

THE MANZANIS

"Pilot"

written by

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Revised August 2, 2011

THE MANZANIS

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

ANGELA MANZANI, MID-FORTIES, ATTRACTIVE, IS IN BED, JUST WAKING UP. HER HUSBAND, NICK, FORTIES, DRESSED IN BOXERS AND A T-SHIRT, STANDS AT THE OPEN WINDOW. THERE ARE MOVING BOXES STACKED EVERYWHERE.

NICK

Smell that fresh air! (SPOTTING SOMETHING) Ange! Come here!

ANGELA

(GETTING UP, MUMBLING) Not another friggin' deer.

NICK

A friggin' deer! Right in our backyard. Eighteen years in Brooklyn, we've never seen that. They look so different in real life. You know, without the sunglasses and party hat.

ANGELA CROSSES TO NICK AND PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIM, RESTING HER CHIN ON HIS SHOULDER.

ANGELA

This is the third day in a row with the deer. It's obvious he's a regular here. So unless he's delivering coffee and doughnuts, spare me.

SHE SMACKS HIS ASS AND STARTS TO CROSS TO THE BATHROOM.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get ready. Gotta get the kids off to school, cable guy's coming... and your parents are gonna be here any minute.

NICK CROSSES TO HER AND TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS.

NICK

Hey. Thanks for letting them move in.

ANGELA

Hopefully when we almost burn our house down making a grilled cheese, our kids will do the same for us.

THEY KISS. ANGELA THEN BREAKS OUT INTO A SLY GRIN.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Besides, I get my fountain out of the deal.

NICK

Aw, come on, you're not going to hold me to that, are you?

ANGELA

You said --

NICK

I know what I said, but we sold it with the house. Now I'd have to go back and ask them...

ANGELA

I don't care. I want it. Do you know
how many wishes we made in it?

NICK

(RE: HOUSE) You don't really want that
beat up tacky thing on the front
lawn... it's so stereotypical Italian.

ANGELA

So's every meal I make and my armpits
from October to April. I want the
fountain.

NICK

What're the neighbors gonna think?

ANGELA

You think I give a frig what those
Martha Stewart drones with their nose
jobs and their six nannies think? They
sent me a note telling me our
clothesline was "unsightly." They're
dead to me!

SHE EXITS INTO BATHROOM. NICK LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

NICK

That didn't take long -- three weeks
in the neighborhood and we've already
got people dead to us.

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

ANGELA IS MAKING BREAKFAST WHILE HER KIDS, NICK NICK, EIGHTEEN, HUNKY, AND DAUGHTER GINA, FIFTEEN, ARE SEATED AT THE TABLE. GINA IS WEARING A DEPILATORY CREAM ON HER UPPER LIP. ANGELA CROSSES OVER AND SCOOPS SOME PEPPERS AND EGGS ONTO HER DAUGHTER'S PLATE. THEN NOTICING:

ANGELA

What's on your lip?

GINA

It's to get rid of my moustache. Girls out here in Greenwich don't have them.

NICK NICK

That's a shame. It makes you look distinguished.

GINA SHOOTS NICK NICK A MENACING LOOK AS PETER, 10 YEARS OLD, SMART -- REALLY SMART, ENTERS.

PETER

Mom, are you going to pick me up from school today?

ANGELA

Pick you up? Your school's five blocks away.

PETER

I heard one of the moms say the streets can be dangerous.

ANGELA

Maybe, if you're a chipmunk who
suffers from indecision, but a smart
kid like you... I'm not worried.

PETER MAKES A U-TURN AND EXITS AS NICK ENTERS, DRESSED FOR
WORK.

NICK

(TO GINA) What's that crap on your
face?

NICK NICK

Gina's getting rid of her moustache.
(THEN, TO GINA) But you're keeping the
sideburns, right?

GINA GETS UP AND STARTS POUNDING ON HER BROTHER, WHO LAUGHS
OFF HER BLOWS.

NICK

Gina.

GINA STOPS, LOOKS AT HER FATHER.

NICK (CONT'D)

(MAKES A FIST) Thumbs on the outside.

SHE GIVES HER BROTHER ONE FINAL SOCK ON THE SHOULDER.

SFX: DOORBELL.

ANGELA

(SIGHING) Your parents.

NICK

(TO KIDS) Okay, you can stop. The main
event's here.

NICK AND ANGELA HEAD OUT TOWARDS THE FOYER.

RESET TO:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

NICK AND ANGELA CROSS TO THE DOOR. WE CAN HEAR ARGUING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ANGELA

You're positive no one in your family
lives past eighty, right?

NICK GIVES HER A KISS, THEN OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL:

CAMILLE AND JOE MANZANI, SEVENTIES, ENTER, MID-ARGUMENT.

JOE

Let it go, will you?!

CAMILLE

I know a good-bye kiss! That was more
than a good-bye kiss!

