

THE WHITE SAIL INN

By

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM-LATE EVENING

Two lovers are in a bedroom together. The lights are low. Soft music is playing in the background. The semi-clothed lovers manage to convey their feelings by utilizing Godfather film dialogue and improvisations on the Godfather theme. The more they speak this language, the more their passion is encouraged. He unbuttons his shirt.

HE

She was beautiful. She was young.
She was innocent. She was the best
piece of ass I've ever had and I've
had them all over the world!

She takes off her blouse. He kicks off his shoes.

SHE

I don't want my brother coming out
of that toilet with just his dick
in his hands.

She takes off her nylons and unhooks her bra.

HE

Leave the gun, take the cannoli.

He kisses her tenderly. She removes his shirt.

SHE

Tattaglia's a pimp!

She returns the kiss and embraces him.

HE

I took care of all the family
business today.

She wraps her legs around his torso.

SHE

Come here, kid, let me show you how
to cook for a bunch of guys.

He kisses her so passionately, items fall off the dresser. A photo of the two falls to the floor.

HE

Where's Paulie?

She fondles his groin area and goes south of the border.

SHE
Oh, Paulie, you won't see him no
more.

HE
I always thought it would have been
Clemenza.

She can hardly breathe, her breasts heaving.

SHE
No, Tessio was always smarter.

He goes down south of the border and she moans in ecstasy.

HE
... On this day of your, on this
your daughter's wedding day...

SHE
Any man who doesn't spend time with
his family can't be a real man.

She responds with her lips on his strong, virile chest.

HE
Either his brains or his signature
would be on the contract.

She tenderly nuzzles his ear.

SHE
(in broken Italian)
Thursday, Sunday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Friday...

He kisses her earlobe.

HE
Your punishment is that you're out
of the family business. Now who
was it that came to you?

She strips off his underwear.

SHE
(fast)
They shot Sonny on the causeway.

He removes her panties.

HE
(faster)
Who gives a shit?

The couple embrace. He turns off the light as she seals the deal.

SHE

I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse.

HE

Jesus, make the offer, make the offer!

SHE

Never talk outside the family to anybody!

HE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, don't worry about it! Just hurry up!

He kisses her with intense passion. She kisses him back like she was on fire. The rest of the evening is packed with eroticism that only true lovers may enjoy.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE SAIL INN-NEXT DAY-LATE AFTERNOON

The White Sail Inn is a dinner house situated on expensive Marina Del Rey real estate. Beautiful, robust gardens surround the exteriors of the lounge and dining rooms. Flowers of every color blossom at different times of the year so diners may ogle them while enjoying entrees such as prime rib, fresh swordfish and Australian lobster at stellar prices. Retirees FRED and MOE, husband and wife vacationers from Oshkosh, are walking along the sidewalk between the restaurant and the marina.

MOE

My! What a beautiful restaurant. Fred, look at the flowers. How spectacular. Lush. That's the word... lush! I wonder if the food's any good.

The gardens are awash in sunlight and gentle ocean breezes sway the tops of the palm trees. Moe takes a photograph of the large, hand carved wood sign with the restaurant's name and logo while Fred stops to stare at the boats. He reads the menu from the glass enclosed box near the entrance.

FRED

Aina hey? The prices are steep and the portions are probably tiny.

Moe joins him, reads some of the offerings and then taps his noggin with her rolled up Shell map.

MOE

The prices aren't any higher than Jack's in Appleton.

FRED

At Jack's you get a pretty hefty brandy manhattan for your three dollars and ninety five cents.

MOE

Oh, Fred, learn to live. We're on the coast. The night is young! Who knows? These folks may even have a cocktail that beats Jack's. Who knows?

Servers dart in and out of the bar door with food for the al fresco diner. FRED and MOE decide this is the restaurant for them. They join twenty others waiting for patio seating. GWEN, 22, a gorgeous hostess with pretty blonde hair and shiny white teeth, asks them to stick around the immediate area. She speaks to the entire waiting crowd at once.

GWEN

Our microphone is broken and I can't yell too loudly. I have to save my voice for American Idol auditions next month.

Fred and Moe settle in by resting their butts on a cinder block next to the boat plank. Moe is a type one diabetic and is feeling the effects of low blood sugar after taking too much insulin three hours ago.

FRED

We need to feed you some sugar, hon. I didn't bring any candy bars. Shit!

MOE

Don't worry about it, Fred. Just a breadstick or something will do. I've got a small orange juice in my purse.

Restaurant workers come and go, all of them resembling typical California actor-types to Moe, with blue eyes, blond hair and trim builds.

FRED

Nice looking folks, eh Moe?

MOE
 Everyone of these people could be
 an actor. They probably are.

She bends over to tie her shoe and farts unexpectedly.

FRED
 Hello?

MOE
 (laughing)
 Whoops a doodle.

Fred waves his hand back and forth to clear the air.

FRED
 I'll ask the pretty young hostess
 for some bread.

MOE
 We're not pigeons, Fred. Let's
 just wait until we get seated.

FRED
 Okay. Look at these boats, they're
 something, aren't they?

Grand boats and small yachts are tied up along the long pier
 which jets out several places from the corners of the
 restaurant. Gwen announces some names, just not Fred's.

MOE
 Did you put it under Fred or
 Revolinski?

FRED
 Fred. You think she could spell
 Revolinski? It's only been a few
 minutes, dear. Let's get some
 bread like I suggested.

Moe squirms in her concrete seat.

MOE
 Oh, alright.

Fred moseys up to the hostess desk. Gwen is smiling from ear
 to ear.

GWEN
 How may I help you?

FRED
 Fred, for two. How long?

GWEN

About twenty minutes.

FRED

You said that twenty minutes ago.

GWEN

I did? Well, nobody is moving. It happens. Look at this day, will ya? Can't throw them out.

FRED

My wife's diabetic. Can we get some bread or something?

Moe waves to Fred. He makes the safe sign with his hands like an umpire would at a baseball game.

GWEN

I'll ask. Where are you sitting?

Fred points to the cinder block area, where several other couples are deciding which cheek will be denigrated.

FRED

(yelling to Moe)
She's checking.

Soon, Gwen smuggles a breadstick to Moe, which in turn, opens the floodgates to others waiting for a dinner table. Moe tips her breadstick to Gwen and cracks off a bite.

GWEN

Sit down, all of you. It's just a breadstick!

FRED

Looks like we started a riot.

Fred nudges Moe and she looks up at the six or so couples now in Gwen's face demanding free breadsticks. As she is dealing with this problem, general manager RICK AGIO makes his way through the crowd to get inside the restaurant for his evening shift. Rick has just turned thirty-four. His hazel eyes, brown hair, quick wit, dimpled cheeks and muscular build keeps him in a set of men who don't spend their nights alone. He brushes past Gwen while trying to get past the early bird crowd.

GWEN

Rick, I need your hel-

RICK

-Not now, Gwen, I'm late for the evening specials tasting. Have you seen Bud? He's supposed to be helping Mac take inventory. He's supposed to be manager on duty right now.

GWEN

(angrily)

He's around here someplace.

Rick rests his arm on Gwen's shoulder for a brief second.

RICK

Now, Gwenny... don't start Saturday night with a frown. Whatever it is, ask the Bud man. He knows it all.

Gwen smiles and gets back to the task at hand.

GWEN

(in a grand voice)

Fred, party of two. Fred?

Moe and Fred try to get up from their makeshift seats, but their lower halves don't want to cooperate with their upper halves.

RICK

Have a pleasant night, Gwen.

Rick enters the bar as Gwen calls out a name again.

GWEN

Fred? Party of two?

Fred yells from the amidst the crowd of walk-ins and strollers passing by the restaurant.

FRED

(fearful)

We're coming, we're coming, don't give away our places.

As they approach the outdoor podium, Gwen hands them off to a tall, good looking, excessively-hair-moussed young man, 20, named BRUCE. Bruce is gay and wears his hair in a manner that denotes his sexuality firmly; it is blonde with a streak of blue in the middle. Fred and Moe appear as strange to him as he to them. He leads the deuce to a small, yet cozy table inside, at a window table, overlooking a yacht. As Fred pulls out Moe's chair, he tips Bruce a five dollar bill.

BRUCE

Oh, no need. We don't believe in tipping. My boss would kill me if I accepted a tip.

FRED

We asked for a table outdoors.

BRUCE

Gwen told me to give you this window table. It's one of the best in the house.

FRED

Mind me asking you about your hair?

BRUCE

Let me save you some time. When I was three, my mother asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up and I pointed to a photo of Elton John. But it wasn't because he was gay, he just happened to have a wig on with different colors in his hair.

FRED

Oh. Thanks for the nice table.

BRUCE

Too much information?

Fred looks the area over and nods. He puts the five dollar bill back into his pocket. Moe is impressed by his behavior toward her. Fred is impressed with Bruce.

FRED

You're a nice guy.

BRUCE

Have a great time on your vacation.

Bruce walks away.

FRED

That's a nice young man. And I'm not one to judge a fellow's lifestyle.

Moe takes out her syringe and shoots up in less than three seconds.

MOE

I must say, honey, you're being quite a gentleman today.

(MORE)

MOE (CONT'D)

First the flowers at the hotel,
then the kiss at the museum, now
you pull out my chair? What's
gotten into you?

Fred draws in a long breath.

FRED

It's the Viagra.

MOE

So that's what was taking you so
long in the john this morning.

FRED

I took two pills last night, and
when you fell asleep, the log just
kept growing. I had to empty the
poor thing this morning.

They peruse their menus. Moe looks around at the other
diners.

MOE

Oh, honey, this is just great. I
wonder how cold it is right now in
Oshkosh?

FRED

Twenty-two degrees. I checked this
morning at the hotel.

MOE

Burr!

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN KITCHEN--MOMENTS LATER

Rick has gathered the WAITSTAFF inside the narrow end of the
kitchen for a quick tasting of tonight's specials. Three
MEN, six WOMEN make up the SERVERS, four MEN make up the
BUSBOYS and two WOMEN make up the EXPEDITORS. All are here,
including JOSE, a DISHWASHER with ambition.

RICK

Now then, you animals, what can you
tell me about the chicken in this
pomodoro?

SERVER ONE--MALE

It's skinless.

JOSE

Mister Rick, I believe it is a six ounce filet?

RICK

Good, Jose.

SERVER TWO-FEMALE

It's also free range, grass fed, it's been brined and-

SERVER SIX-FEMALE

-it's been brined and it's served over angle hair pasta. Ha! Nailed it.

RICK

Chef, what did he miss.

The chef, ANGEL MONTOYA, 42, bald, husky, wicked with women and furious when angered, steps out of the shadows and into the spotlight.

ANGEL

This, mi pocito camarones, is my chicken pomodoro. I have made this dish since I was in high school. One thing you all missed was the tomatoes on top. They are Roma tomatoes and that makes a difference. Say it with me.

ANGEL, RICK & STAFF IN UNISON

Roma tomatoes!

JOSE

What's the difference?

ANGEL

Roma tomatoes have a slightly more acidic taste, and translated into this particular sauce, its acidity will lend a hint of sour to the sweetness of the onions.

JOSE

Oh. Can you repeat that?

ANGEL

Uh, no. Learn to write faster or remember more.

JOSE
 (furiously scribbling)
 I'll write faster.

RICK
 Okay, Jose, back to the dish station. Busy night. Angel, be a love, and save me some carnitas from the dishwashers' meal. They're better than anything on our menu.

ANGEL
 Si, Rick. I keep telling you steak and lobster are for the gringos. Mi carnitas are the best! Jose made green chili oil for tonight.

RICK
 Oh, Christ, I'll be shitting tiny chiles all day tomorrow!

A few of the employees moan at that statement. The chef goes back to behind the cook's line. Rick ends the meeting with a few things about the night's activities.

JOSE
 Thank you for teaching me, senor Rick.

Rick gives Jose a gentle pat on the head.

RICK
 Thank you for making my favorite carnitas.

JOSE
 You will love these tonight.

Rick addresses the crowd with information on the activities tonight.

RICK
 We have six birthdays tonight, so get your singing voice in shape, we also have a sales contest... most starters sold before nine, the server gets a crisp twenty dollar bill on the spot, and,... oh yeah, I'm quitting in two weeks.

A huge, collective gasp waffles through the in service meeting.

SERVER ONE-MALE

What? Rick? Are you kidding us?

RICK

Nope. I'm outta here in two weeks,
maybe ten days. Okay, let's all
have a great evening.

The crowd disperses as a HOSTESS walks into the kitchen and announces to three SERVERS they have new tables. Dishwashers storm past idle expeditors, busboys make way into the dining room with trays of glassware, and a lone BARTENDER eats a plate of pasta while a normal dinner rush is about to begin. He holds his plate up high, so as not to let the passers-by knock his plate out of his hands. It is organized chaos in the kitchen tonight, like it is every busy night.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN DINING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Rick has stopped to greet a couple at a table. It's their first time at the White Sail Inn, and he has made a habit of the procedure since he was a relief manager.

RICK

Hello, good evening, ho are you?
How is your dinner so far?

