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Gotti

By Jerry Capeci

Makes you think.
Makes you think about
the people in your life.
I think of Neil and if he were sittin'
here right now, what he'd say to me.
He'd say,
"John, what's it about?
What's life about...
if you don't go through it
as a man's man."
He'd say, "Suck it up.
Take the fall. Do the time.
That's what made you who you are.
That makes you what you are."
How long we been around this thing
of ours, this Cosa Nostra?
1 20 years.
And what's it about?
It's about the rules, parameters.
You take the beatin' for the friend.
You don't run, you don't lay down.
You don't betray who you are,
what you are.
- Self-esteem, John.
- Self-esteem. It's basic.
You pick it up on the street.
You gotta remember Angie here.
I loved this guy.
I loved him.
He was stupid.
He never listened to me.
He always wanted
the goddamn dope money.
He never rolled.
You know that?
He never rolled.
My brother Gene, Joey D'Mig,
they don't roll.
They're doin' a thousand years.
They don't roll. They don't rat.
Why? That's the rule.
You don't break. You don't rat.
Basic rules.
Gives you a little power, right?

Not the kinda power these Feds have.
God forbid we pull their chain
in public, right?
Fuckin' dress better than them, they
take it personal, like it's a vendetta.
They're supposed to act better
than the rest of us.
They just want me to be somethin'
I wasn't even born to be.
Humble.
They want you to be humble.
So you humble me.
What you got now?
You got a war?
You got a global war?
You got the Chinks, Dominicans,
Asians, Russians, Columbians, Jamaicans.
What are they doin'?
They desecrate the nation.
You got your veritable fuckin'
snowstorms of cocaine and smack...
whatever the hell else
they shove in their veins.
You got a worldwide crime syndicate now.
There's no rules.
There's no parameters.
There's no feelings.
There's no feelings
for this country.
- Anarchy.
- You got anarchy.
So?
Five, ten years from now...
there gonna wish there was
American Cosa Nostra.
Five or ten years from now...
they're gonna miss John Gotti.
Ang, remember the time we were in Vegas,
we seen that funny guy, Joey Villa?
At the Riviera.
Who was the guy who walked
in the bar that night, Jo-Jo?
That short guy.
This is a funny story. Listen.

Jo-Jo comes into the bar wearin'
a solid gold buckle this big.
It says Jo-Jo on it.
He's got a bracelet on his arm
says Jo-Jo on it.
Got a fuckin' necklace says Jo-Jo on it.
He's got solid gold cuff links.
They all say Jo-Jo on 'em.
Little Chink bellhop walks in,
he says...
"Excuse me, Mr. Jo-Jo."
He says, "Shut the fuck up.
I don't want nobody to know I'm here."
True story.
I was there.
All right.
Do what you want with yours.
I'm gettin' down on the Knicks.
John, who owns a bigger piece of you,
your bookie or your tailor?
I'm split right down the middle, baby.
Put out the fuckin' cigarette
before you give us all cancer, please.
What cancer? The government
has not proved cigarettes cause cancer.
What fuckin' government
is he talkin' about now?
You know the tobacco people
own the Feds.
- Fuck them.
- Put out the fuckin' cigarette.
- Are you serious?
- Yeah!
What a fuckin' ball breaker here.
Gene, you goin' to Mom's later?
It's Friday night.
Me and Pete are both goin'.
Give it up.
Put your share on top of it.
Kick somethin' into that
like you're supposed to.
No, right now.
D'Mig, kick in.
You been robbin' cannolis from us

for 20 fuckin' years now.
John, your old man told me
your mother's got a Zulu maid.
Fuckin' guy.
He never wanted me to marry Vicki.
Best thing that ever
happened to me in my life.
- Never wanted me to marry her.
- Why not?
Vicki's stepfather's Italian,
but her real father was a Jew.
- So?
- The Jews whacked out Jesus.
- Get the fuck outta here!
- Maybe he had it comin'.
Under the table.
Watch out for that bolt of lightning.
Cover your head, Angie.
That's funny.
John, it's Neil.
- Hey, Neil.
- Mr. Neil.
How are ya? All right?
- What is it?
- Don Carlo wants to see you.
He wants to see me?
- Right now?
- Right now.
Angie goes with?
Bring him along.
Who woulda thought the King
of the Volcano lived in this place?
It's the old-timer's style.
He don't flash nothin'.
- Hey, you stink.
- Angie can't come?
Don Carlo sent for you, not Angie.
Let him talk.
Don't interrupt.
He's old, but he's still sharp.
And don't dare underestimate him.
- Hey, Neil, how you doin'?
- Hello. Sammy Gravano.
- You know John Gotti?

-Just by reputation.
- Same here. How you doin'?
- You're smilin'.
- You must've heard good things.
- Nothin' but.
- Come by my club. We'll go bouncin.
- Sounds good.

They're expectin' you fellas.

Thanks, Sammy.

Don Carlo, this is John Gotti.

How are ya?

Paul Castellano.

How you doin', Paul?

-Joe Armone.

- How are you?

Well, sit down.

I heard good things.

You built Carmine's

Brownsville book up...

a hundred thousand a month.

A hundred thousand.

Never took a dime from the top.

You're a young man

not tempted by foolish money.

You seem to respect my, uh...

my policy on drugs.

You know, the Feds...

they tolerate certain things.

Certain things.

Not drugs.

You make your crew understand.

They deal in drugs, that's all.

They die!

I've done that.

I tell you this 'cause

I see a future for you.

But fiirst there's something else.

My-My nephew.

He's a saint.

Not of our life, no.

Westies. Scum!

Irish scum.

They blew his face away

and they put him back in the car.

The man responsible has been found.
Lives in Staten Island.
I want you to do this for me.
It's done.
From this moment,
you're under my flag.
I want you to take
one of my men with you--
Ralph Galione.
I'll fiill Neil in with the details.
It went well.
This hit is a walk in the sun.
The old man...
will never forget it.
Yeah.
Who's this Galione?
He's in Castellano's crew.
Between him and Sammy Gravano,
they whacked a dozen bums.
Why didn't they give me Sammy?
I know nothin' about this Galione.
You're the underboss here.
Castellano should defer to you a little.
If he wants one of his guys along,
I got no beef.
-Just tell him to give me Sammy.
- Paul wants Galione on this.
Leave it at that.
Is that what you want?
It doesn't matter
what the fuck I want.
That's the way it is.
Just let it go.
Just go with it.
Go with the tide.
All right.
Forget I said it.
Galione. Hop in.
Galione, you always snort on a hit?
- Sharpens my concentration.
- Good. Start concentratin'.
We're goin' out to a joint
in Staten Island.
No one's gonna pay attention

to us now if we're cool.
McBratney's there every night.
He sits at the end of the bar.
I'm gonna mention some names
from the West Side.
He's gonna figure I'm gonna try to
sell him some stuff. Stay near the door.
We're gonna take him out to the car,
whack him in the parking lot. Capisce?
Where you goin'? He sees
a third guy, he's gonna smell a rat.
- I said the door.
- All right. Take it easy.
- What'll it be?
- You got any Boudels?
- Yeah, we got it.
- What are you drinkin', Ang?
- Dewars.
- Dewars and the Boudels.
Who's that, Jimmy?
McBratney, right?
- Who wants to know?
- We know people. Mickey from 46th.
- Dumb-Dumb.
- You know Mickey Dumb-Dumb?
- How you doin'?
- We were talkin' about you last night.
My buddy Angie.
Meet McBratney.
How you doin'?
- Where do you know Mickey from?
- We all worked Kennedy together.
- That's a good racket.
- We're movin' some stuff. Look.
Nice, huh?
You got more?
- Fourteen carat.
- It's nice, isn't it?
I got a gross sittin' in the trunk of
my car. Your name's written all over it.
- Let's go take a look.
- Excuse me!
Ferrone, 1 7th Squad.
You wanna step outside?

