

THE PIZZA MAN

written by: Sean Mahoney
mahoneyseanp@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH, SICILY - DAY

A sun-kissed white sand beach leads to a picturesque boardwalk of quaint storefronts - and a charming pizza shop with a few outside tables.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -

A faded sign: *CARBONARA PIZZA - Best in All Sicily!*

GUISEPPE (24) emerges. Somewhere between swarthy and boyishly cute, he wears old linen pants and a wife-beater. He smiles to the sun and slips on wraparound shades.

Grand-Mama's gruff Sicilian accent introduces him.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
Dat's Guiseppe. A very good boy.

GUISEPPE
Arrivederci, Mama. I be back soon!

MAMA (50s) emerges too, broom in hand. She's chubby, but was probably quite a looker before the pizza days.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
Dat's his Mama. A silly old goat.
She married my own boy a long time ago.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

INSERT - "A long time ago..."

A huge black iron pizza oven dominates the room.

GUISEPPE SR. (20s) spins pizza dough behind the counter.

YOUNG MAMA (20 here and quite a looker) walks in. He freezes and the dough drops to the floor.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

Guiseppe Sr. and Young Mama share a table and a pizza. As Young Mama tastes it, her face lights up with passion.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
A little pizza...

Young Mama lets out a long, contented moan.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A crowd tosses rice as they come out, just married.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
A little love...

The choir booms out an Italian wedding song.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They each blow out a candle beside their tiny bed. Darkness.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
Bada bing, bada boom...

The headboard bangs out a quick rhythm.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

Young Mama holds a tiny baby, crying softly.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
A little Guiseppe.

Guiseppe Sr. looks on proudly, spinning his dough.

EXT. HILLS OF SICILY - DAY

Golden grassed hills of beautiful orchards and vineyards.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
Sometime iz dat easy. But...

Guiseppe Sr. zooms up on an old Vespa. Two pizza pans are at his front and back, connected by a rope hung around his neck. A front basket holds luscious tomatoes, and baby Guiseppe.

EXT. SMALL TOWN -

He lets go of the handlebars to pinch both his and the baby's nose as they zip past a dump truck parked atop a hill.

TRUCK - a farmer herding dirty pigs up its ramp notices a wayward pig duck under it. He crouches to look, just as it nudges away a block braking a back wheel. The truck starts rolling backward...

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
...a year later, disaster.

EXT. TOWN, BOTTOM OF THE HILL -

Guiseppe Sr. parks his Vespa.

TRUCK - the farmer grips the front bumper, screaming. The horde of muddy hogs snort and squeal in panic.

GUISEPPE SR. - whistles a happy tune as he playfully slides baby Guiseppe from one slick pizza pan to the other.

TRUCK - the farmer climbs in the window, frantic.

BABY GUISEPPE - peers over his dad's shoulder, and cries.

TRUCK - the man stomps on the brakes. Massive skidding.

GUISEPPE SR. - turns his head.

TRUCK - it stops, inches away.

GUISEPPE SR. - a split second of horror.

PIGS, SHIT & MUD - flung by the momentum, fly at him in a dirty cloud of death.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL -

A huge mess. Dazed pigs mill about. The Vespa's destroyed.

A HAND reaches down and pulls something away from the wall. A pizza pan. Behind it is baby Guiseppe, clean and safe.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Guiseppe Senior's funeral. A good crowd. A frail old man - CARLO - plays a mournful accordion.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
My poor boy.

Mama, holding Guiseppe, bawls like a madwoman.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

GUISEPPE (at 3) tosses dough into the air and tries to catch it on a pan...

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
Guiseppe got his Papa's pizza pans.

...but it lands on his head, covering him.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
And I taught him all da secrets to
become a master pizza man.

GUISEPPE (at 10) tosses dough with each hand, spins, and catches both on his pans.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
 Even better than his Papa. Da best
 in all Sicily.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

The sign again: *CARBONARA PIZZA - Best in All Sicily!*

GUISEPPE (O.S.)
 Arrivederci Mama, I'll be back
 soon.

The scene from earlier continues - Mama comes out of the shop
 and squeezes Guiseppe's face, gazing adoringly.

MAMA
 Oh, my Guiseppe. I love you to the
 moon.

