

Mafioso's

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old looking T.V set plays cartoons.

A coffee table covered with garbage sits by a couch. Two feet resting on the table now move to the floor.

The feet belong to a slightly overweight guy named EDDIE.

His hands tap his thighs nervously as he gazes at the table.

In the midst of the garbage lies a clear plastic bag, a clump of dried up mushrooms rests at the bottom.

With an exhale he leans forwards and picks up the bag then scoops out the content with a hand.

EDDIE

How many am I supposed to take?

He plucks one mushroom from the batch and twists it around, inspecting it.

Suddenly the front door opens and closes.

Eddie rams all the mushrooms in his mouth as the unknown person takes off their shoes.

He chews away at the mushrooms, face showing an utter dislike of the taste.

JACKSON walks into the living room and past Eddie, he speaks to him without stopping.

JACKSON

Hey man, how's it going?

EDDIE

(mouth full)

Good man...just sitting here watching some toons.

JACKSON

Enjoying the day off?

EDDIE

You bet!

Jackson walks off through an entrance into a kitchen.

EDDIE

So uh...how did the police school go today? Fire any weapons yet?

JACKSON (O.S)
No not yet, today was all about
drugs.

Eddie freezes momentarily.

EDDIE
Oh yeah?

JACKSON
Mainly about cocaine and meth.

He appears in the doorway looking at Eddie.

JACKSON
You ever Google the process of
making meth?

EDDIE
No?

JACKSON
It's ridiculous! Who the fuck has
time to figure THAT out?!

He goes back into the kitchen.

JACKSON (O.S)
What cartoon you watching?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER

Eddie is in the same position.

Jackson is laying down in a loveseat nearby, his legs hang
over the armrest.

JACKSON
Can't believe we still watch this
man.

Eddie watches as the images on T.V begin to pop out of the
screen.

He rubs his eyes, they don't go away.

EDDIE
(Amusingly)
Me too.

The cartoons on the T.V now seem to notice the living room,
they hang their heads out of it and look around perplexed.

Suddenly a doorbell rings snapping Eddie out of his trip.

JACKSON

Shit!

EDDIE

What...what is it?!

JACKSON

My family, forgot they were
stopping by.

He gets up from his seat and walks towards the front door.

JACKSON

They are Russian so if my brothers
are too loud or too friendly...I
apologize. My mother will be fine.

EDDIE

I should give you guys some privacy
then.

JACKSON

No, no it's fine, sit down.

He gently shoves Eddie back down on the couch and walks
past.

A beige face and two beige arms of a man appear out of the
COUCH behind Eddie, neither notice.

The hands of the couch move up and rest upon Eddie's
shoulders, rubbing them affectionately while softly easing
him back.

COUCH

You stay here with me big boy, I'll
take care of you.

EDDIE

(dumbfounded)

What?

Sounds of a scuffle at the front door break out.

Both the couch and Eddie's eyes are shifted over towards the
door, their heads stay perfectly still.

Then the couch moves it's face right next to Eddie's

COUCH
 (seductively)
 Sounds like some fun is here.

EDDIE
 Doesn't sounds like it to me.

The couch's mouth is right next to Eddie's ear.

COUCH
 Shush now, here they come!

Both the couch and Eddie turn their heads as Jackson and two men burst into the living room.

Jackson is held at knife point by an older looking man, a younger one stands on the other side of Jackson.

COUCH
 Oh now this is going to be a good day! I can just feel it.

Both men wear black trench coats. Jackson is visibly nervous.

JACKSON
 Eddie, this is Peter and Ivan.
 (nods at Eddie)
 This is Eddie.

Eddie waves with an uncertain smile and gets a smack from the couch.

COUCH
 Don't just wave at them, tell them to have a seat.

Eddie ignores the demand as he gets a slight nod and smile from PETER who speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

PETER
 Nice to meet you Eddie

IVAN only nods, straight faced.

PETER
 Oh don't worry about him, he's insane. Cut some girl's heart out the other day.
 (to Jackson)
 Let's go to kitchen and discuss some things.

The group starts walking towards the kitchen. Jackson still has the knife to his throat.

COUCH

Hey where are you guys going? I see three bums that needs a place to sit...and I have plenty of room.
(getting frustrated)
Come on you can talk here!

They exit the living room

COUCH

Fuck!

The couch immediately puts on a smile as he hugs Eddie

COUCH

I'll always have you though.

An older, evil looking woman VERA walks into the room.

COUCH

Here we go! Got one with years of experience right here.

EDDIE

(whispering)
Shut it!

Vera looks at Eddie with a glare

VERA

Who are you?

EDDIE

Um...Eddie...ma'am

Vera snorts out a laugh then proceeds to walk around the living room.

VERA

Ma'am? you look like queer.

Eddie lowers his gaze and keeps quiet.

COUCH

(appalled)
How dare she!
(to Vera)
This is a kind and gentle soul here.