The couple are eating salads and all seems well with them at the moment.

FRED

It's a nice place. Nice people.
Your host is quite a nice guy.

Moe lifts her salad plate to show to Rick.

MOE

I love the hand written White Sail
Inn signature on the plates. It's
so... classy!

RICK

Thank you. Thank you for both
compliments. First time to our
place?

Fred butters his bread with the bread itself, scooping it into the butter dish. Rick looks on.

MOE

Fred and I are from Oshkosh. Do you know where that is?

RICK

I'm afraid not. Bet you're going to tell me, huh?

MOE

Wisconsin, silly. It's known for... Fred, what is it known for these days?

FRED

Uh, I don't really know. Hmm. Maybe air shows?

Moe slaps the table.

MOE

Of course! The yearly air show. So far, no one has ever died in one. We hold the record.

FRED

The food is delicious.

RICK

Glad you think so. Our house dressing is made fresh every day.

MOE

I can taste anchovies... am I correct?

RICK

Yes, you are correct. But if I told you the rest, I'd have to make you wash dishes all night long.

The couple laugh and Rick moves on. Never too long at any one table, that's the rule of thumb.

MOE

He was a nice fellow, wasn't he Fred?

FRED

(chewing his salad)
Yes, but I didn't know I liked anchovies.

MOE

You don't.

FRED

Ah... vacations. So many new things!

MOE

This year... we are going to that air show.

Rick continues through the dining room, passing a threesome enjoying one piece of birthday cake, a four top arguing politics and getting just a tad too loud, a single man eating and reading a book, and a nine-top, all women, out on the town and enjoying every bit of it. While this is only one section of a larger dining room, the other two don't open for another half hour and it's all the Inn can do to keep up with this crowd so far. Rick continues on his table greetings until he comes to the cocktail lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA MIDWAY BETWEEN THE DINING ROOM AND THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

Rick stares at a sign posted on an easel fresh from QuickSign, which reads:

LONG ISLAND ICED TEAS.... ICE ME BABY!

Rick smiles as he reads the colorful sign with a drawing of a tall, Long Island Iced Tea glistening, droplets of melting ice sliding down the outer part of the stemware. He adjusts the easel a bit and goes into the cocktail lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN COCKTAIL LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

TIFFY, 23, a strawberry blonde cute spitfire studying to be a movie star, is the cocktail waitress on duty. Her long legs and slim build make this special work of running back and forth from the bar to tables inside and outside the restaurant a perfect fit. She spars with the bartender, TED, 53, short, red hair and freckles, a life long professional whose Bartender-of-the-Year awards take up most of the back bar mirrored area. His cocky and outrageous attitude has made him a favorite bartender with the regulars.

TED

It's gonna be a long night.
Sixteen Long Island iced teas
already and it's not even seven.

TIFFY

Here come two more. Order: two iced teas, one with extra gin, two drafts, a perfect manhattan up and a diet coke.

Ted begins making the drinks. Tiffany stares at the band setting up in the corner.

TED

Say it once, say it once for me, Tif. Come on! Say it like you mean it, babe!

Ted reaches down for his bottles which he grabs, two bottles in each hand. He lifts them and pours, a straight two ounces by eye, right into the Long Island Ice tea glass, a special one made for the restaurant by Libby.

TIFFY

Okay, okay, alright.

She gets as close as she can to Ted and whispers softly in his ear.

TIFFY (CONT'D)

Ice me, baby!

TED

Whew! That's great. Just don't ask me to walk out from behind this bar at the moment. Hey, you hear he's leaving?

Tiffany is startled and pays complete attention to Ted.

TIFFY

No. When?

TED

Soon, I guess. I hear it could be tomorrow. Okay, do it again.

TIFFY

(with her lips demurely puckered)

Go ahead... ice me, baby!

Ted nearly falls off the milk crate he sometimes stands on to create a taller bartender.

TED

Whewee!

Tiffany carries her drinks to her table in the small cocktail lounge. Rick stops by to see if Ted is alright with supplies and change. He catches Tiffany's eye for just a brief moment.

TIFFY

(whining)

Rick. Don't go. You know, Rick, I look a these movie stars that have made it and I still can't get an agent. Every time I see Cameron Diaz's birth date in the paper, I can't believe she's still a year younger than me! It happens every year, damn it! Won't she ever catch up?

RICK

What do you need? I'm super busy.

In a corner of the darkly lit lounge, Tiffany snuggles up to Rick and whispers.

TIFFY

Ice me, baby.

RICK

They're selling, aren't they? I love a drink with a six percent bar cost!

Rick smiles and pinches her right lower cheek and then kisses her left upper cheek.

RICK (CONT'D)

Be seeing me tonight?

TIFFY

Be seeing you tonight. Ice me, baby. You know, technically, having your cocktail waitresses say that is sexual harassment.

RICK

Yeah, but it sure turns on the customers. How many iced teas have you sold tonight since I told you to start using that line at five p.m.?

TIFFY

It's up to ten, I think. The old men love it.

Rick takes a bow.

RICK
 (proudly)
 Ah, when ya got it, ya got it.

Tiffany takes a bow also.

TIFFY
 You need the sales force behind
 you, too.

Rick grabs Tiffany for a brief moment.

RICK
And in front of you!

Rick steals a kiss and Tiffany blushes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE SAIL INN PATIO-MOMENTS LATER

Rick has checked back with Gwen to see if her demeanor has improved and also to find Bud, the missing manager. He approaches Gwen as she is calling a number of names all in a row.

GWEN
 Thomas, party of two.... Gear,
 party of six, Johnson, party of
 nine.

RICK
 (whispering into Gwen's
 ear)
 Lots of large parties to night, eh?

Gwen ignores him.

GWEN
 ... Talcum, party of three, Socks,
 party of four and will mister Kind
 please see the hostess?

RICK
 (still whispering)
 And will mister Talcum kindly get
 out of mister Socks... socks?

GWEN
 (smiling)
 Oh, Rick, you're so stupid.

RICK
Still no Bud anywhere?

GWEN
Haven't seen hide nor hair of him.

Crowds are bunching up around the podium. Runners are present to seat all the parties Gwen has just called up. Rick watches the seating procedure as he pans the room scouting for Bud. Mister Kind has arrived at the front desk and Bruce grabs a menu.

BRUCE
Mister Kind? Amos Kind? Right this way. Please watch the steps.

The old man's cane almost trips him up.

GWEN
Hello sir. How are you tonight?

AMOS KIND, an elderly African-American male, makes his way down the one step and converses with Bruce as they walk to his table.

BRUCE
What kind of work do you do, Mister Kind?

AMOS
I was an educator. In Indiana. Had a great wife up until a year ago.

BRUCE
Oh, I'm sorry for your loss.

AMOS
Didn't say she died, did I?

BRUCE
Uhm no, I mean...

Amos laughs it off.

AMOS
That's alright. Yes, she passed. I was just having a bit of fun with you. My daughter's a teacher out here, in Inglewood. Thought I'd surprise her. My hotel recommended this place for dinner.

Bruce whispers in Amos' ear.

BRUCE

You can't go wrong with the New York. It's always on point.

AMOS

Thank you, young man, but I'm a bit of a seafood fanatic in my old age. I just love swordfish.

BRUCE

Well, we have it, fresh out of the water today.

Bruce seats Amos Kind at his table and runs through a hoard of sixteen year old kids having their way at the prom table they reserved. He arrives back at the front desk just as Gwen calls out another party.

GWEN

Talcum, party of three? Bruce will seat you now.

The Talcum family arrives and stand still until spoken to. Another RUNNER, ALICE, a pretty seventeen year old high school student who has worked at the restaurant for one week, takes three menus from the box and addresses the family.

ALICE

Talcum? Right this way. Tonight, we have a glittering array of specials for your enjoyment...

Bruce returns to the podium and catches some of Alice's spiel.

BRUCE

(whispering to Gwen)
Boy, that little bitch is bucking for lead hostess already.

Gwen laughs and gives Bruce another party to seat.

GWEN

Socks? Bruce will escort you to your table.

Rick spots Bud, talking with two women who are sitting at a table along a pretty good sized yacht. Bud, 30, a young whippersnapper of an assistant manager, good looking to a fault, tall, a young Jimmy Stewart type who can talk the pants (or skirt) right off any woman, has decided the two women having dinner at table four will be in his little red ipod very soon. Rick ambles over to him. Bud does a double take when he spots Rick.

RICK
Hi, ya stranger.

BUD
Uh, hi Rick. Have you met my lovely two sisters visiting from Nebraska?

RICK
No, I haven't. Tell me about them. Start with their names.

Bud is listing like a ship without a captain. He stammers for a bit, until one of the women, a comely young brunette in her early thirties with beautiful green eyes and high cheekbones, offers her guidance to the stumbling would be Romeo. Her name is SHEILA.

SHEILA
Hi, my name is Sheila and this is my sister, Kat. Just Kat. With a T.

RICK
Ha! Good one. This is Bud, my long suffering, short hemorrhoidal assistant manager who's been missing in action for about an hour now.

Bud is embarrassed and slaps Rick on the back. Rick doesn't like the slap.

BUD
This is Rick, my boss. He's a nice guy most of the time.

Rick kisses Sheila's hand and extends his other hand to KAT, an attractive blonde in her late thirties with a mole near her mouth and a confirmed thickness at her middle.

KAT
What? You won't kiss my hand?

RICK
I can only kiss one hand at a time.

Rick now kisses Kat's hand.

KAT
That's better. But it's okay. Sheila's the one who gets all the guys. I just attract dogs.

BUD

Woof!

Rick gives her a short, complimentary laugh.

SHEILA

So Rick, you run this joint?

RICK

Sure do. How is everything tonight?

SHEILA

Well, my spinach lasagna was cold in the middle, the salad dressing had too many anchovies and the bread was stale. But the service is swell.

Bud claps his hands for no reason. Bud often claps his hands when he's nervous. Rick grabs Bud by the shirt collar, ever so nicely, and pulls him aside.

RICK

(whispering)

Mind me asking... what the fuck?

BUD

I saw them eating, stopped to say hello, like you always taught us, and got caught up in the conversation.

Rick stares back at the two women and waves.

RICK

Okay. If it's at all possible, Sheila's mine. You get the one chasing dogs all night long.

Bud looks Kat up and down.

BUD

That is just fine with me!

RICK

In the mean time, find out what Sheila's talking about. I don't want to serve cold spinach lasagna, stale bread and fucked up house dressing. When Noche works pantry, he always disregards the recipe and adds too much anchovies to the house dressing.

BUD

Yes sir.

Bud walks toward the kitchen. But, as Rick observes, it only takes one pretty young woman to stop him dead in his tracks. Bud talks with the woman, something about a missing purse. Rick glances again at Sheila and Kat.

RICK

(yelling)

Bud! Take care of one thing at a time.

Bud looks up and smiles at Rick. He stops a waiter, KYLE, 23, a brown haired, tall and bookish looking grad student.

BUD

Kyle, bring this fine table two snifters of Gran Marnier. I think they can handle it. On the house.

Rick tries to get Bud's attention.

RICK

Nothing but the best for Bud's... friends.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN KITCHEN—MOMENTS LATER

Rick and chef Angel are talking about tomorrow's Sunday brunch. Rick is worried about the supply of crab legs on hand for the buffet.

RICK

Angel, if we went through two hundred pounds last Sunday, then how can a hundred fifty be enough for tomorrow? And tomorrow we've got the Samoans coming in. Twenty of them is worth seventy five of any gringos, you know that!

ANGEL

If I knew why our purveyor substituted snow for King crab-

Rick explodes. He can't believe his ears.

RICK

-what the fuck did he do? He fucking did what?

Angel has an expressionless face.

ANGEL

I already blew up at him. I told
Bud this morning. Didn't he tell
you?

Rick is too busy dialing Authentic Ceefood to listen, other than the words Bud and snow and substituted. His ears are burning with unmitigated anger. His eyebrows are lifted, his cheeks are red and inside, a volcano is about to erupt.

RICK

(on his cell)

Hello? Authentic Ceefood? Where's
CeeCee? She's not? When? What's
that number? 07? 3407? Okay.
Got it. No, I won't have a fucking
nice night.

Rick slams his cell shut and pounds the table with his fist.

ANGEL

Hey, I know it sucks, but we'll get
through it.

RICK

That's not the point Angel and you
know it. Snow crab? I wouldn't
eat snow crab if I were starving to
death and had a choice between snow
crab and dirt, the kind of dirt you
find in... dirt.

Rick isn't doing well managing his anger.

ANGEL

(laughing)

I guess you are comparing snow crab
to dirt, right?

Rick screams into his sleeve, a practice he has done since the fifth grade when he gets beyond angry. He stops a passing SERVER and barks an order.

RICK

Get me... find me Bud. Now.
Thanks.

The server looks at Rick like he was Count Dracula and Bud was going to be dinner.

ANGEL

Rick? Calmate cabron.

The server is still standing next to Rick.

RICK
Now! Not tomorrow!

The server moves as though his engine was just kick started by some jumper cables.

ANGEL
Settle down, my friend. Bud's not going to fess up to any of this anyhow. Why bother?

