

# The Godfather



Screenplay by  
Mario Puzo and Francis Ford Coppola

Based on the novel  
by Mario Puzo

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FADE IN:

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The PARAMOUNT Logo is presented austerely over a black background. There is a moment's hesitation, and then the simple words in white lettering:

THE GODFATHER

While this remains, we hear: "I believe in America." Suddenly we are watching in CLOSE VIEW, AMERIGO BONASERA, a man of sixty, dressed in a black suit, on the verge of great emotion.

BONASERA

America has made my fortune.

As he speaks, THE VIEW imperceptibly begins to loosen.

BONASERA

I raised my daughter in the American fashion; I gave her freedom, but taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a boy friend, not an Italian. She went to the movies with him, stayed out late. Two months ago he took her for a drive, with another boy friend. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted; she kept her honor. So they beat her like an animal. When I went to the hospital her nose was broken, her jaw was shattered and held together by wire, and she could not even weep because of the pain.

He can barely speak; he is weeping now.

BONASERA

I went to the Police like a good American. These two boys were arrested and brought to trial. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison, and suspended the sentence. Suspended sentence! They went free that very day. I stood in the courtroom like a fool, and those bastards, they smiled at me. Then I said to my wife, for Justice, we must go to The Godfather.

By now, THE VIEW is full, and we see Don Corleone's office in his home.

The blinds are closed, and so the room is dark, and with patterned shadows. We are watching BONASERA over the shoulder of DON CORLEONE. TOM HAGEN sits near a small table, examining some paperwork, and SONNY CORLEONE stands impatiently by the window nearest his father, sipping from a glass of wine. We can HEAR music, and the laughter and voices of many people outside.

DON CORLEONE

Bonasera, we know each other for years, but this is the first time you come to me for help. I don't remember the last time you invited me to your house for coffee...even though our wives are friends.

BONASERA

What do you want of me? I'll give you anything you want, but do what I ask!

DON CORLEONE

And what is that Bonasera?

BONASERA whispers into the DON's ear.

DON CORLEONE

No. You ask for too much.

BONASERA

I ask for Justice.

DON CORLEONE

The Court gave you justice.

BONASERA

An eye for an eye!

DON CORLEONE

But your daughter is still alive.

BONASERA

Then make them suffer as she suffers. How much shall I pay you.

Both HAGEN and SONNY react.

DON CORLEONE

You never think to protect yourself with real friends. You think it's enough to be an American. All right, the Police protects you, there are Courts of Law, so you don't need a friend like me. But now you come to me and say Don Corleone, you must give me justice.

(MORE)

DON CORLEONE (CONT'D)

And you don't ask in respect or friendship. And you don't think to call me Godfather; instead you come to my house on the day my daughter is to be married and you ask me to do murder...for money.

BONASERA

America has been good to me...

DON CORLEONE

Then take the justice from the judge, the bitter with the sweet, Bonasera. But if you come to me with your friendship, your loyalty, then your enemies become my enemies, and then, believe me, they would fear you...

Slowly, Bonasera bows his head and murmurs.

BONASERA

Be my friend.

DON CORLEONE

Good. From me you'll get Justice.

BONASERA

Godfather.

DON CORLEONE

Some day, and that day may never come, I would like to call upon you to do me a service in return.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

A HIGH ANGLE of the CORLEONE MALL in bright daylight. There are at least five hundred guests filling the main courtyard and gardens. There is music and laughing and dancing and countless tables covered with food and wine.

DON CORLEONE stands at the Gate, flanked on either side by a son: FREDO and SONNY, all dressed in the formal attire of the wedding party. He warmly shakes the hands, squeezes the hands of the friends and guests, pinches the cheeks of the children, and makes them all welcome. They in turn carry with them gallons of homemade wine, cartons of freshly baked bread and pastries, and enormous trays of Italian delicacies.

The entire family poses for a family portrait: DON CORLEONE, MAMA, SONNY, his wife, SANDRA, and their children, TOM HAGEN and his wife, THERESA, and their BABY; CONSTANZIA, the bride, and her bridegroom, CARLO RIZZI. As they move into the pose, THE DON seems preoccupied.

DON CORLEONE  
Where's Michael?

SONNY  
He'll be here Pop, it's still early.

DON CORLEONE  
Then the picture will wait for him.

Everyone in the group feels the uneasiness as the DON moves back to the house. SONNY gives a delicious smile in the direction of the Maid-of-Honor, LUCY MANCINI. She returns it. Then he moves to his wife.

SONNY  
Sandra, watch the kids. They're running wild.

SANDRA  
You watch yourself.

HAGEN kisses his WIFE, and follows THE DON, passing the wine barrels, where a group of FOUR MEN nervously wait. TOM crooks a finger at NAZORINE, who doublechecks that he is next, straightens, and follows HAGEN.

EXT DAY: MALL ENTRANCE (SUMMER 1945)

Outside the main gate of the Mall, SEVERAL MEN in suits, working together with a MAN in a dark sedan, walk in and out of the rows of parked cars, writing license plate numbers down in their notebooks. We HEAR the music and laughter coming from the party in the distance.

A MAN stops at a limousine and copies down the number.

BARZINI, dignified in a black homburg, is always under the watchful eyes of TWO BODYGUARDS as he makes his way to embrace DON CORLEONE in the courtyard.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars. Put another number in the notebook. A shiney new Cadillac with wooden bumpers.

PETER CLEMENZA, dancing the Tarantella joyously, bumping bellies with the ladies.

CLEMENZA  
Paulie...wine...WINE.

He mops his sweating forehead with a big handkerchief. PAULIE hustles, gets a glass of icy black wine, and brings it to him.

