

**DAD:** And once her kingdom was safe from the treacherous dragon, the princess lived happily ever after. The End. *\*closes book\** Alright sweetheart, time for bed.

**SALLY:** *\*whining\** Daddy, daddy, no not yet ! I'm not ready to go to sleep yet, will you please read me another one.

**DAD:** But Sally, this is the third book we've read tonight! It's already 11pm, and you have school tomorrow. We'll read more tomorrow night, okay? *\*goes to turn off the lights\**

**SALLY:** *\*blurts out\** WAIT! Don't turn the lights out yet! I-I'm scared...

**DAD:** Aw, honey, what are you scared of?

**SALLY:** *\*quietly\** There's a mobster under my bed.

**DAD:** A monster? Under your bed?!? I thought we put monster traps under there!

**SALLY:** *\*rolls eyes at dad joke\** Not a monster, silly. A *mobster*.

**MOBSTER:** *\*from under the bed\** Badabing badaboom

**DAD:** *\*jumps back in shock\** W-what?! Who are you?!? How'd you get in here?

**MOBSTER:** Much like the U.S. border when we came over from the Boot, your downstairs window was wiiiiiiide open!

**DAD:** Well, you can't stay here under my daughter's bed. What's it gonna take to get you out from under there?

**SALLY:** An offer he can't refuse?

**MOBSTER:** Actually, the Godfather created a very damning stereotype of Italian Americans. In fact, Sally, I find your remark quite offensive.

**DAD:** But you are a criminal, correct?

**MOBSTER:** Well that's neither here nor there.

**DAD:** Why didn't you tell me about this man Sally?

**SALLY:** Well you told me that I'm too old to believe in mobsters, so Paulie has been sleeping under my bed for a while now.

**DAD:** No, I said Monsters, not mobsters. What do you want anyways?

**MOBSTER:** Let's just say me and Sally here got a little business to discuss.

**SALLY:** Yeah, some *personal* business.

**DAD:** What kind of "personal business" are we talking about here? Hopefully nothing that could possibly incriminate me or my daughter.

**MOBSTER:** Is this fuckin guy wearin' a wire or something?

**SALLY:** You wouldn't understand dad, this is a *family* matter. Let's just say Paulie is just looking out for our best interest.

**MOBSTER:** Yeah, just think of us like family! We're looking out for ya, I promise. We even bring you guys leftovers every Sunday, make sure you get fed

**DAD:** Is that where all that ziti and meat sauce has been coming from?! I thought your mom was bringing them back from the PTA meetings

**MOBSTER:** Nah, you think those broads could make a veal parmesan like my goomah does?! No one does it better than her.

**DAD:** This is ridiculous, Sally we need to leave now.

**SALLY:** Woah slow down there Dad. We're not done discussing our business. *\*shoos DAD out of the room, he leaves\**

**SALLY:** *\*Turns to mobsters and takes on tone of like boss instead of little girl\** So what's the fuckin deal huh Paulie? You pay me rent and I give you protection. It would be quite unfortunate for you guys if you were to neg on this little deal of ours.

**MOBSTER:** I'm so sorry Don Sallyvatore, we'll never be late with our payments again.

**SALLY:** Good, because if you do instead of sleepin' under my bed you're gonna be sleepin' with the fishes.