



Another Big Night

By

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<http://n3zen.com/scrnplay/>

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ANOTHER BIG NIGHT

This fan fiction spec script is an imagined sequel to the classic film "Big Night" (1996) which was written by Stanley Tucci and Joseph Tropiano. Some script formatting, such as "MORE", has not been included as this is intended to be a "story script" not a "shooting script", for now. All dialogue in [brackets] are language translation subtitles.

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It is now July 1980. It's been 23 years since the first film. Primo is now 67 years old and Secondo is 60.

TITLE CARD "i primi"

EXT.NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND, NY.CITY STREET - SUMMER MORNING

Camera makes its way down a quiet street to give a look at the front of an old brick two story building. The first floor with a large glass window has "Pair O' Dice Pizzeria" and a large pair of dice painted on it. The camera continues through the restaurant's front door.

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - FRIDAY MORNING 10:00AM

It's a small *trattoria*, the first thing you notice is an open kitchen with a wood fired pizza oven right behind the counter. A marble topped prep station to the side with an old pulley powered stand mixer, two door metal fridge, old wooden dough proofing cupboard, and a soda fountain with big red plastic cups (these are the old school plastic tumblers, not Solo cups!).

The seating area is small with stools at counters all around at the large windows and every window has huge trays of genovese basil growing in them. Mosaic b&w tiny tiles on the floor, hanging stained glass lamps, gorgeous flowers arranged in old wine carafes on the counters, punk rock posters and original art on the walls and some wacky sculptures around the place.

A Mickey Mouse Clock on the wall that plays a beeping theme every hour.

We hear slaps, moans, punching and slamming coming from the kitchen.

Meet the girls, both in their mid 20s. DIANA is a small quiet mousy brunette wearing a chef's tunic and cloth napkin tied around her neck, hair up in a bun and tortoise shell glasses. DONNA is a tall girl wearing a NY Knicks jersey marked "#1 Pilaggi" under denim coveralls. She has a huge head of curly hair surrounded by a 3 color terry cloth headband and a quick smile. Donna is either running at 100 mph or not at all. Both are sweating, the kitchen is damn hot.

DONNA

You son of a bitch!

DIANA

Donna, don't hurt the baby, don't hit her! Caress and finesse!

The girls are working to get ready for the day. Bringing out yesterday's dough and punching it down. Donna is mixing dough with Crisco, yeast starter, flour, and water into the dough stand mixer. We get a quick shot of the mixer's red Dymo label on it stating "Lefty". Diana is two handed balling tomorrow's dough and checking and preparing today's. Donna moves onto patting yesterday's risen dough when it comes out of the proofer cabinet.

DONNA

Like a chubby babies' ass! (gesturing at Diana's chest) Madonna miseria it's a hot one today! Di, how are the girls going to like this?

Diana reaches into her chef's tunic and pulls from her cleavage two small leather satchels hanging around her neck on a thong.

DIANA

Biga and Poolish? They should be fine, I fed them both this morning when I got the starter going. They like the heat and the damp. And honestly I'm so tuned into their smell I would know if they weren't happy.

DONNA

I think it's you that stinks, not the girls.

DIANA

(nervous ranting)

What, really!? Cause if it's me that smells, you have to tell me. Honestly, no kidding around about it. Don't spare my feelings. We are family, we are cousins and we have to tell each other the truth. I need to know this. No joking, no making fun, tell me what I need to know. Do I stink?

DONNA

(dead pan) Secondiana, I tell you as family. You stink.

DIANA

(calmly) Thanks Primadonna, but I already knew that. it's a hot one today.

Next is an "A-Team Montage" where the girls work hard to get ready for the day.

Donna is focused on bringing in wood from out back and starting the pizza oven fire. She places a big bundle of paper plates and wax paper that was used to serve food and uses a zippo to start the fire.

The dough for the day is finished and set aside and now Di's attention turns to the sauce. Diana is making a Sicilian oregano and garlic infused oil. She is shaking the husks off of garlic cloves in a jar and then crushing them with her chef's knife.

Finished she then cleans her hands with a metal spoon and a lemon. While Diana is checking and seasoning the sauce Donna tries to sneak a spoon in the pot for a taste and gets a brutal hand slap.

Donna takes a small round of dough from the proofing cabinet and begins to knuckle it out into a pizza crust shape working on the marble countertop to keep the dough cool. She then puts it on the wooden peel and then adds the oregano & garlic oil. The slices of mozzarella di bufala are artfully placed, then some crumbles of ricotta to finish it off.

With a quick jerk of the wood peel to unstick it, Donna slides the pie into the oven. She then stands there staring into the flames counting off to the silent clock ticking in her head. She switches the wood peel for the metal one and starts to check on the pie, turning it to get even exposure to the heat and checking under the crust's edges for color.

Meanwhile Diana is tearing up some genovese basil leaves and getting the Pecorino Romano out from the cooler.

Somewhere between 60 and 90 seconds later Donna very quickly uses the metal peel to pull out the pie and spin around to the counter.

DONNA

Di, behind! Up top!

Diana quickly ducks down as Donna spins around and plops the steaming hot pizza onto the counter and onto a paper plate. Diana then pops back up and adds some Pecorino Romano, basil leaves, a dusting of chili pepper flakes and a light drizzle of oil from an unmarked bottle. The basil leaves curl up from the heat. And there you have "*pizza bianca*".

Donna again stops and lets the clock in her head tick away while both girls stare at the pie and wait. Diana is fidgeting, we do a cut to show time passes.

DIANA

Now?

DONNA

Not yet, almost.

DIANA

Now!?

DONNA

And 119...120. Yes, now.

Donna takes the *mezzaluna* and deftly slices the pie into four slices, she hands one to Diana and takes one for herself. They face each other, fold the slice lengthwise, and take a bite.

DONNA

(chewing) Too much cheese.

DIANA

(chewing) Too much oil.

DONNA

(swallowing) And I burnt it.

DIANA

Yup, you did, way to go *Terza [Third]*. But all that aside, it's perfect.

DONNA

Nope, not perfect. Not today. Close but needs work. Love the finishing oil though.

DIANA

Well..*brutta ma buona!?* [*bad but good!?*]

Donna crumples up the paper plate into a ball, grabs the wooden peel and spins it around like she's a ninja and smacks the paper plate ball across the kitchen into a garbage can.

DONNA

Two points.

An ugly ass bulldog/pitbull/poodle cross mutt of a dog waddles in from the courtyard outside behind the kitchen. He smelled food.

DIANA

(cooing) Good Morning Polpette. Who's a good puppy? Who's the best guard dog ever? Here, a slice for the puppy.

Polpette pretty much eats the slice in one gulp and then yawns. Then Donna yawns. Then Diana yawns.

DONNA

I think we are ready for tonight. Except that we are running out of cheese, that roof is leaking again and I think I need wood. *Sempre uguale [always the same]*. Nap?

DIANA

Yup, *sempre uguale*. Sooo nap.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA COUNTER - FRIDAY EARLY EVENING

Today's first wave of customers are lining up out the door. It is a mix of punk rockers, Wall Street businessmen and middle-age disco freaks lined up.

The customers know the drill, this is like a grade school cafeteria. They line up from outside up to the counter in a single file and are orderly. They know what they want and already have money in hand.

DIANA
(without even looking up)

Two dollars please, thank you. Have a nice night.

She slides the steaming slice on it's paper plate towards the customer. The customer gratefully and gracefully takes it and steps quickly to the side and away to find a seat wherever they can. That might be at a counter or out back at the picnic tables or even the street curb. Every customer is the same. Rich, poor or black or white. If you pay for your slice, be polite and enjoy the food then you get love. Otherwise get the fuck out.

DONNA
(facing the pizza oven)

Next!

The camera pulls back from the counter to reveal a wider shot showing the menu board. It's a very large wood peel standing upright by the oven. The sizes and prices are wood burned into this monster sized wooden pizza paddle. They are: Slice \$2, Medium \$5, Large \$10, Extra-Large \$20, and *Pozzanghera*. The *pozzanghera* (or puddle) is \$100, only available after midnight. They have to use the menu paddle to make it and get it into the oven (it just fits). There is no mention of any other pizza menu items.

CUSTOMER#1 (bike courier)

Hey, can I get a slice of pepperoni?

DIANA

Sorry, no meats.

CUSTOMER#1

My friend Carl says he gets pepperoni. He says it's off the special menu.

DONNA

Carl huh!?

(turning around)

Carl tell you it's \$10 for a slice.

CUSTOMER#1

Ummm...no...

DONNA

Still want meat?

CUSTOMER#1

(defiantly) Ya, give me the meat you got.

Diana pulls out the specially stored and hung member of meat. Stroking and fondling it she cuts off super thin slices with a scary looking chef's knife while looking the male customer right in the eye with ersatz malice.

DONNA

You know this meat is full of nitrates right? You know what that does to your...meat? (beat) Ahh...nevermind.

And then everyone smiles and it goes in the oven.

DIANA

I take money, have you a nice day.

CUSTOMER#1

Here's 15 bucks, I want a soda too.

DIANA

That's four dollars change. Have a nice day.

CUSTOMER#1

What the hell is this!? You trying to rip me off!?

DIANA

It's four dollars.

CUSTOMER#1

What are these? Two dollar bills aren't real, these are fake. You trying to give me counterfeit?

Diana gives him a blank stare of dismay while Donna just starts laughing her ass off. The line up of customers behind him begin to jeer, threaten and even a few try to nicely explain his gaff. He clues in and takes his slice, red plastic cup and steps to the side to get his drink. His face matches the colour of his cup.

DONNA

Di, remind me to smack Carl next time I see him.

FADE OUT

INT.TRATTORIA COUNTER - FRIDAY MIDNIGHT

DONNA

(bellowing) Church is closed! I repeat, Church is closed! May God save your souls.

One customer in the line turns to the other.

CUSTOMER#2 (Mohawk)

What the hell is that about!? Church? You said pizza, not a homeless soup kitchen.

CUSTOMER#3 (Shaved head)

She means the last restaurant service is over and that means all the chefs from around here are coming to eat. They like to make crazy ass pizzas so they steal shit from work like duck eggs, *foie gras* and lobster. And they bring bags of booze. It's crazy.

CUSTOMER#2

What the fuck is *foe gah*? Nevermind, sounds like my kinna party!

CUSTOMER#3

Nope, it means we get our slice and get out. You don't want to be around these guys when they get going. They work with knives all day and they are meaner than a Penn Station rat. We are outta here.

A tall lanky looking man (CHEF LJ) with salt and pepper hair wearing a leather jacket and an unlit cigarette hanging out of his mouth walks in. Next to him is another tall man (CHEF FRENCH) with snow white hair, gorgeous blue eyes and is wearing a nice crisp white dress shirt.

CHEF LJ

Buonasera Primadonna and Secondiana. We good to go tonight?

CHEF FRENCH

Bonsoir belles femmes, tout est bien?
[Good evening beautiful women, all is well?]

DONNA

Hey guys, ya we are good to go. You light that cigarette though and I'll kick your ass back to your grill station and serve you well-done.

CHEF LJ

Si mia Donna. (tucks cigarette into pocket)

Chef LJ proceeds to walk over to the only two proper tables in the place and glower and then actually growl at the customers sitting there until they skedaddle. Chef French has stepped outside to the courtyard picnic table area to grab a well used and worn polished sheet of plywood. The two of them push the tables together, place the plywood on top and start arranging the motley collection of mismatched chairs around this new setup.

Then a stream of strange looking characters carrying paper bags and knife rolls start to come in. A large heavy set bald man (CHEF TATTOO) in a dirty tank top with tattoos for days. A couple of short thin hispanic men (CHEF JORGE and CHEF JORGE) still in their dirty chef whites. An elfish looking man (CHEF ELF) with long blond hair and tiny black eyes. A rather fit and scary looking japanese man (CHEF JAPAN) with spiked hair that looks like it would cut you. What looks to be a very heavy set lumberjack (CHEF LUMBERJACK) in a red plaid flannel shirt. And a lone woman (CHEF ROSIE) enters last and she's a dead ringer for Rosie the Riveter, right down to the polka dot red bandanna. Bags are plopped on the table, seats are taken. It's the Algonquin Round table but it's a rectangle and it's at Pair O' Dice Pizzeria.

CHEF LJ

Gentlemen and Lady, welcome to the Third Shift.

All the chefs take their seats arranged loosely around the table but it's an orderly affair with a certain reverence. Donna grabs a stack of red cups from the soda fountain, fills one with ice and walks over to the table.

DONNA

Good evening chefs. I hope you all are well. What's the *soup du jour* tonight?

She sets a cup in front of each chef while talking. The cup of ice goes in front of the Chef Japan.

CHEF JAPAN

Dōmo arigatō gozaimashita.

DONNA

(with a curt bow) *Dozo.*

All the chefs begin to dig into their various bags and break out a plethora of beverages. We see six packs of beer, Fanta, bottles of wine, a bottle of bourbon, and a bottle of *Shōchū* which Chef Japan pours over his cup of ice.

With drinks poured they all stand.

CHEF LJ

To our hosts Primadonna and Secondiana we salute you.
Live, eat, cook!

ALL CHEFS

Cheers!

DONNA

Ya OK thanks, sit down. I already asked, what are we cooking tonight?

Now bags of food are dug out and put onto the table and Donna goes around to each, inspecting them and calling out back to Diana.

DONNA

Bluefin tuna! And enoki mushrooms!

DIANA

Dozo!

DONNA

Huitlacoche!

DIANA

Oh Dios, muchas gracias!

DONNA

Umm..veal?

DIANA

Nope. But thanks.

Chef Lumberjack frowns, then shrugs and smiles. And chugs an entire beer.

DONNA

Next up, looks like we've got *Grand-pères camembert*. Yup, I'll bake that up first. Oh and some *vongole* as well!

CHEF FRENCH

Oui s'il te plaît et merci Donna!

DONNA

Last one, it's...pineapple!? (beat) Kidding! It's weed. Of course it's weed, it's always weed isn't it. I guess that's my department as well.

CHEF TATTOO

Thanks Donna, you know I don't drink. Gotta get my kicks somewhere. This is the good stuff from Canada.

DONNA

Faleminderit, I got your back. Thanks everyone, we'll get to it. Enjoy your drinks and don't forget the rules. No smoking and don't harass the stiffes, they pay our bills.

Everyone settles into their drinks and bitch session. Donna heads back to her oven. Chef Rosie walks over to the counter to bring her special ingredient straight to Diana at the counter. It's her homemade pickled beets in a mason jar with a red gingham fabric top tied with a bow. No words are exchanged, she catches Diana's eye and hands it to her with a smile. Diana nods and smiles.

DIANA

(in American Sign Language)

Your beets? I love these, thank you!

Chef Rosie nods and heads back to the table.

Donna, now behind the counter, drops off the paper bags filled with supplies. She hands the tuna, mushrooms and *huiltlacoche* (it's a moldy corn known as Corn Smut or Mexican truffle) to Diana and Donna takes the weed and cheese.

Donna grabs a terracotta plate from the kitchen and plops the *camembert* cheese into it and puts it into the oven. She then grabs a hunk of pizza dough and cuts off a third and presses it into a small thin round. With a finger she pokes deep holes making two eyes and a smile. It's dressed with the oregano & garlic oil sauce and a very liberal scattering of the weed.

The remaining two thirds of dough are treated the same way but without the smiley face or weed, and it gets a little cheese. Both are put into the oven and this time Donna's counting face is even more stern.

DONNA

Not gonna fucking burn it, not gonna fucking burn it,
not gonna...fuck it's burning.

Donna quickly pulls out the smaller weed bread and there are just small wisps of smoke coming off of it. She leaves it at the lip of the oven while focusing on the remaining cheese bread. We get a wonderful camera shot here of the thin trail of steam and smoke coming from the decarboxylated weed bread being sucked up into the mouth of the oven. Food porn at it's best.

The second bread finishes and comes out. She slices up the bread and places it onto platters. The baked *camembert* cheese is now ready and she retrieves it from the oven. Donna takes the bread and cheese over to the table.

DONNA

Focaccia and Super Happy Magic Time Focaccia!

CHEF TATTOO

Faleminderit Donna! You want some?

DONNA

No thanks, I gotta work. But you mind I keep the leftovers for afters?

CHEF TATTOO

The bag is yours, enjoy! (he gives the three finger chef's kiss)

Donna heads back to the kitchen. Chef Japan gives the bread and cheese a raised eyebrow, maybe not his thing? He grabs something from his bag under his chair and follows Donna to the kitchen. He approaches the counter.

CHEF JAPAN

(painfully accented English, trying so hard)

Ehh...permission to come aboard?

Donna gives Diana a look. Di returns that quiet smile and a curt nod.

DONNA

Permission granted!

Donna lifts the hinged counter to allow Chef Japan to enter the kitchen.

CHEF JAPAN

Please. I ask please dough, flour and eh hh pot?

Donna's turn to raise an eyebrow as she looks at the bag of weed in her hand. The light then goes on and she drops the bag of weed under the counter next to the oregano and grabs a large metal sauce pot and apron from the kitchen and hands them to Chef Japan. She grabs a round of pizza dough, places it on the marble top and gestures to it.

DONNA

Dozo.

Chef Japan puts on the apron smartly and begins to expertly roll the dough out into a large snake. He grabs the ends and starts whipping it up and down making it longer. Then he doubles it up making two ropes of dough and then again for four and then eight and then sixteen and then thirty two and sixty four and so on. Donna knows what's up and has taken the large sauce pot and filled it with water and put it on to boil.

Diana is watching with great interest but she too is being watched. Chef Japan is watching her with interest as well as she is cutting the bluefin tuna into perfect thin slices, thinner than sashimi but not paper thin. A nod to each other is shared.

The noodles are cut and dusted with flour. Donna is grabbing some soup bowls.

DONNA

How many for soup!

A few chefs yell "yup" or "please" including a quiet "me too" from Diana. Donna grabs the bowls and brings them to Chef Japan who is now boiling the noodles. He uses a set of tongs to place a twist of cooked noodles into each bowl. Diana brings over some of the mushrooms and the tuna. Donna grabs a kettle of hot water and also some basil. Chef Japan produces a small white porcelain container.

CHEF JAPAN

Obaachan's ichiban miso.
[Grandma's best miso]

He opens the container and we get a tight shot of the grainy dark miso paste. It's the color of dried blood. Donna adds the hot water. Chef Japan is mixing a spoonful of miso into each bowl carefully breaking the miso down in the bowl of the spoon with chopsticks that appeared out of nowhere. Dianna hands him the remaining ingredients and with the chopsticks he carefully places the bluefin tuna slices, three *vongole* (small clams), mushrooms, and a single leaf of basil.

CHEF JAPAN

Oagari yo! [Order up!]

Donna grabs a tray and takes the soup orders to the table.

DONNA

Soups on!

Chef Japan hands a bowl to Dianna and also the container of miso.

CHEF JAPAN

Noodles learned from friends in China and miso from Grandmother. Enjoy. (he bows)

DIANA

(bowing) *Taihen kōeidesu. Arigatōgozaimashita.*
[An honor, thank you. - mangled translation]

In return Dianna hands him a collection of small plates containing the pickled beets. I swear you can smell the scent of cloves coming from them.

DIANA

Tsukemono for the table please.

Chef Japan nods, removes the apron, takes the pickles, and returns to the table of chefs.

Donna is in the background trying the soup.

DONNA

O mangi questa minestra o salti dalla finestra!
[Either eat this soup or jump out the window!]

