

"FEAR THE REAPER"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. 1978 - MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM - DAY

FILOMENA MARCHESI (20s, Italian, petite, jet black hair) bursts into the room, bloody and bruised. She's stumbling, then lunges for the bed, reaching for her babies.

Both babies, RICO AND ROCKO MARCHESI, are in their ITALIAN FLAG BEANIES. As Filomena reaches for them, she spreads her sweet smile; her teeth are drenched in blood.

FILOMENA

(whispering)

Close your eyes, my loves. Mama doesn't want you to see; Mama doesn't want you to grow up like this.

Entering the room now is GIOVANNI MARCHESI (40s, Italian, bald, cuts on face). STACIE CAMPANA (20s, petite, beautiful) is behind him, laughing hysterically.

Giovanni grabs Fil by the ankles, yanking her off the bed. He gets on top of her, smacking her in the face with his right hand, back and forth, over and over. Fil cries and screams.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

The kids, Gio! The kids!

Gio's eyes burst, as his fists clench. Now he's punching her over and over, screaming as well.

GIOVANNI

You fuckin' worthless, bag of dirt, puttana.

He spits in her face, stopping the onslaught only to grip her by the neck, squeezing, lifting her up an inch away from his menacing face.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(yelling in Italian)

What the fuck did I tell you? "Stay in the kitchen where you fucking belong!"

One more hard smack, then he lets her go. He gets off her, laughing with Stacie while pointing to another room. Stacie heads there, as he turns towards Fil.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
(screaming)

Lay on that fuckin' ground and
think 'bout what ya' did today,
Fil. Don't fuckin' touch my kids
unless you agree to get in line and
stay at the house during the day,
like I asked ya' to.

Giovanni heads to the other room as well. Fil is crying on the ground for a minute, trying to rub her wounds.

Suddenly, her face goes blank, her pupils dilate, and she rises to her feet, stumbling back and forth. She gets to the bed, seeing her kids, as she smiles, lulling them to sleep.

FILOMENA

Rico and Rocko, my beautiful
babies, Mama is so sorry. She prays
you don't remember what comes next,
but it's necessary.

Se rubs her fingers over their eyes, trying to get them to go to sleep, which they do.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Don't you worry, my babies.

Fil reaches into the drawer next to the bed, pulling back the handle to reveal multiple golden silencer pistols with ammo beneath them.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
(whispering)

Nobody's going to put their hands
on your fucking mother again.

Filomena takes one of the guns, loading up the ammo, as a darkness consumes her face, a much different look than the woman taking the beating.

Filomena grits her teeth, huffing and puffing. She holds the gun up, analyzing it with cold eyes. She clicks the gun loaded.

The camera starts flashing, showing her face normal one moment, then she has the face of a demonic reaper the next. This continues back n' forth for a few seconds.

TITLE SCREEN:

"FEAR THE REAPER"

ACT ONE**I/E. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (BACK) - DAY**

Giovanni exits his Cadillac, which is being driven by his DRIVER (50s, Italian, wears Capellini hat). He tips the guy \$50, nods, and the guy scurries off.

Giovanni's wearing an immaculate black suit, has a cigar in his mouth, and there's no tie; just an open dress shirt and he's got a gold Italian horn chain around his neck.

(Note: EVERYONE involved with this restaurant aside from kitchen workers dress fancy like this.)

As he approaches the back door to the restaurant's club, ALESSANDRO FERRARI (40s, Italian, cigarette in mouth at all times) opens the door for him and nods.

Instantly, THE CRAZY GOOMAH (20s, Italian, beautiful) bursts through the door in a pretty, yellow dress. She has a shoe in one hand, gun in the other. She heaves the shoe at Giovanni.

THE GOOMAH

Fuck you!

Giovanni dodges it, shielding his face. She charges him with the gun, as he grabs it, holds it in the air, and she fires. Alessandro tackles her to the ground, as everyone's yelling.

THE GOOMAH (CONT'D)

Bet you'll think about fucking me
then not calling next time, won't
ya', Gio?

Giovanni leans down so his face is closer to hers, as his boy has her pinned. Alessandro has also taken the gun away.

GIOVANNI

I have a wife and two babies at the
house. Fuck ya' think I'm gonna'
do, call ya' while I'm in the
middle of Sunday dinner?

THE GOOMAH

(In Italian)

Lick my ass!

GIOVANNI

If ya' let me do shit like that,
maybe I'd call ya' more, ya'
whackjob!

She spits at him. Alessandro scoops her up, gripping her by the arms, walking her to his car. Still cigarette in the mouth, still hasn't said a fucking word.

Giovanni looks to the sky, doing the sky of the cross, but his face is highly irritated. He starts talking with his hands, as all Italian characters in this series do.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 Why ya' gotta' do it to me, lord?
 Every woman in my life, a basket
 case! Every fuckin' one!

Giovanni heads into the restaurant.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Giovanni walks through the halls, as cooks and waitresses pass him by. When they see it's him, they all put their heads down, horrified to even make eye contact with the man.

As Giovanni passes the kitchen, he pauses, then pulls back. FRANKIE THE COOK (30s, Italian, really short) has a cigarette in his mouth while he's stirring some pasta.

Giovanni throws his hands in the air, as Frankie stops cooking.

GIOVANNI
 Oh! The fuck?

Frankie shrugs his shoulders.

FRANKIE
 What?

GIOVANNI
 The fuck you mean, "What?" Next
 time one of my pieces of meat runs
 through the door wit' a gun, maybe
 ya' give a guy a fuckin' warning!

FRANKIE
 I didn't see nothin'!

GIOVANNI
 Yeah, yeah! Only time ya' do is
 when my wife walks by wit' heels
 on. You keep cooking that pasta and
 be fuckin' careful.

Frankie shakes his head, as Giovanni goes to walk away.

FRANKIE
(yelling)

Ay, Gio!

Giovanni stops, backtracking. Now they're making eye contact.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I did that thing for you, poison.

GIOVANNI
What thing?

FRANKIE
You know...the thing.

GIOVANNI
The money thing?

FRANKIE
No...the other thing.

GIOVANNI
The hooker thing?

FRANKIE
Yeah, I did that. But I meant the other thing. The new thing, too. I did it afterward.

GIOVANNI
How many fuckin' things are there?
Jesus fuckin' Christ, Frankie!

FRANKIE
Gio...the Bonetti thing.

Giovanni does the sign of the cross; now he's smiling.

GIOVANNI
Ah, ok. Did ya' send the message first?

FRANKIE
Even better, Gio. The package is at the bar, waiting for you to send it. Figured you'd like that.

GIOVANNI
Maybe I will keep ya' around.
(Beat.) Ay, watch that fuckin' cigarette. One more ash in my fuckin' spaghetti and I'll stuff ya' fuckin' head in the pan, kapeesh?

Frankie does a Marine salute with his hands, as Giovanni keeps walking through the hallway.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Giovanni enters the club house, and it's filled with tables and chairs with white clothes covering them. Beer and wine along with gourmet food lay on top of the cloths.

Sitting at these tables are THE GODS OF SICILY (20s-40s, Italian bikers, beards, leather cuts). They all raise their glass to salute Gio as he walks through them.

GIOVANNI (TO THE YOUNGEST ONE)
Stefano, oh! No fuckin' kids
allowed!

All the bikers laugh. Giovanni keeps walking to the bar, as there's a BARTENDER (40s, Italian, mute) wearing sunglasses inside with a Capelinni.

The bartender hands Gio a glass of liquor on the rocks, along with some pliers. Gio sparks a cigarette, chugging the drink, saluting to this man, then he takes the pliers.

As he walks towards the far end of the bar, PETE BONETTI (30s, Italian male, fat, bald) is tied to a chair, bloody and bruised. He's shaking as Giovanni approaches.

