

BANISHED FROM BROOKLYN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN - ESTABLISHING

The rising sun gleams off the Verrazano Bridge, illuminating the old Italian neighborhood of Bay Ridge. The Fatone's apartment lies on the second floor of a two-family house on 79th Street between 3rd Avenue and Ridge Blvd.

INT. BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Eerie lights flash outside the shaded window of a traditionally furnished old Brooklyn home and fade away.

JOHN FATONE, a burly Italian man in his 40ies, with wild jet-black hair, wakes to the BEEPING of his alarm clock in a cold sweat. Still only half awake he mutters things from the nightmare he rouses from.

JOHN FATONE

No. No. Get your slimy hands off of
me, you monstrous creeps! Let me go.
No. No!

HELEN FATONE, an Italian Edith Bunker, her hair still in curlers, sound asleep next to John, sits up abruptly, rips off her sleeping mask in a panic, and looks about frantically until she realizes her husband's plight and shuts the alarm.

HELEN FATONE

John. John. Wake up you're having
another nightmare.

John sits up, looks around, and tries to snap out of it.

JOHN FATONE

Oh man, oh God! It happened again,
Helen. I think I was abducted again.
I need to go back to Dr. Perrone and
get hypnotized to find out what they
did to me.

HELEN FATONE

It was just a nightmare, John. You
need to take the medication Dr.
Faraday gave you. It's all in your
mind like he said. That hypnotist is
a quack!

JOHN FATONE

No, it's not just a nightmare. It
was too real.

(MORE)

JOHN FATONE (CONT'D)

Those slimy ETs are experimenting on me- Hey, that quack is my second cousin!

Helen gets up out of bed and grabs a pill bottle on the night table next to her husband, showing it to him.

HELEN FATONE

This pill, John. Did you take it before you went to bed like you were supposed to?

JOHN FATONE

Yes. No. I can't remember now. They don't work anyway.

FRANKIE FATONE, their 14-year-old son with brooding Mediterranean good looks and dark limpid eyes, knocks on the door and enters.

FRANKIE

What's all the commotion? Some Saturday! No school. No church. My one day to sleep late, and you guys are enough to wake the dead!

HELEN FATON

It's nothing, Frankie, honey. Your father just had a nightmare!

JOHN FATONE

I did not! Those damn ETs abducted me again! There's probably puncture marks on me. Helen, look at my back and see.

John lifts his shirt for his wife to check on that.

FRANKIE

Oh no. Here we go again! That's gross Dad. Put your clothes on!

Helen looks at John's back.

HELEN FATONE

There's nothing there, John. It's all in your imagination!

RUDOLPHO (RUDY) FATONE, 12 years old and already looking like he needs to shave, enters the room in his pajamas, still half asleep.

RUDY

What's for breakfast? I want
pancakes, Mom.

FRANKIE

Oh great, Rudy's up. Now I'll never
get back to sleep!

HELEN FATONE

Rodolpho, sweetie, Mommy will call
you when they're ready. Get back in
bed and watch your cartoons.

Rudy stumbles back out, punch drunk with sleepiness.

JOHN FATONE

My nerves are shot, Helen. How am I
going to work like this?

HELEN FATONE

You'll be fine, John. Your brother
needs you. Jimmy can't make all
those pizzas himself, you know.

JOHN FATONE

Why do they keep coming back for me?
What do they want? Why me?

Helen hands John the bottle of pills.

HELEN FATONE

Take the pill, John. Now!

FRANKIE

Does insanity run in the family? Or
is it just Brooklyn that has this
effect on us?

John takes his pill as Helen grabs her Fatone Bros Pizzeria
waitress uniform and John's chef hat.

HELEN FATONE

Don't insult your heritage, Frankie.
No one is crazy in our family!

Helen puts her waitress hat on John's head and his chef's hat
on her own. John takes the cap off and looks at it.

JOHN FATONE

You dingbat! Give me my hat!

Frankie walks out in disgust.

EXT. FATONE BROS. PIZZERIA - DAY

Fatone Bros. Pizzeria looks surprisingly empty, nestled between the busy stores and bustling traffic on 3rd Avenue. Passersby in the street watch John Fatone toss pizzas.

JIMMY FATONE, late 30ies and unmistakably John's younger brother, opens the restaurant's front door as he recognizes a passerby.

JIMMY FATONE

Hey Arnie! What no lunch today? How 'bout a fresh slice just out of the oven?

ARNIE PAGANO, a portly middle-aged Joe Pesci type, passes by.

ARNIE

Agh. Not today Jimmy. I've got an appointment to keep.

Jimmy ducks back into the restaurant as Frankie walks towards the store from the other direction. Arnie forcefully pushes Franke aside to talk.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(to Frankie)

Listen you little son of a whack job. That was my favorite lunch joint in the entire city until your old man went off the deep end! Now nobody wants to go in there anymore and deal with that loony bin!

FRANKIE

Hands off the merchandise, Arnie, and look who's callin' who crazy. You got the nerve to come by for Christmas, and now my dad has a nervous breakdown and you act like he's got bubonic plague or something. Some friend you are!

Jimmy comes out of the restaurant onto the sidewalk and confronts Arnie.

JIMMY FATONE

What the hell Arnie? Leave my nephew alone. I thought you were in a hurry to get somewhere. So get!

ARNIE

I got no beef with you Jimmy. It's your brother. You gotta do something.

Arnie storms off down the street in a huff.

INT. FATONE BROS. PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant has no customers and Helen sits at a table and talks quietly on her cell phone, while John makes a pizza behind the counter.

HELEN FATONE

I'm not sure if I can convince John but I'll work on it. It's a good idea. Gotta go, bye Carmella.

Frankie and Jimmy enter the restaurant still surprised at Arnie's behavior.

FRANKIE

Can you believe the nerve of that guy, Uncle Jimmy?

JIMMY FATONE

Forget about that jerk, Frankie. He was always a hothead.

Helen puts the cell phone away and gets up to greet them.

HELEN FATONE

Frankie, honey. You hungry? We got nice hot slices that just came out.

FRANKIE

Naw, Ma, I'm good. Listen, can I borrow twenty bucks against my tips? We got band rehearsal later and I need some cash.

HELEN FATONE

Tips? Look around Frankie, This place doesn't need any help right now. But I'll spot you until things pick up again.

Helen hands him a twenty from her apron.

FRANKIE

Ma, you're the best. You know I'm good for it. Gotta go set up the equipment in the garage. Love ya.

Frankie turns and exits. Helen waits until he leaves.

HELEN FATONE
Jimmy, we gotta talk.

Jimmy looks at her puzzled as he takes a seat by her.

JIMMY FATONE
Sure, Helen. What's up?

Helen looks back at her husband to make sure he's busy.

HELEN FATONE
(whispering to Jimmy)
Listen, Jimmy. Things can't go on like this. John had another episode last night. He's not getting better and just look what it's done to business here!

Jimmy makes a gesture to comfort Helen who is emotional.

JIMMY FATONE
He's my brother and my business partner, Helen. What am I supposed to do, tell him to stay out of his own restaurant?

Helen tries to compose herself.

HELEN FATONE
No. Buy him out. Take out a loan and buy out his share.

JIMMY FATONE
What? And what is he going to do? What are you both going to do?

Helen turns around again to make sure John is still busy.

HELEN FATONE
Listen, I was talking to my sister, Carmella. She wants us to move up to New Hampshire near her. John needs to get away from all this. He needs a place where people don't know him so well. A place where he can make a fresh start.

JIMMY FATONE
What? Move up to the sticks? And what would you and John do in a place like that?

HELEN FATONE

Shh. He'll hear you. We could open up a pizza parlor there. Carmella says they don't have any nearby.

JIMMY FATONE

Oh, I don't know Helen. What kind of business do you expect to do? There's no traffic. You won't make much.

HELEN FATONE

That's the whole point, Jimmy. John can stay in the back out of sight and just cook. Frankie is almost old enough to drive and he could deliver.

Jimmy mulls it over.

JIMMY FATONE

I don't know Helen. This is big. I gotta think this out.

HELEN FATONE

You do that Jimmy. Talk to a bank, see what you can get. John needs this. I'll work on John. We gotta help him. Your brother needs this!

JIMMY FATONE

I'll see what I can do. Let me work on it.

Jimmy looks at the empty tables, pondering the idea.

HELEN FATONE

(calling to John)

You got those five pies ready yet? 623 is waiting on me to deliver.

JOHN FATONE

My arm Helen. It's killing me! I think those alien bastards put an implant in my arm!

Helen looks at Jimmy with alarm.

JIMMY FATONE

I'll work on it.

EXT. FATONE RESIDENCE - EVENING

Helen Fatone waves to a NEIGHBOR as she walks to her front porch stairs carrying some groceries. Lights shine from the windows in the garage at the far end of her driveway, and the sound of Frankie's band echoes into the street.

A NEIGHBOR

Make sure those kids are done making that racket by 9. I don't want to have to call the cops again, Helen.

HELEN FATONE

Not to worry. My shows are on tonight. I'll make sure of it!

INT. THE FATONE'S GARAGE - LATER

Frankie's four-piece garage band is set up in the detached two-car garage rehearsing a slow rock song. Frankie sits behind his keyboard as the band plays. The guitarist goes into a screaming heavy metal solo that doesn't fit in well.

FRANKIE

Hold it, hold it! What is that supposed to be Eddie? You got to be kidding me!

EDDIE McMullen, 14 a thin, pale unattractive roughneck with scraggly long dirty blonde hair brings his instrument to a screeching halt which brings the others to a stop.

EDDIE

What's the problemo? I was smoking it. Why'd you stop me?

FRANKIE

In case you missed it, this song is a love ballad! Sorry to cut short your trip into "Emo Land" but it doesn't go with the flow.

EDDIE

I'm trying to bring this boring song in a new direction. My take on it is a tortured love. That's my artistic interpretation.

FRANKIE

Oh, brother! Sal, what do you think? Is that solo wrong for the song or what?

SAL Torres, of Hispanic descent, lost in his thoughts, and looking slightly older than his friends, plucks a few notes on his well-worn bass guitar.

SAL

Gee, I dunno man. I just lay down the bottom, you know. The feel was kind of out with the groove Mickey and I was setting. But maybe he was getting around to it.

FRANKIE

Mickey? Your thoughts.

MICKY Sullivan, a mop-headed, muscle-bound Bonham-wanna-be pounds on his drums a few times.

MICKY

Can we just play man? We're never gonna get tight if we keep stopping.

FRANKIE

Look, dudes, you wanna work, right? If we're going to get picked to play at the school dance, then we have to play tunes you can dance to, not just stand there and listen to us like we're at a rock concert.

EDDIE

Yeah, okay stuff you can dance to. So how does this slow slit-your-wrist song qualify as that?

FRANKIE

There have to be some slow dances to make time with the babes. Look, I get you, Eddie. You have anger management issues 'cause your father split on you and your mom's never there 'cause she works two jobs, but why do you have to take it out on the music?

Eddie kicks his amp and causes the reverb to feedback.

EDDIE

(angrily)

I get enough of that pseudo-psychological bull from my court-ordered therapy sessions! You don't "get" me! Nobody gets me!

FRANKIE

Easy. Don't go postal on me. Just try a solo that is less metallic and more melodic.

EDDIE

Oh then maybe I should play this?

Eddie plays five unmistakable notes from the "Theme From Close Encounters" in a screeching lead guitar tone.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is that melodic enough for you?

FRANKIE

That's not right Eddie! This is my father's and my uncle's house. We wouldn't have a place to rehearse if it wasn't for my dad letting us use this garage! You got no business making fun of him!

MICKEY

Ease up, Fatone! Eddie is just being Eddie. He don't mean nothing by it. At least you have a real father! My stepfather just wishes I'd move out.

SAL

I wish I had someone in my life to make fun of, Frankie. You don't live with a girlfriend twice your age just so you won't be on the street.

Frankie looks disgusted and turns off his equipment.

FRANKIE

I'm glad we had this therapy session, but it's almost nine o'clock so our time is up. We might as well call it. Maybe next week we can get some music down.

The others start to pack up their equipment.

EDDIE

Maybe we could try playing some good music for a change?

SAL

Yeah. Eddie and I want to do more metal, man.

FRANKIE

Okay, so how 'bout you two come up with some original metal and we'll add it to what we know. But if you want to gig, we have to get down the dance stuff.

Eddie and Sal exit the garage, while Mickey lingers behind.

MICKEY

Frankie, you know those two can't come up with anything without you.

FRANKIE

I know. My world is falling apart, Mickey. My dad's falling apart, my band's falling apart. I feel like one of your drums, and life is just beating me senseless!

EXT. WILLIAM MCKINLEY JUNIOR HIGH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Drivers on Ft. Hamilton Highway pass by JHS 29 as kids surround the grounds of this overcrowded school with 10' high chain link fences. The bell RINGS and students head inside.

INT. WILLIAM MCKINLEY JUNIOR HIGH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Students hurry about the crowded school hallway grabbing books from their lockers and fooling around. Frankie opens his locker as Eddie and Mickey stand next to him.

FRANKIE

(to Eddie)

So have you and Sal come up with some original metal for the band?

EDDIE

Not yet. We're working on it.

Two large eighth-graders drag Frankie's brother Rudy bodily down the hall as he kicks and screams. They put a rubber Halloween mask of an alien over his head and stuff him into a locker.

RUDY

Let me go, let me go. Somebody help!

BULLY # ONE

Get back to your mother-ship, alien spawn. No genetic halflings are allowed in this school!

BULLY # TWO

Tell your old man to stop cheating on your mom with that three-eyed green chick that hatched you!

Frankie sees them picking on his brother down the hall.

FRANKIE

Hey! That's my brother! What do you think you're doing?

Frankie rushes over to the locker, pushes past the two goons, and opens it. Rudy crawls out with the mask still on him swinging blindly.

RUDY

Let me at um. Don't hold me back.

Frankie pulls the mask off of Rudy and pushes him behind him.

FRANKIE

(to the two bullies)
Save your strength for J.V. football. Wanna try that on me at practice this afternoon?

BULLY # ONE

Oh, come on Fatone. Tell me you never picked on a sixth grader before.

BULLY # TWO

Just 'cause you can throw a ball don't make you our quarterback yet. Couch wants a star athlete, not a star child.

Frankie loses it and lunges at him. A WHISTLE blows. COACH JONES approaches them before anything happens.

COACH JONES

Break it up, break it up! All three of you will be running laps this afternoon. Now get to class!

Frankie throws the mask to Rudy as he walks away with Eddie and Mickey.

RUDY

Why'd you hold me back? I had 'em on the ropes.

FRANKIE

Get to class Rudy, you'll be late.

EDDIE

(to Frankie)

Who were those guys?

FRANKIE

Just a couple of J. V. Football team goons. I don't even know their names. And thanks for backing me up. Some friend.

EDDIE

Sorry. It all happened too fast. Besides it was just a lame prank. It's not worth getting suspended for.

FRANKIE

Nice to know I can always count on you, Eddie.

They arrive at a classroom door. Frankie pauses before he enters, and appears frustrated and angry.

INT. DR. FARADAY'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

DR. FARADAY, early fifties of Asian descent, swings open the examining room door revealing Helen Fatone as John still sits on the examining table. Other HMO doctors and nurses attend to their patients in the busy medical facility.

DR. FARADAY

(to John Fatone)

Get dressed John.

The doctor exits the exam room followed by Helen.

HELEN FATONE

How is he, doctor?

DR. FARADAY

Well, the good news is John's as healthy as an ox.

HELEN FATONE

So there's nothing in his arm?

DR. FARADAY

No. The X-rays didn't show anything. It's all in his mind. Has he been taking the pills I prescribed last time?

HELEN FATONE

He keeps forgetting to take them.

