

VITO: Jesus, what is this - the end of the world? Hey, hey - What's your name! Hey, ah - Jimmy...Hey - hey, Jim-may! Hey - where the hell is everybody? Oh, Vito-baby, you done it again. New Year's Eve, too. Jesus!

(JIMMY enters, carrying groceries in a bag)

VITO (cont'd): Hey, what'd you tie me down for? Huh? Answer me, what'd you go and tie me down for? Huh? Hey, you didn't call the cops, did you? Did you? Listen, I got twenty-seven bucks in my pocket. You can have that. And I got two ounces of really good stuff, the strongest. Senegalese Thunderfuck, they call it. Come on, guy, I didn't do nothin' to you. Hey, how long you gonna keep me here? Come on, guy, give me a break! It's New Year's Eve!

(JIMMY has opened a bottle of champagne and is pouring himself a glass.)

VITO (cont'd): Whoopee. Your eyes. Yeah...and my ass! Hey, what about me? I'm thirsty. Even in jail they give you a lousy drink!

(JIMMY downs the champagne, picks up the garbage can, and circles VITO, beating on the can tom-tom style.)

JIMMY: Ung-gah! Ung-gah! Buana-Bongah! Ung-gah! Ung-gah! Buana-Bongah!

VITO: Oh, boy! OH, BOY! Wouldn't I have to get mixed up with a nut! Okay, joke over. So you caught me, but I didn't take nothin'. Let me up, let me outta here. What? You're not talkin' to me, is that the big scoop? You beat the shit outta me, knock me the fuck out, tie me up and - you're not talkin' to me! BFD - Big Fuckin' Deal. I shouldn't be talkin' to you!

(The telephone rings. JIMMY answers it.)

JIMMY: Hello...Oh, hi, Kate, sure I remember you - didn't we used to...Yeah...Yes, I'm okay.

VITO: Help! Help! I'm tied up, this crazy son-of-a-bitch has me tied up over here. Help, goddamit...Help me. Help.

JIMMY: You through? Ah-sorry, Kate...That?...Oh, That's just some little burglar I've got tied up...I'm not

kidding.

VITO: He's not kidding, goddamit!

JIMMY: Yes, I'm serious...Who do you think that is, Claire?...Oh, the television? She thinks you're the telly!

VITO: Fuckin' moron!

JIMMY: Kate, they don't say "Moron" on TV...I don't know, how would I know?...What's your name?

VITO: None of your fuckin' business.

JIMMY: Kate, hold on a second...

(JIMMY picks up an ice bucket and prepares to pour it over VITO'S head.)

JIMMY (cont'd): Or would you prefer it hot?

VITO: Okay okay...Vito!

JIMMY: Vito, what?

VITO: Vito Antonucci.

JIMMY: That's better - and careful the way you talk to me. Remember, you're not actually sitting in the catbird seat.

VITO: Huh?

JIMMY: Forget it, dumb-ass! Name's Vito...Do with him? Oh, who knows! I may chop him up in little pieces, wrap him in newspaper and deposit him in various garbage cans around the city. Remember when that sort of thing was in vogue?...No, I'm fine...Well, you call me when you get back from skiing and I'll let you know the final results...Oh, and watch that last jump, I hear it's a bitch!

VITO: Help! Help...

JIMMY: Batman and Robin signing off. *(JIMMY hangs up the phone.)* Vito Antonucci. Hmnn, I never did trust Germans.

VITO: Whack-oh fruitcake! Eighty-six the booze for you. My luck, wouldn't it be my luck! Vito-baby, you done it again.

JIMMY: Oh, thanks for the champagne – the \$27.00 I found in your pocket bought it.

VITO: You're a goddam pickpocket!

(JIMMY has set up a dinner tray and a microwaveable meal. He sits in front of VITO and begins to eat.)

JIMMY: Mum-mmm good!

VITO: You know what I wish? I wish I could puke right now! I'd just love to snap my cookies right in front of you. Blaaah!

JIMMY: Maybe you should take a course. Maybe at the New School. They offer courses in almost everything nowadays. You could enroll in Puking I, then, if you do well – go to Puking II. You might even take your masters in puking.

VITO: Boy, what I wouldn't give for a shot at you! I'd fuckin' total you.

JIMMY: Make up your mind, do you want to puke, or do you want to total me? That's the trouble with you young people today - can't make up your minds. And remember: the decision you make today might affect your entire life.

VITO: I think you're flippin'.

JIMMY: Of course I'm flipping, but you seem to be able to follow me – so what does that tell us about you!

VITO: I never saw nothin' like you for mean. Eatin' in front of a person. I didn't eat since last night. I'm goddamn hungry! Come on, I'm hungry!

JIMMY: Really?

VITO: Yeah, what do you think?

JIMMY: Well, let's see if we can't find something for you.

VITO: You kiddin'?

JIMMY: Would I kid you? We can scrounge up a little something. Nothing fancy. After all - got to keep you alive for the operation! Besides, I always feed the burglars, that's why they keep coming back. Here we go, a little mayonnaise, a dash of salt and pepper - you like garlic?

VITO: You kiddin'? It's our national flower.

JIMMY: Good. There, I think you'll be amused by its lack of pretension.

VITO: Huh?

JIMMY: Chin up. *(JIMMY starts feeding VITO with a spoon.)* There - that okay?

VITO: Damn right it is. I'm hungry. Hey, you gonna feed me the whole thing - like a little baby?

JIMMY: If that's what you want? Mangia, mangia!

VITO: Hey, gratzi, grazzi.

JIMMY: Che la luna Mezzo mare Momma mia Ma mari -da -da (*VITO joins in.*)

JIMMY/VITO: Che la luna Mezzo mare Momma mia-Pensa-che-tu!

JIMMY: Ey!

VITO: I don't fuckin' believe this! Man, that's good, what is it?

(*JIMMY gets up, walks to the refrigerator, and pulls out a can of cat food.*)

JIMMY: Well, let's see...Kontented Kitty.

VITO: Oh, Jesus! Achh!

JIMMY: Kontented spelled with a K - that's cute, isn't it? "Guaranteed to give Kitty's coat a high sheen and make kitty purr." Your hair looks better already. Can't quite make out the purr yet, but...

VITO: You crazy-ass bastard! Jesus, you...I'm glad I robbed you before. I'm fuckin' glad I did! Jesus, am I ever.

JIMMY: So you did, didn't you?

VITO: Twice, ripped you off twice, scraped you clean. And I'd do it again.

JIMMY: My book! All those pages - what did you do with them!

VITO: Threw 'em out. I thought there'd be some goodies in that box, nothin' but a lot of yellow pages with bullshit scribbled on 'em -

JIMMY: Bastard! You cretin bastard! Uck - look at you! You don't have to puke to ruin my appetite; just the sight of you is enough!

(*JIMMY storms out of the room mumbling to himself.*)

VITO: Tough shit - you turd!