There's a stool at the end of the bar, as Gio grabs it, putting it in front of Pete. Gio puts his foot atop it, inhales a long drag, and blows the smoke in Pete's face.

Giovanni snaps his fingers, as two bikers get up, punch and kick this man, then remove his gag from his mouth.

PETE
(yelling)
G--G--Gio, I'm sorry. I'm--look!
Don't take it out on me! It's not
my fault!

Gio nonchalantly nods towards the bikers, who pry the man's mouth open, doing their best to push his teeth out as far as possible. The man moans and groans, squeezing his eyes shut.

GIOVANNI
Ya' know, Pete, all I want to do is
go fuck one of my crazy broads and
then go home to a plate of pasta.

Giovanni takes his foot off the stool, seemingly talking to himself as he walks in circles with the cigarette.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 That's all, Pete! (Beat.) But no, I
 gotta' come here 'cause you and ya'
 fuckin' family won't stop fuckin'
 pissin' wit' me.

Giovanni comes back, flicking the cigarette at the man's
 face.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 Bein' a piece of shit is one thing,
 Petey, but to come in here hootin'
 and hollerin' the other night when
 there are--

Giovanni kicks the stool, as his face goes from relaxed to
 filled with rage, and he gets in the man's face.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Fuckin' cops in the restaurant! Not
 to mention pedestrians who're
 tryin' to kick back and have a
 fuckin' cannoli, for Christ's sake!

Giovanni flicks his fingers, as the bartender comes over,
 straight-faced, and hands him another cigarette, sparking it
 for him.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 Bad move, Petey. (Beat.) Ya' know
 what makes ya' piece of shit family
 different from ours? It's the fact
 that ya' need to be fuckin' loud
 and proud 'bout ya' shit when ya'
 could keep it quiet and make boat
 loads of money.

Giovanni shrugs his shoulders, looking towards all the
 bikers, as they all laugh hysterically. Giovanni turns
 around, making eye contact with Pete.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 Here. (Beat) Maybe this will help
 ya' keep ya' fuckin' messages to
 yourself.

Giovanni sticks the pliers in Pete's mouth, ripping his front
 teeth out, as the man screams and the crowd cheers.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Filomena cooks some pasta on the stove, as her peppers need chopped up to the right of the stove.

She reaches for them while stirring the pasta, but slips, knocking over some oil across the floor.

Her hands go to her head as she sighs, as the kids start screaming from the other room. Of course they are, and of course it had to be the oil! Worst thing to spill! So thick!

She rushes into the kid's room.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she rushes in, both babies are nude, sitting next to some onesies. Fil tries to hush both boys, who seem to be non-identical twins, but they're getting louder.

She reaches for the onesies, as the first one is a "Gods of Sicily" biker onesie. She rolls her eyes, shaking her head, as she tosses it behind her.

The next onesie is a simple, Italian flag, as she wraps Rico in it, still trying to soothe them both so they'll stop screaming.

She reaches for the last onesie, as it has "Marchesi's Bar & Grill" scribbled onto the front in the restaurant's signature, cursive print.

Fil pauses, rubbing her hands over the letters, then a single tear forms on her face. Rocko, the still-naked baby, screams the loudest scream of all.

Fil snaps out of it, grabbing a towel on the ground to wrap that baby in, as she didn't want him in either of those onesies. Just then, a smoke alarm. She left the pasta on.

Fil tosses her head to the ceiling, as now both babies are screaming again.

FILOMENA

(screaming)

I know, I know...Mother Mary, I
love you both, but give me a
fucking break!

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fil closes the door, as it looks like she had just tucked both kids in bed. She exhales, coming back to the dinner table, which has two plates on it.

One for her and Gio, but he never came home. She clears her plate, staring into nothing, dead in the eyes.

She goes and grabs a black book and a pen, as there's a ton of accounting and financial information in it. She does the books herself, signing her name at the bottom in cursive: "Filomena Marchesi."

After she finishes, she's smoking a cigarette, staring out the window, then she gets up. She gets an old-school newspaper that shows jobs hiring.

She comes across a warehouse position. Using her finger to read it, she smiles, then picks up the cord phone next to the fridge and makes the call.

After a few rings, there's an answer.

WAREHOUSE GUY (O.S.)
Yyyyyyyyyyyyyello.

FILOMENA
Hello, darling. I, um, read about an opening at your warehouse, is that position still open?

The guy bursts out laughing on the phone.

WAREHOUSE GUY (O.S.)
I don't know what kind of liberal bullshit you've been watching, but maybe you should get back to doing the dishes.

Fil's eyes burst wide, as she puts the cigarette out on the wall.

FILOMENA
You listen here, limp dick. You'll do the dishes for me after I cut your dick off and you turn into my bitch. Fuck you!

He's laughing harder.

WAREHOUSE GUY (O.S.)
I bet you're doing chores right now!

She slams the phone, huffing and puffing. The kids are up. Her hands go to her head, as there are tears in the eyes.

After a moment, she's lit another cigarette. Now she's staring out the window again, still crying.

FILOMENA

(quietly)

I'm not your bitch, and I'm not his
nanny, neither...

ACT TWO**I/E. BONETTI COMPOUND - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

ARTURO "THE HOG" BONETTI (60s, Italian male, real fat) sits in his living room on his couch, staring out the window while smoking a cigar, sipping on some Italian fine wine.

It's an enormous mansion with gates and guards, as an old-school Cadillac comes through the gates, parks, and we see four armed men exit the vehicle.

One tips the driver an \$100 bill and heads inside, nodding to Arturo. After a moment, these men enter the room. All wear black suits, black Capelinnis, and black sunglasses.

The one who tipped the driver enters first. It's "SLICK" SALVATORE BONETTI AKA "Sal" (30s, Italian male, black eyes). His three thugs follow behind him.

As Sal enters, he removes his cap, putting it to his chest with his head down as his thugs officially enter, doing the same. Arturo still looks out the window.

SAL

Sorry, pop. Pete didn't answer the door. Nobody's heard from him.

ARTURO

"He's dead." That what you want to say to me, son?

Arturo turns to make eye contact, as only Sal raises his head to make eye contact, not his men.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

I know he is. (Beat.) That's all this game is, Salvatore. You walk in with news of death, money problems, or police problems.

Long beat. Sal takes a seat next to his father, sighing.

SAL

He was a pain in the ass, but he was our pain in the ass, no?

ARTURO

(In Italian)

A big-mouthed pain in the ass.

One of the gangsters at the door laughs, as Arturo looks to him, cold. He stops laughing. Sal removes his glasses and glares at this man. The man instantly leaves the room.

SAL

He was my brother, dad. He's your son. (Beat.) You want to know which one of those mamamooks did it, no?

Arturo stares back out the window, sparking his cigar.

ARTURO

Nah. (Beat.) It's all the same. My son is gone. It don't matter if he took it up the ass in the can 'till he friggin' died or if he went out with a heart attack while fuckin' some actress puttan--

Arturo ashes the cigar, turning back to Sal with a nonchalant face.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

He's dead. And he's dead 'cause he's stupid, that's it.

Long beat.

SAL

So what? You want me to do nothin', no?

Sal shrugs towards his men, before returning eye contact with his father.

SAL (CONT'D)

Marchesi kills your kid, and you got nothin' to say to your other one?

ARTURO

I got plenty to say. (Beat.) Maybe you should give me the time to say it, Sal. (Beat.) Ain't you supposed to be the quiet one? Now you got a big mouth?

Silence. Nervous coughing from the gangsters at the door, head shaking from Sal, and wine sipping, then cigar puffing from Arturo.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

What I'm gettin' at, big mouth, is nothin' changes in this game if you don't do somethin' different than the guy that's fuckin' wit' ya.