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY 12:45AM

The group of chefs are all sitting down now and tucking into the baked cheese, focaccia and soup. Donna is putting out pizza dough rounds for Diana who is busy with the remaining ingredients. The chefs begin their chatter. Strangely it's not to bitch about their day and horrible customers but to talk about food, not again but still. We get snippets of conversation.

CHEF LJ

I'm telling you there are two types of pizza, Neapolitan and Fake Neapolitan. And you know what you get here.

CHEF TATTOO

I hate to disagree but I think it's more Calabrian, it's different from Neapolitan because of the thin crisp crust. I think their dough is just soft wheat flour, water, starter, salt and olive oil.

CHEF LJ

And it's a nice stone ground wheat flour not that steel milled because heat brings out oxidized oils and bad flavour. The stone ground is rougher grind and nicer I think.

DONNA

(yelling from the kitchen)

Nope and nope! Not Neapolitan, not Calabrian. And no olive oil in the dough. Ya both wrong. Right flour though!

CHEF LJ

She doesn't use olive oil in the dough for a fat. She uses lard for the flavour. Genius I tell you.

CHEF LUMBERJACK

Lard!? Animal fat? I thought this place was vegetarian?

DONNA

Not olive oil, too expensive. Not lard, smoke point is wrong. It's vegetable shortening.

DIANA
(muttering to herself)

Well, that is true. Sort of I guess, it's Crisco.

CHEF FRENCH
Pardon, in my humble opinion it is the wood fire that makes all the difference in the final product. This makes it the best.

CHEF TATTOO
Agreed, old school wood-fired oven, no gas here, maybe a fart or two but just good wood smoke.

CHEF LUMBERJACK
This is something we can all agree on I think.

CHEF LJ
Here comes asbestos hands with our Pie o' da Night.
Donna approaches the table with a platter of paper plates each with a large slice of tonight's Chef Special. Diana comes out from behind the counter as well and addresses the table of chefs. She shyly looks at the ground as she speaks, rubbing her hands together.

DIANA
Umm...hello there, yes, good evening everyone. Thank you so much for your contributions and especially to Sensei for making the amazing soup.
A rousing round of applause from the chefs and Chef Japan stands, bows and gestures to Diana to continue.

DIANA

Tonight we have a very simple pie that I have called "Red Blue". I used the pickled beet juice as a light sauce then layered our house cheese, topped it with *huitlacoche* and Donna baked it to her usual standard of perfection. After the pie was out of the oven to set up I added the slivers of bluefin tuna. And to finish at the table Donna will drizzle "Prozio Paolo" which is our very special olive oil from Great Uncle Paolo back home. You will find the oil to be very peppery giving the dish a bit of a bite that balances the fat of the cheese, supports the beet juice and also the tuna to shine through. I'm pleased how the *huitlacoche* gives a mushyroomy meaty flavour I was not expecting, *gracias* to Chef Jorge and Chef Jorge.

The Chefs Jorge both nod and smile. The table is very quiet as Diana has all of their attention and respect. Donna adds the topping oil to each slice after she places it in front of each chef.

DIANA

Finalmente, enjoy. (beat) *Grazie, grazie*.

All the chefs proceed to bite into their pizza. Smiles are shared around the table and exclamations of gratitude expressed. Diana is relieved that her part is done and scuttles back to behind the counter where she feels safe. Donna grabs a chair at the table and has a slice of her own, Chef French hands her a beer.

DONNA

Good work from Di, very subtle. Thanks guys for the ingredients, this is nice.

CHEF LJ

What I like about your crusts is it's got the flop it's supposed to. The classic NY pizza that you fold the end over onto itself and then you bite into that, *perfezione*.

CHEF ELF

But yet the *cornicioni* are just right to hold things in. Baking the crust is a science and the toppings are an art. Well done.

DONNA

Grazie. How's the char? Not enough? Too much? It's all about the char. Leopard spots is what I'm aiming for.

CHEF LUMBERJACK

What the fuck is "char"?

CHEF LJ

Burnt. Good burnt. Trust me.

CHEF LUMBERJACK

Ya about that, burning and stuff. So I ask you, you think you a Chef? Huh?

DONNA

No, just a cook and not a Baker either.

CHEF LUMBERJACK

Show me your arms. (she shows) Ya see, I thought I saw that. You got no burn marks, you start yesterday?

DONNA

No, just smart. I've seen too many stupid chefs with burns and track marks. I'm careful.

CHEF TATTOO

Hey man, you fuckin stupid or what? The first thing we learned as humans was don't shit where you eat. What do you think you are doing!? Now apologize or get the fuck out a here.

CHEF LUMBERJACK

I'm just saying. I say what I see. Good za though and ya good char. You know your fire. Sorry bout that.

DONNA

Non è niente. [It's nothing]. (but her face doesn't say that)

Grumbles of "idiot" and "who invited him?" are heard around the table as people finish up their slice and proceed to focus on their beverages.

DONNA

I'll go start on *uno spuntino [snack]*.

Donna chugs her beer, grabs the paper plates and napkins and heads back behind the counter.

Chef Elf sneakily follows her and approaches Diana at the counter.

CHEF ELF

Undskyld mig Secondiana. Forgive me for intruding. But I have a burning question I must ask, if I may.

DIANA

(not looking up) Yes?

CHEF ELF

The other chefs won't explain to me and say I must ask you but I wish not to offend.

DIANA

It's OK, I think I know what you want to know.

CHEF ELF

I am so sorry but I have to ask, so I might learn I hope. Will you share with me? Umm..why no tomato sauce? Be certain I don't think you need it or I miss it but the question haunts me.

Diana takes a deep breath, stands a little taller and looks him in the eye. Donna is in the background smiling at what is going down. The other chefs at the table as well have gone quiet, except Chef Lumberjack who gets an elbow in the ribs to shut up.

DIANA

OK, see, here's MY reasoning. According to the history books tomatoes didn't reach Europe until around the 1500s. It was either Christopher Columbus or Hernán Cortés that brought them back. After that they started showing up on pizzas but not until the 1700s. But the pizza was first in Italy, the tomato was not. It's not Italian, so it's not on the pizza. Tomatoes are native to the Americas. Pizzerias in Italy use recipes from us Italian-Americans that we call 'authentic' not knowing they actually started here in the US of A. Sociologists call this the Pizza Effect. So, no tomatoes. To me, they are not Italian. *È davvero così.*

CHEF LUMBERJACK

(yelling from the table)

So you allergic or hate tomatoes or what? Or stupid? You gotta cook what people want.

DIANA

(very flustered) No, yes, both! I don't know! No tomatoes, no tomatoes. I said no, it's my pizza and I say no tomatoes. None. No tomatoes.

CHEF LJ

OK, that's it you fucking asshole. Back to Canada for you.

Chef LJ and Chef French violently grab Chef Lumberjack by the arms and run his ass out the door and toss him to the curb.

Diana is actually near tears. Donna was already on her way vaulting over top of the counter but stopped herself when she saw how the situation was being handled by the other chefs.

CHEF LJ

OK guys, we have become the guests who are the proverbial "stinky fish" and it's time for us to leave. Third Shift is over. Time to make an offering.

Chef LJ grabs a tray, reaches into his pocket and drops a handful of cash onto it. He walks it around to the other chefs who all add more money to the pile. It's crumpled bills and even some change. No one balks, especially after Lumberjack's rudeness.

CHEF LJ

Secondiana and Primadonna, we apologize on behalf of our former colleague and hope that we may return next week?

Chef LJ offers the tray of money to Donna.

DONNA

Of course, we are always glad to have you and look forward to it.

DIANA

Grazie.

And with that the chefs clean up, put the tables back the way they were, collect their belongings and head out into the night in search of an after-hours bar. But Chef Rosie hangs back for a moment before leaving and catches Diana's attention from across the restaurant.

CHEF ROSIE
(in American Sign Language)

You going to be OK?

DIANA
(in American Sign Language)

Yes, OK. Hell is other people. (she shrugs and smiles)

CHEF ROSIE
(in American Sign Language)

Ignore that asshole. You be you!

DIANA
(in American Sign Language)

Thank you. See you soon.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY 4:00AM

It's pretty quiet right now in the restaurant. But Donna and Diana are standing at the counter with grim faces, waiting. The Mickey Mouse clock plays its theme.

It's the second customer rush at 4am, the bars are closing.

DONNA

The BARS ARE CLOSING! Stoke the fire! Prepare for the drunken horde!

Very quickly it goes from famine to feast and the horde is hungry. But still they queue up in an almost straight line. A montage scene shows pizzas being baked, thrown down and quickly cut by Donna. Dianna is handing out paper plates of pie and grabbing cash and throwing it into the drawer. It's a madhouse, they are in the weeds.

The next customer (STONER) in line doesn't seem drunk but really really stoned. His eyes are two piss holes in the snow and you know he smells like patchouli and shitty weed.

STONER

Hey, so uh, I wanna some pizza OK?

DIANA

I had assumed that.

STONER

I want that, like, special pizza my buddy told me about, you know?

DIANA

Let me guess, special menu pizza?

STONER

Ya, man!

DIANA

The pepperoni is ten bucks a slice.

STONER

No man, I want (whispering) "The Pizza-ghetti", you know.

DONNA

Man, you are way too high. This is not Chucky Cheese. Go away.

DIANA

Philistine! Next!

The girls run the Stoner's ass out of there with empty pop cans thrown at his head.

The next customer (WALL STREET) doesn't seem to have his act together either. He is in a suit and tie and seems to have finished his day on Wall Street via a few bars for beverages. And he walked straight to the counter and skipped the line up. The now unruly crowd is yelling "Line!" and "No cutting!" at him. He is oblivious.

WALL STREET

Hey baby, gimme your biggest and best pizza you make. I got three of my buddies and four hot chicks waiting in a limo and they are hungry. And be quick about it. This should cover it.

And with this, he throws a tightly rolled bill at Diana's chest and it bounces off and down to the counter. She gives him a dead stare and slowly reaches down and inspects the money. The camera shows it to be a hundred dollar bill with what may or may not be cocaine residue at one end of it and snot at the other. He then reaches into his suit jacket and retrieves a cigarette pack and lighter.

Donna once again steps in to help out.

DONNA

You even THINK about lighting that I will bounce you out of here so fast...

WALL STREET

Fuck you bitch, I'll smoke where I want.

With lighter in hand and cigarette in mouth he proceeds to light up.

DONNA

Hey man, you got something on your face!

She throws a handful of flour directly into his face. This surprisingly causes a quick fireball as the flour cloud ignites. The remaining flour lands coating him and his nice suit.

DONNA (CON'T)

Is that coke? Shit, we should call the cops!

Wall Street quickly checks that his eyebrows are still there and then grabs his rolled up hundred dollar bill and points his finger at Donna.

WALL STREET

Listen here you fucking bitch, I make more in a day than you do in a year. I'll buy this place and burn it to the ground with you in it. I'm going to..

He is quickly cut off by the next guy in line (AARON SMELTZER) who grabs him by the back of the head and proceeds to choke him out in a rear headlock.

AARON

Now that wasn't very nice was it. In fact, that was a legal threat. So I think I'm justified in my actions. So how about you sleep on it and think about being a better person. There you go, have a nice nap.

Wall Street slides to the floor, his buddies have come in and are now dragging him away. They extend profuse apologies as they leave. You can tell they have witnessed before and expected this kind of behaviour.

DIANA

Umm...you didn't have to do that. But thanks. But that was a little...extreme.

AARON

No problem. He'll be fine and probably won't remember a thing.

DIANA

OK, well...what can I get you.

AARON

Actually I'm not here for a slice. I'm here to ask what you thought about the offer?

DIANA

Huh? (very confused)

And once again Donna steps in.

DONNA

And you are? And you're with?

AARON

Oh sorry. Aaron Smeltzer, I work for Briscola Corp. Gabriella was supposed to have talked to you about the offer letter? We mailed it this week? I've tried calling.

DONNA

Dude, it's the middle of the night and also we are a little behind on the mail. You got a card? We'll get back to you. Right now things are a little busy as you can see.

AARON

Oh, shit, of course, sorry. Here, call me.

And with a wink and smile Aaron hands his card to Donna and saunters out of the place.

DIANA

What was that about?

DONNA

Gabby probably sent another real estate agent over here. I'll figure it out later.

Donna pockets the business card into her apron.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY 5:00AM

It's become a lot quieter. The lineup is gone. There is a small crowd left at the tables and window counters eating their slices and hoping it soaks up all the alcohol in their system. Donna and Diana are catching their breath and collecting themselves. The customers are pretty chatty for this time of night/morning.

AC/DC's "Can I Sit Next To You Girl" is playing on the boombox.

We get a quick montage around the room of various customers chatting rather drunkenly.

CUSTOMER#1

What is this music? Who is this?

CUSTOMER#2

AB/CD I think, they are from Oz.

CUSTOMER#1

Oh yeah, didn't he just die?

CUSTOMER#2

Didn't stop him from singing.

CUSTOMER#3

Why don't they have olives here?

CUSTOMER#4

I fucking hate olives. Fuck you, fuck olives. Fuck you.

CUSTOMER#5

Man, you're doing all wrong! You fold the slice and it doesn't crack. Crunchie on the bottom, creamy in the middle, and the spicey on the top. See the magic pepper flakes in the shaker? That's what it's all about.

CUSTOMER#4

Where's the stinky feet cheese shaker?

CUSTOMER#6

(while blotting the pizza oil with a napkin)

I gotta lose weight, why are we eating this? What time is it? Where are we? Is this Jersey?

CUSTOMER#5

Which do you like better? Square cut or dartboard?

CUSTOMER#4

Dartboard Za!? That's a weird name for it. No squares here man, this ain't Detroit.

CUSTOMER#6

I burned the roof of my mouth, again.

CUSTOMER#4

I think I ate the paper plate, again.

INT.TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY 5:55AM

Things quiet down even more, the place is almost empty now and we are starting to get the vibes that it's time to close down. A couple of customers are passed out and slumped over in chairs. Diana is almost falling asleep on elbows holding up her sleepy head at the counter. A lingering shot shows the hot wood oven and rain water dripping and turning to steam on top of it.

Donna in an attempt to stay awake and finish up for the day has the metal peel in the oven scraping up the hot coals and ashes.

One last customer (TROUBLE) comes in from the early morning rain. He looks pretty rough and sketched out. His right hand swings wide and around his back each time as he long steps quickly up to the counter.

He pulls a knife.

TROUBLE

Hey, hey. Hey! Give me all the money bitch or I'll fucking cut ya.

He gestures threateningly with the knife. Diana is now fully and completely awake. Donna is on high alert.

DIANA

(whispering) No.

TROUBLE

What!?

DONNA

(screaming) BEHIND! UP TOP!

Diana hits the ground like a rock, completely disappearing behind the counter. Donna pulls the metal peel straight out of the oven backwards over Diana's head. She then (like the ninja she is) swings the end of the wooden handle and knocks the knife to the far side of the room. Then she swings the peel completely around to the metal bladed end and presses it towards Trouble's neck. The camera shows a close shot of the blade of the metal peel as it's red hot at the edge and starting to singe the beard hair on his neck.

DONNA

Buddy, you are asshole number three tonight! And I'm thinking three strikes and you're out. What the fuck do you think about that?

It's now very very quiet in the room. Someone off to the side picks up the knife. We've seen this guy (STASH) once or twice throughout the night in the lineup and hanging in the background when the chefs were eating. He's clean cut and wearing a plain grey ball cap made of cloth and a grey fabric vest. He approaches the counter.

STASH

Donna, don't do anything stupid. He's just a junkie.

DONNA

I think I'm going to burn a hole in his Adam's apple is what I'm going to do.

STASH

That wouldn't be good. For either of you. Just take a breath. (beat) Someone get outside and get a cop!

He points at another now very awake and alert customer who runs outside.

STASH (CON'T)

Let's all just breathe and wait quietly for some help.
Cool?

TROUBLE

(trembling) Ya, ya, ya, ya, cool with me man.

DONNA

It's been one long fucking night and I'm sick of you
fucking men coming at us all the time.

STASH

Donna?

DONNA

Ya, alright Stash, I get it, cool. Where's the cop?

The customer who ran out moments ago runs back in with a beat
cop (OFFICER) in tow.

OFFICER

What the hell is going on here?

STASH

(showing the knife) This young man wanted to use this
to make a withdrawal of funds from this nice young
lady.

OFFICER

Trouble, is that you? Again!? Dammit man.

The cop places handcuffs on Trouble rather quickly.

OFFICER

OK lady, you can put that down. I've got him. I'll
radio for a bus and be back for your statements.
Everyone relax.

DONNA

You relax! (deep breath) Ya, ok. Thanks.

DIANA

(whispering from below Donna)

Stash, is it safe to come out now?

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - SATURDAY 6:30AM

The rain has gone and the morning sun is starting to shine through the windows at the front of the restaurant. The place is locked up and Donna and Diana are decompressing and cleaning up. Donna cracks a can of cold beer while Diana can be seen mixing red wine and Coca-cola into one of the red cups.

DONNA

I still don't understand how you can drink that *kalimotxo* crap.

DIANA

I'm a lightweight for alcohol and it gives me the sugar I need.

DONNA

Wanna try some of this weed the guys left behind?

DIANA

That actually, is just what I need to calm my nerves. Yes please.

Donna grabs the bag of weed, rummages around and finds some rolling papers and begins to roll a joint on the marble prep table.

DIANA (CON'T)

That was a heck of a night. Thanks for having my back.

DONNA

It was a crazy fucking night! I wish they'd lay off on the tomato thing, you think everyone would know by now.

DIANA

Well, they don't know everything.

DONNA

Your mom is allergic to tomatoes so they freak you out, so what, big deal. It's nobody's fucking business. When's the last time you saw your mom anyways?

DIANA

It's been a couple of years I think. Dad still gets letters from her, well, her lawyer.

Donna lights and takes a very long drag off of the joint and carefully hands it to Diana. She exhales a huge cloud while groaning a loud sigh at the same time.

DONNA

Shit, I miss MY mom.

DIANA

I know. Me too. The anniversary is next month right? How long has it been?

DONNA

She's been dead for almost 14 years. I've known her dead longer than I knew her alive.

DIANA

I'm sorry Don.

DONNA

Ya, well, thanks Di. (beat) I'm getting hungry, want some popcorn? There's still enough heat in the bricks.

DIANA

Sure, I'll start wiping down.

Donna preps a metal pot with some oil and popcorn kernels while Diana grabs a rag and starts cleaning up. The popcorn starts to pop pretty quickly. Donna pulls it out of the oven, transfers it to a frying pan and sprinkles a shit ton of cheese on top. Then it goes back into the oven. A little hemming and hawing and it's ready.

DONNA

Popcorn Frico is up!

Donna puts the frying pan of crispy fried cheese and popcorn on the prep table and they both dig in.

DIANA

(with her mouth full)

What did you think of Pie o' da Night? Honestly I wasn't pleased. That miso soup though, wow! So nice of him to give me the paste, going to have fun with that. Maybe mix it into the dough? I don't know.

DONNA

(with her mouth full)

The tuna was amazing! Wasn't a fan of the soup. Wrong dough for noodles. Wrong flour and needed egg or lye-water or something.

DIANA

The tuna seemed to be all by itself. Needed something more...

DONNA

(interrupting) Listen, you know this, three ingredients and you taste three flavours. More than that you don't taste and it's wasted. It was amazing, stop second guessing yourself.

DIANA

I guess, thanks. Next time maybe we should actually finally try pineapple?

DONNA

OK, you are way too high. You're crazy and so are those Canadians. Where do eskimos get pineapple anyways?