Rick calms down a bit.

RICK
You're right, my friend. He'll blame it on anything but his own shortcomings.

Just as those words leave Rick's mouth, Bud walks in, almost skipping, his usual manner of arriving at the scene of a crime before he knows he's to blame.

BUD
Why all the gloomy faces?

RICK
Hey, Bud, did you order snow crab this week? And if so, why? And if why, then why?

The inside of Bud's head is winding like a clock, ready to spring the answer at Rick as soon as he comes up with one.

BUD
Snow crab? Who would order snow crab? That's for places like the Twizzler, or even lesser quality dinnerhouses.

Bud claps his hands. He does it three times, but his nervousness will not go away.

RICK
I know. But somehow, we got way too much snow crab in the house and hardly any King. Can you explain?

Rick lets out a big whelp of oxygen from his lungs.

BUD
I'll get on the phone right now...

RICK

It doesn't matter. What do I care?
I'm gone in less than two weeks.
You can handle the Samoans tomorrow
when they come looking for the real
crab.

Bud's eyes light up when he remembers the special large group
they have coming in on Sunday brunch.

BUD

Oh, shit! You're not gonna be
here.

RICK

Oh, I'll be here alright. But just
not where you and the Samoans are.

ANGEL

I hope you two aren't against
Samoans in any shape or form.
They're just large people.

Rick comes close to Angel.

RICK

My friend, Samoans are the coolest
people on the planet. They are
robust, funny, intelligent, and, in
my humble opinion, have produced
some of the prettiest gals on the
planet. But get a Samoan in a
buffet line and announce that the
food's gone... you'll be picking up
your teeth way into the next
morning! And our regular guests
from the island of Samoa who come
here every month and love our King
crab will not settle for snow crab.

Bud sheepishly looks down at the kitchen floor.

BUD

Boy, this kitchen floor needs to be
stripped!

RICK

If there's anything that needs
stripping, it's you, Bud! Your
title as ass-sis-tant-ass manager
should be stripped. Fix this mess
before tomorrow. Bud! You
listening?

BUD
Yes sir. I will.

Rick walks away muttering obscenities under his breath. Angel laughs when Bud bends over to further inspect the floor, his ears burning and face as red as a beet.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN DINING ROOM-NEAR CLOSING TIME-NIGHT

Rick is on table six, enjoying his dinner, prime rib. It is almost eleven thirty and most all customers are gone. The bar is somewhat active as Rick taps his toe to the beat of the rock band playing. Tiffy stops by every so often to converse with him, as do bussers, servers and hostesses. They all want to know one thing. This interrupts Rick's effort to do his weekly numbers and be done before twelve. Rick eats and works while listening to Tiffy.

TIFFY
Why are you leaving us? Everyone wants to know. You find a better gig? You know, we'll all follow you.

Rick chews his prime rib, trying not to speak as he eats. A server comes by and drops off her shift's monetary responsibility, sits for a moment and asks the same question. Her name is KATHY.

KATHY
Why are you leaving us? You know, we'll all follow you to wherever you end up.

TIFFY
I just told him that.

KATHY
Oh. Well, don't leave before saying good bye.

Rick picks at his fresh asparagus.

RICK
I won't. But you'll see me before I leave. You and I work together all next week.

KATHY
 (brightens)
 You mean you're on the night shift?
 Great!

TIFFY
 Yeah, great. We'll party all week
 long.

RICK
 No, we won't, unless the partying
 is off property. No big gala send-
 off in this place. You know my
 rules.

The two women sigh.

TIFFY
 Mister Tight-Ass! Even up to the
 last shift!

Rick smiles and shoves his asparagus onto a saucer next to
 his dinner plate. He rolls his eyes at the vegetable.

KATHY
 I need to bring my little girl in
 to see you before you leave. You
 know how much Sherry loves you.

TIFFY
 Oh, that's right. I remember the
 company picnic last year... she
 wouldn't leave you alone for one
 minute!

Everyone laughs and Tiffy gets up to go back to the lounge.

KATHY
 Oh well, great men are hard to
 find. Great bosses are even
 harder.

Tiffy nods and leaves. Kathy waits until Rick counts her
 money and signs her check out slip.

RICK
 Have a good night, Kath. Side work
 done?

Kathy just stares at Rick for a moment and laughs.

KATHY
 You ask me that every night. Yes,
 mein fuhrer!

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

Every salt and pepper emptied and washed, sugar bowls washed, pepper mills re-loaded, service pantry wiped down and I blew the sous chef 'cause it was Janice's turn and she's on vacation this week.

Rick abruptly laughs and waves goodbye as he tackles the rest of his prime rib.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT-ONE A.M.

Rick has just about called it a night when the doorbell rings.

RICK

(yelling from the couch)
Who is it?

VOICE

It's me, Tom Hayden. I have a message from Salatzo.

RICK

Who?

VOICE

Salatzo. He's very good with a knife.

RICK

And I'm Luca Brasi with an old fish wrapped in a newspaper. Boy, does that stink!

He gets up slowly so as not to spill his third martini of the evening. He approaches the front door.

VOICE

(pretending to cry)
It was you, Fredo!

Rick looks through the peep hole and smiles. He opens the door to find Tiffy in a long attractive coat.

TIFFY

Oh, you're not Michael Corleone! I must have the wrong house. Is Fredo here?

RICK

Uh, we're talking two here. Fredo already bit the bullet. No Tom, no Fredo, not even a crazy, wigged-out Diane Keaton is here tonight.

Tiffany walks in and Rick shuts the door. She remains standing. She feels comfortable in this apartment and has for months.

TIFFY

He doesn't leave though, does he? He pouts as he walks into the sun room after being shut out with Johnny Ola.

Tiffany grows closer to Rick.

RICK

He does pout a lot, doesn't he?

TIFFY

In two? God, he pouts all the time. But Michael needs him to help get Hyman Roth, that little cockroach!

They kiss.

RICK

I suppose he does.

TIFFY

How long have I made these booty calls on Saturday nights?

They kiss some more.

RICK

A long time.

Tiffany leans on the bar and pours herself a drink.

TIFFY

You know, back in the early days, I ran molasses out of Canada... your father, too. Made a fortune....

RICK

Oh, God...

TIFFY

I'm going to your bedroom now.
When I come out, if the money's on
the table, I'll know I have a
partner.

Tiffany attempts a LEE STRASBERG sound effect, but it comes out
sounding like BURT LANCASTER with gas.

RICK

I'll let you ask me this one time.
Just this once, Kay.

Rick pulls her closer and kisses her.

TIFFY

(as Diane Keaton)

Oh, Michael! What are we going to
do?

Tiffany fluffs her hairdo and smiles at Rick.

RICK

The family will be completely
legitimate in five years.

TIFFY

Papa never discussed business at
the dinner table.

They look deep into each other's eyes.

RICK

Now listen, whoever comes to you
about this Tattaglia meeting,
that's the traitor... remember
that.

Tiffany unbuckles his belt. The pants are loose, about to
fall.

TIFFY

And if I need a consigliere, who
better than my own father?

RICK

We'll get there, pop. We'll get
there.

They embrace and nuzzle each other's necks.

TIFFY

Never tell anybody outside the
family what you're thinking again.

RICK

Fredo, I love you, but don't ever get in the way of family business again.

They kiss again.

TIFFY

It's a Sicilian message... it means...

RICK

I know what it means!

TIFFY

Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes.

Tiffany kisses Rick, then opens her coat. She's wearing only a smile.

RICK

Poor schmuck! Come to me, my little Appolonia. Just don't get in the car.

TIFFY

I want your word that the killing stops with my Santino here today!

RICK

Certainly, he can present a bill for the services. After all....

TIFFY

... We are not communists.

Tiffany grabs Rick's crotch.

RICK

You'll see me in about two seconds.

TIFFY

One more thing....

RICK

Keep your friends close...

TIFFY

(softly)
... And your enemies closer.

They kiss some more and head for the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN BAR-WEDNESDAY MORNING

Rick is reading the morning newspaper, sorting out some invoices and drinking coffee. It's his first day of his work week. His stool at the bar is recognized as his and his alone up until around three thirty, when the happy hour cronies start drifting in. Today, Rick's boss and owner of the White Sail Inn, DIMITRI ANNAPOPOLUS, 63, a strong man with blue eyes and wavy gray hair, has come in to review numbers and announce a surprise to all. Rick and Dimitri sit at the bar, sipping coffee and shooting the breeze.

RICK

Morning, boss. What's new?

Dimitri looks Rick square in the eyes, doesn't blink and blurts out an announcement that will forever change everyone connected to the White Sail Inn.

DIMITRI

I'm selling the White Sail Inn, Rick. Just as soon as I can find a buyer. I put it up for sale this morning. Just got back from the realtor.

Rick just about falls off his stool. A BARTENDER setting up for lunch overhears the sentence and she almost faints, a BUSBOY who is cleaning the brass railing slides clear along the length of the brass when he hears the news, and the opening HOSTESS a few feet from the lounge overhears the words and she drops an armful of dining room checks while gasping for air.

RICK

What? I'm sorry, I thought you said you were selling the Inn. I have to apologize for my hearing lately, it's not what it used to be.

Dimitri smiles at the gathering audience and tries it again.

DIMITRI

I'm selling. Just as soon as I can make it happen. I was going to ask you to keep it quiet, but now I don't care. Just don't put it in print.

Rick puts down his papers and pencil. He removes his reading glasses, and asks the bartender for a shot of Ouzo. The bartender complies and sets up one for Dimitri.

RICK
 Here's to all that is sacred in the
 world of restaurants and all that
 is not. Opa!

Dimitri throws back the shot quickly as Rick looks on. A
 string of VOICES around the immediate area shout.

VOICES
 Opa!

RICK
 Why do Greeks say opa?

DIMITRI
 Don't know. Probably it means
 vacation, since all of Greece is
 constantly on one.

Dimitri raises his glass.

VOICES
 Time off.

RICK
 Good one. So why the sale?

DIMITRI
 It's been coming for a long time.
 Then when you gave your notice, I
 realized I didn't want to find
 another general manager. You know
 what a pain in the ass that is,
 finding any manager. And you're as
 good as they get, Rick. I mean
 that.

RICK
 Thank you. Coming from you, it
 means a lot, I think.

Dimitri doesn't know how to take that response so he keeps
 going.

DIMITRI
 I've been in this God forsaken
 business for thirty years. This
 place is my home, as it is yours.
 But I can't get over the fact that
 age is creeping up on me and I need
 to retire while everything still
 works. Have fun. See the world.

RICK
 You can see the world from TV.
 Trust me, it's not all that it's
 cracked up to be. They shot Sonny
 on the causeway, for Christ sakes!

DIMITRI
 Huh?

RICK
 Never mind.

Rick squirms a bit on his stool. The news has already spread to the kitchen. Angel arrives at the bar and greets his boss.

DIMITRI
 Angel, como se va?

ANGEL
 Mi patron, como esta? What is
 going on?

DIMITRI
 I'm selling. Just as soon as
 somebody wants to buy it. You got
 a few million in your chef's coat
 pocket?

The chef pats himself down.

ANGEL
 Oh, that's right, I gave it to my
 wife for groceries this morning.

Dimitri tries to put on a happy face.

RICK
 What are you really letting it go
 for?

DIMITRI
 That's a secret. Or at least, it's
 something I'd be happy to discuss
 with you as serious men do.

Rick moves his stool closer to Dimitri's.

RICK
 Just whisper a ball park figure
 into my ear, if you will.

Dimitri leans over toward Rick's stool and does what is asked. Again, Rick nearly falls off the bar stool.

DIMITRI

And this ball park isn't used for football games, either. It's a top of the line ball park.

Rick laughs, but deep inside, he is crushed. The news of Dimitri selling has crushed him, and the hostess, and the bartender and the busboy whose arm keeps sliding off the brass railing covered with Brasso every time he thinks about the sale.

RICK

Let's talk more later in the day or week, whenever you have time, Dee. I'm not sure you really want to sell.

DIMITRI

Oh, I want to sell, Richard. That much is certain. But we can talk later about who I might want to sell to. Besides, how can a man who gave his notice be interested in buying my restaurant? Aren't you moving away?

RICK

No. My reasons for leaving this job, as I told you, are strictly my business. But that was before...

A purveyor has approached Rick with an invoice to sign. Rick gets off his stool to check in the product.

DIMITRI

So few managers actually check in the products. Or are you just doing this for my benefit?

Rick takes the invoice away from the delivery man and hits Dimitri over the head with it.

RICK

You know me better than that. Can you stay for lunch? We're serving that Asian curry chicken you love as a special today.

DIMITRI

Sounds good, but Helene and I want to take in a matinee and I have to get home to change.

RICK

You have to change clothes to see a movie? Man, are you whipped!

DIMITRI

Careful. I'm still your boss.

RICK

Sorry. You're right. If I was married to a woman half my age who loves you like she does, I'd change into a tux to see The Three Stooges Go To Mars!

DIMITRI

We're going to see the new Clooney movie. Have you heard anything about it?

