

LEFT-OVERS

Shots are fired.

Guiseppi Parda enters in a panic, slamming the door behind. He stands there with his back to the door, in terror, as if keeping the door from flinging open.

He looks at Sophia, frozen. Sophia is startled by his appearance. He runs to her and throws her to the ground, his body covering hers.

SOPHIA

Guiseppi! Get off! Get off! I can not-a breathe.

GUISEPPI

Sophia. Shhhh! Do not-a say a word. Listen to me.

SOPHIA

Ummm. I can not-a breathe.

GUISEPPI

Did you not hear-a the shots in the dining-a room? There are gangsters in there. Gangsters. Big-a men from the mob.

SOPHIA

Like-a always.

HE gets up and goes to the door and listens.

GUISEPPI

Shhhh. I cannot-a hear anything.

SOPHIA gets up and follows him to the door.

GUISEPPI

No, you mustn't come over here.

SOPHIA

Don't-a handle me, Guiseppi.

HE tries to move her to the far side of the room. She slaps his hands.

SOPHIA

Stop.

GUISEPPI

Shhh. (HE puts his finger across her mouth) Do you hear anything.

SOPHIA

(Abruptly removing his finger) How can I hear anything from over here?

GUISEPPI

Ahm-a gonna peek.

SOPHIA tip toes over to get a little peek also.

GUISEPPI

Shhh. If you gotta be here, you gotta be quite. I'm-a gonna peek now.

HE carefully cracks the door just a little. THEY look at the open door in fear. The GANGSTER on the other side is not seen by the audience. We hear the sound of a gun dropping on the floor as he exits. The sound of music from the Godfather fills the room.

THEY look around as if wondering where the music came from.

GUISEPPI

Did you see that?

SOPHIA

I couldn't see anything. Your head was in the way. Move-a your head so I can-a see.

GUISEPPI

I don't-a think you want to see. It's gruesome.

SOPHIA pushes GUISEPPI to the side and looks through the door. SHE straightens up, looking serious but not grossed out.

GUISEPPI

I told you. It's-a terrible. And look, the linguini is hardly even touched. Not even a last meal. The one with his head in the Oso Buco ate a little more. They had two glasses of wine before dinner. At least that...wait.

SOPHIA

You know-a these people?

HE looks again through the door, above Sophia. Looks around, makes a mad dash off stage in the direction of the dining room.

SOPHIA

Guisseppi, where are you-a going? Guisseppi!

GUISEPPI returns

GUISEPPI

Nobody paid-a for the meal! No tip, no pay, I gotta mess to clean up, and the cops will-a be here and nobody will come-a here to eat ever again. These things get-a out, you know.

SOPHIA

Are you afraid of more mob hits? The notoriety could actually help business.

GUISEPPI

I hope-a no more hits! But people will there will be more, unless...maybe we can capitalize on this. You're right, Sophia. Maybe I can make-a this a tourist spot.

SOPHIA

Do you think-a the mob will send someone to clean up?

GUISEPPI

No. They are good at making the mess, but not so good with the cleaning up. Did you hear-a sirens?

SOPHIA

Not sirens. I heard running. Do you hear running feet?

GUISEPPI

I don't. I did hear feet. Now no-a feet running sounds. We better stay in here. Maybe we better leave here.

SOPHIA

Which direction do we run. Outa the back or outa the front?

GUISEPPI

You're right. We gonna stay put for a second. Let's hide a little, away from the door. They were such nice-a men, too. For killers and cops, that is. The older fellow, I know him.