DIANA

OK, maybe I'm a little high. Umm.. the popcorn's disappeared.

DONNA

I'm still hungry (she reaches under the counter and pulls up a can). Spagetti-Os?

DIANA

You're the one who is too high. Freak.

DONNA

(laughs) Ya, maybe pasta is the last thing I need right now. Oh shit I forgot, did you call your dad?

DIANA

No, did you call your dad?

DONNA

No, did you call my dad!?

DIANA

Yea, he said to say *ciao*.

DONNA

Did my dad call your dad!?

A beat, silence. They look each other in the eye. Another beat. Suddenly both girls break into laughter that only the really stoned can do.

DONNA

Oh god, stop it. I'm gonna bust a gut. I'm tired. Nap?

DIANA

Ya, nap.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - SATURDAY 11:00AM

The sun is shining brightly into all the windows around the restaurant. A familiar face lets himself in with his key. It's PRIMO(67), he looks a little older and grayer but still has pep in his step. Dressed in an old brown corduroy suit jacket with patches on the elbows, he's carrying a bouquet of flowers. He checks the basil plants in the windows and gives them some water. Then he settles in the kitchen and immediately starts to build the fire in the oven. Looking at the kitchen he "tsks!" at the mess, puts the flowers in water in a vase and starts up the Moka pot for coffee. Primo is giving Polpette a doggy snack and a good ear scratch when Diana comes downstairs looking disheveled with some serious bed head.

DIANA

I thought I smelled smoke and coffee. Knew it wasn't Donna, too early.

PRIMO

Buongiorno bambina! Come give Zio a kiss.

DIANA

(kisses Primo on the cheek)

Morning Uncle Primo. Coffee ready?

PRIMO

Soon, soon. You see I brought some nice flowers? But this place, why so mess? Do you not clean? Ever? And what is this? (gesturing to beer cans) And I think I know what this is? (holding up the remains of the joint and sniffing it)

DIANA

Ya, uh...that's a friend's.

PRIMO

Some friends you girls keep. (throws roach into the oven fire)

Diana heads over to get herself some coffee, Primo goes to the proofing cabinet to check on the dough. More "tsks" from him as he shakes his head in disapproval. Donna comes downstairs rather loudly with heavy footsteps and coughing.

DONNA

What a fucking night, I need coffee now before I murder someone. Oh, *buongiorno Papà*. Hey! Leave my babies alone, they need rest.

PRIMO

You need rest and your mouth washing out. I'm just getting for to make breakfast for my girls.

Donna heads over and gives Primo a big bear hug and kiss on both cheeks. We see his face over her shoulder, he's beaming with shining eyes.

DONNA

Thank you Papà! Oh and flowers! What a surprise!
(sarcasm and a side eye to Diana)

PRIMO

You sit, I bake. You drink that coffee that is not espresso or something I don't know what. I miss my *macchina per caffè*! Where is my *amate macchina*?

DONNA

It's upstairs, in storage. That thing is too big and too scary for us.

PRIMO

And why is my kitchen such a mess? And someone was smoking!? What is this? What would your mother think?
Dio benedica la sua anima! [God bless her soul]

DONNA

Wasn't us. Night crew screws morning crew. (under her breath) And it's not your kitchen anymore. (beat) Just another day in paradise.

We see a short montage of Primo working the dough and making focaccia with just oil and herbs and also a Florentine pizza (a mix of creamy ricotta, spinach, and herbs) with a raw egg on top in the oven. The egg came from his coat pocket.

Donna grabs a red cup, half fills it with milk and tops it off with espresso. Then she goes around talking to and spraying all the plants. Then Donna plays with Polpette trying to get him to fetch, he ain't interested. Diana still isn't really awake yet.

PRIMO

OK, come sit, *mangiare, mangiare*.

DONNA

What is this? Breakfast?

PRIMO

No, too late now for that.

DONNA

Lunch?

PRIMO

No, I think too early, yes?

DIANA

Brunch?

PRIMO

Ugg, you girls. Late Lunch? La-Lunch, I don't know, sounds too french. Just eat, you're too skinny, you work too hard, you work too late. *Mangiare, mangiare.*

All three move out to the front to sit at a table and enjoy a nice breakfast in the sunlight. It's a quiet moment of crunching, slurping and "ummmm good".

PRIMO

Scusa, I have to know. Why is there so many dirty dishes in my kitchen?

DONNA

Dishwasher is still broken. Plumbers been here three times to fix it. And we've talked about this, it's not your kitchen anymore.

PRIMO

I know, I know. *Il lupo perde il pelo ma non il vizio* [The wolf loses its fur but not its vice]. My head knows we gave you girls our place but my heart still is in here cooking.

DIANA

It's OK *Zio*, we understand (staring at Donna). And we are grateful that you and Dad gave us this place. But you have to let us stand on our own feet.

PRIMO

Sì, sì. So we buy new dishwasher then?

DONNA

"We" aren't doing anything because "we" don't have the money right now.

PRIMO

Still the troubles with money? We can help you girls.

DONNA

I have no troubles with money because there isn't any to trouble over. We'll be fine, we've got costs covered this month and things are picking up again. Right Di?

DIANA

Umm...yes?

DONNA

Yes. See, all good.

There is a knock at the door and a head peeks in. A twenty something young man with glasses (REPORTER).

REPORTER

Sorry, am I interrupting? I just wanted to check you girls were OK and maybe get the story about the *fracas* last night?

PRIMO

What happened last night? Is everything OK? You girls OK?

DONNA

Dad, it's fine. He's just a critic from the paper and wants to talk about how we had the chefs in again. Di made an amazing bluefin tuna pie and got this amazing "mizo" stuff. Di, show him the "mizo".

Donna hustles Primo and Di into the kitchen and walks the reporter outside.

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. STOOP - SATURDAY NOON

The sun is shining hard down on them. Donna is blinking it away. She closes the door behind her and grabs the reporter by the shoulders.

DONNA

Hey man, what the hell are you doing? My dad is going to freak out if he hears about what goes on in there in the middle of the night.

REPORTER

Sorry, but I got a tip from the precinct about the robbery last night.

DONNA

It was some junky wanting a handout, no big deal. No story, trust me.

REPORTER

OK sorry, got it, no story. But...what's this I hear about you selling the place? You guys are just starting to hit it big.

REPORTER (CON'T)

I can write another review in my food column, the chefs I talk to all rant about you and Diana.

DONNA

We don't need another review, thanks. We've got customers, we just don't have profit is the problem. Food costs are killing us. And we can't charge more for what people consider "just pizza".

REPORTER

So use cheaper ingredients.

DONNA

Dude, have you met my cousin?

REPORTER

Oh. Ya, I get it.

DONNA

OK, get out of here. I have to go tell some story to my dad to calm him down. Come by tonight and we'll talk about maybe another review.

REPORTER

Sure, anything I can do you help you all out. I'll see you tonight.

Donna sneaks back into the restaurant after seeing the reporter off.

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - SATURDAY 12:10PM

Donna rejoins Primo and Diana in the kitchen where they are talking about and tasting the miso.

PRIMO

So is salty rotten beans?

DIANA

Not rotten, fermented. Look, cheese is rotten milk and wine is rotten grapes right.

PRIMO

Yes, yes, I see. Tastes meaty, it is good. (noticing Donna) So what is this *fracas*? What is that word? Like *fracassare*? This sounds no good.

DONNA

It's nothing. Don't worry Papà, some punk rocker was rude to Diana. I handled it.

PRIMO

A punk rocker? Yes, I don't like those guys. All with the *strano* hair.

DIANA

And Stash was here and he helped.

PRIMO

Stash? Junior? How is that boy? How is he, good yes?

DIANA

He's OK. Doesn't seem to be working much so he hangs out around here.

PRIMO

Ah yes, he doesn't need to work too much now does he? You tell him I said hello. (beat) OK, time for me to go and you girls to get to work.

DONNA

Yes, Papà.

Primo gives a hug to Diana and Donna a kiss on her forehead.

PRIMO

Ah, your mother's hair and these italian eyes. OK so, yes you own the place now, so work hard and it will all be good. Remember "*il buon giorno si vede dal mattino*"! [A good day starts from the morning] Ciao bella!

And with that Primo leaves the restaurant.

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - SATURDAY 1:00PM

Diana has her head down at a dining table covered in paperwork, unopened mail and an old-school accounting ledger. No calculator is seen. But there is a large tin of amaretti di saronno cookies. Donna sits across the table with arms folded looking grumpy.

DONNA

Why can't we hire someone to do this paperwork?

DIANA

Money.

DONNA

Shouldn't they help us figure out the money problem?

DIANA

We know the problem, no money.

DONNA

Ya, I heard that somewhere once before. OK triage, so what's the biggest of the problems in this pile.

DIANA

The dishwasher is still broke yet we are still making payments on it. The leak in the roof in our place upstairs is now making its way down to this floor. And taxes and taxes and taxes. Oh and we haven't paid ourselves in about 6 months.

DONNA

So the usual, another day in paradise.

DIANA

Ya, the usual, another day in paradise.

Donna reaches into her apron and pulls out last night's business card from that suit Aaron.

DONNA

What about this? Wadda ya know?

DIANA

Ya, I know. I didn't want to say anything last night. That's not the first time he's been around. Just the first time in a suit so he stood out.

DONNA

Who is he?

DIANA

He's Aaron Smeltzer something or other. Works for Briscola, they set up restaurant chains all over the east coast. Just like your fave Chucky Cheese. Gabriella sent them over to come buy us out.

DONNA

Buy us out? What the hell!?

DIANA

Well, more like buy our idea. They want to make new Pair O' Dice trattorias all over the country. Well, that's what the offer letter says.

DONNA

So, franchise.

DIANA

So you were paying attention to me some of the time. Ya, exactly that.

DONNA

I don't wanna be no Chucky Cheese. He freaks me out, *topo schifoso [ugly rat]*.

DIANA

We have to figure out how to pay these bills.

DONNA

Later, so tired, so very very tired. But it's Saturday and we need supplies. Shop then nap?

DIANA

Shop then nap.

Behind them in the kitchen comes a rumbling sound. The camera shows the dishwashing machine is producing a huge mound of bubbles.

DONNA

Now what? Who the hell put dish soap in the dishwasher!? And why is it running, it's broken!?

DIANA

I think Stash was trying to help this morning with cleaning up.

DONNA

Remind me to call Stash AND the plumber to come in so I can kill them.

FADE OUT

EXT.OUTDOOR STREET MARKET - SATURDAY 2:00PM

We see a montage of Donna and Diana browsing through the outdoor market in glorious sunshine. There is wonderful produce, things like artisan honey and many food stalls. We see more of the two of them sampling and eating food from the hawkers than really shopping for anything.

Diana stops at a stall that has various spices and peppers. The camera lingers on a pile of Red Bird's Eye peppers that caught Diana's eye.

DIANA

I'm gonna check out these peppers and talk with Nonni. I'll catch up with you in a bit.

DONNA

Uh, have fun with that. I'll meet you at the flower stalls.

DIANA

Sounds good.

Diana turns to talk to the stall owner (NONNI) who is a tiny old wizened Korean grandmother. White hair and horribly hunched over. Her english is very good with a moderate accent but her voice sounds of a million cigarettes.

DIANA

Good afternoon Nonni, how spicy are these peppers?

NONNI

Those are Thai peppers, spicy but not so spicy. Taste not hurt, you know? Careful with seeds, more spicy.

DIANA

OK, I'll take a handful then and try them out. How's things at the market today?

NOONI

Market same same. You living happy life?

Suddenly she switches into a full ranting rage getting louder and more shrill as she goes on.

NOONI (CON'T)

Me? I hate, I hate my life. So much pain. So much pain. Kill me. Hate my job. Hate my husband and my son. My feet hurt. My husband leave me here all day. Standing in the cold and my feet hurt. So much pain. So much pain. Kill me. Hate my life.

DIANA

(unfazed) So the same? Sorry Nonni, things will get better. I gotta go catch up to Donna.

NOONI

(suddenly calm) Yes, better soon. Always better soon.
See you tomorrow. You have better life!

Diana rushes off to catch up with Donna at the flower stalls at the exit of the market. Donna already has one potted plant under her arm and is reaching for another.

DIANA

Hey! One! One plant for you, no more.

DONNA

Ya ya. OK OK. (puts second plant down) How's Nonni?

DIANA

Pretty good, only asked me to kill her twice.

DONNA

Wow man, that's not bad, must be the sunshine giving her the good vibes.

DIANA

Her and me both. But now, it is time for nap. Pay for plant, we nap.

DONNA

Yes, nap.

INT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. 2ND FLOOR. HALLWAY - SATURDAY 3:00PM

The camera is looking down a hallway with water stained old hardwood floors. Bedroom doors are on the left and right and are offset so as not to face each other. At the end of the hallway is a large window with lots of sunlight coming in and feeding the collection of exotic plants and flowers stacked on an old painter's ladder repurposed into a plant stand. Hanging on the wall nearer the camera is an old black bakelite rotary phone.

This phone begins to ring, and ring, and ring. Those old metal bells are really shrill.

Diana comes out of her room wearing a quilted flannel housecoat and a very large eye mask pushed up to her forehead. The mask looks huge on her small face. She answers the phone.

DIANA

(curtly) Yes? (beat) Oh hi Dad, no we weren't sleeping yet. (beat) No it's ok.

DONNA (O.S.)

(yelling from her room)

Who the hell is that!?

DIANA

(covering the phone)

It's MY dad, go back to sleep. (beat) Ya, that was Donna, ya I guess she was sleeping.

DONNA (O.S.)

Tell him we're sleeping!

DIANA

(covering the phone)

I did! Go back to sleep! (beat) No it's OK Dad. What did you want? (beat) No, everything is fine here, no we are good. (beat) No, the restaurant is good. (beat) No, no. (interrupting) Everything is fine, nothing is "up"! Look, tomorrow is Sunday, come by and we'll catch up? OK? OK. Goodnight. I mean, see you tomorrow. Bye.

Diana hangs up the phone with a sigh.

DONNA (O.S.)

What did YOUR Dad want?

DIANA

He thinks "something is up" and wants to talk. Where the hell did he get that idea? Who talked to him?

DONNA (O.S.)

Well, it wasn't MY Dad that's for sure.

DIANA

Good point. Ok, ok. Nap.

DONNA (O.S.)

(sleepily) Nap.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY 11:00PM

We open with a shot of Donna wiping sweat from her brow at the pizza oven then over to Diana handing out slices of pie with both hands.

Then cut to a fast stop-motion montage of the line of customers coming up to the counter and being served by Diana while Donna hustles pizzas in and out of the oven. It escalates faster and faster to a blur when it screeches to a halt. Resolving to a tight shot on Diana's sweaty and dazed face.

DIANA

Two slices and a pop, that's 5 dollars please.

STASH

Thanks Di, boy it's slammed tonight.

DIANA

Huh!? What? Oh hi Stash, didn't see you there.

STASH

Ya, you guys are super busy, more than usual. What's going on? Can I help?

DIANA

Some sort of movie festival and a music festival going on at the same time in the neighbourhood is what I heard. Ok ummm...we are really busy Stash.

STASH

Ya, can I help?

DIANA

I'm not sure about that. Shouldn't you be working? Don't artists work late into the night? Why are you here when we are always so busy?

STASH

When you find paradise, why go somewhere else? (beat) I like the crowds. I get lonely working alone. And I've got nothing else to do. The retrospective of my work and Dad's at the MOMA is all ready to go for next month.

DIANA

Look Stash, we are really busy now...

DONNA

(interrupting) Stash, clean up the trash!

STASH

On it!

Stash hurries off to help out by cleaning tables.

DONNA

(quietly to Diana) We gotta do something about him,
he's always here.

DIANA

Well, he tips well. (she holds up a twenty dollar
bill) And he is cleaning up for us.

DONNA

I can't figure out his deal. Has he ever hit on you?

DIANA

Nope.

DONNA

Me neither.

DIANA

He's always nice. And his dad was always nice to all
of us.

DONNA

True enough. (beat) Order up!

DIANA

Next!

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD: "i secondi"

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING 10:00AM

Diana comes downstairs into a quiet restaurant with motes of dust dancing in the sunlight coming in through the windows. She turns to go to the kitchen to prepare coffee. Polpette looks up from his doggy bed, sees Diana, gives her a quiet "ruff" and his head flops back down to sleep. We hear a brushing noise that catches Diana's attention. She looks up out the front window, shakes her head and goes to unlock the front door and go outside.

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. STOOP - SUNDAY MORNING CON'T

We meet a familiar face who has a broom in his hand. It's SECONDO(59) smartly dressed in a shiny dark suit with red tie and aggressively sweeping the front sidewalk.

SECONDO

Madonna miseria! Look at this mess, who sweeps!? And the cigarette butts, disgusting! I can't stand them. Why did no one tell me smoking was so bad? Even kills your taste buds I find out. *Dio ci maledica [God damn us]*.

DIANA

Buongiorno Papà.

Diana steps on tiptoe to give Secondo a kiss on the cheek. He smiles and gets back to furiously sweeping.

DIANA

It's early and you seem to be pretty angry at that broom. What's going on?

SECONDO

My broom!? No, I love this broom, we've been together for years! (chuckles). I came to see you to talk and first I see these cigarette butts. Makes me think of your Aunt Ann, *Dio riposi la sua anima* [God rest her soul]. So sad, make me angry.

DIANA

I miss her too, cancer sucks Dad. But we still love her. Family right?

SECONDO

Amor, tosse e fumo, malemente si nascondono.
[Love, smoke and cough are hard to hide]

DIANA

Huh? I don't know that one.

SECONDO

It's saying "Love, smoke and cough are hard to be hiding". Enough, let's go in and make that brown water you call caffè and talk about these "troubles" I hear about. I want to know what "fracas" means.

Secondo sets down the broom carefully by the front door and puts an arm around Diana and walks her into the trattoria.

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - SUNDAY MORNING CON'T

Diana and Secondo are standing by the stove waiting for the Moka pot to generate some caffeine for them. Secondo keeps running his fingers across surfaces checking for dust. Diana isn't completely awake yet and still has a case of the "morning stares" aimed at the stove.

Polpette waddles over to Secondo's side looking for ear scratches which he promptly receives.

SECONDO

How is this guard dog working? Earning his keep?

DIANA

He's a good dog. I'm glad to care for him, reminds me of Mom.

SECONDO

Your mother never liked this dog I think. She was glad to leave him with you girls.

DIANA

Have you heard from her lately?

SECONDO

A postcard to remind to send over the rest of her dresses.

DIANA

So this is it? She's not coming back then?

SECONDO

No, I don't think so, no. The Bank of London needs her more than us I guess.

An uncomfortable silence envelopes the room. Diana continues with her "morning stares" aimed at the stove.

SECONDO

La pentola guardata non bolle mai?

DIANA

Huh? Ya, it will boil whether I stare or not. Not completely awake yet. It was a busy weekend.

SECONDO

So I hear.

The Moka pot makes a hissing, bubbling sound.

SECONDO (CON'T)

And I hear the caffè is ready. Sit, I bring over.

Secondo starts grabbing small cups and saucers. Diana heads to a table at the "front of house". With his back to Diana, Secondo slips a couple of very high end looking chocolates onto each saucer.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING CON'T

Secondo places the cup and saucers with a flourish and joins Diana at the table.

SECONDO

Eccoci, finalmente siamo arrivati!

[Here we are, we have finally arrived]

I may not cook but I can still treat my girl.

DIANA

(taking a chocolate and inspecting the wrapper)

Papà! *Ciocolato* from back home. Where did you get this?