DR. FARADAY

I know these delusions seem very real to him. But he's tossing pizzas all day, so of course his arms hurt. His mind is manufacturing these delusions because he doesn't want to admit that he can't do as much as he could when he was twenty.

HELEN FATONE

But doctor he's been doing this his whole life and his arms never bothered him before. Why is he having these dreams? Is he losing his mind?

DR. FARADAY

No, there's nothing wrong with his mind. There are no signs of Alzheimer's disease or dementia. His mind is sound. This is all stress-related.

HELEN FATONE

Stress is making him believe that aliens are abducting him?

DR. FARADAY

I did some research. There are something like three million Americans who think they've seen bright lights and had strange marks on their body and think they've been experimented on by aliens. But Psychological tests prove they're not psychotic or mentally ill.

HELEN FATONE

So you're telling me that my husband is one of three million perfectly normal basketcases walking around loose?

DR. FARADAY

(chuckling)

Your husband is not a basket case. John is suffering from CFS or Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. It's a lot like post-traumatic stress disorder or what they called shell shock in World War I.

HELEN FATONE

But he's never been in the service.

DR. FARADAY

This is a worldwide modern phenomenon, Helen. We think it's caused by sleep paralysis and waking hypnopompic hallucinations. Stress brings on a kind of temporary paralysis and visual and auditory hallucinations.

HELEN FATONE

So what's causing the hallucinations? What's paralyzing him?

DR. FARADAY

Stress, overwork, worry, poor diet. John is physically and mentally exhausted. These hallucinations are John's mind's attempt to get some rest. Basically, he's dreaming while he's awake.

HELEN FATONE

So... Like sleepwalking? But what can we do for him?

DR. FARADAY

Make sure he takes his pills. See if he can get more rest. And, get away, maybe take a vacation. God knows that just living in this city is plenty of stress in itself.

HELEN FATONE

Take a vacation away from the city? Well, let me ask you this. My sister thinks we should move up to the country near her. Would that be better for John?

DR. FARADAY

Well, a move might be A good idea.
But sometimes moving can be
stressful too. Would he be working
in a less stressful environment?

HELEN FATONE

Oh yeah. We'd be lucky to get any
business at all way up in the sticks
where Carmella is.

DR. FARADAY

Keep me posted Helen. And make sure
John takes his medicine.

Dr. Faraday walks off, clipboard in hand, as John exits the
examining room fully dressed.

JOHN FATONE

What did he say? What's wrong with
my arm?

HELEN FATONE

Your arm's fine. He said we need to
get out of this city.

Helen walks off as John follows behind, confused.

INT. THE FATONE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Mrs. Fatone is at the sink doing the dishes. Rudy enters,
throws his school books on the counter, and pours himself a
bowl of cereal. She throws the dish towel down abruptly.

HELEN FATONE

No hello? No kiss for your mother?
What you're too big for that now?

She throws her arms around her son and kisses his head.

RUDY

Maw! Come on, I'm eating here!

She feels his head and notices a bump.

HELEN FATONE

What's with this goose egg on your
head? What happened?

RUDY

It's nothing Ma. I tripped and hit
my head.

Frankie enters the kitchen. He heads straight to the refrigerator and starts to open it. Mrs. Fatone grabs his arm and stops him.

HELEN FATONE

What's with all these scratches on your arm? And look at your face! What's with all these cuts and bruises?

FRANKIE

It's nothing. I got piled on at J.V. Football practice, that's all.

Mrs. Fatone is skeptical.

HELEN FATONE

And I suppose that Rudy got his bumps and scrapes playing football too?

The two brothers look at each other, speechless.

RUDY

I told you I tripped and hit my head, Ma.

Helen lifts Rudy's arm revealing a huge bruise underneath.

HELEN FATONE

And you got that bruise under your arm when you fell?

She lifts the hair away from Frankie's forehead.

FRANKIE

What the heck, Ma?

HELEN FATONE

And you got that lump on your head right through your helmet? You two have been in a fight! Don't try to con your mother!

Helen storms out of the kitchen.

FRANKIE

You're imagining things, Ma.

Frankie sits down at the table looking upset.

RUDY

(whispering to Frankie)
She don't miss a trick, does she?

Frankie looks at Rudy in disgust.

FRANKIE

You tripped? That's the best you got?

Rudy shrugs his shoulders as Frankie smacks him in the head.

INT. ST. ANSELM R.C. CHURCH, BAYRIDGE - DAY

The Sunday mass ends as the congregation gets ready to leave. The priest, MONSEIGNEUR MALONEY, gives the final blessing.

MONSEIGNEUR MALONEY

The mass is ended. Go in peace.

Jimmy Fatone makes the sign of the cross as he and his wife, Joanne, help their two young daughters. JOANIE and JUDY FATONE push up the kneelers and shuffle towards the aisle.

Helen and John are seated with Frankie, in the next row, as their son Rudy, dressed as an altar boy, accompanies the exiting priest.

HELEN FATONE

Nice job, Rudy. You done good.

Monseigneur Maloney gives Helen a thumbs up. Helen turns around to greet Jimmy and his family.

JIMMY FATONE

My nephew, an altar boy! I hope St. Anselm's got good insurance.

(to Frankie)

How come you were never an altar boy, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Right, Uncle Jimmy. Good one!

Frankie chases after his little cousins, pulling their bows.

JOHN FATONE

Stop teasing your cousins, Frankie.

(to his sister-in-law)

Don't you look pretty, Joanne?

AUNT ROSA, a silver-haired 60ish little Italian woman, and a friend pull Helen aside in confidence.

AUNT ROSA

(Whispering to Helen)

We're all praying for John and you.

(MORE)

AUNT ROSA (CONT'D)
May Saint Dymphna, patron Saint of
mental illness heal him. Did you ask
Jimmy yet?

HELEN FATONE
I'm going to ask him now.

Helen signals Jimmy to slow down and fall behind, while the
rest of the family leaves the church.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)
(whispering to Jimmy)
Any word from the bank yet?

JIMMY FATONE
Three banks this week, Helen. The
best I found is only half of what
John's share of the business is
worth.

HELEN FATONE
That'll do Jimmy. So you buy us out,
and John can still own a quarter of
the business and be a silent
partner, with no share of the
profits. That way if things don't
work out for us in New Hampshire, we
can move home and buy back our
share. Maybe by then, things will
blow over and people will forget
about John's problem.

JIMMY FATONE
Okay, Helen. If you think you can
get started on that. But what about
the house?

HELEN FATONE
Aunt Rosa has been all alone since
Uncle Fred died. She wants to sell
her place, live off the money, and
rent our half of the house. She just
needs someone to look in on her.
Take out the garbage, make sure
she's still breathing, that sort of
thing.

JIMMY FATONE
Sure, Helen. I could look after her
if she's right upstairs. But when
are we going to tell John?

HELEN FATONE

You, me, Joanne, and all a whole bunch of the cousins, after Bingo Wednesday night. Family intervention in the rectory with Monseigneur Maloney presiding. He's going to tell John that this is God's will.

Jimmy nods in approval.

INT. THE FATONE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT WEEK

The family is finishing up dinner as Helen Fatone clears the table. Frankie and Rudy both stick their fork in the last chicken cutlet.

FRANKIE

Hey. I called dibs on that. You owe me after I saved your butt.

RUDY

No way you ate two more than me already. counted!

Helen Fatone abruptly cuts the cutlet in half like a Samurai.

HELEN FATONE

Share it!

John Fatone looks disturbed.

JOHN FATONE

So what am I- chopped liver?

HELEN FATONE

You're on a diet John. That's enough for you.

The two boys grab their halves and chow down. Helen takes her seat at the table.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

Listen boys your father and I have something we need to talk about. Family meeting time.

The boys drop their forks and stare down at their parents.

FRANKIE

Who died? Is it grandma?

HELEN FATONE

Nobody died! But we have an important decision to make and it involves all of us.

RUDY

Please don't downgrade the cable plan! I'll eat less, I promise!

Helen gestures for them to stop guessing.

HELEN FATONE

Now I know that Brooklyn is where our roots are all laid. And I know that everyone we know is here. And we know where to shop, and who's who, and who to trust and who not to trust, and the train schedules.

The boys grow impatient for her to get to the point.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

But there's a big world out there. Brooklyn is just part of a much larger world - just a cog in a...

JOHN FATONE

(interrupting)

Oh for crying out loud! We're moving to New Hampshire with your Aunt Carmella.

Frankie stands up abruptly.

FRANKIE

What? You got to be fa, fa, fa...
(he catches himself)
freakin' kidding me!

Rudy looks shocked. Tears well up in his eyes.

RUDY

Are we losing the pizza parlor?

HELEN FATONE

No honey. Uncle Jimmy is buying out half of our half of the business. And if things don't work out we can buy it back.

FRANKIE

What about the house? Are we selling it? Where will Uncle Jimmy live?

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Where are we going to live? In Aunt Carmella's apartment?

Frankie paces the floor trying to wrap his head around this.

JOHN FATONE

Your mother's got it all covered.

HELEN FATONE

We're using the money from Uncle Jimmy to buy a restaurant near Carmella. It's got a big apartment upstairs for us, bigger than this place. We just have to put in pizza ovens downstairs.

FRANKIE

So we're not selling the house? Who's living here? Can I live...

JOHN FATONE

No, you can't! You're coming! Aunt Rosa's moving in here.

HELEN FATONE

She's selling her house now that Uncle Fred's gone and she's paying us rent, and that money will pay the mortgage on the new restaurant, 'cause it won't make a lot just starting out.

FRANKIE

Some family decision. Don't sound like I have much of a choice here.

JOHN FATONE

You're fourteen. You don't!

Rudy wipes away his tears. Helen hands him the dish towel.

HELEN FATONE

You're almost 15. You'll have your license soon. We'll buy you a car and you'll be the delivery boy.

Frankie ponders the thought of having his own car.

FRANKIE

What kind of car? A compact?

JOHN FATONE

No, it's New Hampshire. You need a 4 by 4 to drive in all that snow.

Frankie becomes more open to that idea.

FRANKIE

Like the car. But I'll be changing schools. The kids are a bunch of hicks there, and my band. What about my band? They're my friends.

JOHN FATONE

Those bums are holding you back.

HELEN FATONE

You'll start a new better band.

RUDY

(crying)

Julietta Mastrioni! I'll never see her again!

The whole family looks at Rudy puzzled.

ENSEMBLE

Who?

FRANKIE

You're in love? You're twelve!

HELEN FATONE

Aw... My baby! You'll write.

John stands up, throws his napkin down, and starts to leave.

JOHN FATONE

Look. That's what's happening! It's for the best. I want a better life for you boys. This city is killing us. We need a fresh start!

Rudy gets up and hugs his father.

JOHN FATONE (CONT'D)

Fatone's Pizza is coming to New Hampshire. They need us there with the garbage they're eating.

John and Rudy walk out towards the living room.

HELEN FATONE

Sit down, Frankie. We need to talk.

Frankie sits down next to his mother.

FRANKIE

Look Ma, I know what this is about.
It's Dad's nightmares, isn't it?

HELEN FATONE

He's not getting better Frankie.
People are talking. It's ruining the
business. We have to get away.

Frankie gets angry.

FRANKIE

That's it? We're just going to turn
tail and run away? So we're banished
from Brooklyn, just like that?

HELEN FATONE

No one is banishing you. There's no
King of Brooklyn that is banishing
you.

FRANKIE

It's the same thing. I'm banished!

HELEN FATONE

Well, there is Kingsborough,
Brooklyn but there's no king there.

Frankie is disgusted and frustrated.

FRANKIE

Not helpful, Ma!

HELEN FATONE

Dr. Faraday says that the stress of
this city is killing your father.
He needs this. He has CFS, (Chronic
Fatigue Syndrome.) He needs our
help, Frankie. You have to do this
for him, so he can get better.

FRANKIE

But his CFS is ruining my life!

HELEN FATONE

Don't you love your father? La
Familia! This is what families have
to do for each other, make
sacrifices for the good of the
family.

Frankie realizes his mother is right, gets up, and walks out.

FRANKIE

Fine! We'll be so far from civilization! The Aliens won't find him! Tell me the truth, Ma. Is this all so Aunt Carmella can get a decent slice in that hick town? Fatone's Pizza North, here we come!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FATONE'S HOUSE - DAY

John Fatone stuffs suitcases in the family minivan while two of his friends help him close the back hatch. A crowd on the sidewalk says their goodbyes as moving men squeeze past them to load furniture on a truck.

ARNIE

How're we gonna play pinochle without you, John? You're screwing up Monday nights.

JOHN FATONE

I'm really going to miss that. I don't know anybody in New Hampshire that plays Pinochle.

JIMMY FATONE

Look on the bright side Arnie. With John gone maybe you can win a hand or two.

Eddie, Mickey, and Sal stand next to Frankie on the sidewalk.

SAL

We're gonna miss playin' with ya.

MICKEY

We're just another power trio without the keys now.

EDDIE

You're breakin' up the band, man.

Frankie kicks a can on the sidewalk.

FRANKIE

It's not like I have a choice here.

Jimmy Fatone passes by Frankie and his band.

JIMMY FATONE

(calling back to John)

I got a whole jar of quarters for tolls in the house, John. Take um.

Frankie pulls his uncle aside to talk to him.

FRANKIE

Uncle Jimmy, can I stay with you? I don't want to move. All my friends are here. I could help you make pizzas, and...

JIMMY FATONE

Frankie, Frankie, it's not that I wouldn't love to have your help. I got girls, but you can't do this to your father. He needs you!

FRANKIE

Yeah, Uncle Jimmy, I know but...

JIMMY FATONE

You will always be welcome in my house and in the family business. You know that. Give this a shot and if it flops you'll be back.

Frankie sadly accepts what his uncle has said. Jimmy passes by his wife, sister-in-law, and Aunt Rosa.

AUNT ROSA

Jimmy, Jimmy.

JIMMY FATONE

Just a sec' Aunt Rosa. I'll be right back.

HELEN FATONE

(to Jimmy's wife)

Joanne, you'll be fine. Just watch out for 623. They tip good, but if you're a minute late they want the order for free.

AUNT ROSA

Jimmy's such a good boy. Helen, don't you worry either. I'll take good care of the place. It will be so clean, you won't recognize it!

John Fatone gets behind the wheel of the minivan and signals his wife and kids to climb aboard. He leans out the window.

JOHN FATONE

(Calling out to the crowd)

Thank you everyone for coming by to see us off.

(MORE)

JOHN FATONE (CONT'D)

We're gonna miss everyone, and we'll
be back to visit for the holidays.

Helen and the kids get into the minivan, waving to everyone.
John starts the car. Jimmy taps on the driver's window.

JIMMY FATONE

Here's those quarters. Who knows if
Easy Pass works in New Hampshire?

JOHN FATONE

Thanks, Jimmy. I'll call when we get
to Carmella's.

John rolls up the window and turns to his wife sadly.

HELEN FATONE

Put the car in gear, John.

JOHN FATONE

Who am I gonna play Pinochle with?

FRANKIE

I'm never gonna find guys to be in a
band with Ma. This ain't gonna work.

HELEN FATONE

Look, all of you. We're doing this.
We're a family. We can do anything
if we do it together!

A hand reaches up and taps on the driver's window. John
lowers the window with a puzzled look.

JOHN FATONE

May I help you?

JULIETTA MASTRIONI, a very attractive 12-year-old girl with
long jet-black hair peeks through the open window.

JULIETTA MASTRIONI

Is Rudy there? Can I talk to him?

Rudy slides open the minivan's side door, jumps out runs over
to Julietta. The Fatones all lean out the driver's window.
Rudy looks back. They duck back inside, returning to peek.

RUDY

Julietta! You came to see me off?

JULIETTA MASTRIONI

Here's my phone number. Please call.