NICK

Guys, guys...

THE FIGHTING STOPS AND EVERYONE AD-LIBS HELLO'S. CAMILLE HUGS AND KISSES HER SON.

CAMILLE

(RE: JOE) Valentino here with the
farewell kisses at the old apartment.

JOE

The woman's eighty-six. I hugged her
and it sounded like someone was
microwaving popcorn. (THEN, LOOKING
AROUND) Still can't get over the size
of this place. Where's the gift shop?

NICK

Funny every time, Pop. Come on, I'll
show you where you're staying.

AS THEY START UPSTAIRS...

CAMILLE

(TO ANGELA) Boy, you wanted your rich
guy, you got him.

ANGELA

Yeah, my master plan worked. Marry a
struggling baker and wait nineteen
years.

NICK

(TO JOE) So, how was it leaving the
old apartment -- lotta memories, huh?

JOE

What do I care? (THEN) Hey, you
remember Louie Johnson?

NICK

No.

JOE

Come on, Louie Johnson! Black guy --
looked like Sammy Davis Junior --
(POINTING TO HIS EYE) Without the
glass.

NICK

Nothing.

JOE

Wife worked at the bank!

NICK

Oh, wait, wait, yeah, Louie. Good guy.

What's going on with him?

JOE

Dead.

AS CAMILLE, JOE AND NICK DISAPPEAR, PETER RUNS OUT WITH A SHOEBOX.

PETER

Mom, I can't find Harold anywhere.

Maybe he ran back to Brooklyn.

CAMILLE (O.S.)

Come on, Joe! Today. Move, move!

ANGELA

I don't know if we should look for him
or follow him. (THEN) Sweetie, I'm
sure he's around here somewhere. Keep
looking.

SCENE B

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NICK AND JOE STAND IN THE GUEST ROOM FURNISHED WITH A QUEEN SIZED BED. CAMILLE COMES OUT FROM THE BATHROOM.

CAMILLE

It's beautiful, Nick. So European. Got a bidet and everything.

JOE

(WINCES) Whoa, what do you gotta talk like that for? A little mystery?

NICK NICK ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE BOX WITH ASSORTED SAINTS' HEADS STICKING OUT.

NICK NICK

Where do you want your Saints?

CAMILLE POINTS TO THE DRESSER. ANGELA ENTERS.

ANGELA

So, what do you guys think?

CAMILLE

I love it. (RE: JOE) Where's he going to sleep?

ANGELA

What do you mean? In here with you.

CAMILLE

We're both staying in here? (TO NICK)
I haven't slept in the same room as this one in twenty years.

NICK

But back in Brooklyn --

CAMILLE

No, he always slept in the guest room.

JOE

Forget about it, we'll make it work.

CAMILLE

Says you. Swear to God, Joe, any dairy
after five, don't even bother coming
up the stairs.

GINA RUNS IN.

GINA

Hey, Grandma, Grandpa.

SHE GIVES THEM BOTH QUICK KISSES, THEN TURNS TO ANGELA.

GINA (CONT'D)

We found Pete's hamster.

ANGELA

Good.

GINA

Not so good. It was under a moving
box.

CUT TO:

SCENE C

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

PETER STANDS BY HAROLD'S FRESHLY DUG GRAVE. ANGELA CROSSES OVER TO HIM AS THE OTHERS PAT HIM ON THE BACK AND PEEL OFF

ANGELA

That was a real nice funeral, Peter.

PETER

(BEAT) I hate it here. I miss our old house.

ANGELA

Sweetie, I know Greenwich is very different from Brooklyn, but your father worked really hard -- he turned Grandpa's bakery into three bakeries just so he could afford to move us here.

PETER

But I don't have any friends. I try to talk to the kids in my new class but they just walk away. They think I'm boring.

ANGELA

So, make yourself interesting. Look, invite one of these boys over after school. And when you talk about yourself... you know, embellish.

PETER

You mean lie?

ANGELA

Why not? Who wants to hear the truth?
It's dull.

PETER

Dad says lies are like potato chips.
You can't stop at one.

ANGELA

Because potato chips are good -- just
like lying. Everybody does it. Take
your presidents. All liars. You had
one who told the truth, Honest Abe,
and what happened to him? (MIMES GUN
TO HEAD) Boom. Enjoy the play. Trust
me, the truth is just lazy story
telling.

AS PETER TAKES THIS IN...

CUT TO:

SCENE D

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

THE DOORBELL RINGS. NICK NICK OPENS THE DOOR TO KERRY ROBINSON, 35, BLONDE, TANNED, VERY "GREENWICH."

NICK NICK

Hey.

KERRY

I just dropped Wyatt off at daycare and was showing a house up the block... so I thought I'd stop by to see how my favorite new family is getting settled.

NICK NICK

Well, I for one still can't get over the view.

NICK NICK GRABS HER AND KISSES HER PASSIONATELY.