PAULIE  
You look terrific on the floor!

CLEMENZA

What are you, a dance judge? Go do your job; take a walk around the neighborhood... see everything is okay.

PAULIE nods and leaves; CLEMENZA takes a breath, and leaps back into the dance.

The MEN walk down another row of parked cars. Put another number in the notebook.

TESSIO, A TALL, GENTLE-LOOKING MAN, DANCES WITH A NINE-YEAR-

OLD GIRL, her little black party shoes planted on his enormous brown shoes.

The MEN move on to other parked cars, when SONNY storms out of the gate, his face flushed with anger, followed by CLEMENZA and PAULIE.

SONNY

Buddy, this is a private party.

The MAN doesn't answer, but points to the DRIVER of the sedan. SONNY menacingly thrusts his reddened face at him.

The DRIVER merely flips open his wallet to a greed card, without saying a word. SONNY steps back, spits on the ground, turns, and walks away, followed by CLEMENZA, PAULIE, and another TWO MEN. He doesn't say a thing for most of the walk back into the courtyard, and then, muttered to PAULIE.

SONNY

Goddamn FBI...don't respect nothing.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE sits quietly behind his massive desk in the dark study.

NAZORINE

...a fine boy from Sicily, captured by the American Army, and sent to New Jersey as a prisoner of war...

DON CORLEONE

Nazorine, my friend, tell me what I can do.

NAZORINE

Now that the war is over, Enzo, this boy is being repatriated to Italy. And you see, Godfather...

(MORE)

NAZORINE (CONT'D)  
 (he wrings his hands,  
 unable to express  
 himself)  
 He...my daughter...they...

DON CORLEONE  
 You want him to stay in this country.

NAZORINE  
 Godfather, you understand everything.

DON CORLEONE  
 Tom, what we need is an Act of  
 Congress to allow Enzo to become a  
 citizen.

NAZORINE  
 (impressed)  
 An Act of Congress!

HAGEN  
 (nodding)  
 It will cost.

The DON shrugs; such are the way with those things; NAZORINE  
 nods.

NAZORINE  
 Is that all? Godfather, thank you...  
 (backing out,  
 enthusiastically)  
 Oh, wait till you see the cake I  
 made for your beautiful daughter!

NAZORINE backs out, all smiles, and nods to the GODFATHER.  
 DON CORLEONE rises and moves to the Venetian blinds.

HAGEN  
 Who do I give this job to?

The DON moves to the windows, peeking out through the blinds.

DON CORLEONE  
 Not to one of our paisans...give it  
 to a Jew Congressman in another  
 district. Who else is on the list  
 for today?

The DON is peeking out to the MEN around the barrel, waiting  
 to see him.

HAGEN  
 Francesco Nippi. His nephew has  
 been refused parole. A bad case.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

WHAT HE SEES:

NIPPI waits nervously by the barrel.

HAGEN (O.S.)

His father worked with you in the  
freight yards when you were young.

LUCA BRASI sitting alone, grotesque and quiet.

HAGEN (O.S.)

He's not on the list, but Luca Brasi  
wants to see you.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The DON turns to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE

Is it necessary?

HAGEN

You understand him better than anyone.

The DON nods to this. Turns back to the blinds and peeks  
out.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

WHAT HE SEES:

MICHAEL CORLEONE, dressed in the uniform of a Marine Captain,  
leads KAY ADAMS through the wedding crowd, occasionally  
stopped and greeted by FRIENDS of the family.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

The DON, inside the office, peering through the blinds,  
following them.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL moves through the crowd, embraces MAMA and introduces  
her to his GIRL.

EXT DAY: OFFICE WINDOW (SUMMER 1945)

The DON's eyes peering through the blinds.

EXT DAY: MALL TABLES (SUMMER 1945)

KAY and MICHAEL settle by a table on the edge of the wedding,  
burdened down with plates of food and glasses and wine. She  
is exhilarated by the enormity of the affair, the music and  
the vitality.



KAY

I've never seen anything like it.

MICHAEL

I told you I had a lot of relatives.

KAY looking about, a young and lively thing in a gift shop.

WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES:

Her interest is caught by THREE MEN standing by the wine barrels.

KAY

(amused)

Michael, what are those men doing?

MICHAEL

They're waiting to see my father.

KAY

They're talking to themselves.

MICHAEL

They're going to talk to my father, which means they're going to ask him for something, which means they better get it right.

KAY

Why do they bother him on a day like this?

MICHAEL

Because they know that no Sicilian will refuse a request on his daughter's wedding day.

EXT DAY: WEDDING PARTY (SUMMER 1945)

CONNIE CORLEONE, the Bride, is pressing the bodice of her overly-fluffy white gown against the groom, CARLO RIZZI. He is bronzed, with curly blondish hair and lovely dimples.

She absolutely adores him and can barely take her eyes from him long enough to thank the various GUESTS for the white envelopes they are putting into the large white purse she holds. In fact, if we watch carefully, we can see that one of her hands is slid under his jacket, and into his shirt, where she is provocatively rubbing the hair on his chest.

CARLO, on the other hand, has his blue eyes trained on the bulging envelopes, and is trying to guess how much cash the things hold.

Discreetly, he moves her hand off of his skin.

CARLO  
 (whispered)  
 Cut it out, Connie.

The purse, looped by a ribbon of silk around CONNIE's arm, is fat with money.

PAULIE (O.S.)  
 What do you think? Twenty grand?

A little distance away, a young man, PAULIE GATTO, catches a prosciutto sandwich thrown by a friend, without once taking eyes from the purse.

PAULIE  
 Who knows? Maybe more. Twenty, thirty grand in small bills cash in that silk purse. Holy Toledo, if this was somebody else's wedding!