She hands Rudy a folded paper, kisses him on the cheek, and runs off. The Fatones sneak away from the window. Rudy walks back slowly, dazed and love-struck.

Rudy climbs into the van. His family looks back at him.

RUDY

I didn't even think she knew who I was.

They all smile to themselves. John pulls the van into the street and they drive off, waving goodbye to the crowd.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The Fatone's minivan travels out of the city and along the roads to New Hampshire as highway signs mark their journey;

They pass the "Welcome to Windham, New Hampshire" sign on rural Route 111, Haverhill Road;

The Fatones pull into the dirt parking lot of their new restaurant on Route 111 as AUNT CARMELLA greets them;

The moving men arrive and bring their belongings upstairs to their new apartment above the restaurant;

Helen and the boys clean up and unpack boxes as they marvel at their spacious home with a dining room and modern kitchen;

Piano movers deliver a baby grand piano to their new living room as a surprised and thrilled Frankie sits down to play;

Delivery men move in and install the pizza ovens in the restaurant as John throws the sign to the former place out;

Frankie and Rudy rake up debris in the dirt parking lot as Helen plants flowers and shrubs around the building;

John Fatone directs carpenters installing the new "Fatone's Restaurant/Pizzeria" sign as pavers lay down asphalt in the parking lot.

Helen puts red and white checkered tablecloths and candles on the tables of their new and improved establishment.

John and the boys string up a Grand Opening banner with flags and streamers;

END OF MONTAGE:

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

A Huge crowd is gathered outside for the Grand Opening. John Fatone hands out free slices of pizza from behind a booth. People help themselves to free plates of salad and cups of iced tea while Helen sells cans of soda in coolers.

JOHN FATONE

One slice each, please. You can get
back online for another.

AUNT CARMELLA (COLOMBO), 35, stylish and bearing a strong
resemblance to her older sister, approaches Helen.

AUNT CARMELLA

(To Helen)

Why don't you and John take a break?
I'd like you to meet my employer.

John has Rudy take over while Frankie fills in for Helen.
The Fatones go to greet a couple standing next to Carmella.

HELEN FATONE

So this is the doctor you work for?

AUNT CARMELLA

John and Helen, this is Dr. David
Houghton and his wife Donna.

JOHN FATONE

Pleased to meet you. Have you tried
the pizza?

DR. DAVID HOUGHTON, late 40s with a Fred MacMurray demeanor,
gives a warm handshake to John.

DR. HOUGHTON

Not yet, but everyone is raving
about it.

MRS. DONNA HOUGHTON, who emulates the warmth of the star of
"The Donna Reed Show," greets Helen with charm and grace.

DONNA HOUGHTON

Welcome to our little hamlet, Helen.
What a wonderful event! Everything
looks so beautiful!

HELEN FATONE

Have you seen what we did to the
inside of the old restaurant?

AUNT CARMELLA

Oh yes, Donna. You have to see this.
You won't recognize the place! Come
on girls.

The three women scurry inside the restyled restaurant.

DR. HOUGHTON

So, John, I hear you don't have a
doctor here yet.

JOHN FATONE

No, I've been too busy to look.

DR. HOUGHTON

I'm not taking new patients, but I'd
be glad to make an exception for you
and your whole family.

JOHN FATONE

Oh, that would be great! We don't
know anybody here yet.

DR. HOUGHTON

Fine, I'll have Mel schedule
appointments for you.

HERSHEL (HERSH) HOUGHTON, 15 years old, pulls his careless
blond hair away from his piercing blue eyes, and hands
Frankie a dollar bill as he steps up to the booth.

HERSH

Coke, please. Hey, I'm Hersh, Dr.
Houghton's son. Your Aunt Mel's our
office manager.

Frankie gives him the soda and a hand bump.

FRANKIE

Hey dude, I heard the Doc had a son
around my age. How old are you?

HERSH

I just turned 15 on August 3rd. My
parents redshirted me to give me an
academic advantage and I didn't
start kindergarten until I was 6.

FRANKIE

No way! That's my birthday! I just
turned 15 too. Mom didn't want to
let go of her baby. Are you going
into 9th grade at Windham?

HERSH

You too? That's crazy! Yeah, I'm trying out for the football team.

FRANKIE

What? Me too! I was my school's Junior Varsity quarterback.

Helen and the girls come back out of the building.

DONNA HOUGHTON

Oh, Helen, you are so creative! That was just a dingy old pub. Now it has the charm of an Italian bistro in Rome!

AUNT CARMELLA

What did I tell you? Wait until you taste John and Helen's cooking!

DONNA HOUGHTON

We are going to spread the word. This is a tight community. I'm president of the Lady's Auxiliary and the Bridge Club. Do you play?

HELEN FATONE

Funny you should ask. John really misses playing Pinochle.

DONNA HOUGHTON

Pinochle? Well, bridge is practically the same game. You both have to join!

HELEN FATONE

Oh, that would make John so happy.

FRANKIE

(Calling to Helen)

Hey Ma! The Doc's son and I have the same birthday!

HELEN FATONE

What a small world. I'll take over, honey. Go make friends.

Frankie steps away from the table to talk to Hersh.

FRANKIE

So what's there to do around here?

HERSH

Oh, there's lots to do. Boating,
hiking, hunting, nature trails...

FRANKIE

Yeah, I know there's all that
outdoorsy stuff, but where do kids
hang out? Where's all the action?

They head for a shade tree as the sun beats down on them.

HERSH

Action? I'm not following you.

FRANKIE

Let's see: Where do kids our age
gather, congregate, meet, hook up?

HERSH

Gee, I don't know: school, church,
Boy Scouts, camp?

FRANKIE

(sighs)
That's what I thought.

John sees Rudy struggling as people wait in line for a slice
as he and Dr. Houghton talk.

DR. HOUGHTON

You should join the Chamber of
Commerce here, too. Come to the
meeting with me on Wednesday.

JOHN FATONE

That sounds great, Doc. You're a big
help. I'd better get back to work
though.

John walks behind the counter and passes his wife.

HELEN FATONE

John and Donna invited us to join
the bridge club.

JOHN FATONE

Bridge? They got a bridge here?

HELEN FATONE

Cards, John. Like Pinochle.

John relieves Rudy as a mail truck SCREECHES to a stop.

JOHN FATONE

Good job Rudy. That's the mailman.

The postman places some letters in their curbside mailbox. Rudy dashes to the box and rifles through the envelopes.

RUDY

Yes, yes! Julietta Mastrioni!

He sniffs the perfumed envelope and sighs. Helen dumps more fresh salad in the bowl next to John.

HELEN FATONE

So what do you think, John? Should we play cards with the Houghton's bridge club? They meet on Monday nights. We're closed Mondays.

JOHN FATONE

Gee, I don't know. Monday's was pinochle with the guys. That's your 500 rummy night with the girls.

HELEN FATONE

Well, the 500 Club doesn't meet in New Hampshire.

JOHN FATONE

You and I play cards together? Coed cards? Men with women?

Helen looks peeved. Rudy comes running up to his mother.

RUDY

Look ma! She wrote me! Smell?

Helen sniffs the envelope.

HELEN FATONE

Perfumed! Very romantic! Make your father smell that!

Back under the shade tree, Hersh notices a beetle climbing up the tree trunk.

HERSH

Oh my God! Look at that beetle!

FRANKIE

Don't worry I'll get it!

Frankie takes off his shoe and whacks the bug.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Got it!

Hersh is horrified.

HERSH

That was a rare Cobblestone Tiger Beetle! I could have added it to my collection. Now it's just mush.

FRANKIE

Oh, sorry. Thought it was a roach.

HERSH

They're usually found on sandy beaches. It must have been in the fill they used for the parking lot.

Frankie scrapes the bug off his shoe.

FRANKIE

So you, um, know stuff about bugs?

HERSH

I collect them. I want to be an entomologist.

Frankie gives him a puzzled look.

HERSH (CONT'D)

Entomology? The study of insects?

FRANKIE

Got it. Bug nerd. Meet music nerd. I collect old sheet music.

They bump hands again and laugh.

The crowd starts to dwindle as people head for their cars. Donna Houghton motions for Hersh to join them.

HERSH

Gotta go.

Frankie heads for the house as he notices a new Cadillac convertible among all the Lincolns and SUV's in the lot. LIONEL RUMFORD, 60s, portly and gray-haired enters the security code on the door lock.

FRANKIE

Nice Caddy! You must be connected.

LIONEL RUMFORD

Yes, it is equipped with internet connectivity. You know your cars!

FRANKIE

(confused)

I meant... very nice car. Enjoy.

Helen Fatone comes from behind and hugs her son.

HELEN FATONE

Mobsters ain't the only ones with fancy cars, Frankie.

FRANKIE

This place is going to take some getting used to, Ma.

Helen seems to agree.

HELEN FATONE

Oh yeah, it is!

INT. FATONE'S N.H. APARTMENT - DAY

Ruddy sits at the table in the new eat-in kitchen and stares out the sliding glass doors to the second-story deck. Helen throws something in the built-in microwave as Frankie walks into the adjoining family room combing gel in his hair.

RUDY

I can't believe I have to go to school already! Where'd summer go?

Frankie pulls out a dusty old piece of sheet music, sits at the piano, and sings and plays the old song, 'School Days.'

FRANKIE

(singing)

School days, school days. Dear old golden rule days.

Frankie finishes singing and enters the kitchen.

HELEN FATONE

Very nice Frankie. My grandfather used to sing that song while he made the wine and grandma would say he was drunk on the smell of it.

FRANKIE

Great memories, Ma.

Helen serves Rudy his breakfast.

RUDY

Eggo waffles and a hot pocket? What the hey? Where's my pancakes?

HELEN FATONE

Mommy is under the gun today, honey. I have six trays of Eggplant Rollatini to make for the Woman's Service Club luncheon.

Helen puts a box of cereal in front of Frankie.

FRANKIE

There's more to life than food, little bro'. A whole new field of flowers awaits the Fatone boys.

Frankie combs his radical hairstyle with the gel.

HELEN FATONE

I don't think you're going to blend in with what you're wearing.

Frankie looks at his Brooklyn punk attire, puzzled.

FRANKIE

What? This is how I always dress. I'm not going all L.L.Bean to blend in. This is me!

HELEN FATONE

(calling to John)

John get up! You have pizzas to make for the luncheon.

(to the boys)

He sleeps like the dead with those new pills Dr. Houghton prescribed.

FRANKIE

Yeah, but no alien abductions yet!

HELEN FATONE

Knock on wood.

They knock three times in unison on the wooden table as the boys wolf down their food and head for the door.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bus SCREECHES to a stop in front of the house. The boys look up at the gleaming bus as curious faces peer out. Helen waves goodbye from the second-story deck.

FRANKIE

(to Rudy)

This is way different than catching the "B-16" city bus to McKinley!

INT. SCHOOL BUS

The boys board the bus reluctantly. Preppy-looking girls in argyle socks stare at them with alarm. The boys head for the bench in the back of the bus. A small kid decides to move up a few rows as they sit down.

FRANKIE

(whispering to Rudy)

Try to blend? It ain't happening!

RUDY

I'm worried Frankie. What if I get picked on here? You're in high school. You're not in the same school building as me now.

FRANKIE

Just text me. I'll get there. Besides, I got a feeling they're going to be scared of you... until they see what a wimp you are!

Rudy hits Frankie in the arm as hard as he can.

RUDY

How's that?

FRANKIE

Ow! Easy slugger!

EXT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING

The bus pulls up in front of the newly established high-tech high school. Frankie exits the bus and walks to the sidewalk. Rudy leans out the bus window and waves to his brother.

FRANKIE

(calling back to Rudy)

Give 'em hell, Slugger!

Frankie approaches the entrance to the high school amid well-dressed kids in designer clothes. He appears nervous.

INT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The bell RINGS. Students file through the hall to their classes. Frankie studies his schedule, trying to find his first class, confused.

INT. SPANISH CLASS - LATER

Frankie enters the class late. The other students are already seated. He hands the teacher a late pass.

FRANKIE
Sorry. I got lost.

MISS SPAGNOLO a 30ish Hispanic woman takes the pass disapprovingly and gestures towards the only empty seat left.

MISS SPAGNOLO
Sientate aqui. Por favor.

FRANKIE
Huh? I don't...

A girl in the front seat tugs at Frankie's clothes and pulls him back gesturing for him to sit down.

MISS SPAGNOLO
Welcome to Spanish II. Let's see what you remember from last year.

She hands out papers as students pass them back. Frankie looks around from his front-row seat.

MISS SPAGNOLO (CONT'D)
Who can answer question number one?
How about our late arrival,
Franklin? Which letter corresponds
to "Donde esta la bana?"

FRANKIE
Um... Is it "A" where is the banana?

The class laughs. People raise their hands. Miss Spagnolo calls on Hersh.

MISS SPAGNOLO
Hershel Houghton. Oh, are you
Ellie's younger brother?

HERSH

Yes, I am. It's "C" where is the bathroom?

MISS SPAGNOLO

That's correct. Number two?

More people raise their hands. Frankie glances back, notices Hersh, nods hello as he recognizes him, but sinks into his seat, embarrassed.

ALGEBRA CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Frankie sits in the back of this class, and Hersh is seated in the front row. MR. BENTON, a bespectacled, fresh-out-of-college Poindexter writes an equation on the whiteboard.

MR. BENTON

This is the type of problem we'll be learning how to solve this year. Does anyone know how to solve it?

The class looks dumbfounded. Hersh looks especially confused, but Frankie raises his hand. Mr. Benton motions for him to come up to the board, and hands him the dry marker.

FRANKIE

It's a quadratic equation. A squared plus B squared equals C squared. If this side is 3 and this one is 4 feet the hypotenuse would be 5 feet.

MR. BENTON

Not bad, Mister Fatone.

Frankie passes by Hersh on the way back to his seat. Hersh gives him a look of approval. Frankie smirks back proudly.

INT. HALLWAY

The bell RINGS. Frankie bolts out of the classroom. Preppy kids fill the hallway, staring at his odd attire and whispering about him with alarm. Frankie heads for his locker as a wimpy-looking guy tries to open the combination.

FRANKIE

Hey, what are you doing? That's my locker, dude!

TOMMY FAIRCHILD, a short skinny kid with horn-rimmed glasses holding a slip of paper, turns around, startled.

TOMMY FAIRCHILD

Huh? No, this is my locker. See here? Number 606.

Tommy holds up the green slip of paper that reads "606."
Frankie grabs the paper out of his hand and turns it around.

FRANKIE

That's "909" you moron! Are you kidding me - trying to break into my locker? How could anyone...

TOMMY FAIRCHILD

No, no... I would never. No wonder this combination wasn't working. See?

Jimmy nervously flips the green slip over revealing the locker combination handwritten on the back.

FRANKIE

You could have wrote that yourself. Don't try to con me! Nobody cons Frankie Fatone!

Frankie hits the locker in anger.

TOMMY FAIRCHILD

(nervously)

You're Frankie Fatone? I'm sorry Mr. Fatone! My bad! It won't happen again. I don't want to sleep with the fishes!

Tommy hurries off in a panic. Passersby stop and stare.

FRANKIE

(whispering to himself)

Easy Fatone. Sleep with the fishes? Now they all think I'm a mobster? Nice going!

CAFETERIA - LATER THAT DAY

Frankie picks up his tray as the cashier finishes scanning his lunch card. A sea of uninviting faces gives him icy stares and the girls seem afraid of him, so he sits at an empty table. Hersh gets up from his friends and sits by him.

HERSH

Have you been following me? You're in all my classes so far.

FRANKIE

Hey, I know you. The bug guy.
Hersh, the docs son, right?

HERSH

(laughingly)
That's right, and you're that
gangster, Frankie Fatone, everyone
is talking about.

Frankie stops eating in frustration.

FRANKIE

The day ain't half over and already
I got a reputation.