Instantly the couch's shock turns to excitement. It's finger pokes Eddie's shoulder repeatedly.

COUCH

Get her to sit down. She's feisty.

VERA

You have nice place, it'll be a shame to make it messy, no?

EDDIE

Yes, absolutely, I agree.

The sounds of a heated discussion come from the kitchen, Eddie, the couch and Vera look over. She gives off an evil smile.

EDDIE

What's going on? What are they talking about?

COUCH

Sounds like it's getting hot.

VERA

They are talking about meth.

The three guys walk back into the doorway momentarily. Still in a heated discussion. Ivan is smacking Jackson in the head while Peter pokes him in the chest.

EDDIE

He did mention something about that today.

COUCH

Looks like they can use a nice long sit down.

Peter's face steadily gets angrier until he slams his body into Jackson's. Both men fly out of view.

Something made of glass smashes.

A thick flow of red liquid pools at the base of the doorway.

Jackson yells out in pain.

JACKSON (O.S)

Aaah!

Vera walks over to a hallway entrance shaking her head.

VERA
(towards the kitchen)
Can you boys not make a mess for
once in your life!

EDDIE
What's going on!?

COUCH
(terrified)
They're fucking killing him!

Eddie starts panicking.

EDDIE
What's happening?

Vera walks over towards a hallway entrance.

VERA
It's fine Eddie, leave them be. You
and I will clean up mess.

She exits the room.

JACKSON (O.S)
No...don't, please! Eddie, stop
her!

Eddie begins to breath heavily, he looks to the couch.

EDDIE
(panicked whisper)
Couch, what the fuck is happening?!

The couch looks to the ground heartbroken.

COUCH
Nobody is going to sit down.

Vera walks back into the living room holding a large jerry
can.

She shakes it back and forth sending it's contents splashing
all over the floor.

JACKSON (O.S)
Eddie....get the cops, hurry!

Eddie's eyes get larger with fear, he sees that Vera now has
his back to him. He rises steadily off the couch and
tip-toe's his way to the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A series of double unit homes line the side of a street.

A door to one of these blasts open, Eddie rushes out with pure terror on his face.

FADE OUT

A doorbell rings.

JACKSON (V.O)
Hey Eddie, these are my two
brothers.

FADE IN

INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter and Ivan stand close by Jackson, Peter has a arm wrapped around Jackson in a headlock. He gives Eddie a warm smile. He now speaks with a far lighter Russian accent.

PETER
Nice to meet you Eddie

Ivan only nods, straight faced.

PETER
Oh don't worry about him, he's in
pain. Some girl ripped his poor
heart out.
(to Jackson)
Let's go to the kitchen and catch
up.

They leave for the kitchen.

Vera, now looking like a sweet old lady, hobbles into the living room.

She spots Eddie and gives him a cheerful smile.

VERA
What is your name young man?

EDDIE
Umm...Eddie...ma'am.

VERA
Oh, you are such a dear.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The three guys walk into the Kitchen.

IVAN
So when are you going to tell him
Peter?

JACKSON
Tell me what?

Peter smiles at Jackson for a moment.

PETER
You know that calculus test I took
last week?

JACKSON
The one I helped you study for but
you kept getting distracted?

PETER
Guess what?

Jackson and Peter share a grin.

JACKSON
No.

Peter begins to nod his head.

Jackson gives him a playful shove knocking him backwards
into the doorway.

JACKSON
No! are you kidding me!?

INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie, seated on the couch, looks to the kitchen with
uncertainty.

EDDIE
What are they talking about?

VERA
Math.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JACKSON
That's awesome!

PETER
...and it's all because of you.

JACKSON
Well maybe a little.

PETER
Come here!

Peter spreads his arms and slams himself into Jackson in a big hug. Both guys fly back into a counter, knocking over a bottle of wine.

It smashes on the floor and begins to pool at the base of the living room doorway.

JACKSON
Aaahh!

VERA (O.S)
Can you guys try not to make a mess
for once in your lives.

JACKSON
Ivan, get some paper towels.

VERA (O.S)
You guys deal with that, We'll deal
with the mess in here.

JACKSON
What? No, mom you don't have to do
that. Eddie stop her.

INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vera walks back into the living room pulling along a vacuum cleaner.

VERA
Alright Eddie, you clean that
disgusting coffee table and I'll
vacuum up the room.

She doesn't wait for an answer, she plugs in the vacuum, turns it on, and starts cleaning moving it back and forth across the floor.

Eddie's eyes go from the wine spill to the vacuum cleaner in horror.

JACKSON (O.S)

Eddie, get a mop!

Eddie's sees that Vera's back is turned, he slowly gets up and tip-toe's to the front door.

A soon as his hand reaches the doorknob he he throws the door open and bolts out.

His yells can be heard over the hum of the vacuum cleaner.