

THE GODFATHER

Screenplay

by

MARIO PUZO

and

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA

SECOND DRAFT

March 1, 1971

PARAMOUNT PICTURES  
1 Gulf and Western Plaza  
New York, New York

DUPLICATED BY

PARAMOUNT PRINT SHOP

LA 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.  
(pause)

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 boyfriend, not an Italian. She went to the movies with him, stayed out late...Two months ago he took her for a drive. He had a boyfriend with him. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted; she kept her honor. They beat her. Like an animal. When I went to the hospital, her nose was broken, her eyes were black, 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

...she trusted people, and now she will never trust them again...

He trembles, weeps for a moment without speaking, and then controls himself.

BONASERA

I went to the Police like a good American. These two boys were

1A (CONT.)

BONASERA (Cont'd.)  
 arrested. There was a 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, we must go to Don Corleone  
 for Justice.

By now THE VIEW is full, and we see DON CORLEONE's  
 office in his home. We are watching BONASERA over  
 the DON's shoulder, as yet we have not seen his face.  
 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, and gazing out the window. We can HEAR music,  
 and the laughter and voices of many people.

DON CORLEONE  
 Why did you go to the Police?

BONASERA  
 (in misery)  
 What do you want of me? Tell  
 me anything, but do what I beg  
 of you?

DON CORLEONE  
 And what is that?

BONASERA glances at HAGEN and SONNY, and shakes his  
 head. The DON leans forward. BONASERA rises, moves  
 toward him, THE VIEW MOVING with him, and revealing  
 DON CORLEONE's face as he listens to BONASERA's  
 whisper, like a Priest in the confessional, gazing  
 away into the distance, impassive, remote. BONASERA  
 finishes, and straightens to full height.

DON CORLEONE  
 That I cannot do.

BONASERA  
 I ask you for Justice.

DON CORLEONE  
 The court gave you Justice.

BONASERA  
 An eye for an eye!

LA (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE

You ask for more. Your daughter  
is alive.

BONASERA

Then let them suffer as she suffers.  
(there is no answer)  
How much shall I pay you?

Both SONNY and HAGEN tense at this, and glance to the  
DON for his reaction. He is so cold.

DON CORLEONE

You never armed yourself with  
true friends. You thought it  
was enough to be an American.  
After all, the Police guarded  
you, there were courts of Law.  
You could come to no harm, you  
had no need for friends like me.  
But now, you come to me and say  
"Don Corleone, give me Justice."  
And you do not ask with respect;  
you do not offer your friendship;  
you do not call me Godfather...  
You come into my house on the  
wedding day of my daughter and  
you ask me to do murder and you  
say "How much shall I pay you?"

BONASERA

America has been good to me!

DON CORLEONE

Then America has ruled; the Judge  
has ruled! Bring your daughter  
flowers and a box of candy when  
you visit her. Forget this  
madness...it is not American.  
Forgive them, forget. Life is  
full of misfortune.

BONASERA

Let me pay you!

DON CORLEONE turns his back; it is a dismissal. Then  
he sighs, unable to remain angry at the grieving man.

DON CORLEONE

(gently)  
Why are you afraid to give your  
first allegiance to me? You

LA (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)  
 go to the law courts and wait for months. You spend money on lawyers who know you're to be made a fool of. You take judgement from a Judge who sells himself like the worst whore on the street. But, if you had come to me as a friend, those scum who ruined your daughter would be weeping bitter tears this day. If by some misfortune an honest man like yourself made enemies, they would become my enemies, and then...

(he raises his arm,  
 and points a finger  
 at BONASERA)

believe me, they would fear you.

BONASERA bows his head, and murmurs.

BONASERA

Be my friend...

DON CORLEONE

Good. You shall have your  
 your Justice.

BONASERA

(taking his hand)  
 Godfather.

DON CORLEONE

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

1B EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

A HIGH ANGLE of the CORLEONE MALL: six houses clustered around a common courtyard; one large and dominating the others, the house of DON CORLEONE himself. There are at least five hundred guests filling the main courtyard and gardens. There is music and laughter 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

1B (CONT.)

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. He embraces a dignified man in a black coat, BRAZINI.

---

A flashbulb goes off illuminating a family portrait of the entire CORLEONE family: DON CORLEONE and his WIFE, a fine dark-haired woman in her fifties, their sons SONNY, FREDO, SONNY's wife SANDRA, and their TWIN GIRLS. TOM HAGEN and his wife THERESA, and their BABY. CONSTANZIA, the bride, and her bridegroom, CARLO RIZZI. The picture taken, the group breaks their pose.

CONNIE

What a shame! Everyone but Michael.

SONNY

He'll be here Connie.

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

Don't let the kids run wild.

SANDRA

Don't you.

HAGEN notices that the DON has discreetly made his way back to the main house. He kisses his WIFE.

TOM

Time to go to work.

He heads toward the house, passing the wine barrels, where a group of three or four men nervously wait. TOM makes a signal to NAZORINE, a pudgy baker, who immediately follows.

PETER CLEMENZA is the life of the Tarantella; dancing joyously, bumping bellies with the ladies.

A long line of well-wishers stem to the Bridal couple; there is handshaking, and kissing, and the inevitable cream-colored envelope presented to the bride, which is in turn put into the bulging white silk bridal purse.

1B (CONT.)

The GROOM keeps his eyes on the fat envelopes, making a mental estimate of how much cash they contain.

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!

FRIEND

Your boss wants you.

CLEMENZA is signalling to PAULIE while dancing, pointing to his mouth.

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.

1C INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE sits quietly behind his massive desk, listening kindly.

1C (CONT.)

NAZORINE (O.S.)

...a fine boy from Sicily, captured by the American Army, and sent to New Jersey as a prisoner of war. He was released to help the American war effort, and worked in my bakery these last six months.

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...

The DON understands.

DON CORLEONE

You want him to stay in this Country.

NAZORINE

(touched)  
Godfather, you understand everything.

DON CORLEONE

Tom, what we need is a special bill to allow Enzo to become a citizen.

NAZORINE nods his head vigorously.

NAZORINE

Is that all?

DON CORLEONE

That's all. But an act of Congress doesn't come cheap.

NAZORINE

Of course, I understand. Godfather, thank you!  
(backing out, enthusiastically)  
Wait till you see the cake I made for your daughter.

NAZORINE backs out, all smiles and nods to the GODFATHER.



1C (CONT.)

HAGEN

Who do I give this job to?

DON CORLEONE

No to our paizan. Give it to the Jew Congressman in the next district. Who else is on the list for today?

HAGEN hands the DON a piece of paper with names written on it.

HAGEN

Anthony Coppola. He needs money to open a restaurant. He'll ask for five hundred dollars.

DON CORLEONE waits questioningly.

HAGEN

His father worked with you in the freight yards when you were young.

The GODFATHER smiles: a good memory.

HAGEN

(continuing)

Francesco Nippi. His Nephew has been refused parole. A bad case. He's not on the list, but Luca Brasi wants to see you. He understands it can't be in public.

The DON nods.

HAGEN

Also, Michael arrived. With the girl from school.  
(tactfully)  
He's in uniform.

We can tell that this is a sensitive area.

DON CORLEONE

The girl...what is she like?

HAGEN

(thoughtfully)  
She's...not Italian.

---

1D EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL CORLEONE, a darkly handsome young man, dressed in the uniform of a Marine Corps Captain, leads KAY ADAMS through wedding crowd. CONNIE sees him, throws her arms around his neck.

CONNIE

Michael! You missed the family picture, now we're going to have to take it all over again.

His MOTHER sees him, gives him a big kiss.

MICHAEL

Mom, I'd like you to meet Kay Adams...my sister Connie.

Smiles all around; we can tell KAY is frightened.

KAY

Congratulations.

MAMA

Kayadams?

MICHAEL

Yes Mama, it's a good Pilgrim name.

1E EXT DAY: MALL & PARKING AREA (SUMMER 1945)

Three very fat SISTERS, dressed in nice party dresses, sit together eating from heaping plates of pasta. Nearby, a tall gentle-looking man, TESSIO, dances with a little nine-year-old GIRL (her little black party shoes planted on his enormous brown shoes).

PAULIE GATTO enters the crowd with a very serious expression and moves directly to CLEMENZA, who is mopping the sweat off the back of his LADY DANCE PARTNER. Some words are whispered, and then CLEMENZA goes to SONNY. SONNY breaks away from a hot flirtation with the MAID-OF-HONOR, and accompanies the two men out through the main gate of the mall and to the rows and rows of parked cars. Several MEN in suits, operating out of a dark sedan, are moving among the parked cars belonging to the CORLEONE guests. SONNY's face goes red, and in a fury he half-walks, half-runs to them, prepared for a fight.

SONNY

Hey buddy, this is a private party.

1E (CONT.)

The MAN doesn't answer, but merely points to the DRIVER of the sedan. SONNY menacingly thrusts his reddened face at him. The DRIVER merely flips open his wallet to a green 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 himself:

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

1F EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

MAMA is drinking wine and eating sandwiches while a nervous twelve-year-old BOY tries to get through an accordion solo. She notices SONNY bend over the ear of the MAID-OF-HONOR, and whisper something. The MAID-OF-HONOR excuses herself and hurries to the main house. SONNY follows shortly thereafter.

MAMA glances in the direction of SANDRA, SONNY's wife, busy with her TWIN 7-year-old DAUGHTERS.