SECONDO

Eh, you know. I know a guy who knows a guy who knows another guy and he (beat) who knows me. (beat) Now tell me, what's these troubles I hear about.

DIANA

That depends on what you've heard.

SECONDO

You know I know everything already. Tell me, now.

DIANA

If you know, then why do I need to tell you!?

SECONDO

I need to hear it from you. (with a smile) And to make sure what I heard was right.

DIANA

You heard about the guy with the knife the other night?

SECONDO

Sì, yes, yes, I heard about that, this is New York, we know. I heard Donna took good care of him.

DIANA

She did. You heard about the stock broker guy?

SECONDO

Yes...tell me more.

DIANA

You heard about how he was choked out?

SECONDO

Yes I did hear about that.

DIANA

And he lit a cigarette in front of Donna?

SECONDO

Yes I did hear about that as well. Fireball, poof!
Very dramatic!

DIANA

I guess that's it then.

SECONDO

No...so who choked?

DIANA

I don't know, some rich guy who was probably jazzed up
on cocaine.

SECONDO

No...who choked him? Who did the choking?

DIANA

Ah.

SECONDO

Yes, ah.

DIANA

Gabriella told you? I thought she was ancient history?

SECONDO

It is, very much so. She is ancient. Which is why I
was surprised to hear from her.

DIANA

So you know about the offer.

SECONDO

Yes.

DIANA

And the money situation.

SECONDO

As always it is, yes.

DIANA

So what do I do?

SECONDO

What do you do? You are asking ME what YOU should do?
I don't know what YOU should do. It's YOUR restaurant.

DIANA

Papà, don't be like that.

SECONDO

What!? You girls tell me all the time "It's our
restaurant now, you keep your nose out!". So I hear
troubles and I stick my nose in and now you want
"advice"? You want help?

DIANA

(meekly) Yes. Please.

SECONDO

I can't fix for you. You have to fix for yourself! We
gave you the place, it's yours, you decide. I mean the
tomato thing, that's you, your choices, you choose!
Come on! And with the tomatoes, you cheat for it! You
sneak in that lemon for the missing acid, amazing,
genius. I would have never! Primo would have never!
Genius!

DIANA

Ssshh, not so loud, no one knows about the lemon.

SECONDO

And no food waste, nothing goes out but it into their mouths! Even the lemons!

DIANA

But it's hard, we are struggling.

SECONDO

For you it's easy easy, it's you living here being new. For me it's home, the home I left behind. It's lost and I lose my memories every day.

DIANA

I try to make it like home, make food like Zio Primo.

SECONDO

Yes, you can try. But you are you. You are born here. No one can say they are 100% anything, not Italian, not American. Not anything. We are, how they say, a sum of our parts. You make this place yours and the food yours and it will work out.

DIANA

I've heard this before.

SECONDO

And you'll hear it again. (beat) What does Primo think of this "offer"?

DIANA

Donna is going to talk to him today. You should talk to him.

SECONDO

Eh..we talk but we don't talk.

DIANA

(surprised) You do!? When? What do you talk about?

SECONDO

You. We talk about you and your cousin. He tells me what he did with Donna and I tell him what he did wrong. I tell him what I did with you and he tells me what I did wrong.

DIANA

I had no idea.

SECONDO

Without your mothers around we needed help, so we help each other.

DIANA

But I thought you stopped talking to each other a while ago, when you gave us this place.

SECONDO

We did. (beat) Except for what is important, we don't talk. But when we need to, we talk about our girls.

Secondo lets that last statement hang in the air and they share a smile. Both open their chocolates and enjoy them in silence.

FADE OUT

EXT.NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND.CATHOLIC CHURCH - SUNDAY 11:00AM

Donna is walking along dressed in her Sunday best fancy dress and kerchief carrying what looks to be an old bible. She walks up the stone steps of the beautiful old Catholic church, just a few people are coming out as she heads in the door.

INT.CATHOLIC CHURCH.BACK PEW - SUNDAY CON'T

Donna sits quietly lost in thought with the book in her lap. The look on her face is almost the same as Diana's morning stare, we see now how they are related. When Donna is quiet we see Diana, when Diana is agitated we see Donna. Donna's reverie is interrupted by a young PRIEST.

PRIEST

Welcome, good morning. You just missed Mass but the next service is about half an hour.

DONNA

Yes, I know. I like to sit here between services. It's so nice when the Church has a chance to get quiet again, it's like it's settling.

PRIEST

Hmmm...yes I guess it is. We all need time to settle. May I join you?

DONNA

Sure, it's your house.

PRIEST

No, it's His house actually.

DONNA

True enough.

The Priest sits in the pew next to Donna. He gestures to the book in her lap.

PRIEST

Is that an old hymnal? I don't recognize it.

DONNA

(turning it over to show the book's title)

No, it's uh, well it's my dad's nonna's family bible, he says.

The camera takes a tight shot of the book showing the faded title "*De honesta voluptate et valetudine*". The Priest squints his eyes to read it and looks skyward thinking with his lips moving. He mumbles the title to himself.

PRIEST

Very interesting. How's your Latin?

DONNA

Somewhere between non-existent and clueless.

PRIEST

"Honest Indulgence and Good Health" it says. You knew that?

DONNA

Yes, I did.

PRIEST

Isn't that a cookbook, not a bible?

DONNA

Yes it is, a very old one.

PRIEST

And very valuable I would guess?

DONNA

To me, yes.

PRIEST

So why bring it to Church?

DONNA

If you knew my dad it would make sense.

PRIEST

(slapping his knee) Ah yes Primo, then you must be Primadonna!

DONNA

Why must I be?

PRIEST

Your father is a very good friend of the church, he speaks often of you and your cousin. In fact, I have visited and eaten your pizza. Amazing food!

DONNA

Thank you, you are very kind.

PRIEST

(distracted as he sees a parishioner knocking over some prayer candles)

Welcome Donna, I leave you to it. I must go put out a fire.

DONNA

(chuckling) Ya, looks like. Have a good morning.

PRIEST

You too. Bless you my child.

And with that he is away, leaving Donna to her thoughts.

FADE OUT

EXT.NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND.CATHOLIC CHURCH - SUNDAY CON'T

Donna is leaving the church and heading down the stone steps. To her surprise she sees Primo walking towards the church with his head down, he is carrying a wicker basket.

DONNA

Dad!?

PRIMO

(startled) Oh, Primadonna. *Buongiorno bambina*. What are you doing here?

DONNA

(abashed) I came to talk to Mom.

PRIMO

Ah, yes. This is a good place for a talk like that. Good talk yes?

DONNA

I guess, no answers though.

PRIMO

The answers are in the questions.

DONNA

Huh?

PRIMO

Well you see, you ask these questions and they are important. They are important to you to ask your mother up there. What those questions are, what they ask, it's important to you. So that is the answers, of what is important.

DONNA

I guess?

PRIMO

Well, it sounds better in Italian. (he shrugs and smiles)

DONNA

What are you doing here?

PRIMO

I bring some ingredients to the ladies in the basement to help with Sunday's lunch.

DONNA

Ladies in the basement? Really? And how long has this been going on with you and the ladies?

PRIMO

(blushing) What? No. For a while. I want to help. I keep busy.

DONNA

I'm sure you do. Are some of these ladies your age?

PRIMO

No Primadonna, it's not like that. I help them cook and we talk about food.

DONNA

No *tardona* catching your eye?

PRIMO

No, nothing catching my eye. My eyes only see your mother, everywhere. Especially when I see you.

DONNA

Dad, it wouldn't be a bad thing for you to talk to another woman.

PRIMO

I had all that kind of love I need in my life with your mother, I am good. (quickly changing the topic) I see you have the book?

DONNA

I felt I needed something to hold onto in there. (nods to church)

PRIMO

Yes, that makes sense. *Il ricettario è la mia breviario. [The cookbook is my breviary]* (beat) We should talk about these troubles I hear about. Let me take this to ladies.

DONNA

Ya, I guess we should talk. I'll meet you at the bench in the park over here. (she gestures across the street)

PRIMO

Grazie, vengo subito. [Thanks, I'll come right away]

Primo hustles into the church and Donna heads across the street.

EXT.NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND.PARK BENCH - SUNDAY CON'T

Donna sits quietly in her nice dress clutching the book to her chest. She watches as joggers run by and sees an old couple sitting at a bench across the path feeding pigeons. She gives them a smile. Primo approaches, gives the older couple a shy wave and joins Donna on the park bench.

PRIMO

So.

DONNA

So.

PRIMO

You look nice. You in a dress and looking so much like your mother.

DONNA

Thank you.

PRIMO

So.

DONNA

So.

PRIMO

Troubles?

DONNA

Yes.

PRIMO

They are?

DONNA

Troubles, yes.

PRIMO

Donna, vuotare il sacco! [empty the bag]

Donna sets the book by her side, sits up, straightens her dress and turns slightly to look her father directly in the eye.

DONNA

OK, you asked, so now I tell you. On Friday some guy with a knife tried to rob us but he wasn't a problem, I took care of that. Another guy threatened to burn down the restaurant but then some other guy choked him in a wrestler move and threw him out and another guy, a Canadian chef, gave Diana a real hard time about tomatoes but the other chefs threw him out. The roof is leaking, we can't pay our taxes, we can't pay ourselves and we are tired all the time and I don't know if I can do it anymore. But then out of the blue Gabriella sent some guy to buy the place from us and that sounds like it could solve all our problems but I think it wouldn't and that scares me because it might mean I wouldn't work with Diana anymore and I'm really scared about what would happen to her. (finally she inhales deeply and slumps back on the bench)

Primo takes a second to digest everything his daughter just threw at him. He rubs his chin and responds carefully with a very concerned look on his face.

PRIMO

A Canadian? I thought they were supposed to be so nice?

DONNA

(laughing) Ya, me too. I think he was a lumberjack or something.

PRIMO

I see.

DONNA

So that's our troubles. You asked, now you know.

PRIMO

I'm sorry my *bambina* that these troubles troubling you.

DONNA

So what do I do?

PRIMO

(shrugging) What can you do?

DONNA

Well that's no help.

PRIMO

No, you don't understand me. What CAN you do?

DONNA

I don't know, it feels like I can't do anything.

PRIMO

This is not true, you know this.

DONNA

Ya, I guess.

PRIMO

You sit down and make yourself a list of what YOU and YOUR cousin can do. The two of you, the team.

DONNA

Diana wants to try new things, new menu items, new ingredients and invent new food to make us famous I think.

PRIMO

You don't need to invent anything, because things are already made, and they're fine. Just cook what's good.

DONNA

I wish it was that easy.

PRIMO

No it's not easy, and you know that too. If it was easy it wouldn't be worth fighting for it. You make such good dough and you know dough is all the sciences: (counting on his fingers) chemistry, biology, physics, maths and love. It takes work and patience and knowledge. You grow and nurture it and that makes it worth it.

DONNA

Ya.

PRIMO

But business is another thing, running a restaurant I never understand. Your uncle, he knew better than me. Look see, we didn't want this. We didn't want you to work there. We wanted better for both of you, to go to school, get the education we didn't get, get a job on the Wall Street, meet a nice man, live in a brownstone and give me grandchildren. We never wanted you to make food, it's a curse. It's too much pain and we don't want that for you.

DONNA

I don't want those things, well not right now. I want to bake and work with Diana.

PRIMO

Then that's what YOU can do.

With a faint smile Donna reaches over and gives Primo's hand a squeeze.

DONNA

Thanks Papà. I think.

The camera tracks from the father and daughter on the park bench to a bunch of leaves and paper trash on the path in front of them. The wind gusts and carries this trash down the path away from the bench. We follow the trash for a bit as the wind picks up even more. Then we pan upwards showing the trees in the park and the sky above. Time moves quickly. The trees are starting to get tossed around more and more by the wind. Dark clouds quickly move into what was a clear sky. It darkens even more, the clouds have blocked out the now setting sun.

FADE TO BLACK

Screen still black, a deep low rumble of thunder in the distance is heard. Another rumble of thunder, closer still. We can hear wind and rain whipping violently. A loud crack as the thunder crashes and the lighting illuminates...

INT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - MONDAY 3:30AM

The lighting flashes through the window showing the plants on the ladder and the hallway lit up. Both the bedroom doors are open. Back to pitch black.

(beat)

Another lighting strike, this one louder and brighter and too damn close. In the flash of light we see and hear a couple of the plants fall from the ladder at the end of the hallways.

A fraction of a second later a bunch of tree branches come crashing through the window smashing the glass and knocking the ladder and plants over into the hall.

Both Donna and Diana come to their bedroom doorways. Donna has a large metal flashlight, the type that takes 4 D-Cell batteries. She shines it on Diana and then the window and then the floor.

DIANA

Oh my God! What happened!?

DONNA

Stop! Don't move an inch!

DIANA

What why? What's going on? Is this an earthquake!?

Donna shines the flashlight on the window and then the floor again.

DONNA

No, just a storm and that tree in the courtyard finally came down right through our window. Stay in your room, there's glass all over the floor!

DIANA

OK, I'm going to go get a light too.

DONNA

I'll get my boots on and check things out.

DIANA

Can you get my boots from downstairs?

DONNA

Ya, I'll go down and make sure Polpette is ok. I'll bet he slept through this, I swear he's deaf.

Donna goes back into her room and then comes back out clad in leather hard sole work boots. She heads downstairs.

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - MONDAY MORNING CON'T

Donna sweeps the flashlight across the kitchen. First she sees Polpette in his doggy bed, snoring. She smiles. The flashlight then pans across the pizza oven. A very thick large tree branch has been blown by the storm through the window at the back of the kitchen and directly into the middle of the oven. The oven bricks are ever so perfectly broken and pushed in so it looks like the branch literally just grew out of the oven itself.

DONNA

Oh shit.

FADE OUT

EXT.PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA.STOOP - MONDAY 10:00AM

The sun is now shining, the storm has passed and Secondo is out front with his broom again. Oh boy does he have a lot of sweeping to do. There are leaves, branches, newspapers and assorted trash all over. He already has a sizable pile started when Primo walks up.

PRIMO

Salve Seco, come va?
[Hi Secondo, how are you doing?]

SECONDO

(sarcastically) Tutto a posto! [It's all OK]

PRIMO

Why are you here?

SECONDO

Why am I here!? Me? You are always here, why ask me why I am here?

PRIMO

The girls called you?

SECONDO

Sì and I come to clean up.

PRIMO

You and that broom. Always.

SECONDO

I sweep to make it nicer.

PRIMO

It look nice already.

SECONDO

I make it more nicer.

PRIMO

You and that broom. (beat) You know I replaced that broom brush at least two maybe three times and the girls put that new plastic handle on it, it's not your broom anymore.

SECONDO

It's in my hands and I'm using it, it's my broom.

PRIMO

(rubbing his chin and looking up at the
restaurant sign)

You know, they changed the sign and the name. They
changed the menu. They changed the chairs and the
tables. Everything is changed. It's in their hands
now. Is it their broom? You think it's still our
restaurant?

SECONDO

No, that it is not. But it is my broom.

PRIMO

Why don't you go in?

SECONDO

I don't have a key.

PRIMO

Why don't you knock?

SECONDO

I'm sweeping and I don't want to wake them.

PRIMO

They aren't sleeping. I have key.

SECONDO

Of course you have a key, you are here everyday! You
never left!

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - MONDAY CON'T

Donna and Diana are standing around the prep table with a couple of empty beer bottles in front of each of them. Primo and Secondo approach. Silently they take in the destruction and then calmly walk over to their daughters and embrace them. Donna is stoic but Diana does tear up a little and a sob escapes her.

PRIMO

Beer?

DONNA

No power, no gas, no caffè.

PRIMO

(taking a thermos from his wicker basket)

Caffè.

DONNA

Grazie.

They all get a small cup of *caffè* poured for them and a nice *zeppole* on the side. It's quiet except for slurping, chewing and deep sighs.

SECONDO

(gesturing to the oven)

That's gonna hurt.

PRIMO

Yes.

DONNA

It's gonna hurt a lot.

DIANA

Yaah. (sigh), (beat), (sigh). Wait, why is it going to hurt? Papà why did you say it's gonna hurt?

SECONDO

Well, the time to fix we can't be open and we can't make money and the insurance guys are only gonna help so much, you know them. This will cost a lot of money we don't make, it will hurt.

DIANA

Uh huh I see, *Zio* what do you think?

PRIMO

Well, that too, but I'm thinking how we can't cook, we don't make food for everyone. Do what we do.

DIANA

Cugina? [*cousin*]

DONNA

I'm thinking about all the customers, the chefs and the crew. Where are they gonna go?

DIANA

Me too. Ya, me too. I did. Ya, I thought all those things in a New York second last night and then I thought about me. About how this is gonna hurt me, and then I felt guilty and pushed that down and then thought about all those things again. And then I got mad for feeling guilty. This is going to hurt me, it's hassle to me with the insurance guys and angry customers and a grumpy cousin not working and Papà worried about money and more and more stress on me.

DONNA

Cugina, it's going to be ok.

DIANA

No! This place, I love it, but it sucks the blood out of me seven days a week and twenty hours a day. I love it, but I hate it. And what I hate the most is that it does the same thing to the people I love, that same hurt hurts you all here in front of me. (tears are flowing now). I don't want to see you hurt, I don't want to argue, I don't want this anymore. It's not worth it. I just wanna cook good food for people I love.

It gets very quiet, no one was expecting an outburst from Diana like this, least of all herself. She digs a tissue out and comically blows her nose loudly. There are a couple of small smiles and quiet chuckles.

DIANA

(looking at her father and uncle)

And what's all this "We" shit?

Primo and Secondo look at each sheepishly. Donna is gob-smacked and staring at Diana with a mixture of pride and concern. They are all shocked out of the moment by the very loud sound of a chainsaw starting up and all turn to look at the source of the sound at the back window. The chainsaw noise gets even louder and starts digging into the tree branch that is now trembling and shaking in the window and oven. The branch falls in two, half outside the window and half inside the kitchen. A hard hat helmeted head looks through the window and gives a friendly wave and bends down to continue the cleanup.

SECONDO

Who is this helpful man?

DONNA

Our wood guy, he keeps the oven going. I called him last night right away. He figures he'll make more money working just today than all year.

DIANA

He's an Arborist.

SECONDO

Diana *abbastanza*! I know you are upset, but such language? He seems like a nice guy.

DIANA

No, it means he's...oh never mind.

The sound of the chainsaw stops and the back door to the kitchen opens. In lumbers the ARBORIST with chainsaw in hand.

ARBORIST

Good morning! (looks around) What!? Dam! It hit the oven? Sorry girls.

DONNA

Hey no, it's OK, everyone is OK and that's what matters. Thanks for coming so quick.

ARBORIST

No problem, anything for my best customers. I'm gonna have to move fast here though, lots to do today. Gonna have lots of nice hickory for you next week (smiles).

DONNA

I don't think we'll need it for a while. Might be tough to find a brick guy to fix that thing.

ARBORIST

Sorry I don't know anyone but I do know that oven is worth a lot of money, it's the best I've ever seen. Sad to see it with a hole in it. (beat) OK, you all need to clear out while I clean this up and then start work upstairs.

DONNA

Got it. OK everyone, time to get out of the man's way.
He's got a busy day saving the city.

Donna hustles everyone out of the kitchen and towards the door.

DONNA (CON'T)

Diana and I are going to find a quiet place with
electricity and food. We've got it from here Papà and
Zio. Thanks, but this is our mess.

PRIMO

OK, OK, we leave. (beat) (hesitantly) Secondo, *mangia
e parla?* [*Secondo, eat and talk?*]

SECONDO

Si, I know a new place. Big money type place I have
being want to try.

