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

She bends over to tie her shoe and farts unexpectedly.

Hello?

Whoops a doodle.

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

I’ll ask the pretty young hostess for some bread.

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

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.

Did you put it under Fred or Revolinski?

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.

Oh, alright.

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

How may I help you?

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.
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 expediters, 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. Tiffy 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?

Tiffy 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!
Tiffy 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 Tiffy’s eye for just a brief moment.

**TIFFY**

(whining)
Rick. Don’t go. You know, Rick, I look at 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, Tiffy 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.

Tiffy takes a bow also.

TIFFY
You need the sales force behind you, too.

Rick grabs Tiffy for a brief moment.

RICK
And in front of you!

Rick steals a kiss and Tiffy 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)

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

Rick pulls her closer and kisses her.

Tiffany fluffs her hairdo and smiles at Rick.

The family will be completely legitimate in five years.

Tiffany never discussed business at the dinner table.

They look deep into each other’s eyes.

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.

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

We’ll get there, pop. We’ll get there.

They embrace and nuzzle each other’s necks.

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.

Tiffy 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.

Tiffy 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 ANNAPOPULUS, 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.
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?

Tiffy gets as serious as Tiffy 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?
Tiffy 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)
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 chérie?

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 use 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.

Tiffany 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 tablecloths, 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.
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 though 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?
Tiffy 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!

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

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

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

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

Rick is completely thrown.

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

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

No, not really.

I have been since the first day I saw you.

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

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

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.

Better than blowing me.

What?

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

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.

Tiffy 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, Tiffy Tidwiller. Meet my mom, Tif.

Tiffy 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.
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
Ouwee! 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 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
Tiffy?

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 Tiffy 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.

Tiffany
I’m what?

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

Tiffy gazes into Rick’s eyes.

Tiffany
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.

Tiffany
Oh, Rick...

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

Tiffany
Without hesitation. Yes, I love you.

She addresses him face to face on the couch.

RICK
So?

Tiffany
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.

Tiffy 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 Tiffy 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

Tiffy, feel these tomatoes. I need a lot of these romas and I don’t know if they’re good.

Tiffy 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 Tiffy.

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 thamk Tuffy glor da food.

Tiffy 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 Tiffy. 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!
Tiffy 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