---

1G INT DAY: DON'S HALL & STAIRS (SUMMER 1945)

LUCY enters the house, and holding her formal Rose-colored petticoats, giddily runs up the stairs. SONNY enters, and is just about to follow, when he runs into TOM HAGEN. TOM looks at SONNY, and then raises his eyes just to catch LUCY's skirts as they disappear upstairs. SONNY continues upstairs two steps at a time.

---

1H EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL and KAY have settled down at a little outside table, where they can be more private.

HAGEN has come out of the house, notices them, and greets them.

HAGEN  
Mike.

MICHAEL  
Kay, this is my brother Tom  
Hagen...Kay Adams.

HAGEN shrugs to MICHAEL, indicates the MEN waiting by

1H (CONT.)

the wine barrel.

HAGEN  
A little business today.

MICHAEL  
Sure, go ahead Tom.

HAGEN moves toward LUCA, crooks a finger toward him.  
LUCA rises, and moves toward the house.

KAY  
Who's that scarey guy?

MICHAEL  
Luca Brasi...he's a very scarey  
guy. But he's loyal to my father,  
and that's been important.

KAY  
Why?

MICHAEL  
You're full of questions today.

KAY  
Sure. Like why did you introduce  
him as your brother when he has  
a different name?

MICHAEL  
He's adopted. Anything else?

KAY  
Why are all those people bothering  
your father with business on a  
day like this?

MICHAEL  
It's a Sicilian tradition: he  
can't refuse any request on his  
daughter's wedding day.

KAY  
Oh. I have a request.

MICHAEL  
What?

KAY  
That he'll like me.

LH (CONT.)

MICHAEL puts his arm around her affectionately; she reaches up and kisses him on the mouth. But he is self-conscious with all his family around.

MICHAEL

Hey...hey...

---

LJ INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE rises.

DON CORLEONE

Luca, my most valued friend.

LUCA moves formally to the DON, a little ridiculous in his tuxedo. He kisses the DON's hand, and then quickly takes the envelope from out of his jacket pocket, 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.

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.

LJ (CONT.)

HAGEN

The Senator called--apologized  
for not coming personally. Wanted  
to know if you received his gift.  
And the Judge.

We can hear some screams and laughter.

DON CORLEONE

What's going on outside?

HAGEN peeks out the window.

HAGEN

It's Johnny.  
(he knows the OLD MAN  
will be pleased)  
What did I tell you! He came  
all the way from California.

·1K EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

CONNIE, the bride, screeches like a teenager.

CONNIE

Johneeeeeeeeeeee!

She rushes across the courtyard, skirts held high,  
into the arms of JOHNNY FONTANE.

Even KAY, at her outside table with MICHAEL, is  
excited.

KAY

You never told me your family  
knew Johnny Fontane.

MICHAEL

Want to meet him?

KAY

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

By now, JOHNNY's caused something of a commotion at  
the wedding.

CLEMENZA

Hey Johnny, how about a song?

1K (CONT.)

MICHAEL

My father helped him with his  
career...

MAMA

'O Marenariello!' 'O Marenariello!'  
Johnny!

JOHNNY is shaking his head, but the crowd presses him  
for that song. Then, finally, leading CONNIE to the  
microphone with him, he agrees.

JOHNNY

All right...  
(into the Mike)  
Hello...hello.  
(feedback)  
For the Bride...My Connie.

Everyone goes 'ahh' and settles down; and JOHNNY  
begins to sing to CONNIE in Italian.

KAY

(excited)  
How did your father help him  
Michael?

MICHAEL

Listen to the song.

KAY

No tell me. I want to know.

MICHAEL

When Johnny was just starting,  
he was signed to a personal  
services contract to the Les  
Halley band. Then he started  
to make it big, and wanted to  
get out of it. Johnny is my  
father's Godson, so my father  
went to see Halley, and offered  
him ten thousand dollars to  
release him. Halley refused.  
The next day, my father went back  
with his Consigliere Gonco...like  
a Counselor, and Luca Brasi. An  
hour later, Halley released Johnny  
for a certified check of one  
thousand dollars.

KAY

How?

1K (CONT.)

MICHAEL

By making him an offer he  
couldn't refuse.

KAY

What kind of an offer?

MICHAEL

Luca Brasi held a revolver against  
Halley's head, and my father assured  
him that either his signature or  
his brains would be on the contract  
in exactly one minute.

Her first inclination is to laugh, to treat it as a  
joke. But she can see that he is serious.

MICHAEL

(coldly)

It's a true story.

JOHNNY's song is over; everyone cheers and shouts  
'bravo Johnny' and applauds. But KAY remains silent,  
looking at MICHAEL with a grave expression. Then  
there is the voice of THE GODFATHER.

DON CORLEONE

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

KAY looks at this warm, wonderful stocky Italian man,  
whom obviously all these people love and respect  
dearly. At once, a dozen wine glasses are offered  
to JOHNNY, who tries to sip from them all. He rushes  
to embrace his GODFATHER; as he does so, we can tell  
he is whispering something urgently into his ear.

DON CORLEONE leads JOHNNY into the house. As he  
passes HAGEN he tells him:

DON CORLEONE

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

HAGEN scans the party to see if SONNY has come back;  
then he enters the house.

1L INT DAY: DON'S HALLWAY (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN glances up the staircase.



LL (CONT.)

HAGEN

Sonny?

Then he goes up.

---

LI 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 up 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?

---

LI 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.

---

LI INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

JOHNNY paces nervously in the DON's office, smoking a cigarette.

JOHNNY

I don't know anymore...

(almost crying)

Godfather, what the hell can I do...oh, what should I do?

DON CORLEONE

You can start by acting like a man.

1P (CONT.)

Without warning, he takes a handful of JOHNNY's hair, and forcibly shakes him. HAGEN enters, discreetly.

DON CORLEONE

LIKE A MAN! By Christ in Heaven, is it possible you turned out no better than a Hollywood finocchio who begs for pity and cries out like a woman: "Oh, what shall I do?"

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. 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. Everyone knows it's perfect for me... could put me on top again. But he won't give it to me; won't even tell me why.

The DON is silent, stern.

DON CORLEONE

You take care of your family?

JOHNNY

Sure.

DON CORLEONE

You must. A man who is not a father to his children can never be a real man.

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. Your wife

1P (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)  
has suffered because of you. And then, at the end of the month, this ninety calibre 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  
Never. Give him a living. But never let him know the family's business. What else Tom?

HAGEN  
Virgil Sollozzo can't be put off...we'll have to give him a day next week.

DON CORLEONE  
Whenever you say, now that the wedding's over.

HAGEN  
I've called the hospital; they've notified Consigliere Genco's family

1P (CONT.)

HAGEN (Cont'd.)  
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  
accompany me to the hospital to  
see Genco. Tell Fredo to drive  
the big car, and ask Johnny if  
he will 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.

1R 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.

1S 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

1S (CONT.)

and JOHNNY in the rear seat.

DON CORLEONE  
Your girlfriend, she'll 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.

---

2A 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 old hand glides past some medals on MICHAEL's  
chest.

DON CORLEONE  
What miracles you do your strangers.

MICHAEL  
I'll be out in three months...

DON CORLEONE  
I have plans for you...

MICHAEL  
I have my own plans.

DON CORLEONE  
Oh, I know how you are. Go your  
own way now...but when you're  
ready, come to me as a son should.

MICHAEL looks at his FATHER with a cold gaze, then  
turns and continues walking. The DON looks at him a  
moment, nodding to himself, and then continues  
toward the group of crow-like WOMEN.

---

2B 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.

2B (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE

(whispered)

Genco, I have brought my sons to pay their respects...and look, even Johnny, all the way from Hollywood.

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

GENCO

Godfather, Godfather, cure me, you have the power. It is your daughter's wedding day, you cannot refuse me.

DON CORLEONE

I have no such power. But don't fear death...

GENCO

(with a sly wink)

It's been arranged, then?

DON CORLEONE

You blaspheme. Resign yourself.

GENCO

Stay with me Godfather, and help me meet death. Perhaps if he sees you near me, he will be frightened and leave me in peace. Or perhaps you can say a word, pull a few strings, eh? Stay with me. Let me hold your hand. We'll outwit that bastard as we outwitted all those others.

(suddenly, 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.

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

5 INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The DON holds HAGEN in a deep embrace; he then straightens his arms and looks at TOM deeply.

3 (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE

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

4 EXT DAY: WOLTZ STUDIO (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN stands before the great filigree gate of WOLTZ BROTHERS PICTURES, armed only with his overstuffed briefcase. The GUARD at the gate hangs up the telephone, and motions him in.

He crosses into the lot, past a phoney painted sky.

A smiling, benign man in a beautifully tailored suit, JACK WOLTZ, is linked arm-in-arm with a beautiful young STARLET on one side, and lovely thirteen year old CHILD STAR (a la Shirley Temple) on the other. They, in turn, are linked with other of the studio's STARS, and so on, so that WOLTZ is in the center of about twenty attractive ACTORS and ACTRESSES.

We realize that this is a pose for a publicity still showing JACK WOLTZ and his studio's stable of STARS. Once they get the photograph, his smile drops; the CHILD STAR hurries to the protection of her MOTHER, and WOLTZ moves at a fast pace back toward his office. HAGEN walks by his side.

WOLTZ

All right, you'll have to talk while I'm walking.