PRIMO

OK, we eat, we talk.

FADE OUT

INT. IFHEM'S FAMILY RESTAURANT - MONDAY NOON

Primo and Secondo are seated at a booth in a loud and bright
restaurant. It's a TGIF kinna place, lots of plastic and
screaming kids. Both men have placemats and crayons in front of
them.

PRIMO

Seco, what is this place? Why are we here?

SECONDO

It is research.

PRIMO

For what? Dante Alighieri writing another book?

SECONDO

This is, was, is now a family restaurant took over by those Briscola guys.

PRIMO

Oh, I see. This is how it is.

SECONDO

So it seems, yes.

A young man (WAITER) dressed in overalls and a railroad engineer's hat comes over to take their order.

WAITER

Hey guys! Welcome to Ifhem's Restaurant Railway to fun! Do you see anything on your menu that you want to choo-choo choose?

Primo slaps his hands to his face and hides behind them.

SECONDO

Excuse my brother, the storm has made him a little crazy today.

WAITER

I hear that! We got every mom and their kids in here for lunch today.

SECONDO

First a question, do you have to, do they make you say that?

WAITER

Say what?

SECONDO

The "choo-choo" thing.

WAITER

(frowning) Yes.

SECONDO

I see, I am sorry for you. OK, I'll have the
"Locomotive Lunch Special" and for my brother
maybe...the "Diesel Dog"?

PRIMO

(looking up at Secondo)

What is this "Diesel Dog"?

WAITER

It's our super special ultimate hotdog extravaganza!

PRIMO

Hot dog? Secondo, *che minchia stai dicendo!?* Non dire
cazzate! [Secondo, what the fuck are you saying !?
Don't say such bullshit!]

SECONDO

(chuckling) OK, OK, maybe just the "Steam-power Salad"
for my brother.

WAITER

Great! I'll get right on that. Anything to drink for
you both?

SECONDO

Water is fine, thank you very much.

The waiter heads off while blowing a toy train whistle and doing
train chug-chug motions with his hands.

PRIMO

OK, now I'm IN Dante's book.

SECONDO

He's a kid, paying his bills, be nice.

PRIMO

(grumbling under his breath)

Incazzato nero. [piss me off] (takes deep breath) OK, what about the girls? What will we do?

SECONDO

You know there is no "We". Diana made that pretty clear, again.

PRIMO

Yes true, but we must help.

SECONDO

Ehhh...do you know the girls call us "Bert and Ernie"?

PRIMO

Who's that?

SECONDO

You know, on the TV? The "Sesame Street"?

PRIMO

Is Sesame Street downtown or uptown?

SECONDO

Oh, I think it's downtown.

PRIMO

Why are we talking about television? I don't watch television! (he's getting pissed off again).

SECONDO

Never mind that. You remember our old friend Zbigniew from the old neighbourhood?

PRIMO

I think so, he was a "big" man? Round?

SECONDO

Yes, that's him. I heard he got "the cancer" in his (gestures to his groin) *testicoli* and lost his business, house and all the family money and then went bankrupt paying for treatments. He's alive but in debt and will never retire, ever.

PRIMO

Seco, that's terrible. Why do you tell me this?

SECONDO

I don't know, something to think about. Something I've been thinking about. The ending you know.

The waiter arrives with their meals. Placing each in front of them.

WAITER

I've got a "Locomotive Lunch Special" for you and a "Steam-power Salad" for you Sir!

SECONDO

Thank you very much.

PRIMO

Cos'è questo!? [What is this!?!]

Primo incredulously picks a spider off the top of his salad. Upon closer inspection it is a toy spider made of black plastic and about the size of a 50 cent piece.

WAITER

(under his breath) Shit. (composes himself) Oh my! You have found our Silly Spider Quality Checker!

SECONDO

Silly Spider? What is this? A kid's toy?

WAITER

(dropping his voice)

Actually, it's something the managers use to make sure we check the food before it goes out. I screwed up and was supposed to catch that. If you don't say anything please then dessert is on me.

SECONDO

I see. No, don't worry. We don't say anything.

WAITER

Thanks, I really need this job. (back to loud voice)
Can I get you gentlemen anything else for now?

SECONDO

No, grazie, thank you.

The waiter slinks off quickly and quietly.

PRIMO

(shaking the spider at Secondo)

What if this is what becomes of our girls? Working like this?

SECONDO

We gotta help them? Do we?

Secondo takes a drink of his water and gets a surprised look on his face. He pulls a plastic spider out of his mouth.

PRIMO

(shaking his head)

Everyone needs help.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - MONDAY AFTERNOON

Donna is hard at work sweeping up broken glass and trash. Diana is dusting and wiping down everything. Stash comes in the back door and looks around the kitchen. Donna is now stapling cardboard over the broken window and turns to see him come in.

STASH

Wow! But not as bad as I heard.

DONNA

Morning Stash, not bad but still bad.

STASH

Ya, about that. I've got good news and bad news.

DONNA

That bad news about our dishwasher?

STASH

I am so sorry about that, I was just trying to help. I thought dishwashing soap was for dishwashers, I didn't know. I'm sorry. Sorry I'm a pest.

DONNA

Ya well, don't touch anything in the kitchen again.

Stash looking abashed is poking around at the dough mixer and reads the label.

STASH

Why is this machine labelled "Lefty"?

DIANA

The old guy we bought it from only had a left hand left.

DONNA

Stop touching things! (beat) What did you come here for? What's this bad news?

STASH

I have good news too!

DONNA

Out with it.

STASH

OK, so while you were out and Mister Handsome Chainsaw Man was cutting up the trees I went up on the roof.

DONNA

What!? Why?

STASH

Because I figured I should take a look. That roof is a mess, Chainsaw Guy helped me put up a tarp out there to cover up the damage but next time it rains you are going to have even bigger problems.

DONNA

What do you know from roofs?

STASH

(shrugs) Architecture school. Dad thought I needed a trade. I don't just make fucked up sculptures (gesturing to his artwork displayed around the restaurant).

DIANA

So can we still cook in here?

STASH

With hard hats I guess. But no customers in here, the building inspectors would drag your ass to court so fast.

DONNA

So what's the good news?

STASH

Chainsaw Guy gave me his number, we are meeting for drinks.

DONNA

Good for you I guess. Wait, what!? (beat) Oh. Didn't know that. And that explains a few things. (beat) So WHY are you hanging around here all the time Stash?

STASH

I'm bored, I'm alone, I like it here. I like what you guys have. *Familia*.

DIANA

I guess you are kind of family. Your dad and our dads go way back.

STASH

I miss my dad.

DIANA

We do too.

Primo and Secondo had slipped in the front door and obviously caught the last part of the conversation. There is an uncomfortable silence.

PRIMO

Buongiorno Junior. Yes, we miss your father too. He was a good man and very good to us all.

STASH

Thank you Primo, that's very kind of you.

Stash looks around the room and takes in the dynamic.

STASH (CON'T)

I'll let you guys talk.

Stash leaves.

DONNA

(addressing her uncle and father)

We don't need any extra hands here, we have it under control.

SECONDO

Yes, it seems you do. We want to ask you both please if you will let us do one small thing.

DIANA

What is that?

SECONDO

We want to have a meeting with this Briscola company. We both want to see them and talk about this "deal".

DONNA

Fine, OK if you feel you must, then what are we supposed to do?

PRIMO

We think you should take the offer letter to the Weisbergers.

DIANA

That actually, is a really good idea.

FADE OUT

INT.BRISCOLA CORPORATION.BOARDROOM - TUESDAY AFTERNOON

A large boardroom table made of blonde oak that seats more than a dozen stretches out across a room that is all glass walls. Primo and Secondo sit at the far end of the table with "Anthora" paper coffee cups in front of them. Primo unconsciously brings the cup to his mouth but the smell quickly reminds him he had already tasted this dishwater, he puts it back down offended.

Aaron Smeltzer comes bursting into the room with his lythe SECRETARY who is carrying a large file folder. She is wearing a smart pants suit, hair pinned back and very large red plastic frame glasses. Aaron is in his smart suit and tie with hair slicked back, today he is sporting a carnation in his label.

AARON

Good afternoon gentlemen! Sorry to keep you waiting.

SECONDO

No, no waiting, it's fine. Thank you for taking time to see us on such short notice.

AARON

No problem at all of course. I'm very happy to meet the fathers of those wonderful girls over at Paradise Pizza.

SECONDO

It's Pair O' Dice. Three words, the girls changed it, thought it sounded...what's that word? Punny, yes, punny.

AARON

(barks a loud laugh) Yes, yes! Very punny indeed!
(beat) So, let's get to business. Let me tell you what Briscola will be doing for you to make you all rich! We are the ultimate in franchisors on the East Coast and expanding rapidly. We will take (enunciating) Pair O' Dice Pizza across this country selling to families everywhere. Our key executives here are responsible for success stories like Kentucky Fried Chicken and even Dairy Queen.

SECONDO

Kentucky Fried huh? Yes, I heard this story about how the Colonel had to move to Canada to hide. He's selling fried chicken to French people now, no?

AARON

Yes, well, there were some great successes in Canada. It's a wide open territory for us.

SECONDO

And the "Dairy Queen" in Canada? I think I read this one in the paper too, selling ice cream to Eskimos in some place called (mispronouncing) Saskatchewan?

AARON

Hey, who doesn't love ice cream! But today we are talking all about pizza. As I'm sure you know, any small town in this great nation that starts to form always has a pizza place. After the church, the school and the gas station you get at least two pizza places.

PRIMO

(sarcastically) Maybe we should just open a gas station?

AARON

(laughs) That's hilarious Primo, I heard you were a funny guy. Now I know you are head chef at Paradise and I want to show you the menu we've designed.

Aaron snaps his fingers at his secretary, she quickly hands him a large 11" by 17" brightly colored menu that looks like it was made with every crayon in the 120 count box. He slides it under Primo's nose. Primo grumbles and digs a pair of reading glasses out of his coat and looks down his nose at the menu.

PRIMO

What is this?

AARON

As I said, it's our proposed menu for Paradise.

PRIMO

What are these lists with all the numbers? It looks like a catalog for a butcher and shopping list for a green grocer.

AARON

It's what the customers can choose from to make their pizza.

PRIMO

Make their pizza!? I thought we did that? They going to have to bake it too?

AARON

Well, funny you should mention it, but yes we are looking into that too.

Secondo slides the menu over in front of himself, he already has his reading glasses on and a black marker in hand. He starts viciously striking off items on the menu.

SECONDO

Look, see, you have to have food for what they like but most importantly they don't like. Don't like pasta? Here's risotto. Don't like meat? Here's a veggie dish and like that. But give them too many choices, like all this, and they freeze up and order the same one thing all of the time. Then you never make all this other food here. It's a waste.

AARON

But we feel the customer will enjoy inventing their own pizza. It's fun!

PRIMO

We don't need to invent anything, because things are already made, and they're fine.

Secondo now finished with blacking out most of the menu flips it over to the other side.

SECONDO

And what is this! Delivery!? We don't deliver, you come here and eat. I don't want to come to your house, I come to your house and you cook for me. I don't bring food to your house and insult the cook, not going to insult your mother. You come to my house and I cook for you.

AARON

(starting to feel frustrated and defeated)

Everybody does pizza delivery. You have to!

PRIMO

We don't HAVE to do anything.

AARON

Let's move on...

Aaron once again snaps his fingers and his secretary magically pulls from under the table a large cardboard pizza box emblazoned with the words "Pair O' Dice Pizza" and the faces of two large dice next to each other.

AARON (CON'T)

This is the pizza box our art department has put together. Amazing isn't it! So bold and recognizable, you know what it is if you see it a city block away.

Primo and Secondo both take off their reading glasses to look at it.

PRIMO

So, this on the front. Supposed to be two dice, yes?

AARON

Yes, a pair of dice! Like you said, it's "punny"!

PRIMO

Looks to me like (beat) how you say, a "domino"?

Aaron quickly grabs the box, hands it to his secretary and she whisks the box out of the room in a panic.

AARON

Maybe that's enough about the packaging, how about we go down to the research lab here and look at what is most important.

SECONDO

Yes, please take me and my brother to your laboratory. This I'd like to see.

AARON

(standing) This way gentlemen.

INT.BRISCOLA CORPORATION.LABORATORY - TUESDAY AFTERNOON CON'T

The test kitchen laboratory is stainless steel from floor to ceiling. Everything is shining and 3 Briscola employees are dressed in chef's whites complete with old-school white toques. We join the scene with Primo having taken over completely the demonstration, he is showing the employees how to properly make a pizza. Secondo and Aaron are off to the side observing.

AARON

This isn't what I had in mind. We were supposed to show you how and what we would be making.

SECONDO

My brother can't watch someone else cook in a kitchen without getting all his hands in and dirty.

AARON

Yes, it seems that way.

The camera turns back to Primo and the 3 employees. Primo is working some dough into a pizza disc shape.

PRIMO

No, not tossing around, flipping and spinning that is for the *circo*, for the circus.

Primo finishes shaping with his knuckles, sticks his nose down and smells the dough.

PRIMO (CON'T)

Who made this dough? Where is this from? This doesn't smell right. Where you get your water? It's not New York pizza without our water. It won't work!

AARON

Actually we use specially filtered water for consistency. But we won't be making the dough in the restaurants, it will be shipped in pre-made frozen packs from our factory out west.

PRIMO

(sneering) From where? From (mispronouncing) Saskatchewan? (beat) Um OK, where's the sauce?

One of the employees holds up a can of tomatoes.

PRIMO (CON'T)

What is this? I haven't seen this brand before.

AARON

Those are canned hot house tomatoes from Mexico.

PRIMO

(drawn out) Ooooookay...

SECONDO

Primo, I'm sure they are very good. Just try please?

PRIMO

OK, OK, I try. What about cheese?

The second employee grabs a bag of pre-shredded cheese.

AARON

Nothing but the best Parmesan cheese!

PRIMO

Parmesan cheese isn't Italian, it's American garbage! You need Pamerganio! *Doubla* terrible! How can you make Italian food without Italian ingredients!? This isn't food! This isn't Italian food, it's a bastardization. It's a mess. How you say!? It, it's a dog. Yes, a dog, a dog's breakfast.

SECONDO

Primo, please be nice. We are guests here, calm yourself.

Primo gives Secondo a steely glare as he attempts to calm himself taking big deep breaths.

AARON

How about we skip to the final product to show our guests?

Using metal peel the third employee takes from a shining gas oven behind them a pizza.

AARON (CON'T)

This is a Paradise Pizza!

The room gets very quiet. Both Primo and Secondo are staring intently at the pizza. They look at the pizza and then up at each other. Secondo gives Primo a shrug. The pizza is square.

PRIMO

(whispering) Square!? Square!?

AARON

Ah, yes, we make the pizzas square because they fill the box completely and the customers feel that they received more value for the money. And also we can fit more pizzas at one time into the oven. More bang for the buck!

PRIMO

(whispering) Bang? Buck? (louder) Seco, they cut it like *Moussaka*, like the Greeks.

SECONDO

Primo, it's fine.

PRIMO

(now raging) It is fine!? It's fine!? No! It should be a dart board Za! No, it's more like lasagna. (beat) But you know I ask myself again who would put pasta on pizza?

AARON

You'd be surprised. But you might have something there. Someone take a note.

PRIMO

Would I? No, not surprised anymore. It's too much starch, maybe they want rice too? Well the potatoes worked for the Greeks. Potatoes on pizza too? Why not? *Folle! Matto! Demente!* (under his breath) *Testa di minchia. [Fucked in the head]*

At this point the energy in the room is both tense and raging. Primo is red faced and beyond angry. Secondo is now angry too but it's a strange combination of anger and embarrassment at his brother's behaviour and also at what Briscola is showing him.

SECONDO

Primo, that's enough! *Ne ho abbastanza!* (beat) Aaron, thank you very much for having us. I think we've seen everything we need to see. We will talk soon. Thank you again. *Grazie mille!* (beat) Primo, we leave now!

And with that, Secondo pushes Primo out the door leaving Aaron and his staff looking stunned at how quickly that escalated.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - TUESDAY AFTERNOON

Donna and Diana are dressed for their meeting with the lawyers but are having a quick coffee and chat before heading out. Sitting at one of the tables they have the offer from Briscola and other paperwork in front of them.

DONNA

Why do we need all this?

DIANA

We don't need ALL of this, we just need the deed and some bank records. When I talked to Mrs. Weisberger to set up the meeting she said this stuff would be helpful.

DONNA

And we need this too?

Donna holds up an old sheaf of ragged old papers that look like ancient parchment hand bound together in a raw leather binder.

DIANA

That, my *cugina*, is Great Uncle Paolo's cookbook. I found it buried in a filing box with the deed. I forgot about it completely. Haven't seen it in years.

Donna leafs through the book. We see that it's all handwritten recipes in Italian and includes drawings of food, ingredients and the process. It smacks of Leonardo da Vinci's notebook.

DONNA

Wow, this is amazing. I've never seen this before.

DIANA

Ya, your dad kept it to himself pretty much. I don't think he used it so much for the recipes but for the inspiration. He gave it to me years ago.

DONNA

Di, you know, we could publish something like this couldn't we?

DIANA

Why?

DONNA

I think food nerds like you would kill to see this.

DIANA

Donna, it's *famiglia*.

DONNA

It's just an idea. (beat) What if we made our own cookbook? That could make money. We could write a cookbook like Julia Child and be famous!

DIANA

Not a bad idea, but it takes a long time to write a cookbook and even longer to get the money from it.

DONNA

You always shit on my ideas *Terza*! We need money!

DIANA

Don't yell at me, this isn't my mess.

DONNA

So who's mess is this!? (gesturing to the broken oven)

DIANA

Well our dads didn't exactly set us up for success here.

DONNA

It's like they were rats and jumped ship leaving us to sink.

DIANA

Actually I think it was our mothers that left the ship. Sorry, not your mom, not that way. But mine ran out of here leaving me.

DONNA

(tearing up) What the fuck are we supposed to do with this mess! Do we just sell this place? So what if we sell out and take the money, like all the money and got out of here? Maybe California? They said it's ours, they don't need us. We could just go and let them sit here and be angry.

DIANA

(also in tears) *Cugina. It's famiglia.*

DONNA

(collecting herself) Ya, I guess so.

DIANA

It's ours. It's our trattoria, it's our mess, it's our *famiglia*.

DONNA

Ya, you're right. Sorry, I'm not mad at you. Like Dad says "*tra i due litiganti il terzo gode*". [*Two argue and a third benefits*]

DIANA

Look, when I'm out there I wanna be back here cooking, when I'm here cooking I wanna be out there.

DONNA

So what do you want?

DIANA

I want to see what the lawyers say.

DONNA

OK, let's go.

INT.WEISBERGER & WEISBERGER LAW OFFICE - TUESDAY AFTERNOON

The law office is a tight little room with a huge oak desk piled high with papers and overflowing bookshelves lining the wall. There are no windows. There is barely room for two guest chairs in front of the desk. The girls are wedged into the chairs facing a small man behind the desk with his wife fussing around behind him.

GAD WEISBERGER and FRANCESCA WEISBERGER are a Hasidic Jewish couple in their late eighties. They have been real estate and restaurant lawyers for most of their lives. Gad has the traditional hat and the hair curls and everything, his wife Francesca acts as the office cleaner with her hair in a kerchief. Francesca hangs around Gad's desk and gives the real advice.

GAD

Miss Pilaggi and Miss Pilaggi, good morning girls, good morning. Please sit, now you are comfortable yes? Can my wife get you some tea? Perhaps a light snack for you both?

