

Parking Cars

by

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EXT. PARKING LOT

Renzo Zizza is putting the finishing touches on a "Zizza Auto Repair Only" parking sign. A worker is painting a stripe down the middle of the parking lot. Angelo DiMartino comes out to observe. He gives a look of contempt to Zizza.

EXT. AUTOMOBILE

Trunk is open on an automobile. Another automobile is parked next to it. A white male, 6', Dale, med build, well tailored suit, sunglasses takes a drag off a Tiparillo cigar. A woman, blonde, Tina, is in the background behind him. He moves a trashbag slightly and looks away to avoid the odor. Tina coughs at the repulsive odor and walks away from it. The man lifts the body into the trunk. He puts the Tiparello out on the edge of the car then tosses the cigarillo into the trunk, then goes to the drivers door opens it starts the car and drives off. Tina does the same.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Angelo DiMartino is putting the finishing touches on a "DiMartino Auto Repair Only" parking sign. Zizza is staring, his hands on hips.

INT. AUTO SHOP

The sound of wrench hitting metal, then an air ratchet, then impact wrench, then a hammer, then a file on Metal. The sequence continues and establishes a musical beat.

Paulo

(Singing)

Tiiiiime to move the cars.

Rhythm of sounds continues.

Mooove them to the lot.

Because theeeeeeres no business like car business like
no
business I knooooow.

Camera pans back. Renzo Zizza is writing at a service counter. Paulo is in a car starts it and backs it out of the station. Tina walks in. Her car is outside near the entrance.

Zizza

Yes Maam. May I help you.

Tina

Yes. I called about a transmission fluid change.

Zizza

I....I don't see a name down here for a fluid change.

Tina

Well I wanted to leave the car all day.

Zizza

Oh.....well. If you want to leave the car, then I think we can work it in. I need some information.

Tina

I am in a bit of a hurry. I have a ride waiting on me.

Zizza

Ok. Well give me name and number.

Tina

Miss Jones. My number is (913) 362-9336
Here is the key.

Zizza

Fine. We will call you when its ready.

Zizza takes key. Puts a string and label on it and Motion for Paulo.

Where did Pavorati go? I got a car to move.

Guy 1

He's next door. Parking for Angelo.

Zizza

(Under his breath)
DiMartino. That bastard is always messin up my
business.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF ANGELO DIMARTINO

Paulo is in a car and pulls it to the front of the shop. Paulo is rolling the window down on a car. Car door is open. Customer is there. Paulo holds the door open for them. DiMartino's mechanics are nearby.

Paulo

Let your soul take you where you want to Beeeeeeeee.

DiMartino's mechanics stop while Paulo holds the note...midway through the note, they simultaneously begin to move going back to their chores.

Only then can your driving be carefreeeeee.

Customer enters car holding a receipt, hands it to Paulo and drives off.

DiMartino
Hey son of Figero. Come get this gentleman's. He's dropping it off for a....

Dale
(Immaculately tailored suit, smoking a Tiparello cigar)
Oil Change. (Hands key over to DiMartino)

DiMartino
Yeah. Oil change. Come get this one next.

Paulo
(Singing to Frank Sinatra tune "Fly me")
Drive me Drive me. Lets Drive away.

Paulo takes the key, opens the door and starts to sit in the drivers seat and sees a package of cigars. He takes them out and hands them to the man.

Paulo
(singing)
Smoke gets in my eyes when I try to drive.

Man
Oh.....keep them. Consider it my tip.

Paulo shrugs his shoulders and slips them into his pocket.
Paulo drives the car out of the shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND THE SHOP

Paulo is parking the Lady's car. Guys outside on DiMartino's lot see him.

Man 1
Paulo that is rank.

Man 2
What stinks so bad in that car.

Paulo
I don't know what you talk about.
I can't smell.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND THE SHOP

Paulo is parking the Gentleman's car. Guys outside on Zizza's lot see him. Paulo exits the car singing.

Paulo
Figero. Figero. Figeroooooo.

Guy 1
Hey Paulo. What's that smell?

Guy 2
(Nerd-like appearance)
That is really rank.

Guy 3
What is rotten. Geeze.

Paulo
I don't know. I just park em.

Guy 2
Its got to be coming from that car you just parked.

Workers appear from DiMartino's lot.

Man 1
Hey. You guys got something stinking on your lot.

Guy 3
Not from our lot. Its from that Car Paulo just parked.

Man 2
You guys talking about that odor.

Zizza's employees slowly walk toward the two cars.