Where the hell did you get that,
some kind of a CrackerJack box?
You fuckin' Guinea hump!
Take that fuckin' thing
and shove it up your ass along with--
Can't kill him, John.
You can't kill him.
He's Paul Castellano's soldier.
We need an okay, or else
you're steppin' way outta line here!
He fucked up the personal favor
I'm doin' for Don Carlo.
He's fuckin' goin'.
I know you're thinkin'
Castellano said use Galione.
He should've given us
Sammy Gravano.
You're thinkin' that Mick bartender's
gonna make us from fuckin' mug shots.
I'm not thinkin'.
You're thinkin'. I'm eatin'.
Now, he's goin'.
The bottom line is John Gotti...
clipped a soldier in my decina...
without my okay.
That's a flagrant violation.
John Gotti should fuckin' die.
No need to curse, Paul.
No need.
You know me, Don Carlo.
I'm a street guy.
If I can't curse, I can't talk.
You sent a fuckin' moron
on this hit...
who endangered the life of a young man
I think of as a son!
Galione deserved to be clipped!
John Gotti was doing a piece of work
that could buy him 25 years.
That's fuckin' immaterial!
The bottom line is that--
Bottom line.
That's weasel words!
My God,

a businessman talks like that.
What the hell kind of word is that?
Paul, you don't know the streets.
I mean, you never have.
John Gotti clipped your scumbag soldier
because your soldier deserved it.
John Gotti is Cosa Nostra.
The rule was broken.
Yes, it calls for Gotti to die.
Was there reason for breakin'
the rule so powerful...
that it was justified?
We need all the John Gotti's
we can get.
But we survive by our rules.
If it was my call, he would go.
Some combination, huh?
Your Frankie catchin'
and my son passin'?
Your kid's got a great arm.
Come here, you!
You gotta cradle the ball more.
Let me show you somethin'.
When he snaps it at you,
I want you to suck it in.
Suck it in. That's it.
Do it again.
He's gonna snap it at you--
a lateral pass.
- You gotta suck it in.
- Ready to go home yet?
No, I got my bike.
I'm gonna ride home.
- You were great.
- Thanks.
- You're doin' great, man.
- Thanks.
- You're my champ, you know that?
- Yeah.
Hey! Take that.
How's the couch business?
You still sellin' Castro convertibles?
It's a living.
Can't complain.

We gotta run.
You got a great arm, kid.
Thanks.
See ya next week.
I've been negotiating all night.
Just take a walk, all right?
- Negotiatin' what?
- Your fuckin' life!
- For takin' out a fuckin' coke head?
- Be quiet!
Sit down.
I said, sit down!
You know, I've clipped
a lot of guys in my life.
Close friends.
Guys I didn't know.
I didn't always agree
that the guy should be clipped.
But I never questioned the orders...
and I never went off half-cocked...
and clipped somebody
I wasn't supposed to!
Now, you shut up!
You just listen.
Big Paul went down to Don Carlo
for permission to have you whacked.
It came this close.
I told Don Carlo
you were like a son to me.
That touched the old man.
He told Paul to give you a pass.
But if Don Carlo had said...
you gotta go...
I would've come here today...
with these two zips...
and you would go.
You cannot whack a made man
on somebody else's crew!
There are rules!
You break the rules,
this whole goddamn thing ofours...
cracks and crumbles!
You never break the rules.
Let's drink to that.

Wipe your face.
You're sweating up
a hundred dollar shirt.
Don Carlo says
you'll do some time.
But he's gonna take care
of your family.
Here.
La familia, and the rules
that hold us together.
And the rules that hold us together.
Good-bye, Frankie.
- You look good, John.
- Hey, thanks, man.
How do you swing a three-year sentence
with a guy dead on a saloon floor?
You just make sure it's
an Irish scumbag who deserved it.
This way, at least you know
you performed a public service.
Don Carlo made it official.
You come out of here...
you come out a captain.
God bless you, Neil.
God bless you.
How's my Frankie?
He's good.
Vicki and the kids are all fiine.
Your mother, forget about her.
She told me the place
out in Sheepshead is a palace.
She called it that?
She told me,
"My son got me a palace."
It's not just Vicki and the kids.
The whole neighborhood
will be glad to have you back.
People ask about you all the time.
Got a bit of bad news.
Don Carlo had a--
had a heart attack.
Well, I guess when he goes,
you're gonna have your day.
- We'll see.

- What's that mean?
You're next in line.
What's that mean?
Listen.
I heard a little news
on the street that--
I heard that your brother Gene
and Angie's brother Sal...
are pushing dope.
- They're pushin' dope?
- Yeah.
Sally's not a made guy.
He's a civilian.
He does whatever the fuck he wants.
And my brother Gene's no genius,
but the guy's not pushin' dope.
Ask Angie. I understand
he's getting a percentage.
Where the fuck did you get this?
One of Big Paul's soldiers told me.
Well, Jesus Christ.
Consider the source.
I'm only sittin' here
three fuckin' years...
because of that incompetent
Sicilian candy-ass.
I'm supposed to believe
my own brother's pushin' dope?
Believe what you want.
But ask Angie.
I want this fuckin' rumor proved...
or disproved.
An FBI spokesman said today
that a promising lead...
on the whereabouts of Patty Hearst
resulted in a dead end.
The young heiress is wanted in a series
of politically motivated bank robberies.
You know this bitch
is richer than Rockefeller?
With all her money, what's she doin'
tryin' to overthrow the government?
They're gonna lock up this twat for
100 fuckin' years when they catch her.

Come on, Johnny.

- You got anything you wanna tell me?

- Like what?

Like secret shit.

- Like what kinda secret shit?

- Like secret shit.

Like how many times a night

I whack off?

I said, like secret shit.

You and me, we change each other's
diapers, for Christ's sake.

What fuckin' secrets I keep from you?

Where'd you get the prosciutto?

I know people.

We got a problem

with the Zulu chief.

He's threatenin' to put a hit

on this kid Joey Perillo...

for stealin' six ounces

of nose candy from him.

- Yeah? Who is he?

- He's the kid at the end.

The skinny kid.

Who's the kid with?

Nobody. He's a street thief.

Then fuck him.

He's got nothin' to do with us.

But the kid says he knows Sammy Gravano.

He says him and Sammy go way back...

and there's no time

to check this out with Sammy.

- Do you believe him?

- Yeah, for sure he knows Sammy.

Better I stand up for Sammy in here than

fiind out I should've when I get out.

Hey, what's this motherfucker want?

How ya doin', chief?

How about you and me,

we go for a walk and talk, huh?

What do you say?

I say a dago ain't a pimple

on a nigger's ass.

I sure as hell hope not.

What do you want me to do?

I'm alone here, see? I'm clean.
Step into my offiice here.
This is business.
Business, huh?
You know you're one
crazy motherfuckin' wop, right?
Let's walk.
-I hearyou're missin' 6 ounces ofcoke.
-You heard right.
And that Guinea Perillo,
he's gonna get a shiv stuck in his ass.
You know, I say hard time
is for hard-ons.
What are we tryin' to do here?
We're tryin' to do some easy time.
You start that shit, it's a lockdown.
Then what you got?
No booze, no broads,
no phones, no visitors.
You ain't even gonna get TV rights.
Come on.
You and me, we cool that, huh?
Yeah, well, I'm listening.
That 6 ounces ofcoke you lost,
I'm gonna replace it.
You're gonna get 1 8 grand cash
and a van full of Lucky's.
Your whole side ofthe yard here
can all be stokin' and smokin'...
your fuckin' brains out for a month
as far as I'm concerned.
From here on out,
anyone here in my court...
fucks with your action,
you just come to me.
- And who the fuck are you?
-John Gotti.
- So when do I get my drop?
- With your mornin' paper.
Count up in two wing.
Come on!
Let's have a little respect here!
Respect age, will ya?
Look at you!

College looks good on you.
Wait here.
Thankyou, Willy.
- You okay?
- I got Neil here.
We're back!
What is it?
Don Carlo's dead.
Heart attack an hour ago.
Let him rest.
He made Big Paul the new boss
on his deathbed.
What?
No fuckin' way
Carlo passed you up.
For what?
That piece ofshit?
He don't understand the street. He wants
to be some butter-ass businessman.
That's not Cosa Nostra.
Maybe a street guy
is not what is needed.
Maybe times are changin'.
Bullshit! Come on!
The soldiers don't even want him.
Ask anyone here.
They starve under the guy.
The fuckin' guy...
he squeezes a fuckin' quarter
till the eagle screams.
Don Carlo was the boss.
He picked his brother-in-law.
Now, Paul is the boss.
That is it.
Neil, you devoted
your life to this thing.
You never back-doored nobody,
never took a dime wasn't yours!
You want me to blow the fuckin' borgata
right now? Here, I'll do it right now!
The king is dead.
Long live his brother-in-law.
Johnny Boy doesn't seem to think so.
How many captains would behave

like that with Neil Dellacroce?
You know, I think we got a little crack
developing in the Gambino family.
- Maybe more than meets the eye.
- Like what?
Gotti's heritage is Neapolitan.
Castellano is Sicilian,
like Don Carlo.
The rivalry's subtle,
but it's there.
"Never fear Rome.
The serpent lies coiled in Naples."
First off, I want everybody to know
Tommy Bilotti continues as a captain.
But he's also gonna be
my personal Doberman, right, Tommy?
Always, Paul. Always.
And Frankie De Cicco
is our new consigliere.
Armone, he wants
to get out of harness.
I've done my stint for 44 years.
I bought a little
hole-in-the-wall cafe in Astoria.
I could walk to work every morning
and get away from my wife.
Anyone ever wants to consult,
come right over. Coffee's on me.
Everyone at this table
should be proud to be sitting here...
in front of a man's man.
All right, finally.
I think everybody here knows
I'm keeping Neil on as my underboss.
- It gives us some continuity.
- Grazie, Paul.
You know, I don't think
the Queens boys know Di B.
This is John Gotti,
Robert Di Bernardo, known as Di B.
- I love your handkerchief.
- I was gonna say the same thing.
That is Angelo Ruggeirio.
You know my tailor?