HAGEN

I was sent by a friend of Mr. Johnny Fontane. This friend, my client, would pledge his undying friendship to Mr. Woltz, if Mr. Woltz would grant a small favor.

WOLTZ

Mr. Woltz is listening.

HAGEN

Give Johnny the part in the new War Movie you're starting next week.

WOLTZ laughs to himself. He takes pride in the fast pace he keeps.

4 (CONT.)

WOLTZ

What favors can your friend  
do for me?

HAGEN

You have some labor problems;  
my client can make them disappear.  
One of your biggest stars has  
just moved from Marijuana to  
heroin...

WOLTZ stops, and squares off with HAGEN.

WOLTZ

Are you trying to put the muscle  
on me?

HAGEN

Absolutely not. I've come to  
ask a service for a friend.

WOLTZ

You smooth son of a bitch, let  
me lay it on the line for you,  
and your boss, whoever he is.  
Johnny Fontane never gets that  
movie. I don't care how many  
Mafia Guinea wop Greaseball  
Goombahs come out of the woodwork!

HAGEN

I'm German-Irish.

WOLTZ

Then a word of advice to you, my  
Kraut-Mick friend. An acquaintance  
of mine, J. Edgar Hoover, to be  
specific, could make things so hot  
for your 'friend', he wouldn't  
know what hit him.

HAGEN

Mr. Woltz, I'm a lawyer. I have  
not threatened you. But I am  
prepared to meet any condition to  
get Johnny Fontane that part.

WOLTZ

I know most of the big lawyers  
in New York, just who the hell  
are you?



4 (CONT.)

HAGEN

I have one of those dignified corporate practices. I just handle this one account. You have my number...I'll wait for your call.

TOM extends his hand; WOLTZ, mystified, shakes it.

HAGEN

By the way, I admire your pictures very much.

5A EXT DAY: WOLTZ ESTATE (SUMMER 1945)

A big limousine winds up to an enormous and quite beautiful estate. It stops at a guardhouse and gate, where a uniformed SECURITY GUARD checks it through; then up to a circular driveway before the impressive main house.

HAGEN peeks out, and is impressed.

5B EXT DAY: WOLTZ STABLES (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.

(he refers to an  
impressive piece  
of statuary)

Florence; thirteenth century.  
Decorated the garden of a king.

HAGEN

You must have a major security problem here.

WOLTZ

This entire place is fire-proofed, burglar-proofed; they could hit us with one of their new atomic bombs nothing would happen. Look.

They cross the garden and head toward the stables.

5B (CONT.)

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 near to the stall; they rise when they see WOLTZ coming.

WOLTZ

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

The animal inside the stall is truly a work of art. Jet black except for a diamond-shaped white patch on the huge forehead. WOLTZ whispers to him with true love in his voice:

WOLTZ

Khartoum...Khartoum...

(to HAGEN)

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 to stud. I'm going to build the greatest racing stable this country has ever known.

5C INT DAY: 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. Italians have a little joke...they say the world is so hard, a man must have two fathers to look after him.

WOLTZ

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

5C (CONT.)

HAGEN

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

Suddenly WOLTZ explodes, knocking part of his service from the table.

WOLTZ

I understand perfectly. That's the Mafia style, isn't it. All olive oil and sweet talk when what you're really doing is making threats.

HAGEN calmly continues eating his dinner, not at all intimidated by the violent banging of objects on the floor and table.

WOLTZ

Let me lay it on the line. Johnny Fontane will never get that part, and he's perfect for it. It would make him a great star. But he never will be 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 the Woltz Brothers Pictures' 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 had 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! Now get out of here, and if that Mafia goombah tries any rough stuff, he'll find out I'm no band leader. Yeah, I heard that story too.

5C (CONT.)

HAGEN calmly concludes his dinner.

EAGEN

Thank you for the dinner and a pleasant evening. Could you arrange transportation to the Airport? Mr. Corleone is a man who insists on hearing bad news at once.

HAGEN walks quickly out of the dining room. As he crosses into the hallway he hears a CHILD sobbing. He looks up, and there on the second story of the staircase is the beautiful CHILD STAR dressed in a dressing gown. She is crying and a bit disheveled as though she has been mauled. Her MOTHER comes out of a bedroom, and upon seeing HAGEN, whisks her out of the room.

HAGEN considers what he's seen.

6A INT DAY: DON'S KITCHEN (SUMMER 1945)

MAMA CORLEONE moves in her kitchen, engaged in an interminable bit of gossip with her daughter-in-law SANDRA. She carries a plate of left-overs out into the living room, while SANDRA is still talking.

6B INT DAY: DON'S LIVING ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN is sitting on the couch; he has just returned from California, his bag with him. DON CORLEONE sits comfortably in his chair, sipping from a glass of cloudy, home-made anisette.

HAGEN

Ma, I'm fine, Theresa has something at home.

She returns to her conversation without answering.

DON CORLEONE

Tell me Tom, how far would he go?

HAGEN

He'd risk a Union slow-down.

DON CORLEONE

If he's pushed, how far?

6B (CONT.)

HAGEN

He let that actor be exposed  
as a Junkie.

DON CORLEONE

But would he risk everything,  
run the risk of losing all, on  
a matter of honor, for revenge.

HAGEN

(smiling)

You're asking me if he is a Sicilian.

The DON nods his head.

HAGEN

No.

DON CORLEONE

And this child, this little  
actress...are you sure?

HAGEN nods.

DON CORELONE

(whispered to himself)

Infamita. Good. Send Luca Brasi  
to me tomorrow morning, and I will  
take care of it. You're not tired  
are you Tom? Did you call your  
wife? I keep you too late.

HAGEN

No, it's fine. I have the Sollozzo  
notes right here.

He digs down into his briefcase.

DON CORLEONE

Santino, come in here. You're  
not going to learn how to run  
the family business in the kitchen.

SONNY emerges from the kitchen with a beer in hand.

DON CORLEONE

Sit down. You'll be at the meeting  
with Sollozzo on Friday.

(calling out to  
the kitchen)

Carmella, call Theresa and tell her  
Tom will be home in fifteen minutes.  
And close the door.

6B (CONT.)

MAMA closes the kitchen door, so her conversation can be uninterrupted.

HAGEN

Sollozzo is coming to us for help. He'll ask the family to put up at least a million dollars, cash, and promise some sort of immunity from the law. For that we get a piece of the action; nobody knows how much. He's backed by the Tattaglia family; and they may have a piece too. The action is narcotics. Sollozzo has contacts in Turkey, where they grow the Poppy. Then to Sicily where he has the plant to process into Heroin. The only hitch is bringing it into this country, and then distribution.

(he shifts through more papers; eats a bit more)

They call Sollozzo the Turk; he's supposed to be very quick with the knife, or was, when he was young. Only in matters of business, and with some sort of reasonable complaint. A very competent man, his own boss.

The DON is nodding and thinking.

DON CORLEONE

Prison record?

HAGEN

Two terms; one in Italy, one in the United States; he's known to the authorities as a top Narcotics man.

(now the lawyer)

That could be a plus for us--means he'll never get immunity to testify.

DON CORLEONE

Santino, what do you think?

SONNY

There's a lot of money in that white powder.

DON CORLEONE

Tom?

HAGEN hesitates.

6B (CONT.)

HAGEN

I think I know how you feel on this...

DON CORLEONE

Go ahead, Tom. Not even a Sicilian  
Consigliere always agrees with his boss.

TOM puts aside the plate; this is important.

HAGEN

I say yes. There is more money potential in narcotics than anything else we're looking at. If we don't get into it, somebody else will; maybe one of the five families...maybe all of them. With the revenue they earn they can amass more police and political power. Then they'll come after us. Now we have the gambling and we have the unions, and right now those are the best things to have. But Narcotics is the coming thing; the future. We have to have a piece of that action, or we risk everything we have. Not now, but ten years from now.

DON CORLEONE thinks as he puffs on his cigar; SONNY and HAGEN are eager for his reaction.

DON CORLEONE

What time do I have to meet this infidel on Friday?

HAGEN

Your office in the city, at ten.

DON CORLEONE

I want you both there with me.

He takes his SON hard, by the arm.

Santino, get some sleep tonight. You look like the devil; take care of yourself; you won't be young forever.

SANTINO

What's your answer going to be, Pop?

The DON holds up his hand, and gives a look; and that makes clear, he doesn't want his decision known yet.

6B (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE  
Go home to your wife, Tom.

---

7A EXT DAY: WOLTZ ESTATE

Very early morning; we move toward Woltz's mansion.

---

7B INT DAY: WOLTZ MANSION

Inside the enormous home, lit by early morning light. Through the dining room, and up to the staircase.

Now we move along the second story, and hesitate at the bedroom door. There are no servants anywhere; no security guards.

Now we are inside the bedroom; 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 uncomfortable; mutters, feels something strange in his bedsheets. Something wet.

He awakens, 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 sheets off further, and is terrified to see a great 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.

---

8A EXT DAY: GENCO OLIVE OIL CO.

An unimposing little building in New York City on 9th



8A (CONT.)

Ave. 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.

8B INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICES

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.

Through the glass panelled section, we notice LUCA BRASI sitting quietly and in another office.

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

I need a man who has powerful friends in important places. I need a million dollars in cash. I hear, Don Corleone, that you have as many politicians in your pocket as a bootblack has pieces of silver.

DON CORLEONE

What percentage for my family?

SOLLOZZO

Thirty per cent. In the first year your share would be three or four million dollars. Then it would go up.

