

Cliff steps inside his doorway and then, before he knows it, a gun is pressed to his temple and a big hand grabs his shoulder.

GUN CARRIER

Welcome home, alchy. We're havin'  
a party.

Cliff is roughly shoved into his living room. Waiting for him are four standing men: FRANKIE (young wise guy), LENNY (an old wise guy), TOOTH-PICK VIC (a fire-plug pitbull type) and VIRGIL (the quiet one).

Sitting in Cliff's reclining chair is VINCENZO COCCOTTI, the Frank Nitti to Detroit mob leader Blue Lou Boyle.

Cliff is knocked to his knees. He looks up and sees the sitting Coccotti. Frankie and Lenny pick him up and roughly drop him in a chair.

COCCOTTI

(to Frankie)

Tell Tooth-Pic Vic to go outside  
and do you-know-what.

Frankie nods and exits.

COCCOTTI

Do you know who I am, Mr. Worley?

CLIFF

I give up. Who are you?

COCCOTTI

I'm the Anti-Christ. You get me in a vendetta kind of mood, you will tell the angels in Heaven that you had never seen pure evil so singularly personified as you did in the face of the man who killed you. My name is Vincenzo Coccotti. I work as council for Mr. Blue Lou Boyle, the man who your son stole from. I hear you were once a cop so I can assume you've heard of us before. Am I correct?

CLIFF

I've heard of 'Blue Lou Boyle.'

COCCOTTI

I'm glad. Hopefully that will clear up the how-full-of-shit-I-am question you've been asking yourself. Now, we're gonna have a little Q and A, and at the risk of sounding redundant, please make your answers genuine.

(taking out a pack  
of Chesterfields)

Want a Chesterfield?

CLIFF

No.

COCCOTTI

(as he lights one up)

I have a son of my own. About your boy's age. I can imagine how painful this must be for you. But Clarence and that bitch whore girl friend of his brought this all on themselves. And I implore you not to go down the road with 'em. You can always take comfort in the fact that you never had a choice.

CLIFF

Look, I'd help ya if I could, but I haven't seen Clarence --

Before Cliff can finish his sentence, Coccotti slams him hard in the nose with his fist.

COCCOTTI

Smarts, don't it? Gettin' slammed in the nose fucks you all up. You got that pain shootin' through your brain. Your eyes fill up with water. It ain't any kind of fun.

(MORE)

COCCOTTI (CONT'D)

But what I have to offer you,  
that's as good as it's ever gonna  
get, and it won't ever get that  
good again. We talked to your  
neighbors, they saw a Mustang,  
a red Mustang, parked in front of  
your trailer yesterday. Mr. Worley,  
have you seen your son?

Cliff's defeated.

CLIFF

I've seen him.

COCCOTTI

Now I can't be sure of how much  
of what he told you. So in the  
chance you're in the dark about  
some of this, let me shed some  
light. That whore your boy hangs  
around with, her pimp is an  
associate of mine, and I don't  
just mean pimpin', in other  
affairs he works for me in a  
courier capacity. Well, apparently,  
that dirty little whore found out  
when we were gonna do some  
business, 'cause your son, the  
cowboy and his flame, came in the  
room blastin' and didn't stop  
'til they were pretty sure  
everybody was dead.

CLIFF

What are you talkin' about?

COCCOTTI

I'm talkin' about a massacre.  
They snatched my narcotics and  
high-tailed it outta there. Wouldda  
gotten away with it, but your son,  
fuckhead that he is, left his driver's  
license in a dead guy's hand. A  
whore hiding in the commode filled  
in all the blanks.

CLIFF

I don't believe you.

COCCOTTI

That's of minor importance. But  
what's of major fucking importance  
is that I believe you. Where did  
they go?

CLIFF

On their honeymoon.

COCCOTTI

I'm gettin' angry askin' the same question a second time. Where did they go?

CLIFF

They didn't tell me.

Coccotti looks at him.

CLIFF

Now, wait a minute and listen. I haven't seen Clarence in three years, yesterday he shows up here with a girl, sayin' he got married. He told me he needed some quick cash for a honeymoon, so he asked if he could borrow five hundred dollars. I wanted to help him out so I wrote out a check. We went to breakfast and that's the last I saw of him. So help me God. They never thought to tell me where they were goin'. And I never thought to ask.

COCCOTTI

Sicilians are great liars. The best in the world. I'm a Sicilian. And my old man was the world heavyweight champion of Sicilian liars. And from growin' up with him I learned the pantomime. Now there are seventeen different things a guy can do when he lies to give him away. A guy has seventeen pantomimes. A woman's got twenty, but a guy's got seventeen. And if ya know 'em like ya know your own face, they beat lie detectors all to hell. What we got here is a little game of show and tell.

(MORE)

COCCOTTI (CONT'D)

You don't wanna show me nothin'.  
But you're tellin' me everything.  
Now I know you know where they  
are. So tell me, before I do  
some damage you won't walk away  
from.

CLIFF

Could I have one of those  
Chesterfields now?

COCCOTTI

Sure.

Coccotti leans over and hands him a smoke.

CLIFF

Gotta match?

Cliff reaches into his pocket and pulls out a lighter.

CLIFF

Oh, don't bother. I got one.  
(he lights the  
cigarette)  
So you're a Sicilian, huh?

COCCOTTI

(intensely)  
Uh-huh.

CLIFF

You know I read a lot. Especially  
things that have to do with history.  
I find that shit fascinating. In  
fact, I don't know if you know  
this or not, Sicilian's were spawned  
by niggers.

COCCOTTI

Come again?

CLIFF

It's a fact. Sicilians have  
nigger blood pumping through their  
hearts.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me look it up. You see, hundreds and hundreds of years ago the Moors conquered Sicily. And Moors are niggers. Way back then, Sicilians were like the Wops in northern Italy. Blond hair, blue eyes. But, once the Moors moved in there, they changed the whole country. They did so much fuckin' with the Sicilian women, they changed the bloodline forever, from blond hair and blue eyes to black hair and dark skin. I find it absolutely amazing to think that to this day hundreds of years later, Sicilians still carry that nigger gene. I'm just quotin' history. It's a fact. It's written. Your ancestors were niggers. Your great, great, great, great grandmother was fucked by a nigger, and had a half nigger kid. That is a fact. Now tell me, am I lyin'?

Coccotti looks at him for a moment then jumps up, whips out an AUTOMATIC, grabs hold of Cliff's hair, puts the barrel to his temple, and PUMPS three bullets through Cliff's head.

He pushes the body violently aside.

Coccotti pauses. Unable to express his feelings and frustrated by the blood on his hands, he simply drops his weapon and turns to his men.

COCCOTTI

I haven't killed anybody since 1974. Goddamn his soul to burn for eternity in fucking hell for making me spill blood on my hands! Go to this comedian's son's apartment and come back with something that tells me where that asshole went so I can wipe this egg off of my face and fix this fucked up family for good.