Di B runs all the porno in Brooklyn.
You don't have to say anything about
John. His reputation precedes him.
All right, all right.
What's on the table?
I have Genovese people hijackin' three
loads outta Kennedy the last two months.
Colombos took offa couple too.
If I gotta rip somebody's
fuckin' eyes out here to--
Wait a minute.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Nobody's eyes
are gonna get ripped out.
- I'm ready to whack the motherfuckers!
- Nobody is gonna get whacked!
Not unless the boss
ofthis family approves.
Understood?
You've been away for a while.
Maybe you don't know
that we got...
a lot ofjoint ventures
with the Genoveses and Colombos.
The future ofthis family
doesn't depend on...
a couple of loads
from Kennedy anymore.
We're like United Nations now,
is that right?
Neil, you, me and Franike,
we'll work this Kennedy thing out later.
All right, next case.
All right.
Nicki Scibetta's gotta go.
Johnny, I want your crew to whack him.
What do you mean, my crew?
Nick Scibetta's in the construction
business with Sammy there in Brooklyn.
That's Brooklyn business.
That's why it makes more sense
foryou guys to do thejob.
I live in Queens, okay?
You whackyour own people. Forget it.

- What do we got, two families here?
- Frankie, go fuckyourself.
We ain't got no problem here.
Nick's my brother-in-law.
He's my embarrassment.
I'll whack him nice and easy.
We'll have the wake at Tomasulo's,
keep it in the neighborhood.
Good thinking, Sammy.
You stick with your in-laws.
I like that.
I gotta get back on the streets.
That's where all the money is.
Hey, Paul, not for nothin'.
That was a great spread.
The guy just got outta the joint,
for Christ's sake.
I mean, he's complicated,
but his motives are good.
Besides, he's a good earner.
Hey, John's aces with me.
He got a kid I know...
out of a jam with the Zulus
up in Greenhaven.
He didn't have to.
Johnny's problem is that
he's a street Neapolitan, huh?
Always scheming.
Worse than the Sicilians.
Are you remindin' me now
what I owe you, cocksucker?
Have I ever missed settlin' with you?
Come on. I'm like a clock.
Place the fuckin' bet.
Forgets who made him a rich fuckin' man.
Some fuckin' nerve.
John, why do you go nuts
every week tryin' to scrape up money?
What's Richie gonna do
if you just say "Go fuckyourself"?
A player loses, he pays.
A bookie loses, he pays.
Give me a break.
- Tell it to the guys who owe us.

- Where's D'Mig?
At the warehouse with Bobby the Jew
tryin' to get rid of those watches.
By the time the fence takes its cut,
it's small potatoes.
We're breakin' our balls for peanuts.
Not for nothin', but the guys
don't have two nickels to rub together.
What are we doin' here, policy slips?
It's bullshit.
All you's do,
you cry like babies.
All day long,
you bite my ass around the clock.
If I'm not in here havin' my famous
espresso with Tony Ducks by ten...
I'm back by noon
to check the numbers.
But I'm the one that goes down to
Mulberry to check it out with Mr. Neil.
I'm the one that goes to Staten Island
to pay respect to that lay-down Paul.
I gotta drink bitter coffee
'cause his spic maid...
cannot even run
a fuckin' espresso machine.
I gotta sit with that zombie Bilotti.
Doberman my ass!
I gotta go out to the island now
to talk to Bobby about stolen watches?
Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?
I coulda been a meter maid.
I coulda worked for UP-fuckin'-S
and made more fuckin' money!
Where the fuck you come cryin'
to me about empty pockets?
Why don't you just say what you want.
What do you want?
You want a piece of Di B's porn?
A piece of Sammy's construction?
What do you want,
demolitions, cement or garbage?
You want trucks, meat, fiish, garment?
So the fuck do I!

Anybody got any ideas?

- I got one or two.

- Yeah?

- Here's the money!

- What the fuck?

Johnny! Come on!

Don't think for one minute you're not diggin' into Angie's drug operation.

You and Angie and D'Mig and your brother Sally are dealin'.

Don't ever fuckin' think

I don't know that.

And I hearyou with that in thejoint, Quack-Quack.

What's the matter now?

You got nothin' to say?

You got it wrong. Nobody's dealin'.

We're movin' a few things for Sally.

You movin' furniture for fiive dollars an hour?

Fuckyou.

Let me tell you somethin'.

This Sicilian motherfucker fiinds out you're dealin' heroin...

I can't save your ass, and I'm the fiirst to get hit.

You know why? I don't let anyone whack out my crew.

Now, is that what you want?

Good.

What do you say the three of us go down to Umberto's...

we get some scungillis, we relax.

I'm relaxed.

I'm plenty relaxed.

I'm goin' down to Regine's, have a drink with Di B.

I smell like a fuckin' animal now.

Hey, to each his own.

There's big bucks in it.

That's for sure.

Hey, fuck this shit.

They lockyou up forever.

Money ain't a good enough reason
to do a hundred years.
You like this joint, huh?
It's classy.
Classy?
You got any idea how much money
this place must gross in a month?
Fuckin' Sammy.
He's all business, you know
what I mean? But he's right.
I wouldn't mind
a piece of this place myself.
Let me ask you something, John.
How come you don't have a piece
of anything legitimate?
Di B and me, we're in drywall,
construction, demolition, night clubs.
Legitimate, huh?
You know what I think is bullshit?
You should become CPAs.
I'm serious.
Certified Public Assholes.
This way you could have
your legitimate businesses...
and your books
and your workman's comp...
and your Blue Cross
and your Blue Shield.
And on top of that,
you go pay your taxes, all right?
You think I got a button to become
some kind of straight-up businessman?
- Get the fuck outta here.
- You know what I think?
Under these \$2,000 suits,
you're really an old-timer.
Yeah, man.
Gotta remember where we come from.
Amen.
Your boss is so busy
bein' a businessman...
I can't even get the right backing
when I need it.
What's that about?

Not just our boss.
Don't get me wrong.
I know.
Yeah, he's my boss.
He's my boss.
Off the record, I'd been happy
to see Neil get it.
Off the record,
I don't think anybody woulda cried...
if Mr. Neil got it.
But, you know, it's Cosa Nostra.
We got the boss we got.
Here's to changin' the subject.
To the boss!
- I gotta get goin'.
- Where you goin'?
- Business or pleasure?
- What the fuck's the difference?
- There he goes.
- Take care.
- Come here, you.
- I'll call you tomorrow.
A million a month gross, minimum.
I could be off by 50%%.
Fuckin' Sammy.
You know that contract
we got in Queens?
We're the low bidders, but it turns out
it's like one of those "modified" bids.
It's always modified...
modified to the point
where we can't make any money.
Nicki, come here.
Take down that piece of drywall
up there, the one on the top.
For what?
For what?
'Cause maybe you ain't buyin'
the kinda quality that you should.
You don't trust nobody, man.
- What?
- Oh, fuck.
What are you doing?
Are you fuckin' nuts?

When I fiirst picked up this piece
ofshit, I knew it was a mistake.

- We're family.

- Son ofa bitch.

I'm Deborah's brother,
for God's sake!

Shut the fuck up, Nicki!

Don't kill me, please!

What did I do?

You know somethin'?

You are some whiner.

Oh, God!

-Jesus,John. I'm so sorry.

- Hey, Sammy. How are ya?

Who done this?

Leave it alone.

It was an accident.

Just had an accident, that's all.

This isn't the time or the place
for all this.

This isJohn's friends and family.

Just stay here.

Thanks for comin', man.

Who did this,Joe?

The guy that lives next door.

His name is Favara.

My God, I am heartily sorry...

for having offended Thee.

