

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

THE HOUSE OF HORACE

Episode 6

"Mona Lisa"

by
Susanna Bonaretti

TEASER

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - EARLY EVENING
(LISA)

LISA, normally an ordinary, sensible woman in her 40's, today is Evil incarnate. Her curly blonde hair is a wild mane of matted straw; her usually handsome features are flushed with rage and puckered with fury.

Pacing about her over-decorated Italianate bedroom, she clutches her abdomen. She grabs a medicinal pack from her dressing table, looks at the label and hurls it across the room.

LISA
(Furious)
Useless!

Racked with pain and uncontrollable anger, she grabs another object and flings it as well.

LISA (CONT'D)
He's up to no good. I can feel it!

She swipes the rest of the dressing table's paraphernalia onto the floor.

LISA (CONT'D)
(Resuming her frantic
pacing.)
I've got to get to work!

ACT 1

FADE IN:

Black screen begins to wobble; eerie music on top.

Screen caption: THIS IS A FLASHBACK...THIS IS A
FLASHBACK...THIS IS A FLASHBACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

Screen caption: ABOUT A WEEK AGO...

INT. HORACE'S KITCHEN - EVENING
(HORACE, GIACOBBE)

HORACE was helping **GIACOBBE** dry and put away the dinner dishes. Work has stopped mid-motion.

Pause as HORACE deciphers the information GIACOBBE just gave him. GIACOBBE is apprehensive.

HORACE
What do you mean, you, me, dead?

GIACOBBE stares at HORACE.

Beat.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Pa?

GIACOBBE
(Slow, reluctant)
All parenti in Italy think we are
dead.

HORACE
Relatives? I have cousins? Living
cousins? Aunties? Uncles? How many?

GIACOBBE
Thirty? Forty? Chi sa? Some die,
some born. Long time no see.

Beat.

HORACE
But why?

GIACOBBE averts his eyes, remorseful. He sits down.

GIACOBBE
Long story. Long time ago.

HORACE sits down near him, intent. GIACOBBE hesitates.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)
I...ah...stole something.

HORACE
Valuable?

GIACOBBE
(Looking at HORACE)
Si, very valuable. I had to run
away. Hide.

HORACE
Can you give it back? I'd love to
meet my relatives.

GIACOBBE
No! No give back. Now too late...

Beat

HORACE
What was in the letter, Pa?

Beat as GIACOBBE considers his answer.

GIACOBBE
(Dismissive)
My cousin Franca is silly old
woman. Nothing. The father of
my...old friend die.

HORACE
And? That's it? That made you look
like you had seen the Father, the
Son and the Holy Ghost?

GIACOBBE springs up.

GIACOBBE
Bah! Non capisci niente!

He walks out of the kitchen.

HORACE
So, when do I get to meet the
relos?

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT LOUNGE ROOM - SAME EVENING
(AMY, VICTORIA)

An aluminium briefcase rests on VICTORIA'S small dining
table. **VICTORIA** and **AMY** stare at it, both believing that it
is MR SOLOMON'S. AMY is in civvies: jeans and T-shirt.

Beat.

AMY
Ready?

VICTORIA manages an almost indiscernible nod never taking her eyes away from the case.

AMY puts the hammer and chisel she is holding to work and, with two deft blows to the briefcase's locks, knocks them flying.

AMY looks at VICTORIA who is mesmerised by the still closed case. Deliberately, AMY places the hammer and chisel on the table, grasps the top and bottom of the case and opens it.

VICTORIA gasps.

VICTORIA
(Whisper)
It's empty...

AMY'S hands dive into the pockets of the case, searching while VICTORIA looks on almost trembling with anticipation.

AMY
(Finding a scrap of paper)
Wait. Something...

She scans the scrap of paper while VICTORIA looks on apprehensively. AMY meets VICTORIA'S eyes, bleak.

VICTORIA
What is it?

AMY
When did you buy the substitute case?

VICTORIA
Friday. Why?

AMY hands the scrap of paper to VICTORIA.

AMY
It's your receipt. This isn't Solomon's case. It's the one you bought.

VICTORIA
How...?

Images seem to flash across VICTORIA'S mind. The stress is too much for VICTORIA and her knees give way. She crumples to the floor just as AMY catches her, guiding her down and sitting beside her. VICTORIA vents her emotions.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(Disbelief)
They stopped making that case ten years ago...That was the last one...What am I going to do now?

AMY

Stall.

VICTORIA

(Rambling, confused)

No more time...No more excuses...

(She fingers her bracelet)

He'll send me back...

AMY comforts her.

AMY

Shh...You're not going back...

VICTORIA looks at her puzzled.

AMY (CONT'D)

I know more than you think.

(Beat, then gentle)

Ring Turpis.

VICTORIA

And tell him what?

AMY

That there's nothing in the case.

VICTORIA shakes her head.

AMY (CONT'D)

What's he going to do? It'll buy us time to get into Solomon's case.

VICTORIA

He's away...The mountains...His niece took him for a holi...

AMY

With the briefcase?

VICTORIA nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

Call Turpis.

VICTORIA

No.

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK - THE NEXT MORNING
(SPIT, AN DUNG, STRAY DOG)

The Solomon and Solomon delivery van is parked in its usual spot, nose to the wall. The driver's side door is open and **SPIT** is dozing at the wheel, a copy of a nudie-girlie magazine lying open across his chest.

In the background, a large **STRAY DOG** wanders in, sniffs the ground and positions itself to defecate.

AN DUNG, the disgruntled Vietnamese storeman, sneaks up to the van, gently pulls the door open a little more and peers in at SPIT.

