

THE GODFATHER

(Cont'd)

DON CORLEONE

Send Luca to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLTZ ESTATE - (DAWN)INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

WOLTZ ~~Walt~~ is in bed, stirring uneasily. The room is filled with shadows. As he comes slowly awake, we should hear a door close far away. ~~The light is suddenly on.~~ He wakes with a start, as if from a bad dream. He says into the darkness:

WOLTZ

What is it?

*but too vague for him  
and to see.*

No answer. He isn't scared, just irritated. Then he sees the shadow of the horse's head. ~~The audience should still not know what it is.~~ It could be a murderer sent by The Don. It could be the young girl or her mother. Here, it is a little dreamlike, nighmarish. Woltz reaches for his light on the night table, knocks over glass and spoon. The noise should be startling as the light goes on and we and Woltz see the severed head of the horse "Khartoum: at the foot of his bed! The eyes should be the most startling thing -- big apple golden brown -- and now bloody! The foot of the bed has a lake of blood which spills onto the floor when Woltz jumps up screaming with alarm bells going off.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE - HAGEN

He is looking out of the window down into the street. The phone rings. He picks it up.

HAGEN

(Into phone)

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR OFFICE - BONASERA

He is looking at picture in newspaper of Two Young Men lying on the sidewalk.

Continued...

-1-

KAY

Sure. I was in love with him for three years. I used to come down to New York whenever he sang at the Capital and screamed my head off.

MICHAEL

My father's responsible for his career, in a way.

KAY

(Intrigued)

How. Tell me?

Michael doesn't want to.

Go on, you can trust me.

MICHAEL

Well about eight years ago; when Johnny was really making it big, the Les Halley band had him signed to a five year Personal Service Contract. In other words, Halley could loan Johnny out, and pocket most of the money.

My father went to see Halley, and reasoned with him, but Halley refused to let Johnny go. My father went back, this time with his Consigliere, Genco... like a counselor, and Luca Brasi. With no other witnesses, my father persuaded Halley to release Johnny from any further obligations for a certified check of Five thousand dollars.

KAY

How?

MICHAEL

By making an offer he couldn't refuse: Luca Brasi held a revolver against Halley's head, and my father assured him with the utmost seriousness that either his signature or his brains would ~~end~~ on the contract in exactly one minute. *he*

Johnny has been singing the song throughout, with many of the crowd clapping along with him. Kay at first takes the story as some sort of apocryphal or amusingly shocking story. She even laughs a bit. But then she sees from Michael's face, that he has told her in earnest.

*KAY*  
*Like what?*

*my father*

*told Halley*



-1-

MICHAEL

(coldly)

It's a true story.

Kay is silent. Then the song is over; everyone cheers and shouts and claps, and begs for another song. But Kay remains silent, looking at Michael with a grave expression. Michael merely looks back at here.

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 very dearly. At once, a dozen wine glasses are offered to Johnny, who tries to sip from all of them. He rushes to embrace his Godfather. As he does so, he whispers something in the Don's large ear, evocative of when Bonasera whispered to the Don. As the Don passes Hagen, he tells him:

DON CORLEONE

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

The Don and Johnny go into the house; Hagen follows.

Michael takes Kay's hand.

MICHAEL

~~I am not like them Kay, but they are my family and you have to know.~~

*Thinks family. Not true*

Hagen glances up the staircase.

HAGEN

Sonny?

Then goes up.

Sonny and the Maid-of-Honor are in a room upstairs; he has lifted her gown's skirts almost over her head, and has her standing up against the door. Lucy's face peeks out from the layers of petticoats around it in ecstasy.

-1-

DON CORLEONE  
You take care of them?

JOHNNY  
~~I try to take care of the kids; I want to~~  
~~take care of the kids.~~

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 possible.

A pause.

DON CORLEONE  
Are you willing to take my advice this time?

Johnny nods yes.

I want you to eat well, to rest and to sleep.  
You look terrible. Spend time with your  
children, and be kind to your wife. She has  
suffered because of you.  
Then this Hollywood Pezzonovante, this .90  
caliber big shot will give you the job you  
want. Done?

Johnny can not believe what he's just heard.

JOHNNY  
This guy is a personal friend of J. Edgar  
Hoover. You can't even raise your voice to  
him.