And I detest all past sins...

for Thyjust punishment.

But most ofall

I have offended Thee.

Oh, God...

you're deserving ofall my love.

I from here resolve

to the top ofThy grace...

to sin no more.

Is this gonna take long?

It's 20,000 bucks I'm pickin' up.

We can afford a few minutes.

I'll be right back.

Somebody's gotta move this thing

or they're not gonna have headlights!

I'll be out in a minute.

I'll move the car in a minute.
Hey, big shot, is this yours?
Is that yours?
Relax. I'll be out in a minute.
Is that yours?
I'll call you back in a few minutes.
I'm sorry. What'd you say?
Is that yours?
- Is what mine?
- The Lincoln.
What Lincoln?
- Let him go!
- Calm down, man!
Let go! John, a cop!
Get the fuck outta here!
Mr. Cutler,
what's the real story here?
There is no real story. My client
was tryin' to break up a flight.
What does this have to do
with loan-sharking?
- Did he owe you money?
- Don't be ridiculous.
Mr. Gotti sells plumbing supplies.
That's all.
Leave the man alone!
Leave the man alone!
What was your reaction
to these accusations?
Take that.
Do you always hand out fiifties
to street people?
Is that a fiifty?
Take a hundred.
Give me back the fiifty.
It's tough on the streets.
Everybody's gotta score once in a while.
-That's why your neighborhood loves you.
-Could be.
How does it feel getting
a hundred dollars from John Gotti?
My guess is that once this Piecyk
fiinds out who you are...
he'll withdraw.

But there's a bigger problem
comin' up.
Not with you.
With your people.
What do you mean, my people?
Angelo Ruggierio,
your brother Gene, D'Mig...
on a heroin conspiracy--
indictment's comin' down this afternoon.
- Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?
- I'm not kiddin' you.
And the really bad news is Angie's house
has been bugged for months.
Jesus Christ.
That stupid, greedy,
motherfuckin' moron!
Goddamn him!
Goddamn him!
Paul is gonna whack
the three of them.
Yeah. And me too.
I got Moe, I got Larry,
and I got Curly.
The bail I raised for you three,
I'll be broke here a fuckin' year!
How many times
we gotta go through this?
We're in the street, scratchin'
and scrapin', so we took a taste.
We're just tryin' to survive.
Angelo, how do you get caught
on a bug in your own house?
Motherfuckers!
Don't say motherfuckers, all right?
Even when you were a kid,
you don't shut your fuckin' mouth.
That's why I called you Quack-Quack.
They don't have to bug you.
Anyone in New York
dials seven digits to get you.
I had my house swept
by this electronic expert.
The motherfucker told me it was safe.
- Safe?

- Yeah.

Have you heard of technology?

There is no "safe."

Don't you know they got

a parabolic mike today?

It could hear a fuckin' snake

fart in Egypt!

The Feds are a machine.

They don't run out of time or money!

They sent a whole fuckin' army

to grab 30 spics...

in that Caribbean shithole,

whatever the fuck it was.

That's power, Angelo.

That's real power.

You shut the fuck up for a minute.

I'm tryin' to make a point.

That's the kind of power the Feds have

that made the bosses...

ban the goddamn drugs

in the fiirst place!

Every fuckin' boss of every family's

into drug money, off the record.

Paul's full of shit.

He's takin' fuckin' drug money

from Roy De Meo.

He don't ask where the cash

comes from, but he knows.

- So he's a hypocrite?

- Yeah.

Is this somethin' new?

He's the boss!

Do you get it?

He's the boss.

- How bad are these tapes?

- Forget about it.

I said a lot of shit about people,

about Paul too.

- Paul, good swim?

- I should be doin' more of this.

Helps me sleep better.

I sat down with the Colombos...

and those asbestos removal contracts...

that you guys got in

with the Board of Ed.
Anyhow, I agreed to up
their end of it to 40 percent.
- 40 percent?
-Jesus, Paul.
They don't even deserve the 30 percent
they're in for now.
I know for a fact when Don Carlo
was alive, they were lucky to get ten.
Don Carlo's been dead
for a long time now.
And Neil, when Neil goes,
that's the end of that regime.
Finished.
This is a new age.
We got more money to make...
workin' with the other families
than shuttin' them out.
Me and the Colombos...
we also had a little talk
about our John Gotti problem.
What John Gotti problem?
- What's the matter with Johnny?
- You mean the Ruggierio thing?
What John Gotti problem?
What problem?
Don't you guys fuckin' read?
Give me that newspaper.
When the New York Times carries it,
you got trouble.
I had dinner last week
with this chicken guy.
What's his name?
Looks like a chicken.
What's he gonna think
when he sees these headlines?
These guys are not stupid.
They know who we are.
But it's not supposed
to be so public.
This John Gotti is like
some throwback to our street days.
Goes to work on some guy
with a baseball bat in the street!

The guy jumped him with a bat.
John's got a temper. So what?
- The guy's a hell of--
- What? An earner?
Yeah, I know.
What the hell is it
with these \$3,000 suits?
The man dresses better than Cuomo.
And these FBI bugs.
Who knows what's on
those fuckin' tapes?
Do you?
Who the hell knows what kind of shit
that fat fuck Angie talked about me.
Anyway, if we gotta whack
John and his crew...
the Colombos are givin' us
the soldiers to do it.
Who's talkin' about
whackin' John Gotti?
This way, it keeps us from having
war within the family.
Paul, as your consigliere,
I have an obligation to tell you this.
It's not right for us to reveal family
problems in front of the Colombos.
- It weakens us.
- It weakens nothin'.
If those tapes show that Angie
and those two other Mamelukes...
are dealin' powder,
the rule since 1957 is deal and die.
I gotta clip 'em,
and Johnny Boy too.
What's up, fellas?
Can we go off the record here?
- Absolutely.
- All right.
What Carlo built up for 30 years
with his blood...
this prick is givin' away
piece by piece.
The other families
are gonna piss all over us.

He's not tryin' to build.
Mark my words, Sammy.
We're gonna starve with this guy.
Offthe record,
I agree with you 1 00 percent.
I'll tell you one other thing.
This guy don't understand
for one fuckin' minute who Gotti is.
You all right?
You gotta get to a hospital.
- You hear me?
- What good would that do?
Theyjust wanna shoot
that toxic shit into me, and I--
I'll die that much sooner.
I just don't wanna--
I don't wanna leave
a war behind me.
He would be within his rights.
Paul has every right
to whack out your whole crew.
"Deal and die."
That was Carlo's edict.
Right, right.
And that's why Carlo Gambino wasn't
takin' drug money off De Meo like Paul.
Paulie ain't one tenth of Carlo Gambino.
You know that.
Carlo ran this family
like it was supposed to be run.
Like a brotherhood.
But it was our thing.
Paulie runs it like it's his thing.
Carlo would step out ofthe grave.
He'd set this whole thing right,
if he could.
Nobody in my crew is gettin' clipped.
That's all.
Ifanybody's gettin' clipped,
it's Paul.
I brought you into this family.
I made you what you are.
You're strong and you're smart.
But don't ever believe that

you are bigger than anything--
- I don't think I'm bigger--
- Don't interrupt--
Don't interrupt me.
I know what you're thinkin'.
But you cannot whack out a boss.
Only the full commission
could make that call.
I love you like a son...
but don't ever put me
on the spot.
And don't ever force my hand.
I would never do that.
Let's take a walk, huh?
I gotta tell you, we can't clear this
with any of the bosses.
It's our family, it's our move.
Nobody gives a fuck...
about this greedy cazzo.
- When?
- Not until Neil goes.
All right, Di B's
with us all the way.
De Cicco says you oughta get
all the cappo regimes together...
and make 'em vote right away.
That'll make it official.
He can deliver Joe Armone
out of retirement to sit next to you.
That oughta give it some weight.
You're gonna be underboss.
You ready?
Frankie De Cicco will be consigliere.
With him, we're tight.
Yeah, real tight.
Pull it tight like no government
nowhere is ever gonna break this.
We're gonna make a powerhouse now.
A Cosa Nostra ain't seen
since Anastasia.
Anastasia?
Shit, this is bigger
than killin' the fuckin' president.
Hey, you think I was put on this Earth

to make them rich and me poor?
We're gonna do a hit now.
We're gonna do a real hit.
We're goin' back.
Back to some real in-your-face
Cosa Nostra.
Out in front on the line.
Make 'em sit back
and watch the volcano blow.
You with me?
I'm with you.
All the way to the fiinish.
We had it all.
The booze, the girls.
Pockets full of money.
I had a girl.
Was that that Irish girl?
Yeah.
I could go two, three days
without sleep.
My God.
I was so strong.
You know, you live
this goddamn life long enough...
and you can't take anything
with you except...
your honor.
Don't ever lose that, Johnny.
This whole fuckin' thing...
lasts only fiive minutes.
He's gone...
and that fuck Castellano
never even come say good-bye.
What did DeCicco need this meetin' for?
I got shoppin' to do.
Probably another beef
about the fuckin' garbage routes.
Yeah, more garbage.
It's gonna cost us another 20 bucks
to park this thing.
We ought to get into
these Manhattan parking lots.
It's a license to steal.
Let me out.