Sal nods, listening on.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Some guy comes and whacks your friggin' kid, he's a veteran. He knows you're coming back hard, he expects it. This thing is like boxing: how you beat him, son, is you don't hit him where he thinks he gonna' get hit; you hit him harder in the spot he's least expecting, the spot he'll wish he protected the most.

Silence.

SAL

Wife? Kids, no?

Arturo puts out the cigar, finishing the wine. He makes eye contact with Sal.

ARTURO

Nah. (Beat.) A man who kills another man's child doesn't give a fuck 'bout family, Sal. When you hit him back, you hit him in the only spot on his heart that isn't black: his money.

Sal smiles, nodding.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Marchesi's, Sal. Every man you have, every gun. Broad daylight. And if his cops catch you comin' out, you add their friggin' corpses to the pile.

Sal nods, firmly.

SAL

(In Italian.)

Clubhouse? Back parking lot where big man smokes, no? How you want it?

Arturo stands up, wheezing as he's heavy set.

ARTURO

Nah.

Arturo slowly leaves the room with a limp.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(In Italian.)

Walk right in the friggin' front door.

Arturo is gone.

ARTURO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Steal some of them peppers, too.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Giovanni enters the kitchen with his suit jacket hanging onto his shoulder by a thread. His hair is a mess. There's blood on his pants. His eyes are half-closed.

Filomena sits at the dinner table with her empty plate, his still sitting out, now cold. Her ash tray, full of cigarette butts. Her eyes filled with rage, like she'll kill him.

As he hangs his coat up, the two still haven't said a word to each other after a minute. In a close up, Filomena sees that there's lipstick on Gio's neck.

GIOVANNI

Ya' get the books done?

Her eyes bulge as he's still turned around, then they relax, and a phony smile spreads wide on her face.

FILOMENA

(seductively)

Yes. (Beat.) How was work, darling?

Gio grunts, hardly looking at her. He goes to the cupboard to get a bottle of wine, then pours himself a glass. He takes a seat across from his dinner, sighing as he sits.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Not talkative, my dear?

He hasn't said anything, nor has he looked at her while he grabs his utensils and takes a couple bites of his food. He grimaces, as it's freezing cold.

GIOVANNI

The fuck is this?

FILOMENA
You don't like my spaghetti
anymore?

Giovanni drops the fork, hard.

 GIOVANNI
It's fuckin' freezin', Fil. The
Fuck!

She puts her hands to her face, smiling wide, toothy.

 FILOMENA
You sure there's something wrong
with the taste?

Gio squints, shrugging.

 GIOVANNI
Fuck ya' talkin' weird for? Cold
food, weird talkin'. Ya' not losin'
ya fuckin' marbles, are ya'?

Fil leans back, sparking another cigarette, taking a huge
drag while maintaining eye contact.

 FILOMENA
No, no, no, dear. I'm not losing
it. But you might be! That
spaghetti tastes delicious. Well,
unless your taste buds are still
covered in...DIRTY WHORE PUSSY!

She flicks the cigarette at his face, as he flinches.

 GIOVANNI
 (yelling)
Oh! The fuck!

She grabs a fork, charging towards his side of the table,
then stabs his right hand as he threw it up in self-defense.
Food goes flying as they fight.

Now they're both standing, as food is all over the place, and
the babies are awake in the other rooms, screaming
hysterically.

 GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
Fuckin' psycho bitch! What's the
fuckin' problem?

Silence. The yelling ceases for a moment, as does their
energy going forward.

FILOMENA

(whispering)

You have makeup on your neck, you
fucking pig.

He looks to the right of his neck, then sighs, putting his
hands on his face.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Who was it this time, darling?
Marie, the hostess whore from the
front of the restaurant? One of
those puttanas from the pole club?
Or perhaps you paid some skank from
the fucking hooker bin!

GIOVANNI

Maybe if I didn't come home to some
fuckin' psycho who assaults me
every eleven seconds then I
wouldn't crave some clam on the way
home from work, ya' ever think of
that, honey?

Giovanni grabs bread from the table, throwing it at her. The
two start yelling.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Ya' ever think if maybe I didn't
fear for my fuckin' life while I
fuckin' sleep then maybe oh maybe
I'd be frisky 'nough to hope in bed
wit' ya?

FILOMENA

Fuck you, Gio. Don't pit this on
me. I stay home and take care of
these fucking kids all day by
myself while you're out sticking
your cock in other women.

GIOVANNI

Ya' fuckin' bitch, I'm out riskin'
my ass everyday to put food on this
table, food ya' don't even fuckin'
keep warm for me anymore! Fuckin'
lucky I come home to this bullshit
at all!

Fil grabs more utensils from the table and heaves them at
him, as he tries to throw some back.

FILOMENA

Fuck you. I wasn't psycho until you dragged me from my home to Youngstown, Ohio and turned me into a fucking maid. (Beat.) You made me like this. You made me crazy. You keep me here, locked up, like a little puppy while you go and kill and fuck, like some twisted fucking viking.

GIOVANNI

I can't bring ya' to the restaurant, I can't bring ya' anywhere 'cause I don't want my people to know I'm married to a psychotic bitch! Ya' fuckin' kiddin' me? I had to pull a man's teeth wit' pliers today to provide for ya', then I got to come home to this?

Giovanni picks up his chair, heaving it at her. It hits her, hard, as she drops to the ground, covering her head and crying.

He's kicking her, punching her, screaming Italian swear words. After a moment, she's still holding her head on the ground, crying. Kids are screaming. Gio's pacing.

Finally, Gio's huffing and puffing stops, as he approaches Fil, slowly.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Ya' ok over there? Fil--

She swipes his hands away, revealing her bloody hands and teeth while she screams.

FILOMENA

No, I'm not ok! I married Giovanni Marchesi. I'll never fucking be ok.

Gio tosses his hands in the air, sighing.

GIOVANNI

What ya' fuckin' want from me, Fil? This lifestyle is fuckin' stressful. I slip up sometimes. I'm fuckin' human. At least I came home!

She comes to her feet, as there's a silence. The intensity dies down as she's wheezing, holding her ribs.

FILOMENA

(whispering)

If you're going to come home with makeup on your neck and your fists held up, then don't come home at all, Gio.

GIOVANNI

I'm sorry, Fil. I'm sorry. (Beat.) What ya' fuckin' want from me, huh?

FILOMENA

(crying)

Let me out, Gio. I can't stay in this house all day. I'm more than a nanny. Let me help you cook at the restaurant; they're my recipes.

Giovanni shakes his head, then glares at her.

GIOVANNI

And do what wit' the fuckin' kids, Fil? Huh? Put 'em in a fuckin' tree like a bird? Let some shine or some whackjob nanny raise them? Is that what ya' want? They'll grow up and join the fuckin' Manson family, for fuck's sake!

FILOMENA

I'll bring them with me, or Alessandro or Frankie can help watch them, people we trust!

Fil approaches him, smiling through the blood. She grips his hands as he stares into her eyes, frustrated.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I can't spend another day alone in this house, darling. Please, let me help out at the restaurant. I'm already helping; I might as well be there.

GIOVANNI

Can't do that, Fil.

FILOMENA

Why?

GIOVANNI

Fuckin' you know why! I pulled a man's teeth out wit' fuckin' pliers today, Fil.

(MORE)

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Do I need to say it a third time?
That the type of shit ya' want for
the kid's first memory? You're
fuckin insane.

He goes to walk away, trying to reach for more wine.

FILOMENA

If you don't let me hang around the
restaurant, I'm getting a job
elsewhere.

Gio spins around, glaring.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I already started looking.

Gio's eyes burst.