DON CORLEONE  
He's a businessman; I'll make him an offer  
he can't refuse.

~~(affectionately)~~  
~~Now get out of here! Your friends, who look~~  
~~up to you, are waiting.~~

He takes Johnny to the door, pinching his cheek very hard.

DON CORLEONE  
Anything else?

*He loves the  
door behind Johnny  
and turns to  
Hugan*



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.

DON CORLEONE

Go home to your wife, Tom.

(3:00)

-8-

Very early morning; we move toward Woltz's 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.

(0:45)

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

VERY CLEVER  
FRANCIS: YOU RASCAL



SOLLOZZO

Are you worried about security for your two million?

DON CORLEONE

No.

SOLLOZZO

The Tattaglias will guarantee your investment also.

This startles Sonny; he blurts out.

SONNY

The Tattaglia family guarantees the return of our investment without a percentage from us?

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, Signor Sollozzo, my no is final. *But*

Let me say that I myself wish you good fortune in your business. It has no conflict with my own. I'm sorry that I am forced to disappoint you. *Smile*

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

~~DON CORLEONE~~

~~(to Hagen)~~

~~What did you think of that man?~~

~~HAGEN~~

~~He's a Sicilian. He's got real balls.~~

The Don ~~nods thoughtfully~~ then he turns gently 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

-19-

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

*it don't cost nothing.*

*Francis:  
Gangster who  
cook meat sauce  
11 B.S. over  
etc. Brown  
is a high school  
from P.O. Harold  
of GANG SLAVE*

CLEMENZA

How come you don't tell a nice girl you love her... Listen you oughta watch this... you may have to feed fifty guys some day. You start with olive oil... ~~some~~ *try* some garlic. Some diced onions if you like.

See.

And then ~~brown~~ *try* 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

Key cut that crap out: I got important things for you to do. How's Paulie?

CLEMENZA

~~He's not feeling too good this winter; we won't see him anymore.~~ *You*

SONNY

Tom, in here.

Hagen enters; they all lean around the kitchen, while Clemenza cooks.

SONNY

Any word from Sollozzo?

HAGEN

He's cooled off on the idea of negotiations. Maybe he's just being cautious so one of our button men won't hit him.

SONNY

He's a smart guy, the smartest our family ever came up against. How's ~~Michael~~ *Pop*?

HAGEN

He's O. K., but he won't be able to talk for a couple of days. Mom's over with him most of the day; and Connie... There's cops all over the hospital, and Tessio's men, inside and out, day and night.



-19-

SONNY

O. k. , but be careful...

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

CLEMENZA

That was Luca's.

~~HASEN~~ Michael

Why a fish?

CLEMENZA

A Sicilian message: Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes.

They realize he is dead.

(3:30)

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

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CUT IN:

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.

Kay and Michael in a hotel room. He stands at the door; she is by the window. They don't speak--they merely look at one another, sadly.

KAY

Everything is changed now, isn't it?

MICHAEL

For a while, Kay, it's changed.

Kay really wants to cry; but she won't let herself. Rather, with a real effort, she smiles.

KAY

Hi Mikey... help me push the beds together.

MICHAEL

(smiles affectionately)

I always do...

Each moves to a single bed, and smiling sadly at each other, in a little move that is almost a ritual; they push the two beds together.



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McCLUSKEY (Cont'd.)

don't give a shit 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'm not leaving 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. *As he does so we see Clemenza and Hagen get out of car.* (5:15)

-----FADE-----

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 visible carrying rifles; Those of the houses close to the courtyard have men standing by open windows. It is clear that the war is escalating. A car pulls up and out get Clemenza, Lampone, Michael and Hagen. Michael's jaw is wired and bandaged. He stops and looks up at the open window. We can see men holding rifles.

MICHAEL

Christ, Sonny really means business.

They continue walking. Tessio joins them. The various bodyguards make no acknowledgment.

CLEMENZA

How come all the new men?

*Francis**Michael has to be helpless when he's in a fight to make it lastingly act**Sollozzo**Put cuffs on him but the uniform does so.*



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MICHAEL (Cont'd.)

We have to kill McCluskey. We have newspaper people on our payroll who can leak enough proof that he was a crooked cop, mixed up in the *drug* rackets. That should take some of the heat off. What do you think?