8B (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE

And what is the percentage of the Tattaglia family?

SOLLOZZO nods toward HAGEN.

SOLLOZZO

My compliments. They will receive something from my share.

DON CORLEONE

So. I receive 30 percent merely for finance and legal protection. I have no worries about operations, is that what you tell me?

SOLLOZZO

If you think a million dollars in cash is merely finance, I congratulate you, Don Corleone.

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

DON CORLEONE

(quietly)

I consented to see you because I have heard you are a serious man, to be treated also with respect.

(pause)

But I must say no to you.

We feel this around the room.

I will give you my reasons. It's true I have many, many friends in politics, but they would not be so friendly if my business were narcotics instead of gambling. They think gambling is something like liquor, a harmless vice, and they think narcotics is a dirty business.

SOLLOZZO takes a breath.

No, don't protest. How a man makes his living is not my concern. And what I am telling you is that this business of yours is too risky. All the members of my family have lived

8B (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)  
well the last ten years, without  
danger, without harm. I cannot en-  
danger them or their livelihoods 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 in the room knows that SONNY has  
stepped out of line.

DON CORLEONE  
Young people are greedy, and today  
they have no manners. They interrupt  
their elders. They meddle. But I  
have a sentimental weakness for my  
children and I have spoiled them, as  
you see. But Signor Sollozzo, my no  
is final. Let me say that I myself  
wish you good fortune in your business.  
Since it has no conflict with my own.

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 foot-  
steps 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.

8B (CONT.)

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.

The DON nods, troubled.

DON CORLEONE

It looks like a funeral wreath. Get rid of it. Send Luca to me.

The OLD MAN looks out from his window.

WHAT HE SEES:

3C EXT DAY: OLIVE OIL CO. (SUMMER 1945)

SOLLOZZO's dark car parked outside, its DRIVER opening the door as SOLLOZZO slowly crosses the street, enters, and drives off.

85 (CONT.) (3)

When the DON looks up, LUCA is standing before him.

DON CORLEONE

Close the door. Luca...I am worried about this Sollozzo. I know this kind of man. Try to make contact with him, in whatever way he will not suspect. Through the Tattaglias ...let them believe you could be tempted away from the Corleone family, if the right offer was made. Perhaps you can learn what this Sollozzo has under his fingernails...

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

FADE IN:

9 INT NITE: LUCA'S ROOM (WINTER 1945)

LUCA BRASI's tiny room; he is partly dressed. He

9 (CONT.)

knels and reaches under his bed and pulls out a small, locked trunk.

He opens the trunk, 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. He leaves.

---

10 EXT NITE: STREET (WINTER 1945)

A stormy wintery night.

LUCA is a bizarre figure making his way through the quiet and deserted streets.

---

11 INT NITE: EXPRESSO SHOP (WINTER 1945)

LUCA sits alone at a small table, in a quiet and somewhat cafe expresso place. He is a bit uncomfortable from the weight of the bullet-proof vest. He checks his watch, and continues with his meal.

---

12 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.

---

13 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.

13 (CONT.)

SOLLOZZO

Do you know who I am?

LUCA nods.

SOLLOZZO

Do you know what I am going to ask  
of you?

LUCA shakes his head 'no'.

SOLLOZZO

There's big business to be made.  
Millions for everybody on the top  
level. I'm talking about drugs.

LUCA

What do you want from me?

SOLLOZZO

I need somebody strong to protect  
the operation, physically. I under-  
stand 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 guar-  
antee 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.

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

FADE IN:

14 EXT DAY: CHRISTMAS WINDOWS (WINTER 1945)

It's the Christmas week; people are all bundled up,  
with rosy faces, carrying presents.

14 (CONT.)

KAY and MICHAEL, warmly dressed, exit a department store, carrying a stack of gaily wrapped gifts, arm in arm, past a SANTA seeking donations for the Relief of Europe.

KAY  
(deliberately exhaling)  
Whenever you talk, I see your breath  
in the cold air.

MICHAEL  
(the same)  
Yours too.

They laugh together, and then suddenly, she clings to him very tightly.

KAY  
Oh Michael, I'm frightened.

MICHAEL  
What's the matter?

KAY  
What will they say when we tell them?  
Will they like me? Will they approve?  
They really want an Italian girl for  
you, don't they?

MICHAEL  
Yes, they do.

KAY  
(sadly)  
Michael.

MICHAEL  
But I don't.  
(exhaling again)  
And I'm the one you're engaged to.

15 INT DAY: HOTEL ROOM (WINTER 1945)

KAY and MICHAEL lie in each other's arms in a mess of bedsheets on the two single hotel beds that they have ingeniously pushed together.

KAY  
(kissing him, whispering)  
Is it true that Italians will only  
marry a virgin?

15 (CONT.)

MICHAEL

Yes.

KAY

Okay, so why are you hanging around with me?

MICHAEL

I like your sense of humor.

She picks up the telephone and, deadly serious:

KAY

Hello, Room Service, send up a room.

They giggle with each other hysterically; then it subsides and they hold each other tight, and with real love.

KAY

I wish we never had to leave our little hotel room, and go face the music.

MICHAEL

Then I'll call and tell them we're still in New Hampshire; and won't be here 'til tomorrow.

He reaches for the telephone.

KAY

No, Michael. I didn't mean it.

MICHAEL

Operator: 857-5756.

KAY

Michael!

MICHAEL

Sshh.

(handing her the phone)

You be long distance. Here.

KAY, sitting up on the bed. Takes the phone, tries to sound like an operator.

KAY

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



15 (CONT.)

She hands the phone to MICHAEL who, also nude, continues the deception.

MICHAEL

Hello, Tom? Michael. Yeah...listen, 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?

16A 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.

TOM

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?

TOM

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.

TOM

I'm going to leave early. 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.

16A (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE

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

FREDDIE

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.

FREDDIE

(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.

16B EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

FREDDIE crosses the street.

16A (CONT.)

OFFICE MANAGER

Buon Natale, Don Corleone.

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

16B (CONT.)

The black car pulls up; FREDDIE driving.

DON CORLEONE

Merry Christmas.  
(handing the MANAGER  
an envelope)

And he starts down the stairs.

---

16B (CONT.)

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

16B (CONT.)

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 it into a paper bag. The DON pays with a five dollar bill, waits for his change, and then turns back to the car.

17 EXT DUSK: CHRISTMAS WINDOWS (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.

18 EXT NITE: 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, MAFIA CHIEFTAIN 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.

He hurries across the street, still clutching the news-

18 (CONT.)

papers, and into a telephone booth. KAY remains on the outside, looking in. Separated from him by the frosted glass, as he quickly dials a number.

---

Inside the booth:

SONNY o.s.

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Sonny, it's me.

SONNY o.s.

(excited)

Jesus kid, where the hell are you?  
You had us worried...I've sent...

---

Outside: KAY looks in, sees MICHAEL talking, but cannot hear anything.

---

Inside:

MICHAEL

How's Pop?

SONNY o.s.

No one knows for sure. It's crazy here. Half the reports say they took him away dead...

---

Outside: KAY watches, sees MICHAEL's reaction to the news. But she cannot hear.

---

Inside:

SONNY o.s.

Michael. Michael?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm here.

SONNY o.s.

Where are you?

MICHAEL

Didn't Tom tell you I called?

18 (CONT.)

SONNY o.s.

They snatched Tom...Get out here  
right now.

He hangs up. KAY's face is all anguish through the  
glass.

MICHAEL

Kay, go back to the hotel, get your  
things and go back home. I don't  
know what's happening...

They embrace tightly. KAY is crying real tears now.

KAY

Oh Michael...while we were in the  
hotel...

16B (CONT.)

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. Sud-  
denly, 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 actu-  
ally drops the gun.

The gun falls amid the rolling fruit.

16B (CONT.)

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.

19A 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. They got your brother Freddie at the Chelsea Precinct. I'll try to find out more.

19A (CONT.)

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.



19A (CONT.)

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?

19A (CONT.)

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.

19B EXT NITE: MALL (WINTER 1945)

FULL VIEW ON 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.

19C 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.

19C (CONT.)

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.

---

19D 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 absolutely 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.

---

20A INT NITE: DINER (WINTER 1945)

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

HAGEN sits in one: SOLLOZZO sits across from him.

20A (CONT.)

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, in the street, 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.

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)

You haven't got a chance; 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 closer to HAGEN.

20A (CONT.)

SOLLOZZO (Cont'd.)

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.

20B EXT NITE: DINER

The empty lot next to it has a large banner reading "VETERANS' TREES", and is filled with Christmas trees.

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

20B (CONT.)

SOLLOZZO (Cont'd.)  
he's still alive.

He gives a fatalistic shrug.

Bad luck for me, bad luck for you.

---

19E EXT NITE: MALL

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.

---

19F INT NITE: HALL

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.

19G INT NITE: DON'S LIVING ROOM

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,

19G (CONT.)

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.

---

19H INT NITE: DON'S OFFICE

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?

19H (CONT.)

SONNY

Good. She's been through it before. Me too. You were too young to know about it. Then things got pretty smooth while you were growing up. 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 for Sollozzo.

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

We got people in the telephone company. On the three days Paulie was sick this month, he got calls from



19H (CONT.)

SOLLOZZO (Cont'd.)  
a payphone across from the old man's  
building.

(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.

SONNA  
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. I made my bones when I was  
nineteen, the last time the Family  
had a war, and I was a big help to  
the old man. Sollozzo knows that and  
so do Clemenza and Tessio.