SONNY is sitting at the Wedding Dias, talking to LUCY MANCINI, the Maid of Honor. Every once in a while he glances across the courtyard, where his WIFE is talking with some WOMEN.

He bends over and whispers something into LUCY's ear.

SANDRA and the WOMEN are in the middle of a big, ribald laugh.

WOMAN  
 Is it true what they say about your husband, Sandra?

SANDRA's hands separate with expanding width further and further apart until she bursts into a peal of laughter. Through her separated hands she sees the Wedding Dais.

SONNY and LUCY are gone.

INT DAY: DON'S HALL & STAIRS (SUMMER 1945)

The empty hallway. The bathroom door opens and LUCY surreptitiously steps out.

She looks up where SONNY is standing on the second landing, motioning for her to come up.

She lifts her petticoats off the ground and hurries upstairs.

EXT DAY: MALL TABLES (SUMMER 1945)

KAY and MICHAEL.

KAY  
 (in a spooky low tone)  
 Michael, that scarey guy...Is he a relative?

She has picked out LUCA BRASI.

MICHAEL  
No. His name is Luca Brasi. You  
wouldn't like him.

KAY  
(Excited)  
Who is he?

MICHAEL  
(Sizing her up)  
You really want to know?

KAY  
Yes. Tell me.

MICHAEL  
You like spaghetti?

KAY  
You know I love spaghetti.

MICHAEL  
Then eat your spaghetti and I'll  
tell you a Luca Brasi story.

She starts to eat her spaghetti.

She begins eating, looking at him eagerly.

MICHAEL  
Once upon a time, about fifteen years  
ago some people wanted to take over  
my father's olive oil business.  
They had Al Capone send some men in  
from Chicago to kill my father, and  
they almost did.

KAY  
Al Capone!

MICHAEL  
My Father sent Luca Brasi after them.  
He tied the two Capone men hand and  
foot, and stuffed small bath towels  
into their mouths.

Then he took an axe, and chopped one man's feet off...

KAY  
Michael...

MICHAEL  
Then the legs at the knees...

KAY

Michael you're trying to scare me...

MICHAEL

Then the thighs where they joined  
the torso.

KAY

Michael, I don't want to hear  
anymore...

MICHAEL

Then Luca turned to the other man...

KAY

Michael, I love you.

MICHAEL

...who out of sheer terror had  
swallowed the bath towel in his mouth  
and suffocated.

The smile on his face seems to indicate that he is telling a  
tall story.

KAY

I never know when you're telling me  
the truth.

MICHAEL

I told you you wouldn't like him.

KAY

He's coming over here!

LUCA comes toward them to meet TOM HAGEN halfway, just near  
their table.

MICHAEL

Tom...Tom, I'd like you to meet Kay  
Adams.

KAY

(having survived LUCA)  
How do you do.

MICHAEL

My brother, Tom Hagen.

HAGEN

Hello Kay. Your father's inside,  
doing some business.

(privately)

He's been asking for you.

MICHAEL

Thanks Tom.

HAGEN smiles and moves back to the house, LUCA ominously following.

KAY

If he's your brother, why does he have a different name?

MICHAEL

My brother Sonny found him living in the streets when he was a kid, so my father took him in. He's a good lawyer.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE at the window. He has seen the intimacy of the YOUNG COUPLE.

LUCA (O.S.)

Don Corleone...

THE DON turns to the stiffly formal LUCA, and he moves forward to kiss his hand. He takes the envelope from his jacket, holds it out, but does not release it until he makes a formal speech.

LUCA

(with difficulty)

Don Corleone...I am honored, and grateful...that you invited me to your home...on the wedding day of your...daughter. May their first child...be a masculine child. I pledge my never ending loyalty.

(he offers the envelope)

For your daughter's bridal purse.

DON CORLEONE

Thank you, Luca, my most valued friend.

THE DON takes it, and then LUCA's hand, which he squeezes so tightly we might imagine it to be painful.

LUCA

Let me leave you, Don Corleone. I know you are busy.

He turns, almost an about-face, and leaves the study with the same formality he entered with. DON CORLEONE breathes more easily, and gives the thick envelope to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE

I'm sure it's the most generous gift today.

HAGEN

The Senator called--apologized for not coming personally, but said you'd understand. Also, some of the Judges...they've all sent gifts. And another call from Virgil Sollozzo.

DON CORLEONE is not pleased.

HAGEN

The action is narcotics. Sollozzo has contacts in Turkey for the poppy, in Sicily for the plants to process down to morphine or up to heroin. Also he has access to this country. He's coming to us for financial help, and some sort of immunity from the law. For that we get a piece of the action, I couldn't find out how much. Sollozzo is vouched for by the Tattaglia family, and they may have a piece of the action. They call Sollozzo the Turk. He's spent a lot of time in Turkey and is suppose to have a Turkish wife and kids. He's suppose to be very quick with the knife, or was, when he was younger. Only in matters of business and with some reasonable complaint. Also he has an American wife and three children and he is a good family man.

THE DON nods.

HAGEN

He's his own boss, and very competent.

DON CORLEONE

And with prison record.

HAGEN

Two terms; one in Italy, one in the United States. He's known to the Government as a top narcotics man. That could be a plus for us; he could never get immunity to testify.

DON CORLEONE

When did he call?

HAGEN

This morning.

DON CORLEONE

On a day like this.

(MORE)

DON CORLEONE (CONT'D)  
 Consiglero, do you also have in your notes the the Turk made his living from Prostitution before the war, like the Tattaglias do now. Write that down before you forget it. The Turk will wait.