HERSH

Give everyone a chance to get to
know you. They'll come around. Let
me see your schedule.

Frankie takes his schedule out of his backpack.

HERSH (CONT'D)

Yep. We have all the same classes
except for band and chorus. You have
three study halls?

FRANKIE

You have to audition to get in and I
wasn't here last year. Besides I
don't play an instrument, just
piano.

HERSH

Come with me to band. I hear you're
pretty good and Mr. Rossi could use
you. He's my Dad's best friend.

FRANKIE

That would be great! I miss playing
in a band.

HERSH

What about chorus? There's never
enough guys. Mrs. Carmichael will
let you in. Can you sing?

FRANKIE

I'm a tenor, but I thought it was
too late to join.

HERSH

Just come. She'll write you a note and get your schedule changed. When people see you in band and chorus they'll get the message.

FRANKIE

Solid! Thanks, dude! Everything here is so different from Brooklyn. I kind of stick out, huh?

HERSH

Just a bit.

They both laugh about it. The bell RINGS. Students head for the exit. Frankie rushes ahead, finding his way.

CHRISTINA HOLLANDER a shapely blonde student approaches Hersh. She seems concerned.

CHRISTINA

Hersh, why are you talking to that gangster?

HERSH

He's not a gangster, Christina. I've met his family. Everyone's wrong about him. You'll see.

Christina seems puzzled as they exit.

CHOIR ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

MRS. CARMICHAEL, a bubbly 30ish, slightly plump woman with an artistic flare, organizes her music at the piano. Hersh and Frankie stand next to each other in the tenor section on the choir risers.

HERSH

(whispering to Frankie)
She has trouble playing and conducting.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Okay, let's try that again. All together now: one, two three.

The choir sings "Carol of the Bells" while Mrs. Carmichael botches the piano accompaniment until it all falls apart.

MRS. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, let's try that again. I do have a CD for this somewhere.

Frankie waves his hand to get her attention.

FRANKIE

I can play that for you if you'd like. Mind if I try?

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Come on down, Frankie. Let's see how you do.

Frankie sits at the piano while Mrs. Carmichael goes to the podium to conduct. She quietly counts off the first three beats and starts the piece.

CHOIR

(Singing)

Hark how the bells, sweet silver bells, all seem to say, throw cares away...

Frankie nails the piano accompaniment like a pro. Mrs. Carmichael beams with excitement as she conducts. She brings the choir to a sudden halt.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Oh, my God! You are the answer to a prayer, Frankie! Choir, we have an accompanist! Let's take it from the top, this time with feeling!

The choir begins the piece again with Frankie playing away. Hersh gives Frankie a thumbs up.

BAND ROOM - LATER

Students get their instruments ready for rehearsal. A group of girls with clarinet reeds in their mouths approach the band director. MR. ROSSI, a 40-year-old "Ray Ramano" look alike, tries to repair a flute pad, and acknowledges them.

MR. ROSSI

What's up, girls?

AMY, a freckled-faced tinsel-mouth, pries her reed from her lips, with some friends.

AMY

Mr. Rossi, you have to hear this new kid play the piano! But forget what he looks like. He's not what he seems.

HERSH, TRUMPET IN HAND, APPROACHES MR. ROSSI WITH FRANKIE.
THE GIRLS SCAMPER OFF GIGGLING.

HERSH

Mr. Rossi, my friend Frankie Fatone wants to join the band. He plays the piano really well.

MR. ROSSI

So I hear. Can you read jazz chords, Frankie?

AMYFRANKIE

Chords are my forte.

MR. ROSSI

Perfect! This first piece doesn't use the piano. Think you can handle the marimba? Can you read notes?

FRANKIE

Of course, I can. I'll need to get used to the mallets though.

MR. ROSSI

Finally! A percussionist that reads more than rhythms. You're in! I'll add you to the list.

Frankie takes his place in the percussion section, while Hersh joins the trumpets. Amy turns around from her first chair clarinet seat and waves a nervous hello to Frankie. Frankie waves a quick hello back and smiles.

EXT. WINDHAM MIDDLE SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD - DAY

Middle school students play catch and basketball at recess. Rudy sits on a bench next to ANDY ANDERSON, a fat kid, who wolfs down a sandwich. A gang of bullies approach them.

BULLY # ONE

That's enough calories for you!

The BULLY, a large red-necked 8th grader, grabs the sandwich from Andy's hands and throws it on the ground.

ANDY

Hey, what the...

BULLY # ONE

Now hand over your lunch money little piggy. We're putting you on a diet!

Tears trickle down Andy's face as he pulls out some cash.

RUDY
No way José!

Rudy gets up, gets in front of Andy, and pushes the oversized bully in the chest.

BULLY # ONE
Nacho business new-bee! Who do you think you are? You wanna go man?

RUDY
I'm Rudy Fatone from Brooklyn and you're not shaking down dudes right in front of me. Rudy don't do nachos!

Rudy pushes the bully in the chest again.

BULLY # ONE
Give you this. You got some set Fatone. I could use a guy like you in my gang.

RUDY
Rudy don't do gangs.

The bullies turn and walk away.

BULLY # ONE
Think about it, tough guy.

Rudy picks up the sandwich and throws it in the trash.

ANDY
Gee, thanks for sticking up for me!

RUDY
What a waste of a perfectly good sandwich! You have to stand up to guys like that. Don't they teach you anything about bullying here?

ANDY
Well, there were three of them.

Rudy sits back down on the bench next to Andy.

RUDY
That don't matter. When you stand up to them they can't take on the whole school if others step in. Where are all your friends?

ANDY
I don't really have any.

RUDY
Well, you got one now.

Andy beams with appreciation.

INT. FATONE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING - LATER THAT DAY

Mrs. Fatone Walks into the formal dining room from the kitchen, carrying a huge aluminum tray spewing steam, and sets it on the table. The two boys and John look on in anticipation as she uncovers the foil.

FRANKIE
Why are we eating so early Mom?

HELEN FATONE
Your father and I are playing cards with the Houghton's tonight.

RUDY
Why aren't we eating in the kitchen?

HELEN FATONE
We have a dining room now, so we're going to use it. It's roomier!

JOHN FATONE
What's for dinner?

HELEN FATONE
Eggplant Rollatini, angel hair pasta, and tossed salad. I made extra for us from the Woman's Club luncheon.

FRANKIE
Mom, you're the best!

The men fill their plates like a pack of starving wolves. Helen brings in the other dishes and joins them at the table.

HELEN FATONE
So how was the first day at the new school, Frankie?

FRANKIE
Maybe you were right about that blending-in stuff, Ma. The girls are all scared of me. They think I'm a mobster!

HELEN FATONE

Like my grandmother told me, "Paese
che vai usanza che trovi."

They all look at her puzzled.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

It's the Italian version of "When in
Rome, do as the Romans do."

FRANKIE

But I don't want to be a phony. I
hate flannel shirts and blue jeans.

HELEN FATONE

You like sports teams. So wear your
Yankee shirt and jogging pants that
Grandma got you. That's still you.

Frankie ponders the thought.

JOHN FATONE

Yankees? We're right outside of
Boston. He'll get jumped by Red Sox
fans.

HELEN FATONE

We're not in Brooklyn, John.
There's no street gangs in Windham.

JOHN FATONE

'Cause there's no streets here-
only routes with no sidewalks!

They all laugh.

HELEN FATONE

How about you Rudy honey? How was
Middle school?

RUDY

I stopped some chumps from shaking
down a kid. This is "Candy Land." A
walk in the park. I'm liking it.

FRANKIE

It's going to take some adjustment,
but the Doc's son is showing me the
ropes. Some new threads, maybe a
different haircut... I'll figure it
out. Fatones are survivors.

HELEN FATONE

That's the spirit.

The men go for a second helpings at the same time.

EXT. WINDHAM TOWN HALL - LATER THAT EVENING

The Fatone's minivan enters the circular driveway, passes a huge stone-faced building that looks like a castle, and parks the car in the lot. John and Helen exit the vehicle and walk down the sidewalk.

JOHN FATONE

That's where we're playing cards?
With who, the Sheriff of Nottingham?

HELEN FATONE

No, John, that's the Windham Museum.
The town hall is right here.

Helen points to a small white building that resembles an old schoolhouse, next door.

INT. WINDHAM TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Fatones enter the lobby and notice a sign that reads: "Bridge Club Tonight." The door to the main hall swings open and Donna Houghton greets them.

DONNA HOUGHTON

There you are! David's holding our
table for you. Come on in. We're
just about to start.

MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with dozens of people seated at card tables. A lieder board is set up with the player's names. Donna escorts the Fatone's to their table where Dr. Houghton greets them.

DR. HOUGHTON

So glad you both came! John you're
going to pick this up quickly. It's
a lot like Pinochle. The bidding is
where it gets tricky.

JOHN FATONE

It's going to take some getting used
to. This is different than playing
cards with the guys.

HELEN FATONE

Look at all these people. This is a very popular game!

An elderly lady passes out fresh decks of cards. Dr. Houghton opens it, shuffles it, and deals out the hands. John looks at his hand of cards in confusion.

DR. HOUGHTON

Okay, let's try an open hand and I'll show you how this all works.

They all place their cards face up on the table as Dr. Houghton explains how the game is played. John listens intently. John and Helen play the open hand with the Houghtons asking questions and comparing Bridge to Pinochle.

MAIN HALL - LATER

Donna Houghton adjusts the evening results on the Leaderboard. She turns and addresses the players.

DONNA HOUGHTON

Thank you all for coming. I'd like you all to welcome our new members, John and Helen Fatone. It looks like they're formidable competitors!

The assembly applauds. John and Helen beam with pride.

INT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - BAND ROOM - DAY

The Jazz Band plays the last few notes of 'Take Five' with Mr. Rossi at the podium.

MR. ROSSI

Okay, pack it up. Good rehearsal kids!

Frankie plays some original music on the piano. Christina puts her clarinet away in her locker which is near the piano.

CHRISTINA

Frankie, that is so beautiful. Did you write that?

FRANKIE

Yeah, just something I'm working on.

Hersh is packing up his trumpet in an adjacent locker.

HERSH

Don't be so modest Frankie. You should hear some of the stuff Frankie writes, Christina.

CHRISTINA

Really there's more?

Mr. Rossi has been listening in and approaches.

MR. ROSSI

So you're a composer, Frankie?

Frankie becomes slightly embarrassed.

FRANKIE

Well, I wouldn't exactly say that.

Hersh interjects, to brag about his friend.

HERSH

Mr. Rossi, this guy's a musical genius! You should hear what he's got on his computer! It's like symphonic!

Mr. Rossi pauses for thought.

MR. ROSSI

You know, Frankie, I was a composition major at Berklee. If you want I could give you some lessons on your lunch break. No charge.

FRANKIE

Really? You'd do that for me? That would be so awesome!

The bell rings and Frankie leaves thanking Mr. Rossi again.

EXT. WINDHAM MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

RUDY gets off the bus in front of the school, still feeling new and uneasy. Fat Andy and some skinny kids surround him. The bullies look on disapprovingly from a distance.

ANDY

Rudy, So glad you're here. Can we walk with you to our lockers?

RUDY

Sure, no problemo.

Rudy enters the school followed by his new entourage of timid friends. They pass the group of bullies who aren't happy.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - LATER THAT DAY

Middle schoolers play basketball and volleyball on the newly waxed gym floor. There are gym mats on the floor at one end, where some girls practice floor routines.

Rudy and his new entourage stand by the mats watching the girls. The bullies roughhouse playing basketball.

ANDY

So do you like know Karate, Rudy?

RUDY

No, but I always wanted to learn.

ANDY

You should talk to Roseanne. She takes Karate lessons.

Andy points to ROSEANNE, a shapely strawberry blonde, who is practicing her Kata moves on the mats. Intrigued, Rudy approaches her.

RUDY

So what kind of martial arts are you practicing?

ROSEANNE

I'm practicing my Kata. I study Taekwondo. I heard about you standing up to those jerks. Do you know how to defend yourself?

RUDY

I got a few moves.

ROSEANNE

Okay, tough guy show me.

Rudy takes a fighting stance and moves towards Roseanne. She grabs his arm and flips him over onto the mat with a THUD. Rudy lies on his back looking up at her with admiration.

RUDY

Woah! That was so cool! Where do you take lessons?

ROSEANNE

At the Dojo, right down the street on Lowell Road. You should join.

Rudy climbs to his feet with a newfound love in his eyes. The bell rings, and Roseanne leaves as Rudy follows after her.

INT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - CHOIR ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Carmichael conducts the choir as they finish the last strains of 'Carol of the Bells' with Frankie on the piano. She beams with pride and sighs.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

That was wonderful! We're going to be a smash at the Christmas concert!

The bell rings and the students grab their belongings and head for the door.

Frankie puts his piano music away, as Mrs. Carmichael approaches him.

FRANKIE

How'd I do today, Mrs. Carmichael?

MRS. CARMICHAEL

You do such a fine job of accompanying the choir, Frankie. I can't believe you're self-taught. You never took any lessons?

Frankie hesitates, slightly embarrassed.

FRANKIE

We didn't have room for a piano in Brooklyn. I only had my electric keyboard. Now I have a real piano!

Mrs. Carmichael looks at him sympathetically.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

You know, although I'm the choir director here, I was a piano major at the Boston Conservatory. Accompanying is a special skill.

FRANKIE

Yeah, staying in time with a group is different than soloing.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Exactly. You have such talent, but all talent needs guidance. Would you like to take lessons?

Frankie's eyes light up.

FRANKIE

I don't think my folks can afford that.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Oh, I wouldn't want money. Just the opportunity to say you were studying with me is the best advertisement I could buy. Interested?

FRANKIE

Are you kidding? Of course, I am!

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Great! One lesson a week, but you have to promise to practice the assignments every day! See you after school today at 3:00 sharp.

Frankie walks out into the hall, stops, picks up his shoe, and looks at the bottom soul.

FRANKIE

Fatone, you must have stepped in it when you moved here! Wow!

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - EVENING

The parking lot is filled with Cadillacs and Lincolns. An SUV parks in the street, and the Houghton's get out, and walk towards the restaurant. Hersh walks alongside a young lady.

ELLIE HOUGHTON, 17 years old, a blonde and beautiful cheerleader type, walks alongside her brother.

ELLIE HOUGHTON

Is it always this crowded?

HERSH

Dad reserved our table. The word is out. The food's great here!

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

Every table is occupied except for one. People are waiting to be seated on a bench by the door. The Houghton's enter. Helen Fatone in her waitress uniform rushes over to greet them.

HELEN FATONE

Thank God you're here! I'm tired of explaining why they can't have that table in the corner.

After a quick hug, Helen escorts them to their table and hands them menus.

Hersh spies Frankie working at the takeout window and waves. Frankie waves back.

FRANKIE

Yo, bug man!

A table of diners gets up to leave, as Helen picks up the bill. Rudy buses the table and prepares it for the next group.

HELEN FATONE

Thank you. I hope you enjoyed it.

The family gestures how dinner was wonderful. Helen seats the next group.

Rudy clears off another table as a familiar face enters with her parents and Tommy Fairchild.

ROSEANNE

(to her father)

I hope they have more than just pizza, Dad.

Mr. Fairchild, a distinguished, be-speckled gentleman, waves to Dr. Houghton.

MR. FAIRCHILD

The Houghtons said that they have a wonderful selection of Italian food.

Rudy sees Roseanne and panics. He quickly ducks into the kitchen with his tub of dirty dishes. Helen enters the kitchen to put in an order.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

Rudy tries to stay out of sight through the takeout window. Helen looks at him curiously.

RUDY

Ma! Get Frankie to bus the tables.
I need a break!

HELEN FATONE

What's up? You don't look right.

Rudy hems and haws uneasily.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

It's that girl that came in. I saw you look at her. You know her?