RICK

Just that he does the same thing he does in every movie... act cool. He's like an American James Bond, but with training wheels. May I ask why you are going to a matinee?

DIMITRI

Have you ever gone to a matinee? It's like they're screening the film for just the two of you. It's very romantic. You can do almost anything in the back row. Most places can't afford an usher during the day, so you're completely alone.

RICK

Hmm. I'll have to try that someday when I'm a hundred fifty.

Dimitri rolls his eyes at Rick and hops off the bar stool.

DIMITRI

Okay. Let's talk later in the week. Have a good day. Bye all you guys.

The crew say their good-byes and get back to business. Lunch is about to begin.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT DAY

After his shift, Rick has decided to call his mother at her seaside condo in Laguna Beach. He's got a far fetched idea he wants to run past her before he loses his courage.

RICK

Hello mom? It's me, Rick. Oh, fine. Yeah, I'm fine. No, that cleared up last week. Hey mom, I've got a nutty idea I want to run past you. Remember that inheritance money you told me I was going to get when you kicked the bucket? I'm sorry, I should have said passed away. You know what I'm talking about? Yeah, that money. Well, what would be the chances of getting it now? Okay. Okay, call me back. It's an idea I have, mom. No, I'm not buying a restaurant. What kind of an idiot do you think I am? Okay, say hi to Alma. Yeah, me too. Bye. Love you, too. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFY'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT DAY

Rick has gone to Tiffy's for some much needed advice. He rings the doorbell and stoops down so she can't see him through the peep hole.

TIFFY

Who is it?

RICK

An offer you can't refuse.

Tiffy opens the door and jumps into his arms.

TIFFY

I was hoping you'd come over. I'm making a pot of Sunday sauce. Or is it Sunday gravy? Come on kid, come over here and learn something, you might have to cook for forty or fifty guys someday.

They walk into Tiffy's kitchenette/dining room. She stirs the sauce while instructing Rick on the cooking.

RICK

Please, Tif, I want to talk to you....

TIFFY

First, you put in your oil and garlic, stir it around. Then, you got your sugar and wine, next shove in your meatballs and sausages... wait, I don't have any. I'm actually making this from a bottle. What do you want to talk about?

RICK

No Godfather lines right now.

TIFFY

What's up.

She puts down her spatula and sits on the couch. She does leg lifts while he speaks.

RICK

What would you think if I bought the White Sail Inn?

She stops, gets up and jumps into his arms again. He gently lets her down.

TIFFY

It's the best idea in the world! Are you kidding me?

RICK

I'm not saying I am, I'm just asking what would you think about it?

Tiffany gets as serious as Tiffany can get and bats her eyes at Rick while rubbing his leg.

TIFFY

I think it's grand. Truly. You can still run it and I can still work there, unless, of course, I get discovered. Then I don't give a shit, I'll be on location in Europe with Brad and Angelina.

RICK

(sarcastically)

You're a caring person, you know that?

Tiffany finally realizes that Rick is serious and assumes the lotus position on the floor of her apartment.

TIFFY

Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't know until now that you were dead serious. Where are you going to get the money?

RICK

Don't know yet. My mother, maybe. But I'm not sure of anything. I just know that Dimitri is selling it and it might as well be me who buys the place, right?

TIFFY

Right. Now, can we please fuck?

RICK

Jesus, Tif, I think I like you better spouting the Godfather lines.

TIFFY

Carlo, your punishment is that you're out of the family business. Do you think I'd make my sister a widow?

RICK

Yeah, I do, you murderous thug. Who's the sauce for?

TIFFY

Me. I eat it over rice. It sounds gross, but it's good.

RICK

Let's eat!

They kiss.

TIFFY

(wound up now)

It was an abortion, Michael!

RICK

Okay, okay, knock it off, I want to eat. Ugh.....

TIFFY

Sorry, it was on my mind. I'll get the plates.

(MORE)

TIFFY (CONT'D)

Now the cost of the license is
twenty-five thousand dollars,
correct?

RICK

Oh, God, here we go....

Rick gets the silverware while Tiffy ladles the sauce over the steamed rice. She serves Rick in the living room where he's watching GODFATHER 2.

TIFFY

Oh, just in time.

RICK

(settling in)

You know a man who doesn't spend
time with his family can never be a
real man.

Tiffy gives him a quick kiss and settles in on the couch with Rick.

TIFFY

You said a mouthful.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN KITCHEN-NEXT DAY-NOON

Lunch business is booming. Rick has decided to give dishwasher Jose a break and teach him the pantry. But he's all thumbs. He is training next to JULIO, and Julio can't stand his simple mistakes. Rick stops by and watches. He calls Julio over while there is a lull.

RICK

He's having a hard time, eh?

JULIO

Jesus, Rick, this guy can't handle
a knife, a peeler or a recipe book.

RICK

Where's he having most of the
problems?

Rick observes Jose's effort to cut the peel off a canteloupe melon and nearly destroys all the melon meat.

JULIO

See? Your food cost today for this
station has risen three points.

Rick calls Jose over to him.

RICK

Jose, what's up? I give you an opportunity and you're squandering it.

JOSE

I can't get past Julio. He hates me. Don't you know I'm gonna marry his sister?

RICK

Oh, shit. No, I didn't. Okay, next time we try the hot line.

JOSE

Thank you Rick. Should I continue?

Rick looks at the mess on the pantry prep table.

RICK

No, let's give Julio a break and cut you loose. Why don't you help the guys in the dish station. They're not as fast as you are over there.

JOSE

Thanks, boss.

Jose smiles and runs off to the dishwasher area. Rick grabs Julio and whispers in his ear.

RICK

(whispering)

You know, Julio, you once made flan with so much sugar in it, a lady almost got diabetes right on the spot. Give your new brother-in-law a break, huh?

JULIO

Sure, Rick, sure. You are helping this boy and I appreciate that.

RICK

That I'm helping a fellow Latino immigrant?

JULIO

I suppose. What I meant was I won't have to support him.

(MORE)

JULIO (CONT'D)

His family has a lot of dead weight on their tree. I told my sister to marry a gringo. They have all the money.

Rick walks off and Julio stares over at Jose on the dish line. Jose stares back with a certain amount of animosity.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL DINING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Rick has stopped at his favorite luncheon ladies table. They meet every week for lunch, gossip, local news and a chance to get loaded on cheap house wine. The four women, GLADYS, TILDA, SWEENEY, and MARTHA, are all in their eighties but spry, lively, well educated and fun to be around. They are aghast at the idea of Rick's departure. They are speaking of that subject when he stops by.

RICK

Ladies! How nice to see you today. Try the sole, the chef just shot it this morning. He stuffed it with his tennis shoe.

The women laugh at Rick's awful joke and greet him in their usual manner, with blown kisses and waving hands. Gladys, 80, the leader, an attractive woman with long gray hair, speaks up first.

GLADYS

Richard! How dare you leave us. Where are you going and why?

The other women agree and sip their wine, eat their bread and continue to ask about Rick's departure.

MARTHA

I want to know, too. Do they whip you here... in the back room?

The ladies all laugh at that statement and Rick acts the part by hunching his back and pretending to be whipped.

SWEENEY

Oh, it must be terrible for you.

Sweeney actually believes he was whipped.

GLADYS

No one is whipping anyone, deary.

A couple of the women roll their eyes at Sweeney.

MARTHA

I, for one, will miss this handsome devil.

Two of the women blow kisses at him, while the other two flutter around him like schoolgirls.

TILLY

Don't they pay you enough here?
And you get to see all of us good looking grannies every week. What could be better?

Rick sits at the booth for a moment. His friendship with these ladies has been long and well remembered.

RICK

You just won't marry me and I can't have just one of you, I need you all! Take me, I'm yours.

The ladies laugh but Sweeney brings up a good point.

SWEENEY

I assume you do have another engagement ready in the wings, correct?

The serious statement has caught Rick off guard.

RICK

I-I- do, it's just... oh, ladies, let's just drink to... me!

The women raise their glasses in cheer and a server named BONNIE stops by to take their order for lunch.

SWEENEY

Well, good luck, Rick.

RICK

Thank you. You women make my week and I will forever be in your debt as terrific, loyal customers here at the Inn.

MARTHA

Nice speech, Rick, you shoulda been an actor.

GLADYS

Let us know where you end up. I hope it's on your feet.

The ladies nod in agreement.

RICK

Thanks. Like I said, the sole was shot this morning.

MARTHA

Get out of here, you traitor. We need more house wine. More red, white and rose!

Laughter abounds at the booth as Bonnie begins taking their order. Rick adds a surprise as he gets up to leave.

RICK

My darlings, this lunch is on me today. Shoot the limit, get the most expensive sandwich we have. I love all of you and am going to miss the hell out of you.

All the ladies applaud their friend. Sweeney adds one more thing.

SWEENEY

And Rick... if the new place doesn't feel right, just hop in your car and drive back here. We'll all be waiting!

MARTHA

We'll be here with open arms and open housecoats.

The other women laugh at that notion. Rick leaves the booth to applause.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE SAIL INN-TWO P.M.-IN THE GARDEN

Rick is in the immense, lush, gorgeous gardens that surround the Inn. The garden itself was started by a Filipino man named MONJI. Monji has been servicing the outside of the restaurant for twenty-five years. He knows every inch of every flower, bush, tree and tall grass blade there is. He is fond of Rick and Rick thinks of him as his grandpa. There is a real tenderness between them, but Monji keeps a certain level of distance at times, to protect his feelings.

RICK

Monji, you old coot, where are you,
I can hardly see through all
these... whatever they're called.

MONJI

Those right behind you are Betty
Boops. The asparagus grass is
behind the Boops. What may I do
for you? You are getting in my
sun. Stay out of my sun, Ricky.

RICK

Just stopped by to say hi. I
didn't see you when I walked in
today.

Monji laughs a silly, high pitched laugh, sort of shrill and
sort of squeaky.

MONJI

Oh, but I see you. I see you all
the time, with the girls. Rick,
they will kill you, those girls.

He laughs again.

RICK

Oh, grandpa, you're probably right.
But a man has to live, right. You
cannot live on bread sticks alone.

Rick smells one of the beautiful roses right where he stands.
He is marveling at the constant beauty the garden brings to
the restaurant. Monji is showing him the different,
vibrantly colored flowers.

MONJI

These are my girls right here.
They never betray me, they are
always beautiful and a man could do
a lot worse. These are your
girlfriends, Ricky. You should
date these girls here.

Rick nods in agreement. He looks deep into Monji's eyes.

RICK

I'm leaving Monji. Probably never
going to see you after next
weekend. I'm quitting.

Monji cuts a little bit of the tall grass and hands a few of
the sheaths to Rick.

MONJI

Put these in water, they will grow tall. And every time you see them, you will think of Monji, you see?

RICK

Thank you. You are a kind, old fart.

Rick is touched. Out of the blue, Monji takes his long shears and starts chasing Rick, almost catching his butt with the first clipping attempt. He runs Rick all around the garden, chasing him and taunting him.

MONJI

Now, run.... run the hell away from here. Get out of my garden! Go before I clip off your ding-dong. Oh, yes, I will clip your ding-dong, Ricky. Ha-ha-ha-haaa!

RICK

You're nuttier than a three dollar bill, but I'll miss you. I'm leaving, watch those shears.

MONJI

Go! Feed your face and screw the girls. Go! Before I cut off your ding-dong.

RICK

Old man, you're nuts.

MONJI

I am a crazy Filipino! No one can get me, I am a crazy Filipino, Ricky. Watch your ding-dong, I will cut it off like the girls will one day.

Monji laughs his odd laugh, then puts the shears down and grabs the watering hose. He gently begins watering each and every rose bush in the garden. He is back to being a gentle gardener, longing for peace in his garden of lush, beautiful flowers and plants. Rick watches as a man who's been a good friend to him for a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFY'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT DAY

Rick has settled in to a night with Tiffy, watching TV and trying to talk with her seriously about his plans. He sits on her couch, a ratty old two cushioned covered with afghans.

RICK

Hon, sit over here with me, I really need to talk with you.

Tiffy comes out of the kitchen with a bowl of popcorn and some kind of pop wine.

TIFFY

What's up, mon cherie?

Rick watches her gulp down the pop wine which tastes like soda.

RICK

How can you drink that shit?

TIFFY

I like it. That's enough reason for me. What is so serious that you need my direct attention?

Rick is uneasy talking about this with Tiffy, but he moves on.

RICK

I'm seriously thinking of finding a way to buy the Inn. But I'm stymied at what he's gonna charge...

TIFFY

Dimitri?

RICK

Yeah, what he's gonna charge and how I could even get the down payment together for it.

Tiffy grabs the TV clicker, shuts off the television and grows close to Rick.

TIFFY

First, hon, you need to trust me enough to tell me why you gave your notice. Why did you?

Rick thinks long and hard. He stumbles at the answer.

RICK

If I tell you, don't laugh. Don't get funny, don't quote a Godfather film. Just listen, okay?

TIFFY

Jesus, Rick, what the hell? Why did you give your notice? Are you a fugitive of justice? Did you kill your first wife? Or first busboy?

