

MM
FF

10

ANALYZE THAT SCRIPT.

(Vitti sees the first door. Vittices everyone
standing at him. He notices his name.)

VITTI

How's it goin'?

(sees food on the table)

Oh, we got food. Good.

BEN

(quicks)

Paul?

(Vittibeliesup to the table. He eyes the food disdainfully)

VITTI

Oh, great. Jew food. Who do you have
to fuck to get some bacon around here?

BEN

(snags Vitti's arm)

Why don'twe go to my office? I'll
make you a plate.

CUT TO:

Ben and Vittienter. Vittistillin his robe.

VITTI

What is itwith your relatives? They
tend to overreact quite a bit.

BEN

I know. All you did was flash
everybody in the dining room.

VITTI

So? From the look of 'em, some of
those broads haven'tseen the old
salcicc in a long time. It'sgood
for them.

BEN

Well, when the paramedics revive my
Aunt Goldie, I'llbe sure to ask her.

Sit.

(Vitti runs for Ben's chair.)

BEN

Ah ah ah!

(He grabs Vitti the sofa and takes his own chair.)

BEN

So what are you going to do, Paul?

VITTI

What do you mean?

BEN

With your life.

VITTI

First I'm gonna find out who's tryin'
to kill me. I'm a target. Somebody
could shoot right through that window
-- blow my fuckin' head off.

(Ben sees that he's in the line of fire, gets up and moves out of the way.)

BEN

Okay, that's a priority. Have you
thought about what you're going to do for work?

VITTI

Yeah. I'm too big for a jockey so
I was thinkin' maybe a hairdresser.
They'll call me Mr. Paul.

BEN

Come on. There must be something you like to do.

VITTI

I like hitting a guy on the head with a baseball bat.

BEN

Oh, sporting goods. We'll check the want ads tomorrow
but don't get your hopes up. Anything else?

VITTI

Shylocking, bookmaking, unions, the usual --

BEN

Who are you?

VITTI

Who am I? I'm the guy who's paying you \$150 an hour to play these stupid fuckin' games. You know who I am.

BEN

I know that. I mean what are you?

VITTI

What do you mean, 'What am I?'

BEN

I just want to know how you see yourself.

VITTI

You're making me very fuckin' nervous.

BEN

Just answer the question. What are you?

VITTI

(snrugs)

I'm the boss.

BEN

Really? The boss of what -- Jelly?
You're not the boss of me. So what are you the boss of?

VITTI

You, you're good. I see what you're doing here.

BEN

What am I doing, Paul?

VITTI

You're pissing me off is what you're doing.
Look at me. It's starting again, the anxiety.

BEN

I understand.

BEN (CONT'D)

You've spent your whole life becoming
who you are and now you can't be that
anymore -- that's gotta be scary. If
you're not Paul Vitti the mob boss,
who are you? Vitti is at a loss..
Well, let's think. When you were a
kid, What did you want to be?

VITTI

I don't know. Who remembers that stuff?

BEN

You must've wanted to be something
when you were little -- fireman?

VITTI

No.

BEN

Baseball player?

VITTI

No.

BEN

Astronaut?

VITTI

No.

BEN

Al Capone?

VITTI

Yeah, maybe. What did you want to be?

BEN

We're not talking about me.

VITTI

I am.

BEN

Fine. I wanted to be a philatelist.

VITTI

You wanted to look up people's assholes all day?

BEN

No, Paul, I believe you're thinking of a proctologist. I wanted to collect rare and unusual stamps.

VITTI

You must've been a lot of laughs when you were a kid. Lonely, huh?

BEN

Oh yeah. Big time. So what did you want to be?

VITTI

It's stupid.

BEN

You afraid to tell me?

VITTI

Yeah, I'm afraid.

BEN

Then tell me. I'm not here to judge you.

VITTI

(a beat)

Okay. When I was really little--

(6)

like seven or eight -
maybe I wanted to be a cowboy.

BEN

A cowboy. Really?

VITTI

Yeah. My father gave me a cowboy
suit-- you know, the vest, the
chaps, the cap guns -- the whole
thing. And he used to take me up
to my uncle's farm in New Jersey
and lead me around on this pony.
Yippee-i-o. You happy now?

BEN

So you watched cowboy movies and TV
shows with your father.

VITTI

Everybody. The whole family. My
father loved 'Gunsmoke.'

BEN

Sheriff Dillon.

VITTI

(corrects him)

Marshal Dillon.

BEN

Marshal. So who were your favorite cowboys?

VITTI

This is so fuckin' retarded.

BEN

Paul!

VITTI

All right. Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, the Lone Ranger --

BEN

Interesting. They're all good guys.

VITTI

Yeah, I guess.

BEN

No, that's important. You didn't want to be the bad guy. You wanted to be the hero.

VITTI

Yeah, so?

BEN

So what happened?

VITTI

I don't know. Nothing happened.

BEN

So why didn't you become a cowboy?

VITTI

I lived in East Harlem! I joined a street gang when I was 12 and that was it.

BEN

Something else happened when you were twelve.

VITTI

What?

BEN

(prompting)

Something that made you very sad?

VITTI

The Dodgers moved from Brooklyn to L.A. Everybody took it pretty hard.

BEN

Something else.

VITTI

We playin' a guessing game here?

BEN

Paul! Your father was murdered!
Right in front of you. Remember?

VITTI

Do I remember? I think about it every
fuckin' day of my life. What's that
got to do with it?

BEN

It's got everything to do with it. He
gave you the cowboy suit. With a
white hat. He was in the mob, but he
wanted you to be a good guy, didn't he?

Vitti starts thinking about his father and starts to weep.

VITTI

Yeah. He did.

BEN

He didn't want you in the gang life.
He only did it himself so you wouldn't have to.
He was trying to buy you a better life than his.

VITTI

(crying harder)

He always said he wanted me to go to
college. I didn't even finish high school.

He really starts sobbing now.

BEN

Well, Paul, this could be a great
opportunity for you. You're right
back where you were when you were
twelve. You've got some big choices to make.

Vitti fights to regain control.