

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A man named SONNY is tied to a chair. He is a bloody mess and seems to be scared for his life. Another man, VINNY, is standing over him, beating his ass. Actors should play these men as real italiano americano gabagools.

VINNY

Who's the RAT, Sonny??

Sonny looks Vinny in the eyes, looks down, and spits on his leather loafers.

SONNY

I ain't a snitch, Vin.

Vinny takes out a knife and grabs one of Sonny's fingers.

VINNY

Fangul! I ain't gonna ask again!!  
Who's the fucking rat??

Sonny is starting to cry but still will not crack.

SONNY

I ain't tellin ya...I ain't tellin  
ya...dear sweet lord in heaven please  
save me...

Vinny is about to cut off Sonny's finger when suddenly we hear another voice, causing both of the men to still.

V.O.

(squeaky)

I wouldn't do dat if I was you, Vin.

Suddenly, from under Vinny's hat, a RAT appears. Vinny is clearly the frightened one now, this rat is a big deal.

VINNY

What?? Boss?! I didn't know you was  
here.

RATATONY

(squeaky)

Yeah. It's me! Ratatony. And if you  
got any sense in that fuckin brain  
you'll put some respect on the name.

VINNY

(stammering)

Were you-? I don't-Gee Ratatony-

RATATONY

Yeahhhh I was the rat the whole time!  
Controlling our Sonny boy here by his  
rug. I can make him do anything I  
want. Talk to the cops, wear a wire,  
make a STEW.

VINNY

It's just uh I thought you was in the  
motherland, Ratatony. You know,  
mourning your brudda and all.

Ratatony begins to control Sonny with his hair. He is  
controlling the strings while Sonny does all the actions.  
Sonny takes a pack of tiny cheese sticks out from his blazer,  
places one in Ratatony's mouth and lights it. The tension is  
heavy.

RATATONY

Yeah that trap that what got my brudda  
was a real tragedy, Vin.  
Still...something still don't sit right  
with me.

Ratatony controls Sonny to grab two glasses, a thimble, and a  
bottle of scotch. Sonny pours three drinks and hands them to  
the men. Vinny looks scared of the drink.

RATATONY

Drink up, Vin. What? You think I put  
rat poison or somethin in there? Hah.  
Get a load of dis goombah. Thinkin I  
poisoned his drink.

VINNY

Nah, of course I trust you, Ratatony.  
I just-

RATATONY

You just? You just what Vinny!? I'm  
Ratatony. I'm the BIG CHEEEESE.

Ratatony controls Sonny to do the fingers pursed Italian hand  
sign for emphasis.

RATATONY CONT'D

You don't think I don't know everythin

that happens within this business? I  
KNOW IT WAS YOU, VIN!

Ratatony continues to pull on Sonny's rug, making him grab a switchblade out of his blazer. Sonny walks up to Vinny and holds the knife at his chest.

RATATONY

I know it was you that what trapped my  
brudda in that RAT TRAP. You know he  
can't resist a muzzarel!

Vinny is breaking down.

VINNY

I'm sorry, Tony. I'm sorry. I had to.  
He saw too much.

Ratatony controls Sonny to take off his leather glove and slap Vinny across the face. Vinny falls to the floor.

RATATONY

Maybe you did too much, Vinny. He was  
just a kid. You make me sick.

Ratatony controls Sonny to take out an old timey mobster gun.

RATATONY CONT'D

Any last words?

VINNY

No please...I can repent please,  
Ratatony. Don't do this. I'm on my  
knees beggin yas...PLEASE!

RATATONY

Y'Know my brudda had a saying "Anyone  
can cook."

Vinny is mumbling Catholic prayer under his breath.

RATATONY CONT'D

Well I got a similar saying..."Anyone  
can die."

Ratatony controls Sonny to shoot the shit out of Vinny. He shoots him like 55 times. Sonny stops shooting and there is a beat of silence. Ratatony starts to direct Sonny to walk towards the door.

RATATONY CONT'D  
C'mon, Sonny. Let's go to Bamonte's. I  
need some cheese.

FIN.