Rick lets out some air from his tightened chest. He coughs nervously, then responds.

RICK

It was nine days ago, after Sunday brunch. Dimitri and I were talking about food cost....

CUT TO:

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN: FLASHBACK TO 18 DAYS AGO

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN MANAGER'S OFFICE-THREE P.M.

RICK (V.O.)

We were in my office. I was tallying up the brunch tags and doing some work on the new menu when Dimitri came in.

Dimitri enters Rick's office. He is angry. He is moving around like a drunken man in search of a violent exchange.

RICK (V.O.)

He comes in, sits down, takes off that stupid fucking fisherman's cap he wears all over the Marina and starts in on me about food costs and labor costs. He's been drinking...

TIFFY (V.O.)

Oh, shit, that's never good with Dee.

Dimitri has a stern look on his face. He goes after Rick almost immediately.

RICK (V.O.)

He throws the papers I was working on into the garbage can. I can't speak, I'm so... confused at this, coming from him.

Rick pleads with his boss. Dimitri hauls off and hits Rick for no apparent reason.

RICK (V.O.)

Before I can make my case, I feel my face being punched like never before. The fucking guy hit me! Why, I'll never know.

Rick gets up, dusts himself off and starts to walk out of the room. Dimitri attempts to talk, but passes out instead.

RICK (V.O.)

So I just left. Poor asshole, he's a raging alcoholic and I never realized it until that night. But I don't appreciate being hit in the face, so I gave him my notice next time I saw him.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFY'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT NIGHT

After Rick has told the story, Tiffy is all over him with sympathy.

TIFFY

Hold me, sweetheart. That was the first time you really opened up to me.

RICK

It is, isn't it? That's a first. Anyhow, what do I do now?

TIFFY

You handle this like the adult you are! First, you confront Dimitri with a witness... like me. Next, you do what you want about the job and about buying the place.

Tiffy slaps him hard in the face.

RICK
What the fuck?

TIFFY
(as BRANDO)
You can act like a man!

Rick gets up and walks around the room.

RICK
Come on, I said no Godfather
dialogue.

TIFFY
This is the first time in a long
time when our actual conversation
could us a quote from number one.
You need to act like a man. Get a
hold of yourself. You're acting
like Johnny Fontaine.

Rick thinks for a moment. He then picks up Tiffy in his arms
and heads toward the bedroom. On his way, they fall back
into their verbal foreplay.

RICK
I'm Moe Greene. I made my bones
when you were going out with
cheerleaders.

Tiffy is aroused and panting.

TIFFY
You gotta get up close like this
and blow their brains all over your
nice Ivy league suit.

RICK
You're taking this very personal.

Rick makes the turn into the bedroom. He stops for a moment
and kisses Tiffy.

TIFFY
Hey, Tom, can ya get me off the
hook? For old times sake?

RICK
Sorry, no can do, Sally.

Rick actually throws Tiffy onto the bed and flies in on top
of her, kicking the door shut with his left foot.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN DINING ROOM-FOLLOWING DAY-FOUR P.M.

Rick has decided to confront Dimitri inside the restaurant, in the dining room, during the lull between lunch and dinner. Dimitri has taken a seat at Rick's table and is talking to a waiter named ROCCO.

DIMITRI

But we're not a Greek restaurant, Rocco. We have had on occasion, Greek specials, but I specifically went with an American menu when I opened. There's no money in Greek food. My mother and father, God rest their souls, had a Greek restaurant for years. They went under.

Rocco, 25, a stunningly handsome dark haired waiter who is planning a career in the food service industry, listens to Dimitri with great intensity.

ROCCO

When I open my place, it's going to be all Greek. Checkered table cloths, women who will dance and break plates while diners eat my unbelievable moussaka.

DIMITRI

Right. Candles in old wine bottles, dolmathes, gyro sandwiches, the works. Right? Moussaka coming out of your ears?

ROCCO

Yes sir! And all my waiters will be strong, Greek men.

DIMITRI

Jesus, Roc, that's been done so many times.... Well, who knows, it just may work for you. Get me a scotch and soda, will you?

Rocco jumps to attention.

ROCCO

Sure.

RICK

Rocco, how many months have you worked with me? I don't drink on my shift, before or after.

Rocco leaves. Dimitri looks at Rick.

DIMITRI

One of the all time best Greek restaurants in San Pedro went under a few years ago. Man, it was a great place. But, ultimately, steaks and lobsters, although their food costs are high, put far more dollars in the bank than rolled up grape leaves. Plus, running a great Greek restaurant is like putting on a show every night.

RICK

Thank you, Mister Annapopolus. Thank you for that educational speech on restaurant profits. Now, let's get down to business. Why the hell did you hit me a few weeks ago?

Dimitri is taken off guard and sits back in his chair. He looks Rick up and down.

DIMITRI

I hit you? I hit you?

RICK

Is there an echo in here? Yeah, you hit me in the face. Pretty fucking hard. You were drunk Dimitri. That is why I gave my notice.

DIMITRI

Why did I hit you?

RICK

Shit, you're asking me? I have no idea. I do know you were drunk. Very, very drunk.

Dimitri is embarrassed, sad and angry all at the same time. Rocco delivers his drink and places it in front of him. Dimitri raises the glass.

DIMITRI

Here's to... shit, Rick, I'm...

Dimitri puts the drink down. He wipes the tears out of his eyes with a napkin.

RICK
 Hey, that's fifty cents. Use a
 Kleenex!

Dimitri shoots the liquor down his throat like it was water.
 Rick watches and shakes his head.

DIMITRI
 Ah! Like blood to a vampire!

RICK
 Have you ever considered coming up
 for air once in a while? Even a
 vampire needs a little sunshine
 every now and then. Figuratively,
 that is. You need help.

DIMITRI
 I drink, okay? I'm truly sorry for
 hitting you, but I must have had a
 reason.

RICK
 Listen to you. You don't make any
 sense. You must have had a reason?

DIMITRI
 Yeah, well, I-I... I drink.

RICK
 Yeah. That you do.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK DOOR OF WHITE SAIL INN--MOMENTS LATER

MAC, Rick's trusty auditor, is in the accounting office,
 located right inside the back door. He is talking with the
 county health inspector, here for his quarterly inspection.
 Mac is 45, grossly overweight, bald, and very quiet. He
 hopes one day to discover the opposite sex. The inspector,
 RALPH HIFF, is well known to Rick and most of the employees.
 He's been inspecting the Inn for over ten years. At 39,
 Ralph is robust, sturdy and begrudgingly handsome. Ralph
 loves a good joke and a good night out on the town.
 EMPLOYEES run in and out of the office, as it is payday. The
 two men dodge bodies as they speak.

MAC
 I think Rick's up front with
 Dimitri. Want me to get him?

RALPH

No, this won't take too long.

Mac notices a different attitude with Ralph today from previous inspection visits.

MAC

Well, I-

A SERVER named ROY interrupts Mac with a paycheck question.

ROY

-I gotta a question, Mac. Why is my insurance deductible so high this week?

Mac looks down at Roy's check in his hand and Ralph disappears into the kitchen. Mac quickly finishes with Roy and buzzes the front desk.

MAC

Hey, uh, hi, oh... hi, Monica. How are you. You're running the front desk tonight? Oh, that's nice. How's your family? Good. Say, Rick wouldn't by chance be up there would he? He is? Great. Would you please tell him that Ralph from county health is here and he's... he's pretty much on the war path. Yep. Yep. Okay, thanks.

Mac puts the phone down and daydreams for a moment.

CUT TO:

MAC'S DAYDREAM

INT. AUDITOR'S OFFICE-WHITE SAIL INN-NIGHT

Mac is alone, working at his desk. In walks a very sultry MONICA, the hostess of his dreams. She is wearing the sexiest hostess outfit every imagined. Mac looks up. He has heard all about Rick and Tiffy's Godfather dialogue exchanges and tries a similar exchange with Monica, but using another movie instead, BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE.

MAC

Back in Michigan, Mrs. Hughes welcomed her students for another day of school.

Monica approaches his desk.

MONICA

(lusty)

And out in Colorado, two boys went
bowling at six in the morning.

Mac grows aroused.

MAC

It was a typical day in the United
States of America.

The two meet and kiss passionately.

MONICA

Yes, can I help you?

Mac takes off her top and ogles her breasts.

MAC

Yes, I'm here to open an account.

MONICA

What type of account would you
like?

Monica caresses his groin area.

MAC

I want the kind where you get the
free gun.

MONICA

Okay.

Monica begins to give Mac oral sex.

MAC

You... see.. I spotted an ad in the
local Michigan paper.. Uh, oh, that
said if you opened an account at
the North Country Bank.... oooohhh!

Mac is enjoying himself, but the dialogue is turning off his
partner.

MONICA

We'll give you a gun, once we do a
background check. Stop! Stop!
This is just creepy. Who gets off
listening to dialogue from that big
ass Michael Moore? Cut it out,
Mac!

Mac straightens up and comes back to reality.

END OF MAC'S DAYDREAM

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITOR'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

Mac looks up and sees Monica who had slipped into his office while he was daydreaming.

MAC
Monica!

MONICA
Hi Mac. Can I get some more scotch
tape for the front desk?

Mac gets up and opens the supply cupboard, hands Monica the tape and stares at her just a little too long.

MAC
Here you go.

Monica turns to leave but at the door, turns around and looks directly at Mac.

MONICA
(slyly)
In the future, leave the guns, take
the cannoli!

Mac is shocked. Monica smiles as she walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL DINING ROOM-RICK'S TABLE

Rick and Dimitri are still talking when Monica gives Rick the message from Mac.

RICK
Shit, what's he doing here? He's
not due for another three weeks!

Rick gets up and runs into the kitchen. Dimitri laughs at Rick's nervousness.

DIMITRI
What's he going to find, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Rick meets Ralph behind the cook's line. They shake hands as Ralph shows Rick what he's found behind the deep fryer.

RALPH
Rick! Come on. Look at this built-up grease.

Ralph lends Rick his flashlight and Rick ceremoniously uses it to inspect his own greasy wall. He's not really looking, he's trying to come up with some bullshit answer for Ralph.

RICK
Well, we hired some new hood-cleaners and part of their contract are cleaning these walls. Guess I'll have to fire them.

RALPH
Guess so. Come over here and look at this area under your oven.

Ralph leads Rick into another canyon of cleaning shame. Rick feels like the Lone Ranger to Ralph's Butch Cavendish, being led into a twenty minute ambush of kitchen inspecting.

RICK
Jesus, that's awful! Truly awful. We'll get on that tonight!

RALPH
Let's go into the walk in cooler.

Rick tries a little caffeine bribe with Ralph.

RICK
Hey, are you hungry? Or coffee? Want a cup of coffee first?

Ralph smiles at Rick and continues on his way.

RALPH
It's this way, correct?

Ralph heads to the walk in cooler.

CUT TO:

INT. SAIL INN WALK IN COOLER-CONTINUOUS

Generally speaking, the sanitation record of the White Sail Inn has been exemplary, but....

RALPH
Jesus, Joseph and Mary, Rick! What
the hell?

Ralph picks up a box of rotting lemons, with the top ones looking the worst. Rick is truly embarrassed. The inspection from Hell goes on.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SAIL INN WALK-IN FREEZER-HALF HOUR LATER

Rick and Ralph have spent enough time that so now Dimitri has joined them. He is shivering in the freezer as Ralph points out some infractions.

RALPH
Your light bulb is out back there.
I see food stacked on the floor
itself, not the two feet required
by law. Rick, have you got another
pen, mine has given out.

RICK
Uh, yeah, sure.

Rick hands him his pen. Dimitri's face is cold and angry. They are in the walk-in freezer for longer than expected.

RALPH
I've gone through three sheets
already and we haven't hit the
dining room yet. Rick, have you
already left this job?

Ralph exits the walk-in freezer and the two men follow.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

The STAFF has met Rick, Ralph and Dimitri in the back kitchen. Three of them hold a giant sheet cake.

RICK
What the hell?

Tiffany has come front and center to deliver the knife to her boyfriend. He's still confused. She begins to cut the cake.

DIMITRI
Wait! Let's sing.

The crowded kitchen begins to sing.

ALL
For he's a jolly good fellow, for
he's a jolly good fellow....

Pats on the back are given and a few of the women cry.

LONE VOICE
We're gonna miss ya, Rick!

Tiffany cuddles up to her man.

TIFFY
We thought this was a way to get
everyone ready while Ralph kept you
occupied with a phony inspection.

Ralph takes a bow. Dimitri is laughing but Rick is still shocked.

RICK
You mean, this whole inspection was
a phony? Jesus Christ, I can't
believe it!

TIFFY
Gotcha!

RICK
Yeah.

DIMITRI
Ralphie and I play poker on
Thursdays... I thought of this last
week.

RALPH
Although those lemons weren't part
of the act.

RICK
You mean...

The chef has arrived and puts in his two cents worth.

ANGEL

I rubbed some fresh grease on the wall right after lunch. And the rest? Sheer acting. Hey, Ralph, you better not pull this crap for real.

RALPH

Then you better not keep moldy lemons in the cooler.