GIOVANNI

(yelling)

You already what--

Gio interrupts himself, sprinting across the room to punch
her square in the face, as she drops to the ground crying.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Next time ya' even suggest
somethin' like that, I'll fuckin'
bury ya'. Stay here in the kitchen
where ya' belong, ya' fuckin'
bitch. I'm stayin' at Stacie's--

Giovanni turns to grab his coat and leave. Just before he
does, he turns and yells this.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Ya' drive me fuckin' nuts!

He slams the door shut. Fil gathers herself after crying on
the ground for awhile. She stands, looking towards the kids
room while balling her eyes out. She walks over there.

MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - BABY ROOM (EXTERIOR) - CONTINUOUS

Fil gets to the baby room, opening the door slightly, so she
can see both her baby boys crying. They look right at her,
crying their eyes out.

Fil looks upon them with pain in the eyes, shaking her head
back n' forth.

FILOMENA

I'm so sorry, boys, but it won't
always be like this. Mama promises.

ACT THREE**EXT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Giovanni exits the home, cussing in Italian while talking to himself. His hands are all over the place as he's arguing with the air.

As he goes to get in his car, a Cadillac with blacked out windows pulls up to the driveway, but doesn't park in it. It covers the opening, sideways, blocking him in.

Giovanni comes to a stop, noticing the vehicle out of the corner of his eye. There's a pause.

This car's lights go off, as Gio ducks his head, reaching swiftly for a pistol he keeps underneath the front seat of his Cadillac. He gets it, loads it, and aims.

The car turns on, as Giovanni jogs forward towards it. It scurries off, as Giovanni jogs after it for awhile pointing the gun. He puts the gun down as it drives off.

Giovanni gets back to his driveway, heading towards his car with the gun. He pauses, staring at the house, which has a light on through the kitchen window.

As he stares at it, the kitchen light goes off, then he sighs, getting in his car to scurry off to one of his whore's houses.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

The sun peaks through the window, as Fil's eyes are open. Her face is banged up, cut up as she's staring out the window. She gets up, analyzing the dried up blood on her hands.

Fil reaches for a maid's outfit, but pauses. Her face goes cold, as she thinks back to her husband's comments last night. "Get back in the kitchen!"

She grabs the outfit, thrashing it to the side until it falls to the ground. She grunts, huffing and puffing now. She goes to the closet, getting her nicest dress, then puts it on.

Once she's dressed, she covers her bruises the best she can with makeup and puts on a bunch of jewelry and some earrings. She leaves the room with a confident strut.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - BABY ROOM

Fil dresses both the babies up in some Italian flag gear, kissing them and smiling while they laugh and try to play with her.

EXT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Fil exits with both babies in arms, as the Cadillac of Giovanni's driver scurries into the driveway, exiting with both hands held up in question.

DRIVER

Oh, Fil! You alright?

Fil approaches the Cadillac with her head down and puts the babies in the back seat.

FILOMENA

Thought I told you to bring car seats.

DRIVER

Hold on, are you alright? What was this emergency you were yapping about.

Fil slams the door shut, then walks over to get in his face.

FILOMENA

There isn't one, but if you want to bitch to my husband about me leaving this house, then let me remind you that I know where his fucking guns are.

The driver's staring with wide eyes.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Now, get in the fucking car and drive me to the restaurant; I'm not sitting in this house today, and I don't give a shit who says a what, neither.

The driver sighs, putting his head in his hands for a minute.

DRIVER

Why you gotta' drag me into your shit, Fil? I don't got enough problems?

She goes to get in the car.

FILOMENA

Just fucking drive, Antonio. Drive
the fucking car.

They both get in and light a cigarette each, as he drives
off.

EXT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (BACK) - DAY

Fil exits the car with both kids in hand, cigarette in the
mouth and she's looking good, confident despite some bumps
and bruises.

She struts towards the restaurant clubhouse entrance, coming
face to face with Alessandro, who's guarding the door.
Alessandro's eyes widen as he sees her.

He approaches, frantically, with his hands held up.

ALESSANDRO

Are you on crack, Fil?

FILOMENA

No, but I should crack you right in
your teeth, Al. I know it was you
that drove that whore out front to
my house. What you got to say about
that?

Alessandro drops his head, frowning.

ALESSANDRO

Fil, you can't be here. There's--

FILOMENA

I am here, and you won't do
anything about it. What the fuck
are you going to do to me, Al? You
going smack me around like my
husband does, darling?

No answer. She gets in his face, as he's staring into her
bruises, which are revealed the closer she gets.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I'm going in the fucking restaurant
with my kids, and if he asks why
you let me, you can tell him I
"stuck a gun in your face." If you
don't let me in, that's really
what's going to happen.

Alessandro stares on with low, irritated eyes.

ALESSANDRO

Why do you Italian broads have to
be so bull-headed?

Fil smiles wide, then kisses him on the cheek and walks into the clubhouse behind him. Just before the door closes behind her:

FILOMENA

It's in our blood, darling.

The door closes. Alessandro turns around, guarding the door once more as he sighs.

ALESSANDRO

This is why I only date black
chicks...

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - HALLWAYS

Fil presses her back to the door with both babies, as a wide smile accompanied by teary eyes is what covers her face.

She's walking through the halls, analyzing all the family pictures, artwork, and posters put up everywhere. She's checking out office rooms, and, finally, the kitchen.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frankie The Cook doesn't see her at first, as she's looking around, trying not to cry.

She's so happy; it looks just like she imagined, just as she dreamt when she thought she'd always be involved in it as it opened.

She exits the exterior of the kitchen with both babies, heading through another hallway, though we can't tell where she's going.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - DINING ROOM

Fil enters the dining room with both babies, as the restaurant manager, "LUCKY" LOUIE MORETTI (40s, Italian male, skinny) is shocked to see her.

He doesn't react like the others; he runs up and hugs her. Around them: endless tables covered in white cloths, employees serving the customers wine and food.

At the front, near the entrance, MARIE "THE WHORE" SANTINELLI (20s, blonde, Italian female) is smiling wide as customers walk by her to their seats.

When she sees Fil talking to Louie, her jaw drops in fear. She quickly spins around, acting like she didn't see Fil, who is now glaring at her, but still talking to Louie.

LOUIE

Madone! Fil, you look fantastic!
Just about gave this poor schmuck a
heart attack.

FILOMENA

Lou, thank you, darling.

She finally makes eye contact with him, smiling.

LOUIE

Gio didn't say nothing about you
being here today. Why are you here?

FILOMENA

(playfully)
Oh, you don't want me here?

LOUIE

Oh! Who are you kiddin'? It's
refreshing to see such a beautiful
face. You realize I have to stare
at Frankie all day, right?

They both laugh.

FILOMENA

Gio said I can come help cook and
upkeep today. Don't worry: you're
still being paid, darling. Just
here to help and get out of the
house.

LOUIE

Madone, what a blessing!

Fil looks over towards Marie, as her smile fades.

FILOMENA

That pretty girl up there, that's
little Marie, right?

Lou looks over, as his eyes widen.

LOUIE

Uh--

Fil hands Louie both babies, still smiling wide, looking in Marie's direction.

FILOMENA

I'll go say hi! Here, watch the kids!

Louie is now standing, holding both babies, stuttering as he tries to think of what to say.

Too late; Fil's heading over towards the whore. Oh boy. (I've seen Italian women pull this one before; it's not pretty.)

Fil gets to where she's standing directly behind Marie, who has a bottle of water in her hand. Fil coughs, signaling that she's behind Marie. Marie spins around with a phony smile.

MARIE

Oh, my! You're Filomena, right?

FILOMENA

Shut your fucking whore mouth, you little bitch.