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

SONNY  
Christ, if I could only contact Luca.

19H (CONT.)

MICHAEL

Is it like they say? Is he that good?

SONNY

When the Chicago animals tried to hit Pop in the '30's, Luca went after them alone. He butchered six men in one week, and that ended the famous Olive Oil war for 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 to-night with that Turk.

19J 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.

19K 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.

19L 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.

19L (CONT.)

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

SONNY

That's the one thing I'd be afraid of.

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

I know you won't do it, but I would advise you to make a deal with Sollozzo on the drugs. 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

19L (CONT.)

HAGEN (Cont'd.)  
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 say 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.

19L (CONT.)

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.

19L (CONT.) (4)

CLEMENZA

That was Luca's.

MICHAEL

Why a fish?

CLEMENZA

A Sicilian message: Luca Brasi sleeps  
with the fishes.

13 (CONT.)

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:

20 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

20 (CONT.)

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.

CLEMENZA

You should know the Don himself picked you out for something special coupla months ago. Now's your chance. Let's move.

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:

20 (CONT.)

PAULIE

Rocco, sit on the other side. A big guy like you blocks my rear-view 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.

21A 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.

21B EXT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR AT TUNNEL (WINTER 1945)

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

---

21C INT DAY: PAULIE'S CAR IN TUNNEL (WINTER 1945)

Inside the tunnel; GATTO doesn't like not seeing Lampone. He tries to adjust his rear-view mirror to catch a glimpse of him.

CLEMENZA

Pay attention!

---

22 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.



22 (CONT.)

PAULIE

Good for ten men...

CLEMENZA

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

The car pulls off.

---

23A EXT DAY: RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

New part of the city; the car pulls up in a parking lot. CLEMENZA gets out, 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.

23B 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.

---

23C 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?

ROCCO o.s.

Ah, I left my car at your place.

CLEMENZA

OK, then you gotta come back.

23C (CONT.)

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.

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

The car moves along the reedy 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-----

25A 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.

25A (CONT.)

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 exiled 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.

---

25B 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.

Can I come with you when you visit the hospital?

MICHAEL

I don't think so. You don't want your name on page 3 of the Daily News.

KAY o.s.

My parents don't read the Daily News. All right, if you think I shouldn't.

(pause)

I love you.

25B (CONT.)

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...Listen you oughta watch this...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?

25B (CONT.)

CLEMENZA

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

MICHAEL

Sonny, I'm going into the city.

SONNY

How come?

MICHAEL

I want to go by the hospital to see Pop. Also, I got other things.

CLEMENZA

Sollozzo would never touch Mike; he knows he's a civilian...

SONNY

OK, but be careful; this Turk is smart; the smartest our family ever come up against.

26 EXT NITE: HOTEL (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL sits in the rear seat calmly as he is being driven into the city. THREE BUTTON MEN are crowded into the front seat. The car pulls up to his hotel. MICHAEL gets out.

27 INT NITE: HOTEL (WINTER 1945)

KAY is in bed in a hotel room; MICHAEL is just finishing getting dressed.

He looks at her for a while; and she, back at him.

KAY

I have one question, Michael, only one. How did it happen...I mean, first happen. How did your father first...get into "the family business"?

MICHAEL

I don't know. There's a story, but no one would ever tell it to me.

(pause)

I have to go to the hospital. I'm late already.

27 (CONT.)

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.

28A 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.

28B 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.

28B (CONT.)

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.

---

28C INT NITE: HOSPITAL STAIRS

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

---

28D 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.

---

28E 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.

28E (CONT.)

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.)

...Sollozzo's move.

MICHAEL

I know, I know...but how did he do it; how did he get the Cops to clear out...

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...



28E (CONT.)

NURSE

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

MICHAEL

(coldly)

Just listen. You and I are going to move my father right now... to another room on another floor...

NURSE

(she smiles, and in her best official voice)

I'm sorry, that is impossible.

MICHAEL

Listen...people are coming to kill him. Do you understand me?

Frightened, the NURSE does as he says.

MICHAEL

Take care of the tubes...

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

28F 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.

28F (CONT.)

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.

28G 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.

28H EXT NITE: DON'S HOSPITAL STREET (WINTER 1945)

Outside the hospital is empty save for a nervous  
ENZO, pacing back and forth brandishing 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.

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

The windows of the hospital twinkle with Christmas

28H (CONT.)

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.

MICHAEL

Sonny must have gotten through...

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?

28H (CONT.)

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.

MICHAEL

(deliberately, right to  
McCLUSKEY's face)

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-----

29A 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

29A (CONT.)

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.

(MICHAEL reacts)

What's the matter Mike?

MICHAEL

Nothing...I just felt proud.

24B INT DAY: DON'S HALLWAY

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

28C 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.

28C (CONT.)

SONNY

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

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 the 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 Consigliere. 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 my father...

20C (CONT.)

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 Sollozzo's bodyguard. The Turk doesn't poke his nose out of his hole without him. 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)

We'll wait. McCluskey can't stay with the Turk forever.

MICHAEL

We can't wait. No matter what Sollozzo says 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 assume we have to kill McCluskey. We'll clear that up

28C (CONT.)

MICHAEL (Cont'd.)  
through our Newspaper contacts:  
create a scandal about a crooked  
cop.

SONNY  
Go on Mike.

MICHAEL  
I'll go to the conference with  
Sollozzo. Tom, 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)  
It's all personal Sonny, every  
piece of dirt a man has to eat  
every day of his life is personal.  
You know where I learned that from?  
The Don. My old man. The Godfather.



28C (CONT.)

MICHAEL (Cont'd.)

If a bolt of lightning hit a friend of his he would consider it personal. He took my enlisting in the Marines personal. He takes everything personal. That's what makes him great. So I came late, but I'm coming all the way. I take Sollozzo trying to kill my father personal. Tell the old man I learned it all from him. Yes Sonny, I'll kill them both.

MICHAEL radiates danger...SONNY stops laughing.

---

29X 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 of 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.,

29X (CONT.)

CLEMENZA (Cont'd.)  
 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 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...

30A INT DAY: DON'S LIVING ROOM (WINTER 1945)

MICHAEL steps into the living room of the main  
 CORLEONE house: it's a mess. SONNY's 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.

30A (CONT.)

SONNY

Sollozzo and McCluskey are going to pick 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 at my house 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.

30B 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. A Captain always has to leave word where he can be reached. 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.

30B (CONT.)

TESSIO (Cont'd.)

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, then you excuse yourself. No, better, 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

O.K., everybody rolling.  
(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...

30B (CONT.)

SONNY

Can you do it Mike?

MICHAEL

Once you make up your mind to kill someone, there's no other problem. That's the hard part, making up your mind. They'll never know what hit them.

31 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, opens the front door.

DRIVER

Get in, Mike.

He does, the car drives off.

32A 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 don't want my father bothered anymore.

SOLLOZZO

He won't be; I swear to you by 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.

32A (CONT.)

McCLUSKEY

He's a good kid. He's all right.

He leans forward out of the shadows and pats MICHAEL on the shoulder.

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.

And then with a doleful sigh, he gives MICHAEL a thorough frisk.

McCLUSKEY

He's clean.

32B 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

(slyly)

Maybe.

MICHAEL closes his eyes.

32C 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.

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

SOLLOZZO

Nice work; I'll remember it.

32C (CONT.)

MICHAEL is relieved.

---

33A EXT NITE: LUNA AZURA RESTAURANT (WINTER 1945)

The car pulls up in front of a little family restaurant in the Bronx: The "LUNA AZURE". 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.

---

33B 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.

33B (CONT.)

MICHAEL

(using English for  
emphasis)

Most important...I must have 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 is 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

The wine went right to my bladder.  
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.

33C 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



33C (CONT.)

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.

33D INT NITE: LUNA AZURE (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; though he seems to hang in space suspended.

MICHAEL pivots, and looks:

There is McCLUSKEY, frozen, the fork with a piece of

33D (CONT.)

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, and 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:

34A INT DAY: MATTRESS (WINTER 1945)

A MAN in 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

34A (CONT.)

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:

---

35A 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.

---

35B INT DAY: BODY IN BARBER SHOP (WINTER 1945)

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

---

34D 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.

---

35C 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.

---

35D EXT DAY: BODY ON STOOP (WINTER 1945)

ANOTHER MAN, his trousers soaked in blood, lies spanning three steps of a front stoop.

---

34C 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.

---

35E EXT DAY: BODY IN ALLEY (WINTER 1945)

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

---

35F 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.

---

34D 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.

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

FADE IN:

36A 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 at various points around the main house and compound. Things have changed; one house has been

36A (CONT.)

extensively enlarged; a new and secure gate house has been built. Security measures that had been make-shift and temporary 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.

36A (CONT.)

HAGEN  
Sure...I'm sorry.

They hurry through the rain and into the Main House.

---

36B 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  
Is it true? Did that Captain  
break his jaw?

HAGEN  
Yes, I'm afraid it's true. But  
that had nothing to do with the  
killings.

He starts to dial a number.

KAY  
Some men came to see me in New  
Hampshire; they were New York  
Detectives.

HAGEN hesitates, and then puts down the phone.

KAY  
They said Michael killed those men.  
They wanted to know where he was.

HAGEN  
And you told them...

KAY  
Nothing. I don't know anything.  
(terribly involved)  
Is it true?

