

BROTHERS

Written by

Birgit Ianniello

Oberstr. 121
52349 Dueren
Germany
0049 (0) 1776508 757

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

ANTONIO, 28 years, handsome, dressed in black cruises in his Mercedes. CORY, 26 years, edgy, sits on the passenger seat. He's wearing expensive clothes which are looking as if they were too large for him. Cory's shirt is white.

ANTONIO

It can't be far anymore. What's on the map.

CORY

I'm not sure. Lemme see.

Cory clumsily unfolds a worn out and dirty street map of Sicily.

CORY (CONT'D)

I think we are close.

ANTONIO

Alright then.

Antonio lights a cigarette with his Zippo. With a manly gesture he snaps the lid back to extinguish the flame.

Antonio lets his fancy lighter glide into the pocket of his black sports-jacket. He drags on the cigarette and concentrates on driving again.

CORY

How's work?

ANTONIO

I dunno, maybe I'll quit.

CORY

Oh boy. Again? What does Dolores say?

Antonio presses his foot on the break.

The Mercedes comes to an abrupt halt.

Cory nearly knocks his forehead on the windscreen. He falls back into his seat.

CORY (CONT'D)

What the fuck. What the hell was that for?

ANTONIO

Watch it, your nose is bleeding.
You don't wanna ruin that expensive
shirt that Ma gave ya for
Christmas.

Cory is embarrassed and fumbles to get a used looking paper
napkin out of the crammed glove-box.

Cory presses the napkin against his bleeding nose.

Antonio starts the engine of the Mercedes again and turns off
the highway onto a bumpy street.

Cory checks the bloodstained paper napkin and his blood
dripping nose in the mirror. Then he casts an angry look to
Antonio.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Look. We're nearly there.

Corey looks up to read a rusty sign.

SUPER: ON THE SIGN "CORLEONE".

CORY

Corleone. It ends where it began.
How pathetic.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Antonio and Cory slouch towards a group of grief-stricken
people.

MARIA, a fragile woman in her twenties, presses her hands
against her mouth. Tears run down her pretty but pale face
and leave black traces of mascara on her cheeks.

A haughty-faced PRIEST coughs and continues his sermon.

PRIEST

(Italian, subtitles)
...and may the Lord be your light -
guiding you through your darkest
hour ...

The chapel bells chime twelve times.

Cory massages his neck with his right hand.

CORY

Poor Maria. Look at her. So young
... what a waste.

Cory bites his lower lip when he sees Maria.

CORY (CONT'D)
Why did he die again? Was he sick
or somethin'?

ANTONIO
You mean ...
(turns and looks straight
into the eyes of Cory)

...why he was eliminated?

CORY
(hesitates)
Yes?

Antonio shakes his head in disbelief.

ANTONIO
Why would you ask that?

Cory looks taken back and astonished.

Antonio marches towards the center of the graveyard. Cory follows.

INT. BRUNO'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

BRUNO DANESIO, forty years, tall and slick black hair, cheers to himself with a crystal-glass whiskey tumbler.

The ice-cubes in the brown liquid chime like small but cracked bells when Bruno lifts the glass.

BRUNO
(to himself)
Always good to cheer the sunrise...

Bruno takes a sip and gazes out of his panoramic window to admire the skyline of New York when the Radetzky-March cuts through the silence.

Bruno turns his head, fast like a hawk. His jet-black cellphone blinks and vibrates on the colonial-style desk. Bruno narrows his steel-blue eyes and focusses on the phone.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Who dares...

Bruno marches to his desk and grabs the phone.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Yes.

Bruno listens carefully to the phone.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Disappointing.

Bruno quits the phone call and slumps onto the polished leather cushion of his wooden, classic swivel-chair.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Dim-wit. How could he ...

Bruno drags the first drawer of his desk open and takes a cigarette lighter looking like a Beretta (Italian pistol) out of the drawer.

Bruno places the Beretta in front of him. Then he takes a cigarette out of a silver box and puts it in his mouth.

After inhaling deeply he dials a number on his phone.

INT./EXT. CEMETERY FAMILY TOMB - DAY

Cory's eyes widen in astonishment. He gets pale.

CORY
Oh man. I'm sorry man. I didn't ...
I mean, I just...

ANTONIO
And look. Who's already having a reservation.

Antonio points into the direction of a brass plate.

Corey bends down to decipher the dusty plate.

CORY
(mumbling)
Reserved for the cheater who slept
with my ...

Cory's phone rings. He quickly gets up and drags the phone out of his pocket.

CORY (CONT'D)
(whispers to Antonio)
One minute. It's Bruno.

CORY (CONT'D)
(to the phone)
Yes, we're here - in the

Cory marches outside and reads the family name of the tomb again

CORY (CONT'D)
... at the Danesio tomb.

Cory gets a questioning expression.

CORY (CONT'D)
Say it again? I don't understand.

Antonio steps outside. Blinded by the light he puts his sunglasses on.

INT. BRUNO'S PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

BRUNO
(into his phone)
You better get over with it quickly.

Bruno listens to the answer, tapping impatiently on the desk.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
You know what I mean, Cory -
Or don't you?

Bruno lifts the Beretta and points it towards his face.

EXT. CEMETERY FAMILY TOMB - DAY

Cory gulps. His nose starts bleeding again and he gets the bloodstained napkin out of his pocket to press it against his nostrils.

CORY
(nasal)
I understand.

INT. BRUNO'S PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

BRUNO
...I said: yes!

He triggers the Beretta - and lights his cigarette with the little flame that shoots out of the pistol. Still angry, he inhales deeply to calm down and flips the cellphone into the open drawer.

Bruno exhales with a hissing sound and leans back.

EXT. CEMETERY FAMILY TOMB - DAY

Cory gets his gun out of his pocket and aims at the back of Antonio's head.

Antonio turns, sees the gun and pushes his sunglasses up. When he realizes that Cory points a gun at him, his eyes widen in shock and he falls down to his knees.

ANTONIO

No, Cory please. I am your brother.
Please don't.

INT. BRUNO'S PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bruno points the Beretta towards a framed photograph on his desk, showing Antonio arm in arm with him.

He triggers the Beretta, igniting the flame.

BRUNO

Bang.

Bruno moves the Beretta up and blows out the flame.. Like a gunslinger in a Spaghetti Western.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

...there you have it, loser.

He smiles devilishly.

FADE TO BLACK.

end of the sample