Rick sits down on a stool and reads the report.

RICK

There's nothing here but gibberish! Ralph, you got me good! I had no clue!

RALPH

Well, I just hope your rating stays the same after the next inspection. Chef, are you listening?

ANGEL

Sure, patron. No food directly on the freezer floor, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

RALPH

Okay, where's my piece of cake?

Ralph grabs a piece of good-bye cake and watches the crew say an intimate farewell to Rick. Dimitri saddles up next to the health inspector.

DIMITRI

Nice gig, Ralpie boy. You had me going there for a bit.

RALPH

I wanted to make it look real.

DIMITRI

That you did. Poker this week?

RALPH

Why not? You owe me at least a hundred.

Dimitri smiles and leaves the kitchen. Out of the corner of Rick's eye, he spots his soon-to-be-ex boss and gives him a wink. The party goes on until the crew has to go back to work. Rick cuts off a big chunk of cake to take home. Tiffy grows close to him while he's cutting the piece.

TIFFY
Coming over later?

RICK
(whispering)
Tiffany, right now, seeing you, I'm
bigger than U.S. Steel!

She laughs and leaves the kitchen. Soon it is just Rick and the cake. Then, just a hacked up sheet cake with the letters GOO left in red icing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE SAIL INN LATER THAT EVENING

The air is thick with smoke. A fire has gutted the White sail Inn. Vacationers Moe and Fred, who were on their way in to have a drink at the bar, spotted the smoke first. Hundreds of people were safely evacuated. The fire spread from the liquor room, to the banquet room then to the kitchen, dining room and bar. A WAITER carrying a tray of food stumbles around outside, dazed and confused. A BARTENDER stands on the sidewalk closest to the marina holding his till of money, waiting for a manager to take it. Several DISHWASHERS stand crying on the side of the parking lot, speaking Spanish as they discuss their loss of their jobs. MANAGERS, including Rick, are feverishly trying their best to accommodate all those who need them. FIREMEN keep a steady stream of water on what was the lobby. POLICE question of all those who were there, including Moe and Fred. They sit on the same cinder block by the boat plank they sat on their first visit to the Inn.

MOE
Oh, Fred! What a mess. I feel so
bad for the people.

FRED
Nobody was killed, nobody was
injured. That's about the best
thing you can say about a fire like
this.

They see a small Filipino man in the garden quietly crying.

MOE
Fred, who is he? He looks like
he's lost a loved one.

FRED
Yes. Let me see if I can help.

Fred walks over to Monji who is sobbing. Fred consoles him briefly and walks back over to Moe.

MOE

Well?

FRED

Evidently, he's worked here for over twenty years. He's the gardener. He thinks he started the fire.

MOE

What? Fred, we have to tell a fireman or a policeman.

FRED

Moe, shut up. Let it be. He's suffering enough right now.

MOE

Okay, Fred. Boy you are mister assertive on this vacation, buddy.

FRED

I have found my true calling. Grief counseling.

MOE

You said it, Fred.

FRED

Have you measured your sugars tonight?

MOE

Yes, dear. I'm fine. Let's walk back to the hotel.

FRED

I was really in the mood for one of those Long Island Iced Teas.

MOE

(puckering her lips)
Ice me, baby.....

FRED

Time for another blue pill.

MOE

Oh, no.....

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFY'S APARTMENT-FOUR A.M.

Rick and Tiffy have come to her apartment to find solace with each other. Rick finds the story on a local TV station and watches the full coverage with Tiffy as she falls asleep in his arms.

CUT TO:

I/E. WHITE SAIL INN-THE NEXT DAY-MID MORNING

Rick and Tiffy have come back to the restaurant to see what damage has been done. Dimitri is in the burnt out kitchen with two insurance investigators. The mood is solemn.

RICK

Morning Dee, gentlemen. Do we know anything yet?

DIMITRI

Seems to have started in the liquor room of all places. You don't know of anything flammable in there, do you?

RICK

No. But Bud might. He ran the liquor department and used that tiny space as an office of sorts.

The investigators speak with Dimitri in hushed voices. Rick knows the insurance adjustor and approaches him. His name is KEITH.

KEITH

Helluva way to start the day, Rick.

RICK

Do you think there's any chance of bringing her back to life?

Keith kicks a large can of garbanzo beans around with his foot.

KEITH

I can't say right now. The frame is here, the kitchen is the least damaged and that's good. It would probably take most of the payoff and then some to even get it back where it was.

Rick looks down at the ground and puts his hand on Tiffy's shoulder.

TIFFY

We could save it, Rick. I know it.

KEITH

Don't get your hopes up. I said it would take most of the payoff. Dimitri let it lapse.

Rick can't believe his ears.

TIFFY

What?

KEITH

He let the policy lapse. I haven't checked the fine print yet, but Dimitri likes to gamble.

RICK

That no good sonovabitch!

KEITH

Of course, that's confidential.

Rick picks up the can of garbanzo beans and hurls it out to the bay.

CUT TO:

I/E. SPACE BETWEEN DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Jose, the dishwasher want-to-be-waiter, has arrived to help Rick anyway he can.

RICK

Hello Jose. Come to see the damage?

JOSE

Oh, Rick, I am so sorry. I cannot tell you how sorry I am. This was going to be my home.

RICK

It still is, cabron!

Jose gets fired up and tries for a Spanish speaking comeback to equal Rick's enthusiasm.

JOSE
No comer in los banos!

RICK
Don't eat in your bathroom? Jose!

JOSE
Well.... it's the best I could come
up with right now.

Jose leaves to go find a bathroom. Rick is left standing by himself. Moe and Fred see him on their morning stroll.

RICK
Hey.. I know you two. You were in
for dinner a few nights ago.

MOE
We are so sorry for your loss.

FRED
And for your gardener. I met him a
while ago, in the garden. He was
crying.

Rick straightens up a little. They stop and talk near the beautiful gardens of the burned out restaurant.

MOE
He's such a nice looking old man.
Is he Mexican?

RICK
Filipino. Exactly where did you
see him?

MOE
Over by-

FRED
-over by the large rose bush. By
what used to be the side entrance
to the bar.

MOE
Don't be too mad at him, sir.

Rick doesn't understand.

RICK
What do you mean?

MOE
He-

FRED

-He told me he was the one who started the fire. By accident. In the liquor room.

Rick is astonished to hear this.

MOE

He's such a nice man.

FRED

Moe, we don't even know him. Not well anyway.

MOE

You're right, Fred.

Rick needs to find Monji.

FRED

Hope you try and rebuild. It was a great place.

MOE

Sure was.

RICK

It was my home. All of us. Our home.

The two travellers from Oshkosh nod their heads.

MOE

Then rebuild your home, sir.
Rebuild your home.

Moe touches Rick's arm with sympathy.

CUT TO:

I/E. WHITE SAIL INN GARDEN AREA-A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick comes up and startles Monji in the thick patch of roses outside the side entrance to the bar. He is sitting on a cinder block, crying and muttering under his breath.

MONJI

I am a fool, Ricky. An old
Filipino fool. I light the fire.
I just know it.

Rick tries to be as understanding as he can at this time, but if Monji lit the fire.....

RICK
How do you know you did it? Prove
it to me old man.

Monji looks up at Rick and, through his tears, tells him what he did a few hours earlier.

MONJI
I was in the liquor room. That's
where the Bud man tell me to put my
long shears away, so no one will
steal. There is a big area on the
top shelf where my shears fit good.

RICK
Yeah, I know the area. Bud told
you to put them there?

MONJI
Yes. Long time ago, he tell Monji
to put them up on the top shelf. I
was finished for the day, so I put
them back up there.

Rick thinks for a moment.

RICK
But Monji, you don't smoke, right?

MONJI
Monji do not smoke no cigarettes,
Rick.

RICK
Oh. Well, okay, but you weren't
smoking whatever you smoke in
there, were you?

Monji's eyes light up.

MONJI
No, believe me Ricky, I no smoke in
there. Ever!

Rick puts his arm around Monji.

RICK
Go on.

MONJI
Bud was in there, getting some
bottles for the bar. He was
smoking a cigarette.

A light goes on in Monji's head.

RICK
What is it?

MONJI
I think he put it out with his
foot, but.. now I think maybe no,
he not put it out.

RICK
You think Bud started the fire?

MONJI
Oh, I do not know, Ricky. I do not
know.

Monji starts to cry again. Rick holds him. Rick is seeing Bud in that room, smoking like he has done many times. When Rick thinks back at the many times he warned him not to smoke in the liquor room, he gets angry.

RICK
But why do you think you started
the fire?

MONJI
Because I was smoking my own kind
of cigarettes, but I did not light
up until I was outside. I am
innocent.

RICK
Okay, okay!

Monji stands up and wipes his tears away.

MONJI
Ricky, I knew you would help me
remember. I don't smoke in there
because you get so angry at anyone
who do smoke in the room.

Rick shakes his hand and pats him on the back several times.

RICK
Take it easy, old man. Take it
easy now.

MONJI
Are you finding now Bud?

RICK
Do you know where he might be?

MONJI

I saw him in his car, one hour
maybe ago.

Rick looks around the garden. Some of the foliage was
damaged, but nothing that couldn't be reseeded and regrown.

RICK

We'll re do this whole area, Monji.
You and me.

MONJI

Maybe Rick no want old man anymore.

RICK

The old man stays. Now get the
hell out of here. And please... no
talk about this to anybody, okay?

Monji shakes his head in agreement.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUD'S CAR-PARKING LOT-TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Bud has remained in his car, hiding from everyone. Rick,
police, firemen, anyone and everyone. Rick walks up behind
Bud's car and taps on the back window. Bud motions him to
come around to the passenger side and get in.

CUT TO:

INT. BUD'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

BUD

Hello Rick.

RICK

Hey Bud. What's the matter?

Rick gets settled in his seat. He looks around Bud's car
interior.

BUD

I think you know.

RICK

No, I don't. Why don't you help me
to understand what happened?

BUD
I set the place on fire. Not on
purpose, mind you, but by accident.

RICK
Nice interior. What did this
leather look run you?

BUD
It was part of the package. Twenty-
two out the door.

RICK
Expensive door.

Bud wipes away his tears and tries to explain what happened.

BUD
I-I... I just don't how it
happened.

Rick lets the stubborn silence navigate his way through the
next exchanges.

RICK
I ran into Monji just now. Just
before I found you.

BUD
That old man is an asshole.

Rick begins to see red.

RICK
(softly but angrily)
That old man is my friend. He is
the best employee I have, not to
speak of his character, which is so
fucking far above you or me, we
couldn't even begin to measure up
to his stature.

Bud grows angry at Rick.

BUD
Why didn't you ever take me under
your wing, like you did with the
other managers?

Rick thinks long and hard before answering.

RICK
Because you never really gave a
shit. Ever.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

You were just in this for... what?
Pussy? Certainly not the money I
paid you.

BUD

I was... in love with you, Rick.

Rick is completely thrown.

RICK

What? You're what? In love?
With... me?

BUD

Yeah. I know, you don't believe
me, do you?

RICK

No, not really.

BUD

I have been since the first day I
saw you.

Bud edges nearer to Rick. Rick squirms in his seat.

RICK

Well, that-that doesn't change...
it doesn't change anything. You
burned down this restaurant!

BUD

(without regret)

Sure did. I smoked in the liquor
room, which I wasn't supposed to
do, as per your instructions. The
cigarette butt wasn't out
completely and it smoldered in
there with the old rags for about
six, seven hours. I blew my whole
life, Rick.

RICK

(under his breath)

Better than blowing me.

BUD

What?

The windows are getting quite steamed up in the car. Rick
puts his hand on the door handle and opens the door.

RICK

I'll be-

BUD

-Wait! Rick, what the fuck am I supposed to do?

RICK

You go to the cops! You confess. Because, if you don't, I will for you. Get it?

BUD

You'd rat me out?

Rick turns his head toward Bud and comes within an inch of his face.

RICK

You're damn tootin'! I will if you won't.

Rick gets out and slams the door behind him. Bud begins to cry once again.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-LATER THAT DAY

Rick's mother has flown up from her seaside condo in Laguna Beach. DELLA AGIO, 58, is an adorable tiny woman who is still very beautiful. She has short blonde hair, a petite figure and a tiny mouth with thin lips. Della is dripping with alimony dollars from her two ex-husbands and is dressed in a conservative business suit with gloves. Rick has not seen her for a six months. Rick is lying on the couch with Tiffy, practicing their game of Godfather sex talk.

TIFFY

What's this? An orange?

RICK

Our friend in Miami sends his regards.

TIFFY

Never go against the family.

RICK

Michael Corleone says hello.

TIFFY

I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse.

They kiss and make out on the couch. A knock at the door is followed by a low voice.

LOW VOICE

Hey, open up. It's the Del Rey Police!

RICK

The who? The Del Rey police?
Never heard of them.

Tiffany looks over at Rick as he gets off the couch and makes a questioning gesture with his shoulders.

LOW VOICE

Come on, we haven't got all day!
You've got under age women in there!

RICK

I do? Well, if that's so, tell me their ages.

