

Mangia

by
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INT. YELLOW KITCHEN - DAY

At the table, in front of a plate of pasta sits a skinny, peaked boy, GIORGIO. He turns his nose up at the plate. His MAMA paces back and forth, pulling at her hair.

MAMA

Why you no mangia? My little boy, he waste away. Then they blame your Mama! They say she no feed a her Giorgio. They take a her away!

She has his attention now and she knows it. In for the kill.

MAMA

You no want a them to take a your Mama away?

Giorgio's alarmed. He shakes his head. Mama pleads.

MAMA

Then mangia, Giorgio, mangia.

Giorgio shakily brings a forkful of pasta to his mouth. He wrinkles his nose as he places it inside. Mama smiles and smothers him with kisses.

MAMA

That's a right Giorgio. You a good a boy. You love a your Mama.

Giorgio swallows. He likes it. He loads another forkful.

GIORGIO (V.O.)

She did this to me. That bitch.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

An older obese Giorgio frowns from the couch. A bored Freudian-looking PSYCHIATRIST sits nearby.

GIORGIO

Her constant mangia! mangia!
That's why I'm so fuckin' fat.
That's why I got all this shit --

DING! An egg timer.

PSYCHIATRIST

I'm sorry Giorgio but it seems like our time is up.

GIORGIO

Carlo said you were good. He said you could cure me. I don't gotta go yet!

PSYCHIATRIST

Giorgio. When Carlo referred you to me and said I could get rid of all your shit, I believe you might have misunderstood him.

(MORE)

PSYCHIATRIST (cont'd)
I'm a psychiatrist. Psychiatrists
do not cure constipation.

GIORGIO
How do I get rid of my shit then?
Do I need an operation? A shit-o-
suction or somethin'?

PSYCHIATRIST
A shit-o? No. No. Here --

The Psychiatrist writes in his pad. He tears off a sheet
and hands it to Giorgio.

PSYCHIATRIST
Take this to the pharmacy.

Giorgio looks up from the paper, full of questions.

PSYCHIATRIST
It's a laxative. It will help you
with your problem.

Giorgio smiles.

INT. GIORGIO'S HOME - NIGHT

Giorgio enters holding a pharmacy bag. He sits down in his
recliner and puts his feet up. He puts the bag on the end
table, picks up the remote and turns on the television.

GIORGIO
I'm hungry!

BERNADETTE is elsewhere.

BERNADETTE (O.S.)
You're always hungry!

Then she enters in all her frumpiness.

BERNADETTE
Don't go stuffin' your face
'cause we're going out tonight.

Giorgio looks confused.

Dinner. My boss. Remember?

GIORGIO
Aww. Jeeze.

BERNADETTE
What's in that bag?

Giorgio holds the precious bag close.

GIORGIO
Medicine -- from the Doctor -- to
help me shit.

Giorgio, innocent, and Bernadette, suspicious, lock eyes.
Then the phone rings.

Bernadette is torn between answering the phone or calling Giorgio's bluff. The phone wins. Bernadette exits.

Once he's sure she is gone, he goes straight for the bag. He keeps an eye out while he pulls a foil wrapped rectangle from the bag. He opens a foil corner and winces at the crinkly noise it makes. Inside a chocolate bar.

He takes a bite, his face anticipates ecstasy then shows disappointment. He sniffs the bar. Shrugs. Another bite.

Bernadette's voice! He stuffs the bag between his leg and the chair arm, ready to hide the chocolate bar. But Bernadette fails to show. He speed-eats most of the rest of the chocolate. But as he's about to eat the last piece

BERNADETTE (O.S.)
Get dressed!

He shoves the final piece of chocolate in his mouth then he wipes his mouth on his sleeve. And he's up and exits smiling.

On his chair the pharmacy bag had fallen over. Two boxes spill out, an unopened imported chocolate bar and an opened box of EX-LAX.

EXT. VINCENZO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Giorgio and Bernadette look sharp as they rock up to the front door. Giorgio's moves his hand toward the doorbell.

BERNADETTE
This promotion means a lot to me
so don't embarrass me tonight,
okay?

Giorgio nods and forces a smile, then he presses the button. A tall, imposing man answers. This is VINCENZO.

VINCENZO
You made it.

BERNADETTE
Of course.

GIORGIO
When do we eat?

Bernadette elbows Giorgio in the gut. Giorgio groans and holds his stomach. Bernadette laughs nervously.