Man 1
I think its coming from that car

Guy 2
Not on our lot.

More of DiMartino's employees come to the area.

Man 3

Yeah. Look at the wind. Its coming from over there.

Guy 1

I think you guys should move that car.

Guy 2

Do something with it.

Man 2

Its your car. Not ours.

Argument gets louder and escalates.

Total Confusion.

DiMartino and Zizza walk out of their shops in a huff.

DiMartino

(Walking out of shop to the parking lot)
What's going on here?

Zizza

(Walking out of shop to the parking lot)
What's the commotion all about?

Guy 2

Its coming from that car.

Man 2

You can tell. Its that car.

DiMartino

(Walking out of the shop to the parking lot)
I hope there is an explanation for the party back here.

Zizza

(Walking out of shop to the parking lot)
I don't pay you clowns to socialize. Oh Mother of God
what stinks. (Covers his nose and mouth)

Guy 1

There is a stink coming from that car on his lot.

Zizza

He's Right. DiMartino. Move your stink bomb.

Man 2

It's not our car. It's yours (pointing).

DiMartino
He's right. Its that car. Zizza you got the stinker.
That ain't surprising. Somebody move that car.
Paulo. Paulo move that car.

Zizza
Paulo, don't you touch that car. (pointing) Move that
car.

DiMartino
Don't you lay an italian finger on that car. Move that
car (pointing).

Zizza
Okay, that's it. You want a piece of me DiMartino. You
got it. (Puts his hands up in Queensrow boxing style)

DiMartino
Zizza. I whipped you in the 4th grade and I'm gonna do
it again. (Puts hands up to box)

Paulo stands between them.
Employees restrain each man.

Zizza
Let me at him.

DiMartino
I know what I am gonna do. I 'm gonna call the Health
Department.

Zizza
Oh yeah. Oh Yeah. Well I got one Big reason why you
ain't.

DiMartino
Oh Yeah. Why's that?

Zizza
Cause I'm calling them first.

Both men hurry off to the inside of their shops.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND THE SHOP

Nerdy lady and man arrive at the back car lot. The are dressed
semi-professionally and are carrying clipboards. Woman is in late
50's. Man is younger.

Health Dept. Lady
I think we need to have them both opened up.

Health Dept. Man
(holding handkerchief over mouth)
Yes. We can't tell which trunk it is.
You need to open them both.

DiMartino
Open his first.

Zizza
No. Open his stinkbomb.

Health Dept. Lady
How about together. Same time boys.

A mechanic from each shop steps forward and looking away out of disgust from the odor. They simultaneously pop open the trunk. Everyone looks simultaneously. All workers, turn away from the horrid affluent arising from the trunks of the cars. The Health Dept. Lady is unfazed and begins to light a cigarette.

Health Dept. Man
(holding handkerchief over mouth)
I believe those are human remains.
(Looking at clipboard) Which category is this Mrs. Malcheski.

Health Dept. Lady
Looking at the multiple gunshots, I would say homicide.
Double homicide.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND THE SHOP

Police are zipping up the second of two body bags. Police are milling all around the crime scene.

Detective
So some lady you have never seen before just hands you this car and key. No name or anything?

Zizza
She was in a Hurry.

Detective.
No address. No work phone?

Zizza
I ain't sayin nothin more. Ask that guy how come he has
a body in his trunk.

Detective
I will get to Mr. DiMartino in a minute.

Zizza
Ask him how come he was soo anxious for me to open the
trunk. Ask him.

Detective
He wanted you to open your trunk?

Zizza
(Lowering his head and voice)
Like he know something was wrong.
(Points at the detective in a matter of fact manner)

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF DIMARTINO

DiMartino is leaning on the work desk. He has a cup of coffee
dangling from a hand.

DiMartino
So do I need my lawyer for this?

Detective
Got something to hide.

DiMartino
I got nothing to hide. But I'm just asking.
You spend an hour talking to Zizza, then come over here
and ask me about my temper.

Detective
Well, Mr. Zizza said you are known to take your temper
out on others.

DiMartino
Oh Yeah, well let me tell you about Mr. Zizza okay?
We were in the service together?

Detective

Military you mean?

DiMartino

Yeah. The Army. We were in the 32nd Airborn together.
(Hushing to a very low voice) He's got a few things,
that not many people know about.

Detective

Oh?

DiMartino

(Motions to Detective to come closer as if telling a
secret.) What's a good way to put this.....
The man is a cold blooded killer.

Detective

Oh yeah?

DiMartino

I know. I seen it.