KERRY

Listen, I have box seats for the Knicks game tonight --

NICK NICK

Serious?!

NICK NICK BUMPS HER FIST AND DOES THE EXPLOSION SOUND.

KERRY

They're my ex's. I got them in the settlement -- it'll kill him to see me on TV sitting next to you. Wear something sleeveless.

NICK NICK

That's all I own.

SHE GRABS HIM AND STARTS KISSING HIM AGAIN AS ANGELA ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS. SHE IS NOT PLEASED AT THIS SIGHT.

ANGELA

Okay, stop it, stop it -- I've got my eggs right here.

KERRY

Mrs. Manzani, how are you? The place is really shaping up.

ANGELA

And knock it off with the "Mrs. Manzani" -- your forehead might be frozen in time but you're only a few years younger than me.

CAMILLE ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS.

CAMILLE

(PUTTING ON GLASSES) Who's this?

ANGELA

Oh, where are my manners? Camille, this is our divorced thirty-five year old real estate agent, Kerry, who's banging your eighteen year old grandson. Kerry, my mother-in-law, Camille.

ANGELA HANGS BACK, SMILING, WAITING FOR THE FIREWORKS.

CAMILLE

(SWEETLY) Nice to meet you. (TO
ANGELA) Where do you keep the sheets?

ANGELA

That's it? Nick Nick is dating a
thirty-five year old woman -- with a
child, I might add -- and you got
nothing?

CAMILLE

Why waste my breath? This isn't gonna
last. I've got luggage with better
skin. In two months he'll get tired of
nailing this alligator bag and be on
to the next horny housewife. (THEN)
So, where are those sheets?

ANGELA

(QUIETLY) Upstairs closet.

CAMILLE NODS AND STARTS UPSTAIRS. ANGELA TURNS TO KERRY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I thought she was just going to call
you a whore.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE E

INT. JOE AND CAMILLE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

CAMILLE IS STARTING TO UNDRESS FOR BED. JOE IS IN THE BATHROOM.

CAMILLE

(CALLING INTO BATHROOM) You still
sleep on the right?

JOE

Doesn't matter. I'm not gonna be able
to sleep with you in there anyway.

JOE THEN WORKS UP SOME PHLEM AND SPITS INTO THE SINK. CAMILLE SHAKES HER HEAD.

CAMILLE

It's like the honeymoon never ended.

JOE COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM IN A T-SHIRT AND BOXERS. HE GETS INTO BED. CAMILLE SLIPS OFF HER HOUSEDRESS. HIS EYES ARE ON HER BREASTS WHICH ARE AT CHEST LEVEL. FROM BEHIND, WHEN SHE REMOVES HER BRA, WE WATCH AS HIS EYES FOLLOW HER BREASTS DOWN TO HER THIGHS. JOE GETS A LOOK ON HIS FACE THAT SIGNALS INTEREST.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

What?

ON A SMILING JOE...

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT. NICK & ANGELA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

NICK AND ANGELA ARE IN BED. ANGELA IS RUBBING LOTION ON HER ARMS.

NICK

You smell good.

ANGELA

Sorry. Not in the mood.

NICK

What? I just said you smelled good.

ANGELA

We've been married nineteen years. You've got three lines when you want sex; "You look good," "You smell good," and "I can't believe, four-hundred channels and there's nothing on."

NICK

You okay? You seem a little...

ANGELA

Go ahead, say it.

NICK

No. I'm afraid.

ANGELA

Bitchy?

NICK

Less Angelic. (THEN) What's going on?

ANGELA

I don't know. This whole move... I agreed to move to this town for the kids, but I'm afraid we might be losing our roots.

NICK

Your father was a bookie, mine raises pigeons... are these really the roots we need to hang on to?

ANGELA

Oh, so it's better to be like these people out here? Nick Nick's dating that country club cougar, Peter's got no friends, your daughter doesn't think she's pretty enough --

FAINTLY AT FIRST, A LOW MOANING IS HEARD.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's that?

THE MOANING GETS A LITTLE LOUDER.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Great, on top of everything else, this place is haunted.

NICK CRINGES.

NICK

It's not a ghost. (SIGHS) It's my mother.

ANGELA TAKES A BEAT.

ANGELA

No. Oh, God...

NICK

She's always been a little loud when they...

ANGELA

(COVERING HER EYES) AAAARRRR... I can see them doing it in my head! Quick, hit me with a lamp! Hurry, she's on top!

THEY BOTH LAUGH. SUDDENLY PETER BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR AND JUMPS UP ONTO THEIR BED.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Sweetie, you okay?

PETER

What's that noise? Is it a ghost?

NICK AND ANGELA EXCHANGE A LOOK.

NICK/ ANGELA

Yeah.

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE J

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

PETER AND HIS NEW FRIEND, ROBBIE, ARE IN THE BACKYARD TALKING. ANGELA WATCHES FROM THE KITCHEN.

