

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead

by  
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INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

VITO is just coming to, barely stirs his head, mutters incoherently. After a moment or two he moves his head side-to-side, then lifts it up, sees his hands are tied, quickly tries to move, can't, looks behind him to see that he's securely strapped down. At first he struggles, turning, twisting this way, then that. After a while:

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!

Footsteps are heard outside the door. The door opens. JIMMY enters, carrying groceries in a bag, closes the door, stops on the entrance platform, grins at VITO.

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.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Vito Antonucci. Hmnn, I never did trust Germans.

VITO  
Whack-oh fruitcake! Eighty-six the booze for you.  
(MORE)

VITO (CONT'D)

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.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

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, gratzi.

JIMMY

Che la luna  
Mezzo mare  
Momma mia  
Ma mari -da -da

VITO joins in.

BOTH

Che la luna  
Mezzo mare  
Momma mia  
Pensachi 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

(Calling out to Jimmy)  
Tough shit - you turd!

Scene.