LOW VOICE

Come on, open up! You've got porno stars in there.

Rick is beginning to recognize the VOICE.

RICK

Excellent! We'll have a party.

LOW VOICE

Hey! I gotta pee!

Rick opens the door.

RICK

Come on in, mom. Della Agio, Tiffany Tidwiller. Meet my mom, Tif.

Tiffany gets off the couch and approaches Della, but Della needs a bathroom soon.

DELLA

Never mind that, kiddo, I need to pee. Where's the john?

RICK

Down the hall, first door on your left. Don't you remember?

Della starts running down the hall.

DELLA
Sure, but just let me pee first.
Nice to meet ya, kiddo.

Rick turns to Tiffy with an explanation.

RICK
She calls everyone she just meets
kiddo.

TIFFY
I never would have guessed.

RICK
Don't take it personally.

TIFFY
It's not personal, it's just
business.

RICK
Ouuwee! Talk to me, Michael!

Della disappears. Rick and Tiffy straighten up their
clothing.

TIFFY
Let's take up where Johnny Ola gets
whacked.

RICK
Okay. Later. Right now, I've got
to find out why mommsy is here.
Come back later?

TIFFY
Sure. Call me.

Tiffy leaves the apartment. Rick takes a seat on the couch
and turns off the TV. Della appears a few minutes later.

RICK
Mom. What a nice surprise.

Della looks around.

DELLA
Where's Tuffy Tornado?

RICK
It's Tiffy. Tiffy Tidwiller.
She's an actress.

DELLA

I imagine she has to be.

RICK

Why do you say that?

DELLA

She resembles an actress I knew once.

Rick gets excited.

RICK

Let's not argue right off the bat, okay?

DELLA

Sure, sonny, sure. Hey, I made it up here in record time. Two hours! I was amazed. That's good for the Jag, you know.

RICK

Oh, you mean you bought a new car? A Jaguar?

DELLA

Oh, you should see it, son. It's a beauty.

RICK

I'm sure I will get a chance.

Della sits down and takes off her gloves.

DELLA

I thought you'd be at work. Working tonight?

RICK

Mom, the restaurant burned. It's gone.

DELLA

What?

RICK

Last night. Actually, it's been two days. I'm heart broken.

DELLA

Was it an accident?

RICK
Its... complicated. We think it was, but until the suspect comes forward, we are in a clouded area.

DELLA
Do you know the suspect?

RICK
Yes. But let's not go into-

DELLA
-You need to go to the police, son.
Right now!

Rick gets up and begins to pace around the apartment.

RICK
I know. But I can't until I've given that person enough time to do it on his or her own.

DELLA
How long will that be?

Della takes out some wrapped candy and begins to unwrap it.

RICK
Soon. Another day. If that person stays silent, I'll get involved.
But I owe it to-

DELLA
-You don't owe him or her anything!

RICK
You don't understand.

There is silence in the room.

DELLA
Well, you could take me out to lunch, right? I could be persuaded to go out! I need a drink.

RICK
Me three. Let's go! Somewhere nice and expensive where my mommy can buy her son a nice expensive meal.

DELLA
Howard Johnson's still up here at the airport?

They both ready themselves for a lunch date.

CUT TO:

INT. DELLA'S JAGUAR IN LINE AT IN & OUT BURGER-ONE HOUR LATER

Rick has persuaded Della, in her fine clothes, to visit one of his favorite places in southern California, In & Out Burger. They dine in their car, next to other less fashionable automobiles.

RICK

Good, eh? Best burger in L.A.

Della is trying hard not to drip any sauces onto her blouse and suit.

DELLA

Oh, tremendous. The waiter is terrific. And the champagne is just the right vintage.

They are somewhat cramped in the Jag.

RICK

I brought you here so I could talk with you, mom. I need money. Lots of it.

Della adjusts her position and tries to look at her face in the rearview mirror, but can only see more cars. She eats her hamburger with her gloves on.

DELLA

I know what you need it for. I'm your mom. You want to rebuild the restaurant, don't you?

RICK

Yes I do.

DELLA

Why?

RICK

I'm a restaurant guy. Always have been, always will be. That's the tune, June.

DELLA

Well, how much would it cost?

RICK

I have no idea. Dimitri still has a fifty year lease on the pad. I know that much. Plus, there's a few investors I may know who might wanna take a chance with me. Might.

DELLA

Might is a... mighty big word sometimes.

Rick downs his shake and crumbles up his wrappers. Della is finished by her third bite.

RICK

I need to know if I can count on you financially.

DELLA

You're my son. I love you. You know, I may be getting married again soon.

Rick looks a little startled.

RICK

No, I didn't know that. Who is this one? Is he rich?

Della laughs.

DELLA

Well, of course he is, dummy! Of course he is.

They both laugh.

RICK

Well, given your past timetables, I could expect to borrow some major capital by... 2013?

DELLA

Oh, son, don't be so cynical about love and marriage. End of 2012.

RICK

(impishly)

Will you give him the son he wants?

Della laughs just as she gulps down some of her milkshake. It comes out her nose very rapidly. Rick laughs at his mother as the milkshake spills out of her nose.

DELLA

God no! Who are you, Houdini?
Gonna make a baby come out of this
carriage?

She waves her hand across her lower body. Rick giggles a little.

RICK

You always make me feel like I'm
twelve when I'm with you. Remember
when you would take me to
McDonald's when I was very young,
after I'd been to the doctor?
You'd just sit and watch me eat and
you'd have coffee. That's it.
Just coffee.

Della leans over and kisses her son on the head.

DELLA

I remember. Ugh, that food made me
sick even then.

Rick looks into his mother's eyes.

RICK

I really want the Inn to open her
big white sail and cast off into
the sea of terrific food once
again, mom.

Della makes a goofy face at her son.

DELLA

Heavens to Betsy, Rick, save that
line for the investors. Jesus!

Rick laughs.

RICK

I love you, mom.

DELLA

Back at you, sweetie.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMITRI ANNAPOPOLUS' HOME-TWO DAYS LATER-DAY

Dimitri has allowed Rick to hold an investors meeting at his home. Present: Rick, Dimitri, Monji, Tiffy, and...

Moe and Fred. Rick starts the ball rolling. It is a fairly light atmosphere, with Moe and Fred providing doughnuts and coffee.

RICK

Thank you, can we come to order?

The participants turn around and stare blindly at Rick.

DIMITRI

Your floor, Rick.

RICK

Thank, Dee. I want to thank Dimitri for holding the meeting here. And I'd like to introduce Moe and Fred to everyone else. They're on an extended vacation from Wisconsin and I ran into them after the fire, and we talked...

DIMITRI

... And they came on board, right?

MOE

We just loved the other place. The White Sail Inn will ride again.

FRED

Okay, mother, I think they get it.

MOE

Now don't interrupt me, Fred. These nice people want to know why we want to invest, don't you?

People at the long table look around at each other and shake their heads.

FRED

See? Nobody cares. They just want our money. I told you we didn't have to bring doughnuts.

MOE

Well if you didn't want to invest, you shoulda said something earlier, aina hey? I think the doughnuts were a friendly gesture.

TIFFY

It was. I liked the chocolate sprinkled cake ones.

MOE
Oh, aren't they to just die for?

FRED
Okay, mother. Quiet time now.

Rick continues with his prepared remarks. Tiffy smiles over at Moe.

RICK
Now then. We all represent a certain degree of money willing to rebuild the restaurant. Dee and I have worked out a deal on the lease. We have or will have authorization to begin removal of the old parts of the building that burned beyond saving. But, surprisingly, there's a lot we can save.

Tiffy does a little chant.

TIFFY
Yea, yea, give me a C!

RICK
What's that for?

TIFFY
Construction, silly.

RICK
Uh, well, let's go on. I have or will have soon, the majority of the rebuild money. Moe and Fred, how much do you wish to contribute?

MOE
Probably a good ten percent. That feels right, okay Fred?

FRED
I thought we said fifteen percent?

MOE
No, ten. You were picking your toes on the bed, we were just back from Disneyland. Oh, that was so much fun!

FRED
Okay, ten percent.

RICK
Right. Uh, I have fifty one
percent. Dee?

DIMITRI
I have the lease, remember? I'm
out, everyone. Right before the
fire, I was going to sell. Now,
Rick has convinced me to go along
with this, and I will. I owe him
that much. But after we're done
here, I'm off to rehab for ninety
days.

Rick looks at him with concerned eyes.

RICK
You are? Good for you.

Everyone at the table applauds.

TIFFY
What about me?

RICK
How much, Tiffy?

Tiffy thinks for a moment.

TIFFY
Three thousand four hundred fifty
dollars.

RICK
No cents?

TIFFY
Oh, I know it's a risk, but if it's
good for you, then...

A few people laugh. Monji speaks up.

MONJI
Monji put in his money, too.

RICK
How much, Monji?

MONJI
Three hundred.

RICK

Ah, you're sweet old man, but I think we're looking for a little bit more.

MONJI

Thousand. Three hundred thousand.

RICK

Oh. I see. Uh, Monji, how did you get all that dough?

MONJI

Monji save all many years. Many, many years. No one have Monji anymore. My wife dies fifteen year ago. No kids. I just save my paychecks in a coffee can.

Moe stands up.

MOE

Wow! Fred, maybe that's what we should do with our 401K.

FRED

Moe, I love you, but sit the hell down.

RICK

With this kind of involvement, we should be able to get the place back on its feet real soon!

FRED

Rick, we're stepping up to Monji's investment. We'll meet it. Put us down for the same as him.

Rick pretends to write something in the air.

MOE

We will? We live in Wisconsin.

FRED

Yes. For the moment.

MOE

Ah! I see.

FRED

There's a whole world out here I've never known before.

RICK

Are you sure about this you guys?
I don't want you to invest your
entire life savings.

MOE

How do you know we didn't hit the
Publisher's Clearing House grand
prize... seven years ago... and I
didn't even have to buy any maga-

FRED

-honey, shut up! For now, please?
We need to keep the ball rolling
here.

Dimitri is getting impatient with the meeting.

DIMITRI

Rick, can we wrap this up soon? I
need to pack for the rehab.

RICK

Sure. I can't believe this. We
may be able to pull this off. This
meeting will lead to another formal
one, with a lawyer friend of mine,
and at that time, we will need to
see the dough. It'll be held in an
escrow account until we begin
construction.

TIFFY

Give me a C!

RICK

Tiffany?

TIFFY

Remember Rick... keep your friends
close....

RICK

(whispering)
Not here, Tif!

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT-TEN P.M.

Rick and Tiffany are sitting on the couch, she with her fruity
wine cooler, he with his scotch and soda. They have
exhausted themselves in Godfather-ese and sex.

Rick is becoming more and more willing to spend his life with Tiffy and knows the reason.

RICK
You know, Tif, you're a winner.

Tiffy is picking the lint out of Rick's belly button.

TIFFY
I'm what?

RICK
A winner. I want to spend my life with you.

Tiffy gazes into Rick's eyes.

TIFFY
What do you mean?

RICK
I want to marry you, Tif.

Tiffy smiles from ear to ear, but then frowns and Rick doesn't know why.

TIFFY
Oh, Rick...

RICK
What's the matter? I thought you'd be thrilled! You love me, right?

TIFFY
Without hesitation. Yes, I love you.

She addresses him face to face on the couch.

RICK
So?

TIFFY
It's just that.... I want to be a movie star. I don't want to get married just now.

Rick thinks it over for a moment. He is at peace with that statement.

RICK
Okay.

TIFFY

What?

RICK

It's fine, it's okay. I'm good with that. You're honest. You didn't say yes just to make me feel good.

Tiffany kisses Rick hard.

TIFFY

Honey, I love you. But marriage? Now?

RICK

I see. Don't ever tell me I didn't ask.

TIFFY

I won't.

Rick gives her a long, thoughtful kiss.

RICK

And never go against the family.

TIFFY

Oh, baby, I won't.

RICK

Because a man who doesn't spend time with his family can never be a real man.

Rick kisses her again.

TIFFY

Oh, baby, take the gun, leave the cannoli.

CUT TO:

INT. WHOLE FOODS MARKET-SUNDAY MORNING

Rick and Tiffany are shopping for an authentic Godfather meal. An evening dinner party for investors has been arranged. Rick is feeling every single tomato in the produce department.

RICK
Tiffany, feel these tomatoes. I need
a lot of these romas and I don't
know if they're good.

Tiffany is presently trying to choose between elephant garlic
and regular.

TIFFY
Be right there. I'm going with
some elephant garlic, shaved thin,
like in Goodfellas.

RICK
We're getting into that film next.

TIFFY
From as far back as I can remember,
I always wanted to be a gangster.

RICK
(singing)
You know I'd go from rags to
riches....

TIFFY
Good honey. Now, why aren't we
using canned? The good Italian
tomatoes?

Rick thinks for a moment. He remembers the cooking scene in
GODFATHER and puts the fresh tomatoes down.

RICK
(thinking out loud)
You throw in your tomatoes... yeah,
they're canned in the movie, not
fresh.

TIFFY
Never lose me, dear.