We now begin to hear a song coming over the loud-speakers from outside. In Italian, with unmistakable style.

DON CORLEONE  
 What that? It sounds like Johnny.

He moves to the window, pulls the blinds up, flooding the room with light.

DON CORLEONE  
 It is Johnny. He came all the way from California to be at the wedding.

HAGEN  
 Should I bring him in.

DON CORLEONE  
 No. Let the people enjoy him. You see? He is a good godson.

HAGEN  
 It's been two years. He's probably in trouble again.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

JOHNNY FONTANE on the bandstand, singing to the delight and excitement of the wedding GUESTS.

KAY  
 I didn't know your family knew Johnny Fontane.

MICHAEL  
 Sure.

KAY  
 I used to come down to New York whenever he sang at the Capitol and scream my head off.

MICHAEL  
 He's my father's godson; he owes him his whole career.

JOHNNY finishes the song and the CROWD screams with delight. They call out for another when DON CORLEONE appears.

DON CORLEONE

My Godson has come three thousand miles to do us honor and no one thinks to wet his throat.

At once a dozen wine glasses are offered to JOHNNY, who takes a sip from each as he moves to embrace his GODFATHER.

JOHNNY

I kept trying to call you after my divorce and Tom always said you were busy. When I got the Wedding invitation I knew you weren't sore at me anymore, Godfather.

DON CORLEONE

Can I do something for you still? You're not too rich, or too famous that I can't help you?

JOHNNY

I'm not rich anymore, Godfather, and...my career, I'm almost washed up...

He's very disturbed. The GODFATHER indicates that he come with him to the office so no one will notice. He turns to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE

Tell Santino to come in with us. He should hear some things.

They go, leaving HAGEN scanning the party looking for SONNY.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN glances up the staircase.

HAGEN

Sonny?

Then he goes up.

INT DAY: DON'S UPSTAIRS ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

SONNY and LUCY are in a room upstairs; he has lifted her gown's skirts almost over her head, and has her standing against the door. Her face peeks out from the layers of petticoats around it like a flower in ecstasy.

LUCY

Sonnyeeeeeeee.

Her head bouncing against the door with the rhythm of his body. But there is a knocking as well. They stop, freeze in that position.



HAGEN (O.S.)  
 Sonny? Sonny, you in there?

INT DAY: DON'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (SUMMER 1945)

Outside, HAGEN by the door.

HAGEN  
 The old man wants you; Johnny's  
 here...he's got a problem.

SONNY (O.S.)  
 Okay. One minute.

HAGEN hesitates. We HEAR LUCY's head bouncing against the door again. TOM leaves.

INT DAY: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE  
 ACT LIKE A MAN! By Christ in Heaven,  
 is it possible you turned out no  
 better than a Hollywood finocchio.

Both HAGEN and JOHNNY cannot refrain from laughing. The DON smiles. SONNY enters as noiselessly as possible, still adjusting his clothes.

DON CORLEONE  
 All right, Hollywood...Now tell me  
 about this Hollywood Pezzonovanta  
 who won't let you work.

JOHNNY  
 He owns the studio. Just a month  
 ago he bought the movie rights to  
 this book, a best seller. And the  
 main character is a guy just like  
 me. I wouldn't even have to act,  
 just be myself.

The DON is silent, stern.

DON CORLEONE  
 You take care of your family?

JOHNNY  
 Sure.

He glances at SONNY, who makes himself as inconspicuous as he can.

DON CORLEONE  
 You look terrible. I want you to  
 eat well, to rest. And spend time  
 with your family.  
 (MORE)

DON CORLEONE (CONT'D)

And then, at the end of the month,  
this big shot will give you the part  
you want.

JOHNNY

It's too late. All the contracts  
have been signed, they're almost  
ready to shoot.

DON CORLEONE

I'll make him an offer he can't  
refuse.

He takes JOHNNY to the door, pinching his cheek hard enough  
to hurt.

DON CORLEONE

Now go back to the party and leave  
it to me.

He closes the door, smiling to himself. Turns to HAGEN.

DON CORLEONE

When does my daughter leave with her  
bridegroom?

HAGEN

They'll cut the cake in a few  
minutes...leave right after that.  
Your new son-in-law, do we give him  
something important?

DON CORLEONE

No, give him a living. But never  
let him know the family's business.  
What else, Tom?

HAGEN

I've called the hospital; they've  
notified Consiglere Genco's family  
to come and wait. He won't last out  
the night.

This saddens the DON. He sighs.

DON CORLEONE

Genco will wait for me. Santino,  
tell your brothers they will come  
with me to the hospital to see Genco.  
Tell Fredo to drive the big car, and  
ask Johnny to come with us.

SONNY

And Michael?

DON CORLEONE

All my sons.

(to HAGEN)

Tom, I want you to go to California tonight. Make the arrangements.

But don't leave until I come back from the hospital and speak to you. Understood?

HAGEN

Understood.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

Now all the wedding GUESTS excitedly clap their hands over the entrance of the cake: NAZORINE is beaming as he wheels in a serving table containing the biggest, gaudiest, most extravagant wedding cake ever baked, an incredible monument of his gratitude. The CROWD is favorably impressed: they begin to clink their knives or forks against their glasses, in the traditional request for the Bride to cut the cake and kiss the Groom. Louder and louder, five hundred forks hitting five hundred glasses.

EXT DAY: MALL (SUMMER 1945)

Silence.

HIGH ANGLE ON THE MALL, late day. The GUESTS are gone. A single black car is in the courtyard. FREDDIE is behind the driver's seat: the DON enters the car, looks at MICHAEL, who sits between SONNY and JOHNNY in the rear seat.

DON CORLEONE

Will your girl friend get back to the city all right?

