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House Of Strangers

By Philip Yordan

- Fresh tomatoes!
Fresh tomatoes!
Any old clothes.
I cash.
I cash clothes.
Any old clothes.
I cash clothes.
I cash. I cash.
I cash clothes.
Who do you wanna see?
The president, the first vice president
and the second vice president.
- Do you have an appointment?
- For seven years.
Maybe I can help you?
Welcome home, Max.
Welcome home.
- Good to see you, Max.
- Boy, we sure missed you.
It's about time. Come on. Let's sit down.
We've got lots to talk about.
- Sit right here, Max.
- How about some wine, Max?
Good, we'll all have some.
Here, have a cigar. Hmm?
You look great, Max.
Never looked better, did he, Joe?
Yeah, he's even got a good tan.
Just in time for lunch.
We'll go to Luigi's. Nice thick steaks.
- Food can wait.
- Remember Luigi's, Max?
Taste that. The best.
First thing you need are some new clothes.
Have I got a tailor.
- Uptown, shoulders.
- When Max wants clothes, he'll buy clothes.
When he wants to eat, he'll eat.
Maybe there's other things
he wants first.
Max knows what he wants.
Didn't he always?
And it all costs money.
Everything costs money, huh, Max?

Here's a thousand dollars.
I notice you got the painting of Pa
hanging downstairs.
It's a copy of the one
at the house.
It's a nice touch.
A bank should always hang paintings
of the dead men who started them.
Gives them a sense of,
uh, tradition.
Like this one.
This bank stinks with tradition.
Max, Pa's been dead
five years. Let it rest.
- Take the money, Max.
- Where's Ma living?
I called the house.
There was no answer.
- What's wrong?
- Nothing.
Doesn't she live
at the big house anymore?
- She moved.
- Where?
- Back on Mulberry Street.
- Why?
Who knows? We kept the big house
for her just as it was.
She won't go near it.
Come on, drink up.
We've got a whole bottle to kill.
I kinda lost my taste
for champagne.
Cigars too.
A big, rich bank.
Must be quite a responsibility.
Lots of big, rich worries.
You know something, Joe?
You look worried.
Me? I've got nothing to worry about.
I got nothing. Period.
- How's Maria?
- Fine.
- Is she still as beautiful?

- Yeah.

You know, being married
has got its worries too.
Especially to a beautiful girl
like Maria.

Does she ever ask about me?

- I must come up to dinner soon.

- Anytime, Max.

That's a nice family
you've got, Joe.

Two kids.

Blondes like their mother.

How good time
has been to you.

To all three of you.

Tony's got Maria,
two blonde kids who hate spaghetti.

Pietro, second vice president.

I can remember when your greatest ambition
was 50 bucks for six rounds.

Yes, time has been more
than good to you.

But tell me, why do you all
look so worried?

- What do you want, Max?

- Seven years. I want 'em back.

- How much?

- I told ya.

- It's not working, Max.

You're not scaring anyone.

- I want seven years back.

I'll see you, brothers.

Better take the money.

It's all you get.

I'll bust his head.

- He's out for blood.

- He'll get blood.

Plenty of blood.

- Who you calling?

- Angelino.

We don't need Angelino.

We're gonna keep it
in the family where it belongs.
Where it's always been.

A man who throws away money
is a big worry.

A big problem.

Max.

Saturday night.

How come you're home
on a Saturday night?

You don't ask girls
questions like that.

If you must know,
nobody asked me.

That always was
your trouble- unpopular.

I guess you've been alone
every night.

Nobody's that unpopular.

- Who?

- Anyone to kill time with.

- You've had a lot of time to kill.

- And a lot of time-killers.

Have you seen your brothers?

- I had to see them before anything.

- And?

Don't be like that, Max,
especially not tonight.

How'd you expect me to be, full of jokes?

Happy Max? Laughing boy?

It's over. Seven years passed
and gone. Forget them.

"Vengeance is a rare wine,
a joy divine," says the Arab.

I'm gonna get drunk on it.

Where did you pick that up,
some philosopher in the death house?

Then you've come back a fool.

Check. I was once the smartest of them all.

What did it get me?

Us. You and me

and everything we've waited for.

Max, let's get out of New York tonight.

Let's go to San Francisco.

You can start again,

whatever you want.

What I want

is right here in New York.
Just what goes on in that
fine Italian brain of yours?
Murder? Is that what you've planned
for seven years, a vendetta?
- That's how I killed time.
- What about me?
I was in a jail for seven years.
I was in a bigger jail than yours.
I was in a jail the size of the world.
You'll have to wait
a little longer.
I've done my last night's waiting.
- Let me have the porter, please.
- What's that for?
I'm getting two tickets
on a plane to San Francisco.
- You'll have one empty seat.
- It's now or never.
You mustn't threaten an Italian.
It doesn't mix well in our blood.
Am I part of your vendetta?
Am I on your list?
Isn't it enough to destroy your brothers
and yourself? Why me?
Why did you come back
to me at all?
And for what?
A dead man, an evil man, a bad man.
You're filled with this poison.
It breathes in you.
The world's better off
with your father dead, but you're not.
Good boy.
That's what Gino Monetti likes.
Hit the truth because it hurts.
Hate, Max, hate.
Don't ever love.
Listen to your dead father.
It's 10 minutes to 9:00, Pa.
We've gotta get to the bank.
- The bank will open when I get there.
- The depositors will be waiting.
Who else will pay

my kind of interest?
With my kind of interest,
they can wait. Here.
Scrub my back.
There.
Harder, harder.
Higher, higher, higher.
Oh, that's good.
A little lower now. A little lower.
Harder. Harder.
Go on and scrub
and scrub hard.
Buongiorno, Signor Monetti.
Buongiorno.
Grazie,
Signor Monetti.
- Buongiorno, Signor Monetti.
- Buongiorno.
The import people are calling again
about their loan.
Now the shipment
is on the dock.
Not now, after a little while.
First I take care of my friends. Oh, Lucca.
How many times I tell you?
Speak English. You gotta learn sometime.
I'm gonna need some money
to buy one horse.
- What for you need a horse?
- The old one, she die.
- She cannot pick up junk.
- How much it cost, one horse?
\$150.
All right.
Sign here, Lucca.
- Did you okay \$80,000
on the housing projects?
- Si.
That fella from Chicago
is on the telephone.
Wants to know
if you'll renew on the brewery.
Hello?
Gino Monetti.