DONNA

No thank you Mr.Weisberger, we just ate, we are fine.

GAD

Please, call me Gad! Did you know (beat) my mother named me Gad because my father's name was Jacob?

FRANCESCA

Gad no! Not this story! They are young girls!

GAD

Shush, I'm talking here. You see (beat) my mother says I was born circumcised just like Gad son of Jacob in Genesis 30:11. Now you see my mother wasn't named Leah like in the bible story but my father was Jacob so it was still a sign from Hashem. All that and born circumcised, indeed a sign from Hashem. In the story the mother Leah says "Luck has come" and that's what my name means. Luck. Now Wiesberger, see that means "White Mountain" so my name...

FRANCESCA

(interrupting) Enough Gad, they don't need to hear this! Girls, I am his poor wife and business partner Francesca, we spoke on the phone. I'm Italian like you, I converted see. Now you ragazze tell us how we can help you?

DIANA

Nice to meet you (beat) Francesca. Short story long like I said on the phone, we have a restaurant and this company Briscola wants to buy us or franchise us or something.

Diana hands over the offer letter to Gad. He searches around for his glasses. Papers fall all over the place. Francesca rolls her eyes at the girls and gestures as if to say "I gotta live with this".

GAD

Francesca! Francesca!

FRANCESCA

Don't yell! I'm right here.

GAD

Where are my reading glasses!?

FRANCESCA

Have you checked the top of your head?

Gad reaches up and finds only his *hoiche* hat. The girls look at Francesca and then each other with tight smiles. And then back at Francesca. Francesca then reaches to the top of her head and finds a pair of tortoise shell glasses.

FRANCESCA

Bontà! Here they are.

Francesca hands the glasses to Gad and he digs into the letter. He carefully reads each and every line tracing it with his finger. The occasional "yes, yes", "um hmm" and "I see" are uttered under his breath.

GAD

OK, it was good you came to see us. We have had dealings with these Briscola gentlemen before and seen very similar offers. If not exactly the same.

DONNA

So what does it mean?

GAD

Yes, yes. Let me first tell you what it says and then I will tell you what it doesn't say. Then and only then will you understand what it means.

DIANA

Should I take notes?

GAD

No, just listen to what I say. They want to buy the rights to the name of your restaurant and the concept, the idea of it, the (enunciating) "Pair O' Dice", yes?

The girls nod.

GAD (CON'T)

They are making you a franchise offer, that would mean you give them the rights to it all and they build lots of other pizza places with your name on it. And they give you a royalty of all the money those places pay them for that right. Now that is a tiny little sliver of a percentage but if there are a lot of restaurants around the country and they do well there could be a lot of money coming to you every month.

DONNA

(excitedly) This is sounding good for us.

GAD

Yes, perhaps. But if they don't build so many restaurants or they don't do well and they close. Then not so good for you.

DONNA

(dejected) Oh.

GAD

But it could be good, who knows with business. But now what it hints at in this letter and it doesn't say out loud that we know from experience that Briscola is doing.

FRANCESCA

This part you need to listen carefully to girls.

GAD

Yes, this is the tricky part. If you agree to this deal your restaurant you have now becomes a franchise as well. They would own your place and you would work for them. You would be like all the other places they run.

DONNA

That sucks!

GAD

(chuckling) Yes, it would, suck. But it could work for you both perhaps. They would provide supplies, advertising, insurance, maintenance and your wages with benefits. It could be a good job for two young girls running their restaurant. Sorry, when I say "their" I mean Briscola.

DIANA

I don't want someone else to tell me how to run our restaurant. It's ours.

GAD

Yes, I didn't think you would. But tell me, very important, are you leasing that building?

DIANA

No, we own it. Francesca told me to bring the deed.

Diana hands over the deed to Gad and once again it gets quiet as he reads it carefully line by line.

GAD

Yes, here you are, Primadonna Pilaggi and Secondiana Pilaggi? Sisters?

DIANA

No, cousins.

GAD

Ah I see. Lovely names. One and two, yes?

DONNA

Ya, our fathers are named Primo and Secondo. Bit of a joke between them I guess.

GAD

(laughing) How wonderful! You hear this Francesca? Such lovely names. You both should be proud. And yes, this deed confirms you both own that building and land. Good land indeed.

FRANCESCA

OK, now tell them what the offer doesn't say Gad.

GAD

Just a couple more questions. Who has the floors above the restaurant? How do we deal with them that live there?

DIANA

No one, we live upstairs.

GAD

What!? Such luxury! Oh and I see there is a courtyard! A courtyard Francesca! That is some serious real estate you girls have here. And in an up and coming neighbourhood.

DONNA

It's not that great really. The building is run down, the roof is leaking like crazy. It's old.

GAD

We leak when we get old, that's true (smiles). But we are still worth a lot. Worth our weight in gold.

FRANCESCA

Gad, tell them.

GAD

Listen here, Briscola isn't about food but about real estate. They conquered Manhattan and now they want New Jersey. They aren't bad men and not Mafia but, how do you say, "Organized". You get better food supplies but you have to buy from them, you get better booze prices but you buy from them. You have to buy from them, and then the prices start to go up.

GAD (CON'T)

They wait you out till you get tired of their nonsense and you give up, they whittle you down bit by bit. You see, they buy a bodega and then the dry cleaners next door and the pizza place next to that. Then in a few years the owners leave, the buildings are torn down and a new apartment building goes up or a shiny skyscraper. If you want to leave your business slowly and with some money, this is the way. It's not bad, it's not great.

FRANCESCA

They don't want your restaurant, they want your land. And they aren't in a hurry, they will wait you out to get it.

Donna and Diana look at each other, they are not sure if they are angry or mad or what.

DONNA

So, what should we do?

GAD

Now, I can't tell you what to do. I'm just an advisor. I can tell you what you CAN do but not WHAT, it's your decision.

DONNA

So what CAN we do?

GAD

Well for one, take the deal and their money and live well and keep in mind that one day you will have to walk away. Like I said, it would be a good job working for them, with them.

DIANA

I still don't like that, they would tell me what and how to cook wouldn't they?

GAD

Yes, that's true. The other option is to come up with the money from some place else to cover your bills.

DONNA

(excited) I had the idea we could do a cookbook!

FRANCESCA

(triggered) No, no! Cookbook! Authors!? Why not be a disco star in the music business? Your chances are just as bad. You think you have talent you want to share and make the money? Listen, that doesn't make money. Buy a lottery ticket, your odds are better. Think you can cook? Wanna a BIG restaurant, light your million dollars on fire, then the bank's money, then your house mortgage, then investors money, then friends and family money. Light all that money on fire too! Now you lost everyone's money, you owe everyone! No, just buy a lottery ticket, you're more likely to come out ahead. Do what you want, write the music you want, cook the food you like, cause no matter what, it's a toss of the dice, you are better off buying a lottery ticket.

GAD

Francesca, please please. I'm sorry girls, our son tried to be both a musician and an author. It cost us a lot of money. It did not go well. It's a sensitive topic. But she's right, it's not a way to make the money you need in the time you have.

DIANA

(side eye to Donna) As I thought. Any other options?

GAD

Francesca mentioned banks. You could get a mortgage against the property from a bank but that would mean monthly mortgage payments on top of your existing bills. You would be beholden.

DIANA

At least they couldn't tell me how to cook.

GAD

True, but you would have to start bringing in a lot more money each month. The banks would give you the money but with the intent that you expand and make even more for you and them.

DONNA

I don't think we want to get bigger.

GAD

One other idea is that if you can, sell Briscola the idea of the place, not the actual restaurant. Let them have that nice name or your recipe or whatever but hold onto that building with both hands.

DONNA

OK, so don't sell or mortgage the building and find something else to sell Briscola?

GAD

If you can, yes, that would be ideal.

DONNA

This I understand, I think I have an idea.

DIANA

You do?

DONNA

Ya, but we need to talk to some people first. Thanks Mr.Wiesberger and you too Mrs.Wiesberger. We will be back.

GAD

I see a spark in your eye young lady. *Goyisher mazel!*

DONNA

Thanks! Let's go Di, we need to talk to our uncles.

DIANA

Uncles? What?

DONNA

Ya, divide and conquer. They'll fight with their daughters but will they fight their nieces?

Diana smiles.

FADE OUT

INT.IFHEM'S FAMILY RESTAURANT - TUESDAY EVENING

Donna is sitting with Secondo in the same booth he sat with Primo previously. It's a little darker this time but much louder surrounded by adults eating cheap fried foods and drinking crap beer.

DONNA

Thanks for meeting with me Zio Seco, but why here?

SECONDO

Well see, Briscola owns and runs this place. I thought you should see.

DONNA

Ya, I see.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The restaurant is still closed as the oven is still broken. Diana sits at a table with Primo. They have small glasses in front of them and a clear wine bottle between them. It is a very large bottle with a handle, more like a jug.

PRIMO

(pouring for Diana) A little *grappa* from home.

DIANA

Nice, how do you keep getting this stuff from back home over here?

PRIMO

What does your father say? I know a guy.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DIANA (TRATTORIA) and DONNA (IFHEM'S)

DONNA

OK, so we talked to the lawyer. It was good we went to see them, they explained the offer and Briscola to us.

DIANA

They told us what the offer said and didn't say. What it all means is that Briscola wants to buy the building, the land.

DONNA

They don't really want the trattoria or our pizza. They just want to buy us out and tear down the building to put up a skyscraper.

DIANA

That's what we think anyways, they've done it before. Lots. Donna and I don't want that. We just want to cook together.

DONNA

We want to stay together at the trattoria. We don't want things to change, we want to keep our home.

DIANA

So we have to somehow come up with the money to fix the oven and the roof and pay the taxes and everything.

DONNA

I think I have an idea on how we can make the money and keep Briscola happy.

DIANA

We are going to take a chance with Briscola and gamble on the offer.

DONNA

We are going to toss the dice. As it were.

DIANA

But we need one thing.

DONNA

For you and Dad to stay out of it.

DIANA

We need you to trust us.

END INTERCUT

INTERCUT BETWEEN PRIMO (TRATTORIA) and SECONDO (IFHEM'S)

Primo sighs, rubs his chin and looks up at the ceiling.

Secondo harrumphs and straightens the cutlery on the table.

Back to Primo looking into Diana's eyes.

Back to Secondo looking at Donna.

Primo collects his thoughts and speaks.

PRIMO

Yes, I see. I think I understand. I see what you are saying.

SECONDO

Sono dei bastardi... questa gente! I thought so, I thought, I knew. These corporations and the banks, they work together to step on you.

PRIMO

It's been some time now since your father and I signed over the business and the deed to you. We did that because we trust you.

SECONDO

The trattoria? It's yours, you own it. You decide. What do you want? Who do you want to be? With you? You decide. Listen to me. You decide.

PRIMO

I trust what you do with the food. You understand everything and make it yours. You own it, you made it, it's yours.

SECONDO

For your father and I, we had to fight hard for that place. Fight the banks. I think, for you it's not so easy either. But you see, for me it's home, the home I left behind. It's lost and I lose my memories every day of that home.

PRIMO

Times change, businesses change. But food should change too, like fashion. Food is like fashion. And fashion is always changing because your customers always change their mind. And the trattoria should change too.

SECONDO

What I hope, what I want, is for this to slow down, all this crazy to go away, you both slow down, look around, meet someone you love and loves you back and be happy. That's all I want for you both with all my heart.

PRIMO

The way you cook, you didn't get that from your father.

SECONDO

You have an eye for business, I see that. You didn't get that from your father.

PRIMO

You will do what you need to do and change. It will work, it always does. It all reminds me of the saying: The city has burned, what shall we cook in it's embers?

SECONDO

We trust you.

PRIMO

We trust you.

END INTERCUT

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD: "i dolci"

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - TUESDAY NIGHT

Diana and Donna sit at the table with the bottle Primo brought over, it has maybe one or two drinks left in it. They are tipsy but not drunk.

DONNA

How'd it go with my dad?

DIANA

Good, we talked about food and fashion. You?

DONNA

Your dad took me to some plastic circus of a restaurant.

DIANA

Why?

DONNA

Teach me a lesson I think. Briscola runs it.

DIANA

I see.

DONNA

Did Dad talk to you about their visit to Briscola's kitchen?

DIANA

(sadly) Ya.

DONNA

I think my dad fucked it up for us.

DIANA

I think they both did.

DONNA

(laughing) But hey, they trust us! (beat) I don't know why we trust them.

DIANA

Cause they are our dads.

DONNA

So, what can we do?

DIANA

I just want to do *pizza du jour* and whatever else strikes me. Here, with you. (laughing) Till someone better comes along.

DONNA

OK, so let's do that.

DIANA

How?

DONNA

Well, I did say I had an idea.

DIANA

When are you going to tell ME about this idea?

DONNA

I gotta talk to Stash first.

DIANA

Stash, why Stash? We can't do that again, his family, not twice.

DONNA

No, not that. A different favour.

DIANA

What!?

DONNA

Let me call him.

DIANA

It's late.

DONNA

He'll be up working.

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - TUESDAY NIGHT CON'T

The camera is facing towards the front of house and in the background we see Diana sitting staring into an empty glass. In the foreground is Donna on the phone in the kitchen.

DONNA

Hey Stash, you awake?

STASH (V.O.)

Hey Donna, ya I'm up.

DONNA

Good. Listen, we need your help. Remember that thing you did for Warhol's birthday tribute show?

STASH (V.O.)

Oh, the five hundred gallon "Chicken in a Can"?

DONNA

Ya. How did you make that?

STASH (V.O.)

I didn't really, I pulled a Warhol and directed the design. I had a food stylist, photographer and packaging designer do all the work. I just told them what I wanted and picked colors and letters and stuff. They had it painted and I wrapped it around that huge barrel.

DONNA

You still in contact with them?

STASH (V.O.)

I could be, why?

DONNA

I'm gonna come by there in the morning, early. And you call those guys and see if they can meet us there. You are going to help us save paradise.

STASH (V.O.)

Hmmm...maybe I think I see where you are headed. I'm in, I'll make some calls now. See you then.

DONNA

Thanks a lot Stash, we owe you, again.

STASH (V.O.)

Non è niente sorella. [It's nothing sister]

DONNA

Ciao.

Donna hangs up the phone with a thoughtful look. From the background we hear a somewhat drunken heckle.

DIANA

That didn't help (beat) at all! I still have no idea what you are up to!

DONNA

The gist of the plan is we get those Briscola guys all in here on friday night and you cook for them. We show them how much we are worth. (sarcastic) We dazzle them with our good looks and great food.

DIANA

I can do half of that.

DONNA

You're drunk. Let's go to bed, tomorrow I'll tell all the details and tomorrow you cook.

DIANA

I always cook.

DONNA

Yes, that's what you do so well *Cugina*.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Donna comes downstairs to the kitchen in her housecoat and fuzzy slippers. The sun is shining and filling the kitchen with a new hope. Diana is a whirlwind in the kitchen, flour dust everywhere and smoke in the air. Polpette is hiding in his doggy bed, afraid of the commotion.

DONNA

Che diavolo stai facendo Terza!? [What the hell are you doing Third!?] The sound and smoke woke me up!

DIANA

Oh hey. Ya, I tried to fix the oven by stuffing in the broken pieces and patching it with some dough. It kinna works, enough to try some stuff.

DONNA

Stuff? What stuff? We can't serve people in here till the oven is fixed properly and the roof is fixed. I called Aaron already this morning and we are on for friday night. He's gonna bring the three letter guys he said. And no, I don't know what that means.

DIANA

I'll figure out getting the oven fixed, it works good enough for me for now.

DONNA

(walking over to the proofing cabinet)

It will have to do and I guess we'll feed Briscola in the courtyard. (beat) What are you doing with my dough!?

DIANA

You weren't gonna use it so I'm using it.

DONNA

To fix the oven!

DIANA

Yes but no, I'm trying something new.

DONNA

What!? What new?

DIANA

(crossing her arms)

You have your secrets and I have mine.

DONNA

Everyone is going crazy around here! OK, I gotta shower and go meet Stash and then go see Alma. Gotta look good for friday.

DIANA

Fine, you do that. I'm going to finish up here and get on a train to see the goats get milked. I need to see the cheesemakers. Bless them, kiss them, eat their cheese. Oh, and get some meat too.

DONNA

(reverently) Blessed are the cheesemakers. (beat) But what are you up to?

DIANA

I'm making a new dish for Briscola. (sarcastic) For the "big night".

DONNA

But what is it?

DIANA

When I'm sure it will work I will tell you.

DONNA

OK I guess we are doing this then. We'll meet up tonight and compare notes and put together the battle plan for Friday night?

DIANA

That's a plan.

DONNA

OK, shower now. And put on some *caffè* would you?

DIANA

Si.

FADE OUT

EXT. "LITTLE BUFFALOES" GOAT FARM - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Diana stands in a wooden pen surrounded by goats who are jumping around like acrobats. There are a lot of kids and a few nannies. It's a wonderful chaos. Feeding the goats is MELLIE (70s) who is the "Meat and Cheese Lady". Her aesthetic is best described as "art gone too far". Bits of coloured fabric tied into her wild hair, mismatched clothing and wild grey eyes. Not sure if she is nuts or just grumpy or what. She's feeding the goats from a bucket while Diana tries to fend off the excited kids.

DIANA

This is crazy!

MELLIE

It's feeding time.

DIANA

The kids are so cute.

MELLIE

Till they grow up. Like all kids.

DIANA

I came because I need some special cheese.

MELLIE

(eyebrow raised) How special?

DIANA

Salty and tough.

MELLIE

People have called me that before. You want the "Ocean cheese"?

DIANA

Ya, it needs that flavour and to be a little more robust. Needs to have a higher melting point.

MELLIE

Not so special then. That I have for you today.

DIANA

Great!

MELLIE

What do you need it for? Maybe I have something better.

DIANA

I'm cooking for these Briscola guys on friday. They are talking about buying us out.

MELLIE

Briscola! (she spits) Bastards. You remember my Gene? Gene was "connected" and that's what killed him. These Briscola guys, same thing.

DIANA

They killed your husband!?

MELLIE

No, not them. But like them.

DIANA

Really?

MELLIE

Maybe, I think so. Or maybe it was that "Leprino" guy (she spits). I can't remember all these names so good anymore.

DIANA

Well, let me know if you remember. But they are a big corporate company so I'm not sure how "connected" they are.

MELLIE

Just be careful, bastards will take everything you have.

DIANA

We are being careful, trust me. Look, I need one other thing, I wanna talk to you about some special Mortadella.

MELLIE

Really? You've never talked about meat before. New menu item?

DIANA

(coy smile) Perhaps.

INT.PISANI PARRUCCHIERA SALON - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Meet ALMA (28), she is the daughter of Alberto N. Pisani. She currently has Donna in an old school barber's chair and is giving her a trim. The salon was her father's barbershop and she upgraded it to be more modern and cater to women as well as men. But that old school flavour, equipment and attitude is still there.

DONNA

When did you last see my dad?

ALMA

Last time he needed a haircut, same as you. (beat)
Look at you! You lose all your arm hair to that pizza
oven? (laughing) Our wonderful dark italian arm hair.
Where's your bangs!? What happened to your eyebrows?
Why do you smell like you've been smoking wood
cigarettes?

DONNA

That's what I get working with fire all day.

ALMA

(poking and prodding Donna's hair)

What the hell am I supposed to do with this?

DONNA

Fix it? Do your magic like you always do.

ALMA

I'll do my best but I can't make any promises. Your
uncle was in here this week talking about you girls.