Marie's eyes burst, along with the few customers that heard it behind her.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

The next time you spread your little legs and let my husband stick his pecker in that nasty, dirty snatch of yours, you make sure you take some boxing lessons afterwards because you'll fucking need 'em. Got it?

MARIE

I don't know what you're--

Fil smacks the water bottle out of her hand, as water goes everywhere and customers gasp and cover their mouths.

Next, Fil grabs her by the hair and punches her in the head probably ten times.

Everyone is now in silence, as Fil pulls the girl to the ground, still holding onto her hair. She spits on her, then kicks her.

FILOMENA

(yelling)

Find your own damn man, you little twat.

Fil storms off towards Louie, huffing and puffing, as the customers have their jaws dropped and Louie is shaking his head.

Fil heads over and kisses both babies as Lou holds them.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
 Watch my kids while I go cook, ok?
 Thanks, sweet Lou.

She rubs Louie's head with her hand, then heads back to the clubhouse hallway with a bright smile on her face. Louie puts the kids in some highchairs at a table, sighing.

EXT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (FRONT) - DAY

The wind picks up outside the restaurant, as clouds cover the sun, dimming northeast Ohio. Up pulls three Cadillacs with blacked out windows.

The cars circle the parking lot, slowly, then pull up to the entrance where employees sit outside. Employees greet other customers who are coming to the restaurant to eat.

The employees stop greeting, squinting as they analyze the cars. They're spooked, trying to see who's inside.

Suddenly, out pops Sal Bonetti with about ten BONETTI CRIME FAMILY THUGS (40s, Italian, dressed like Sal with the same sunglasses.)

Sal doesn't acknowledge the employees who stare on in horror, as they clearly know this crew is something to be afraid of. They want to run, but they're frozen.

Sal snaps his fingers, crossing his arms as he smiles, nods to these employees. His men pop the trunks of each Cadillac, getting AK 47s, loading them for the rampage.

As the men come around and behind Sal, he stares on towards the employees with a cryptic smile. He holds his hand up, signaling for his men to await his order.

SAL
 Sorry. Wrong place, wrong time.
 Wrong pezzo di merda to work for.
 (piece of shit in Italian.)

Sal snaps his fingers, as the men open fire on the employees and some of the customers, killing them. Sal yells "Halt!" In Italian, looking around. He sees cameras on the building.

Sal points, snapping his fingers again, as the men shoot out the cameras, then Sal points towards the windows in front of the building, yelling "Fire!" In Italian.

The men shoot up the windows, walls, and everything they can see in front of the building, as groans, moans, and cries are heard from inside.

EXT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (BACK)

Alessandro hears the commotion, then scrambles towards the clubhouse entrance, ducking as he runs. He bursts through the back door, heading into the hallways.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Alessandro is huffing and puffing, sprinting as hard as he can while ducking; he heads for the kitchen.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Shots continue to ring, as we hear the buzzing. Every time there's the buzzing of gunfire, Fil, Frankie the Cook, and Alessandro flinch. They all have a look of horror.

Other employees in the kitchen are ducking, covering their heads, scrambling out as they head for the back parking lot. Alessandro runs over towards a cupboard.

This cupboard contains pots and pans. Alessandro yanks them out as hard and fast as he can, revealing AK 47s stashed behind them, locked and loaded already.

He grabs two, one for him, and one for Frankie.

ALESSANDRO
(yelling)
Fil, get out the back and get to
your car, now. Frankie, follow me.

Frankie nods, as Fil is shaking her head back n' forth.

FILOMENA
(yelling)
My kids! My kids!

More ringing of gunfire, as it seems to be getting closer.

ALESSANDRO
(yelling)
We will get them, Fil. I promise.

He drops the gun to grab her face, looking her in the eyes.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)
(In Italian)

Promise.

Fil smacks his hands away.

FILOMENA
(yelling)

No! No! I'm going! I'm getting my
kids! I'll die if I have to!

Alessandro rolls his eyes.

ALESSANDRO
Get her to her car, now.

Frankie nods in agreement, as Fil tries to thrash away from them both, but Frankie grabs her around the arms. Alessandro runs out of the room with the gun, still ducking.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - CLUBHOUSE

Alessandro enters the clubhouse where some Gods of Sicily bikers have guns in hand, hiding underneath the tables, though they look calm and collected.

ALESSANDRO
(yelling)

Rico and Rocko are out front!

The bikers eyes widen, as their jaws drop. Long beat, as we hear more gunfire.

ALESSANDRO (CONT'D)
(yelling)

What the fuck are you waiting for,
a handjob? Giovanni Marchesi's kids
are outside.

Everyone gets up, running from the clubhouse towards the sound of gunfire.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - DINING ROOM

Bodies everywhere. Blood everywhere. Marie The Whore lays lifeless, riddled in bullets. Louie lays lifeless by the babies, hit with even more bullets.

The babies scream and cry, but they still sit in the highchairs; they're the only ones alive. Somehow, the bullets went above, around, and behind them, but never hit them.

Sal and his people enter, as Sal holds his hand up, signaling for them to stop. They wait behind him. Sal looks around, smiling, chuckling. Now he notices the babies.

Sal's smile fades, as he tilts his head. The babies scream and cry again, as Sal waves, demented with those cold, black eyes.

Alessandro and his men enter from the back, taking cover however they can, as gunfire ensues between both parties.

Many of the bikers and Sal's men drop, dead. Sal is the only one who didn't take cover, like he doesn't fear death. He shoots with his own gun, trying to hit Alessandro.

Alessandro is trying to run between some tables, avoiding fire all he can, but he's hit in the leg.

Sal's men are winning despite losing some guys, as the bikers who were helping Alessandro are dead, joining the body piles.

Sal looks around, seeing more security cameras. He yells "Halt!" again in Italian. The men he has that are still alive drop their guns. Sal smiles that demented, cryptic smile.

He heads over towards Alessandro, who is clinging to his shot up leg on the ground. Alessandro is making eye contact with Sal. He has a look of defeat.

Sal kneels down, smiling wider as he is close enough to Alessandro to hear a whisper.

SAL
 (whispering in Italian)
 I'd shoot the cameras here, too,
 Al, But what better way to send a
 message?

Sal stands, pointing a gun towards the babies.

SAL (CONT'D)
 (whispering in Italian)
 Son for a son, no?

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - KITCHEN

Frankie clings to Fil on the ground near one of the cooking stoves, using his gun to hold her in place. He's trying to yank her out of the room unsuccessfully.

Fil looks up, seeing a hot pot of pasta near Frankie's head.

In a crazy, adrenaline fueled move, she tests her flexibility limits, kicking her feet up towards the pan. She hits it perfectly!

It falls off the stove, as hot sauce heads towards them both. Frankie lets go as the two quickly duck out of the way.

Fil scrambles for his gun, grabbing it as he's staring at the pasta sauce on the ground.

FRANKIE

You're crazy! You're--

But he doesn't have time to keep yelling, as she used the butt of the gun to crack him in the face, knocking his hat off his head, also knocking him out cold.

She runs as fast she can out of the room, dropping the gun first on the ground.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Fil sprints through the hallways towards the clubhouse, as there's some fear in her eyes.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As she reaches the clubhouse, flashes of her children being born enter her mind, as that fearful look turns to one of anger, determination as she heads towards the dining room.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - DINING ROOM

Fil enters in a full army strut, using that mother instinct to locate her kids. Sal's men point their guns, as she ignores it, seeing Sal and Al staring towards her as well.

Sal clicks his gun loaded, pointing harder towards the children, spreading an evil smile even wider now.

Fil yelps. Sal and his men laugh. Crying, she sprints towards her children, shielding them.

Her arms are spread wide in front of them, as Sal tilts his head and his smile fades. He lowers his gun, turning towards Alessandro.