No.

But, Gino, this is only \$120.

Lucca, interest.

I take him out in advance.

Doctors say I gotta

send him to Denver...

- or he'll die.

- Denver?

That's a long trip.

That's in Kansas. Uh, how much?

Train cost \$62.

Hey, Tony, Pietro.

You know what is

banking hours?

- 9:

- But you're never open on time.

Never you mind when I open.

You open on time.

- What's the matter your nose?

- I won last night.

- By a knockout in the second round.

- How much you get?

I can't take money.

It would hurt my amateur standing.

No money?

Then why you fight?

- It's sport, Pa.

- You fight too?

- I'm his manager.

- Is also a sport, huh?

Ah, go to work.

Two sports I got.

- Here.

- But this is too much.

Well, so I make a mistake.

- Oh, grazie. Grazie.

- Oh, no, no, no.

Pa, will you

come here a minute?

I wanna show you something.

You gotta make Max

get an office somewhere else.

Look at those characters hanging around.

They're getting worse and worse all the time.

- They give the bank a black eye.

- Max bring good business.

Bail bonds for criminals.

After all, we're running a bank, Pa.

What do you mean we?

I am the bank.

Go on, go back to your cage.

Memento.

No free ink here.

You wanna fill the fountain pen,
you go to post office.

Post office.

- Oh, uh, Pietro.

- Yeah, Pa.

- Go see what the lady wants.

- Yeah, Pa.

- Yes, ma'am.

- Where will I find Mr. Monetti?

We got lots of Monettis here.

My father, my brother Joe-

Which one is the attorney?

Oh, the lawyer. Max.

Thank you.

That son of a gun.

Come on.

Come on in.

Yes, go ahead. You told me that.

Did he have a gun?

That's bad. Any witnesses?

Very bad.

Has he got any money?

Good. Yeah.

Doors are made to knock on.

I haven't got time.

Whoever it is, say you'll call them back.

Moe, I'll call you back.

- Where do your clients sit?

- They don't. Period.

- My name is Irene Bennett.

- What's your story?

You were recommended to me

by the firm of Hanford, Sloan and Elliott.

Oh, that's a very high-class firm.

I used to work for them.

They don't recommend
many clients to me, unless-

- Unless what?

- Unless they're low class.

A friend of mine
is in trouble with the police.

- What did he do?

- What makes you say "he"?

You don't look like you go to all this trouble
for a woman, so what did he do?

Oh, a lot of things-

bad checks...

took some jewelry.

sold someone else's car.

- What's he to you?

- I said he was a friend.

- Hmm. This car and jewelry
are yours, weren't they?

- Yes.

So all you gotta worry about
are the bad checks.

- Why don't you make them good?

- It's too late.

- They were turned over
to the district attorney.

- What do you want me to do?

I'll give you my check to cover them
and your fee. That should clean things up.

Money is a great cleanser.

- Mm, expensive.

- He was worth it.

Maybe to you, but not to me.

- What's wrong?

- I'm a lawyer, not a garbageman.

You think you can skip
through life with a checkbook,
opens and closes all the doors.

I'm not that hard up.

Take your business someplace else. Period.

- That was a pretty insulting little speech.

- That's what I had in mind.

But it didn't take. You can't insult women.

You're not the type.

- No?
- No. From you they love it.
Nothing touches you.
Everything bounces off that chromium finish.
The chromium's wearing thin.
Look, I'm tired and I'm bored with this mess.
Will you take my case?
- After what I said?
- Especially after what you said.
- Say please.
- I'll pay my way, thanks.
- Say please.
- Please.
All right.
I'll take your case,
Miss, uh-
Bennett.
I'm not very good
at remembering names.
You'll remember my name.
- You busy?
- Come on in.
Smell the air in here.
- Perfume.
- They sell it a drop at a time.
You gotta have
a doctor's prescription.
Like chloroform,
it gets in your brain.
- Who was it?
- A dame.
- How's things at home? How's Elaine?
- Okay.
What's on your mind?
You remember Pa promised
to raise my salary after I was married.
- Well, hasn't he done it?
- No.
Elaine's getting pretty sore.
She says she thought she married a banker.
Some banker.
How can I entertain
on \$65 a week?
- You married her.

Do you have to entertain her?

- Her friends.

After all, she comes from
a fine Philadelphia family. Very social.
Take her downtown, buy her a new dress.
Charge it to me.

No, no, that won't do any good.

Elaine's proud.

First time she came into the bank...
and saw me behind the cage
like a common clerk, she almost cried.

- She's sensitive.

- You mean, she's impatient.

Slow her down, Joe.

You're gonna take over someday.

The bank's gonna be yours.

Who else? All you gotta do is wait.

It's the way he treats me now
in front of everybody.

"Go back to your cage. "Shut up."

"Drive me home." Do this, do that.

How do you think I feel, Max.

He don't talk to you like that.

- Nobody talks to me like that.

- I'm the oldest, and I'm a married man.

- He don't have to treat me
like a servant.

- All right. I'll talk to him.

- Tell him to talk to me like he talks to you.

- Okay. What else?

Thanks.

Hello. Yes, Elliott.

Okay, go.

Okay, don't go.

Sure I like you.

I'm talking to you.

No, not tonight, it's Wednesday.

My mother cooks supper
on Wednesday. I eat at home.

I'll buy you a drink.

Five minutes, one drink. Period.

Gino Monetti.

Who? Silvio?

