KAY

I wanted to see you before you went back to Nevada. Also, the children - Michael, they're here.

MICHAEL

Where?

KAY

In a minute. They're outside with Esther. I'm very happy for you... I suppose I knew that you're simply too smart for anyone ever to beat you.

MICHAEL

Why don't you sit down?

KAY

I'm not going to stay long; I can't.

MICHAEL

There are a lot of things I want to talk to you about. Things I've been thinking about -- changes I want to make.

KAY

I think it's too late for changes, Michael. I promised myself I wouldn't talk about it and I've gone and spoiled it.

MICHAEL

Why too late?
KAY
Tell me, Michael. What really happened with Pentangeli?

MICHAEL
His brother came to help him.

KAY
I didn't even know he had a brother. And where is he now?

MICHAEL
On a plane back to Sicily.

KAY
And that's all he had to do. Just show his face.

MICHAEL
That's all. You see, in Sicily, in the old days... there was only one legitimate reason to kill a blood relative... only one. IF he was a traitor.

KAY
You would have killed his brother?

MICHAEL
Kay, you've got it wrong. That kind of thing's all over, I promised you. This was between the two brothers. Years ago Frankie had a young girlfriend; he called her his co-wife. That was his joke, but he meant it. He wouldn't divorce his wife... because she was a great cook. He said he girlfriend made a
spaghetti sauce once and it was so
terrible he knew he could never
marry her. He set her up in a
house in Jersey. She had to be
faithful... and she had to have kids.
And she did, two, a boy and a girl.
He had her checked out and watched
so she couldn't cheat... but the
girl couldn't stand that kind of
life. She begged him to let her go.
He did. He gave her money and made
her give up the kids. Then Frankie
took them to Italy, and had them
brought up by his brother Vincenzo.
Where he knew they'd be safe.

Kay begins to realize.

MICHAEL
When he saw his brother in the
hearing room, he knew what was at
stake.

(pause)
I don't think Vincenzo would have
done it. He loves the kids, too.
Omerta, Kay. Honor, silence. It
had nothing to do with me. It was
between those brothers.

KAY
I'll bring the children up now;
they want to say goodbye.

MICHAEL
Kay, I told you...

KAY
Goodbye, Michael.
MICHAEL
I won't let you leave! Christ, do you think I'm going to let you leave.

KAY
(meekly)
Michael.

MICHAEL
No, I don't want to hear anything. There are things between men and women that will not change; things that have been the same for thousands of years. You are my wife, and they are my children... and I love you and I will not let you leave, because you are MINE!

KAY
Oh, I do feel things for you, Michael; but now, I think it's pity. For the first time since I've known you, you seem so helpless. You held me a prisoner once; will you try again?

MICHAEL
If that's what it takes; then yes, I will.

KAY
At this moment, I feel no love for you at all. I never thought that could happen, but it has.

MICHAEL
We'll go back tonight. Bring the
children.

KAY
You haven't heard me.

He moves to her; he does love her, and is tender with her.

MICHAEL
How can I let you leave; how can I let you take my children away? Don't you know me? You understand, it's an impossibility. I would never let it happen; no, never, not if it took all my strength, all my cunning. But in time, soon, you'll feel differently. You see, you'll be happy that I stopped you. I know you. You'll forget about this; you'll forget about the baby we lost... and we'll go on, you and I.

KAY
The baby I lost...

MICHAEL
I know what it meant... and I'm prepared to make it up to you. I will make changes; I can. (he clenches his fist tightly) I CAN change; that I have learned, that I have the strength to change... And we have another child, a boy... and you'll forget the miscarriage.

KAY
It wasn't a miscarriage. And you with your cunning, couldn't you
figure it out! It was an abortion; an abortion, like our marriage is an abortion, something unholy and evil. I don't want your son; I wouldn't bring another of your sons into this world. An abortion, Michael... it was a son, and I had it killed, but this must all end!

VIEW ON MICHAEL

He had no hint, not in his wildest imagination could he have guessed that she would do such a thing.

KAY

And I know that now it's over; I knew it then, there would be no way you could ever forgive me, not with this Sicilian thing that goes back two thousand years.

He is silent, though raging -- then, with all his passion, and his strength, he raises his arms, and strikes her across her neck, literally knocking her down to the floor, and hurting her badly.

MICHAEL

(coldly)

You won't take my children.