MICHAEL

Tom said he'd take care of it.

The DON pulls the door shut; and the car pulls out, through the gate of the great Corleone Mall.

INT DAY: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (SUMMER 1945)

A long white hospital corridor, at the end of which we can see a grouping of FIVE WOMEN, some old and some young, but all plump and dressed in black.

DON CORLEONE and his SONS move toward the end. But then the DON slows, putting his hand on MICHAEL's shoulder. MICHAEL stops and turns toward his FATHER. The two looks at one another for some time. SILENCE. DON CORLEONE then lifts his hand, and slowly touches a particular medal on MICHAEL's uniform.

DON CORLEONE  
What was this for?

MICHAEL  
For bravery.

DON CORLEONE  
And this?

MICHAEL  
For killing a man.

DON CORLEONE  
What miracles you do for strangers.

MICHAEL  
I fought for my country. It was my choice.

DON CORLEONE  
And now, what do you choose to do?

MICHAEL  
I'm going to finish school.

DON CORLEONE  
Good. When you are finished, come and talk to me. I have hopes for you.

Again they regard each other without a word. MICHAEL turns, and continues on. DON CORLEONE watches a moment, and then follows.

INT DAY: HOSPITAL ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE enters the hospital room, moving closest to OUR VIEW. He is followed by his SONS, JOHNNY and the WOMEN.

DON CORLEONE  
(whispered)  
Genco, I've brought my sons to pay their respects. And look, even Johnny Fontane, all the way from Hollywood.

GENCO is a tiny, wasted skeleton of a man. DON CORLEONE takes his bony hand, as the others arrange themselves around his bed, each clasping the other hand in turn.

GENCO  
Godfather, Godfather, it's your daughter's wedding day, you cannot refuse me. Cure me, you have the power.

DON CORLEONE

I have no such power...but Genco,  
don't fear death.

GENCO

(with a sly wink)  
It's been arranged, then?

DON CORLEONE

You blaspheme. Resign yourself.

GENCO

You need your old Consigliere. Who  
will replace me?

(suddenly)

Stay with me Godfather. Help me  
meet death. If he sees you, he will  
be frightened and leave me in peace.  
You can say a word, pull a few  
strings, eh? We'll outwit that  
bastard as we outwitted all those  
others.

(clutching his hand)

Godfather, don't betray me.

The DON motions all the others to leave the room. They do.

He returns his attention to GENCO, holding his hand and  
whispering things we cannot hear, as they wait for death.

INT NIGHT: AIRPLANE (SUMMER 1945)

FADE IN:

The interior of a non-stop Constellation. HAGEN is one of  
the very few passengers on this late flight. He looks like  
any young lawyer on a business trip. He is tired from the  
difficult preparation and duties that he has just executed  
during the wedding. On the seat next to him is an enormous,  
bulging briefcase. He closes his eyes.

INT NIGHT: HONEYMOON HOTEL (SUMMER 1945)

The honeymoon hotel: CARLO and CONNIE. CARLO is in his  
undershorts, sitting up on the bed, anxiously taking the  
envelopes out of the silk bridal purse and counting the  
contents. CONNIE prepares herself in the large marble  
bathroom. She rubs her hands over his bronze shoulders, and  
tries to get his interest.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE in his office. LUCA BRASI sitting near to him.

DON CORLEONE

Luca, I am worried about this man Sollozzo. Find out what you can, through the Tattaglias. Let them believe you could be tempted away from the Corleone Family, if the right offer was made. Learn what he has under his fingernails...

INT NIGHT: MANCINI APT. HALL (SUMMER 1945)

The hallway of an apartment building. SONNY enters, climbs two steps at a time. He knocks, and then whispers.

SONNY

It's me, Sonny.

The door opens, and two lovely arms are around him, pulling him into the apartment.

INT NIGHT: LUCA'S ROOM (WINTER 1945)

LUCA BRASI's tiny room. He is partly dressed. He kneels and reaches under his bed and pulls out a small, locked trunk. He opens it, and takes out a heavy, bullet-proof vest. He puts it on, over his wool undershirt, and then puts on his shirt and jacket. He takes his gun, quickly disassembles, checks, and reassembles it. And leaves.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

A CLOSE VIEW of DON CORLEONE thinking quietly.

INT NIGHT: MOVING TRAIN (SUMMER 1945)

MICHAEL and KAY on a train, speeding on their way to New Hampshire.

INT NIGHT: SUBWAY (WINTER 1945)

LUCA, in his bulky jacket, sitting quietly on an empty subway train.

INT NIGHT: AIRPLANE (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN on the Constellation. He reaches into his briefcase, and takes out several pictures and papers.

One photograph is of a smiling man, JACK WOLTZ, linked arm in arm with fifteen movie stars on either side, including a lovely young child star to his immediate right.

HAGEN considers other papers.

INT NIGHT: DON'S OFFICE (SUMMER 1945)

DON CORLEONE looks, and then moves HAGEN into an embrace.

He straightens his arms and looks at TOM deeply.

DON CORLEONE

Remember my new Consigliere, a lawyer  
with his briefcase can steal more  
than a hundred men with guns.

EXT DAY: WOLTZ ESTATE GATE (SUMMER 1945)

JACK WOLTZ ESTATE. HAGEN stands before the impressive gate,  
armed only with his briefcase. A GATEMAN opens the gate,  
and TOM enters.

EXT DAY: WOLTZ GARDENS (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN and WOLTZ comfortably stroll along beautiful formal  
gardens, martinis in hand.

WOLTZ

You should have told me your boss  
was Corleone, Tom, I had to check  
you out. I thought you were just  
some third rate hustler Johnny was  
running in to bluff me.