Uh, look, Silvio,

you gotta talk more loud.
Oh, it's a phonograph.
Well, I like it loud.
Now, uh, look, Silvio, if you want I hear,
you gotta speak more strong.
That's better.
How much I give?
Who give the most?
Domenico, huh?
Well, how much he give?
Well, I give 5,000 more than him.
Yeah, and my name goes on top.
Oh, yeah, okay, okay.
You come to the bank tomorrow.
- Doesn't he ever turn that phonograph off?
- He likes it.
- How much longer do we have to wait?
- Till Max gets here.
Max, Max. Why aren't we ever late?
Why doesn't he ever wait for you?
- What do you want me to do, start a fight?
- Yes.
Uh, Pa, do we have to
wait for Max?
Well, what's your hurry?
We're expecting
after-dinner guests at our place.
Why don't you bring them here?
We got plenty to eat. Lots of room.
- My friends don't happen to like spaghetti.
- No?
- I'm getting a little tired of it myself.
- Me too.
Make you feel bad,
your stomach, huh?
- Make you feel sick, huh?
- Frankly, yes.
- You too?
- Yes, Pa.
Well, you come here
every Wednesday.
You eat your mama's spaghetti,
you get sick...
or you go find job

in some other bank.
Hey, Pietro!
You wait for Max.
Spit out the bread.
Some wine, Maria?
Please, Antonio.
Hey, Pa, can I give
Maria some wine?
Maria? Anything.
Maria can have
anything she wants.
I don't like a man coming late for supper
before he's married.
Max is busy, Mama.
Pietro, change the record, dumbhead.
Sorry I'm late, everybody.
Pa. Mama Domanico...
you're looking bigger and better every day.
- Maria. Carissima, Maria.
- Max.
Maria!
We're engaged, aren't we?
- Maria!
- Oh, Helena. It's fun to get kissed.
- You don't remember?
- Not till after you're married.
Oh, then it's no more fun.
Oh, Max, did you-
What we talked about this morning?
Forgot. We'll get it
over with right now.
- No, no, not here.
- Why not? We're all family.
Pa, how about giving Joe a raise?
The bank's doing good.
He works hard.
Oh, you want a raise?
Well, we don't have to talk about it now, Pa.
We'll talk about it tomorrow.
No, Max is quite right. We might as well
know where we stand right now.
A raise, huh?
When first I get married,
I make 15 dollars a week.

I have four kids.

How many kids do you got?

I wouldn't raise a child
in a two-room apartment.

Oh.

Well, we all live in a one room
in back of the barbershop.

I worked seven days a week,
You're sitting down now, Pa,
and we're all out of the barbershop.

All Joe wants is the few more bucks a week
you promised him.

- I promised you? When?

- Oh, don't you remember, Pa?

At the wedding.

Oh, the wedding. All of that vino.

I don't even remember
even who get married.

Joe, when I die,
you get all of the dollars.

The bank is for you.

For Tony, for Pietro,
all of the dollars.

When I die.

Ah!

Hey, Pietro, dumbhead,
answer the telephone.

For Mama.

- For you, Helena.

- Mama.

- For you.

- Max, telephone.

Excuse me.

Maria.

Hello.

Who?

It's all taken care of.

Something new?

Right now?

My fee is double for evening calls.

Be right over.

Tony, if I don't get back in time,
take Maria to the show.

- Sure, Max.

- Where you go, Max?
Business, Pa. Business.
But I'll get back in time.
Bon appetito.
Hey, Pietro, change the record, dumbhead.
Oh, Mama.
You didn't waste any time.
Looks like you can afford
a lot of trouble. What is it now?
I've got chairs for my lawyers to sit in.
Pick any one you like.
- I haven't had any dinner. I'm hungry.
- How about a drink?
You said you had to see me
right away. What about?
You know, you don't really talk to people.
You cross-examine them.
I'm a lawyer. Me, you give facts.
Sympathy you get from doctors and relatives.
- I don't want sympathy from anybody.
- Don't worry.
- You're not likely to get it.
- Thank you so much.
Look, Miss Bennett,
can we get to the point?
I'm here on an S.O.S., an emergency,
you said. Something very important.
- It is important.
- Well, let's have the facts.
They're not easy
to find words for.
Well, start looking.
I'm no good at reading minds.
You're a thoroughly
unpleasant young man.
- But a wonderful lawyer. The facts.
- Where's your briefcase?
I'm waiting for something to put in it.
- Well, it seems a friend of mine-
- Another friend?
- I have many friends.
- As long as your money holds out, why not?
- That's insulting.
- Maybe. I'm hungry.

- That's no excuse.
- What about your friend?
You and your insults.
Why don't you stop trying?
The friend.
It's a girlfriend this time,
believe it or not.
She's in San Francisco.
That's my home. And she just called.
It's a long involved mess.
You'd probably have to go out there.
San Francisco?
Did she ask you to get hold of me?
Oh, of course not.
That was my idea.
- She was desperate, and it occurred to me-
- What's the mess about?
Oh, I couldn't possibly explain it.
It's got to do with trust funds...
her father's estate,
all sorts of legal complications.
I'm supposed to hop a plane with a letter
of introduction from you to her, is that it?
Oh, no, nothing like that. After all,
she's my best friend. I'd wanna be there too.
- Oh, so we'd hop a plane together?
- If I can spare the time.
- Have you got an empty bottle?
- What for?
Spin the bottle. If we're gonna play like kids,
let's make it a kissing game.
- It's much more fun.
- The words were hard to find. I told you.
I don't belong to the California Bar.
You're smart enough to know that.
- But it is my home, or was.
- And the trust fund,
the father's estate, yours?
- But no legal complications.
- Then you don't need a lawyer.
I've got other complications.
Still no drink?
I still don't know why I'm here.
Now who's playing a kid game?

What goes with you anyway?
At the moment?
I'm lonesome.
I've resigned
from the Lonely Hearts Club.
Your fee is double at night.
You made that perfectly clear.
I'll get my wrap.
- You going someplace?
- We're going out.
Sit down.
Take off your wrap.
Take off your wrap
and sit down.
I'm gonna give you
a short history of Max Monetti.
Born on the East Side
in the back of my old man's barbershop.
Today he owns a bank.
Clips coupons instead of hair.
But I still like the smell
of garlic and red wine.
I'm engaged
to a beautiful Italian girl.
She can give me kids
and make me a home.
She knows only one man,
me, Max Monetti. Period.
- Don't you wanna know about me?
- I know about you. You're lonesome.
- What else?
- What do you want, lies?
What else is there?
You like to get hurt.
Always picking the wrong guy.
It's a sickness
with a lot of women.
Always looking for a new way
to get hurt by a new man.
Get smart. There hasn't been
a new man since Adam.
Maybe you're a great lawyer.
As a psychiatrist, you stink.
- One man's opinion.

- Nothing hurts me, Max.

That's one of
my complications.

Max. A good name. I like it.

It's not guaranteed
for long wear.

I don't wear anything for long.

- Let's go.

- Where?

Out.

All right, boys, you know the rules,
so watch your low punches.

- In case of a knockdown-

- That's my boy, Pietro.

What it says

on the bathrobe, that's me.

Give it to him, Pietro!

Now, in the belly!

- Hey, in the pancia. Pancia!

- Come on, Billy!

In the pancia!

Fight back!

Fight back!

- What happened?

- They stopped the fight.

- They what?

- Pancia. Pietro got too much in the pancia.

- Nice fatherly gesture.

- He lost, didn't he?

And the Monettis must never lose.

I suppose poor Pietro will now
blow his brains out in the dressing room.

He didn't lose so bad at that.

He never even got knocked off his feet.

It seems to be

a family characteristic.

You're throwing

a few punches yourself tonight.

Just light jabs.

I haven't thrown a real punch yet.

Let's go dance.

Later. This atmosphere's got me.

I like it here.

How's that beautiful

Italian girl you're engaged to?
- So, that's it.
- When do you see her?
She'll have me
the rest of her life.
That's quite a sentence.
No time off for good behavior?
She's none of your business.
Then what about
your time off for bad behavior?
That's my business, isn't it?
Come to think of it, that's me.
What are you suddenly
being sore about?
What did you expect me to be?
And it's not sudden.
Do you think women live in vacuum-sealed
containers like tennis balls?
I just thought
you were different, that's all.
You'd love to find one,
wouldn't you? Get smart.
There hasn't been a woman in love
different since Eve.
- So it's love?
- Yes, Max, it's love.
- Embarrassing, isn't it?
- I just don't like complications.
I'll simplify it for you.
Good-bye, Max.
It's a disgrace.
That's what it is, it's a disgrace.
Why, my Maria could have her pick
of the finest men around.
Doctors, bankers, big businessmen.
It's a disgrace.
Oh, Helena, Helena, why are you
getting so excited over nothing?
Nothing?
You call it nothing for Max...
engaged to my daughter and running
all over town with another woman?
Oh, it's no other woman. It's a client.
Max has got lots of clients.

Well, sometime you gotta mix up
a little pleasure with the business.
Business with the pleasure.
But all the time it's strictly business.

Hey, Max?

You see?

He's got nothing to say.

He's guilty.

It's written all over his face.

You cannot see his face.

He's got his back to you.

Gino, the engagement is off.

Give him back his ring.

I won't.

The engagement is not off.

- That's my girl.

- Don't you come near her.

- Give him back his ring.

- No.

Helena, I think you sit down.

- And don't you tell me what to do.

- Now, Helena, sit down.

- And hurry up!

- Oh!

What every man do

before he's married is nobody's business.

- It was when I was a girl.

- When you was a girl...

the fastest thing

in the world was a horse.

I'll have you know

my husband died happy.

Your husband was happy to die,

which is a different thing.

- Oh, I'm not gonna sit here and-

- You sit down and shut up!

- Oh!

- You know, it's time you learn something
about the United States.

I'm gonna tell you about it.

It's called New World.

Why? Because

everything is new.

Old World,

cities grow this way.
New World,
cities grow this way.
Old World,
bathrooms outside.
New World?
Bathrooms inside.
It's the same thing with people.
Old World, your father a barber,
then you a barber.
New World?
Your father a barber?
You wanna be a presidente?
All right, why not?
What has this got to do
with Max and my Maria?
Well, plenty. Marriage
is different here too.
Old World, boy and girl,
they get engaged.
They wait one year, two years. When they
tire of each other, they get married.
United States is different. They get
married right away. Get tired afterwards.
I don't care about
old worlds and new worlds.
It's my daughter's happiness
that's at stake.
Yes, but, Helena,
a woman is happy here.
Woman is boss.
Is biggest difference.
Here, only free time in a man's life
is before he gets married.
United States wives
don't just stay home...
and have babies
and cook like in Old World.
No, here they come and go.
They buy and sell.
Someday they even find way
for husbands to have babies.
Say something, Max.
It's for Maria to say

if she still wants me.

- I'll never marry anyone else.

- Good.

Then a week after Easter.

I fix up everything.

I haven't agreed to anything. Besides,
it's my daughter that's getting married.

I'll take charge of the wedding,
if there's going to be one.

I want to marry Max,
and I want to marry him right away.

Now you listen to me!

Helena, with you and me,
it's still Old World.

- You open your mouth once more, and I'll-

- Relax.

Everything's settled.

Like Pa said,

we'll get married a week after Easter.

Ha!

You see, Theresa?

Gino fix up everything.

Yes, Gino,

you fix up everything.

You're not dancing with me.

- What about dinner?

- I'm not hungry.

Well, I am.

Eat.

Can you get me a taxi, please?

Uh, shows are letting out, ma'am.

It'll be a little while.

If you're walking home,

you live the other way.

I know it. I'm a girl

with a sense of direction.

Where you going?

- That's the question.

- You're not going anywhere. Period.

What are you going to do,

beat some sense into me?

- What's this all about?

- I'm beginning to know you, Max.

- I don't like what I see.

- You're in love with me.
What happened to it?
Nothing's happened to it yet.
- Who's the other guy?
- There isn't any.
- You're talking to me,
Max Monetti. Who is he?
- That's all you can think of.
The only reason I could leave you
is for somebody else.
Nothing could be wrong
with you, could there?
What are you looking for?
This is 1932, New York, the jungle.
It's dog eat dog,
and the first bite counts.
Just whom are you fighting,
Max, me or yourself?
It's beginning to hurt,
and you can't take it.
Why should I?
What do I get, a silver cup?
I'm not going to
get hurt, remember?
Especially not by you
so you can play dog eat dog in a jungle.
Look. Things are the same
with us as they always were.
Not with me.
Something new's been added.
I don't understand you anymore.
You don't understand
anybody, not even yourself.
You've never tried.
You love Max Monetti, and he loves you.
- No questions asked.
- Good night, Pat.
Good night, Pat.
See you tomorrow.
Excuse me.
You're going to marry Maria.
She'll give you kids, a home.
What'll you give her?
What have you got to give her?

- You finished?
- I'm finished.
- Then let's eat. I'm hungry.
- Just like that.
Just like that.
I keep forgetting
you live in a jungle.
Then come quietly, baby.
Would the lady like a drink?
The lady's not drinking tonight.
More coffee?
How many of those
before you jungle boys get drunk?
- You in a hurry?
- Enjoy yourself.
It's our last night. Have fun.
You can turn it on or off, can't you?
Character, that's what you got.
Plenty of character.
Why don't you have another drink?
You'd like to see me fall on my face
and beg. You'd like that, wouldn't you?
You never will. I don't need you.
I don't need anybody.
- Max Monetti can-
- Period.
There's an epitaph for you-
"Here lies Max Monetti. Period."
Who you gonna
take up with after me?
- That's one thing I don't worry about.
- It worries me.
- Why?
- 'Cause I'll be thinking about it.
And I don't like
what I'll be thinking.
Ice. Even your ears are cold.
- You feel better now?
- Worse.
I feel rotten.
- I'll take you home.
- Whose home?
- Yours.
- Oh, you're loaded with character tonight.

