ANALYZE THAT SCRIPT.

VITTI
How's it goin'?

Oh, we got food. Good.

BEN
(quizzical)
Paul?

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

BEN

(raises voice)
Why don't we go to my office? I'll make you a plate.

CUT TO:

Ben and Vitti enter. Vitti still in his robe.

VITTI
What is it with 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't seen the old salciccio in a long time. It's good for them.

BEN
Well, when the paramedics revive my Aunt Goldie, I'll be sure to ask her.
Sit.

Vittori enters for the first time.

BEN

Ah ah ah!
He goes to Vittori 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. Someone 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 hittinga guy on the head with a baseballbat.

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
(sneer)
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—
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
SheriffDillon.

VITTI
(Mentally)
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.
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?

(Vittis 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.

(Ben 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.

(Vittis starts to regained control.)