(a piece of statuary)

Florence, thirteenth century.

Decorated the garden of a king.

They cross the garden and head toward the stables.

WOLTZ

I'm going to show you something  
beautiful.

They pass the stables, and come to rest by a stall with a  
huge bronze plaque attached to the outside wall: "KHARTOUM."  
TWO SECURITY GUARDS are positioned in chairs nearby; they  
rise as WOLTZ approaches.

WOLTZ

You like horses? I like horses, I  
love 'em. Beautiful, expensive  
Racehorses.

The animal inside is truly beautiful. WOLTZ whispers to him  
with true love in his voice.

WOLTZ

Khartoum...Kartoum...You are looking  
at six hundred thousand dollars on  
four hoofs. I bet even Russian Czars  
never paid that kind of dough for a  
single horse. But I'm not going to  
race him I'm going to put him out to  
Stud.

INT NIGHT: WOLTZ DINING ROOM (SUMMER 1945)

HAGEN and WOLTZ sit at an enormous dining room table, attended by SEVERAL SERVANTS. Great paintings hang on the walls. The meal is elaborate and sumptuous.

HAGEN

Mr. Corleone is Johnny's Godfather. That is very close, a very sacred religious relationship.

WOLTZ

Okay, but just tell him this is one favor I can't give. But he should try me again on anything else.

HAGEN

He never asks a second favor when he has been refused the first. Understood?

WOLTZ

You smooth son of a bitch, let me lay it on the line for you, and your boss. Johnny Fontane never gets that movie. I don't care how many Dago, Guinea, wop Greaseball Goombahs come out of the woodwork!

HAGEN

I'm German-Irish.

WOLTZ

Okay my Kraut-Mick friend, Johnny will never get that part because I hate that pinko punk and I'm going to run him out of the Movies. And I'll tell you why. He ruined one of Woltz Brothers' most valuable proteges. For five years I had this girl under training; singing lessons! Acting lessons! Dancing lessons! We spent hundreds of thousands of dollars--I was going to make her a star. I'll be even more frank, just to show you that I'm not a hard-hearted man, that it wasn't all dollars and cents. That girl was beautiful and young and innocent and she was the greatest piece of ass I've ever had and I've had them all over the world. Then Johnny comes along with that olive oil voice and guinea charm and she runs off. She threw it all away to make me look ridiculous.

(MORE)



WOLTZ (CONT'D)  
A MAN IN MY POSITION CANNOT AFFORD  
TO BE MADE TO LOOK RIDICULOUS!

EXT DAY: GENCO OLIVE OIL CO. (SUMMER 1945)

An unimposing little building in New York City on Mott Street with a large old sign: "GENCO OLIVE OIL IMPORTS, INC." next to an open-faced fruit market.

A dark Buick pulls up, and a single small man, whom we cannot see well because of the distance, gets out and enters the building. This is VIRGIL SOLLOZZO.

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICES (SUMMER 1945)

Looking toward the staircase we can hear SOLLOZZO's footsteps before he actually rises into view. He is a small man, very dark, with curly black hair. But wiry, and tight and hard, and obviously very dangerous. He is greeted at the head of the stairs by SONNY, who takes his hand and shakes it, introducing himself. For a moment, there is a complex of handshaking quite formal, and whispered respectful introductions. Finally, SOLLOZZO is taken into the DON's glass paneled office; the two principals are introduced. They are very respectful of one another. Folding chairs are brought in by FREDDIE, and soon they are all sitting around in a circle; the DON, SOLLOZZO, SONNY, HAGEN, FREDDIE, CLEMENZA and TESSIO. The DON is the slightest bit foolish with all his compatriots, whereas SOLLOZZO has brought no one. Throughout all that transpires, however, it is clear that this scene is between two men: SOLLOZZO and DON CORLEONE.

SOLLOZZO

My business is heroin, I have poppy fields, laboratories in Marseilles and Sicily, ready to go into production. My importing methods are as safe as these things can be, about five per cent loss. The risk is nothing, the profits enormous.

DON CORLEONE

Why do you come to me? Why do I deserve your generosity?

SOLLOZZO

I need two million dollars in cash...more important, I need a friend who has people in high places; a friend who can guarantee that if one of my employees be arrested, they would get only light sentences. Be my friend.

DON CORLEONE

What percentages for my family?

SOLLOZZO

Thirty per cent. In the first year your share would be four million dollars; then it would go up.

DON CORLEONE

And what is the percentage of the Tattaglia family?

SOLLOZZO nods toward HAGEN.

SOLLOZZO

My compliments. I'll take care of them from my share.

DON CORLEONE

So. I receive 30 per cent just for finance and legal protection. No worries about operations, is that what you tell me?

SOLLOZZO

If you think two million dollars in cash is just finance, I congratulate you Don Corleone.

There is a long silence; in which each person present feels the tension. The DON is about to give his answer.

DON CORLEONE

I said I would see you because I've heard you're a serious man, to be treated with respect...

(pause)

But I'll say no to you.

We feel this around the room.

DON CORLEONE

I'll give you my reasons. I have many, many friends in Politics. But they wouldn't be so friendly if my business was narcotics instead of gambling. They think gambling is something like liquor, a harmless vice...and they think narcotics is dirty business.

SOLLOZZO takes a breath.

DON CORLEONE

No...how a man makes his living is none of my business. But this proposition of yours is too risky. All the people in my family lived well the last ten years, I won't risk that out of greed.

SOLLOZZO

Are you worried about security for your million?

DON CORLEONE

No.

SOLLOZZO

The Tattaglias will guarantee your investment also.

This startles SONNY; he blurts out.

SONNY

The Tattaglia family guarantees our investment?