BERNADETTE
We're both starved.

VINCENZO
It's on the barbecue. Almost
ready. Come in. Come in.

Bernadette and Giorgio, who grimaces as he holds his stomach, enter.

INT. VINCENZO'S HOUSE

They follow Vincenzo into the living room. MARY, poses near the sofa. She holds a tray of drinks.

VINCENZO
This is my wife, Mary. Mary,
Bernadette and her husband
Giorgio.

Giorgio doubles over and groans. Bernadette's teeth clench.

VINCENZO
Is he, um, all right?

BERNADETTE
Yes. Yes. He's such a joker.
Aren't you? Aren't you!

GIORGIO
Oooo. I gotta take a sh --
(thinks better of it)
-- toilet. Toilet.

Mary's concerned. Vincenzo's amused. Bernadette's pissed.

MARY
Of course. Upstairs. To the
right.

Giorgio runs up the stairs, one hand holds his cheeks.

BATHROOM

Giorgio rushes in. He groans and moans as he fumbles with the lid of the toilet. As soon as it's upright he drops his pants and sits. His face twists then

FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMP!

Giorgio catches his breath then his face twists again. This time it makes more of a liquid sound. Giorgio takes a few more quick breaths and then breathes a sigh of relief. He relaxes.

He scans the surprisingly usual bathroom that surrounds him, a sink, a glass shower stall, a couple of towels, and a window near the toilet.

He stares out the bottom of the window and watches the smoke as it rises from the back yard barbecue. He unrolls a large wad of toilet paper and pats his brow with it. He stands.

Giorgio wipes himself. He throws the wad of toilet paper into the toilet and pulls up his pants. He puts his finger on the flusher. He stops. He gently closes the toilet lid and smiles with satisfaction. Then he flushes.

Giorgio hums to himself as he washes his hands. Between his humming and the water running, he doesn't hear the water spill over the edge of the toilet. He doesn't notice that brown water as it runs along the floor, under the rug, and hits his foot.

Giorgio turns off the sink but he still hears water running. He takes a step toward the toilet onto the sodden rug.

SQUISH!

He looks down at his feet. Panic! Giorgio runs to the toilet and throws open the lid. Brown water, toilet paper and god-know-what-else bubble from the center, over the side. He jiggles the flusher and waits but it doesn't stop.

He looks around for something, anything. Towels. He snatches the towels off the rack and throws them on the floor around the toilet. It still overflows! Jiggle, jiggle.

A cup by the sink. He grabs it and squeamishly plunges it into the toilet bowl. He lifts it wrinkling his nose at it, some dirty toilet paper sticks to the side.

He empties it into the sink, brown water, toilet paper and all, clogging it. But Giorgio doesn't notice that the water doesn't go down because he's off filling a second cup.

DINING ROOM

Bernadette sits, her face buried in her hands. Mary seems preoccupied.

MARY

Do you suppose he's alright?

BERNADETTE

I hope he falls in.

An uncomfortable moment of silence.

VINCENZO

I'm going to check the food.

Vincenzo exits.

BATHROOM

Giorgio wants to empty another cup but the sink is full. The shower. He pulls the shower door but it doesn't budge. Harder! He almost spills the cup's foul contents.

He puts the cup on the counter and uses both hands. It won't budge. He bangs the shower door in frustration. All his might, his face strains with exertion, his feet slide on the wet floor. He slips and falls backwards. The wall catches him but his arm knocks the cup flying. Its contents spray around the room.

One last time, he yanks the door. Then alarm! He grabs his stomach and moans. He glances at the toilet, full again. He holds his buttocks together with one hand. The sink? The shower? The window?

EXT. VINCENZO'S HOUSE

Vincenzo places the last steak from the grill on the platter. He walks toward the house balancing the platter with skill. Then one handed, as he reaches toward the sliding glass doors with his other.

An ass sticks out the second story window above his head, like a pale moon rising in the night sky.

INT. BATHROOM

Giorgio, backed up to the window, twists his face and groans. Sputtering sounds follow then Giorgio smiles with relief.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Giorgio looks down as he fastens his belt.

GIORGIO
I think somethin's wrong with
your toilet. I won't stop
runnin'. So's dinner ready? I
sure am hung --

Giorgio looks up. Bernadette's apoplectic. Mary's teary. Vincenzo enters, covered in brown goo. He holds a platter of strangely sauced steaks. No one speaks. They all stare at Giorgio.

GIORGIO
What?

THE END