- La famiglia!

- La famiglia!

Here he comes.

Hey, John, who's your tailor?

Mr. Gotti, did you have anything to do with the Paul Castellano murder?

Is it true you're the new boss of the Gambino family?

I ask you to look around the courtroom, Mr. Piecyk...

and identify the man who assaulted you.

I don't see him.

Take off your glasses, please.

Now, study the defendant.

I never seen that guy before.

You're under oath.

You have never before seen this man?

Yeah, I seen Mr. Gotti on TV and the newspapers.

I never met the man.

Are you telling this court that John Gotti...

is not the same man you incriminated on an assault warrant?

It was a long time ago.

I don't remember. I'm sorry.

Any further questions,

Mr. Bartley?

- No, Your Honor, I think it's clear.

- Mr. Cutler.

Your Honor...

I respectfully move for a dismissal....

of all charges.

Motion granted.

There he is!

You beat 'em, John!

I can't believe this son of a bitch.

Every time he beats a rap, his popularity goes up.

- He's making us look like idiots.

- Our day will come, believe me.
See the fireworks
on the way over?
John's tossing a block party
for beating the case.
Yeah, right.
Everybody loves him.
He whacks out Paul Castellano
in the middle of 46th Street.
Where are the New York cops?
And now it's some
unsolved homicide.
Now this Piecyk thing. How do you
think this egomaniac must feel?
Untouchable.
Son of a bitch is sitting on
a \$500 million-a-year enterprise...
and he knows
how to spread it around.
Correction.
He's sitting on top of a \$500
million-a-year criminal enterprise.
This is no Fortune 500 company
he's running here.
Are you forgetting the prosecutor
spent the last year...
building a RICO case
against him?
You guys don't get it.
I want this guy.
So spread the money around.
Offer immunity to some hard-timers.
We'll spend 24 hours a day in that room
if we have to. I do not care!
He's doing business
somewhere in the building.
We find out where,
we got him.
I do not want this son of a bitch
as the next mayor of New York.
Only Sally.
He gets arrested in a rented Mercedes.
I think the Feds wired his mailbox.
Anyway, they're goin' through his car.

They fiind two Berettas
in the glove compartment...
and an axe under the front seat.
A fuckin' axe, right?
So they're lookin' at him.
They say...
"You got any idea why there's
two handguns in the glove box...
and an axe
under the front seat?'"
Sally says,
"Are you serious?
I will never rent a car
from fuckin' Avis again.'"
Hey, Bruce!
Get over here, you cocksucker.
Where you been?
- Long story.
- Yeah?
I thought you should know this
sooner than later.
I got something foryou,
but strictly offthe record.
So we'll go upstairs.
Come on.
- Who's place is this?
- Mikey Cirelli's.
- I thought he was dead.
- He is.
Maybe that's why
there's nobody here.
So what's goin' on?
U.S. Attorney's offiice has been working
a whole year on a RICO case...
against you, your brother Gene,
Angelo and D'Mig.
- Damn these fucks.
- I'm sorry.
- They don't let you live.
- Yeah, I know.
Let me go through
this RICO thing again.
It says ifanyone anywhere
is caught doin' anything wrong...

then everyone is guilty
up and down the line.
Wait a minute.
This is a law--
Yeah, it is the government's license
to throw out the Constitution.
If they can prove that somebody is part
of a continuing criminal enterprise...
they can lock 'em up
for life.
"Continuing criminal enterprise."
I don't know what the fuck that means.
Did they lock up Nixon for life
when they raided...
his Democratic National Headquarters,
whatever the fuck they were?
The Plumbers.
He had an ongoing criminal enterprise
his entire career.
That's a RICO case.
The assistant U.S. attorney on this case
does not see you as a defendant.
- To her, you're some kind of trophy.
- "Her"? Who "her"?
- Diane Giacalone. Very ambitious.
- Would you forget about it?
No brush named Giacalone
is gonna be jerkin' me off for long.
And would you tell her
to leave us the fuck alone?
And another thing,
I don't wanna be alone tonight.
You remember? Who was the guy?
Tony Rigoletto.
No. Rigoletto is an opera.
- It was Tony Rigatto.
- I'm talkin' about opera.
The guy could sing an entire opera
in Italian word for word...
didn't speak a word of Italian.
He was like an idiot savant.
These guys are retarded,
but they do one thing perfect.
How come only servants

can do this stuff?

- Savant!

- What servant?

You fuckin' idiot!

You know, I gotta say this.

- You got everyone's respect here.

- Thanks, John.

I mean that. I was gonna say

you dress classy too...

but I don't want you

to get a swell head.

Thanks, John.

Paul thought of me as a money machine.

It's good to be treated as a friend.

Hey, you are a friend,

and Sammy G's a friend...

and what is with this guy?

His fuckin' wife has got him home

6:

Unless he's out whacking somebody.

Mr. Gotti?

Mr. Gotti?

Hi. Nice to meet you.

My name's Roger,

and this is my wife, Ann.

We came in from Rochester

for the weekend...

and no one's gonna believe

we actually met you.

We just got married.

They just got married!

Give 'em a bottle of champagne.

- Thank you very much.

- Get his autograph.

I'll give you an autograph.

Tommy, come here.

Thank you very much.

John Gotti, I'm FBI Agent Russo,

this is Agent Gabriel.

Russo. You know

what FBI means, right?

Why don't you tell me.

"Forever Bother the Italians."

An FBI bug has picked up information
we think you might be interested in.
No kidding.

A capo in the Bonanno Family
has been recorded stating...
that the Commission
has sanctioned a hit on you.

Thanks for the tip.

We have a legal
and moral obligation to inform you.

Legal and moral, is it?

Let's not bullshit each other.

- You'd be happy to see me go.

- Not at all.

We're gonna
take you down ourselves.

Mr. Gotti, what are your feelings
about the RICO law?

John, are you ready
for the end of this trial?

I'm always ready.

Are you the boss
of the Gambino family?

I'm a member of the Gotti family.

My wife Vicki's the boss.

For seven torturous months...
the government has been trying
to sell you on this indictment.

This indictment stinks.

And a fancy wine dressing called RICO
isn't going to make it any better.

It's still rancid.

It is still rotten.

Still makes you retch and vomit.

To be brief...

ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
there is no case.

You can convict John Gotti
because he curses on the telephone.

You can convict John Gotti
because he gambles excessively.

- You can convict John Gotti...

- You see Juror Number 5?

because he lives a lifestyle

which you may or may not--

What about him?

- But that is not...

- We own him.

what my client is charged with!

- Worst-case, it's a hung jury.

- You want to get John Gotti?

You do it the right way.

Do it the American way.

The jury has reached a verdict.

Defendant Joseph Dimiglia:

Not guilty on all counts.

Yes!

That's what I been tellin' youse.

If you can't control yourselves...

you will spend the next 30 days

in this building...

- and if you think that I'm kidding...

- Are we in grade school?

- I invite you to try it.

- This is bullshit.

Defendant Angelo Ruggiero:

Not guilty on all counts.

Defendant Gene Gotti:

Not guilty on all counts.

Defendant John Gotti:

Not guilty on all counts.

John Gotti has beaten

a federal RICO case.

After seven months of testimony...

Gotti has once again proven to be immune

to government efforts to convict him.

The "Dapper Don"

is now the "Teflon Don."

- Can I have your view on the trial?

- John Gotti?

Have you ever walked into

the Boys' Club on the East Side?

Every bit of equipment

bought by John Gotti.

Ma'am, can I have

your view on the trial?

We love him.