HAGEN  
No.

KAY  
Then why is he hiding?

HAGEN  
He was afraid they'd accuse him.

KAY is in pain over this unsatisfactory answer; she takes out an envelope.

36B (CONT.)

KAY

Will you give this to him.

HAGEN

If I accept that letter and you told a Court of Law I accepted it, it would be interpreted 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

36B (CONT.)

MAMA (Cont'd.)  
 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.

---

37 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 stands attentively nearby. TWO BRINKS  
 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.

---

38A 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.

---

39 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.

---

33B INT DAY: DON'S HALL (SPRING 1946)

Inside the Main CORLEONE House:



38B (CONT.)

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.

---

38C 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.

---

38D 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 a matter Carlo?

CARLO

Shut up.

---

38E 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

Things have been bad...ever 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.

38E (CONT.)

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

(anxious to please him)

Freddie's gonna go to Las Vegas... under the Protection of Don Francesco of L.A. I want to rest; maybe learn something about 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.

33F 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

38F (CONT.)

SONNY (Cont'd.)  
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 Consigliere, 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.

---

38G 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.

SONNY  
The black boys really had their  
fun with our policy banks up in  
Harlem, driving up in their  
Cadillacs, paying fifty per cent  
on a bet.

CARLO  
(anxious to be included)  
You right Sonny, the runners  
shouldn't look too rich to the  
players.

38G (CONT.)

CONNIE

Poppa never talked business  
at the table or in front of  
the kids.

CARLO

Shut up when Sonny's talking.

SONNY

Carlo, don't tell Connie to  
shut up.

MAMA

Santino. Connie is his wife.

SONNY stands corrected.

CARLO

I wondered if we could talk  
some time Sonny; you too Tom.  
I could be doing more to help  
...I feel like I'm being kept  
out.

SONNY

We don't like to talk business  
at the table Carlo.

Sunday dinner is passed around; CARLO is very  
frustrated, and obviously being kept out of the  
family business.

38H 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 gatehouse.  
A young BUTTON MAN scoops it up and throws it back,  
smiling.

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

39A EXT DAY: CONNIE'S STREET (SPRING 1946)

A Good Humor truck comes around a corner in a  
pleasant neighborhood where CONNIE and CARLO have  
their apartment.

It is warm, KIDS are playing stick ball without their

39A (CONT.)

shirts, and cluster around the truck.

THE VIEW TILTS up to a specific apartment.

---

39B 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.

39B (CONT.)

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 Gouille.

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'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!

39B (CONT.)

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!

39C 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.

40A 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.

40A (CONT.)

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.

40B 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.

41 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.

42 EXT DAY: CONNIE'S STREET (SPRING 1946)

CARLO settles down on the front steps with two friends, SALLY RAGS and COACH, who have been drinking



42 (CONT.)

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. 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 that 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 hands in a lock, cringing away, trying to hide his head and face in the hollow of his shoulders. His shirt is ripped away in SONNY's hands.

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 BODYGUARD's 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.

42 (CONT.)

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.

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

43A 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:

45 INT NITE: AMERIGO BONASERA'S APARTMENT

The serious-faced UNDERTAKER has a quiet dinner alone with his WIFE.

MRS. BONASERA

Are you going back to work  
tonight?

He nods, continues sipping his soup.

MRS. BONASERA lays her HUSBAND's black tuxedo out on the chenille bedspread in their bedroom; he is in the bathroom shaving. He comes out from the bathroom and begins to dress. The telephone rings in the other room. His WIFE answers it.

HER VOICE (O.S.)

For you.

45 (CONT.)

Still buttoning his shirt, he moves into the other room, and listens to the receiver.

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. He has no doubt that you will repay him. In one hour, not before, perhaps later, he will be at your funeral parlor to ask for your help. Be there to greet him. Don't have any people who work for you there. Send them home. If you have any objections to this, speak now, and I'll inform Don Corleone. He has other friends who can do him this service.

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.

45 (CONT.)

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. And what better way than to have it officially buried by a registered undertaker. By me! They drag me into their filthy Mafia war.

MRS. BONASERA

(frightened)

Amerigo!

BONASERA

They could make me an accessory 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 Mafioso families find out...they will make me their enemy. They could come here to our house. I curse the day you and Comara Corleone became friends. I curse the day I ever went to the Godfather.

46 EXT NITE: VILLAGE STREETS (SPRING 1946)

BONASERA walks alone through the West Village streets, an eerie sight this late at night, dressed in his tuxedo, muttering to himself. He crosses through a dark alley.

47A EXT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR (SPRING 1946)

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

47B INT NITE: FUNERAL PARLOR (SPRING 1946)

BONASERA walks through the darkened funeral parlor,

47E (CONT.)

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.

---

47C 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.

BONASERA 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.

---

47D 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,

47D (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)  
 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.

---

43B EXT NITE: TOLL BOOTHS (SPRING 1946)

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

A car suddenly swerves in front of him, trapping him in the booth, and an incredible rally of machine gun fire greets him, coming through and smashing the windows of the toll booths on both sides 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, as though he is so strong he can survive the fire, and walk up to them and rip the guns out of their hands.

His face is hit; and finally he falls on 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.

---

44A 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:

44A (CONT.)

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.

---

44B 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.

---

44C 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.

---

44D 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, Consigliore of mine, I think you should tell your Don what everyone knows.

44D (CONT.)

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)

Consigliore, 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

Your husband...

(pause)

This is Tom Hagen; I'm calling for  
Don Corleone, at his request.

BONASERA (O.S.)

Yes, I understand I'm listening.



44D (CONT.)

HAGEN

You owe the Don a service. He has no doubt that you will repay it.

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

48 EXT DAY: BANK BUILDING (SPRING 1946)

Day in Manhattan. An impressive Bank Building in the financial center of New York. Many limousines are parked, uniformed and plain-clothed CHAUFFEURS waiting quietly.

49 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

49 (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)

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,  
are projected above.

DON CORLEONE (O.S.)

...Perhaps my son was too rash,  
too headstrong, I don't say no to  
that. This Sollozzo came to me;  
but I have no interest in drugs.  
I gave him my 'no' with all  
courtesy. He took it ill and  
brought misfortune down on all  
our heads. Well, that's life.  
Everyone here could tell his own  
tale of sorrow.

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,

49 (CONT.)

BARZINI (Cont'd.)

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 accomodation? 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? And they are so busy with their little side business they neglect the work we pay them to do. There's more money in drugs. It's getting bigger all the time. 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.

49 (CONT.)

DON ZALUCHI (Cont'd.)

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 of 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

What manner of men are we, if we do not have our reason. To what purpose would I start all these troubles again, the violence and the turmoil? My son is dead, and that is a misfortune and I must bear it.

(looking among them)

We are all men who have refused to be puppets dancing on a string pulled by the men on high. We have been fortunate in this country. The time is past

49 (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)

for guns and killing and massacres. We have to be cunning like the business people, there's more money in it. As for our own deeds, we are not responsible to the .90 calibres, the pezzonovante who take it upon themselves to decide what we shall do with our lives, who declare wars they wish us to fight in to protect what they own. Who is to say we should obey the laws they make for their own interest and to our hurt? And who are they then to meddle when we look after our own interests? Sono Coca Nostra, these are our affairs.

(pause)

For this reason, 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 break the peace we have made.

---

 50 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;

50 (CONT.)

HAGEN (Cont'd.)  
 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  
 (shakes 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.

HAGEN  
 And your promise of no further  
 reprisals?

The DON turns to him coldly. An unforgettable look  
 that needs no further words.

The Black Limousine speeds away from us in the night.

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

FADE IN:

51 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

51 (CONT.)

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.

---

52 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 go 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.

52 (CONT.)

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.

53 EXT DAY: COUNTRYSIDE

The THREE pass through abundant areas of flowers and fruit trees, in bloom and bursting with life.

54 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.



54 (CONT.)

The three pass under an enormous banner slung over the main road: "VOTA COMUNISTA".

---

55 EXT DAY: COUNTRY ROAD

They continue through dusty country roads, where occasionally a Donkey pulling a cart, or a lone horseman will pass them.

---

56 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.

---

57 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 Pezzonovante...big shot.

MICHAEL

Only the son of a Pezzonovante.

FABRIZZIO

Hey America! Is she as rich as they say?

MICHAEL

Yes.

57 (CONT.)

FABRIZZIO

Take me to America! You need  
a good lumpara in America?  
(pats his shotgun)  
You take me, I'll be the best  
man you got. "Oh say, can you  
seeeee...By da star early  
light..."

MICHAEL laughs.

---

58 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.!

---

59 EXT DAY: CORLEONE HILL

They continue their long hike, high on a promontory;  
until they hesitate, and look down.

CALO

Corleone.

They can see a grim Sicilian village, almost devoid  
of people.

---

60 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.

60 (CONT.)

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.

-----DISSOLVE-----

61 EXT DAY: BARONIAL ESTATE

A green ribboned field of a baronial Estate. Further head 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.

61 (CONT.)

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 her 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.

---

62 EXT DAY: BARONIAL VILLAGE

The little village built attendant to the Baronial Estate, is decked with the flowers the girls had been picking.

62 (CONT.)

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.

Laughing with them...pouring more wine.

VITELLI

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.

62 (CONT.)

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 lumparas, 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.

62 (CONT.)

MICHAEL (Cont'd.)

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?

62 (CONT.)

VITELLI

Apollonia.