Michael looks deferentially to the others. Tessio, Clemenza and Hagen all wear gloomy expressions.

SONNY

Go on, Mike.

MICHAEL

Well, they want me to go to a conference with Sollozzo. It will be me, Sollozzo and McCluskey all on our own. Set up the meeting for two days from now. Then get our informers to find out where the meeting will be held. Insist it has to be a public place, so I'll feel safe. They'll feel safe too. Even Sollozzo won't figure we'll dare to gun the Captain. They'll frisk me when I meet them so I'll have to be clean then, but figure out a way you can get a weapon to me while I'm meeting them (pause) Then I'll take both of them.

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 through the laughter.

SONNY

*12* you. The high class college kid. *2* You never wanted to get mixed up in the family business. Now you wanta kill a police captain and the Turk just because you got slapped in the face. You're taking it personal. *and* It's just business, and you're taking it personal.

Clemenza and Tessio are also smiling broadly; only Hagen keeps his face serious.

SONNY

*Kid* You'll take both of them. *1* They don't give you medals, they put you in the electric chair. You don't shoot people from a mile away. You shoot when you see the whites of their eyes, like we got taught in school, remember? You gotta stand right next to them and blow their heads off and their brains get all over your nice Ivy league suit. How about that, kid?



(1)

Don

I never wanted this for  
you

Michael

I know that

Don

Santino, may his soul rest  
in peace, —

Michael

No it was me.

Invent 3 ~~Pages~~ Page 2

MICHAEL

YES

takes baby

The Priest starts to sprinkle holy water over the baby from front. Comme le sang est chaud, le bébé let's out a wail.

Cut to ~~Fanshi Killings~~  
Killings of MOE GREENE

Danica replies Michael saying to her in Vegas —  
"Make him in after he can't refuse!"

Great view of city from hillside  
Pick up Greene sitting in L.A. home  
glass door living room. Room of  
jumps. Glass shatters all over room.  
Greene is blown off chair onto floor.  
Pick Nick Coldberg, wife's cousin



Insert 3 Page 3

Cut back to Church

Priest

I christen you Michael ~~the~~  
Francesco Pozzi.

(To Giovanni) Repeat after me.  
Handily back to Michael

Cut to Terrence Kelling

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~~Behind them Neri stands up and opens the door. Greene gives MICHAEL A LOOK AND GOES OUT.~~

~~MICHAEL TURNS TO JOHNNY FONTANE~~

MICHAEL

~~you work in a tough town.~~

JOHNNY

~~Yeah.~~

MICHAEL

I want you to do me a favor. ~~Not the Don. Me.~~

JOHNNY

~~SMILE~~ Mike, anything.

MICHAEL

Three of those hotels <sup>PS</sup> going up belong to the Corleone Family. We're going to need entertainers. ~~You have a lot of friends in show business.~~ Get the word around. We'll pay top dollar. ~~We'll~~ take care of them in every way. But we want long term contracts ~~for twelve weeks every year.~~

JOHNNY

SMILING HE KNOWS THE GAME.

Don't you want me?

MICHAEL

Johnny, you above everyone else. But only if you want to.

Fontane

Mike Anything

I think  
his stuff  
is better  
Greene  
he has  
because it  
is less  
intense



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MICHAEL

Get rid of the women.

FREDO

Mike take it fr m me, they got bodies that don't stop.

MICHAEL

JUST GIVES FREDO A LOOK. FREDO GOES OUT.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM AGAIN. GIRLS ARE GONE. IN ROOM ARE NERI, HAGEN, JOENNY FONTANE MOE GREEN, FREDO AND MICHAEL. HAGEN IS BEHIND BAR. NERI IS OUTSIDE CIRCLE. BUT IS WATCHING AND CAN COMMAND ANYONE IN THE ROOM WITH A GUN.

~~HAGEN IS ALSO A LITTLE BIT OUT OF THE~~

GREENE

The Corleone Family wants to buy me out (FLAT, contempt)

(NOBODY ANSWERS) (GREENE ANGRY TO MICHAEL)

I'll buy you out.

MICHAEL (VERY CALM)

Your casino loses money. Maybe we can do better.

GREENE

You think I scam?

MICHAEL (VERY SMOOTHLY INSULTING)

You're unlucky.

