

CHATTERBOX

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FADE IN

EXT. MOB MANSION - NEW YORK - MORNING

A lavish three story apartment, lush, modern exterior in a quiet neighborhood. A red 70's Ferrari sits out front. We move in on the first story window, the curtains are drawn.

VITO
(O.C, laughing in
hysterics)
Listen, listen to him now.

CHRISTINE
(O.C)
I heard it already! I hear it every
god-damn day!

INT. KITCHEN - MOB MANSION - MORNING

A spotless, meticulously crafted modern kitchen. CHRISTINE, 40,s, stands by the fridge drinking orange juice out of the carton, she's all dressed up. Dress, makeup, heels.

VITO, 50's, receding hairline, in a plush white bath robe smiles from ear to ear as he looks into a -- BIRD CAGE

The cage hangs from the wall and inside sits, DIMAGGIO, a large west African PARROT. Vito feeds him treats which DiMaggio gladly accepts as he sits on his rope swing.

VITO
(To DiMaggio)
You really are hungry today aren't
you buddy, yes you are. Can you say..
titty fuck?

DiMaggio looks dis-interested. Vito follows his gaze.

VITO
Tittyfuck, tit-eee-fuck. Titty fuck.
Titty fuck....

CHRISTINE
Christ would you give it a rest! I
gotta be on air in an hour. You've
been saying tittyfuck for over an
hour.

VITO
He likes it. You don't gotta listen
if you don't wanna.

CHRISTINE
How do I look?

Vito turns around to the kitchen island, turns to Christine, barely looks at her, picks up his bowl of cereal.

VITO
You look fine.

CHRISTINE
OK, wish me luck.

Christine goes in for a hug, Vito tries to kiss her lips but she turns the other cheek.

VITO
When are you gonna be back?

CHRISTINE
I'm not sure, Ben's got me overseeing the 10PM slot.

VITO
Who is this Ben guy anyways, why's he so interested in your career?

CHRISTINE
He just thinks it's the right move, you know late night anchors get paid almost double right?

VITO
Sweetheart for the last time, we don't need the money.

DIMAGGIO
Dollar dollar bills.

VITO
Exactly, what he said. We don't need any extra, I take care of all that.

CHRISTINE
This is my career V, it's what I want and the sooner you accept that the better. Would it not hurt to bring in some legitimate cash for a change?

VITO
Are you saying what I do isn't legitimate? I hope that's not what you're insinuating.

Christine sighs, Vito continues to eat cereal.

Christine picks up her handbag from the counter. Pulls out a tiny handheld mirror, checks herself one last time.

CHRISTINE

Give it a rest with a Dimaggio today
alright.

VITO

What'dya mean?

CHRISTINE

You know what I mean. Maybe try
leaving the house.

VITO

I've told you it's my house and I can
do whatever I want and if that
involves talking to DiMaggio then
that's exactly what I'm gonna do.

CHRISTINE

You might wanna think about taking a
shower too. I could smell you when I
walked in.

VITO

It's not good to shower every day, it
blocks the skin's natural oils!

CHRISTINE

Yeah, well you're smelling very
natural too. Just do whatever you
want, have fun with your bird.

Christine shakes her head, leaves hastily.

VITO

(Shouting)

Hey, at least DiMaggio listens to me!
You should start taking notes!

We hear the front door SLAM. Vito continues to eat his cereal.

DIMAGGIO

Oh my, a mighty homer, holy shit,
tittyfuck.

Vito turns around with joy. Puts his cereal down, picks up the bird treats.

VITO
Yes, yes DiMaggio, good boy!

Vito feeds him a treat.

VITO
Oh you're such a good boy, such a
good boy!

We hear the front door slam.

VITO
(Shouting)
Let me guess, forgot your push up
bra?

SAM, 30's and PAULIE, 30's enter. They DRAG, JOHNNY KOFTER,
the head of the NYPD DEA. He's bound and gagged, the letters
DEA stamped on his flak vest.

VITO
Hey what the fuck is this?!

SAM
I'm sorry Vito, the little bastard
got loose and ran out into the
street.

VITO
So you thought you'd bring him here
what the fuck's the matter with you?

SAM
We had no choice!

VITO
No choice?!

PAULIE
It's true V, the rat got on the
radio, started calling it in, had the
feds crawling all over Hell's
Kitchen.

VITO
I don't give a fuck, you don't bring
him here, are you fucking crazy?!

SAM
We tried calling you, why'd you not
answer?

VITO

It's my privacy idiot, I unplug the phone on Sunday's, I already told you!

They all look at Johnny who's riling around on the floor, hands bound and struggling to breathe with the tape over his mouth.

VITO

Anybody see him?

PAULIE

Not that we know of. We managed to get to him before anyone saw us.

VITO

Followed?

Sam and Paulie shake their heads. Vito bends down, RIPS the tape from Johnny's mouth, Johnny gasps for air, nose bloody.

JOHNNY

You idiots, do you have any idea what you've done, well, do you?!

VITO

Listen asshole, we've been paying you good fucking money to look the other way, so why'd you choose to start squealing?!

JOHNNY

I... I didn't.

VITO

Don't you fucking lie to me! How'd they intercept the shipment?

JOHNNY

They've got random checks now, they've stepped up the frequency, they're putting more funding into...

VITO

You said you were taking care of that!