SAL
(In Italian)
Italian women fear nothing, no?

Sal turns towards Fil, smiling wide once again.

SAL (CONT'D)
Tell your husband Arturo Bonetti
intends to sit with him soon, or
next time we leave no witnesses.

Sal yells "Out!" in Italian to his men, as they lower their guns and start to walk out of the restaurant.

Before he starts to leave as well, Sal shoots Alessandro in the other leg, twice.

SAL (CONT'D)
(In Italian)
Bleed.

Alessandro screams out in pain, as Sal grabs some peppers from a nearby table and leaves along with his men.

Fil drops to her knees, crying her eyes out. She grabs both babies after a long beat and heads over towards a moaning Alessandro.

ACT FOUR**EXT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (FRONT) - DAY**

Police now litter the parking lot, as EMTs and more tend to the bodies outside. Cops rush in and out of the restaurant, as a black vehicle speeds in the parking lot.

This vehicle has cop lights on the inside of the car; it's likely some sort of undercover cop or FBI agent.

And it is, as exiting in a full suit is TOMMY VESCERA (40s, Italian, good looking)

A LEAD COP (30s, African American, in shape) runs over towards Tommy.

TOMMY

Was this Bonetti?

LEAD COP

Yes. Multiple witnesses on 422 said they saw Cadillacs speeding towards downtown Youngstown. I thought the old man was finished?

They start walking towards the front of the restaurant.

TOMMY

He pretty much is, but his son Sal isn't. Odds are it was him.

LEAD COP

Why?

TOMMY

Because Pete Bonetti is missing. Retaliation. More importantly: where is Fil? Is she alright?

LEAD COP

Sort of...

They enter the restaurant.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - DINING ROOM

Fil clings to her children, sitting on the ground in the midst of the madness in a grisly scene.

Multiple cops try to talk to her, as EMTs tend to Alessandro, who's smoking a cigarette on the ground, half-alive. Fil swings her head back n' forth.

FILOMENA

I'll only talk to Tommy, you fuckers! Stop talking to me! Stop talking to me! Stop talking to me!

Tommy runs over, as sadness covers his face.

TOMMY

(yelling)

Fil!

Fil's head whips that way, as her eyes light up.

FILOMENA

Tommy! Oh heavens, thank the lord!

He runs over, leaning down to hug her and the kids. Tommy gets up, fixing his suit, regaining a serious face as he looks upon the other officers.

TOMMY

Leave her be. I'll take care of this.

They leave. Alessandro looks over towards Tommy.

ALESSANDRO

(yelling)

Good to see you still want to fuck Gio's wife, Tommy! Oh, and thanks for watching the restaurant closely, you puttan!

Tommy shakes his head, pointing towards the EMTs.

TOMMY

Get him out of here, now.

They pick up Alessandro in a stretcher, walking him out of the restaurant as he screams and swears at them. Fil laughs, smiling at Tommy with a different smile, seductive.

FILOMENA

Even after everything we've been through, you still come to save me when I'm at my worst, darling!

TOMMY

Always here for you, Fil. You know that. (Smile, beat.) Was this Sal?

FILOMENA

Yes. He spared us.

Tommy smiles at both the children. Now his smile drops, as he sighs, looking Fil in the eyes.

TOMMY

I will make him pay for putting you through this. Don't worry, Fil.

Fil smiles wide, reaching out to grab his hand, as he grabs hers and they maintain eye contact.

FILOMENA

Thank you.

EXT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT (FRONT)

Rolling up to the cop and EMT filled parking lot is the Gods of Sicily, about twenty bikes with burly bikers. They're in front, behind, and around Gio; it's his entourage.

Gio puts his car in park, sprinting towards the entrance with wide, horrified eyes.

Cops try to stop him, as there's screaming, yelling, and now fighting between the bikers and cops as they've gotten off their bikes and cleared a way for Gio.

Amongst much screaming and yelling, Gio enters the restaurant.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - DINING ROOM

As Gio enters, he sees Fil and his kids. He drops to his knees, doing the sign of the cross.

GIOVANNI

Thank God!

Fil and Tommy whip their heads towards Gio, as they try to rip their hands held apart, but Gio notices this just before they stop. Gio's eyes light up with fury.

Gio struts towards Fil and Tommy, filled with adrenaline.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Son of a fuckin' bitch.

Tommy stands up, holding his hands up in defense.

TOMMY

Gio, I know you're emotional, but
calm down.

Gio grabs him forcefully by the collar, staring with demented eyes, as their faces are an inch apart. The babies start screaming.

FILOMENA

(yelling)

Calm down, Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

(yelling)

Ya' mother fucker. My children were here. My children were here. Why weren't ya' watchin' the fuckin' restaurant?

TOMMY

I was! I was! We couldn't get here in--

GIOVANNI

(yelling)

Bullshit! I'll kill ya'! I'll fuckin' kill ya' for this shit! The fuck I'm payin' ya' for?

FILOMENA

(yelling)

Let go of him, you fucking piece of shit! You're scaring the kids!

Gio's terrifying eyes switch to Fil, as he lets go of Tommy.

GIOVANNI

(low, hateful voice)

And you...

Gio goes over towards Fil, gripping her by the neck, even though she's still holding the kids. He's choking her.

TOMMY

(yelling)

Gio, stop!

GIOVANNI

(whispering)

I told ya' to stay away from here. I told ya' somethin' would happen, but ya' didn't listen. Ya' just couldn't accept ya' place as a stay-at-home mom.

Giovanni grips her neck harder.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Ya' put my children in danger, and
now ya' gettin' cute and cudly wit'
ya' fuckin' high school sweetheart?
Ya' kiddin' me, Fil? Are ya'
kiddin'? You'll die for this! I'll
fuckin' kill ya' both!

Tommy takes out his gun, clicking it loaded.

TOMMY

Let go, or I'll put one in the back
of your head, Gio.

Gio lets go of her, as he slowly turns towards Tommy with the
scariest eyes of all.

GIOVANNI

(whispering)

Will ya' now?

Giovanni walks slowly towards Tommy, who's tensing up. Gio
grabs the gun, forcefully, sticking it to his forehead.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Why don't ya' put one between my
eyes instead, Tommy? (Beat.) Do ya'
want to be the one who explains to
Frankie The Don why one of his
capos is dead after?

Tommy gulps, putting the gun down. Bikers enter the room with
guns held up, as the cops stay outside, and don't even bother
to stop them now.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Look behind ya', Tommy.

Tommy does, seeing the bikers, who hold him up with their
guns.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Who runs Youngstown? The cops, or
The Black Hand?

Tommy turns around, shaking his head, making eye contact with
Gio.

TOMMY

Don't do anything more than what's already gone on here, Gio. This is going to be a mess to clean up as it is. Don't you understand what happens next? Feds will be everywhere. I can't stop them.

GIOVANNI

Well ya' better find a fuckin' way, ya' big clown. Now, since ya' got such a hard cock for my wife, why don't ya' do me a favor and take her home, so I can take care of my people?

Tense silence.

TOMMY

Come on, Fil. Let's go.

GIOVANNI

Yeah, Fil. Go with ya' man, honey.

Fil stands up with both kids, crying.

FILOMENA

(whispering)

Don't you fucking dare accuse me of cheating, you fucking scum of the Earth, worthless excuse of a man. Your dirty dick is the reason I am miserable enough to come here in the first place.

Gio smacks her in the face with her kids in hand, as Tommy lunges towards them, but Gio removes a pistol of his own from his back pocket and sticks it right in Tommy's face.

GIOVANNI

Go, now. I'll take care of MY wife when I get home...

Fil and Tommy both walk through a sea of scary bikers, who clear the way but glare at them as they leave.