Detective

I see. And this was when?

DiMartino

In the big one. WWII.

Detective

Well not so sure that means much now. What happened?

DiMartino

was
some
We were working in the kitchen. There was a dog that
getting into the trash. Cute little pup. Zizza watched
him. Like a madman watching his victim. He set out
grease. Baited him like a cat with his prey. Then he
lunged. He killed him. With his bare hands.

Detective

He strangled it?

DiMartino

Shot it with his service revolver. Bare hands...same
thing.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF ZIZZA

Zizza

He said what! That dog had rabies and could have bitten him. I saved DiMartino's worthless life.

Detective

Like I said. I am just trying to get to the facts.

Zizza

Well did DiMartino ever tell you this was not the first time he locked a body in a trunk?

Detective

No. Why did he do that?

Zizza

(Motioning to his head)

Well I personally don't think he's all there.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF DIMARTINO

DiMartino

Body in a trunk? That crummy no good for...
Well I tell you this, I wouldn't have if he hadn't chopped the arm off.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF ZIZZA

Zizza

consider Well when he puts his displays on my property, I
that trespassing.

Detective

Displays?

Zizza

Yeah displays. DiManiaco over there had this goofball idea to dress up a store mannikin like a mechanic and put him on the sidewalk for cars to run over. Idiot.

Detective

I think I need for you to come with me to the station.
Answer a few questions.

Zizza glares at the Detective.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF DIMARTINO

DiMartino
So, what kind of questions?

Detective
Basic stuff.

DiMartino
I see. And should I have my lawyer there?

Detective
Sure. Your choice.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF DIMARTINO

Man 3
Paulo. Angelo letting you park cars again?

Paulo
He says he is thinking about it.

Man 3
You know what your problem is?

Paulo
You need to stop letting people push you around.

Man 2
(Walking into vicinity of conversation)
He's right. Angelo and Mr. Zizza both will respect you
if you stand up to them.

Man 3
Yeah. Toughen up a bit Paulo.

Man 2
Yeah. Toughen up.

A Harley Davidson drives into the shop. Both Mechanics turn and walk towards the motorcycle.

Paulo
(scratching chin and pondering)
Toughen up?

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF DIMARTINO

A woman (30's or 40's) is pacing in front of DiMartino. She is dressed professionally. A lawyer, Joey Cadillo (40's), hair slicked back, nice tailored suit is standing nearby with his arms folded.

Daughter
Papa. You have to listen to him. He knows what he is talking about.

Cadillo
Just a nice simple Italian suit.

DiMartino
Okay. I understand. I need to dress like I am going to a funeral. Who knows Maybe I am. Maybe my own.

Daughter
Just a suit and tie Papa. Its a makeover!

DiMartino shrugs his acceptance.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO SHOP OF ZIZZA

Zizza is sitting in a chair. His lawyer, Michael Altoro, well dressed, is standing behind him.

Altoro
Mr. Zeo.

Zizza
Zizza.

Altoro
Whatever. We take pride in our personal service to our clients. And as your attorney, I must advise you to

change your image.

Zizza
What is wrong with my image?

Altoro
You give this.....this.....image of a....a.....guy who runs an auto shop.

Zizza
And there's a problem with that?

Altoro
We need for you to look like a businessman, not a thug.

Zizza
And how do I do that?

Zizza inspects himself as Altoro talks.

Altoro
New clothes. Hair cut. Shoes....A little style.

Zizza gives dumfounded stare.

FADE TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM

Police Detective and his assistant are seated. Mr. DiMartino and his lawyer, Joey Cadillo enter first. Then Renzo Zizza and his lawyer, Michael Altoro. All four are dressed in black suits, black dress shirts and black ties.

Cadillo
Before we get started Detective. I would like for you to know that Mr. DiMartino knows nothing about the alleged incident or the alleged body and has nothing to say.

DiMartino nods his head affirming what Cadillo said.

Altoro
Yes and may I express my client's similar sentiment.

Zizza nods his head affirming what Altoro said.

Detective

here I thought we had an understanding. That's why we are
in your office. I thought your clients agreed to assist
in the investigation.

Both lawyers look at each other and shrug shoulders.

Altoro
We are. We are here.

Detective
Okay. Lets try some simple questions. What time did
each of you get to work the day of thethe
....incident.

Zizza turns to Altoro. They huddle for a brief conversation.

DiMartino turns to Cadillo. They huddle for a brief conversation.

DiMartino
I got nothing to say. Nothing.