Guiseppe kisses her cheeks.

GUISEPPE
 Oh Mama, I love you to the stars.

She kisses his.

GRAND-MAMA (V.O.)
 Italian boys and their mamas...

GRAND-MAMA - sits in a wheelchair by a table. She's very old
 and very tough. She drinks wine and smokes a big dirty cigar.

GRAND-MAMA
 (she speaks right to us)
 ...it's pathetic.

Guiseppe leans in and kisses her.

GUISEPPE
 Good morning, Grand-Mama.

He coughs, then heads off, passing a table of twenty-ish
 girls. They make eyes at him, but he doesn't notice.

GRAND-MAMA (O.S.)
 Maybe he's missed some things along
 the way.

Mama notices - and smacks them with her broom.

GRAND-MAMA (CONT'D)
 (still to us)
 We gotta do something about dat.

EXT. HILLS OF SICILY - DAY

The same golden hills. Guiseppe zooms by on a newer Vespa, hair blown back. The same pizza pans hang round his neck, tomatoes in his basket. He leans forward for maximum speed.

EXT. FARMS -

Horses, cows, sheep and goats wander old pens. Guiseppe skids to a halt in front of a quaint barn.

INT. BARN -

Dirty, squealing pigs roam the floor in dim light, several escaping out the door. A voice booms from the darkness.

VITO (O.S.)

Guiseppe! I ain't got da sausages
for you!

GUISEPPE

Vito! How Guiseppe make da sausage
pizza wit no sausages?

VITO (60s) works frantically. One 3-fingered hand searches the floor for unlucky pigs. The other hacks at the victims with a huge cleaver. Blood splatters everywhere.

VITO'S WIFE pedals a stationary bicycle that churns the gears of a giant, open-mouthed sausage grinder.

Ground meat trickles from a spigot where she fills sausage skins. She holds the loose ends in her teeth, ties them like balloons and tosses them into a pile.

The overflow meat trickle drops to the floor. A few mangy cats eat it up.

VITO

But Guiseppe, I gotta sick pig!

GUISEPPE

OK, Guiseppe come back. Arrivede-

VITO

No! Don't go! I need a favor.

He tosses a few pig carcasses into the grinder and spits in his cigar. He takes a big swig from a bottle of Chianti and puts a bloody arm around Guiseppe. He's crying.

VITO (CONT'D)

It's Valentino.

GUISEPPE

No.

VITO

He hasn't fucked in weeks.

VITO'S WIFE

Vito!

A sausage hits him in the head.

VITO'S WIFE (CONT'D)

Watcha your mouth!

VITO

I gotta sick pig! Guiseeppe, you gotta put him down.

GUISEPPE

Me? Valentino? No, he's OK. He's just sick.

VITO

He used to make love twenty times a day. Make thousands a piggies. Now? Nothing. He got no romanza left.

Vito pulls a giant pistol from inside his apron.

VITO (CONT'D)

I can't do it myself. Iz breakin' my heart. You gotta put him down.

He hands Guiseeppe the gun and walks away, sobbing.

GUISEPPE

But I no like da piggies so much.

Vito's wife comes up to him.

VITO'S WIFE

Guiseeppe. There's something you should know. Valentino was there when your Papa was murdered.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL - FLASHBACK

GUISEPPE SR. - a split second of horror.

PIGS, MUD & SHIT - fly through the air in slow motion...

CLOSE ON - one pig in particular, brown and ugly and heading right for Guiseeppe Sr's head.

VITO'S WIFE (O.S.)
It was Valentino. He was the
assassin.

EXT. BARN, PIG PEN -

VALENTINO - still brown and ugly, but now the biggest hog in
the world, dozes in the mud.

VITO'S WIFE (O.S.)
Vengeance!

Guiseppe enters, gun ready, pizza pans still around his neck.

GUISEPPE
Maybe he's just a bit tired!

VITO
Shoot dat swine!

As Guiseppe inches closer, Valentino takes notice.

GUISEPPE
He don't look so sick!

VITO
Shoot him, Guiseppe!

He uneasily points the gun. Suddenly Valentino hops up,
surprising Guiseppe. The huge pig eyes him menacingly.

GUISEPPE
I think he's all better!