RUDY

She's in my gym class. I don't want her to see me like this.

Helen gives her son an all-knowing look.

HELEN FATONE

Get upstairs and do some homework. Frankie will cover for you.

BACK TO SCENE

Frankie exits the kitchen with some water glasses and brings them to the Houghton's table. Aunt Carmella dressed in a waitress uniform comes to their table to take their order.

DR. HOUGHTON

Mel, what are you doing here? Don't I pay you enough?

AUNT CARMELLA

I'm just helping out until they find another waitress. Family! I can't say no.

DR. HOUGHTON

You're a saint, Mel. So what looks good tonight?

FRANKIE

(interrupting in a whisper)
Don't order the Shrimp *Fra Diavolo!* Dad over-seasoned it, and Mom is pissed at him!

AUNT CARMELLA

Yeah, but the swordfish special is excellent, or the *Zuppa di Pesce*.

The table next to the Houghton's opens up and Helen seats the Fairchild's next to them. Frankie places water glasses and a bread basket on their table. The Fairchild's and the Houghton's exchange greetings.

MR. FAIRCHILD
 (to Dr. Houghton)
 Thanks for recommending this place,
 John. It smells wonderful in here!

TOMMY FAIRCHILD
 (to Frankie)
 Hey Frankie. Say, I've been meaning
 to apologize about that 'sleep with
 the fishes' remark.

FRANKIE
 Forget about it, Tommy. We're
 bandmates now, and you're great on
 that sax, dude.

Helen comes over to join them for a 'sec. Tommy expresses his
 thanks.

DR. HOUGHTON
 Helen, how is John sleeping? Any
 more nightmares?

HELEN FATONE
 Those pills work like a dream, Doc.
 He sleeps like a baby!

Both Helen and Frankie knock three times on the table in
 unison and say "cent'ann'", (pronounced like jin don.) They
 all laugh.

INT. FATONE'S DINING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

The whole family is gathered at the dinner table eating.

HELEN FATONE
 More Shrimp Fra Diavolo, John?

JOHN FATONE
 I think I'm full.

HELEN FATONE
 No, I insist. Have some more!

The two boys laugh.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)
 And don't you ever touch my cooking
 again! Eat up!

Rudy stops eating, and fidgets in his chair.

RUDY

Dad, I want to take Karate lessons.

John pauses for thought.

JOHN FATONE

Lessons are expensive, but you've worked hard. Get me a price.

HELEN FATONE

Karate lessons? Are you being bullied again?

RUDY

No Ma, nothing like that. I got a friend that takes lessons near the school.

HELEN FATONE

Friend? What friend?

Rudy stammers and stutters.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

Oh... It's that girl. The Fairchild's daughter.

Frankie stops eating and stares his brother dead in the eye.

FRANKIE

You like Tommy's sister. Roseanne?

John chokes on his spicy shrimp and guzzles down water.

JOHN FATONE

A girl? Who takes karate?

RUDY

She flipped me on the mat in one move! I can't let a girl kick my ass, Dad! I need lessons to stay strong!

John grumbles, realizing that his son is playing him.

JOHN FATONE

Fine. Get me a price.

FRANKIE

(angrily)

No fair. I want Karate lessons too!

JOHN FATONE

How are you going to find time for all this? Piano lessons, composition lessons, football, work, and now Karate?

Frankie mulls over his father's question.

FRANKIE

While we're on that point, How am I supposed to practice piano, and be quiet up here during restaurant hours?

John looks at Helen, and they both get an all-knowing look.

JOHN FATONE

Your mother has an idea.

HELEN FATONE

Your father and I think we should buy a piano for the restaurant, and that you should play for the customers in the restaurant.

Frankie is shocked but excited.

FRANKIE

You think I'm good enough? You think I'm ready?

Helen and John show their approval.

JOHN FATONE

A small piano, one of those electric ones that have a volume control. On the weekends to start. You'll play for tips.

HELEN FATONE

None of this would be possible if the restaurant wasn't doing so well.

They all raise their glasses, and say "Ah Salute."

INT. CHOIR ROOM - DAY

Frankie sits at the piano with Mrs. Carmichael seated beside him. The empty room echoes with the sound of Frankie's playing a Beethoven sonata. Through the windows, you can see students boarding the busses after school.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

You have the notes, but pay more attention to the fingering I've marked.

Frankie acknowledges her and looks up at the school clock.

FRANKIE

I will, but I've got to run. Football tryouts are today.

Frankie grabs his music and dashes out the door.

EXT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD

The students are lined up in formation on the field already. Frankie runs out of the locker room to join them, strapping on his helmet. Hersh is in line. Frankie stands next to him with other ninth graders.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The coach runs the ninth-grade football team hopefuls around the field and puts them through jumping jacks and exercises.

The seniors join them, and they pair off against much bigger kids in a "Pit Drill" where two guys line up and go at each other as hard as they can.

Hersh is pitted against a huge senior who flattens him on the first encounter.

Franke goes up against an even bigger guy who sends him flying when they collide.

END MONTAGE:

COACH RICHARDSON, 40, a Craig T. Neilson lookalike, makes the final cut for his varsity team.

BACK TO: SCENE

The top picks for the varsity team all line up. Hersh and Frankie are on the bench with the other ninth graders.

COACH RICHARDSON

I want to thank you all for trying out today. Remember you have three more years to try out, and the option to join the freshman team.

The audience and the ninth graders applaud the Varsity Team. Hersh turns to Frankie next to him on the bench.

HERSH

I feel like I've been hit by a truck! We were just tackling dummies for those seniors.

FRANKIE

Yeah, even the Juniors were gigantic! I was the quarterback in my Middle School in Brooklyn. It's like the 6th grade all over again!

They both look around at the competition on the bench.

HERSH

Yeah, I'm going to wait till next year after I've put on some weight. I'm not risking getting hurt just to play on the Freshman team.

FRANKIE

Yeah, me too. I love the game but I need to fill out a little and pump some iron.

The two boys head for the locker room a bit discouraged.

HERSH

We'll have a little more free time. You should join my scout troop with me. It's a lot of fun!

FRANKIE

I don't know. I'm not really the outdoorsman type.

HERSH

It's not really about that. It's more about survival. It could save your life.

FRANKIE

Well, the Fatones are survivors.

HERSH

You'd have a blast with us. It's the same guys in the band.

FRANKIE

Hmmm... Okay, I'll give it a try

INT. FISTS OF IRON DOJO, WINDHAM, NH - EVENING

Twenty teenage students are assembled in the traditional Japanese-style interior. SENSEI JOHNSON, a mid-40s man of mixed racial background, stands in front of the class. Frankie and Rudy stand in the doorway dressed in a Gi.

SENSEI JOHNSON

Class, I'd like to introduce two new additions to our class: Frankie and Rudy Fatone. Help to show them what we learn here.

Frankie and Rudy join the class in the back of the neatly formed lines.

SENSEI JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Position number one.

The class assumes the correct stance.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The class moves through their trained series of movements in a sequence called a Kata.

Frankie picks up the movements quite quickly. Rudy is slow and awkward at following the patterns of the Kata.

Roseanne tries to help Rudy, who is a little shy about it.

The class progresses into individual sparring in pairs. Rudy spars with Roseanne.

Frankie spars with Tommy Fairchild, who is still a little bit scared of him. Frankie blocks all of Tommy's hits.

Roseanne once again flips Rudy on his back and he hits the mat hard, knocking the breath out of him.

END MONTAGE:

Sensei Johnson dismisses the class and helps Rudy up.

SENSEI JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Are you alright, Rudy?

RUDY

Yes, Sensei. I just got the wind knocked out of me for a 'sec.

SENSEI JOHNSON

Roseanne is one of my best students.
I've been watching you. I think you
show great promise.

RUDY

I thought I did terrible, Sensei.
My brother looked like he did a lot
better than me.

SENSEI JOHNSON

Frankie moves well, but much of what
we learn here comes down to
attitude. You move fearlessly. You
have the heart of a tiger.

Rudy isn't sure what his teacher means.

RUDY

Everyone in the class knows so much
more than me.

SENSEI JOHNSON

You have work ahead of you, but if
you practice regularly, I think you
will be ready to compete in our
tournament this spring.

RUDY

Do you really think so?

SENSEI JOHNSON

I guarantee it. Roseanne won't be
able to flip you like that much
longer.

Rudy's face lights up as they prepare to leave the class.

INT. FATONE'S PIZZERIA, N.H. - EVENING

The restaurant is packed. There's a new electric piano in a
corner, that resembles a real spinet piano. The Houghtons,
the Fairchilds, and Christina's family, the Hollanders have
tables, next to each other. Rudy pours water for them.

ROSEANNE

(to her father)

Dad this is Rudy, the owner's son.
He's in my grade and just joined my
Karate class at the Dojo.

MR. FAIRCHILD

How nice. Go easy on him Roseanne,
and maybe he can give you a few
recipes.

They all laugh.

TOMMY FAIRCHILD

Frankie joined Karate too.

RUDY

He did, but tonight's his big piano
debut here, so breaking blocks of
wood is not an option for him.

Aunt Carmella takes orders from Mrs. Carmichael and her
husband MR. CHARMICHAEL, a rotund man in his 40s. Mr. Rossi,
the band director is seated with them, unaccompanied.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

So, you're Frankie's Aunt? This
really is a family restaurant!

AUNT CARMELLA

Yes, and you're the choir director,
and this is...?

MR. ROSSI

I'm John Miller the band director.

Mr. Rossi's eyes light up, and Carmella blushes, as Helen
takes notice. The waitresses bring the orders into the
kitchen.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

Carmella puts up the order for John, as Helen comes up hot on
her heels.

HELEN FATONE

Who's the guy at Mrs. Carmichael's
table? He likes you! Is he single?

AUNT CARMELLA

Oh, I don't know. He is handsome.
He's Frankie's band teacher, Mr.
Rossi.

John Fatone takes the order down and turns to Frankie.

JOHN FATONE

Okay, son, I got this. Time for your
big debut.

Frankie takes off his apron and puts on his sports jacket.
Helen helps him put on the jacket and dusts off some flour.

HELEN FATONE
(quietly to Frankie)
Don't be nervous. You'll be great!
Is Mr. Rossi married?

FRANKIE
My band teacher? I don't think so.

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

Frankie comes out of the kitchen followed by Helen. He walks over to Christina.

FRANKIE
Christina, thank you for coming.

CHRISTINA
I had to be here for band support.
This is my parent's first time here.

FRANKIE
(to the Hollanders)
Oh, you're going to love the food!
Try the veal scaloppini tonight.
Mom outdid herself!

The Houghton's and the Fairchild's all wave hello.

HERSH
Break a leg, Frankie!

TOMMY FAIRCHILD
Yeah, just not mine, killer!

FRANKIE
Oh, you should have brought your
sax, Tommy.

Frankie nervously walks over to the piano. Helen Fatone gives him a thumbs up. John peeks out of the kitchen door, but Helen pushes him back in.

HELEN FATONE
(to the audience)
Now for your listening and dining
pleasure, Fatone's Restaurant
presents the dulcet tones of Frankie
Fatone at the piano.

The restaurant patrons applaud. Frankie starts playing some light piano versions of a few popular tunes. John Fatone peeks his head out of the kitchen door.

JOHN FATONE
(whispering)
Psst. Not so loud Frankie.

Helen pushes him back into the kitchen.

HELEN FATONE
You want loud? I'll show you loud.
Get in there!

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - NEXT DAY

Helen takes orders from a few diners, on this less busy weekday evening. Frankie is running the cash register, and John can be seen making pizzas through the passthrough behind the register. Rudy clears a table and heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

John throws a pizza in the air, and winces in pain, as Rudy enters.

JOHN FATONE
Oh, my arm!

RUDY
Dad, what's wrong?

The phone rings, and Frankie takes another to-go order.

JOHN FATONE
Look at all these orders! I can't keep up. Rudy, you got to help out more!

RUDY
I'm busing tables for Mom.

John opens the refrigerator and reaches inside.

JOHN FATONE
I'm out of dough! Make more dough!

RUDY
That's Frankie's job. I don't know how to make dough right.

Frankie turns around to his father and Rudy and motions to them to wait just a minute.

FRANKIE

Yes, mam. So two large pies, with extra cheese, and a meatball sub.

John is frustrated and starts to make the dough himself, kneading it, and winces in pain again.

JOHN FATONE

Oh, my arm. It's those damn aliens! They must have put something in my arm again. I just slept through it with those pills Doc gave me!

Frankie hangs up the phone and rushes into the kitchen.

FRANKIE

Dad! Keep it down. People can hear you! Enough about the aliens!

Helen rushes into the kitchen.

HELEN FATONE

What's going on in here?

RUDY

Dad's freekin' out! There are too many orders!

Helen looks up at the tickets. See's John holding his arm.

HELEN FATONE

Frankie. No more phone orders. Tell them, we're closing early.

John hugs his wife.

JOHN FATONE

(sadly to Helen)

I'm out of dough. I just can't keep up. My arm is killing me!

HELEN FATONE

I'll make the dough. Frankie fill table five's order, Rudy help your brother serve them. You're a waiter now.

The two boys hop to it.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)
(to John softly)
We're going to see Dr. Houghton in
the morning. Let's see what he says
about your arm. It's not aliens.

INT. DR. HOUGHTON'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

John sits on the examination table in a medical gown looking
troubled. Helen sits in a nearby chair. Dr. Houghton enters
the exam room holding charts and X-rays.

DR. HOUGHTON
Okay, John, I have the test results.

He puts the X-rays on a fluorescent screen on the wall.

DR. HOUGHTON (CONT'D)
Just as Dr. Faraday had told you,
the X-rays show nothing's wrong with
your arm. There are no signs of
arthritis.

JOHN FATONE
So then why does my arm hurt?

HELEN FATONE
It's not aliens, John. There's
nothing in your arm.

Helen and Dr. Houghton laugh a bit.

DR. HOUGHTON
The pills are still working, right?
You're not having those vivid dreams
again, are you?

John and Helen acknowledge that he's not, as Dr. Houghton
puts a disk into the computer.

DR. HOUGHTON (CONT'D)
That's why we had you take the MRI
this morning. X-rays don't show the
soft tissue. The report isn't done
yet, but I fast-tracked the images.

Helen gets up and John leans over to look at the computer
screen.

JOHN FATONE
So what am I looking at?

DR. HOUGHTON

I don't need the technician's report. I can see the problem for myself. Here's the problem.

Dr. Houghton points to the MRI image of John's shoulder.

DR. HOUGHTON (CONT'D)

The problem isn't in your arm. It's in your shoulder. You have bursitis. It's an inflammation that radiates into your arm.

Helen and John appear confused.

HELEN FATONE

So what do we do about it? What's causing it?

DR. HOUGHTON

The cause is from overuse. He's throwing pizzas up all day. For now, I'll give John a cortisone shot, but it's not a permanent solution.

Helen isn't surprised, but John is perplexed.

JOHN FATONE

So what am I supposed to do? Pizza is who I am!

DR. HOUGHTON

I guess it's the cost of success. You need to hire some help.

JOHN FATONE

Help? Who could I get? We can't afford that!

HELEN FATONE

We have two sons John. Remember them? You'll train Frankie to throw pizza and Rudy will make the dough and man the register.

Dr. Houghton agrees.

JOHN FATONE

Who's going to bus tables for Rudy?

HELEN FATONE

We hire a busboy. The boys must know someone who needs extra cash.

DR. HOUGHTON
 Problem solved. Let's get you that
 cortisone shot.

Dr. Houghton picks up an injection, as John flinches.

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - EVENING

The restaurant is empty of customers. There are Halloween decorations on the door and on the tables. John and Helen, and their two sons are standing around idle, with their new busboy Andy, (Rudy's fat friend from school.)