- Got any cigarettes?

- Don't sell cigarettes.

Haven't got a license.

You've got a nice place here.

Lots of atmosphere.

Full of characters.

Your lady friend's leaving.

She left me four hours ago.

See ya.

Yeah, Max.

- More steam.

- Yeah, sweat it out.

That's the way, Max.

Sweat it out.

- I'm beat, Pa. Really beat.

- Yeah, smart boy.

- Let the woman do this to you.

- She don't mean a thing to me.

She mean nothing.

Then why you beat?

She told me off, and there's no other guy.

That's what gets me.

Well, soon enough, you marry Maria.

Forget this woman.

- How do you forget, Pa? What do you do?

- Sweat it out.

Good thing you come here.

Trouble at the bank.

I don't get it. She's nuts about me.

She told me. I know she is.

Books. Always wanna look in the books.

Always wanna make trouble. Books.

She can't leave me. I won't let her leave me.

I'll go bust her door down.

What is this money, that money?

How you get this? Why you do that?

Books is no way

to run a bank.

She'll come crawling.

You're right, Pa, forget. I'll marry Maria.

Twenty years I run the bank

and never have no trouble.

No one ask me nothing.

I throw them out. That's what I'm gonna do.

- From now on, no one looking in my books.
- What are you talking about?
- Books.
- What books?

The bank. They're looking in my books.

They ask lots of questions.

- You got the answers, haven't you?
- Why you think I'm sweating?
- Where's the piano player?
- She don't start till 5:00.

Thanks.

Hello. Who?

- Are you Johnny?
- No.

He ain't here.

- Want me to try that number for you?
- She's not there.

Sometimes a woman's too busy
to answer the phone.

I've been waiting
all week for your call.

What made you think I'd call?

Still making with the character,
is that it?

What do you want, Max?

Why did you come here?

I lost something.

I thought maybe I'd find it here.

- Your umbrella?
- My girl.

Nothing of that description's been turned in.

You might try the city pound.

I'm in no mood for jokes.

How about a shock? How's your heart?

I got two in the sixth row,
and we got 18 months to pay. Hello.

- Who's the company?
- Danny, this is Max Monetti.

I told you about him.

- Yeah, I remember. Glad to see you.
- Get out of here.
- For you. A hot rose. I picked it in the park.
- Thank you, darling.

You're on your way out,

mister. Blow.

- Doesn't he approve of me?

- Looks like.

Are you leaving,
or am I throwing you out?

I'm not leaving,
and you're not throwing me out.

- Now just a minute-

- I can handle this, baby.

I know you can. But for once in his life,
he's not going to have things his way.

This is not Mulberry Street,
Max, and you're no longer II Duce.

You're not giving orders.

You're not even wanted here.

This is going to be our home,
Danny's and mine. We're getting married.

It's still being done,
you know, outside the jungle.

You're my girl.

I don't care if you marry 10 guys.

That does it. You go powder your nose.

I'll take care of friend Max.

You just stay put.

I'll get you out of this mess.

Put on your hat and blow.

- I don't want to get out of it.

- Okay if I take off my hat?

Look, you sucker,
she's in love with me.

She knows it,

I know it and you ought to.

- She's making a chump out of you.

- Look who's calling who chump.

Get out of here, Max!

- Just like that?

- Just like that.

It's a strange kind
of finish for us.

All right.

But remember, you're stuck.

I'll remember, too, when you
come crawling back. Period.

Max, your father's been calling all day.

I thought you'd like to know.

Thanks.

Silenzio!

I don't close the bank.

The government,
they make the trouble.

I run this bank for 20 years
and never have no trouble.

Now the government,
that's the trouble.

- What about our money?

- You'll get your money.

Everybody get every dollar.

- Well, when the government
stop running my bank.

- Why did the government close your bank?

- Yeah!

- Silenzio! Silenzio!

- Silenzio!

You know, the government say

I cannot loan the money on the people.

Only property, collateral.

You know what this is,
the collateral?

You no can say it.

You no can spell it.

But if you don't got it, poof!

No collateral, no money.

Here. Uh, one moment.

Just a minute.

Pizziano! Hey, Pizziano,
where are you?

Hey, look, look. Tell me,
would you have your store today...
if I don't loan you \$1,200,
on you, your word, no collateral?

- Hey, Cuppicia.

- Signor Monetti-

- That's all right. You get your money.

- I want my money!

That's all right. Cuppicia.

You tell me something.

How you get started? Huh?

I believe in you.

I give you \$2,000. No collateral.
Now government say is wrong.
Is break the law.
I say is right! The law is no good!
A match.
Hey, Joe, a match.
Oh, I haven't got any match.
I've given up smoking.
Well, someone give me
a match. Quick!
What's the matter, your hand shake
like that? You're nervous like a woman.
I get hit on the head, you nervous.
Ah, here's Max.
Well, Pa, how's the head?
- How's the bank?
- It's a mess.
Well, the head
is not so good either.
I can't understand how you
got in so deep. Joe?
The records. Half the transactions
aren't even recorded.
I didn't keep the records. He did.
In his head, in his vest pocket,
on the backs of envelopes.
- I just stayed in my cage.
- Maybe it's just as well.
Maybe some of them wouldn't
look so good in the books.
Pa, have you read
the new Banking Act?
I don't even read
the old one. Why?
Well, it's got teeth.
We might as well face it, Pa.
Right now it looks like you
can be indicted on 22 counts...
and each count
carries a year in jail.
Well, why? Why?
What I do wrong for 22 counts?
A felony called
"misapplication of funds."