The government should

just leave thepoorman alone.
Perhaps the mostpersonable gangland
boss evertograce the BigApple.
John Gottiis, in underworldterms...
the undisputed
"King ofthe Volcano. "
You rule,John!
You know why the people
in this city love me?
I'm beatin' the same system now
that's fuckin' them every day.
Everybody loves
a celebrity gangster.
You forget your father
was a rich businessman.
You don't know the system
from the outside. They know.
They know I know.
Whateveryou say,John.
You know, Frankie...
why would a guy born of money
choose our life?
- Hey, Angie.
- What?
Three guys sittin' in a car.
Mexican, black guy and a Puerto Rican.
- Who's drivin'?
- The black guy.
- Puerto Rican.
- The police.
- You seen a fuckin' doctor?
- No.
Will you please go see
Gennaro on Prince Street?
Bulldoze your way in.
Don't sit in no waitin' room.
If I'm gonna see a doctor,
I'm gonna see aJew doctor.
Jews, Wops, Chinks, Zulus--
It's one world, it's one people.
Would you stop it with that shit?
Not when it comes to doctors.
John, I gotta talk to you
private for a minute.

What's the matter? All right.
Tell Vic I'll be up in a minute.
- We're late as it is.
- The guy can't wait?
Tell him I'll be in there.
Go on. What is it?
I heard Di B sayin' some things.
He says if you're goin' away on this
RICO thing, Sammy should be the boss.
- That's bullshit.
- No, it ain't!
I know you're pissed off at me,
but it's true.
I'm not pissed at you.
I don't trust you.
You put my tit in the ringer
on that goddamn dope beef.
I love you, all right?
I just don't trust you.
- That's how it started with Paul.
- What started with Paul?
Di B's talkin' subversive,
and Sammy's right next to him.
Di B is solid,
and so is Sammy.
Put out the fucking cigarettes
and see a doctor.
Come on. Stop that.
Where is everybody?
I think Gene's at Sheepshead Bay
with your mother.
Pete's downtown lookin' at a buyer
who wants to talk to you about buyin'.
- That son of a bitch--
- I really don't wanna know.
It's just an expression.
So, consigliere...
Angie says Di B is talkin' subversive.
There's nothin' to that, right?
Di B's a solid guy.
Between us,
Angie's just a little jealous...
that me and Sammy got the slots
we did after Paulie went.

They don't like you spending
so much time with Di B.
Forget about it, Johnny.
Normal family bullshit.
Where is Sammy today?
He's working. Hey.
You know the guy got
a \$1 3 million contract...
to build a new school
in Brighton Beach?
This guy's a wonder.
He opens a business a minute.
Since you made him underboss,
nobody can keep up with him.
In a few years,
between him and Di B...
they're gonna own
all of Brooklyn.
Thisguy, O'Connor,
headofthe 608 Union?
He trashed the place
'cause Tommy didn't use his people.
They defiinitely knew
they was underyour flag.
I was ready to whack the guy...
but I mentioned it to Di B.
He said I ought
to run it by you.
What is this? You and Di B discuss
who gets whacked and who don't?
Who the fuck is the boss,
may I ask?
We weren't discussin' anything.
I mentioned it to Di B in passing.
He waved the flag.
- It ain't no big fuckin' deal.
- I hear he's promotin' you for boss.
I don't think he was
talkin' out ofturn.
- Di B was thinkin' ofthe family.
- He's thinking.
He got no right to think it.
I just spent halfa million
on legal fees.

I'm sitting on the griddle
for seven fuckin' months.
I got you and Di B layin' me down.
What kind offriend is that?
Get the fuck outta here,
layin' you down.
What are you talkin' about?
What's the matter with you?
I'm in a courtroom for seven months.
Now I got Gene and Angie's drug trial.
Then the FBI pops up in the men's room
every time I take a piss.
I'm talkin' about my blood pressure!
That's what I'm talkin' about.
- Forget I said anything.
- You got it.
You really worried about this thing?
I mean, you want me
to keep an eye on Di B or what?
Yeah.
Keep an eye on him.
Come here.
Take care ofyourself.
I'm worried about your blood pressure.
Don't be eatin' all that greasy shit.
Seven fuckin' months.
Seven fuckin' months
that RICO case had me tied up.
- They don't let you live.
- Seven months of my life.
I know.
They don't let you live.
Speaking oftime,
we got that 3 o'clock in midtown.
- What time is it now?
- Time to go.
Tell 'em I can't break away.
I'm staying. I'll ride back with Sammy.
You goin' into Manhattan?
Good.
- See you later.
- We'll do it tomorrow.
Jimmy, thanks for everything.
Put it on Sammy's tab.

Sure. Ciao.

So, Cheech, you wanna drop me off
at Mulberry Street?

- Yeah.

- Okay, let's go.

You wanna talk about Fourth Avenue
or whatever the fuck it was?

What Fourth Avenue?

Fuckin' Buick.

Who's not here?

Is anybody missing?

- Tommy Marino ain't here!

- He's in Florida!

I don't see Di B.

Di B ain't here!

Di B ain't here.

I know you come from upstate,
Connecticut, Jersey.

I'm not gonna keep youse here.

I heard some ofyouse talkin'.

Nobody knows

who killed Frankie DeCicco.

So don't ask.

Nobody's got to look over their
shoulder. Tell your crews to stay calm.

You're the Gambino family.

And don't you ever

fuckin' believe...

that anyone--

anyone anywhere--

is gonna fuck with us.

Now, go home

and drive carefully.

Believe me, that's the most
dangerous part ofyour lives.

Thankyou for bein' here.

Man, that car.

You oughta see that fuckin' car.

Thisjust could be

a renegade element, that's all.

Maybe it's one

ofTommy Bilotti's people.

Hey, Frankie DeCicco

set up the meeting with Big Paul.

Payback time.

Yeah, but the question is,
is it over?

There was nothin' left
of that fuckin' car.

- How are you, Joe?

- I'm good.

Good.

Jordan, espresso.

For sure you were supposed to be
in that car with Frankie.

We goin' to war?

They took their shot.

They'll be satisfied with one for one
and give you a pass.

But you got
even bigger problems.

Yeah? You sellin' the special here,
or you tellin' fortunes today?

Don't take no fortune-teller
to see where you're headin'.

I went to your inauguration.

I held my nose, but I went.

What did you have to hold
your nose about? I'm just curious.

I got every right
to talk this way.

I was at the sit-down
with Neil and Paul and Don Carlo...
after you clipped Galione.

You broke a rule then,
but Neil got you a pass.

Then you broke another rule. You whacked
out a boss without a Commission okay.

Excuse me.

I'm supposed to get
a Commission okay...

while my family
is being bled to death?

Hey, fuck Paul.

He deserved it.

That's got nothing
to do with it.

The rules are for everybody.

Right now, on a street in Brooklyn,
there's a young kid.
He works himself up, and he talks
to Di B, he talks to Gravano...
he talks to three or four capos,
and you get a bullet in your head.
We survive by our rules.
And now you're breakin'
the oldest rule of all.
You're goin' fuckin' public.
On TV and magazine covers.
These fancy suits,
these fancy haircuts.
"John Gotti, John Gotti."
Don't give me that shit.
I didn't ask to go public.
They shove their cameras
and microphones in my face.
Get the fuck outta here.
You're turning this thing of ours
into entertainment...
for everyone who watches
the six o'clock news.
But our thing is secret.
Secret.
And what you're doin' won't work.
You believe you can keep spitting
in the government's face...
and get away with it?
You're making them
come after you.
What do you think, Joe?
You don't think the FBI
knows who you are?
Your face hasn't been
on the wall next to mine...
for the last 20 years?
Get outta here.
They know me. I know who I am.
I'm not embarrassed by who I am.
I'm not gonna sit in the dark
like some fuckin' rat.
In the end, maybe I'll get respect.
I'm not gettin' any here.

John, you made
a hell of a long walk...
from a cockroach tenement
to the cover of Time magazine.
That takes ability.
But a Cosa Nostra boss don't belong
on the cover of Time magazine.
Wherever I'm at,
it's 'cause I am who I am.
I'm not gonna change
or apologize for who I am.
But you'll wind up in a cell...
because you are who you are.
And you'll take
a lot of good people with you.
Duck, John.
Learn to duck sometimes.
No more comments
about me lowering my profile.
It's not my style.
We're not gonna be
this styleless family.
First order of business,
new consigliere.
Frankie, the job is yours.
You get word
to the four bosses today.
If DeCicco was payment in full,
we settle.
- We all want to get on with our lives.
- It's done.
Gene, you got a drug trial comin' up.
Stay off the street.
- Let Pete run Queens.
- You got it.
What's my job?
Killin' people. What else?
You been buggin' me.
You want to clip Lou Di Bono
and Mickey whatever-his-name-is?
- Mickey De Batt.
- Fine.
Clip 'em both,
makes you feel good.