PETER

... so then I had to wear this plastic thing in my mouth every night for like six months.

ROBBIE

(BORED) Wow.

PETER

Yeah. It was crazy.

ANGELA LOCKS EYES WITH PETER AND THROWS HER ARMS UP AS IF TO SAY, "YOU'RE LOSING HIM!"

ROBBIE

I should probably get going. I got homework and stuff.

PETER

Oh. Okay. (THINKS, THEN SOTTO) I'll show you the grave site next time you come over.

ROBBIE

What grave site--

PETER

(MOCK PANICKED) Shhhhh!

PETER LOOKS AROUND, THEN MOTIONS TO ROBBIE TO FOLLOW HIM.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

PETER AND ROBBIE STAND OVER THE GRAVE OF PETER'S PET HAMSTER.

ROBBIE

Your dad *killed* a guy?

PETER

Yep. Joey 'Pipes.' My dad said he knew too much.

ROBBIE

So, your father's, like, in the...

PETER

Oh, yeah.

ROBBIE

(THEN SKEPTICALLY) Seems kinda small for a body.

PETER

(THINKS, THEN) It's just his head. The rest of him is... in New Jersey. That's where they keep all the torsos.

ROBBIE

Once this opossum got hit by a car in front of our house, and we could see that it ate Chinese food... this is waaaay cooler.

ON PETER'S SATISFIED SMILE, WE...

SCENE K

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

ROBBIE IS IN THE CAR WITH HIS MOTHER, CAROL WHITE. WE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT SEE HIM TALKING A MILE A MINUTE AND GESTICULATING WILDLY. SHE LOOKS AT HIM WITH A LOOK OF HORROR. SHE THEN LOOKS OUT ROBBIE'S PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW AND WE SEE:

PETER. HE STANDS ON THE FRONT STOOP WATCHING THEM. HE WAVES -- BUT INSTEAD OF WAVING BACK, SHE PEELS OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY. ON A CONFUSED PETER...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE L

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - THE NEXT DAY

ANGELA AND GINA ARE SHOPPING. A GOOD-LOOKING TEENAGE BOY WALKED BY. GINA LOOKS AT HIM LONGINGLY. ANGELA NOTICES.

ANGELA

You know him?

GINA

That's Chip Cambell.

ANGELA PUTS A TWELVE PACK OF TOILET PAPER IN THE CART. GINA FREAKS OUT.

GINA (CONT'D)

(HUSHED WHISPER) Oh, my God! You're buying toilet paper in front of him?! You're so embarrassing!

ANGELA

You know what would've happened if I told my mother she was embarrassing? You'd have heard, "Clean up in aisle twelve," cause that's how far my teeth would've flown.

GINA SAYS NOTHING. A BEAT, THEN...

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Since when have you been shy? You're beautiful, you're funny, go over and say hi.

GINA

He likes girls with blonde hair. I've got dark hair... all over me. I hate it. I hate that I'm hairy. I wish I was blonde.

ANGELA

Are you kidding? Blondes suck! A: they don't age well. And B: they're morons. It's in their DNA. Like posing naked. They can't help it.

A BLONDE HOUSEWIFE TURNS AND GLARES AT ANGELA. ANGELA SMILES BACK AT HER.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Not you, hon. I'm talking about the real ones.

A MANAGER APPROACHES THEM.

MANAGER

Excuse me, are you Mrs. Manzani?

ANGELA

Why?

MANAGER

Well, I know you're new to the neighborhood and just wanted to give you a big A&P welcome.

ANGELA

Aren't you the guy who yelled at me last week for sampling grapes?

MANAGER

An unfortunate misunderstanding. We're
opening a register for you. This way,
please.

HE LEADS ANGELA'S CART TO THE NEWLY OPENED REGISTER, THEN
CROSSES OFF. ON A PERPLEXED ANGEL AND GINA...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE M

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

JOE AND CAMILLE ARE HAVING COFFEE, READING THE PAPER. ANGELA IS READING A NOTE WHEN NICK ENTERS DRESSED IN A KELLY GREEN SWEATER AND PASTEL PINK PANTS.

NICK

(OFF CLOTHES) Well? You like?

JOE

Hold an umbrella and you'll look like a girl drink.

NICK

It's for golf. Guy at the store gave it to me. No charge. Just like that.

ANGELA

You still got ripped off. (THEN, OFF NOTE) Get this. Those Stepford Wives who complained about our clothesline? (HANDS HIM THE LETTER) They had a change of heart.

NICK

So? This is a good thing.

ANGELA

I'm not so sure. People around here have been acting strange. You're getting free clothes, the guy at the A&P opened a register for me. And on the way out, he gave us flowers. I'm just saying.

NICK NICK ENTERS.