JOHN FATONE
 Andy, you can go home early. It's
 Halloween. We're not getting any
 tables tonight, just takeout.

ANDY
 Thanks, Mr. Fatone. My little sister
 wants me to take her trick-or-
 treating, and she shares the candy.

HELEN FATONE
 Do you get dressed up too?

ANDY
 Maybe. I'll see if my *Pillsbury*
Doughboy costume still fits.

They all laugh at the thought of that.

RUDY
 See you tomorrow at school, Andy.

Andy waves goodbye as he leaves the restaurant.

HELEN FATONE
 Okay, boys. Pizza school time. Let
 our doughboy show you his tricks.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

They all enter the kitchen and don aprons. John takes out some dough and begins to show his sons how to form and throw a pizza. The two boys struggle to learn how. Rudy throws the dough so high it hits the ceiling!

JOHN FATONE
 Easy Rudy. It's not a karate chop.

Frankie throws it up and the dough goes sideways, as he shuffles over to catch it.

FRANKIE

I'll never get this right!

JOHN FATONE

You'll get it with practice.

FRANKIE

When? I'll never keep up with the amount of orders we get.

HELEN FATONE

Every bit will help. Dad just needs a break here and there, so he's not constantly using the same arm.

FRANKIE

He could learn to throw left-handed faster than I can learn at all!

Rudy forms the dough too big and throws it up but it comes down all over his face. They all laugh at him.

HELEN FATONE

Maybe you could use that for a costume, and be the Italian *Pillsbury Doughboy*.

RUDY

I need to work on catching it besides throwing it, huh?

Frankie forms and throws his pizza, putting it down on the pan, but it's all lopsided.

FRANKIE

Look at this mess! Who's gonna buy that?

JOHN FATONE

Give it time. It took me months of working at parlors before Uncle Jimmy and I opened our place.

Frankie is frustrated and impatient.

FRANKIE

Look at me I'm all full of flour! I can't make pizzas and then go out there to play the piano! I'd have to go get changed first!

HELEN FATONE

So you go upstairs, take a break,
and get changed first. You live
here.

FRANKIE

How convenient! I'm always at work
too! I'll be doing homework and you
guys yell upstairs and ask me to
take out the garbage down here.

JOHN FATONE

It's a family business. Some day
this will all be yours. You're
helping it grow.

FRANKIE

I know, but I liked it better in
Brooklyn. The restaurant was around
the corner, not right underneath me.

HELEN FATONE

The only thing around the corner in
Windham is more trees.

FRANKIE

That's for sure! Windham has some
good points but we're in the sticks!

John shows Rudy and Frankie how to form and throw the pizza
once again step by step, in slow motion.

JOHN FATONE

When you throw the dough up you have
to... Ow, ow!

John painfully puts the dough down and holds his arm.

HELEN FATONE

What's wrong, isn't the cortisone
shot doc gave you working?

JOHN FATONE

It works. It's just when I use a
certain position. I swear the MRIs
are wrong. The aliens put something
in my arm!

FRANKIE

Dad! Stop with the alien crap!
There's no aliens. Your CFI has
ruined my life! I miss Brooklyn! I
want to go home!

Frankie throws the apron down, storms out of the kitchen, and goes upstairs. The family looks at each other sadly.

INT. FATONE'S N.H. APARTMENT - LATER

Frankie sits at the piano in the living room sadly playing "There's No Place Like Home." Helen enters and sits on the couch.

HELEN FATONE

That's very pretty Frankie. I miss our old home in Brooklyn too.

Frankie finishes the phrase and looks at his mom.

FRANKIE

It's nice and all here. It just doesn't feel like home. It's just so different.

HELEN FATONE

You can't make omelets without breaking a few eggs, honey. I miss walking to the store. Here, we have to get in the car and drive.

FRANKIE

Exactly! It's like there's no neighborhood. Even when you go shopping, I don't run into anyone I know. They're all strangers.

Helen moves closer to her son.

HELEN FATONE

I never even see the butcher at the supermarket! Who's there to ask? Aunt Rosa called me to say what's on sale. Now I just look at the flyers.

Frankie gets up and sits next to his mom on the couch.

FRANKIE

People used to come by in Brooklyn. My friends, our relatives, my cousins. I miss little Joanie and Ellie playing in the yard.

HELEN FATONE

I miss Joanne. I'd yell up the stairs to see if she wanted to go shopping with me.

FRANKIE

We'd have BBQs on Sunday and everybody was there. No one ever comes by here. It's just work or school. I'm lonely here.

Frankie gets up and starts to pace.

HELEN FATONE

But we had no choice. The business was failing. We would have lost everything. This move saved us! The restaurant is a huge success now!

FRANKIE

Yeah, and look what that success has done. Now Dad's stressed all over again. His CFS is back 'cause of it. He's back to that UFO crap again!

Helen gets up from the couch.

HELEN FATONE

Yeah, but he's done having the nightmares. The pills work. He just needs some help 'cause of his arm.

FRANKIE

And his arm is from overwork. Now I have to pick up the slack. My life is not my own anymore.

HELEN FATONE

Family is how we get ahead in life. Family helps family. Family is everything!

FRANKIE

Look, I get that, Mom. The business will be mine and Rudy's just like Dad and Uncle Jimmy. But what if I don't want that? There's my music.

HELEN FATONE

You've got that! Even more now.

FRANKIE

Do I? What about my dreams? What if I don't want to be like Dad? Look where it's got him. He's totally stressed out! It's ruined my life!

Frankie sits down on the piano bench frustrated.

HELEN FATONE

No one's saying you have to be a pizza chef like your father. Plenty of people own restaurants and let other people run them for them.

FRANKIE

So what, I run off, tour with a band, make Rudy do all the work, and just collect? Or leave him with loans to play like Uncle Jimmy?

HELEN FATONE

Your father's share of the profits from Jimmy's restaurant pays for the loans. Now Jimmy's restaurant is making more money than ever.

FRANKIE

Yeah, and doing twice the work. Uncle Jimmy is family too. Dad deserted him. Some brother he is!

Helen sits down on the piano bench with Frankie.

HELEN FATONE

Jimmy is happy for us. We're happy for him. Both businesses are thriving. The Fatone pizza empire is expanding. We've taken over Windham!

FRANKIE

So what is this Ma? Game of Pizza Thrones? Either way, I'm still Banished from Brooklyn.

HELEN FATONE

You're not banished. You're just off on a quest to conquer new lands. You are Prince Franklin, first-born heir to the Pizza Throne. We'll be going home to see everyone for a whole week at Christmas and they will all cheer as we march into Brooklyn, triumphant!

Frankie leans on his mother and gives her a big hug.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

Only the Fatone's minivan is in the parking lot. A sign on the door reads: Closed for Thanksgiving.

Aunt Carmella's sedan pulls into the lot followed by Uncle Jimmy and his family in an SUV. Aunt Carmella hops out of her car.

AUNT CARMELLA
This is it, Jimmy.

Uncle Jimmy hops out of the SUV, all smiles.

JIMMY FATONE
Thanks, Carmella. We never would
have found it without you.

Jimmy's wife, daughters, and Aunt Rosa, get out of the SUV carrying dishes of food. They all climb the outside stairs to the apartment.

INT. FATONE'S N.H. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The front doorbell rings, and Helen rushes into the living room to greet her guests in excitement.

HELEN FATONE
(to her family)
They're here! They're here!

Rudy and John hop off the couch. Frankie talks into his cell phone as he follows.

FRANKIE
I gotta go. My relatives are here.
Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving, Hersh.
Talk later, dude.

Uncle Jimmy and his family enter and everyone hugs and kisses. Aunt Carmella, Joanne, and Aunt Rosa bring the food dishes into the kitchen. The Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade plays quietly on the big flat-screen TV in the background.

JIMMY FATONE
John, the house is beautiful! Yum,
Helen I can smell that turkey
cooking!

HELEN FATONE
Two turkeys Jimmy. I got a backup
cooking in the restaurant
downstairs.

Frankie pulls on his cousin's pigtails as they scream and he chases them.

JOHN FATONE

(to his sons)

Boys, take everyone's coats and put them on the bed in our room.

JIMMY FATONE

John, everything looks even better than in the pictures!

JOHN FATONE

Let me give you the grand tour.

John shows his brother around the place as the women go into the kitchen to get dinner ready. Rudy and Frankie chat with their little cousins, Joanie and Ellie on the couch, laughing at the character balloons in the parade on TV.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

Helen takes the dishes out of Carmella and Joanne's bags.

HELEN FATONE

Oh, Joanne, the stuffed mushrooms look great. We'll heat them up.

AUNT CARMELLA

And I made the stuffed artichokes. Hope I didn't put in too much garlic.

Helen smells them.

HELEN FATONE

Perfect! We're Italian. There's no such thing as too much garlic!

Joanne wryly looks at Carmella, with a prying gaze.

JOANNE FATONE

So what's this I hear about a fella, Carmella? Spill the beans.

AUNT CARMELLA

Oh, you mean Mr. Rossi? He's Frankie's band director. We've gone out a few times.

JOANNE FATONE

Mister Rossi? That's rather formal.

AUNT CARMELLA

Ron. Ron Rossi. He's nice.

HELEN FATONE

(to Joanne)

She's tighter than a clam about him.
She won't tell me a thing! You try.

DINING ROOM - LATER

The table is set with fine china and Thanksgiving decorations. John carries the turkey on a platter and sets it down in the center of the table. The whole family takes their seats, looking impressed by the spread of food.

FRANKIE

Mom, where did we get these plates?
I've never seen them before.

HELEN FATONE

These are grandma's fine china. I've had them packed away because we never had a real dining room before.

AUNT CARMELLA

This is what it was like before
Grandma went to the nursing home.

HELEN FATONE

The old house had a big dining room,
and Grandma only used the china on
the holidays. Now it's our turn.

JIMMY FATONE

This is fabulous! Carve the turkey,
John. Do the honors.

HELEN FATONE

Wait! It's Thanksgiving! We give
thanks to God. Everyone makes the
sign of the cross and joins hands.

Everyone makes the sign of the cross and joins hands around
the table. They all bow their heads.

HELEN FATONE (CONT'D)

Okay, John, you're at the head of
the table. Say what you're thankful
for, and I'll go next. Then we each
go around the table clockwise.

John hems and haws, wondering what to say.

JOHN FATONE

Okay, I'm thankful that we're all here today, and that God has blessed us with the success of our new restaurant.

HELEN FATONE

I'm thankful for our good health, and our new home with this big dining room, my kids and my whole family, and the dishwasher.

They all laugh and look at Carmella who goes next.

AUNT CARMELLA

I'm thankful that for the first time, I didn't have to drive to Brooklyn to see everyone.

More laughter.

FRANKIE

I'm thankful for all the wonderful new things we have in Windham, but I miss Brooklyn and that part of Brooklyn is here with us today!

RUDY

I'm thankful for all this food and for my Karate lessons. No one is messing with this Fatone anymore!

JIMMY FATONE

I'm thankful for my brother's success and that Fatone's in Brooklyn is doing better than ever!

JOANNE FATONE

I'm thankful the mushrooms didn't burn, family, and being here.

JOANIE FATONE

I'm thankful that Frankie can't reach my pigtails.

They all laugh.

JUDY FATONE

Me too.

AUNT ROSA

I'm thankful I'm still breathing!

They all laugh, say "Amen" and John carves the turkey.

EXT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

A beat-up old car pulls into the parking lot. Frankie's old bandmates: EDDIE McMullen, SAL Torres, and MICKY Sullivan, hop out of the car and walk towards the school.

EDDIE

Fancy smancy. Frankie's livin' large.

They spot a doorway that's propped open.

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF THE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie, Christina, Tommy Fairchild, and some of the jazz band are carrying instruments and setting up for the Christmas concert. They're all dressed in black pants, white shirts, and Santa hats for the concert.

TOMMY FAIRCHILD

Where should I put this box of printed programs, Christina?

Christina is taping a Christmas Concert poster to the Auditorium door.

CHRISTINA

Just leave it here on the table.

FRANKIE

Let me see one of those. When is the Jazz band on?

Frankie looks at the Christmas Concert program, as his three old friends walk through the door.

EDDIE

There he is! All duded up. You're dressed like a busboy, Frankie!

Frankie is astonished to see his old friends.

FRANKIE

Eddie! Sal! Micky! What are you guys doing here?

They greet each other with special from-the-hood handshakes.

MICKY

We're on our way to a Metallica Concert in Boston and thought we'd stop and say Yo.

SAL

Your Mom's told us you'd be here.
Thought maybe you'd want to come
with.

Eddie grabs the concert program from Frankie's hand.

EDDIE

So this is your new band, eh? Let me
see this. 'Grovin' Up the Hall' with
a piano solo by Franklin Fatone. How
lame! This is what you're into now?

Frankie grabs the program back from Eddie's hands.

FRANKIE

It's a high school concert, Eddie.
What's Fort Hamilton High School's
Christmas Concert like?

MICKEY

Eddie don't know. They threw him
out. Too disruptive.

Eddie pushes Micky and gives him a look. Sal takes out a
joint and lights it up.

SAL

Geeze, just like old times. Take a
hit Eddie and chill.

Christina and Tommy are shocked and alarmed.

CHRISTINA

Excuse me, but you can't do that
here!

SAL

What? It's legal in Mass' now!

EDDIE

This is your new squeeze, Franke?
She's a bit uptight.

Frankie is noticeably embarrassed, and upset.

FRANKIE

Guys this is a school, and you're in
New Hampshire, not Mass. You'll get
arrested. You gotta go.

SAL

Frankie, I can hook you up with my guy if you want to make an extra scratch. This joint could use it.

Frankie spots some early early concertgoers walking toward the entrance to the school. He starts to panic.

FRANKIE

Guys, guys. You gotta go... like now!

EDDIE

Whoa. Some greeting dude! Nice way to treat us! Not!

MICKY

Guess we can take a hint.

Micky and Sal turn to leave in disgust. Eddie gives Frankie a once-over look.

EDDIE

Pathetic. What happened to you? You've gone all Micky Mouse!

FRANKIE

Nice seeing you too, Eddie. I'll come visit you at Rikers Island.

Eddie pulls back from the punch he almost threw. The three Brooklyn visitors head out the door. Frankie breathes a sigh of relief as Christiana gives him a scolding look.

CHRISTINA

Those are the guys from your old band? Maybe first impressions were right!

Frankie turns red with embarrassment.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

There's snow on the ground as John Fatone leads his family down the stairs of from their second-floor apartment. The family's old minivan is missing from its usual parking spot.

JOHN FATONE

Now no peeking until we all look around the back for my big surprise.

FRANKIE

Hey, where's our car?

As they all round the corner of the house, there's a brand new SUV with a big bow on the top. The front doors have big signs with the restaurant's name on them.

HELEN FATONE

A new car? John, you didn't?

They are all shocked and delighted.

FRANKIE

We have to drive around with those signs on the car?

John removes the sign from the car in an instant.

JOHN FATONE

Magnetic. I had them custom-made.

RUDY

Wow! That's so cool. For work or play!

John tosses it towards the car and it sticks back on as they all laugh about it.

EXT. BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN - LATER

The Fatone's new SUV arrives on 79th Street and pulls up in front of their former home. Uncle Jimmy is waiting outside for them with his daughters. John rolls down the electric window on the fully loaded luxury SUV.

JIMMY FATONE

Wow! What a nice ride! New wheels!

JOHN FATONE

Not too shabby, eh bro?

JIMMY FATONE

Pull this beauty into the driveway.
Don't leave this in the street!

Jimmy opens the gate and John pulls the SUV in. The family piles out of the car, and all the relatives come out of the house to greet them.

FRANKIE

Home at last!

JIMMY FATONE

Frankie! Looking good nephew! So how're you liking New Hampshire?

