

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

Nothing's perfect, you know that.

JITTERS
Godfather one is.

ANTHONY
Not really, no.

Everyone looks at him like he's completely nuts.

JOEY
Get the fuck outta here. Godfather one is absolutely perfect and you know it.

ANTHONY
It isn't, I'm telling you.

BEANSY
Okay, Spielberg, how is it not perfect?

ANTHONY
It was Coppola you fucking idiot.

JOEY
Come on Anthony, how is it not perfect?

ANTHONY
Okay... Tom Hagen. Right? He fucked up in a big way with the restaurant hit in the Bronx.

JITTERS
Bullshit. That was Sonny.

ANTHONY
No, no, no... Sonny was a *capodusto*. Everybody knew that. He was a maniac. Tom Hagen knew that the old man did not want Michael involved in any criminal fucking behavior. Right?

JITTERS
Yeah, right.

ANTHONY
So, they had at least an hour or so before the meeting, right? Cause they had time to plant the gun, no?

BEANSY

Okay, I'm still with you.

ANTHONY

Alright, so here goes. If they had enough time to plant the gun behind the toilet, they had enough time to get two shooters in the restaurant having dinner at a nearby table. Right?

JITTERS

Yeah.

ANTHONY

Michael sits down with McCluskey and Sollozzo, they order wine and a little food. One of the shooters gets up to take a piss, and on his way by their table, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, he turns both their heads into bolognese. Nice, nice, just like that, and Michael's not implicated.

A big pause. All these morons process what Anthony just said.

IZZY

Oh my god, you're right, the fucking waiter could've clipped them both, for that matter.

JITTERS

I still say it's perfect.

BEANSY

I say you just ruined the greatest movie ever made.

ANTHONY

Say what you want. By the way, that didn't come from me, it came from the old man.

ON the guys, speechless. They all look like they just found out Santa wasn't real.

BEANSY

You know Anthony, you can be a real fucking asshole sometimes.