All right.
Look, I hate to bring this up
'cause I'm really close to the guy...
but I got an obligation
to the family here.
Maybe Angelo ain't so crazy when he said
Di B's been doin' a lot oftalkin'.
Whoa. Wait a minute.
Angelo's been sipping morphine
for months for his cancer.
The guy's in and out. You can't
believe him on something like this.
It isn't just
what Angelo said.
Di B's got his own agenda.
Where was he last night?
John almost got killed.
It's like a spit in the face,
not showin' up.
- You know where he was?
- I know where he was.
Di B was in Brooklyn
on union business.
It was bona fiide.
I checked it out today.
Di B told me he told you that
and that you were to tell John.
- He never told me anything.
- Di B's no threat, for chrissakes!
Even if he said something,
it don't mean shit.
Fuck it!
See, I got no time.
I got no time for subversives.
Not now!
Not now.
I love Di B as much
as any man in this room...
but if he's backdoorin' John--
It's Di B!
Come on in!
John, I'm sorry I'm late.
Just wanted you to know I was here.
You want me in on this,

or you want me downstairs?
No, downstairs is all right.
All right.
See you later.
I don't want the world to think
I'm in hiding.
You comin' bouncin', Sammy?
Not tonight, Johnny.
I'll take Di B.
What a life, huh?
Pallin' around with a guy
I'm gonna have clipped.
That little list
of guys who go...
Louie Di Bono
has two businesses with Sammy.
Mickey De Batt
is in demolition with Sammy.
Yeah, and Di B and Sammy got
over a dozen businesses together.
Bruce, come here.
What?
Check this out.
Why are these capos
showing her all this respect?
That's a good question.
- Does she live in the building?
- I don't know.
I'm not in this thing out
of the goodness of my heart.
I'm in this thing to make money.
Come on in.
Hey, Joe,
get Di B an espresso.
All right.
Don't worry about it.
Yeah. Whatever.
All right, we'll straighten it out
tomorrow, all right?
Subcontractor from that school
out in Queens.
Looks like we got a little
\$30,000 envelope coming.
Good.

Could use the money.

With your fuckin' habits.

- Here you go. Two sugars.

- Thankyou.

Cheers.

Thought you weren't gonna come.

- I wasn't.

- Fuckyou.

- Hey, John.

- What?

Things are different now.

Yeah? What's different?

Look at me.

- I fucked up.

- So?

You're a fuck-up, yeah?

You still mad at me?

You still mad at me?

I'm thinkin'.

That's good.

- Hey, John.

- What?

I'm sorry.

Just shut up and eat, all right?

Mrs. Michael Cirelli, apartment 1 0

in Gotti's building. Lives alone.

Widow of Mikey Cirelli.

Lifelong soldier

for Neil Dellacroce.

So what?

So it's another RICO case.

What am I supposed to say? These Feds
got nothin' better to do than chase me?

I'm the only game in town now?

We'll sue them.

For harassment.

What the hell else?

It's 2:

Am I getting billed for this?

Then let's say nothin',

all right?

What is it?

They got a new grand jury

goin' now.
-Jesus,Johnny.
- Fuckin' government.
Like a 1 ,000-pound gorilla.
You beat 'em before.
Beat 'em again.
Come to bed.
Let me look at my races.
So who do we got today?
We got my lucky baby,
my lucky star.
Susan Valley,
Eddie's Delight.
What looks good?
What looks good?
He's here.
With his lawyer.
Where are we?
They're coming down with 1 5, 20 counts
of RICO, including the Castellano hit.
- This is serious.
- What is this gonna cost?
Forget that.
It's their last shot.
Ifwe win again, we're out ofthe woods.
But ifthey come up
with something strong...
we might have to think about
striking a deal with the prosecutor.
- What are you talkin' about?
- Listen to me.
Who you talkin' to here?
No, no.
You don't let anyone
in this family cop any kind ofa plea.
A plea bargain
isjust another gun--
Am I talkin' to myself?
I said no fuckin' deals.
I don't give a shit ifeveryone here
goes to Marion for a thousand years.
There's gonna be
no fuckin' deals!
No fuckin' deals!

I'll get Jacoby and Meyers
to plea bargain my ass.
Cost me eight cents.
We got the place to ourselves.
The old lady's with her nephew.
I just told Cutler
no one is taking that stand.
You get my cell ready right now.
'Cause if it ain't malicious mopery
or car theft, we deny everything.
Cutler told me they come up
with a new statute.
It's called "committing murder
in furtherance of your position."
That's nice.
That's real nice.
They come up with anything they want.
Fuckin' government.
That dunce Bush.
Yeah, old Bush.
He could send a whole army
to Panama to grab one man-- the spic.
Yeah, Noriega.
You know how many people
they whacked out to get that fuck?
The spic's workin' for Washington
the whole time. They got no parameters.
What time is it, anyway?

- **About 1 1 :**

- Where's Sammy?
I guess he's home.
He's tired.
Tired of being the world's only
pussy-whipped hit man.
Tired 'cause he got
40 fuckin' companies now.
The guy's creating capital.
For you? For me?
No shit? For the family?
I got people
in the carpet business.
They come to be every day. They say,
"John, we can't even get a job."

Sammy's locking up everything.
We can't even turn a buck.''
I go to Sammy with that.
You know what he says?
"I'll whack the cocksuckers.
Then they won't beef."
What kind of attitude is that?
He does it under my flag.
He uses my name.
You gotta understand.
Sammy brings in 1 00,000 in cash
every month.
I say stick it up his ass.
I'd rather die broke.
Then what? Bleed my family
to death? We been through this!
It aggravates me.
It aggravates me!
I can be a billionaire, if I wanna
be a greedy boss. It ain't right.
That ain't right.
When does it stop?
How much is enough?
How much could Sammy want?
If not for his greed...
you gotta love the guy.
The guy is down.
What the fuck is this, Rome?
What is this?
"All roads lead to Sammy"?
I agree.
Sammy's gotta pull it in.
I gotta ask you something.
-Did you ever hear Di B talk subversive?
-Never.
Who took over Di B's
construction unions? Who?
Fuckin' Sammy.
It's makin' me sick.
It's makin' me physically sick.
I love that guy.
What am I gonna do?
Whack him?
I tell him a million times.

"Will you slow it down?
You don't have to wind up with every
dime on the plate. Spread some cheer.''
What am I talkin' about?
The guy whacked out Louie Malito,
Louie Di Bono, Mickey De Batt and Di B.
They're all in business with Sammy.
AndDiB--
What the fuckdid we do,
Frankie?
Theguy wasagentleman.
Who clipped him?
Who did the work?
Who did the work?
Fuck it.
Fuck it.
I'll tell you something else.
You want a real circus?
You set it up for Sammy
to grab everything offthe plate.
Him and the lawyers.
You know what you got?
You got the Cutler, Shargel
and Fuckstein crime family.
That fuck. AndCutler...
he tellsme about Marion.
Twenty-three anda halfhours
lockdown.
One phone call a night.
Enough food to keep you alive
in an 8-by-7 cage...
and no one on
the goddamn cell block.
I say, "Fuck 'em! I'll die in a cage,
and I'll outlive the motherfuckers."
I'm not leaving some kind
ofa goddamn circus here.
You hungry?
Let's go get some pizza.
Fuckin' starvin'.
Let's get outta here.
We ain't comin' back, neither.
I put a hundred in.
What you want from me?

- A ten. Gimme that.
- Fuckin' ten.
Come on.
We're just starting here.
Go ahead.
- Come on.
- Just play the fuckin' game.
- A three.
- Three of diamonds.
- Gimme a card!
- Straight. Look at that.
Okay, let's go!
The three of you
go around the back.
We're here to arrest
Frankie LoCascio...
Sam Gravano and John Gotti.
I want everyone else to do themselves
a favor and stay put.
I'll tell you
when you can leave.
- Get outta here.
- What's Gotti being arrested for?
Did you ever hear
DiB talk subversive?
Never.
Who took over
DiB's construction unions?
Fuckin' Sammy.
That makes me sick,
'cause I love the guy.
I love the guy. And what
am I gonna do? Whack him?
I tell him a million times,
"Will you slow it down?"
You don't have to wind up with every
dime on the plate. Spread some cheer. ''
What am I talkin' about?
The guy whacked out Louie Malito...
Louie DiBono,
Mickey De Batt and DiB!
DiB! They're in business
with the guy.
And DiB-- The guy, he was

agentleman, forchrissakes.

- Who clippedhim? Who didthe work?

- Fuckin'Sammy.

Fuckin'Sammy.