Rick kisses Tiffany.

RICK
Hey, when we get to Goodfellas, I
wanna be Spider.

TIFFY
Oh, God, go ahead, who the hell
wants to be Spider? He gets shot
twice, and the last time is fatal.

RICK

Yeah, but he gets to tell Tommy to fuck off.

Rick gives her a quick kiss on the cheek.

TIFFY

You got a point. On to the canned tomato aisle?

RICK

Let's go. I want to hit New York sometime this month.

TIFFY

Watch out for the kids?

RICK

You got it. Mister Corleone is a man who wants to hear bad news right away.

TIFFY

(in broken Italian)
Sunday, Thursday, Tuesday,
Wednesday....

RICK

(whispering at the lettuce station)
Jesus, I'm hard Tif...

They depart the produce area.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-SUNDAY NIGHT DINNER PARTY

Rick has gathered his investors and the chef, Angel, for the dinner party. On the menu: Sunday supper, spaghetti with gravy, good baguettes of bread and jug red wine. The table is large to accommodate the eight people present; Rick, Tiffy, Angel and his wife, Monji, Moe and Fred and Della, Rick's mother.

ANGEL

I gotta say, Rick, this food is delish. Tastes like Clemenza made it himself.

ANGEL'S WIFE

And such huge portions.

ANGEL

Honey, you're dripping sauce around
your chin.

Moe chimes in.

MOE

There's big chunks of sausage, and
it's a sweeter than normal sauce.
Just delicious!

Rick tries talking with a full mouth.

RICK

I gotta thank Tuffy glor da food.

Tiffany draws attention to his table manners.

TIFFY

He loves my cooking so much, he
just can't stop to swallow.

The men around the table giggle and laugh.

RICK

Honey, you just want to finish that
last sentence with my food. I
swallow my food.

TIFFY

Not lately.

Everyone laughs.

RICK

Okay. Swallowed. It's all Tiffany.
She's a great cook.

FRED

I should say so. I should say so.

Rick glances at Monji.

RICK

What do you say, old man?

MONJI

The food? Tasty! The girls?
Sexy!

Everyone laughs again.

ANGEL

Monji brought the flowers, Rick.
They're from the old garden.

MONJI

I no want the flowers to die
without someone looking at them.
The roses at this time very
beautiful.

MOE

Lush. That's all I can say about
that White Sail Inn garden. Lush
and beautiful.

Monji stands at his place at the table and bows.

MONJI

Thank you fellow... invest..
Investors?

MOE

Correct!

The table applauds.

ANGEL'S WIFE

So... are you keeping the same
name?

TIFFY

Rick, didn't you want to talk to
everyone about the name? Are we
going to keep the White Sail Inn?

RICK

We could. What do you all think?
I think I'd like to.

FRED

I think we should vote. I'm
thinking the New White Sail Inn.

MOE

Oh, Fred.

FRED

Why? What's wrong?

RICK

I don't know about that. New
implies that it was once old. I
never thought of the old restaurant
as old.

FRED

Huh?

The table laughs again.

RICK

I mean, you know. I just don't think we should call it new.

MONJI

I am with Rick. I do not want to have a new restaurant. The flowers are old, the bushes and plants are old. The fire no kill anything in my garden, just Monji smile for a few days. But I smile now!

TIFFY

So? The White Sail Inn?

The entire table except Fred answers in the affirmative.

MONJI

We all agree. Good!

Tiffany gets up to start clearing the dinner plates and Rick pours more red wine from the large jug.

MOE

Are we having this wine on the wine list?

Rick and Angel laugh.

RICK

This one may sit it out on the list. It's a little.. Cheap?

FRED

That's a good thing, right?

RICK

If we were in Oshkosh, I guess. Not Marina Del Rey. By the by, how is Oshkosh? Have you been back?

Moe looks to the heavens for help.

FRED

Not yet. We were supposed to go back last week...

MOE

Two weeks ago! I miss my house.
My books, my skillets, my quilts.
I miss my pen collection and my
spatula collection.

ANGEL'S WIFE

You collect pens?

MOE

Yep.

ANGEL'S WIFE

How many do you have?

MOE

Over four hundred.

FRED

(in a Yiddish delivery)

You should see me trying to find a
pen in our house! A pencil I
should use? A pen is too hard to
leave around a desk once in a
while?

MOE

Oh, shut up! You lose more pens
than I can buy.

FRED

We'll go back, Moe. It's nice
here, aina hey?

RICK

What the hell does aina hey mean,
anyway?

FRED

It's pure Wisconsin speak. It
means ain't it so, ain't it the
truth, aina hey. Get it?

RICK

(shaking his head)

The great state of Wisconsin. I
used that phrase the other day, at
the court proceedings for Bud.

ANGEL

How is he doing? I read where he
got five years probation and credit
for time spent in jail.

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

He should be out soon. All because
he came forward on his own.

Angel gives an all-knowing look over at Rick.

RICK

He asked me if I felt that hiring
him back would endanger the new
restaurant.

FRED

See? You called it new!

MOE

Fred, I love you, but shut up.

ANGEL

What did you say.

RICK

Aina hey. Aina hey.

The table laughs. But Rick is somber about Bud.

TIFFY

You might hire him back, I can see
it in your eyes.

RICK

It takes a big man to confess like
that and want to be around the
employees. It takes guts.

TIFFY

If he survives.

RICK

Aina hey. Aina hey.

The people laugh as they move onto dessert and coffee.

CUT TO:

A LEGEND ON THE SCREEN WHICH SAYS: ONE YEAR LATER

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEW WHITE SAIL INN-NIGHT

It is a crazy busy Saturday night at the restaurant. Rick is
beaming from ear to ear at his luck and success in pulling
off this Phoenix rising from the ashes.

Tonight, after a few days of a quiet opening, is the Grand Opening. Chaos, orderly but immediate, abounds. Tiffy is back as a cocktail waitress, most of the employees are back and Bud is working as a line cook. Moe and Fred are acting as special hosts at the front desk. Monji is sitting quietly at a table, with an ill-fitting tuxedo, by the front door, speaking to customers when they ask about the lush gardens. Angel has just completed his line up with servers to cover the night's specials. Dimitri has been at the bar all night, sipping club sodas, conversing with the bartender and Tiffy. And Rick is mastering all of it, covering the entire place with grace and humor.

Rick has gotten word that two-top wants to speak to the owner. He makes his way through the crowded dining room and reaches one of the better window tables.

RICK
(surprised)
Well, Della Agio Fontana... Blake?
Hi mom. How are you?

Della Agio Fontana Blake has brought her new husband of eleven months into the restaurant to meet her son Rick. STEVENSON BLAKE, a retired captain of Laguna Beach industry, has accompanied his bride to her son's grand re-opening and has quite a few remarks to give Rick.

DELLA
Rick, this is my husband Stevenson
Blake. You may call him da-

RICK
(quickly)
-Stevenson! How nice to meet
you... finally! Mother, where have
you had him hidden?

Rick is very uneasy with Stevenson Blake and will try very hard to get out of this mess soon. Rick shakes his hand.

DELLA
Call him... Steve.

RICK
Not Ishmael?

DELLA
Wha? I mean, what? Ishma what?

RICK
Tell me, Mister Blake, what do you
think of the place? Were you ever
here before?

Stevenson, a tall, awkward balding man in his early seventies, who talks with a lisp and has a missing tooth in his smile, has never been in Rick's restaurant before. But that doesn't stop him from becoming an expert in the food business.

STEVE

You know, Rick, I had a restaurant once.

Della acts surprised.

RICK

Really?

DELLA

Really?

STEVE

Yessiree, bob. Right after I got out of the Marines. Fifty-nine? No, sixty. 1960. Yep, that year, Del, your hubby opened up the first kosher hamburger stand in Jersey City. I couldn't believe I was the first. Kosher ground beef, kosher french fries, kosher milkshakes.

Rick really doesn't understand him and wants to bolt from the table so he makes up a situation in the kitchen which requires his attention.

RICK

Well, it was great meeting you Steve, and I hope-

STEVE

-so there I was, in this kosher burger stand with all my Marine goy buddies sharing the load.

Rick cannot believe his mother actually married this bigoted loser.

RICK

I'm needed in the kitchen, mom. So nice of you two to stop by.

DELLA

Steve, what does kosher mean, exactly?

Della is getting agitated with the news that Stevenson is Jewish, not having that particular news before she married him.

STEVE

It means you clean up with the Jews. Oh, and I did. But it was all a lie. It wasn't a kosher burger stand, it was just a burger stand. Get me? Catch my drift?

DELLA

You mean, you're not Jewish?

Steve gets excited at the attention, phony as it is, given to him by his wife and her son.

STEVE

I am not. Learned my lesson though. When the Jews in town found out, I was toast! Almost got run out of that town! Sold it to a Jewish guy I knew from Korea and he cleaned up. Then, of course, I found my true calling.

RICK

Which was?

Steve is looking over at any EMPLOYEE he can see, to try and catch their attention.

STEVE

I'm a-

Della wants to get her two cents in so Rick may understand it better.

DELLA

-He's a retired sperm collector.

Rick's attention is now focused on Steve.

STEVE

I collect sperm from race horses, for breeding purposes. I'm the one who straps on the machine, jacks him off, and collects the jism. Professional jism collector, that's what I was.

Della is embarrassed but Rick is laughing so hard, he doesn't even look at her.

DELLA

It's a helluva great profession,
money wise, right Steve?

STEVE

Oh, my God, yes! There's gold in
that there jism. I jacked off
Secretariat once. Almost got
Seabiscuit, but that horse up and
passed away of old age.

DELLA

Honey, can we can the jism talk?
I'm eating my swordfish.

STEVE

Oh, sure thing, hon. By the way, I
wanted to mention that you have an
old man hanging around the front
desk in a goofy looking tux.

Rick has had enough of his mother's newest husband and says
good-bye for the evening.

RICK

Mom, I am so happy for you. You,
too, Steve. But I have to go.
There's an emergency in the
kitchen.

STEVE

Somebody see a rat?

Rick just stares at Steve for a few moments.

RICK

(staring straight at
Della)

No, those are usually out in the
dining room.

Steve acts as though what he says carries merit.

STEVE

Please, son, you should take that
old man outside or something. Call
the cops.

RICK

For your information...

Della stops her son by placing her hand on his arm and
squeezing it for a moment.

DELLA

Rick, darling, I am so happy for you tonight. You did it! You re-opened the restaurant you loved! And I'm so proud of you!

Della blows a kiss at Rick. Steve reaches in front of it to grab it mid-air.

RICK

Oh, it missed me. Your husband took it away, how unfortunate of him to do such a... dumb thing.

Della becomes very agitated.

DELLA

You did that last week at the Hansen party. Why? It just makes you look foolish. Don't you see that?

Steve looks dejected, slumps down in his chair, and goes back to his steak and lobster dinner.

RICK

I'll call you mom. You may be helping plan a wedding.

Della is immediately excited at the news.

DELLA

Oh, Rick! Really?

RICK

I'm working on her, mom. We're getting there.

Stevenson is almost falling off his chair.

DELLA

She's a nice girl. What's her name again? Tuffy Tornado? Tiffer Biffer? Buffy Fluffy?

RICK

Just Tiffy. Maybe one day, Tiffy Agio. Who knows?

Over the railing next to Della's table, Rick spots Dimitri and waves with a big smile. Dimitri raises his glass of soda water with a lime and smiles back.

DELLA
Keep in touch.

RICK
Will do. Nice to meet you, Steve.

Steve does not respond. He's now entirely slumped over.

DELLA
He's asleep again. Narcolepsy.
Didn't know it when I said I do.
Boy, a lot with this one I didn't
know.

RICK
And you married him anyway? He
must be really loaded.

DELLA
Oh, God, yes. Oops, I shouldn't
have said that.

RICK
That's okay. He is lucky to have
you.

DELLA
That he is. Our honeymoon in
Europe was fun, but being married
to a man who used to jack off-

RICK
-Mom, I gotta go!

DELLA
Okay. It was great seeing you son.
And don't be a stranger.

RICK
Be happy, mom. You're almost
through a year. A new record looms
around the corner.

Della smiles and goes back to her dinner. Rick surveys all
that is his, smiles and bends over to kiss Della.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT-SAME NIGHT-TWELVE-THIRTY

Rick and Tiffy have just gotten home and are exhausted. But
not too exhausted for.. fun time with the Corleone family.
Rick kisses Tiffy hard.

RICK
They shot Sonny on the causeway,
those dolts!

TIFFY
Any man who doesn't spend time with
his family can never be a real man.

Rick takes off his tie, shirt and belt. Tiffy kisses him passionately.

RICK
Never go against the family.

He unbuttons her blouse.

TIFFY
(in broken Italian)
Sunday, Thursday, Monday,
Wednesday...

RICK
Oh, Michael... I mean, Tiffy.

She strips him of his trousers and underwear.

TIFFY
The cops really ought to do
something about that damn causeway!

They look at each other with love in their eyes.

RICK
You've made me an offer I will
never, ever refuse.

TIFFY
Buona sera! Buona sera!

FADE OUT

THE END