EXT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tommy pulls up and parks in the driveway, as the car is silent. Fil gets out, grabs both her kids, crying. She waves to Tommy, who stares on, sad as hell.

Fil starts to walk towards the house, as Tommy rolls down the window.

TOMMY
(yelling)

Fil!

She stops, turning around with a sniffing nose.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I don't care what happens. I don't care what he does to me. (Beat.) If he puts his hands on you again, call me, and I will come here to protect you.

Fil laughs, shaking her head.

FILOMENA
I can handle myself, darling.

TOMMY
I know you can. You're the toughest woman I ever met, and that's why I fell for you when we were kids. (Beat.) I still have feelings for you for that exact reason. Just-- just remember what I said, ok?

Fil blows him a kiss with her lips, turning to head inside the home. Tommy hesitates to leave, lunging towards the home like he wants to walk in. He sighs, leaving though.

ACT FIVE**INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Fil lays both kids on her bed, as she sits on the edge of it, staring at them both with a big smile. They stare back, confusion in their eyes with a hint of love.

FILOMENA

I wish there was a way to express
how much I love you both in words,
my sweet angels.

She scoots towards them, as a tear comes down her face, and she plays with both their cheeks.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

The only emotion I have that's as
strong as my love for you both is
the hatred I have for myself for
bringing you into this world.

She breaks down, covering her face with her hands as she cries. Long beat. After a moment, she stops, staring at them again.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I don't know how, but I promise you
both, I will get us out of this and
provide a real life for you both...
myself.

She smiles, then it fades after a moment. Horror conquers her face as the front door is heard opening, and a woman's laugh is accompanied by the sound of Giovanni's voice.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

Gio stumbles in the kitchen with Stacie hanging off of him, the same girl from the first scene.

They're both making out, reaching for each other's privates. They're laughing, joking.

GIOVANNI

(yelling)

Fil! Ohhhhhh, Fillllll! Come in
here! Let's talk!

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM

Fil's wiping tears, then her shoulders drop. She leans over, kissing both of her children, then rubs their cheeks once more with a smile.

FILOMENA

(whispering)

No matter what happens, Mama promises she'll find a way to get back in this room to look upon you both just one more time.

Fil stands, taking a huge breath, then she heads out towards the kitchen.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

Fil enters, as her jaw hangs wide in horror as she sees Giovanni with his side chick's legs spread on the kitchen table. They're close to having sex at this point.

GIOVANNI

There she is!

Giovanni gives his side chick one more long, sloppy kiss, then sparks a cigarette from his suit jacket on the floor, heading over towards Fil, who's crying, shaking.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

There's the love of my life. My girl, my wife, the apple of my fuckin' eye!

Giovanni whips around towards his other chick.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Take a long look, sweetie. Ya' know what this is right here?

Giovanni grabs Fil's face with both hands, as his eyes grow with fury. He rotates her head so she's looking at his side girl, who's drunk, laughing hysterically.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

This is what we call a fuckin' wrong choice!

Gio whips his head back around, staring into Fil's eyes.

GIOVANNI (TO STACIE) (CONT'D)

Ya' know, it won't be me that marries ya', honey.

(MORE)

GIOVANNI (TO STACIE) (CONT'D)

But if ya' want fuckin' model
material for becomin' a wife that
gets the shit beat out of her all
the time, then look no further than
right here!

He socks Fil in the stomach, as she drops to the ground
crying. The evil girl laughs hysterically. Gio walks over
towards his wine with a sigh, pouring himself a glass.

FILOMENA

(feint)

I hate your fucking guts.

Gio walks over towards his side chick, sipping his wine
before engaging in another long, sloppy kiss, still with
cigarette in hand.

GIOVANNI

Ya' know what? I hate your fucking
guts, too, ya' fuckin' smelly
puttana. That's why tonight you're
gonna' get a good, long look at
what happens when ya' go behind my
back and fuck wit' my fuckin' kids.

Gio stops groping his girl, walking over towards Fil on the
ground. He grabs her hand, putting the cigarette out on her
right wrist as she screams in pain.

He drops her, as she writhes in pain on the ground. He grabs
her by the hair, gripping it as hard as he can.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Now ya' listen up, and ya' listen
good, baby. Ya' punishment is ya'
get to listen to me fuck one of my
girlfriends tonight, and ya' will
listen long and hard in this
fuckin' kitchen where ya' truly
belong, the place that ya'
should've stayed in the first
place.

Gio beats the living shit out of her. Punches, kicks, as he
signals for his girlfriend to join him at one point, and she
does. They're laughing as they do it.

They stop beating Fil, and start getting intimate on the
kitchen table again. The kids are screaming and crying from
the other room, as Fil cries silently on the ground.

Long beat.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
Love ya', Fil! Have a nice night!

Gio and the girl get up to head into another room of the house. Fil props herself up on the ground, as she turns towards both of them.

FILOMENA
Giovanni Marchesi...

The girl and Gio stop walking, turning back towards her with evil grins.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
If you go in that room and fuck a
dirty skank in my fucking house, I
will grab a gun and blow both your
fucking heads off.

Gio lets go of his girl, smiling wide as he heads back to where Fil is on the ground. He leans over, kissing her on the side of her head.

GIOVANNI
(whispering)
Try me. (Beat.) I fuckin' dare ya'.

Giovanni gets up, swoops his girlfriend in his arms, and heads down the hallway to one of the rooms. Fil hobbles over towards her and Gio's room where we come back to the opening scene of the Pilot.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM

Fil bursts into the room, bloody and bruised. She's stumbling, then lunges for bed, reaching for her babies.

Fil spreads a sweet smile; her teeth are drenched in blood.

FILOMENA
(whispering)
Close your eyes, my loves. Mama
doesn't want you to see; Mama
doesn't want you to grow up like
this.

Gio enters the room with his girlfriend in the hallway behind him.

Giovanni grabs Fil by the ankles, yanking her off the bed. He gets on top of her, smacking her in the face with his right hand, back and forth, over and over.

Fil cries and screams.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
The kids, Gio! The kids!

Gio's eyes burst, as his fists clench. Now he's punching her over and over, screaming as well.

GIOVANNI
(yelling)
You fuckin' worthless, bag of dirt,
puttana.

He spits in her face, stopping the onslaught only to grip her by the neck, squeezing, lifting her up an inch away from his menacing face.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
(yelling in Italian)
What the fuck did I tell you? "Stay
in the kitchen where you fuckin'
belong!"

One more hard smack, then he lets her go. He gets off her, laughing with the other woman while pointing to another room. The woman heads there, as he turns towards Fil.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Lay on that fuckin' ground and
think 'bout what you did today,
Fil. Don't fuckin' touch my kids
unless you agree to get in line and
stay at the house during the day,
like I asked ya' to.

Giovanni and the woman exit the frame and head into another room. Fil is crying on the ground for a minute, trying to rub her wounds.

Suddenly, her face goes blank, her pupils dilate, and she rises to her feet, stumbling back and forth. She gets to the bed, seeing her kids, as she smiles, lulling them to sleep.

FILOMENA
Rico and Rocko, my beautiful
babies, Mama is so sorry. She prays
you don't remember what comes next,
but it's necessary.

Se rubs her fingers over their eyes, trying to get them to go to sleep, which they do.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
But don't you worry, my babies.

Fil reaches into the drawer next to the bed, pulling back the handle to reveal multiple golden silencer pistols with ammo beneath them.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Nobody's going to put their hands
on your fucking mother again.

Filomena takes one of the guns, loading up the ammo, as a darkness consumes her face, a much different look than the woman taking the beating.

She clicks it loaded, tensing up her shoulders as she bursts through the door and enters the hallway.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Fil struts towards the room where we hear sexual noises and see a light on through a slightly closed door.