This is no time to go into the law.
We've got to figure out our next move.
A smart lawyer like you, Max,
you oughta be able to find a fix somewhere.
This is the state government.
Square apples all the way down the line.
They don't fix. Period.
I think we can save the bank.
In fact, it's good they closed us up.
Lots of banks are having runs.
Now we've got a chance to liquidate
and start over with a clean slate.
Oh, I sell the house. I sell everything.
Everybody gets paid back.
That won't help. That only saves the bank.
How do we pull you through?
Well, we fight the indictments.
We fight them in court. We fight.
- Yes, but how?
- Well, me and my four sons,
we find some way.
Yeah. Yeah.
We can split it up four ways.
You, Joe, Tony, Pietro.
Divided responsibility.
Nobody knows who did just what.
Nothing definite they can pin
on any single one of you.
How about it, Joe?
It'll be easier on Pa that way.
Yes, I suppose it will be.
Well?
Tony? Pietro?
- I never had enough
responsibility to divide.
- What do you say?
I'm a clerk. I get \$65 a week.
Not enough to go to jail for.
- What's that got to do with it?
- No, shut up. Shut up, Max.
Now, look, Joe, Gino Monetti
don't ask nothing from a clerk.
Not when I got
four sons to help me.

- You my oldest son.
- Since when?
- Joe.
- Since when?
Your oldest son. Oh, you mean,
I've been around the longest, that's all.
More time to wait on you
like a servant.
To be pushed down, humiliated. Chauffeur,
valet, clerk. Since when have I been your son?
Max, he's your son. You're his father.
You can be his worry now, not mine.
So, for a few
more dollars a week...
I could have had a good son
in you, eh, Joe?
First time I learn this.
Maybe it's time I know, huh?
Father and son, son and father
is cash-and-carry.
You, Pietro? How much, uh,
you want to be my son?
Joe said it for me.
What was I ever to you?
A dumbhead.
Ever since I was a kid.
Dumbhead. Dumbhead!
Who's gonna
pay attention to me?
A guard in the bank?
If I wasn't your father,
you wouldn't even be guard.
You don't have any sense.
Four, five schools
they throw you out.
You don't want to study. All the time, fight.
That's all you good for.
Not even for fighting, you good.
You got a weak belly, dumbhead.
Well, Tony?
Now don't get me wrong, Pa.
I don't want to see anything happen to you.
But I don't want to
stick my neck out.

Why not? What is so good
about your neck?
Well, it's just that how do
I know it's as easy as Max says?
And if anything goes wrong-
You're not even
enough man to say what you mean.
You're just in time, Ma.
Did you know you brought up
a houseful of strangers?
Strangers.
For who do you think
I build the bank, huh?
Who do you think I work and build,
build and work?
For me? For Mama? We cannot live long
enough to spend what we got a long time ago.
Mama wanted me to stop, but no.
I work and build, I build and work.
For what then?
For my sons. For you, Joe.
Is good I pay you little.
Then you know what it is to be poor.
You remember when you are rich.
Was right to pay you
little money.
Yeah, is good
I call you dumbhead.
You know, muscle is not
something to be proud of.
Gorilla has got bigger
than anybody else.
Maybe you learn to use your brain.
Think, not hit.
Is right to call you dumbhead.
And you, weak.
Dress up all the time. Clothes, the girls.
Everything but the bank.
The bank. The Bank of Gino Monetti.
Gino Monetti and his sons.
That's what I work and build for.
That's why I live.
But no more.
I have no sons.

I have strangers.
Go on, get out!
We'll beat it without them, Pa.
You don't need them.
You better get some sleep.
We've got an awful lot to do tomorrow.
Hey, Mama, why you don't
talk to me no more?
Why I don't hear you laugh no more, huh?
What happen to you?
- Maybe I get old.
- Old?
Oh, maybe a little gray, but not old.
Is pretty color, gray.
We have plenty
good time again.
Soon Max, he fix everything,
and then you and me,
we take a little trip, huh?
Palermo. You like to go back
to Palermo once more, Mama?
I wish we never leave
old country, Gino.
- Oh, we have nothing there.
Here we got everything.
- Here we got nothing.
What do you mean? This fine house,
money, servants, uh, cars, diamonds?
- You call this nothing?
- We poor, Gino.
When we only have
barbershop, we rich.
We love each other.
The boys, you, me.
Now is no more love.
Is only hate.
- You said you were a barber.
- Si.
- You said you were a barber.
- Si.
- How did you become a banker?
- I tell you.
My wife, uh,
she's gonna have a baby.

Uh, my littlest son, Pietro.
Well, the doctor say
I need \$50 for the hospital.
So I go to Guiseppe,
ask him for \$50.
He make out the paper
and say I got to pay him back \$75.
I say is too much.
He say, "All right, go to bank."
So I go to bank.
They say I got to have collateral.
So I say, "What is it,
this, uh, collateral?"
They tell me it's something good,
just like money.
So I say, "If I got collateral,
what for I need money?"
And they say good-bye.
So I go back to Guiseppe,
sign paper, get the money...
my wife have the baby,
everything okay.
If Your Honor please.
What does all this talk about babies
got to do with the Banking Act?
What's the matter? You don't like babies?
Court recessed until 1:30.
- Fine?
- Fine.
My horse, she die.
So I go see my friend Gino.
How much money
did he loan you?
He give me \$120.
And how much do you
owe the bank now?
He say, uh, uh...
- Did you ever borrow more
than the original \$120?
- No.
Then what's the extra
- Uh, there-there is
interest compound, no?
- Mm-hmm.

And a carrying charge
and to record the note. And I tried to pay.
You never pay!
Not one cent!
How am I gonna pay when I got no money?
My new horse, she die too.
Well, is not my fault!
You a horse killer!
You promise to pay! You never pay!
- Your witness.
- No questions.
Step down.
Now take it easy.
Sit down, Pa.
Most of your business was done
with people from the East Side, wasn't it?
Well, my bank is not on Wall Street.
- Just answer the questions yes or no.
- Yes.
People who live on the East Side
are mostly poor, aren't they?
- Yes and no.
- Depending on whether
they lend money or borrow it.
So you know how hard it is
for these people just to make a living.
- Is not easy.
- Then how could you ever expect
them to pay such interest?
- Oh, I wait until they have it.
- Most of them never have it.
How many homes
have you foreclosed?
How many salaries have you garnisheed?
How many men have you sent into bankruptcy?
I instruct the witness not
to answer these questions.
The facts are in the bank records.
I answer everything.
I'm not afraid.
The questions are improper.
You don't have to answer them.
Let him ask. I tell.
I got nothing to hide.