FRANKIE

Mezza, mezza, Uncle Jimmy.

Frankie spies his little cousins, Ellie and Joanie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I see pigtaails that need pulling.

The girls scream as Frankie and Rudy chase them in the yard.

AUNT ROSA

Helen. Come inside. Wait till you see what I've done with the place! Your rooms are all set.

Helen carries a huge pile of wrapped presents on her way in.

JIMMY FATONE

I'll help carry in your stuff, and then we can all go to the pizzeria. I got a nice lunch all set for us.

INT. FATONE BROS. PIZZERIA - LATER

The interior of the pizzeria has been renovated, with fancy lighted displays, and gleaming marble countertops. The place is packed with customers lining up clear to the door. The whole Fatone family is there at a special table.

JOHN FATONE

I got to hand it to you, Jimmy. The place looks great! *Alla salute!*

John raises a glass of wine, and everyone joins the toast. Arnie, John's old pinochle partner steps in to say hello.

ARNIE

Hey John! How's it going? Jimmy tells me you're playing high-class cards with the ladies now.

JOHN FATONE

Bridge, Arnie. I'm hobnobbing it with doctors, and lawyers, I'm a Chamber of Commerce member, Lion's Club, the whole suburban nine yards.

Joanne Fatone leans over to talk to Helen.

JOANNE FATONE

(whispering)

So how do you like what Aunt Rosa has done with your place?

HELEN FATONE

(whispering back)

Oh my God! She's got dollies on everything! Her antique furniture is beautiful, but the whole place smells like mothballs!

Rudy spies someone online and gets up to greet her.

JULIETTA MASTRIONI

Rudy! Home for Christmas? I'm sorry I haven't been in touch. Are you seeing anyone in New Hampshire yet?

RUDY

Not really. I made a few friends, but no one special yet. How 'bout you?

JULIETTA MASTRIONI

I'm dating Billy Porche; a tall blond guy on the basketball team.

Rudy looks visibly crushed, as Frankie bolts past him and opens the entrance door, calling to a passerby. Eddie turns and stands in the doorway.

EDDIE

Frankie? What are you doing here? Did you flunk out of that nerdy school?

FRANKIE

No dude, just home for Christmas. Where're you headed?

EDDIE

Got to pick up my new ax for Battle of the Bands tonight. We're the hottest three-piece power band in town, dude. We'll take it for sure!

FRANKIE

Good luck with that. Tell the guys I said hi.

Frankie sadly approaches his uncle, now behind the counter.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Uncle Jimmy, can we talk?

JIMMY FATONE

Sure. Come see the new kitchen.

PIZZERIA KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy shows Frankie the new high-tech pizza ovens as three of his new workers grind out all the orders.

JIMMY FATONE

So what's up pal?

FRANKIE

I miss home Uncle Jimmy. I can throw pizzas now. Can I come live with you and work here?

JIMMY FATONE

Frankie that's always an option. You're family, but it hasn't even been a year. I thought things were going good for you in school?

FRANKIE

School's great, but I miss Brooklyn. You have to get in a car to go get milk, no one's hanging out on the sidewalk. It's the sticks.

JIMMY FATONE

But you're all doing great! Brand new car, and you get your license soon. Your dad says you're the new delivery guy. You'll get the SUV.

FRANKIE

I know, but I miss it here. I'm homesick. My roots are in Brooklyn, and it's like I've been banished.

Jimmy throws his arms around his nephew to console him.

JIMMY FATONE

Give it the full year. You don't want to change schools mid-year. This will always be your home. Hey, Grandma misses Italy. Think of that!

They both laugh and walk back to the table. Jimmy grabs a glass of wine.

JOHN FATONE

To grandma. Wish you were here. Your grandsons did good in America!

They all raise their glasses and toast Grandma.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

The snow is piled high on the sides of the street. A PLOW TRUCK is clearing the parking lot as the SCHOOL BUS pulls up and beeps the horn. Frankie and Rudy run to the bus, as John and Helen shovel the walk to the front door.

RUDY
Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad.

HELEN FATONE
Frankie! You forgot the coupons.

Frankie runs back, and Helen hands him an envelope.

EXT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The school bus pulls up to the school and Frankie hops out. Hersh gets off of another bus and greets him on their way in.

HERSH
There you are! How was the trip?

FRANKIE
It was nice seeing all my relatives.

HERSH
Speaking of, things are getting pretty serious between your Aunt Mel and Mr. Rossi. My mom thinks he may pop the question soon.

FRANKIE
I have some Cupid coupons here that could help that along.

INT. WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL - BAND ROOM - LATER

The students pile into the band room after the bell RINGS, and open lockers to get their instruments. Mr. Rossi is at his podium as Frankie enters and approaches him.

FRANKIE
Mr. Rossi, I'm handing out Valentine's Day coupons for a buy one get one dinner free, and I have one for you for two free dinners.

MR. ROSSI
Thank you, Frankie. Are you bribing me to go there on Valentine's Day?
(MORE)

MR. ROSSI (CONT'D)

Isn't your Aunt Mel working that night?

FRANKIE

No, she's not working then. She's free and available!

MR. ROSSI

Okay, Cupid. I guess I'll see you then.

They both laugh.

Frankie hands out more coupons to Hersh, Tommy Fairchild, and some others as he approaches Christina and hands her two coupons.

CHRISTINA

I get two?

FRANKIE

I really want you to be there with your family. I wrote a new song for you. It's called "Christina."

CHRISTINA

Really? Play it for me!

FRANKIE

No, no. I want to save its debut for Valentine's Day.

Christina blushes, and they both laugh.

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - EVENING

The restaurant is packed to capacity with Valentine's decorations everywhere. Christina is seated at a table by the piano with her father, HAROLD HOLLENDER, 40s bearded and bespectacled, along with her mother and younger sister.

CHRISTINA

(to her father)

It was so sweet of Frankie to give us two coupons for the dinners.

HAROLD HOLLANDER

I think he's sweet on you!

Frankie is seated at the piano and is playing love songs in the background. As he finishes playing "My Funny Valentine" he stands up to make an announcement.

FRANKIE

I hope everyone is having a wonderful Valentine's Day. I wrote an original song for someone that I'd like to play called "Christina."

Frankie sings his heart out with his love song about Christina. Christina blushes and gushes at her table. When the song is over everyone applauds enthusiastically.

HAROLD HOLLANDER

Yes, that boy's got it bad.

Mr. Rossi stands up and taps on his wine glass with a butter knife. Aunt Carmella, Mrs. Carmichael, and her husband are seated at the table with him.

MR. ROSSI

I have an announcement of my own to make, everyone.

Helen and John Fatone rush out of the kitchen, along with Rudy holding a half-made pizza, and Andy with a water pitcher and glasses. Helen is frantic.

HELEN FATONE

Hurry I don't want to miss this!

Mr. Rossi gets down on one knee in front of Carmella, takes out a jewelry box, and holds up an engagement ring.

MR. ROSSI

Carmella Fatone, in the spirit of the love this day celebrates, with all my heart, and in front of all these people, will you marry me?

AUNT CARMELLA

Yes, of course, I will.

Thunderous applause fills the whole restaurant. Carmella throws her arms around Mr. Rossi and kisses him.

HELEN FATONE

(to John quietly)

Finally, a bride, not a bridesmaid!

Frankie plays "Here Comes the Bride" on the piano, and then takes a break. He casually walks over to Christina's table, as some of the others congratulate Carmella and Mr. Rossi.

FRANKIE

(addressing Mr. Hollander)
I trust you're all enjoying your
dinner. I'd like to ask your
permission to ask Christina out to
the movies with me.

HAROLD HOLLANDER

That's very respectful of you,
Frankie. As long as you're not going
to propose to her, I think that is
entirely up to Christina.

They all laugh, and Frankie looks at Christina.

CHRISTINA

Sure. I'd love to go. When? What
movie?

FRANKIE

This Saturday? Ladies choice.
Whatever movie you'd like.

CHRISTINA

It's a date.

Frankie beams with joy and hands her a Valentine's card.

EXT. WINDHAM MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

RUDY gets off the bus in front of the school and trudges
through the snow towards the entrance. His usual entourage of
timid friends are shivering outside waiting for him. The
bullies are lurking inside, disappointed that Rudy showed up.

ANDY

Rudy, it's about time. We're
freezing to death out here!

RUDY

What happens if I don't come to
school?

ANDY

We get pounded on.

Rudy enters the school with his new entourage and gives the
bullies a dirty look.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - LATER THAT DAY

Middle schoolers play basketball as Bully #1 strong-arms Bully #2 to grab the ball. Rudy and Roseanne spare on the mats, practicing karate. Andy and Rudy's entourage watch them as they route for Rudy.

ROSEANNE

Let's see if you've been listening to Sensei.

Roseanne tries to flip Rudy as she's done before, but Rudy blocks it.

RUDY

I'm not that easy, anymore.

Rudy kicks Roseanne's legs out from under her and she falls.

ROSEANNE

Grrr... You caught me off guard.

Rudy's entourage cheers.

RUDY

(to his fans)

You see what can be learned in a short time. All of you guys should take lessons with us. Then you wouldn't need me to walk you in every day.

ROSEANNE

Sensei Johnson at Fists of Iron could use more students. Why don't all of you meet us there tonight?

Bully #1 overhears the conversation as he grabs an out-of-bounds ball.

BULLY # ONE

You wimps couldn't fight your way out of a paper bag!

Bully #2 joins the argument and pushes Andy to the floor. Rudy and Roxanne step in as all the bullies join in and a fight breaks out.

ANDY

You're going to have to take on all of us!

A GYM WHISTLE BLOWS, as Coach Richardson rushes over to them.

COACH RICHARDSON

All right, all right. Break it up!
One more word out of any of you, and
you'll all be in detention.

The group disperses as the school bell rings.

ANDY

(to Rudy and Roseanne)
We'll all be there tonight at Fists
of Iron dojo.

GRIFFIN PARK, WINDHAM, NH - DAY

It's a bright, sunny day at the scenic park for the annual
Easter Egg Hunt. There are hundreds of kids, and The Easter
Bunny is there. A uniformed Frankie and Hersh with Boy Scout
Troup 266 are covering the field with plastic Easter eggs.

FRANKIE

So where's this special gold egg
with the hundred-dollar bill?

HERSH

That's top secret. Scoutmaster Smith
is the only one who knows.

All the local families are there. John and Dr. Houghton are
standing by the Chamber of Commerce table next to the
Presbyterian Church's face painting and crafts table.

JOHN FATONE

Do you think the board will approve
it? A Walmart in town will ruin the
local businesses, including mine if
Olive Garden is in the proposal.

DR. HOUGHTON

There's a petition against it, but
the real estate owner stands to
profit hugely, as well as tremendous
tax revenue for the town.

Mr. Rossi is next to them holding his three-year-old nephew,
JOHNNY ROSSI.

MR. ROSSI

I signed it! All the teachers did.

JOHN FATONE

I'm new to the Chamber of Commerce.
You know all the town board members.
What are the odds of it passing?

DR. HOUGHTON

The board is split. It doesn't help that one of them owns the land, and another is the real estate agent. It could go either way.

John looks very concerned. Helen and Carmella are nearby at the Woman's Auxiliary Club handing out snacks and soda.

AUNT CARMELLA

Are you sure you have the time to go with me to shop for my wedding dress? You've been so busy.

HELEN FATONE

I'll make time! Mom isn't with us anymore, so it's my responsibility as your big sister.

Rudy, Roseanne, Andy, and Rudy's entourage are in their Karate "Gi" uniforms by the Fists of Iron table demonstrating defense moves and giving out cups of "Karate Punch."

ANDY

This "Karate Punch" is delicious!

RUDY

Easy on the punch. You have to trim down for the Karate Tournament.

Two of the other wimps, also in Gi's grab the cup from him.

ROSEANNE

Get on the map with me, Andy, and let's show the kids Position #1.

As Andy gets on the mat a gym WHISTLE BLOWS.

ANDY

That's the signal for the little kid's Easter Egg Hunt. I have to go see my little sister compete!

Everyone rushes over to the field to watch the one to five-year-olds hunt for their Easter eggs.

COACH RICHARDSON

On your mark. Get set. Go!

The little kids rush out into the field to collect eggs. Andy's cute pigtailed three-year-old sister, DAISY ANDERSON, runs far out into the field, picks some eggs, and runs back.

DAISY ANDERSON

Look, Andy. This egg is golden.

Andy takes the plastic egg, opens it, and finds the \$100 bill.

ANDY

Oh my God! Hey everyone. Daisy found the \$100 egg!!!

EXT. WINDHAM TOWN HALL - EVENING

The Fatone's SUV enters the circular driveway, and parks in the lot. John and Helen exit and walk down the sidewalk. Dr. Houghton is waiting outside the entrance.

DR. HOUGHTON

John, I wanted to catch you before you went inside.

JOHN FATONE

Any news about the Walmart proposal? I've been helping to get more signatures on the petition.

DR. HOUGHTON

Yes, the board votes tomorrow night. It's split right down the middle. Lionel Rumford has the deciding vote, but he's good friends with the Walkers who own the property.

JOHN FATONE

Oh, that's bad. Aren't the Rumfords the top-seated players in tonight's bridge tournament?

DR. HOUGHTON

Yes, I've been talking to Lionel, and I want to introduce you to him when we get inside.

They walk up the stairs into the building.

INT. WINDHAM TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Fatone's and Houghton's enter the lobby where a poster reads: "Bridge Club Tournament Finals." The door to the main hall isn't open yet, and the lobby is filled with people. Dr. Houghton spots Lionel in the crowd.

DR. HOUGHTON
Let's go talk to Lionel

They cross the room and approach Lionel.

LIONEL RUMFORD
Houghton. Here to check my blood pressure?

DR. HOUGHTON
No. Lionel I'd like to formally introduce you to John Fatone.

LIONEL RUMFORD
Yes, yes. I know who you are. I was at your grand opening. We order takeout when we aren't dining at the club. Ready for this tournament?

The two men shake hands.

JOHN FATONE
We going to try our best. I'd like to talk to you about the Walmart proposal.

LIONEL RUMFORD
Oh, that. Why do these things always fall on my shoulders? Of course, everyone knows how everyone else will vote except for me.

Lionel brings the conversation further away from the crowd.

JOHN FATONE
We've gathered a lot of names on the petition, and the Chamber of Commerce has voiced its objections.

LIONEL RUMFORD
I know. I'm in an awkward position. My family has been friends with the Walkers for generations.

Dr. Houghton expresses his frustration.

DR. HOUGHTON
It's small-town politics at its worst. The mayor and the Police Chief want the tax revenue, but it will hurt our local businesses.

Lionel pauses for thought and gets an idea.

LIONEL RUMFORD

Hmm... Everyone knows I'm a betting man. How would you like to wager a bet Mr. Fatone?

JOHN FATONE

What kind of bet?

LIONEL RUMFORD

(loudly for all to hear)

Well of the impertinence! How dare you brag that you'll trounce me at bridge tonight!

The Houghton's and Fatone's are aghast. Then he takes them aside.

LIONEL RUMFORD (CONT'D)

If you beat my wife and me tonight, I'll vote against the proposal. I'll tell Walker it was a matter of pride and I had to take the bet.

JOHN FATONE

Oh, I don't know. That's a lot of responsibility.

HELEN FATONE

We'll take your bet!

John is flabbergasted as Lionel shakes John's hand.

LIONEL RUMFORD

(loudly for all to hear)

I accept your wager! Prepare to be beaten young upstart!

Lionel walks away strutting like a peacock. John is bewildered and looks at Helen with questioning eyes.

DR. HOUGHTON

Clever of him. It's his perfect out. Now if he loses, he's not betraying Walker. If he wins, he's not against the changes, just honoring the bet.