Zizza
Same here. I got nothing to say. Nothing.....although
I could tell you stories about that one (pointing at
DiMartino).

DiMartino
What? What stories you got Zizza?

Zizza
I got nothing to say. Nothing.

Detective
Nothing?

Zizza
Not a word. Nothing.....Nothing except that man is a
killer (points at DiMartino).

DiMartino rises and lunges for Zizza. Altoro stops him.

DiMartino
You want to take me on? Well you got it Zizza.

Zizza
You got it old man. Let me at him.

Zizza rises and lunges for DiMartino. Cadillo stops him. Both

lawyers restrain their clients.

Detective

So maybe I should lock em both up in a cell and let them sort out the facts.

Cadillo

You guys are acting like kids.

Altoro

Definitely. Like kids.

Zizza

He started it. He gave me a look.

DiMartino

Maybe I saw a goofball.

Zizza

Maybe you need your eyes adjusted.

Detective

This is getting nowhere.

Altoro

Can't we trust you two to be civilized. Even for a little bit. Just because you have a disagreement doesn't mean you have to get nasty. Take Joey here. He and I have had hundreds of cases against each other and you don't see us trying to get into a fist fight.

Cadillo

Absolutely Mikey. We agree to disagree like gentlemen.

Altoro

Even though it may get nasty. We are civil.

Cadillo

And believe me. Mikey can get quite nasty.

Altoro

wrote What do you mean, "quite nasty?" I think you Joey, the book on "nasty."

Cadillo

Oh yeah, you got something you been meaning to tell me? Because if you have Joey, by all means, lets hear it.

Detective

Gentlemen. Gentlemen. Why do I feel I am watching a Godfather movie? Can I speak with you gentlemen privately for a second?

Cadillo and Altoro look at each other.

Altoro
Yes Detective. We will be out in a second. If you will excuse us please.

Detective
Of course. (Gives a long stare to each.)

Detective Exits.

Altoro
Gentlemen, what did we discuss?

Cadillo
As, Mr. Altoro and I have told you. You win as a team, lose as a team.

Altoro
You both are diggin a hole for each other. You realize that? I thought you two grew up together?

Zizza
We did.

DiMartino
We did.

Cadillo
You both went to school together?

Zizza
We did.

DiMartino
We did.

Altoro
And I understand you too even went to war together?

Zizza and DiMartino look at each other.

DiMartino
Don't start Zizza.

Zizza brushes his hand in a gesture of "don't bother" to DiMartino.

Cadillo
So you two want to be civilized while we talk to the
nice policeman? (Extends hand.) After you Mikey.

Cadillo and Altoro exit.
Zizza and DiMartino pretend to look the other way as if the other one is not there.

Zizza
So.

DiMartino
So.

Zizza
So.

DiMartino
So. How is AnnaMaria?

Zizza
Good. She's good. Was that your daughter Rosa I saw yesterday?

DiMartino
Yeah. That was her.

Zizza
A fine young lady you have there.

DiMartino
Yeah. (Chuckles) Guess I did something right.

Zizza
Yeah.

DiMartino
She's worried you know?

Zizza
Oh yeah. Worried?

DiMartino
She thinks this thing here can be bad. She's worried about jail.

Zizza

Well like I told the man here. I got nothin to say.

DiMartino

Yeah. Sure you do.

Zizza

What? I don't know what you do to customers when you
get mad.

DiMartino

You think I killed these people?

Zizza

I don't know nothin.

DiMartino

Renzo Zizza you look me in the eye and say that.

Zizza

I ain't gotta look anyone anywhere.

DiMartino

Uh huh. Like I thought. Just like I thought. Thirty
years and you are still mad.

Zizza

I know a madman when I see him.

DiMartino

One glass. One glass. I break one glass and I never
hear the end of it.

Zizza

It is not the glass.

DiMartino

Then what is it Renzo?

Zizza

You!! (pause) never said you're sorry.

DiMartino

For crying out loud. It was just a glass.

Zizza

(beginning to anger)
Just a glass. Just a glass. Correct me if I am wrong,
but it was a glass that was given to me by a decendent
from the Calzone family.

DiMartino

Yeah Yeah.

Zizza

And that is the family that invented Calzones.

DiMartino

You don't know this to be true. Some old man happy the war is over tells you a story.....

Zizza

(interrupting)

I know it was my glass. I know I carried it across Europe and back. I know it went through the battle of the bulge.

DiMartino

I know. I went through the battle of the bulge.

Zizza

I went through the battle of the bulge.