DONNA

Anything good to say?

ALMA

How about you guys talk to each other instead of
everyone else when you got troubles? I swear that all
anyone wants to talk about is this Briscola mess the
last few weeks.

DONNA

Wait, what? People other than my family?

ALMA

Ya, I had that Aaron guy in here trying to buy this place once, Dad would have killed me, the neighbourhood would lynch me, and where would I go?

DONNA

They want to buy you out too?

ALMA

Girl, they are trying to buy everybody. Any tiny business they can bulldoze in this whole neighbourhood, not just yours. Everyone is losing their shit over it.

DONNA

Huh, I thought it was just us.

ALMA

You're special, but you aren't that special.

DONNA

I guess that changes things.

ALMA

You gonna sell out to them? Cmon!

DONNA

No, we aren't going to sell the place, I've got another idea. I guess it's my only idea now.

ALMA

Just be careful. Have you talked to the Weisbergers?

DONNA

Ya, we did.

ALMA

Good, they know how to deal with this sort of thing.
They are good people.

DONNA

Ya, they are.

ALMA

(tossing her scissors and comb over her shoulder)

I give up! Let's just shave it all off and start over!

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - THURSDAY MORNING

This morning it is Diana's turn to be woken up. She comes downstairs to see Donna running the dough mixer. Polpette is once again hiding in his doggy bed, afraid of the commotion.

DIANA

What's with the racket?

DONNA

I assume we need dough for tomorrow? For Briscola? And I assume you are actually going to make something? We didn't talk plan details last night.

DIANA

I was tired. Ya, I got a plan. But make your dad's focaccia dough, I don't need pizza crusts.

DONNA

No. Pizza. OK. OK, I can do that. But pray tell what are you making?

DIANA

Muffaletta, kind of, sort of, maybe. I need to try a few more things first.

DONNA

Really? Huh. Can you make it like "*Un piccolo morso*"?

DIANA

Ya, probably, I think. Why?

DONNA

For MY idea. Because if we don't get this oven fixed we may have to use the toaster! (laughs)

DIANA

Ya, about that. The Brick Guy called this morning, that's what woke me up. He's on his way here.

DONNA

So you called the Brick Guy finally, good.

DIANA

Wasn't me, I thought it was you.

DONNA

Nope, not me, must have been a *Papà*.

DIANA

Or *Babbo Natale*! [*Santa Claus*] (laughs)

Diana walks to the stove to get the *caffè* going and gives Polpette's ears a good scratch. Donna starts pulling dough out of the mixer and getting it ready for the proofing cabinet. There's a knock on the front door, it's the BRICK GUY (50s). He's short, bald and rough looking, with arms that lift bricks for a living. But surprisingly soft spoken. Diana lets him in and takes him over to the oven.

BRICK GUY

Ah, nice *forno*. Very nice, don't see a lot like this anymore. So where is the damage? Oh I see. What is this? (pulling at the hole) Dough?

DIANA

Um...ya. I tried fixing it.

BRICK GUY

Actually, not bad, that could have worked for a while.

DIANA

See Donna!?

BRICK GUY

I've seen people try to fix it with newspapers, so this is a step up. OK, let me dig out the broken pieces and get some nice new brick in there for you.

Brick Guy gets to work digging out the old brick with a chisel. He's making short order of it.

BRICK GUY (CON'T)

What's this? What else did you put in here?

DIANA

Nothing, just the brick pieces and dough.

BRICK GUY

It looks like this was put in here when the oven was made.

Brick Guy pulls out a very small metal box, smaller than his palm, the type you might get tiny mints in. It has had the ink baked off of it. Donna and Diana both come over to see what he has as he opens it. Inside the little tin box is what seems to be a tiny porcelain red pepper.

DONNA

A teeny tiny pepper?

BRICK GUY

No, no. Close but no. I haven't seen one like this, I've only heard about them. (he lifts it out of the box by a chain) It's a *cornicello*. A good luck charm from the old country. It's not a pepper, it's a horn.

DIANA

Can I see it?

BRICK GUY

Of course, it's yours. (hands it to Diana) I'm told my *Nonno* had one of these to help him with his, ahh....performance.

DONNA

(laughing) Oh yeah, I've heard of those. Why in the oven?

BRICK GUY

For good luck, it's like blessing the *forno*. OK, let me finish this up and then I'll take a look at the dishwasher.

DONNA

You're gonna fix this dishwasher too?

BRICK GUY

Hey, I'm not just a brick guy. I can do other things too.

There is a knocking again at the front door. Diana heads to the front door to see who it is this time.

DIANA

(Yelling over her shoulder to Donna)

It's Stash.

DONNA

Yeah, let him in, he's got stuff to show us.

Diana opens the door and Stash steps forward, but we see someone else with him. Aaron is right behind him, he shoulders Stash to the side and walks right in like he owns the place.

DIANA

Oh, and Aaron. Good morning gentlemen, busy in here this morning.

STASH

(catty to Aaron) Excuse me?

AARON

Oh good, he's here already. (yelling at Brick Guy) You going to have that thing fixed up by tonight?

BRICK GUY

Hey Aaron, it should be ready tomorrow morning. Needs a good 24 hours. It's just the surface bricks, if it was inside the oven it would be a week to set up properly.

AARON

Good, good, good! You girls should be all ready for tomorrow night then? Big night for us all right? Oh and the dishwasher right?

BRICK GUY

Yup, working on that next!

AARON

Alright girls, hear that? Going to be all fixed up. Now about that roof, I can get my guys in here on Monday but they think it might take a week or so to fix that one up properly. So if we can get things settled tomorrow...

STASH

(interrupting) Donna, I've got those mockups for you. Where do we want to look at them?

DIANA

(hands pushing on both men's chests)

Stop! (beat) Be quiet for a second. I haven't even had my *caffè* yet. First, Aaron. You called the Brick Guy?

AARON

Yes, he's my Brick Guy. But I want to talk about...

DIANA

Stop! Thank you for calling him, he's got it under control. And so do we. Now if you don't mind we have some cooking to do.

STASH

And my designs.

DIANA

(side eye) And Stash's designs to look at.

AARON

Stash? What kind of name is that?

STASH

It was my father's.

AARON

OK, and who are you and what do you bring here?

STASH

I am an artist.

AARON

And what do you do?

STASH

Art. (gestures to the statues around them)

AARON

I see. (no, he doesn't see)

DONNA

(yelling from the kitchen)

Thanks Aaron! We'll see you tomorrow night! Stash, get back here and let's see what you got.

STASH

(elbowing Aaron out of the way)

If you'll excuse me?

DIANA

Thank you Aaron, we'll see you tomorrow night. Don't want to spoil the surprise. Thanks. *Domani notte, grande notte. [Tomorrow night, big night]*

And with that, our little Diana pushes the rather imposing Aaron out the door and locks it in his face.

DIANA (CON'T)

Now Stash, let's see what you and Donna have been up to and what I'm going to have to cook.

STASH

I don't like that man.

DIANA

Ya, a bit of a *minchione* [dickhead].

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA - THURSDAY MORNING CON'T

The camera from outside the restaurant shows in time lapse the sun coming up and over the building and setting. It slows to show a full moon and then speeds back up to the next morning's sunrise.

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA KITCHEN - FRIDAY MORNING

This is a "A-Team Montage" of the girls busily working. A lot of tight shots of hands working on ingredients.

Diana and Donna are both in their work clothes and are bustling around the kitchen. Music is blasting on the boombox. Polpette is up and at it as well, nipping at the girls heels as they move around the kitchen as if in a choreographed dance.

The oven is fired up and working. Donna is making a large round circle of dough and hands it to Diana who is dressing one and then pressing the second on top. It looks like a "pizza sandwich". Donna slides it into the fire in the oven. There's no waiting for it to bake, Donna moves onto making small rectangular portions of dough. Diana does a similar sandwich style with about 6 of these. We never get a very clear look at what is going inside them. Things are moving quickly. We get a passing glance of a garbage can that is almost filled to overflowing with many tests of the two sandwich types.

The front door rattles and then opens. Both look up to see Primo come in the door. Seeing their raised eyebrows he bashfully holds up his key and waves.

Donna shrugs and turns to the oven pulling out one of the large round "pizza sandwiches". Diana motions at Primo to come over to the kitchen. Polpette chases at Primo, he's excited, there's something in the air. Donna uses the wooden peel to pull out six of the mini sandwiches to cool next to the large one. Primo is keeping out of the way, giving Polpette well earned scritches and observing everything closely.

Things wind down a little. The girls take a breath, wipe their brows and chug water. The music ends. It's suddenly very quiet. Primo clears his throat.

PRIMO

So?

Donna takes a mini sandwich and hands it to Primo. He inspects it carefully and with a quizzical look. It is one solid perfectly formed piece of baking that fits nicely in the hand. He takes a careful bite, inspects the contents and takes another bite. He chews and swallows, his turn for raised eyebrows.

DONNA

So?

PRIMO

(flatly but with bright eyes)

Non ci piove. [No doubt about it]

FADE OUT

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA - FRIDAY NIGHT

Once again the camera comes up to the front of the restaurant. There's some light and music inside but a large "CLOSED FOR PRIVATE EVENT" sign dominates the front door.

Four men approach the door. We recognize Aaron by his haircut and suit. Next to him is the Briscola CEO JOHN (55) in a similar suit with less hair and less hair product. Behind them is the COO JEFF (52) with, yup you guessed it, a similar suit but shocking red hair. And following the pack is Executive CHEF VIVIAN Newcastle (60). Chef Vivian is a rather overweight man wearing a navy blue chef's outfit but no hat and no hair, he's bald.

Aaron raps loudly on the door.

AARON

Honestly guys, best pizza I've ever had. They do an amazing job. And look at this location! And with the courtyard the lot is even bigger.

Secondo answers the door.

SECONDO

Good evening gentlemen! Welcome, *buonasera*! Please come in.

AARON

Secondo, good to see you again. All is well?

SECONDO

Of course! Why wouldn't it be? Come in please. Let me walk you through to the courtyard where we are all set up for you all.

Secondo leads the group through the restaurant over to the side door. We get a short look at the restaurant but it's dimly lit up front with candles. The kitchen's primary light is provided by a rather large fire burning in the oven.

The girls are silhouetted in front of the fire in black chef's tunics. They are standing with arms crossed and looking calm. Aaron waves meekly and they simply nod in return. It's really ominous.

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. COURTYARD - FRIDAY NIGHT CON'T

We finally get a good look at the courtyard. The lighting is brighter, supplied by strings of lights hung from fence to building. There are numerous picnic tables set on a gravel lot. The whole area is fenced in and surrounded by various vines and trees. It's very private and quiet.

A lingering shot of the tables show we have plates and actual cutlery. Handle jugs of red wine and bottles of beer in buckets of ice. As well on the red checkered tablecloths are wonderful flowers at every table.

Sitting at a table are Primo and Stash. They are having a glass of *vino rosso*.

SECONDO

Gentlemen, this is my brother Primo and our good friend Stash.

PRIMO/STASH

(muttering) We met.

AARON

Wonderful to see you all again. You remember our CEO John and CFO Jeff? This is our amazing Executive Chef Vivian Newcastle. Wow, look at this place, it's amazing. I'd never seen it up close like this, only in pictures. Wonderful space!

SECONDO

No, I don't think we've all met. Nice to meet you all. Please, sit.

Aaron, the CEO and the COO sit themselves down at the large picnic table with Primo and Stash. Chef Vivian assesses the situation, grunts to himself and proceeds to drag another picnic table over to this one. He lines it up sideways so he can use it as a bench to sit at the end of the table. He carefully sits himself down and grabs a beer.

CHEF VIVIAN

(in a thick Boston accent)

Hey, call me Viv. Nice to meet ya.

SECONDO

And nice to meet you Viv. Umm...let me check on the girls and the food.

STASH

I'll come with you.

Secondo and Stash head inside. It's quiet for a moment as the visitors take in the decor and their drinks. Chef Vivian is reaching for a second beer already. Primo clears his throat and makes an attempt.

PRIMO

So, you are a Chef?

CHEF VIVIAN

(pops the beer and thumbs his jacket lapel)

I guess. They make me wear this when we go out for meetings. I used to run a few Fish and Chips shops that did well. They bought me out and hired me as an advisor. It's good work, less grease. You?

PRIMO

Yes, well no. But yes, I used to cook with my brother here. But now, no, it's the girls. I'm retired.

CHEF VIVIAN

Sounds like a good deal.

PRIMO

Yes, I hope. We shall see.

INT.TRATTORIA KITCHEN - FRIDAY NIGHT CON'T

Secondo and Stash enter the kitchen, the girls are still standing there with arms crossed. The men look panicked, the women do not.

SECONDO

So, are you ready? Why aren't you cooking?
Velocemente! They are all here, we are ready for you.

DIANA

Everything is ready.

SECONDO

Ready?

DIANA

Yes.

SECONDO

Now?

DIANA

Yes.

SECONDO

Ready for now?

DIANA

Basta! Pain in the neck. Yes, ready. Yes, ready now.
Do they have drinks?

SECONDO

Yes.

DONNA

Good, go back out and we'll bring out the first
course, as it were.

SECONDO

But what is it? Where is it? Why aren't you cooking?

DONNA

It's a surprise, now go. Stash, take him with you.

STASH

Come on, let's go. They got this. Trust them.

SECONDO

Yes, I trust, but I don't see...

Stash practically drags Secondo out of the kitchen back to the courtyard. All the while Secondo is protesting in confusion. We turn back to Diana and Donna as they prepare. Donna grabs a sprig of parsley, stuffs it into her mouth and offers one to Diana. Diana has produced a large wood tray covered with a metal cloche. Donna grabs a *mezzaluna* and a large glass wine bottle with a metal spigot.

DONNA

Ready?

DIANA

As I'll ever be.

DONNA

Cugina, we got this.

Donna leads the way and opens the courtyard door for Diana as they make their entrance.

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. COURTYARD - FRIDAY NIGHT CON'T

It reminds you of a country wedding with guests seated and all eyes on the bride as she comes in. The lights are shining, music is playing behind them as they enter. This is it, the big night, *grande notte*.

Donna approaches the table first and slaps down the *mezzaluna* rather aggressively and makes room on the table for Diana. Diana carefully places the tray and grabs the cloche handle.

DIANA

(clears throat) Ahem. Gentlemen thank you for coming. Tonight we have prepared something new. It's a little bit Italy and a bit New Orleans. In Italian we would call this a "*piatto unico*" or "one course meal". (she lifts the cloche) I present to you the "*Pizza Rustica Doubla Muffuletta*".

Donna twirls the glass bottle over her head and slams it loudly down on the table effectively mixing the herb and oil contents into whirlwind spin.

DONNA

With Prozio Paolo's limoncello dipping sauce!

Diana then is setting plates and small saucers in front of each of the guests. Donna is manhandling the *mezzaluna* to cut the pie into wedges. Then Diana pours dipping sauce into each small saucer. Donna serves wedges of the pie to everyone.

AARON

So what is this? Is it pizza? Where's your regular pizza? Wait a second, this isn't hot?

PRIMO

It's like pizza but not, with two crusts. It's like a sandwich but more than that. It's a muffuletta which is a wonderful sandwich but this one is baked with all the goodness inside.

DIANA

It's Primo's focaccia bread with dried oregano, basil, parsley and chili flakes in the bread itself. Then inside we have all of our cheeses and meats all nicely melted together. But then it sits, everything marries and then we serve it at room temp.

SECONDO

Diana, what is the meat in here?

DIANA

Mortadella. From the Goat Lady.

SECONDO

(hesitatingly) And the sauce?

DIANA

The dipping sauce is Prozio Paolo's olive oil with marjoram, limoncello, bits of lemon, garlic and olives and other spices.

SECONDO

Yes, I mean no. I mean inside? What's the sauce with the cheeses and the meat?

DIANA

(flatly) Noni's *pomodoro* sauce.

SECONDO

Really!? Tomatoes? You?

DONNA

Shush *Zio*, don't make a big deal out of it.

It gets quiet. Secondo and Primo exchange glances of "who da thunk?", toast each other with their wedges, dunk them in the sauce and chow down. We just hear people chewing and sighing. Chef Vivian struggles to stand and reaches and grabs in his large hand two more pieces and plops them on his plate.

CHEF VIVIAN

This is good. I like this. And all prepared in advance right? How long will it hold up in cold storage?

DIANA

Overnight, but 24 hours if you push it and watch your moisture levels.

CHEF VIVIAN

And the dipping sauce?

DIANA

Almost forever, the acid balance is just right. It's shelf stable.

CHEF VIVIAN

This is good, I like this.

AARON

Where's the pizza?

DONNA

We propose you sell this. Everyone makes pizza in New York. This is new.

AARON

We can't serve this!

DONNA

Why?

AARON

Because!

DONNA

Because why!?

CFO JEFF

Well umm, sorry, but I think these ingredients and the labour costs would be too high.

AARON

Ya, because of costs!

DONNA

So handcrafted italian product isn't what you want? You want fast and cheap pizza? We don't do that.

CEO JOHN

This isn't what we were expecting.

SECONDO

Everyone just sit for a minute please. Please enjoy the food our daughters made and have a drink. There's no hurry here. *Mangiare.*

AARON

I don't think this will work.

CEO JOHN

Aaron...

AARON

No, this isn't what we came for.

DIANA

Fine.

AARON

Fine?

DIANA

Yes, fine. You just want cheap and fast then?

AARON

Yes! (catching himself) Well, no. But not this. Like he said, this is too expensive for a family pizza place.

DIANA

OK, we have something else then.

AARON

Really?

CEO JOHN

This is very nice and tastes amazing. But yes, we would be interested in seeing whatever else you have in mind.

DONNA

Fine. Stash, can you come with us?

Donna, Diana and Stash stand and leave the courtyard heading back into the restaurant leaving everyone looking a little stunned. Chef Vivian grabs another beer and another slice.

CHEF VIVIAN

(with mouth full) Well, I think it's great!

PRIMO

Sono d'accordo.[I agree]. This is really really good. Seco?

SECONDO

What? Oh, the food? Yes, this tastes very good. Did you know about this?

PRIMO

No, not this one. They kept me in the dark a little. You?

SECONDO

My brother, I too am in the dark.

PRIMO

Do you think you guess or know what is next?

SECONDO

Boh!

Donna and Diana return with Stash in the lead carrying a large easel stand. Donna has a covered wicker picnic basket that looks exactly like Primo's from before. Diana trails behind quietly and slowly with her hands behind her back and head down. Stash sets up the easel, places a large poster board on it with only the blank back showing.

STASH

(clapping his hands for attention)

Everyone! I am honoured to have worked with these amazing girls Primadonna and Secondiana on a new product for all the mothers, kids and busy yuppies of this great city. I present to you (he flips over the poster board) the "Pair O' Dice Portable Pizza"!

The poster board is hand drawn and colored with felt markers. That's the first thing you notice, but then you notice the bold and professional design. It draws from the classic red, blue and white Brillo Pad or Bazooka Gum packaging but with the red, green and white of the Italian flag.

It's quiet, no one is quite sure what to think. Donna uncovers her basket and starts handing out small unmarked cardboard boxes. The packaging top flips open like a crayon box. Everyone opens them to reveal the baked treat inside.

STASH (CON'T)

I'm sorry we couldn't get mockups for the boxes printed up but it was all a bit of a rush job. But if you look at my designs here (he flips to a second poster board) we also have put together a children's version that has a board game and cut out dice on the back of the package. Pair of dice? See? Clever I think, except for encouraging gambling I guess but that really isn't our problem in my mind...