- It'smakingmesick.

- I've heard enough.

Defendants shall be held
without bail.

I'm also granting

the government's motion...

to disqualify

present defense counsel.

Cutler, Shargel and Pollok

have to be disqualifiedied...

because their role as house counsel

was discussed in taped conversations...

that the prosecution may use

as evidence in this trial.

Beyond that, there are also

conflict of interest issues...

because of prior representation

of potential witnesses.

Therefore, the lawyers could be called

as witnesses in this trial.

The defendants are advised

to appear before me at...

9:

with new counsel.

Court is adjourned.

We're gonna have to release them

into the prison population.

Thejudge ruled that keeping them

in isolation is punitive.

Okay. So tell the warden

to put Gravano in with Gotti.

What about LoCascio?

Doesn't matter.

Put him anywhere.

Sammy's the key.

What do you say, Sammy?

How could you say

those things about me, John?

Tapes are tapes, man.

Don't mean nothing.
I'm talkin', right?
I can fuckin' talk, can't I?
Yeah, some fuckin' talk.
You backdoored me...
while I was your underboss
and I was whackin' guys foryou.
Hey. Get the fuck outta here
with that shit right now.
You're the one who gets off
whackin' people out, not me.
You come cryin' to me about Di Bono--
your partner foryears, not mine.
I don't know the man.
You wanted to whack him.
I said, "Do what you want."
Same with Louie Malito.
The same with Scibetta--
your own brother-in-law, for chrissakes.
What am I talkin' about?
What about Tommy Spinelli?
Eddie Garafalo?
Mickey whatever-the-fuck-his name was.
Worst ofall, Di B. You come into a ton
offuckin' money when Di B went.
Ton offuckin' money.
Don't ever deny that.
- Don't you ever fuckin' deny that.
- Let's not rewrite history here.
I didn't mind Di B goin'.
Fuckin' playboy
instead ofa business partner.
But you wanted it, and whenJohn Gotti
wanted somebody in the ground...
John Gotti called Sammy Gravano.
- You barked, I bit, remember?
- "You bit"?
You pillage this city under my flag,
usin' my name. My name!
You're a selfiish prick.
You're greedy
is your fuckin' problem.
This is all my fault now?
It's not yours,

with all your \$2,000 suits...
and all your front-page
"Dapper Don" shit?
Even your lawyer didn't know
how to pull it in.
You beat the government,
you're supposed to walk away humble.
You're not supposed to stand in front
of TV cameras crowin' about it...
'cause it's gonna
come back in your face.
I got news for you.
It ain't me on those tapes.
Truth is, it's your big mouth
that brought this borgata down.
Let me ask you something.
If Neil himself come up
with the widow Cirelli's apartment...
and Joe Watts swept it, how am I
supposed to know it was bugged?
Sammy, what do they got?
They got some tapes.
They got no witnesses.
They got tapes.
So, let 'em play the livin' shit
outta the tapes.
Let 'em leak.
I don't give a fuck.
It's like hearin' the same song
over and over again.
You play it enough,
you don't hear it no more.
You hear me?
All right.
Whatever you say, John.
- What?
- Your friend, Gravano...
was just escorted
from the building.
Thought you might like to know.
Sit.
I think we all know
why we're here.
I've got a lot to offer.

And I got a lot of concerns.
So I'm thinking that maybe
we can make a deal.
What kind of deal?
If I talk, I walk.
Impossible.
You'll have to do time.
- How much?
- Less than 20.
And whatever's worked out, we'll be
obliged to inform Gotti's lawyer.
Once that happens,
word is out.
Everything's gonna come out
in the trial, right?
Everything.
So when Deborah fiinds out
I killed her brother, 1 8 others...
she'll fiile for divorce.
That part of my life is over.
So what's your motive, Sammy?
Revenge? Repentance? What?
What are you talkin' about?
You heard those tapes.
John and I are fiinished.
So either I spend
the rest of my life in jail...
or I'm out on the streets.
Either way, I'm dead.
So what kind of information
you have to offer?
I'll give you
the whole Cosa Nostra.
I'll give you
the Paul Castellano hit.
I'll testify that I personally
fiixed the Giacalone jury.
I'll give you the murders
of Louie Di Bono, Louie Malito...
Mickey De Batt,
Robert Di Bernardo...
Tommy Spinelli,
Willy BoyJohnson...
a dozen or so more.

Tommy Sparrow.
I'll give you
the John O'Connor shooting.
I'll give you the ins and outs
of the Gambino family...
from upstate New York
to Brooklyn.
Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano...
underboss of the notorious
Gambino crime family...
has agreed to testify
against John Gotti and Frank Lo Cascio.
Gravano,
himself an admitted killer...
will expose
the vast criminal enterprise...
he served for 30 years.
In return for his testimony...
the government
has charged Mr. Gravano...
with a single count
of racketeering.
Known as "The Bull"
among associates...
Sammy Gravano has been seen for years
in the constant company of Mr. Gotti.
Gravano was said to be trusted
by Gotti completely.
Federal officials today were elated
at the defection of Mr. Gravano--
What you got now?
You got Sammy.
What's he doin' with his life?
Where's he goin'?
You know the Feds,
they see the guy--
they always smell out the guy
with no parameters.
They move right in.
This whole RICO statute bullshit...
is designed for the rats
by the rats.
You show me that Wall Street bum.
He stole billions

from the country.
Walked outta the goddamn courtroom
with billions in his back pockets.
Frankie, you show me the bum
in that chemical company.
In one fuckin' day, this fuck, he kills
5,000 innocent people in an instant.
Did he do his instant?
You show me any important thief
in today's business world...
who's denied
his counsel of choice.
And they fiire my lawyer?
Is this America?
We're wops, John.
We're fools. You know why?
'Cause we did it.
We let Sammy into something
that's called "a thing of ours."
And you know what?
On my mother I say this:
Let Sammy have his millions,
let him have his witness protection.
'Cause every day
he's still gonna wake up to the rat...
starin' him in the mirror.
He's gonna have nothin'.
I'm gonna sit right here...
and still with me...
there's gonna be Cosa Nostra...
till I die.
The government calls
Salvatore Gravano.
Will you raise
your right hand, please?
Put your left hand
on the Bible.
Do you swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth...
and nothing but the truth,
so help you God?
- I do.
- You can sit down.
Mr. Gravano,

do you have a nickname?

Excuse me?

Do your friends

call you Salvatore?

Would you keep your voice up, please?

That microphone isn't on.

Do your friends

call you Salvatore?

No.

What do your friends call you?

Sammy.

My friends call me Sammy.

Sammy, would you describe your position
in the Gambino crime family...

relative to the defendant,

Mr. Gotti?

He was the boss,

and I was the underboss.

And did you commit murder

and other crimes...

as part of your association with

Mr. Gotti and the Gambino crime family?

Yes.

In addition to Mr. Gotti...

are there other members of the Gambino
crime family in this courtroom--

The defendants will rise.

Clerk will read the verdict.

We, the jury,

unanimously find the defendants...

John Joseph Gotti

and Frank LoCascio...

guilty on all counts.

Order in the court! Order!

Mr. Gotti...

having been found guilty

on all counts...

you are hereby sentenced

to life imprisonment...

without the possibility

of parole.

The sentence is to be served

in federal prison...

in the state of Illinois.

Makesyou think.
Makesyou thinkabout
thepeople inyourlife...
andlthink ofNeil--
ifhe washere,
what he'dsayto me.
He'dsay,
"John, what's life about...
ifyou don'tgo through it
asa man'sman?''
He'dsay, "Suckit up,
take the fall, do the time.
That'smadeyou whoyou are.
That makesyou whatyou are. ''
Howlong we been around,
this thing ofours, this Cosa Nostra?
120years.
What's it about?
It'sabout rules. Parameters.
You take the beatin'forthe friend.
You don't lay down.
You don't betray whoyou are,
whatyou are.
Yougotta rememberAngie,
mybrotherGene,JoeyD'Mig.
They don't roll.
They're doin'a thousandyearsnow.
They don't rat. Why?
That's the rule.
You don't break.
You don't rat.
They want me to besomething
I wasn 't even born to be.
Humble.
Okay, soyou humble me.
Whatyougot now?
Yougot a war.
Yougotglobal war. Yougot
a worldwide crimesyndicate now.
There'sno rules.
There'snoparameters.
There'sno feelings.
There'sno feelings
forthis country.

So, five, tenyears from now...
theygonna wish there was
American Cosa Nostra.
Five, tenyears from now...
they'regonna missJohn Gotti.