You say you loan money
on people, not collateral.
When you foreclose
on collateral...
all you take away
is a man's property.
But when you garnishee a man's wages,
you take his sweat...
his blood, the bread out
of his children's mouths.
You call that helping people?
I call it usurious.
I accuse you of being
a lecherous moneylender.
- A disgrace to every decent Italian American.
- Now wait-
Just one minute, please.
You don't talk to Gino like that.
- Nobody talk to Gino like that.
- Shut up, Pa!
You shut up! Is a free country!
I do what I think is right!
And what I think is right is right!
I don't care what anybody say!
Not you! Not you! And not you, mister!
I, Gino Monetti! No one tell me what to do!
That's for me.
Well, what do you think, Joe?
I'm no lawyer. I don't know
what goes on in a jury's mind.
Who does? You don't have to be a lawyer
to see it's going bad.
The old man's just asking for it.
I can't let him get back on the stand
tomorrow. They'll rip him to pieces.
How can you sit there
stuffing yourself?
What's the proper etiquette
at a time like this, to stop eating?
I've got an idea, Joe.
It's a long shot, and it's dangerous.
- Yeah?
- I think we've got one
of the jurors on our side.

Once the other 11 start working on her,
then she'll never hold out.

- Yeah?

- The idea is to see she does hold out.

How?

Somebody has to
talk to her, tonight.

Is this the secret of
Max Monetti's success?

You've got a sewer for a mind.

Someday you're gonna fall in.

In the meantime,
I'll drink my beer.

- Who's gonna talk to that juror?

- Not me.

- The other boys aren't smart enough.

- One of them is. You.

I thought of that.

I may not be able to get near her.

If she turns me down,
the old man will really be nailed.

You, she doesn't know.

Well, what do you say, Joe?

I've said it many times.

Do you want to hear it again? All right.

The old man got himself in,
let him get himself out.

This is the time I'll remember.

Hey, your lady friend finally showed up.

She wants to see you.

- Got a minute?

- What's on your mind?

- I've been watching the trial.

- I saw you.

Sit down, Max. Please.

It's not going well, is it?

It's not over yet.

Where's your husband?

Danny?

He's in Chicago.

Taking a big chance, isn't he?

What if you get lonesome?

As a matter of fact, I am.

I don't handle that kind

of work these days.

Danny and I aren't married. We had it out that same night. I didn't love him.

I was just using him to cut out something that was hurting me.

It was no use. It still hurt.

- Better?

- That Monetti touch.

If they'd only let you kiss the jury.

Baby, I've got a call to make.

I'll pick you up in an hour.

I know about these night calls.

Is it that important?

- Yes, it is.

- Not tonight. It can't be.

- Call it off.

- I can't. The party doesn't even know I'm coming.

Then how do you know they'll be there?

- I've got a feeling I'm expected.

- They don't know you're coming, yet you think you're expected.

- That's a strange date.

- It's something new...

- even for me.

- What's it about, Max?

- Nothing to worry you.

- I'll drive you and wait for you.

No, you don't want to sit in the car.

I'll take a cab and be right over.

I'm driving you. Period.

May I come in?

- Is anyone here?

- The children. They're in bed.

You shouldn't be here.

There's lots of things shouldn't be.

If anyone found out-

Not much of a view,

especially for kids.

This is the best I can do

since my husband died.

I've never done this before.

Do you believe me?

Yes.

Sending my father to jail
isn't going to make this a better world.

What are his chances?

- I can't tell you.

- You mean you don't want to.

I'm under oath.

- You're a good woman, aren't you?

- I try to be.

- And a good mother.

- They're all I have.

- What do you make a week?

- Thirty-two fifty.

Keep it. Who will it hurt?

- I can't.

- I know you wouldn't do it for yourself.

Please go.

And take this with you.

Well, I tried.

- You must love your father a great deal.

- I'm all he's got.

You'd better not stay any longer.

Mommy.

I'm coming, darling.

Be careful with that.

You can't have the whole thing.

If I do have the whole thing-

Look, I'll talk about it later.

Listen.

Didn't I tell you

to stop coming here?

I'm not in jail yet.

I go where I please.

Your new trial starts in a week.

It isn't good for you to be seen here.

- This is a new bank.

- What do you mean it's a new bank?

Is my bank.

Let's get that very clear. This isn't
your bank. You don't own a nickel of it.

You signed it over to Ma,

Ma signed it over to us.

Well, I only give it to Ma

so there'll be nothing
in my name when the trial comes.
- She has no right to give it to you.
- We do things legally now.
Legally, she had the right.
Legally, she signed it over to us-
- Me, Tony and Pietro.
- Well, you, Tony and Pietro
are legally dirty crooks!
Is my bank. The bank is mine.
The money is mine. The name is mine.
The name we hope
to live down.
In the meantime,
you stay away from here.
You can live in the big house with Ma.
We'll pay all the bills.
You get \$40 a week for spending money.
Learn to smoke cheaper cigars.
And if you ever so much
as set foot in this bank, you get nothing.
- Well, what I do? Where I go?
- You're an old man. Buy peanuts.
Go in the park. Sit on a bench.
Feed the peanuts to the pigeons.
Pietro! Pietro!
- He's crazy! Get him out of here!
- You better go, Pa.
You going to be sorry, Joe.
I promise you!
What's happened to you, Pa?
You don't look good.
You don't look like a man
who beat the rap, a free man.
What good is it to be free?
I got nothing to do.
I got nowheres to go.
How's the new bank
coming along?
Is your brothers' bank, not mine.
Oh, it's in their name, that's all.
Just a way of protecting the assets in case-
No, is a way to throw me out.
Joe say I'm an old man, no good for nothing.

"Go sit in the park," he tell me.
"Feed the pigeons. Go away, old man."
He steal the bank from me, Max.
- I'd like to sit in the park
and feed the pigeons.
- You think?
Feel the sun on my face.
Get up and walk around when I want.
Instead, you stuck in jail here
like a rat in a trap, huh?
Who put you here, Max?
The sovereign state
of New York.
No, no. Your brother Joe.
Your brother Joe go call the police.
You're mixed up, Pa.
Even Joe wouldn't do a thing like that.
When you go see the lady that night,
who knew anything about it?
You and Joe, nobody else, huh?
When you come out, the police wait for you.
Who else but Joe?
Look what he do to me.
Beside, someone tell me it was Joe.
- Someone who hear him talk.
- Who told you?
Maria ask me to give you this.
- She cry.
- I expected it.
She gonna marry Tony.
- Tony is gonna be vice president of the bank.
- How about Pietro?
Oh, he's gonna be
second vice president.
Hm. Not bad.
We don't let them do this to us, Max.
Someday you get out.
We take back the bank,
everything that they rob from us.
- You get back Maria.
- I don't want Maria.
When I get out,
I want to forget the whole thing.
Oh, no, no, no, Max. You must not forget.