AARON

(interrupting) Kids food?

DONNA

We had guessed you might think the muffuletta was an expensive dish, too many high end and high cost ingredients. Soooo...we made this franchise version for you to make and sell.

AARON

Fucking kids food!?

CEO JOHN

Aaron, calm yourself.

AARON

Fucking kids food!? We don't want this shit. Listen, I don't care what food you make, it doesn't matter to me. You know you can't pay your bills, your roof is fucked. I'm here to save you and you need to play along or you are all screwed. You sign the deal and we take this place over. This land (gesturing around him) is worth more than any crap you put on my plate.

Secondo and Primo are now both standing. Stash is heading towards Aaron from behind with a menacing look. The tension is high and there is a good chance Aaron is about to get his ass kicked.

CHEF VIVIAN

(in a loud kitchen voice)

Everyone stop! Aaron, take a walk, now! The rest of you, five count with me now. Everyone! Breathe slowly, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, breathe.(beat) OK? Aaron, I said leave and don't come back. If you make me stand up I will roll your ass down the street.

Aaron looks around the table, the CEO gives him a sad nod. Aaron sighs, shrugs, stands up and walks to the door back to the restaurant. He stands for a moment and raises his hand as if to speak, reconsiders it and instead reaches into his jacket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Diana hisses like an angry cat and Donna grabs for the shining mezzaluna. His eyes go wide and he quickly leaves slamming the door behind him.

STASH

God, I hate that man. Nice hair though.

CHEF VIVIAN

How do you say? *Bimbominkia*? [young brat]

SECONDO

Yes, that is the word, thank you.

CHEF VIVIAN

So tell me more about this, it's a pizza packet? Like a PopTart?

DONNA

Yes, just like that. You can eat it cold or put it into the toaster. We call it a "*Morso Piccolo*" in italian.

CHEF VIVIAN

(chewing) What's inside?

DIANA

(stepping forward) It's just some basic cheese and sauce but the meat is a special mortadella I had made. It's like that mac and cheese loaf deli meat with alphagetti letters in it. Take a look inside, kids love surprises in their food. One slice has the letters p a i r and the other has d i c e.

CHEF VIVIAN

(pulling out and holding up a slice)

It does indeed, clever girls.

STASH

Thank you. (smiles)

CEO JOHN

Stash, you designed this? You have rights to this?

STASH

I'm just a hired gun, the girls own the concept.

CFO JEFF

Forget children, college kids will eat this up and collect the packaging! Genius! John, you know who Stash is right?

CEO JOHN

Yes, but I wasn't certain till I saw the packaging.

PRIMO

You know Stash?

CFO JEFF

(suddenly Jeff has a lilt to his voice)

Everyone knows Stash.

CHEF VIVIAN

Screw the packaging, that was delicious, got another one in that basket?

FADE OUT

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - FRIDAY NIGHT CON'T

Everyone is standing at the inside of the front door to the restaurant. Hands are being shook, heads are nodding and smiles being shared.

CEO JOHN

I can't apologize enough for Aaron's behaviour. We don't work like that. We have a bad reputation as it is and that sort of underhanded dealing doesn't help.

CFO JEFF

I don't know what he told you or how he represented himself but he's just a sales manager in franchising. He doesn't make deals. He told us he wanted to show us a great place with great food, and he did.

SECONDO

But when we came to visit you at your offices he was all acting like a real big shot you know?

CEO JOHN

Yes, I know. The truth is, he's my sister's kid. And he's spoiled and gets away with more than he should.

DONNA

Wait a second. You're his uncle?

CEO JOHN

(ashamed) Yes.

DONNA

OK, that explains a few things (winking at Diana).

CEO JOHN

We won't take more of your valuable time. Thank you for an amazing meal. Thank you for these (holds up a couple of pizza packs and the poster boards). I'll take them into our product team tomorrow myself.

DONNA

Thank you, that's very kind of you.

CEO JOHN

Please, it's nothing. You all have been very understanding. Secondo, I'll speak with you tomorrow first thing about structuring a royalty deal for these girls?

SECONDO

Yes, I'd like that very much.

CEO JOHN

Girls, not to jump too far ahead but we will want to move fast, do you have a lawyer to look at any deal paperwork?

DONNA

Yes, the Weisbergers.

CFO JEFF

Ouch. Good move. They know us, we know them. It will be fine. Thank you all again. Stash it was my honor meeting you in person (smiles).

STASH

Goodness me, thank you. (smiles)

CEO John and CFO Jeff are making for the door but Chef Vivian is hanging back and approaches Diana.

CHEF VIVIAN

Can I have a few more of those for my kids at home?

DIANA

(handing the remaining boxes over)

Of course, I'm glad you enjoyed them.

CHEF VIVIAN

They taste amazing and even better with cold beer.
Thank you for your hospitality.

DIANA

Non è niente. [It's nothing]

CHEF VIVIAN

Listen, about this whole mess. I don't understand all the details but let me give you some free advice.
(beat) No matter what happens, remember this, you can cook very VERY well and that will only get better with time and it will serve you well. Right? (nods to Primo and he nods back with a smile). And since I'm truth telling, I don't have kids (holds up packets) but I have to say I'm jealous right now of you gentlemen.
(Primo and Secondo both nod and smile) And with that, good night!

Everyone says goodbye, shares friendly waves and Donna closes the door behind them. She ratchets the door locks shut and leans her back against the door.

DONNA

I need a drink.

DIANA

We all do, I'll get the *grappa*.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - FRIDAY NIGHT CON'T

Everyone is sitting around one of the tables up front. *Grappa* has been poured. More candles have been lit and the oven fire in the background still rages.

STASH

Well, I for one, thought that went VERY well.

DONNA/DIANA

What!?

STASH

Oh girls, you haven't done your share of corporate design review meetings like I have. That went swimmingly.

PRIMO

Well, it wasn't so bad.

SECONDO

But what happened to the deal? The original deal? To franchise this place? They pay to fix it up and pay our bills?

DONNA

You know they only want the building right?

SECONDO

So!? They have the money, let them have it. Maybe not today but later after things are good for a while.

DIANA

(crying) This is our home.

DONNA

Hey Di, we got the deal we wanted. Those are happy tears right?

DIANA

I don't think so.

DONNA

Why?

DIANA

Because we are still fighting.

SECONDO

La mia bambina, I am not angry with you. I don't want to fight with you. It's these Briscola guys, I thought they could fix this place. (gestures around)

DONNA

We need their money but we don't want them running the place.

SECONDO

And you think they will sell your snacks and give you the money you need? When? How long? You need money now.

DONNA

I trust them.

PRIMO

Fidarsi è bene non fidarsi è meglio. [To trust is good, not to trust is better.]

SECONDO

See, even my brother thinks this, he who never agrees with me! Briscola will ruin everything we've built and they can't be trusted.

DIANA

But trust to give them the whole place? *Confuso*.

PRIMO

What about the cookbook idea? That could make the money?

SECONDO

What!? No, that's a bigger gamble than these *Morso Piccolo*. What if they don't sell, people don't buy them? They don't pay you the money, that's what! You need the money NOW!

DONNA

Wait a second, you said "everything we've built". Who's "we" Papà? We going to go through this again!?

STASH

(meekly) I could give you the money?

DIANA

(takes Stash's hand)

Stash, you've already helped so much as it is. We need to solve this ourselves. (turning to Donna)
Primadonna, let's not get into this again please?

DONNA

Why? Why not!? They want us to do everything THEY want! They want us to be them! They want to be us and keep THEIR restaurant but just have us do the work! *Incazzato nero!* [*I'm pissed!*] (beat) That's it, I finally understand it all, they want us to be them! Don't you see?

DIANA

What are you talking about?

DONNA

(holding up two fingers) Secondiana, (one finger) Primadonna. I'm "Thing 1" and you're "Thing 2" like in the Dr. Suess. They just made clones of themselves and even named us the same as them.

PRIMO

Donna, that was your mother's idea. It was a joke at first when she was pregnant with you and then they both your mothers started to really like the names. It, how you say, stuck?

DONNA

Stuck!? It stinks! The joke stinks! It's a joke! We are a joke! Us, your daughters are a big joke!

DIANA

(meekly) At least you got the number one. Try being called "Deuce" in grade school.

DONNA

Ya, "number one" with the name Primadonna Pilaggi!? My initials are PP! Do you have any idea how many wet diapers I found stuck in my locker!?

SECONDO

Basta, basta! (beat) You are right, it's your place. Primo, let's go. They can have it. *Hai voluto la bicicletta? E adesso pedala!* [You wanted the bike? Now you've got to ride it!]

Secondo has had enough, he stands abruptly knocking over his chair and heads for the door. Primo shakes his head sadly.

PRIMO

Too much stress, too much drink, too late at night. (beat) I should go after him.

DONNA

Why? Leave him to stew in it.

PRIMO

Why? He's my brother. *Famiglia*.

Primo carefully stands and exits, quietly closing the door behind. (beat) And we hear the loud sound of him using his keys to lock the door shut.

DONNA

See! He still has keys!

DIANA

Cugina, take a five count.

In the background we see Stash is trying to help by cleaning up the mess and puttering away in the now heavy silence. He sneaks back to the table and sits down.

STASH

Honestly, I have the money. I have too much money. I could be a silent partner.

DONNA

Stash, you aren't silent now.

STASH

Please, I could help.

DIANA

You and your family have already helped so much. It wouldn't be right, your father did so much for us. He paid for this place for our fathers.

STASH

He did what now?

DIANA

You know, when your dad gave our dads the money to buy this new place?

STASH

No, he didn't.

DONNA

He didn't what now?

STASH

I don't know what you've been told but Dad didn't have cash back then, that was much later. Your dads supported my dad for years.

DIANA

That's not what we were told.

STASH

What were you told?

DIANA

Well to be honest now that we talk about it, not much. The old place went broke, they made one last big try to save it and got screwed. The bank took back the restaurant and our dads were insolvent. Then your dad gave them the money to buy this new place outright. My dad told me it was a "blessed gift".

STASH

That's partly right I guess. My dad had no money back then, none at all. Everyday he would come to your old restaurant and they would feed him, for free. He had no money, no one knew his work, he was broke but yet they fed him. So he gave them the only thing he had, his paintings.

DONNA

Ya, Dad's got one on the wall at his place and Di's dad has one too.

STASH

One? Two? No, more like dozens.

DIANA

What!?

STASH

He told me that he had been giving them one every day or so for meals. To Dad it was just old canvas and paint.

DONNA

Wow! That has to be worth big money now!

STASH

Now? Yes. Then, nothing. But when it was time to buy this new place we all got lucky that Dad was just starting to make a name for himself. A gallery wanted to do a showing. He didn't have enough really great paintings on hand and your dads gave him back what he needed. The show was a hit and they split the money from the sales and that's what paid for this place.

DONNA

We had no idea.

STASH

So ya, we owe your family. Not the other way around.

There is a light tapping at the door. Primo quietly turns the key and let's himself in, Secondo follows behind with head down and hands behind his back.

PRIMO

Non andare mai a letto affamato o arrabbiato. [Never go to bed hungry or angry.] We need to talk and settle this.

SECONDO

Girls, I'm sorry. I got angry.

STASH

Sit, I'm just telling the girls about how you saved my father.

SECONDO

No, well maybe. We saved each other I think.

DONNA

Why is this the first we hear of this?

SECONDO

What's to tell?

STASH

Let me help, we owe you.

PRIMO

No, no, your father helped us with his paintings and we moved Port to Port.

DONNA

Huh?

PRIMO

From Jersey to Long Island. (beat) Stash, you are a part of our family and always welcome here but we figure out this one on our own this time. Thank you. And stay away from the dishwasher. (beat) Your father would be so proud of you, you do so well with your sculptures, a big shot in the art world. You did your own thing, but still like your father, he'd be so proud.

STASH

So you have some paintings left, right?

SECONDO

I have half the paintings left, we didn't sell them all. And Primo has the other half. Girls, you will inherit them. We save them, for a rainy day.

STASH

I checked and our painting registry has a couple of yours on loan at the MOMA and two more in Paris.

SECONDO

Yes, they are safe there and people can see them. It is good.

DONNA

So, (beat) isn't this a rainy day?

SECONDO

No, this isn't, this is business. This is how it works.

DONNA

Fine, screw the painting, keep it for when it's raining. We'll do this ourselves. It's fucking raining now, I'm out of here.

Diana reaches and grabs Donna by the arm.

DIANA

Wait!

DONNA

What?

DIANA

So, you won't give us the money right?

SECONDO

No, we can't. Those paintings are an insurance for the family, in case you get sick or to be married and want to buy a house. This place is just a business, not family.

DIANA

So we are on our own?

SECONDO

Yes.

DIANA

Because it's our place and we own it and we decide?

PRIMO

Yes.

SECONDO

Well...

PRIMO

YES.

SECONDO

Yes.

DIANA

Fine, we've decided, with any luck the plan we have will work.

SECONDO

Luck!?

DIANA

Yes luck. This might help. (she holds up the red *Cornicello* charm)

PRIMO

Where is that from?

DIANA

The Brick Guy found it in a little tin box in the oven when he was fixing it.

PRIMO

(smiles and nods) Yes, that makes sense. You know that our uncle from back home came over and built that *forno* for us. To help us make the new food that made this restaurant. Now, it's the family inheritance to you girls.

SECONDO

But it's just bricks! It has no soul! It's not *famiglia*!

PRIMO

The iron is from Italy and the brick is from Jersey. It's who we are. (beat) OK, luck it is then. Secondo?

SECONDO

Fine, they do what they want. No more "we", no more "our", it's "theirs".

Once again Secondo stands, knocks over his chair and storms out.

PRIMO

OK, that's as good as we going to get tonight. Good luck for you girls.

Primo stands, thinks for a second and quietly leaves his keys on the table and leaves.

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD: "i caffè"

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING

Once again the sun shines on the front of the restaurant and streams in through the windows and bathes the plants. There is a persistent knocking on the door. Donna comes down in her nightgown and fuzzy slippers to the door. Her hair is terrifying. Polpette is already sitting at the door whining.

DONNA

Dammit. Hey! Hey! We ARE CLOSED!

She opens the door violently about to let loose a string of vulgarities. Guess who it is?

PRIMO

Buongiorno mio piccolo raggio di sole. [Good morning my little ray of sunshine.]

DONNA

Dad? What time is it? Oh god, my head. No more *grappa*.

PRIMO

Sorry to wake you, I don't have keys. Remember?

DONNA

I wish I didn't remember. I need a shower. It's too early for this.

PRIMO

You do. I make *caffèlatte* and something to eat. That will fix you up.

Donna doesn't bother to answer him and turns away to head upstairs. Primo heads for the kitchen and Polpette follows at his heels. He bends down and takes the dog's head in his hands for a good scratch.

PRIMO

Polpette, it might be their restaurant but you will always be my *il cucciolo*. My GOOD dog.

Things move forward. Primo quietly makes focaccia topped with broken pieces of chocolate from back home. The coffee is ready and he pours himself a cup. It's him and the dog enjoying a quiet moment. Diana creeps downstairs.

DIANA

I smell caffè. I crave caffè. I NEED caffè.

PRIMO

Buongiorno nipote. You rough this morning too?

DIANA

Stash stuck around and we kept at the *grappa*. Now it keeps at us.

PRIMO

So it is.

Diana settles at the table with Primo and gives Polpette a good bum scratch.

DIANA

It's a nice morning. I love the way the sun comes in the windows.

PRIMO

Yes, that I noticed when we first saw the place. Such sun, and in this city, so lucky. You know the saying "*Dove dio ha lasciato le sue scarpe*"?

DIANA

Nope.

PRIMO

It says "Where God left his shoes".

DIANA

I think I get that.

PRIMO

He wanted to stay.

DIANA

Ya, me too.

Donna smelling the coffee comes downstairs freshly showered, her hair is slightly less frightful. She quietly pours herself a cup, comes over to the table, kisses her father on top of the head and sits down. It's quiet for a moment or two as they enjoy the coffee and sunlight. A brushing noise is coming from out front and there is a shadow of someone in front of the window.

PRIMO

Mio Dio, Seco and that broom. Always.

DIANA

I'll let him in.

Diana takes another large slurp of coffee and heads outside.

EXT. PAIR O' DICE PIZZERIA. STOOP - SATURDAY MORNING CON'T

DIANA

Morning, Papà.

SECONDO

Buongiorno.

DIANA

Do you want *caffè*?

SECONDO

I should finish my sweep.

DIANA

With your broom.

SECONDO

Yes, my broom. Not my restaurant but my broom.

DIANA

It's too early for that, come in.

SECONDO

OK, good, yes. I'm done here. I have news. It's been a busy day.

INT. TRATTORIA FRONT OF HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING CON'T

All four are now seated with focaccia and coffee. It's a little uncomfortable but the girls are too hungover to fight.

DIANA

Papà?

SECONDO

Sì?

DIANA

News?

SECONDO

Yes. OK, see last night those Briscola guys said for me to come see them this morning. So I went. Maybe I went a little too early, but they meet with me.

DONNA

Wait, what? This is moving too quick for me.

SECONDO

It's OK, trust me. (smiles) I fix it. I fix it right this time, not like last time.

DIANA

Dad, what have you done this time?

PRIMO

(sternly) Secondo?

SECONDO

No, really, it's good. That CEO guy and I talked, he made good offer and the letter will go to the lawyers later today. We meet them tomorrow, sorry *scusa*, YOU meet them tomorrow. Your lawyers.

DONNA

So what's THIS offer?

SECONDO

Better. What you want. They give you royalty deal on the "*Morso Piccolo*" like you want. And they give you big fat signing bonus, to pay the bills, like I want.

DONNA

Fat?

SECONDO

(holding his hands by his waist out wide)

Davvero grasso! [Really fat!] It's gonna be a really big check, more than enough!

DIANA

(she jumps up and kisses Secondo)

Papà grazie!

DONNA

Wow, really?

SECONDO

Si. You girls made it happen, you made it work the way you wanted. This was you, you both.

DONNA

(she hugs Secondo)

Grazie Zio!

PRIMO

Well done my little brother.

SECONDO

Yes, I think so. But more news, a little.

PRIMO

What else now?

SECONDO

They offer me a job. Maybe that will get me out of here, out of your hair.

DIANA

You what now?

SECONDO

When we first had meeting there, at Briscola, they like how I told them to fix the menu, how I yelled at them. They want me to be a "Brand Advisor" or something like that. For an "authentic voice" but I don't know what that means?

DIANA

It means you are good at yelling.

SECONDO

At this, yes I guess, I am good.

DONNA

So that's it. It's fixed?

DIANA

I think so.

SECONDO

For a while, yes.

PRIMO

For now, for today. Enjoy today.

DONNA

Yes, today.

DIANA

For today.

FADE TO BLACK

(long beat)

TITLE CARD: "Passeggiata"

EXT. TRATTORIA - EARLY NOVEMBER MORNING

No dialogue, music only.

FADE IN

We see the front of the restaurant on a cold winter morning in sunshine.

Time has passed, a dusting of snow covers the sidewalks. Secondo is busy sweeping at the snow to clear the path.

The girls open the door and are heading out for a walk this fine morning. They both stop to talk with Secondo for a quick second. Raring to go, Polpette waits with his leash in mouth to go for the walk.

Through the restaurant window we see Primo is watering the plants. On the window we see the restaurant has a new name "*Il Nostro Paradiso*" with a red cornicello painted on the glass.

They both wave to bye Primo and then to Secondo as they walk down the street with the dog in lead.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a nice quiet neighbourhood covered in snow.

FINE