

Vincent Moderilli Sides

INT. MODERILLI'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

VINCENT MODERILLI, an average looking Italian man stands near a bar cart pouring two drinks as Mitchell sits in front of his desk patiently.

MODERILLI

So, DeCarlo got pinched huh. That's a shame. But he was stupid, cocky, and always looking for the angle ya know. Seems to me you're better off.

MODERILLI walks back over to Mitchell and hands him his drink. He then walks around his desk and has a seat. Mitchell puts his feet up on the desk and Moderilli looks at them trying to hide his anger over the disrespect. Mitchell ignores him.

MITCHELL

All that might be true, but there's still the matter of my 50 thou.

MODERILLI

What can you do? The cops got it now. Just strike it up as a loss, lesson learned and let's move on.

Mitchell takes a sip of his drink, pissed over the casualness of his money.

MITCHELL

Well, then there's what's left of the million.

MODERILLI

What are you talking about?

MITCHELL

What am I talking about? I'm talking about the mil you and DeCarlo stole from me...

MODERILLI

Now wait a minute Mitchell, I don't know what that asshole told you but

I haven't stolen shit! Okay, I've been
in this with you since the beginning.
I'm the one person you can trust...

Mitchell sets his drink down and gets up and pulls his gun
from his side holster. It's equipped with a silencer.

MITCHELL

Give me the candy Vincent and we can
be friends again.

MODERILLI

What? I don't have it. Mitchell, I
did not steal from you. For God's
sakes put the gun down. Are you crazy?
I'm your friend. I helped you set this
whole thing up! Me! If you can't trust
me who can you trust? No one!

Mitchell comes around the desk and jacks Moderilli up with
his free hand. He quickly sucker punches him in the stomach
making him fall down.

MITCHELL

Come on Vincent, it's the Charlie
or the paper and you shall be free.

MODERILLI

Mitchell I didn't steal from you!
I swear on my mother!

Mitchell hits him across the side of the head with his gun
almost knocking him out.

MITCHELL

Get it now! Or the next one will put
you to sleep permanently.

MODERILLI, shakingly, points to the nearby closet. Mitchell
motions for him to get up. He walks over to it, opens the
door and grabs a large black duffel bag and drops it on the
floor in front of Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Open it!

Moderilli unzips the bag revealing stacks of money and two large bags of cocaine. It's easily a million dollars.

MITCHELL (cont)

Didn't have it huh?

MODERILLI

Mitchell that's mine, I've been saving it for a rainy day! You're stealing from me!

MITCHELL

Yeah? Well it's pouring.

Mitchell steadies himself and shoots Moderilli in the head. He falls down dead. Mitchell then grabs the bag and starts to exit. He quickly stops, picks up his drink and drinks it. Then puts the small glass in his jacket pocket and exits.