JOHNNY

I was... I mean.. I am. I'm not a rat. What do you gets take me for?

Dimaggio whistles.

DIMAGGIO
Merry Christmas.

JOHNNY
Is that a... cockatoo?

VITO
Shut up!

Vito reaches inside the FIREPLACE, pulls out a PISTOL, cocks it.

JOHNNY
No, please...

Vito grabs Johnny's face, opens his mouth and shoves the barrel of the gun into his mouth.

VITO
See this is what you're not getting Johnny, we know all about you. Johnny Kofter, DEA lieutenant, husband, devoted family man, likes to play golf on the weekends with his buddy but secretly he can't stand losing to him, yeah we know all about you buddy boy. All about your trophy wife and you're future Ivy League kid. Now you're gonna tell us exactly what it is you said to your little friends down at the station. Otherwise this is gonna get ugly, understand?

Vito removes the barrel from his mouth.

JOHNNY
For the last time, I didn't say anything. I told you going in this was never going to be a 100% success rate, I can't control all the variables just.... please.. don't hurt my family.

Vito opens the chamber, one bullet inside, he spins the chamber, cocks it, places it back into Johnny's mouth.

VITO
You familiar with Russian Roulette Johnny?

Johnny nods through tears.

PAULIE
Boss I really don't think..

Vito puts his hand out and Paulie stops talking.

VITO

Now I'm gonna ask you again Johnny
and every time you keep lying to me,
I'm gonna pull this trigger. Now did
you say anything to anyone about our
operation?

Paulie shakes his head, gun still in his mouth.

Vito smirks.

VITO

One down, let's try again.

Vito PULLS THE TRIGGER -- BANG!!!! - BLOOD SPLATTERS on the
WALL, CARPET, DRAPES. A stunned Vito stands in complete
shock, Sam and Paulie recoil in horror. Dimaggio SQUAWKS
furiously in his cage.

SAM

Jesus christ V I didn't think you
were actually gonna kill him!

PAULIE

Especially not on the first shot,
that never happens in the movies.

VITO

I thought they were blanks! I use
this to scare off the cat from taking
the fish out the pond in the
backyard.

PAULIE

Well clearly that's bullshit.

VITO

Shut up, if you two had just done
your job, he wouldn't have even been
here in the first place!

Dimaggio continues to SQUARK in terror, a blood soaked Vito
puts the gun down and consoles him.

VITO

It's OK Dimaggio, shh everything's
gonna be alright.

Paulie and Sam inspect the gruesome scene as Vito strokes
Dimaggio.

SAM
Yep, he's dead.

PAULIE
You know until he turned on us he was actually a good guy, I think I'm actually gonna miss him.

SAM
Oh yeah? Like a hole in the head?

Paulie shakes his head.

SAM
What? Too soon?

Vito take Dimaggio out of his cage and onto his forearm.

DIMAGGIO
Holy shit.

VITO
That's right Dimaggio, holy shit is right.

SAM
Hey Long John Silver, how's about you put your friend down and give us a hand with the body.

Vito puts Dimaggio down on the kitchen counter, places a small bowl of bird seed in front of him. Dimaggio eats from the bowl.

VITO
We're gonna need sheets, Paulie grab everything from the linen closet upstairs.

PAULIE
Will do boss.

Paulie leaves. Sam inspects the gruesome scene in front of him.

SAM
I can't believe you wacked Johnny Kofter.

VITO
Yeah well it wasn't intentional, besides it was bound to have happened sooner or later.

SAM
You know they're gonna notice he's
gone pretty quick right?

VITO
The acting Lieutenant? No shit, I know
who Johnny Kofter is.

Sam sighs.

SAM
I need a smoke. I'll call Quincy.

Sam walks towards the back door.

PAULIE
(O.C)
What kind of sheets boss? These one's
look kinda fancy.

VITO
All of them except for the one's with
the little flowers on, they were from
Christine's dead Mother.

PAULIE
(O.C)
Which one's are they?

Vito sighs, leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Paulie stands clueless in front of the linen closet. Vito
approaches.

VITO
Out the way.

Vito pushes Paulie out the way.

VITO
You see any other's with little
flowers on einstein? All of them
except the one's with flowers on
capiche?

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Sam walks in circles, stressed, He furiously smokes a cigarette as the bright sunshine illuminates the splatters of blood on his suit.

SAM

(Under his breath)

This is it. This finally it. "Get out Sam, Vito's crazy". I must be a fucking moron.

DIMAGGIO

(O.C)

Tittyfuck!

Sam laughs, looks back inside but doesn't see Dimaggio. He looks ahead of him -- On the GARDEN TABLE -- Dimaggio stands, rocking back and fourth, tasting fresh air for the first time.

DIMAGGIO

Atta-boy, holy shit, Johnny, Johnny Kofter!

Dimaggio mimics the sound of a gunshot.

SAM

What did you just say?

DIMAGGIO

Johnny Kofter, get rich or die trying Cocksucker.

Sam stubs his cigarette, creeps forward slowly towards Dimaggio, hands outstretched and ready to grasp.

SAM

OK little guy, just stay right there.

Sam's almost in reaching distance, he pounces towards Dimaggio. Dimaggio leaps from the table, FLIES HIGH INTO THE SKY, free as a bird now!

SAM

(Under his breath)

Shit! Oh fuck, Oh fuck!

END OF EXTRACT