You got to make them pay.
They steal from me
what I work my whole life for.
I work 16 hours a day.
All kinds of sweatshops. I save every penny.
For years, I sweat in the barbershop.
You remember.
I do without everything. I wear one pair
of shoes, one suit, save for years.
And for what? The bank.
The bank is my life,
is my blood.
They kill me, Max.
They take away my blood.
I can't live much more.
I can't fight much more.
I got nobody left.
Only got you.
You got to fix them, Max. For me.
You got to do this for me.
You got to make them pay.
Forget about it, Pa.
They'll pay.
- May I please see Mr. Monetti?
- Si.
- Yeah?
- Another letter to Max.
Yeah. They open the new bank soon.
Me, they don't invite.
They send Pietro down to say
I better keep away. I'm writing this to Max.
- Why?
- I tell Max everything.
- Why?
- Because Max, such things he's got to know.
And what do you use on your pen,
just plain poison or some special kind?
Isn't it bad enough for him
locked up for years?
Do you want to drive him crazy
with your letters?
Joe, Tony, Pietro-
Max hates them.
I want he should hate them.

I want he should never stop.
You've never wanted anything
else from any of them-
Joe, Tony, Pietro... or Max.
When you die, what a treasure you'll leave
to the world- four men full of hate.
Is my sons.
Is none of your business.
One of them is. I love him.
I want him to love me,
to be able to love me.
- Is none of your business.
- Don't write that letter.
Don't send any more.
Leave him alone. Give him a chance.
You've ruined his life up to now.
Let him have it from now on.
Stop filling him
full of poison and hate.
Nah, I don't want Max
should forget.
I write him today, tomorrow, every day.
I don't want Max should forget.
Then he'll wind up hating you too,
just like everyone else in the world hates you.
- Get out of my house!
- Tell Max about me.
Tell Max his girl hates his father.
Tell him his girl wishes his father
were rotting in jail instead.
- Now get out!
- You think of that sometimes, don't you?
That you belong up there
instead of Max.
- Let's go.
- Where?
You got a 12-hour pass
to see someone.
Who?
Max, now you make Gino happy.
Now you go back to jail happy.
You stay up nights.
You make all kinds of plans.
Smart plans.

You kill Joe, Joe kill you.
Gino very happy.
Once I have a husband.
I give him four sons.
Now I have nobody.
No husband. No sons.
Go, Max. Go away.
Well, Pa, where do we start?
On Joe, Tony or Pietro?
Ah, can't waste time with Pietro.
Not a dumbhead.
That's what he is, isn't he, Pa?
Isn't that what you always called him?
Maybe Tony?
I could take Maria away from him.
That would break him up.
Take his kid away too.
The kid always goes with the mother.
And that would leave Tony
with only his job at the bank.
The bank comes next.
A nice, big, juicy scandal.
We'll start an investigation. Maybe even
get an indictment with the grand jury.
That'll take care of Joe.
Elaine would leave him cold.
With the bank gone, Pietro will wind up
a human punching bag.
You'd like that, wouldn't you, Pa?
That'd make you rest easy.
You've always had it your way living,
you'd like it your way dead too. Dog eat dog.
Never forgive, never forget.
You raised us that way, didn't you?
Well, I got news for you, Pa.
Tony can keep Maria.
Joe can have his bank.
Pietro can have
his vice presidency.
I've got Irene.
I lost seven years with her.
They could have been seven wonderful years.
And I threw them away.
I buried them with you.

But that's all you're getting, Pa.
Not one more second.
You've had all you're going to get.
I've come back to life, Pa.
- Hello?
- Hello, baby. Max.
We can still make that plane.
Come and get me. I'm at the old house.
What's the matter? Can't you hear me?
- Well, say something.
- Oh, Max.
Max, I'm coming as fast as I can.
Well, make it faster. Period.
Welcome home, brothers.
I'm glad you've come.
I've got news for you. Good news.
It calls for a celebration.
Pietro, you know where the wine is.
Get it out.
We'll all have one last drink together
in brotherly love.
It's a pity Pa
isn't here to see it.
Well, what's the matter?
Only this morning you were falling
all over one another to drink with me.
You gave us a bad time
this morning, Max.
My stomach's
been upset all day.
You need a new diet, Joe.
Look at me. Hard as a rock.
Seven years. No pastries.
- That's what does it.
- I like to sleep nights.
I don't want to go to bed
worrying about my kids, my home, the bank.
Life isn't worthwhile
if you got to worry.
Well, if you're worried
about me, you can stop.
Once I step out of this house,
you'll never see me again.
- A change of heart, is that it?

- A change of mind.
All of a sudden
you're a new man.
The vendetta's off.
Just like that, huh?
Who do you think
you're talking to?
You're no different than the old man.
Pa never changed. Neither will you.
You both got the same blood.
Well, so have I.
That's one thing you forgot.
I've got an appointment.
You're in my way.
Pietro!
More.
Pietro!
That's enough!
Pick him up.
Just because you've been in jail,
you think you're tough.
'Cause I sit in a bank all day,
you think I'm soft.
We were both born on Mulberry Street.
I can be tough too.
One thing the old man taught me-
never give a guy a chance.
When you got him down,
don't press your luck. Finish him.
You don't have to fight
the same guy twice.
In some ways,
the old man was right.
Out here.
- Out here.
- He's had enough, Joe.
Why can't we just leave him?
You want to keep Maria, don't you?
You want to keep your job in the bank?
Do you want to live?
Bring him out.
Bring him out.
Bring him out.
Throw him over.

Do you hear me?
I said throw him over.
I said over, dumbhead.
Dumbhead! Dumbhead! Dumbhead!
Dumbhead! Dumb-
Pietro.
Pietro! Piet-
Pietro! Pietro!
Pietro, don't do it.
It's Pa driving you.
Pa wants you to kill Joe.
You're not a dumbhead.
Be smart!
If you kill Joe,
you'll kill him for Pa.