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

63 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 lumparas on their shoulders.

DON TOMMASSINO and DR. TAZO wave them off, as the little car drives off, rocky and bouncing on the dirt road.

The Sunday Churchbells ring.

-----DISSOLVE-----

64 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-----

65 EXT DAY: VITELLI CAFE

Now the little Alpha drives into the village near VITELLI's cafe.

MICHAEL is, as ever, accompanied with his two BODY-GUARDS, though they are all dressed differently.

They go up to the cafe...and sit with VITELLI, who is talking and talking.



65 (CONT.)

MICHAEL looks at APPOLONIA; who sits, respectfully quiet. She wears the gold necklace around her neck.

-----DISSOLVE-----

66 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 lumparas 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-----

67 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 pagentry, 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-----

68 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 lumparas.

-----DISSOLVE-----

69 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-----

70 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.

---

71 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 the 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 lumparas, walking guard duty.

71 (CONT.)

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.

---

72 INT NITE: MICHAEL'S ROOM AT VILLA

MICHAEL's room. He sits alone at a little table, drinking wine. APPOLONIA is asleep quietly, like a child.

There is a knock on the door.

An old SERVANT WOMAN carries more wine. Sets it on the table, and then moves to his table, and puts a picture in front of him. MICHAEL looks down at it.

It is a photograph of DON CORLEONE, when he was much younger, wearing a hat of the twenties, and carrying a suitcase bound with a rope.

WOMAN

Is it true that you are the son of Don Corleone of New York City, the Godfather.

MICHAEL

Do you know my father.

WOMAN

He was good to me; is he still alive?

MICHAEL

Yes. How did you know him?

WOMAN

When I lived in New York. I was mid-wife to the neighborhood...He was a good man; honest. He worked hard. In those days it was hard to provide for a family.

MICHAEL

How did it happen then...that he became the Godfather?

WOMAN

You don't know?

MICHAEL

There is a story, I know. But I was never told.

The old WOMAN looks at him, then at the photograph of young VITO CORLEONE.

72 (CONT.)

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

WOMAN

Your father cared only about  
his wife, and the boy, Santino...

---

73 EXT DAY: NEW YORK STREET (1920)

VITO CORLEONE, as he was in the Twenties, with his WIFE, carrying a bag of fruit and groceries, and holding the hand of a 7 year old SANTINO CORLEONE, as they walk down Ninth Avenue crowded with fruit stands, vendors of all kinds, occasional carriages and carts.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Of course, there were things that went on in the neighborhood, that we didn't talk about...and that an honest young man like your father had nothing to do with. The Black Hand.

A corpulent man dressed in a baggy white suit and a white Fedora, FANUCCI, exits a small shop, stuffing dollar bills away in an already bulging wallet. He moves into the next shop, tips his hand, and collects the 'protection' money from the next helpless vendor.

As he comes out this time, he is directly in the path of young VITO CORLEONE and his family. VITO looks at him in disgust. FANUCCI smiles broadly, showing his gold teeth. VITO deliberately crosses the street, and continues on his way. FANUCCI continues with his dirty work.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Fanucci was a parasite of the neighborhood...bleeding everyone, honest and dishonest alike.

VITO CORLEONE stops, and looks down an alley, where he sees an incredible sight.

Three young toughs, one of them CLEMENZA, have set upon FANUCCI, and quickly, with a knife, slit his throat from ear to ear.

FANUCCI pushes them away, and manages to stand up, still bleeding from his throat. The young men run away.

73 (CONT.)

FANUCCI holds his cream-colored Fedora under his chin, and catches the dripping blood as he runs off.

CLOSE on CORLEONE, as he watches.

WOMAN (O.S.)

But those young men were not murderers. They were thieves who wanted to teach him a lesson...

---

72 (CONT.)

MICHAEL and the WOMAN in his room. APPOLONIA sleeps.

WOMAN

...and stop him from wetting his beak in their small robberies. One by one the young men were found dead, murdered by the Black Hand...all but one, Clemenza...

---

74 INT DAY: DON'S APARTMENT (1921)

A small, twenties cold water apartment. CARMELLA CORLEONE, a young woman, pregnant, prepares some food and takes care of young SANTINO while VITO sits alone at the table, thinking intently.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Things became much worse in the neighborhood. The Black Hand bleeding all the honest people the worse for what had happened to him...

CARMELLA looks at her husband in fear; she senses that something is happening inside him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

He knew that one of the young men could get near Fanucci, they were all thieves and criminals ...But Vito Corleone was known as an honest man...

VITO rises, puts on his jacket...kisses and talks to his frightened wife, and leaves.

---

75 INT DAY: DON'S APT. STAIRS (1921)

He moves up the staircase which leads to the roof.

---

76 EXT DAY: DON'S APT. ROOF (1921)

He emerges on the tenement rooftops, and moves across them. We can HEAR singing and music filtering into the night from various open windows as VITO moves silently from building to building. Finally, at a building top considerably down the street, he swings down, and enters it.

---

77 INT DAY: TENEMENT HALL (1921)

VITO makes his way down a staircase, to a small apartment. He knocks on it.

A moment later the door opens a bit, held secure by a chain lock.

WOMAN o.s.

Fanucci recognized your father,  
and so he was not frightened.

FANUCCI smiles, showing the gold teeth, and nods, and opens the chain lock, and then the door. Then he grimaces in pain.

THE VIEW MOVES DOWN and we see that VITO has plunged a kitchen knife into FANUCCI's stomach. Blood begins to make patterns on his white jacket.

He reaches into his vest for a gun, which VITO easily knocks down with the back of his hand.

FANUCCI falls out of frame. We see him as he looks down at the dead man, impassive and cold.

WOMAN o.s.

From that day on, although no one  
ever spoke of who killed Fanucci,  
or even knew for certain...

---

72 (CONT.)

MICHAEL and the OLD WOMAN.

WOMAN

...your father became "a man to be  
respected..."

MICHAEL looks at her, then at the picture before him.

---

78 EXT DAY: N.Y.C. STREET (1921)

VITO CORLEONE walking home after the murder, cold and self assured.

---

79 INT DAY: VILLA HALLWAY & TOMMASSINO'S ROOM

MICHAEL CORLEONE, equally so, walks down the hallway of the Villa to DON TOMMASSINO's bedroom. He knocks, and opens the door. The OLD MAN is sitting up, reading. He looks at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Get word to my father; he must find a way to bring me home.

-----DISSOLVE-----

80 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...

---

81 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?



81 (CONT.)

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.

82 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 lumpara

82 (CONT.)

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.

83 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:

84 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 Grandchildren, 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.

84 (CONT.)

Suddenly, he stops, and looks.

MICHAEL stands there, still with his suitcases.

Great emotion comes over the DON, who takes a few steps in MICHAEL's direction.

MICHAEL leaves his suitcases, and walks to his FATHER.

MICHAEL

I wish to be your son.

The DON, tears almost in his eyes, embraces his favorite son.

The children rush about, putting eggs in their baskets.

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

FADE IN:

85 INT DAY: HOTEL ROOM (SPRING 1951)

A darkened room. We are CLOSE on MICHAEL, as he leans up in bed, talking in a whisper. THE VIEW LOOSENS, very slowly.

MICHAEL

I'm working for my father now. I'm being trained to take over the Family Olive Oil business...But...you know my family has enemies, my father has enemies. You might be a very young widow, there's a chance, not much of one, but it could happen. And I won't be telling you what happened at the office every day. I won't be telling you anything about my business. You'll be my wife but you won't be my partner in life, as I think they say. Not an equal partner. That can't be.

The VIEW now includes KAY, in bed with him.

KAY

(whispered)

Why do you want to marry me after all these years? You never even called me.

MICHAEL

I didn't call you because I couldn't...

85 (CONT.)

MICHAEL (Cont'd.)

I didn't have the right to. I could only hope that you would come to me, on your own. Kay, you're the only person that I feel any affection for...

KAY

Michael, but...you're sort of skipping over the widow part.

MICHAEL

If everything goes right, the Corleone family will be completely legitimate in about five years. Some very tricky things have to be done to make it possible. That's when you may become a wealthy widow.

KAY

(almost crying)

Why do you want me?

MICHAEL

Because I want you and I want a family. I want kids; it's time. I want them to grow up to be American kids, real all-American, the whole works. Maybe they'll go into politics. Maybe they or their grandchildren will be a President of the United States, why the hell not. Some of our Presidents had fathers who were lucky they didn't get hanged. But I'll settle for my kids to be doctors or musicians or teachers...

KAY

Like you were going to be...

Silence...

Will we live in the Mall?

MICHAEL

Until everything gets straightened out, I have to live in the Mall.

KAY

Because you'll get killed if you live outside it.

85 (CONT.)

MICHAEL

(cold and angry)

My father never wanted me to go into the family business. But things went bad and I had to fight because I love and admire my father. I never knew a man more worthy of respect. He is an equal of all those great men like Presidents and Prime Ministers and Governors. His ultimate aim is to enter society with a certain power, because society doesn't really protect its members who don't have their own individual power.

KAY

That's ridiculous...what if everybody felt the same way?

MICHAEL

I believe in my family. I believe in you and the family we may have. I don't trust this country to protect us. I have no intention of placing my fate in the hands of men whose only qualification is that they conned a bloc of people to vote for them. Governments don't really do much for their people, that's what it comes down to. They could, but they don't. Until they do, I intend to operate on a code of ethics and honor far older, and far superior to the legal structure of this country. I guess you have to make your decision, because what I've told you is what I believe.