VITO'S WIFE
Avenge your Papa!

Valentino snorts violently. Guiseppe turns to run but slips
in the mud. The gun flies from his hand, landing outside the
fence. The monstrous pig charges! Guiseppe crawls frantically
but he's too slow and Valentino reaches him, his sex drive
miraculously revitalized.

Just before the hulking amorous swine mounts him, Guiseppe
slips a pizza pan across his butt, blocking the great hog's
ambitious lust. But Valentino is not deterred, relentlessly
pounding Guiseppe across the mud and toward the fence.

Finally, face pressed against the fence, Guiseppe sees the
gun and reaches for it. BLAM! Valentino backs off and rears
up to his full height. He emits one final elated squeal,
smiles and collapses. Dead.

Guiseppe shoots him several more times.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - DAY

Grand-Mama and Mama play cards and drink wine. Old Carlo plays his accordion. Guiseppe walks up, covered in filth and carrying a bag.

GRAND-MAMA
Guiseppe! You smell like hog shit.

GUISEPPE
Maybe so. But guess what I got in
da bag?

He drops it on the table. Mama peeks in.

MAMA
Sausages. So what?

GUISEPPE
Not just any sausages, Mama.

He takes two in his hands. Huge, thick sausages.

GUISEPPE (CONT'D)
Sausage de Valentino.

Mama and Grand-Mama are shocked.

GRAND-MAMA
Valentino iz dead?

GUISEPPE
Finito.

He THUDS the sausages onto the table and sits.

GUISEPPE (CONT'D)
Vengeance iz mine.

GRAND-MAMA
Guiseppe. You need a woman.

He puts his muddy arms around both of them.

GUISEPPE
I got da two best women in da whole
world right here.

Grand-Mama slaps him, knocking him off his chair.

GRAND-MAMA
A woman to make da sex with!

Mama gasps in shock, but Grand-Mama is dead serious.

GRAND-MAMA (CONT'D)
 Guiseppe, you fight dat piggy
 today. What if dat was you in da
 sausage? Then who make da pizzas?
 You gotta no sons!

MAMA
 He'll be OK.

GRAND-MAMA
 OK, how? You chase all da girls
 away.
 (imitating her)
 Ooh, stay away. No one good enough
 for my boy. He gotta no sons!

GUISEPPE
 Iz OK, Grand-Mama. I just need to
 find da right one.

She wheels close to him.

GRAND-MAMA
 Come here.

He shies away, afraid of another slap.

GRAND-MAMA (CONT'D)
 Come here!

He leans in, cautiously.

GRAND-MAMA (CONT'D)
 Guiseppe, you da best pizza man in
 all Sicily. You can have any woman
 you want. But you gotta make a son.
 Da piggy curse kill your daddy at
 25. You're 24. Next year maybe da
 piggy kill you. You can't let da
 pizza die.

INT. PIZZA SHOP -

Guiseppe strips his muddy clothes to his tighty-whitey
 underwear, socks and shoes and slips on his shades.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP -

Guiseppe comes out.

MAMA
 Guiseppe! Where you going like dat?

GUISEPPE
Mama! I gotta wash up. Get rid of
da piggy shits.

GRAND-MAMA
You look like a bum.

He flexes.

MAMA
You crazy boy.

GUISEPPE
Crazy sexy. Watch, like da USA.

He turns and pulls his underwear into his butt crack to make
a thong, then wiggles his ass as he walks off.

GUISEPPE (CONT'D)
Thong, thong, thong, thong, thong.

GRAND-MAMA
(speaking to us again)
And he don't need a woman?

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN - showing a beautiful beach of white sand and soft
waves. An effeminate American VOICE speaks.

VOICE/SIMON (V.O.)
Some of the most beautiful things
come from Sicily.

An impossibly sexy girl strolls toward us. Shining black hair
falls on glistening tanned shoulders. A body from God in a
tiny bikini, yet with that alluring hint of innocence. This
is GINA (22).

PIZZA - on a small, elegantly set table.

VOICE/SIMON (V.O.)
And some of the tastiest.

Gina picks up a slice and brings it to her mouth. Sexy.
Tantalizing. She takes a bite...

VOICE/SIMON (V.O.)
A little taste of-

...and spits it out.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut!