

INT. PORTLAND PIZZA - NIGHT

MARIO, an ethnic-looking Italian man, stands behind a cash register counting money. His helper, JACK, stands by a table doing absolutely nothing. Mario pauses for a second, takes in the silence, shakes his head, and turns around.

MARIO

Hey! I tol' you to do some cleanin' here! We gotta close this place in five minutes.

JACK

It's clean. I'm going home. Nobody's called or been here for an hour.

MARIO

Aw, what do you know anyway? I'm a tellin' you, you kids think you know everything. Someone's gonna call.

JACK

Yeah, right.

Mario returns to counting. The phone rings.

MARIO

See? You no listen to ol' Mario.

(answers the phone)

Hello, Portland Pizza!

(beat)

What? Speaka the English! I speaks good English, and I expects it to be spoken to me!

Jack inches closer.

MARIO

You wanna me deliver a pizza WHERE?

(rolling his eyes)
All right, slow down. You say you
from another galaxy or somethin'?
You from the planet Melborp?
Well, that's a problem.

He covers the phone and turns toward Jack, waving it in his face.

MARIO
You tell your friends to stop crank
callin' us, capiche?

He hands off the phone and saunters back to the register.

JACK
Yeah, whatever.
(into phone)
Yo!
(staring at the ceiling)
Come on, Dustin. I told you this
wasn't funny the last time.

Mario smacks his forehead in frustration.

JACK
Yeah, well I don't care if you're a
freaking wookie from Endor - we
don't deliver after 11. You either
get your alien ass down here and
pick it up or you can go screw your
mother ship!

Jack slams down the phone. Mario slams the register door.

MARIO
You know, if that was a real
customer you were talkin' to, I'd
fire you AND kick your ass!

JACK
Sorry, boss. Now can I please close
up and go home?

The oven bell rings.

MARIO

Sure. Just take that pizza outta
the oven and put it back in the
freezer.

JACK

(looking toward the oven)
Um - what pizza?

Mario walks to the oven shaking his head, opens it, and finds it
empty.

MARIO

I coulda swore I left a pizza there!

He turns to the register, which has the door open.

MARIO

Now this is gettin' creepy!

Mario runs to the register and finds a red bill sitting in his
cash drawer. He holds it up, revealing alien letters on it.

MARIO

You alien bastards! You don't have
the guts to show yourselves!
(shaking his fist skyward)
And that was a large pizza! You
still owe me two-fifty!

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