away from the group. Then about twenty paces away, he stops, and looks back.

TESSIO is led into a waiting car.

HAGEN looks away, and walks off.

INT DAY: CARLO'S LIVING ROOM (1955)

CARLO RIZZI is alone in his house, smoking, waiting rather nervously. He moves to the window and looks out.

WHAT HE SEES:

EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

MICHAEL, still dressed in a dark suit; followed by NERI, LAMPONE and CLEMENZA, then HAGEN.

They move toward us.

Excitedly, CARLO moves to the front door; opens it.

He wears a broad smile.

CARLO
Godfather!

MICHAEL
You have to answer for Santino.

The smile on CARLO's face slowly fades, then, in a foolish attempt for safety, he slams the door in their faces and backs into the living room.

INT DAY: CARLO'S LIVING ROOM (1955)

The door opens, and the grim party enters.

MICHAEL
You fingered Sonny for the Barzini people. That little farce you played out with my sister. Did Barzini kid you that would fool a Corleone?

CARLO
(dignity)
I swear I'm innocent. I swear on the head of my children, I'm innocent. Mike, don't do this to me, please Mike, don't do this to me!

MICHAEL
(quietly)
Barzini is dead. So is Philip Tattaglia, so are Strachi, Cuneo and Moe Greene...I want to square all the family accounts tonight. So don't tell me you're innocent; admit what you did.

CARLO is silent; he wants to talk but is terrified.

MICHAEL
(almost kindly)
Don't be frightened. Do you think I'd make my sister a widow? Do you think I'd make your children fatherless? After all, I'm Godfather to your son. No, your punishment is that you're out of the family business. I'm putting you on a plane to Vegas--and I want you to stay there. I'll send Connie an allowance, that's all. But don't keep saying you're innocent; it insults my intelligence and makes me angry. Who approached you, Tattaglia or Barzini?

CARLO
(sees his way out)
Barzini.

MICHAEL
(softly)
Good, good. Leave now; there's a car waiting to take you to the airport.

CARLO moves to the door; opens it. There is a car waiting; with a group of MEN around it.

He looks back at MICHAEL, who reassures him.

MICHAEL
I'll call your wife and tell her what flight you're on.

EXT DAY: MALL

CARLO moves out to the Mall; the BUTTONMEN are putting his things in the trunk.

ONE opens the front door for him.

SOMEONE is sitting in the rear seat, though we cannot see who.

CARLO gets into the car; out of nervousness, he looks back to see the other man.

It is CLEMENZA, who nods cordially.

The motor starts, and as the car pulls away, CLEMENZA suddenly throws the garrote around CARLO's neck. He chokes and leaps up like a fish on a line, kicking his feet.

The garrote is pulled tighter; CARLO's face turns color.

His thrashing feet kick right through the front windshield.

Then the body goes slack.

CLEMENZA makes a foul face, and opens the window as the car drives off.

EXT DAY: CARLO'S STEPS (1955)

MICHAEL and his party. They watch.

Then he turns and walks off, and they follow.

----------FADE OUT----------

FADE IN:

INT NITE: MICHAEL'S LIMO EN ROUTE (1955)

MICHAEL sits alone in the back of his car; NERI is driving.

They do not speak for a long time; it is night--car lights flash by.

NERI turns back.

NERI
You know I would never question anything you say.

MICHAEL
(smiles)
Speak your mind.

NERI
I'll do this for you; you know I should.

MICHAEL
No. This I have to do.

EXT NITE: PIZZA STREET (1955)

MICHAEL's car pulls up in a quiet neighborhood, near an Italian Pizzeria. NERI opens the door.

MICHAEL
Sit in the car.

INT NITE: PIZZA PLACE (1955)

He walks alone into the restaurant. A MAN is tossing pizza dough in the air.

MICHAEL
Where's the boss?

MAN
In the back. Hey Frank, someone wants you.

A MAN comes out of the shadows, with a strong Italian accent.

MAN
What is it?

He stops, frozen in fear. It is FABRIZZIO.

VIEW ON MICHAEL. Gunfire from under his coat. FABRIZZIO is cut down. MICHAEL throws the gun down; turns and exits.

EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

HIGH ANGLE ON THE CORLEONE MALL

Several moving vans are parked in the Mall; one feels that these are the final days; the families are moving out; signs indicating that the property is for sale are evident.

A black limousine pulls up, and before it has even stopped, the rear door flies open, and CONNIE attempts to run out, restrained by MAMA. She manages to break free and runs across the Mall into Michael's house.

INT DAY: DON'S LIVING ROOM (1955)

Inside the Corleone house. Big boxes have been packed; furniture prepared for shipping.

CONNIE
Michael!

She hurries into the living room, where she comes upon MICHAEL and KAY.

KAY
(comforting)
Connie...

But CONNIE avoids her, and moves directly to MICHAEL. NERI is watchful.

CONNIE
You lousy bastard; you killed my husband...

KAY
Connie...

CONNIE
You waited until our father died and nobody could stop you and you killed him, you killed him! You blamed him about Sonny, you always did, everybody did. But you never thought about me, never gave a damn about me.
(crying)
What am I going to do now, what am I going to do.

TWO of Michael's BODYGUARDS move closer, ready for orders from him. But he stands there, waiting for his sister to finish.

KAY
Connie, how could you say such things?

CONNIE
Why do you think he kept Carlo on the Mall? All the time he knew he was going to kill my husband. But he didn't dare while my father was alive. And then he stood Godfather to our child. That coldhearted bastard.
(to KAY)
And do you know how many men he had killed with Carlo? Just read the papers. That's your husband.

She tries to spit into MICHAEL's face; but in her hysteria she has no saliva.

MICHAEL
Get her home and get a doctor.

The TWO BODYGUARDS immediately take her arms and move her, gently but firmly.

KAY is shocked; never taking her look of amazement from MICHAEL. He feels her look.

MICHAEL
She's hysterical.

But KAY won't let him avoid her eyes.

KAY
Michael, it's not true. Please tell me.

MICHAEL
Don't ask me.

KAY
Tell me!

MICHAEL
All right, this one time I'll let you ask about my affairs, one last time.

KAY
Is it true?

She looks directly into his eyes, he returns the look, so directly that we know he will tell the truth.

MICHAEL
(after a very long pause)
No.

KAY is relieved; she throws her arms around him, and hugs him. Then she kisses him.

KAY
(through her tears)
We both need a drink.

INT DAY: DON'S KITCHEN (1955)

She moves back into the kitchen and begins to prepare the drinks. From her vantage point, as she smilingly makes the drinks, she sees CLEMENZA, NERI and ROCCO LAMPONE enter the house with their BODYGUARDS.

She watches with curiosity, as MICHAEL stands to receive them. He stands arrogantly at ease, weight resting on one foot slightly behind the other. One hand on his hip, like a Roman Emperor. The CAPOREGIMES stand before him.

CLEMENZA takes MICHAEL's hand, kissing it.

CLEMENZA
Don Corleone...

The smile fades from KAY's face, as she looks at what her husband has become.

INT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

KAY wears a shawl over her hand. She drops many coins in the coin box, and lifts a burning taper, and one by one, in a pattern known only to herself, lights thirty candles.

THE END