JOHN FATONE

Yeah, and I'm the fall guy! Helen what were you thinking?

Helen takes John aside privately.

HELEN FATONE

We can take them. His wife has a tell. When her hand is good she throws back her hair. When he's got hearts, he complains of indigestion.

JOHN FATONE

You're staking the town's future on a couple of their tells?

HELEN FATONE

I know all their their tells. They're so obvious. We're going to take these two cheaters. Trust me!

INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Donna Houghton takes the microphone to welcome everyone.

DONNA HOUGHTON

Thank you all for coming. Tonight's finals will determine this season's Bridge Tournament winners.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Card tables fill the entire main hall. Several spectators are seated on the sidelines and the room is filled to capacity.

The leaderboard shows the positions of the couples competing, as hand after hand is dealt.

The Fatones move up the board as the clock ticks by, and the Rumford's name moves up right alongside theirs.

The Fatones win against the Houghtons who move their seats to the side to watch the remaining couples compete.

The couples drop out one by one until it's down to the Fatones against the Rumfords.

You can see the sweat on Lionel's brow and the final cards are thrown down.

Lionel gets up in a huff from the table and is furious as the Fatones win the final hand.

END OF MONTAGE:

John leaps to his feet excitedly and hugs Helen. Then the Houghton's rush over to congratulate them.

JOHN FATONE

I can't believe we did it! Doc, what happened? You had a hand full of trump cards. I thought for sure you were going to beat us.

DR. HOUGHTON

I guess I just wasn't concentrating.

John gives him a knowing look of disbelief.

HELEN FATONE

I told you we'd beat them. Now let's just hope he keeps his word.

DR. HOUGHTON

He will. Lionel never welches on a bet.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - DAY

The retractable bleachers are filled with spectators on both sides of the gym. The gym floor is covered with mats. A platform with tables lies under the home team's basketball net. Sensei Johnson addresses the crowd over the P.A.

SENSEI JOHNSON

Good morning, and welcome to our first inter-school Martial Arts tournament for Windham, the home of four outstanding Karate schools.

Three other Karate instructors get up and stand beside Sensei Johnson dressed in the uniform of their self-defense school.

SENSEI JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Today we welcome Golden Crane Traditional Martial Arts, Karate International of Windham, and School of Warrior Art and their students.

Rudy and Frankie and Rudy's classmate wimps enter for Fists of Iron. The school bullies enter for Warrior Arts.

SENSEI JOHNSON (CONT'D)

We begin by presenting our newest yellow belts from Fists of Iron and Warrior Arts.

The new members demonstrate Karate katas in their white belts and are then presented with their new yellow belts.

ANDY
 (whispering to Rudy)
 I can't believe this! My mother and
 little sister are so proud of me!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The three other self-defense schools present their new members with their yellow belts and demonstrate katas of Goju-ryu, Shotokan-ryu, Wado-ryu and Shito-ryu.

The competition begins with the judges on the mats calling the hits and winners of each match.

Rudy is pitted against a large bully from Warrior Arts who looks fierce. Rudy blocks all of his hits and knocks him down winning his match.

Andy is pitted against a tall bully in Warrior Arts who scores direct hits to his abdomen. The hits bounce off Andy like bullets off Superman. Then Andy does a roundhouse kick, knocking him clear across the mat and down to win the match.

Frankie is up in an older division, pitted against a girl. He's reluctant to hit her back. He blocks most of her hits but she scores a direct hit which angers him and he finally strikes back and defeats her.

END OF MONTAGE:

Frankie, Rudy, and Andy are presented with trophies. Andy holds his high up as his mother and sister cheer from the stands. The Fatones cheering from the stands. The bullies in Warrior are without trophies and despondent.

JOHN FATONE
 That's my boys!

FRANKIE
 (whispering to Rudy)
 Now we got a legit excuse to tell
 Ma! No more I tripped bro.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

A Huge crowd is gathered outside the restaurant for a Memorial Day Celebration with American Flags flying high. John Fatone hands out free slices of pizza, plates of salad, and cups of iced tea. Dr. Houghton approaches John.

DR. HOUGHTON

This is fabulous, John. I saw the ad in the paper. This looks costly.

JOHN FATONE

I'm celebrating Doc. The Chamber defeated the Walmart and Olive Garden proposal. It's also great advertising. I'm giving back.

Mr. Rossi is surrounded by band students and Carmella leaves his side to see her sister, Helen.

AUNT CARMELLA

Helen, can we talk privately?

HELEN FATONE

Sure. Let's go inside.

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

Helen and Carmella sit down as the boys exit with more pizza.

HELEN FATONE

What's up? How's it going with Ron?

Carmella fidgets and seems embarrassed.

AUNT CARMELLA

Maybe a little too well. I have something in the oven.

HELEN FATONE

That's dangerous! Can you call a neighbor to shut it off for you?

AUNT CARMELLA

No, no. A bun. A bun in the oven!

HELEN FATONE

Oh... That's wonderful! Maybe you should move the wedding up then?

AUNT CARMELLA

That's the thing. We've been looking for a place but they're all booked a year in advance. We were planning on next Spring, not this Spring!

HELEN FATONE

I see. That's very true.

Carmella starts to cry.

AUNT CARMELLA

I don't want to walk down the aisle showing. I don't want to have a baby before get married! This is "disgraziata" for our family.

Helen gets up and hugs her sister.

HELEN FATONE

Oh, stop it. It's not the Dark Ages. The family will be happy for you!

AUNT CARMELLA

You think so?

Helen paces as she thinks.

HELEN FATONE

Let me handle this. You'll get married here as soon as school's over. We'll set up a big tent out back. The whole family will come!

Carmella gets up in surprise and hugs her sister.

AUNT CARMELLA

Oh, but this is too much for you. You have so much on your plate now!

HELEN FATONE

If this move has taught me anything it's that when the family works together we can do anything. We're family. This is what we do!

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

Cars line the street and fill the parking lot on a beautiful sunny June day. A huge catering tent adjoins the back of the house. The tent is open on one side where a wedding arch and folding chairs on the lawn stand at the edge of the woods.

JIMMY FATONE

Monseigneur Maloney! How wonderful to see you. I can't believe you've come all this way for us.

The elderly priest is helped out of a car by an assistant.

MONSEIGNEUR MALONEY

I've given Carmella every sacrament since birth.

(MORE)

MONSEIGNEUR MALONEY (CONT'D)

They drove to Brooklyn for their
Pre-Cana weekend program so I'm
returning their gesture.

JIMMY FATONE

Wonderful! Let me show you where
they've set up the wedding altar.

INT. FATONE'S N.H. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Donna Houghton finishes helping Carmella with her makeup as
Helen fusses with her sister's hair. Aunt Rosa enters with
the wedding gown.

AUNT ROSA

Here it is! Fresh off the sewing
machine. Now you have something old.

AUNT CARMELLA

I can't believe how beautiful
Grandma's antique dress turned out.
Look at this embroidery! How did
Grandma afford this dress?

AUNT ROSA

Afford it? They made it! This was
her mother's dress. It's been in the
family for years!

Helen takes out a large white satin bag from a gift box.

HELEN FATONE

And here's something brand new, the
La borsa, (pronounced "ah-boozt")
for the envelopes. There better not
be any cheapskates here!

Donna Houghton puts a pearl necklace around Carmella's neck.

DONNA HOUGHTON

And here's something borrowed from
me. They're real pearls, not
imitations.

Helen puts a blue garter on Carmella's leg.

HELEN FATONE

And here's something blue. I hope
Ron can throw this high enough
because some of these guys are tall!

Aunt Rosa opens a floral box and takes out the bouquet.

AUNT ROSA

The 3rd Avenue florist made you a beautiful bouquet of white roses.

HELEN FATONE

Very pretty but marriage ain't no bed of roses little sister. Look at my marriage. It's not been a fairy tale of living happily ever after.

The women give Helen a look of surprise.

AUNT CARMELLA

I can only pray that my marriage will be as good as yours, Helen. You and John have been together for almost 20 years!

DONNA HOUGHTON

You've raised two fine young boys who adore you!

AUNT ROSA

Where would I be without you letting me live in your old apartment? I'm all alone now that my Fred is gone. You and Jimmy have saved me!

HELEN FATONE

If it hadn't been for you, Carmella we would have lost everything with John's mental condition. You brought us here, thank God!

AUNT CARMELLA

I only made a suggestion. You made everything happen. You worked out the finances. You planned all the details. You saved the whole family.

AUNT ROSA

You saved Jimmy's life. He would have lost the restaurant with John.

DONNA HOUGHTON

And John is doing just fine now. He's become a pillar of the community here!

AUNT CARMELLA

You are the glue that's held all of us together! I would not be getting married here today without you! Look at what you've done!

AUNT ROSA

And let's face it. John makes a good pizza, but it's your recipes that have made the restaurant a success.

The women all laugh and Helen is taken aback by their words.

HELEN FATONE

Aw, go on. I've only done what all we women have to do. Fix all the mistakes that our men keep making.

The women all agree and laugh as Carmella puts on the dress.

AUNT CARMELLA

Is my stomach showing? Did you let out the waist?

Aunt Rosa pulls on the corset strings in back of the dress.

AUNT ROSA

You think these things didn't happen in the old country? That's why they invented corsets! Help me pull, Helen. Your fingers are stronger.

HELEN FATONE

Suck it in Carmella. We're getting you down to a 23-inch waist!

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

The wedding guests are seated on white folding chairs. The tent's modular flooring extends out to form an aisle to the wedding arch of flowers. White chiffon drapes form arches in the tent where Frankie sits at his electric piano.

JIMMY FATONE

(to Carmella)

You look so beautiful, Carmella. Are you ready for this?

Ron Rossi walks across the lawn to the altar with his best man, Dr. Houghton beside him.

AUNT CARMELLA

I can't stop trembling. Thank you for giving me away. Hit it, Frankie.

Frankie plays Pachelbel's Canon in D on the piano as the bridal procession begins. Frankie's cousin Judy, the flower girl, and Mr. Rossi's nephew, Johnny, the ringbearer proceed.

HELEN FATONE

Here we go, Mel. This time I'm the
bride's maid and you're the bride!

Donna Houghton and Arnie from Brooklyn are followed by Helen
and John Fatone with several other bridesmaids and groomsmen.

JIMMY FATONE

This is it.

Frankie changes the tune to play Here Comes the Bride. Uncle
Jimmy walks Carmella to the altar where Monsignor Maloney
presides over the ceremony.

MONSEIGNEUR MALONEY

We are gathered here today to bear
witness to the holy union of
Carmella Colombo and Rinaldo Rossi.
Let us pray.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The Catholic wedding ceremony proceeds with the participants
receiving Holy Communion and ends with a traditional kiss.

The guests, almost every character seen so far, cheers as
Frankie plays Wagner's Wedding March and everyone cheers.

The folding chairs are brought inside to the tables as the
guests get drinks and are served Hors d'oeuvres.

Inside the tent, the whole high school band plays music on a
stage while the guests dance and Mrs. Carmichael conducts.

Later, the evening sky can be seen through the clear top tent
as the guests dance the night away.

END MONTAGE

As the party winds down people begin cleaning up, Jimmy
Fatone approaches Frankie.

JIMMY FATONE

Okay nephew, let's talk.

FRANKIE

What's up, Uncle Jimmy?

JIMMY FATONE

It's been almost a year. Are you
still thinking about moving back?

Frankie looks around at all his friends helping clean up.

FRANKIE

Gee, I don't know anymore. I've made all these new friends now. It still sucks that I have to get in a car to go anywhere and I do miss Brooklyn.

JIMMY FATONE

There's no time limit. You're doing well here but you're always welcome.

Frankie hugs his uncle.

FRANKIE

Thanks, Uncle Jimmy.

EXT. SALEM, NH DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY

Hersh and Frankie exit the motor vehicles waving papers as Dr. Houghton greets them. A close-up of Frankie's paper shows the date of August 3rd.

DR. HOUGHTON

How did you guys do?

HERSH

100% perfect score!

FRANKIE

Me too! Happy 16th Birthday, Hersh!

HERSH

Happy 16th Birthday, Frankie!

Mr. Houghton laughs and congratulates them.

DR. HOUGHTON

Then we have even more to celebrate at the pool party for your birthdays back at the house.

HERSH

I got an appointment for the road test next week, Dad. We need to practice parallel parking.

FRANKIE

Me too, but my dad won't let me take the test until I park the SUV one hundred times in a row perfectly!

They all laugh.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - DAY

The Fatone's SUV pulls into the parking lot. Helen and Rudy exit the restaurant to greet them. Frankie and John jump out of the vehicle all excited.

HELEN FATONE
Well? How did it go?

FRANKIE
You are looking at the latest and
greatest driver on the road, Mom!

Helen and Rudy rush to hug Frankie. John interrupts to hand Frankie a little gift box.

JOHN FATONE
Open it... As promised...

Frankie opens the box and takes a brand new set of keys with his name engraved on a New York Yankees keychain tag.

FRANKIE
Yankees? I'll keep these out of
sight. I could get jumped with that.

HELEN FATONE
That's so you don't leave them in
the ignition when you make
deliveries.

John takes the magnetic Fatone's pizza sign and flings it at the car and it sticks in place on the passenger door.

JOHN FATONE
Now it's official. You are the new
Pizza Delivery Boy!

FRANKIE
Wow! Wheels! This could have never
happened in Brooklyn!

They walk into the restaurant.

INT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

John, Frankie, Rudy, and Helen walk into the kitchen.

JOHN FATONE
Okay boys, time to make the
doughnuts... minus the nuts.

The men take out the supplies and start to need the dough.

FRANKIE

Dad, I've been doing a lot of thinking. Of course, I want to be a famous musician but a guy always needs a backup plan.

RUDY

Thinking? Smoke is starting to come out of his ears! What's this plan?

FRANKIE

Rudy and I must carry on the Fatone family business but this is the age of specialization. We're going to need an edge over the competition.

JOHN FATONE

What kind of edge?

Frankie takes two pieces of dough, presses them together sealing the edges with a fork like a UFO, and holds it up.

FRANKIE

Fatones Calzones! With all kinds of specialty fillings. We shape them like a UFO and put a little blinking LED toothpick on top!

Rudy and John look at Frankie, dumbfounded.

HELEN FATONE

That's crazy!

They all look at each other with the same thought.

FRANKIE

(in unison with the family)
So crazy, it just might work!

They all laugh.

INT. FATONE'S N.H. APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Helen and John are asleep in their bed as the alarm clock buzzes. Helen rips off her sleeping mask to find John in a cold sweat mumbling something.

JOHN FATONE

No. No. Get your slimy hands off of me, you monstrous creeps! Let me go.
No. No!

HELEN FATONE

John. John. Wake up you're having another nightmare.

Frankie and Rudy hear the noise and rush into the room.

FRANKIE

Oh no! I thought he was over this!

HELEN FATONE

John, did you take your pills?

John snaps out of it and rouses to consciousness.

JOHN FATONE

Oh man, what a nightmare!

RUDY

Was it aliens? Were you abducted?

The whole family looks at John with great concern.

JOHN FATONE

No, no. It wasn't aliens. I was being awarded the new Hell's Kitchen Mater Chief award for my pizza.

Frankie seems a little doubtful with his answer.

FRANKIE

Then why were you screaming "Get your slimy hands off me?"

JOHN FATONE

All the losers got slimed! Then they were trying to take my trophy away from me!

The family is aghast!

HELEN FATONE

Here's your trophy!

Helen hits John in the face with a pillow. The whole family grabs pillows and a huge pillow fight begins. One of the pillows breaks open and feathers fly everywhere.

EXT. FATONE'S RESTAURANT/PIZZERIA, N.H. - CONTINUOUS

Outside the open bedroom window feathers flow from inside as the scene of the pillow fight is seen from above.

FADE OUT.