NICK NICK

Hey, guys, wait'll you hear this --
(OFF NICK'S CLOTHING) Whoa, Dad, gay
it down a notch. (THEN) So Kerry was
at her club and everyone was talking
about us.

ANGELA

Us?

NICK NICK

You know, Pete's little friend who was
over here? His mother started telling
people we're "connected."

NICK

Connected? To what? I'm a baker!

JOE

That's crazy! The only mob guy we knew
was Tommy Gilhardi. (TO NICK) You
remember Tommy?

NICK

No.

JOE

He used to come into the bakery! Tall,
curly hair...

NICK

No, Dad.

JOE

Always needed a shave.

NICK

Oh, yea, Big Tom. I remember.

JOE

Dead.

NICK

This is crazy. A ten-year-old kid tells them we're in the mob and just because we're an Italian family from Brooklyn they believe it?

ANGELA

Hey, if people are stupid enough to think it and want to be nice to us because they're scared we might kill them, so be it. It worked for my mother.

CAMILLE

Ooooo, would it be all right if we throw a little scare into the Asian family a few doors down?

ANGELA

Why?

CAMILLE

Oh, we need a reason?

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE P

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

ANGELA IS COOKING. JOE AND NICK NICK SIT AT THE TABLE. NICK ENTERS.

NICK

I just talked to Peter. He said he told this Robbie kid I whacked a guy because you told him to lie.

ANGELA

(SHRUGS) I wanted him to have a friend. So kill me.

NICK

Well, apparently I'm the guy for the job.

ANGELA

Okay, maybe it wasn't the best advice. I'm sorry. And as much as I enjoy the look of fear in the dry cleaner's eyes, we've got to make this right for Peter. I'll call Robbie's mother and invite her to Sunday dinner. Then we can show them we're just a regular family.

NICK

That's not a bad idea. Then they can go back to their club and tell everyone else.

ANGELA

Right. That we're a nice, normal,
loving family.

NICK NICK

Ma, can Kerry come to this dinner?

ANGELA

That bag of dust shows up at my table,
I'll kill her.

ANGELA CROSSES OUT.

NICK NICK

Why doesn't she like Kerry? She's
amazing.

JOE

Nick Nick, no matter how amazing they
are, you squeeze them tight enough,
they all fart.

THEY WATCH JOE AS HE EXITS.

NICK

You think you're embarrassed -- that
was his toast at our wedding.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE R

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SUNDAY

ANGELA IS SETTING THE TABLE AS NICK ENTERS, WEARING A JACKET AND TIE.

NICK

Oooh, nice china. The table looks good.

ANGELA

You're wearing a tie today? You wouldn't wear one to my Uncle Angelo's funeral.

NICK

Your aunt jumped on the box as it was being lowered into the ground. I think I escaped scrutiny. Besides, this is important.

ANGELA

Don't make this crazy.

NICK

Hey, these people have to clear our name to the rest of the town. We've gotta convince them we're just like them.

SFX: DOORBELL.

ANGELA

You're right. You go answer the door while I bleach my anus.

AS THEY CROSS TO THE DOOR.

NICK

That's the kind of humor they're not
going to appreciate.

RESET TO:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

NICK AND ANGELA CROSS TO THE DOOR AND OPEN IT TO CAROL AND
GREG WHITE, AND THEIR SON ROBBIE. GREG CARRIES A BOTTLE OF
WINE. PETER RUSHES IN.

PETER

Hey, Robbie, let's go outside.

ROBBIE AND PETER TAKE OFF.

ANGELA

Thanks so much for coming over.

NICK

Yea, we're really glad you could do
this.

FROM UPSTAIRS WE HEAR CAMILLE'S MOANS... NICK AN ANGELA LOOK
AT EACH OTHER.

NICK (CONT'D)

Aw, geez...

NICK QUICKLY BANGS ON THE BANISTER WITH HIS FIST.

NICK (CONT'D)

(COVERING, BIG SMILE) Hey, up there!

We've got company!

CAROL

What was that?

NICK

Oh.... It's my mother's back.

ANGELA

(SOTTO, TO NICK) Yeah, she's on it
again.

CAROL

Well, thanks for inviting us. The more
we talked about it, we realized
Robbie's story about a head being
buried in your backyard was
ridiculous...

GREG

Yeah, I think things just got blown
out of proportion.

CAMILLE AND JOE APPEAR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, LOOKING
SOMEWHAT DISHEVELED.

ANGELA

Oh, these are Nick's parents. This is
Greg and Carol White.

THEY AD-LIB HELLO'S AS JOE AND CAMILLE COME DOWN THE STAIRS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We were just talking about how funny
stereotypes are... All Italians are in
the mob. (EVERYONE LAUGHS) All black
people steal... (MORE LAUGHTER) Jewish
people are cheap...

EVERYONE LAUGHS EXCEPT CAMILLE.

CAMILLE

That one's true.

JOE

What's your nationality?

CAROL

Irish.

CAMILLE

Oh boy. Your people like to have sex
with animals.

JOE

That's the Greeks. The Irish are the
drunks with small penises.

A LONG AWKWARD BEAT... FINALLY:

NICK

Who wants wine?

AS ANGELA LEADS CAMILLE, CAROL AND GREG INTO THE LIVING ROOM,
NICK GRABS JOE'S ARM AND PULLS HIM ASIDE.

NICK (CONT'D)

This dinner's important! What the hell
were you two doing up there?!

JOE

I thought you always wanted a baby
brother.

ANGELA (O.C.)

Nick, honey!

NICK

(TO JOE) In the future just see if you
can get Mom to quiet down.

JOE

You think I don't say anything? I had
an uncle who went to the chair who
didn't make as much noise.

NICK

You should probably take it easy
yourself. You're in your seventies.

JOE

So?

NICK

So you're an old man. Act like one.

NICK ABRUPTLY CROSSES OFF TO THE LIVING ROOM. JOE, SEETHING,
EXITS OUT THE FRONT DOOR, SLAMMING IT BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - DRIVEWAY/ GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

PETER AND ROBBIE PLAY BASKETBALL. THE BALL BOUNCES INTO THE GARAGE. ROBBIE GOES TO RETRIEVE IT. HE BECOMES DISTRACTED BY SOMETHING HE SEES IN A MOVING BOX.

ROBBIE

(OFF BOX) Whoa.

ROBBIE PULLS OUT A NUDIE MAGAZINE FROM THE SIXTIES. PETER CROSSES OVER.

PETER

That's my grandpa's stuff. We should probably leave it alone.

ROBBIE

(RE: CENTERFOLD PULLOUT) My dad has magazines like this. Except the women don't wear wigs over their privates.

JOE (O.C.)

Hey! Get away from there! Those are vintage.

ROBBIE

Sorry. We were just looking... (THEN, TO PETER) We should go. My dad says if you upset old people they can have heart attacks and die.

JOE

You just call me old? (TO PETER) He just call me old?

PETER

I think so.

JOE

(TO ROBBIE) Give me the ball.

ROBBIE BOUNCES IT TO JOE.

JOE (CONT'D)

I win, you both wash my Caddie for a
month. You win... you get my
magazines. Deal?

THE BOYS BOTH LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SMILE.

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGELA IS PLACING THE LASAGNA ON THE TABLE TO THE "OOOHS" AND
"AAH'S" OF HER GUESTS.

GREG

Now that's authentic. (TO CAROL) How
come yours doesn't look like that?

CAMILLE

(SOTTO TO ANGELA) Poor Irish bastards.
They're grateful for anything that's
not a potato.

NICK NICK AND KERRY ENTER THE FRONT DOOR.

NICK NICK

Hey, we're here.

KERRY

Hello, Angela.

ANGELA

(STEELY EYED) What the hell is this?

NICK

(WARNING) Angie...

CAROL

Kerry? You know the Manzani's?

ANGELA

She's boning my son.

NICK NICK

Ma, I'm dating Kerry -- and we prefer making sweet love. (TO KERRY) Boning is so eighties. (TO ANGELA) I want her at this dinner.

ANGELA

(RISING) Oh, you do, huh?

NICK

Angie -- knock it off!

ANGELA

You did not just tell me to knock it off in my own home?

NICK

Will everyone excuse us for a moment?
Family matter.

NICK PULLS ANGELS INTO THE KITCHEN. NICK-NICK AND KERRY STAND THERE FOR AN AWKWARD BEAT.

NICK NICK

My mom's tough. But she'll come around.

ANGELA (O.C.)

I want that cradle robbing stick figure out of my house!

NICK NICK

(NUDGES KERRY POSITIVELY) See? She
thinks your thin.

ON A MORTIFIED KERRY...

CUT TO:

SCENE T

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - DRIVEWAY/ GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

ROBBIE AND PETER ARE SCORING BASKETS RIGHT AND LEFT OFF AN ALREADY EXHAUSTED JOE. AS THE BOYS HIGH FIVE, THEY NOTICE JOE STAGGER AND COLLAPSE.

ROBBIE

I told you he'd die.

JOE

I'm not dead you little punk. I've got low blood sugar. Peter, in my car are some oranges. Get'em.

PETER TAKES OFF LIKE A SHOT.

CUT TO:

SCENE U

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA AND NICK ARE IN MID-ARGUMENT.

NICK

I just didn't want you making one of your scenes -- there's still a chance the Whites might think we're civilized.

ANGELA

You know what? I'm getting a little tired of caring what the Whites think. They don't want their kid playing with Peter, we'll find someone else.

NICK

You're right, Ange -- to hell with the Whites! To hell with all the neighbors. We'll just sit in here and be the guinea family everyone's afraid of -- that'll be great for the kids.

ANGELA

Oh, stop with this "I'm doing all this for the kids!" You're doing this for you with your country clubs and your no fountains on the lawn --

NICK

No, I'm doing it for my family. I'm out there busting my ass to give you a better life and you don't appreciate it.

ANGELA

It's not better, Nick -- it's just different. Look, no one appreciates how hard you work for this family more than I do. I'm just saying it'd be nice if the man I married stayed the man I married. You think, what, because you play golf with orthodontists now and dress in pink pants you fit in?

NICK

At least I'm trying. And they're not pink, they're coral! (THEN) I love you. You're my rock. But sometimes... it's not so fun being married to rock.

ANGELA

This is who I am -- what do you want from me?

NICK

(EXPLODING) How about a "Thank you, Nick!" Thank you for the six burner Viking stove!

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Thank you for the in ground pool!

Thank you for sweating in a bakery all
day to send our kids to a better
school! Is that so hard?!

ANGELA

Oh, I'm sorry! Thank you, Nick! And
thank you for the new wine glasses!

ANGELA PICKS UP A GLASS AND THROWS IT AGAINST THE WALL.

RESET TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KERRY AND THE WHITES ARE LISTENING TO THE FIGHT, HORRIFIED,
WHILE NICK NICK AND CAMILLE HAVE ALREADY STARTED EATING.
ANOTHER SMASH IS HEARD FROM THE KITCHEN.

KERRY

(TO NICK NICK) I feel terrible. This
started because of me. I'm going to
tell your mother I'm leaving.

KERRY STARTS FOR THE KITCHEN.

CAMILLE

While you're in there, grab the
cheese? (RE: LASAGNA) God knows it
needs it.

RESET TO:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA AND NICK ARE STILL FIGHTING.

ANGELA

And this is for your friggin' deer!

ANGELA PICKS UP SOME SILVERWARE AND THROWS IT IN THE DIRECTION OF NICK WHO MOVES OUT OF THE WAY.

KERRY (O.C.)

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!

NICK AND ANGELA LOOK O.C. STUNNED.

NICK

You stuck a fork in her head!

NICK RUSHES OUT.

ANGELA

Oh my God, I've become my mother!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE V

FADE IN:

INT. MANZANI HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

IT'S PANDEMONIUM, AS EVERYONE TALKS OVER EACH OTHER TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO REMOVE THE FORK THAT IS STICKING OUT OF KERRY'S HEAD. A HORRIFIED CAROL AND GREG LOOK ON.

KERRY

Get it out! Just get it out!

NICK AND ANGELA EXAMINE HER HEAD.

ANGELA

It's in there good.

NICK

You couldn't throw a spoon?

ANGELA

Oh, you duck, and it's my fault?!

ON NICK, ANGELA AND KERRY...

CUT TO:

SCENE W

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

JOE IS NOW SITTING UP SUCKING ON ORANGE WEDGES. ROBBIE
CROSSES OVER WITH A HANDFUL OF JOE'S VINTAGE MAGAZINES AND
STARTS TO TAUNT JOE.

ROBBIE

(READING FROM MAGAZINE) "Candi likes
swimming nude, French desserts and
Buzz Aldren." You know what else Candi
likes? Staying at my house.

JOE, WITH THE ORANGE WEDGES STILL IN HIS MOUTH, GETS UP AND
STARTS TO CHASE THE NOW SCREAMING ROBBIE AROUND THE YARD.
PETER CHASES AFTER HIS GRANDFATHER.

CUT TO:

SCENE X

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE IS AS WE LEFT THEM.

NICK NICK

I'm bringing the car around.

NICK NICK EXITS.

ANGELA

(TO KERRY) The emergency room's gonna be crowded. You sure you don't want a little something to hold you over?

GINA RUNS IN THE FRONT DOOR, EXCITED.

GINA

Ma, I was at the mall and you're not gonna guess who I talked to -- Chip Campbell!! I talked to him like you said and I made him laugh! (NOTICING) Why does she have a fork in her head?

ANGELA

Because your father ducked. That is so great about Chip. Told you you're funny.

KERRY

(SINCERE) This would be really sweet if I wasn't bleeding.

AND WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE AA

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE.

NICK

So, we're gonna have to rain check
this thing.

GREG

You think so? A fork is sticking out
of one of your guests heads.

CAROL

Robbie! We're leaving! Now!

NICK

You gotta understand. This is not who
we are. We are not this violent
Italian stereotype...

IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR ROBBIE SCREAMING. WE LOOK UP AND
SEE:

ANGLE ON:

JOE, WITH THE ORANGE WEDGES STILL IN HIS MOUTH, CHASING
ROBBIE AND GROWLING ALA MARLON BRANDO IN 'THE GODFATHER.'

CAROL

(TO ANGELA) You won't be seeing our
son here again.

CAROL STARTS FOR THE CAR, ANGELA FOLLOWS HER.

ANGELA

You know what? We don't want your son
hanging around with our son!

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Peter's one of the sweetest kids in the world and if you're going to punish him because of who you think we are -- it's your son's loss.

NICK

Ange! We've gotta go!

ANGELA

(TO THE WHITES) And by the way, that wine you brought? White Zinfandel? Really? We're Italian -- we know our grapes!

AND AS ANGELA TRIUMPHANTLY CROSSES OFF TO THE CAR, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE BB

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

JOE AND CAMILLE SIT ALONE OFF TO THE SIDE. JOE IS SLUMPED IN HIS SEAT, DEPRESSED.

CAMILLE

Two ten year old's beat you in
basketball. Big deal. At least you got
your magazines back.

JOE

It's not that. (THEN) Doesn't it
bother you that little bedroom we're
in... it's the last place we're ever
gonna live.

CAMILLE

Who cares? As long as it's with you I
could give a damn.

SHE GIVES JOE A LITTLE PECK ON THE CHEEK, THEN IMMEDIATELY
SMACKS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Now knock it off! No one lives
forever. So let's just have a good
time with what's left.

JOE SMILES AT HER, THEN PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER.

JOE

Speaking of good times, your son says
you gotta tone it down in the sack.

CAMILLE

I make no promises.

RESET TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM TRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

A DOCTOR IS LOOKING OVER KERRY'S WOUND. HE REMOVES THE FORK GENTLY. KERRY HOLDS A CLOTH TO HER HEAD.

DOCTOR

...and it's out.

HE GOES TO THROW THE FORK IN THE TRASH. ANGELA STOPS HIM.

ANGELA

Actually, I need that. It's part of a set my Grandmother left me.

HE HANDS ANGELA THE FORK.

DOCTOR

The wound's not serious. We'll put a dressing on it and you can go home.

(OFF ANGELA) If that's where you want to go.

HE EXITS. THERE'S AN AWKWARD BEAT.

KERRY

Listen, Angela... I know how you feel about me. "What's this older attractive woman doing with my eighteen year old son?" It's nothing I don't ask myself a hundred times a day.

(beat)

Nick Nick is genuinely good.

(MORE)

KERRY (CONT'D)

And there's just not a lot of that out there. For what it's worth, I hope I do half as well with my son as you've done with yours.

ANGELA

Well, now you've made me feel bad about throwing a fork in your head. I mean real bad -- not pretend bad like I felt in the car on the way over.

KERRY

I'm sorry I ruined your dinner.

NICK NICK CROSSES OVER WITH THE SODA FOR KERRY.

ANGELA

(GETTING AN IDEA) Hey, how old's your kid?

KERRY

Wyatt's nine.

ANGELA

Okay, here's the deal... you bring Wyatt over to play with Peter and I'll shut my mouth about you playing with Nick-Nick.

NICK NICK LEANS IN TO ANGELA AND GIVES HER A PECK.

NICK NICK

Thanks, ma.

ANGELA GIVES A LITTLE NOD AND CROSSES OVER TO WHERE NICK IS SITTING.

NICK

So, everything good?

ANGELA

(WISTFUL) I don't know. I just always figured he'd meet a nice girl from the neighborhood. Someone his own age with a similar background.

NICK

Again with the neighborhood? We lived in a crummy duplex with a ceiling that leaked, not enough bathrooms, and a kitchen the size of my backseat... You talk about it like it was Shangri-la. We had nothing in Brooklyn. Nothing. So please, tell me, what was so freaking great about it?

ANGELA

I'll tell you what was great. Frankie's lemon ice stand. The smells from Mrs. Pazecia's window. We'd play stickball and toss pennies in that "ugly" fountain and it felt more like summer lasted eight months. It's where you walked me to school. It's where we fell in love. Does that sound like nothing to do?

ANGELA CROSSES OFF. AS NICK TAKES THIS IN...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE CC

EXT. MANZANI HOUSE - FRONT YARD - FEW DAYS LATER

A CREW IS INSTALLING AN OLD WEATHERED FOUNTAIN IN THE FRONT YARD. A FEW NEIGHBORS LOOK ON, GRIMACING. ANGELA AND NICK SIT ON THEIR FRONT STEPS, EATING SUBMARINE SANDWICHES.

ANGELA

You're not worried it looks too
Italian?

NICK

We'll see after we hang the salami's
off it?

ANGELA LAUGHS, NUDGING NICK PLAYFULLY. SHE THEN LEAVES OVER AND KISSES HIM.

A BEAT, THEN WE HEAR FROM THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW, CAMILLE IN THE THROES OF ECSTASY. THE WORKERS ALL START TO LOOK FOR WHERE THE MOANS ARE COMING FROM.

ANGELA/NICK

Haunted! Place is haunted!

ON THE EMBARRASSED COUPLE, WE...

FADE OUT.

THE END