She thinks, and then she embraces him.

KAY

Did you believe that I didn't have a man since you left?

MICHAEL

I believe you.

KAY

Did you have someone?

MICHAEL

Yes.

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

86 EXT DAY: STK 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?

87 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.

88 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?

88 (CONT.)

FREDO is as excited as a kid, snapping orders at the bellboys, waiters and maids.

FREDO  
(hurrying into the  
bedroom)

Kid, take a looksee.

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.

89 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.

90A 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?

90A (CONT.)

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...

---

90B 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 think-  
ing 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.

FREDDIE  
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 con-  
tract 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.



90B (CONT.)

JOHNNY

Sure, I'll do anything for my Godfather.  
You know that, Mike.

There is a 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 your 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.

90B (CONT.)

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, and because the Molinari Family on the Coast guaranteed his safety. You and the Corleone Family are evened out. This is 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?

FREDDIE

(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?

90B (CONT.)

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 respect you. But don't ever take sides with anybody against the Family again.

91 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.

91 (CONT.)

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.

---

92 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.

---

93A 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.

93A (CONT.)

KAY

She's afraid to. Michael...

MICHAEL nods to NERI; who gives them their privacy a moment longer.

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 god-  
father to their little boy.

MICHAEL

No.

NERI opens the door; MICHAEL starts to get out; KAY too.

KAY

Why not, Michael? Connie thinks you  
blame her and Carlo for Sonny getting  
killed. You can't let her think that...

MICHAEL

No.

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.

---

93B 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.

93B (CONT.)

TESSIO o.s.

Barzini's people chisel my territory and we do nothing about. 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. We've got something going on a political level that could solve everything. It's no time for bloodshed.

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 stands 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.

93B (CONT.)

MICHAEL (Cont'd.)

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.

He's going to be our lawyer in Vegas. In about two months he'll move out there permanently with his family; strictly as a lawyer. 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, of course, you can always remain part of the Family; that's your choice. But most of our strength will be out West, and maybe you'd do better organized on your own.

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. Me and Pete will have trouble; we'll come under their thumb sooner or later.

CLEMENZA

And I don't like Barzini. I say the Corleone Family has to move from

93B (CONT.)

CLEMENZA (Cont'd.)  
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 judgment?

CLEMENZA  
Yes, Godfather...

DON CORLEONE  
Then do what Michael says...

MICHAEL  
All I can say is that things are  
being resolved that are more effec-  
tive 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 sinis-  
ter man.

Then NERI closes the door.

MICHAEL relaxes.

HAGEN  
Mike, why are you cutting me out of  
the action?



93B (CONT.)

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, it's not only Michael. I advised

93B (CONT.)

DON CORLEONE (Cont'd.)  
 him in these matters. 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  
 You'll want to be alone...

TOM leaves. MICHAEL looks at NERI.

93C EXT DAY: DON'S GARDEN (1955)

He opens the large french doors; and breathes in the  
 air. He puts an old fedora on his head, and steps  
 outside.

He has created a vegetable garden to the side of the  
 main house. Tomatoes, peppers, carefully tended, and  
 covered with a silky netting. There are several fig  
 trees; and a grape covered pergola, reminiscent of  
 Sicily. He walks along the garden; MICHAEL follows.  
 The DON turns, and looks at his youngest, his favorite  
 son.

DON CORLEONE  
 I never wanted this for you.

MICHAEL  
 I know that...

DON CORLEONE stoops over to right a tomato plant that  
 had been pushed over to its side.

DON CORLEONE  
 Barzini will move against you first...

93C (CONT.)

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 his son.

...and at that meeting you will be assassinated.

(a pause)

Remember, whoever comes to my son Barzini's meeting, is the traitor.

DON CORLEONE walks further on. Again MICHAEL follows.

The OLD MAN is very sad.

DON CORLEONE

I never wished you to be...a man like me.

MICHAEL

I chose it.

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.

94A EXT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

KAY and MAMA walking from the black car that has just left them off.

94A (CONT.)

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 steps toward the Church.

You come in, too.

KAY shakes her head.

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.

---

94B 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.

94B (CONT.)

KAY  
Why do you light the candles?

MAMA  
(with seriousness)  
For my husband. To save his soul,  
after all he's done.

KAY stares at her, as she begins to leave.

---

95 EXT DAY: DON'S GARDEN (1955)

DON CORLEONE is in his garden, in the baggy clothes and fedora, tending the tomato plants. Michael's little BOY follows him. The sun is very hot. He wipes his brow.

The DON takes out a cigar; carefully removes the paper band, and slides it onto the little BOY's finger.

He breathes hoarsely.

He looks up at the sun; a burning yellow ball.

DON CORLEONE  
(to the BOY)  
Run away...run away.

The little BOY is confused; but then he runs away toward the den; DON CORLEONE slumps down, trying to breathe.

He falls among the plants.

Soon MICHAEL, followed by HAGEN, and some of the other MEN rush out to the stricken OLD MAN.

They raise his head, and try to put something under it.

DON CORLEONE  
Life is so beautiful...

MICHAEL's face; he looks at HAGEN; we see the other MEN's faces, and we know DON CORLEONE is dead.

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

CUT IN:

96 EXT DAY: MANHATTAN CORTEGE (1955)

Manhattan during the day. A procession of black fu-

96 (CONT.)

neral limousines, followed by flower cars stretching as far as the eye can see. An expression of respect, of honor and of fear that is enormous. Certainly no more could be done for a President or a King. This is the funeral of Don Vito Corleone. Crowds of curiosity seekers, spectators, newsmen are held behind police pickets for blocks. Film is being shot; photos being taken.

Slowly, the cortege moves through the city streets. Every florist in New York, Brooklyn and Long Island has worked for weeks in preparation for the enormous floral displays carried by the black flower cars.

As they pass by, we can barely read some of the flowered messages: "A Benefactor to Mankind"... "He knew and pitied"... "Our Don...our leader..." "The Sacred Heart".

---

97 EXT DAY: FUNERAL HOME (1955)

Music, dissonant and old, is played as a great Bronze and Gold and Silver casket is carried under the watchful eye of AMERIGO BONASERA, from the front of his Funeral Parlor.

The enormous cortege fills this neighborhood for blocks in every direction.

The coffin is slid into the ornate and exquisite hearse; and it begins to roll forward, slowly.

In the street, walking behind it; MICHAEL, TOM HAGEN, CLEMENZA, TESSIO.

Further behind are KAY, NERI, SANDRA and two 16 year old TWIN GIRLS and a nine year old BOY; CARLO, CONNIE carrying a new BABY; LAMPONE.

Further behind, are more WOMEN, flanked and escorted by recognizable MEN.

Other faces, men and women; recognizable from various scenes in the film. JOHNNY FONTANE; NAZORINE.

THE VIEW PANS to the Rear, and we see the endless parade of flower cars.

---

98A EXT DAY: MALL (1955)

HIGH ANGLE ON THE CORLEONE MALL

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 re-joined 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.

98A (CONT.)

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.

---

98B 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 through 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.

MICHAEL

Fine. That will be fine.

---



99 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 cemetery 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.

But after the Baptism. I've decided to stand as godfather to Connie's baby.

They look up.

99 (CONT.)

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:

100 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.

101 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.

102A 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.

103 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.

104A 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.

105 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.

---

102B 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--VACANCY".

---

104B 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.

---

106A 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.

106A (CONT.)

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.

102C 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.

107A 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.

104B (CONT.)

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.

106B 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. ONE of the MEN asks the DRIVER:

106B (CONT.)

MAN

What's up?

DRIVER

I'm getting a ticket. No sweat.  
This guy must be new in the precinct.

Now BARZINI begins to 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.

---

104B (CONT.)

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.

102D 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.

---

107B INT DAY: HOTEL STAIRS (1955)

CLEMENZA, huffing and puffing, climbs the back stairs, with his package.

---

104B (CONT.)

The PRIEST pours water over the forehead of the infant MICHAEL holds.

104B (CONT.)

PRIEST  
Do you wish to be baptized?

MICHAEL  
I do wish to be baptized.

---

107C 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.

---

104B (CONT.)

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-----

104C 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.

104C (CONT.)

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.

108A 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.

108A (CONT.)

HAGEN  
(gravely)  
I'm sure he will.

108B 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.

---



108C 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:

108D 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.

108E 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.

108E (CONT.)

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.

108F EXT DAY: MALL

CARLO moves out to the Mall; the BUTTONMEN are putting his things in the truck.

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

108F (CONT.)

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.

108G EXT DAY: CARLO'S STEPS (1955)

MICHAEL and his party. They watch.

Then he turns and walks off, and they follow.

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

109 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.

---

110A EXT NITE: PIZZA STREET (1955)

MICHAEL's car pulls up in a quiet neighborhood, near

110A (CONT.)

an Italian Pizzeria. NERI opens the door.

MICHAEL

Sit in the car.

110B INT NITE: PIZZA PLACE

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.

---

111A 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.

---

111B INT DAY: DON'S LIVING ROOM (1955)

Inside the Corleone house. Big boxes have been packed; furniture prepared for shipping.

CONNIE

Michael!

111B (CONT.)

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.

111B (CONT.)

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.

111C 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



111C (CONT.)

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.

-----LONG DISSOLVE-----

112 INT DAY: CHURCH (1955)

KAY wears a shawl over her head. 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