She doesn't even hesitate, kicking the door open, pointing the gun at them both.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the door bursts open, Gio and his girlfriend are butt naked. The girl goes from laughing to holding her hands up, hopping off Gio.

Gio busts out laughing, rolling around on the bed in hysteria. He stands up, clapping, as he slowly walks over toward her.

GIOVANNI
Ah, another gun in my fuckin' face!
What a fuckin' life, huh?

He's an inch from her now, as Fil lifts the gun, pointing it at his face with fury in the eyes.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
That what ya' want, Fil?

He grabs the gun with force, sticking it to his forehead, just like he did with Tommy earlier in the other scene. He's relaxed, smiling at her while he grips it.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
Do it, honey. Fuckin' do it. But
what comes next?

Long beat.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Ya' blow Frankie Luchessi's capo's
head off in his own home...how long
ya' think you'll last after that,
genius? (Beat.) How will ya' kids
react when they grow up and realize
what ya' did to their father, huh?
How would a frail, scrawny puttana
like you handle herself in prison,
huh, Fil?

Long beat.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)
(whispering)
There's a reason I stick a gun like
this to my head wit' no fear, Fil.
Done my fuckin' time in this game,
killed more men than ya' ever
fucked, sweetheart. Ask yourself:
do ya' really have the balls to
pull the fuckin' trigger?

Fil's tension drops, as she smiles wide at him, lowering the
gun. She sighs, as he smiles wide, staring into her eyes.

FILOMENA
I have to say it's hard not to
laugh at you, darling.

He squints, staring at her.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
All those men you've tortured, all
those men you've killed and beaten,
all that time spent working your
way up in the most prestigious gang
in all of organized crime...

She raises the gun to his head, as her smile fades.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)
And your life comes to an end by
the hand of a tiny woman.

Boom! She really blew his brains out! The kids scream and cry from the other room, as Stacie screams and cries twice as hard as the both of them combined.

Fil calmly reaches for a pack of cigarettes on a night stand, sparking one up.

She sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the girl who cowers in fear, using covers to shield herself as she cries.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I have to admit it, darling.
(Beat.) I always thought killing somebody would be terrifying, like it'd haunt me immediately after it happened.

Fil scoots over on the bed, so she's closer to the girl, who won't look at her from behind the covers.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

But the truth is: I'm pretty sure I'll sleep soundly tonight.

The girl drops the covers, crying, and she's shaking so hard the bed shakes.

STACIE

(stuttering)

Are you going to kill me?

Fil takes a long drag of the cigarette, then she smiles, using the gun to play with the girl's hair.

FILOMENA

Sorry, darling. I'm sure you're a nice girl. I'm sure this is just a phase...

Fil sticks the gun to her head.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

But you sucked the wrong dick tonight.

Fil blows her head off, hardly blinking as she does so. The kids scream and cry louder.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Oh, calm down! Mama's coming!

Fil leaves the room.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

Fil enters the kitchen covered in a mixture of her blood and her murder victims. She pours herself some wine, lights another cigarette, and heads over towards the cord phone.

Fil rings the dial, making the first call.

FILOMENA

Tommy? (Beat.) Yes, everything's ok. Everything's much better now. (Beat.) He's gone. (Beat.) Yes, that kind of gone. Head to the restaurant; I'll explain everything.

Fil hangs up the phone, then picks it up again. She dials another number, smiling wide with new-found confidence.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Hello, Stefano. Oh, you sound just like your father. (Beat.) Yes, Gio's here, but he isn't the one who wants to talk. In fact, his brains are splattered on the wall. (Beat.) Before he passed, he said he wanted me to give you and your men a message. Meet me in the clubhouse.

Fil hangs up the phone, going to the bedroom to grab her kids.

INT. MARCHESI HOUSEHOLD - FIL AND GIO'S ROOM

After hushing the kids, playing with them, kissing them. Fil puts on "My Way" by Frank Sinatra on a record player, and starts singing the words as she goes through her closet.

When she comes to the outfit she will one day be famous for, she stops, smiling, grabbing the all-black dress, black heels, and her black sun hat from the book "422: Scandalous."

She strips down and gets dressed, singing, dancing while she does so with her babies laughing.

EXT. ROADS - GIO'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Fil drives the car with her kids in the back, as that same song blares and she sings along. She's smiling back at her kids, as they smile at her, staring with love.

FILOMENA

(singing)

"I did it my way. Regrets, I've had
a few. But then again, too few to
mention!"

TAG**INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - HALLWAYS - NIGHT**

Fil struts through the hallway with blood still on her face. She smiles a bloody smile at the pictures hanging, but stops to put her kids down for a moment.

There's a picture of Gio with some of his boys, smoking cigars. She lifts it off the wall, smashing it on the ground as the glass breaks.

She picks up her kids, still smiling, and heads towards the clubhouse.

INT. MARCHESI'S BAR & GRILL - CLUBHOUSE

As Fil enters, there's Alessandro in a wheelchair with Frankie The Cook.

The bikers are standing, drinking, smoking, and loudly talking amongst themselves. They look confused, distraught.

When Fil enters, there's dead silence. They see her blood, staring her up and down. She goes over and puts her kids on the bar countertop. She hops up, sitting on it next to them.

She sighs, smiling, then crosses her legs and sparks a cigarette. After she sparks it, she removes a bloody gun from her purse, putting it on the countertop.

ALESSANDRO

Fil...where's Gio?

FRANKIE

What happened?

Fil stares upon her cigarette, smiling wide. Now she looks upon the room, taking a drag, then exhales.

FILOMENA

What happened is you all have a new boss; I blew Gio's head off along with one of his dirty whores.

Everyone squints, tossing their hands up in the air, yelling, so confused.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

My husband has run this place to the ground, and tonight, he got what was fucking coming to him. (Beat.) Without your knowledge, I've been doing the books here...by myself. The recipes in this restaurant? They're mine. (Beat.) I built this fucking place.

Silence. Tense Beat.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

While you've all watched my husband get his dirty dick sucked left and right, I was the one keeping this restaurant afloat. (Beat.) That's the truth. (Beat.) And, whether you like it or not, whether you respect women being in charge or not, and whether Frankie The Don gives a fuck or not, this restaurant is mine. (Beat.) Now you all work for me.

Long, dead silence.

ALESSANDRO

Fil...

FILOMENA

What?

ALESSANDRO

How could you possibly think it works like that?

FILOMENA

Who do you think gets this restaurant, you? (Beat.) It's inherited to me, it's mine, and I'm the one who knows how to run it.

She gets up, addressing the room while walking side to side and talking loudly.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Your salaries stay the same. Your duties? They stay the same, too. I'm done taking shit from anybody, and I'm going to run this place better than anybody, like it or fucking not. If anybody has a problem with that--

She gets the gun, loading it again.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I'll put a fucking bullet right in
your head, too.

Long beat. Then, everyone in the room looks to each other. Frankie and the bikers bust out laughing, clapping, cheering. Alessandro is blank-faced.

Out of nowhere, Tommy the cop enters the room, huffing and puffing. He's clearly been running.

All the bikers, the boys, and Fil see him as silence conquers the room.

TOMMY

Fil...

Fil takes a long drag of her cigarette, smiling wide afterwards.

FILOMENA

Yes, darling?

TOMMY

There are cops at the house.
(Beat.) Why? (Beat.) Why did you do
that?

Long beat. Everyone in the room turns towards Fil, awaiting her cigarette smoke-filled response.

FILOMENA

I warned him.

She stares into the camera, as the screen flashes on and off. One frame will be her just as she looks. The next, her face shows that of a reaper once more, just like the beginning.

And that's because Filomena "The Reaper" Marchesi, The Queen of The Black Hand Mafia, she's officially been born, homie.

THE END