GREENE

I took Freddie in and now you muscle me?

I liked when he  
was sort of  
scam  
right  
and  
suddenly  
funny.

~~Insert~~ Insert Page 16

Don Corleone (STERN)

~~Be a man~~. A man who's not  
a father to his children is not  
a real man.

Johnny (RESPECTFUL)

~~Just~~. I want to be. I will





Insert Pg 22

Don Corlone

The profits are great but  
so are the risks. My Family  
has lived well for the years,  
~~without danger without wars or troubles~~  
your business would endanger  
them, and I am ~~not that out~~  
~~of your life~~ in a careful  
man, conservative. For a balance  
~~in being greedy or rash~~  
It's true I have friends in politics  
who accommodate me but the smell  
of poppy is too strong for their  
stomachs —

Clemenza is obviously happily  
 carried away by the old days of glory  
 Hazen (Very good)

You remember reading when a plot against  
 the Emperor failed. How the plotters  
 were always given a chance to let  
 their families keep their fortunes.

Clemenza

Yeah. If they got arrested and executed and  
 their estates went to the Emperor. If they  
 just went ~~on~~ home and killed themselves nothing  
 happened.



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to consider a charge of perjury against Michael Corleone.

Then Senator turns to <sup>Pentangeli</sup> ~~Clemenza~~.

SENATOR ~~KANE~~ <sup>Geary</sup>  
Your name, please, for the record.

PENTANGELI  
Frank Pentangeli.

SENATOR ~~KANE~~ <sup>Geary</sup>  
Were you a member of the Corleone Family? Were you under the Caporegime Peter Clemenza, under Vito Corleone, known as The Godfather?

There is a long silence.

VIEW ON ~~CLEMENZA~~ <sup>Pentangeli</sup>  
He seems unable to speak.

VIEW ON THE SICILIAN  
Gazing at him.

VIEW ON ~~CLEMENZA~~ <sup>Pentangeli</sup>

<sup>Pentangeli</sup>  
~~CLEMENZA~~  
I never knew no Godfather. I got my own family.

Senator Kane is stunned. The two FBI men are alert, their eyes searching the room for what has intimidated their witness at the last moment.

<sup>Pentangeli</sup> SENATOR ~~KANE~~ <sup>Geary</sup>  
Mr. ~~Clemenza~~, you are contradicting your confessions to our investigators; I ask you again, were you a member of a crime organization headed by Michael Corleone?

<sup>Pentangeli</sup>  
~~CLEMENZA~~  
No. I never heard of it. I never heard of nothing like that. I was in the olive oil business with his father a long time ago. That's all.

SENATOR ~~KANE~~ <sup>Geary</sup>  
We have your confession that you murdered on the orders of Michael Corleone. Do you deny that confession and do you know what denying that confession will mean to you?

The die is cast and like a good soldier, <sup>Pentangeli</sup> ~~Clemenza~~ will go all the way now. So he is brazen in his defiance of the Senator.



you're planning to move in on  
The Tropicabana. In another week  
or so you'll move Klingman out, which  
leaves you with only one technicality.  
The liscense, which is now in Klingman's  
name.

MICHAEL

Turnbull is a good man.

GEARY

Let's forget the bullshit, I don't  
want to stay here any longer than I  
have to.

You can have the liscense for two  
hundred and fifty thousand in cash,  
plus a month fee equal to five percent  
of the gross...

Michael is taken aback; he looks at Hagen.

...of all three Corleone hotels.

Hagen is flustered: all his information was wrong.

MICHAEL

Senator Geary; I speak to you as a  
businessman who has made a large in-  
vestment in your State. I have made  
that State my home; plan to raise my  
children here. The liscense fee from  
the Gaming Commission costs one thousand  
dollars: why would I ever consider in-  
flating that amount?

SENATOR GEARY

I'm going to squeeze you Corleone;  
because I don't like you; I don't like  
the kind of man you are. I dispise your  
masquarade, and the dishonest way you  
pose yourself and your fucking family.

VIEW ON HAGEN

Glances to Michael.

VIEW ON MICHAEL

Stone faced.

SENATOR GEARY o.s.

You'll pay me, because its in your  
interests to pay me.

VIEW ON GEARY

Rising.

I'll expect your answer, with payment,

*Can't talk  
to a GF  
that way*