SOLLOZZO hears him first, and then very slowly turns to face him. Everyone in the room knows that SONNY has stepped out of line.

DON CORLEONE

Young people are greedy, and they have no manners. They speak when they should listen. But I have a sentimental weakness for my children, and I've spoiled them, as you see. But Signor Sollozzo, my no is final.

SOLLOZZO nods, understands that this is the dismissal. He glances one last time at SONNY. He rises; all the others do as well. He bows to the DON, shakes his hand, and formally takes his leave. When the footsteps can no longer be heard:

The DON turns to SONNY.

DON CORLEONE

Santino, never let anyone outside the family know what you are thinking. I think your brain is going soft from all that comedy you play with that young girl.

TWO OFFICE WORKERS are carrying an enormous floral display with the word "THANK YOU" spelled out in flowers.

DON CORLEONE

What is this nonsense?

HAGEN

It's from Johnny. It was announced this morning. He's going to play the lead in the new Woltz Brothers film.

INT DAY: WOLTZ'S BEDROOM (SUMMER 1945)

It is large, dominated by a huge bed, in which a man, presumably WOLTZ, is sleeping. Soft light bathes the room from the large windows. We move closer to him until we see his face, and recognize JACK WOLTZ. He turns uncomfortably; mutters, feels something strange in his bedsheets. Something wet.

He awakens, feels the sheets with displeasure; they are wet. He looks at his hand; the wetness is blood. He is frightened, pulls aside the covers, and sees fresh blood on his sheets and pajamas. He grunts, pulls the puddle of blood in his bed. He feels his own body frantically, moving, down, following the blood, until he is face to face with the great severed head of Khartoum lying at the foot of his bed. Just blood from the hacked neck. White reedy tendons show. He struggles up to his elbows in the puddle of blood to see more clearly. Froth covers the muzzle, and the enormous eyes of the animal are yellowed and covered with blood.

WOLTZ tries to scream; but cannot. No sound comes out.

Then, finally and suddenly an ear-splitting scream of pure terror escapes from WOLTZ, who is rocking on his hands and knees in an uncontrolled fit, blood all over him.

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICES (SUMMER 1945)

CLOSE VIEW on the GODFATHER. Nodding.

DON CORLEONE  
Send Johnny my congratulations.

FADE OUT:

(SCENES 12 & 12 OMITTED)

FADE IN:

EXT DAY: FIFTH AVENUE (WINTER 1945)

Fifth Avenue in the snow. Christmas week. People are bundled up with rosy faces, rushing to buy presents.

KAY and MICHAEL exit a Fifth Avenue department store, carrying a stack of gaily wrapped gifts, arm in arm.

KAY  
We have something for your mother,  
for Sonny, we have the tie for Fredo  
and Tom Hagen gets the Reynolds pen...

MICHAEL  
And what do you want for Christmas?

KAY

Just you.

They kiss.

INT DAY: HOTEL ROOM (WINTER 1945)

CLOSE ON a wooden radio, playing quiet Music. THE VIEW PANS AROUND the dark hotel room, curtained against the daylight.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

We'll have a quiet, civil ceremony at the City Hall, no big fuss, no family, just a couple of friends as witnesses.

The two are in each other's arms in a mess of bedsheets on the two single beds that they have pushed together.

KAY

What will your father say?

MICHAEL

As long as I tell him beforehand he won't object. He'll be hurt, but he won't object.

KAY

What time do they expect us?

MICHAEL

For dinner. Unless I call and tell them we're still in New Hampshire.

KAY

Michael.

MICHAEL

Then we can have dinner, see a show, and spend one more night.

He moves to the telephone.

MICHAEL

Operator. Get me  
(fill in number)

KAY

Michael, what are you doing?

MICHAEL

Shhh, you be the long distance operator. Here.

KAY

Hello...this is Long Distance.  
(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

I have a call from New Hampshire.  
Mr. Michael Corleone. One moment  
please.

She hands the phone to MICHAEL who continues the deception.

MICHAEL

Hello, Tom? Michael. Yeah...  
listen, we haven't left yet. I'm  
driving down to the city with Kay  
tomorrow morning. There's something  
important I want to tell the old man  
before Christmas. Will he be home  
tomorrow night?

INT DAY: OLIVE OIL OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

HAGEN in the Olive Oil Company office. In the background,  
through the glass partitions, we can see the DON, at work in  
his office. TOM is tired, and steeped in paperwork.

HAGEN (O.S.)

Sure. Anything I can do for you.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

No. I guess I'll see you Christmas.

Everyone's going to be out at Long Beach, right?

HAGEN

Right.

He smiles. MICHAEL has hung up. He looks at the piles of  
work, and can't face it. He rises, puts on his coat and  
hat, and continues out.

He peeks into the DON's office.

HAGEN

Michael called; he's not leaving New  
Hampshire until tomorrow morning.  
I've got to go, I promised Theresa  
I'd pick up some toys for the kids.

The DON smiles and nods.

TOM smiles, and leaves; OUR VIEW remaining with DON CORLEONE.

FREDDIE is sitting on a bench in the corner, reading the  
afternoon paper. He puts aside the papers the office manager  
has prepared for him, and then moves to FREDDIE, raps his  
knuckles on his head to take his nose out of the paper.

DON CORLEONE

Tell Paulie to get the car from the lot; I'll be ready to go home in a few minutes.

FREDO

I'll have to get it myself; Paulie called in sick this morning.

DON CORLEONE

That's the third time this month. I think maybe you'd better get a healthier bodyguard for me. Tell Tom.

FREDO

(going)

Paulie's a good kid. If he's sick, he's sick. I don't mind getting the car.