DiMartino

I went through the battle of the bulge.

Zizza

And you had to tell them the dog story didn't you.

DiMartino

Seemed like a nice dog to me.

Zizza

He had rabies. He was foaming at the mouth.

DiMartino

He was eating from the trash.....it was....
Okay. Nevermind. All I know is thirty years you would think you could forget a glass.

Zizza

You never apologized.

DiMartino

And if you had not been so mean toward Guisipina, I wouldn't have thrown it.

Zizza

I thought I was doing you a favor. As your best man I had a duty to give advice.

DiMartino
A favor?

Zizza
Yeah. A favor.

DiMartino
(Mockingly)
So "She's going to be a big cow just like her mother" is
doing me a favor.

Zizza
(Shrugging shoulders)
Well you know.....And thank god I was wrong.

DiMartino
You were wrong. My Guisipina. God rest her soul.

Both men for a cross motion with their hands across their chests.

Zizza
We have had some good women Angelo.

DiMartino
That we have.

Zizza
And that daughter of yours. What a looker she is.

DiMartino
Just like her ma.

Zizza
Yeah. (Zizza stands and stretches)

DiMartino
Yeah... (Very long pause. Looking down at his hands.)
I.....I.....I am sorry.

Zizza
Huh?

DiMartino
About the glass.....I said I'm sorry.

Zizza
You mean it.

DiMartino

Sure I mean it.I just get mad sometimes.

DiMartino stands and extends his hand to Zizza.

Friends?

Zizza

I can't believe it. Angelo, My old friend.

Zizza stares at him then takes his hand. They continue shaking hands and begin to hug each other with their other hand.

Detective and lawyers begin to enter the room.

Detective

That is exactly what I am talking....

Altoro

But we need to understand that....

Cadillo

Under the 5th Amendment....

Zizza

You know if you were a girl what I would do?

All stare in disbelief.

Detective

Huh?

Altoro

Huh?

Cadillo

Huh?

Zizza

Kiss you on the lips.

They both laugh. The detective and lawyers immediately exit the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF AUTO SHOP

A car pulls up. Paulo gets out. A young girl stands forward and extends her hand for the key. An older gentleman, her father, steps forward and goes anxiously to the passenger side. He stares at Paulo.

Father
(very mean tone)
Now make sure you do as I told you.

Chains
Yes. I know.

Chains takes the keys from Paulo and begins to open the door.

Paulo
You sure you're old enough to drive?

Father
(Meanly to Paulo)
Why are you worried about it?

Paulo
(defensively) I....I'm not. So what's your name?

Chains
Chains.

Paulo
Cool Name.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM

Police Detective and his assistant, DiMartino, Cadillo, Zizza, and Altoro are seated

Cadillo
So you see my client never really ever had physical possession of the vehicle.

Detective
So who did?

DiMartino
Paulo. He parks all the cars.

Zizza

Same here. He parks for me too.

Detective

I see. And how long did he have the..... Lincoln, Mr. DiMartino.

DiMartino

(Looking as if an idea has come to him)
Come to think of it. It was a long time.

Zizza

Same here with that Mercedes. In fact an unusually long time.

DiMartino

And now that you mention it. Paulo does do unusual things.

Detective

Oh? What kind of things.

DiMartino

Well he gives an unusual look (Distorts his face).

Zizza

And then he starts saying weird stuff.

Detective

Weird? In what way?

Zizza

Like its supposed to be a song.

DiMartino

Yeah almost like an opera singer is taking over his
body.

Zizza

Come to think of it he has always been a loner. Quiet you know. Always keeps to himself.

DiMartino

Always smoking those small cigars now. I hate that smell.

Detective

Small cigars?

Zizza

Yes that smell is horrible.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF AUTO SHOP

Two mechanics are walking into the shop and they see Paulo walking.

Paulo has dark sunglasses on, biker gloves and chains on his neck.

Guy 1

Hey Paulo. Hey what's with the shades.

Guy 2

And the threads too.

Paulo

Its my new image.

Guy 2

What Paulo the biker.

Paulo

Chains. My name is now chains.

Guy 1

Hey sure thing Paulo.

Paulo

(Taking out a tiparello and lighting it)
Get your motor running.

Detective and two uniformed officers appear.

Detective

Hold it right there.

The two officers each take an arm of Paulo.

Detective removes the tiparello and looks at it.

You are under arrest.

One officer handcuffs Paulo, the other begins to pat Paulo for weapons.

You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot.....

Paulo is placed in the back of the police car.
Police car drives off.