FREDDIE leaves. He slowly puts on his jacket. Looks out his window.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

FREDDIE crosses the street.

INT DUSK: OLIVE OIL OFFICE (WINTER 1945)

OFFICE MANAGER

Buon Watale, Don Corleone.

The MANAGER helps him on with his overcoat. Once again, the DON glances out his window.

The black car pulls up; FREDDIE driving.

DON CORLEONE

Merry Christmas.

(handing the MANAGER  
an envelope)

And he starts down the stairs.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

The light outside is very cold, and beginning to fail. When FREDDIE sees his FATHER coming, he moves back into the driver's seat. The DON moves to the car, and is about to get in when he hesitates, and turns back to the long, open fruit stand near the corner.

The PROPRIETOR springs to serve him. The DON walks among the trays and baskets, and merely points to a particular piece of fruit. As he selects, the MAN gingerly picks the pieces of fruit up and puts them into a paper bag.

The DON pays with a five dollar bill, waits for his change, and then turns back to the car.

EXT DUSK: POLKS TOY STORE (WINTER 1945)

TOM HAGEN exits carrying a stack of presents, all gift wrapped. He continues past the windows. As he walks, someone walks right in his way. He looks up. It is SOLLOZZO.

He takes TOM by the arm and walks along with him.

SOLLOZZO

(quietly)

Don't be frightened. I just want to talk to you.

A car parked at the curb suddenly flings its rear door open.

SOLLOZZO

(urgently)

Get in; I want to talk to you.

HAGEN pulls his arm free. He is frightened.

HAGEN

I haven't got time.

TWO MEN suddenly appear on either side of him.

SOLLOZZO

Get in the car. If I wanted to kill you you'd be dead already. Trust me.

HAGEN, sick to his stomach, moves with his ESCORTS, leaving our VIEW on the Mechanical windows gaily bobbing the story of Hansel and Gretel. We HEAR the car doors shut, and the car drive off.

EXT NIGHT: RADIO CITY - PHONE BOOTH (WINTER 1945)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL during the Christmas show. KAY and MICHAEL exit; tears are still streaming down her cheeks, and she snuffles, and dries her tears with Kleenex. KAY nostalgically hums "The Bells of Saint Mary's," as they walk arm in arm.

KAY

Would you like me better if I were a nun?

MICHAEL

No.

KAY

Would you like me better if I were Ingrid Bergman?



They have passed a little enclosed newsstand. KAY sees something that terrifies her. She doesn't know what to do. MICHAEL still walks, thinking about her question.

KAY  
(a little voice)  
Michael?

MICHAEL  
I'm thinking about it.

KAY  
Michael...

MICHAEL  
No, I would not like you better if  
you were Ingrid Bergman.

She cannot answer him. Rather she pulls him by the arm, back to the newsstand, and points. His face goes grave.

The headlines read: "VITO CORLEONE SHOT, CHIEFTAN GUNNED DOWN."

MICHAEL is petrified; quickly he takes each edition, drops a dollar in the tray, and hungrily reads through them. KAY knows to remain silent.

MICHAEL  
(desperately)  
They don't say if he's dead or alive.

EXT DUSK: OLIVE OIL CO. (WINTER 1945)

DON CORLEONE by the fruit stand; he is about to move to the car, when TWO MEN step from the corner. Suddenly, the DON drops the bag of fruit and darts with startling quickness toward the parked car.

DON CORLEONE  
Fredo, Fredo!

The paper bag has hit the ground, and the fruit begins rolling along the sidewalk, as we HEAR gunshots.

Five bullets catch the DON in the back; he arches in pain, and continues toward the car.

The PROPRIETOR of the fruit stand rushes for cover, knocking over an entire case of fruit.

The TWO GUNMEN move in quickly, anxious to finish him off.

Their feet careful to avoid the rolling fruit. There are more GUNSHOTS.

FREDDIE is hysterical; he tries to get out of the car; having difficulty opening the door. He rushes out, a gun trembling in his hand; his mouth open. He actually drops the gun.

The gun falls amid the rolling fruit.

The GUNMEN are panicked. They fire once more at the downed DON CORLEONE. His leg and arm twitch where they are hit; and pools of blood are beginning to form.

The GUNMEN are obviously in a state of panic and confusion; they disappear around the corner as quickly as they came.

The PEOPLE about the avenue have all but disappeared: rather, we catch glimpses of them, poking their heads safely from around corners, inside doorways and arches, and from windows. But the street itself is now empty.

FREDDIE is in shock; he looks at his FATHER; now great puddles of blood have formed, and the DON is lifeless and face down in them.

FREDDIE falls back on to the curb and sits there, saying something we cannot understand. He begins to weep profusely.

INT NIGHT: SUBWAY (WINTER 1945)

LUCA BRASI riding alone on a subway car, late at night. He gets off.

He emerges at a subway terminal, proceeds out.

EXT NITE: NIGHT CLUB STREET (WINTER 1945)

LUCA walks down the late night street. He approaches an elegant New York Nightclub, whose gaudy neon sign is still winking this late at night. He waits and watches. Then the sign goes out; and he proceeds into the club.

INT NITE: NIGHTCLUB (WINTER 1945)

The main floor of the Nightclub is very large, with endless glistening wooden floors. Now, at this late time, the chairs have been stacked on the tables and a NEGRO JANITOR is waxing them. A single HAT-CHECK GIRL is counting her receipts. LUCA moves past the empty bandstand, and sits at the bar. ANOTHER MAN, dark and very well-built, moves behind the bar.

MAN

Luca...I'm Bruno Tattaglia.

LUCA

I know.

LUCA looks up; and out of the shadows emerges SOLLOZZO.