AN DUNG
 (Quiet, Oriental
 intonation)
 Boss...?
 (Beat)
 Spit...?
 (Beat)
 Shit head...?

No response from SPIT other than heavy breathing. AN DUNG smiles with vengeance as takes out a paper bag and inflates it. He gets ready to burst it when he spies the STRAY DOG, which is just finishing its business. An idea! AN DUNG discards the paper bag and goes to the STRAY DOG. The STRAY DOG runs off. Looking around, AN DUNG finds a stick.

AN DUNG (CONT'D)
 (To himself in Vietnamese)
 Treat me like shit, eh, poofta?

He collects a portion of the loose motions onto the end of the stick and goes back to the van. Carefully, (possibly off-screen) he transfers the faeces onto SPIT'S forefinger. He checks that no-one is about then, very gently, he uses the stick to tickle SPIT'S moustache. SPIT rouses slowly and lifts his hand to scratch the itch. AN DUNG races off to the warehouse loading dock (follow AN DUNG).

Beat.

SPIT (O.S.)
 Aw, shite!

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S GENERAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
 (ANDREA)

ANDREA looks up from her desk where she has been putting together the day's run. She looks about, shrugs her shoulders, looks at her wristwatch and gets back to work.

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS
 (HORACE)

The van's driver's door is wide open and the nudie-girlie magazine lies discarded on the bitumen. SPIT is nowhere about.

HORACE drives in and parks in his usual spot. He gets out and is puzzled by the open door. He picks up the magazine, tosses it inside the van and closes the door. He enters the back door to the warehouse looking around, still puzzled.

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S GENERAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
 (ANDREA, HORACE, VICTORIA)

ANDREA is going through the pages of her business diary as HORACE comes in and goes to his desk, still puzzled.

ANDREA

Hiya.

HORACE

(Distracted)

Hi...

ANDREA

Have you seen Spit? He called out a few minutes ago. He's late loading up.

HORACE

Haven't seen him but he left his van wide open and his porno mag on the ground, flapping in the breeze, flashing pubes.

ANDREA

Maybe he's been kidnapped.

HORACE

One lives in hope.

HORACE tosses his car keys into his desk's pen drawer then unpacks his bag and opens up his work area as

ANDREA

(Re the diary)

Next week is Solomon and Solomon's thirtieth anniversary. Thirty years! This company saw light of day before me! We should celebrate.

HORACE

I should say so. It's lucky to have survived after poor old Saul Solomon died.

ANDREA

I wish I knew him. Was he anything like his brother?

HORACE

No. He was really cluey with money. Made stacks of it. Good old Samson's a lovely guy but, when it comes to money, his purse strings are as loose as his marble bag.

ANDREA

The company almost went broke, didn't it?

HORACE

Yeah. That was a worry...but not for Mr Solomon, God bless him. Then, out of the blue, Victoria comes in and we're afloat again. Yep, a good reason to celebrate.

ANDREA

(Dreamy)

Yeah, she's great, isn't she?

HORACE

There you go again! I'm telling you, she's straight.

VICTORIA comes in carrying some folders. She is pale and withdrawn, her hair a little less tidy than usual and her business suit slightly less than perfectly donned. ANDREA and HORACE notice this and look at each other.

ANDREA

Good morning, Victoria, are you okay?

VICTORIA barely acknowledges ANDREA'S greeting as she continues towards her office.

HORACE

(Timid)

Good morning...

She ignores him as she goes into her office.

ANDREA

She looks awful.

HORACE

(To ANDREA)

She didn't even call me Maurice.

ANDREA gets up and goes to VICTORIA'S office.

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(VICTORIA, ANDREA)

VICTORIA is standing by her desk, staring down at the folders she put there as ANDREA quietly enters.

ANDREA

Are you okay?

VICTORIA starts out of her trance. She is subdued.

VICTORIA

What do you want?

VICTORIA sits at her desk and rearranges the folders.

ANDREA

Um...well...Oh! Did you know it's
Solomon and Solomon's thirtieth
anniversary next week?

VICTORIA

(Not looking up)

So?

ANDREA

I thought we could...have a party.
Maybe.

VICTORIA looks up at her, unimpressed.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You know. Thirty years. Mr Solomon
would like that, wouldn't he?

VICTORIA goes back to her folders.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

VICTORIA snaps her head up.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Well, maybe...not.

VICTORIA goes back to her folders. ANDREA watches her then
turns to leave. As she reaches the door:

VICTORIA

Andrea.

ANDREA turns.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

For Mr Solomon.

ANDREA'S smile illuminates the room. She leaves. VICTORIA
goes back to her deep thoughts.

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S GENERAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
(ANDREA, HORACE, SPIT)

ANDREA skitters in.

ANDREA

Success!

HORACE

Who's Cess? Ark! Ark!
(Amusing himself)
Sorry!

ANDREA

Very funny...not! I suggested a party and Victoria said yes.

HORACE

How did you manage that? She looked like she'd just come from a funeral.

ANDREA

My superb powers of persuasion.

HORACE

No, what really happened?

ANDREA

Har, har. Now, where to have it? Here?

HORACE

No. A restaurant?

ANDREA

Yes. What sort?

HORACE

I know. Italian! Victoria loves Italian, doesn't she?

ANDREA

Yes, but not too expensive.

HORACE

I know just the place! Victoria will love it! My dad plays cards with this guy, Santachiara. His son, Stefano, owns a trattoria, La Rotonda Gioconda.

ANDREA

La Rot...?

HORACE

The Tubby Mona Lisa. Stefano's wife's called Lisa and she's sort of...

(He gestures with his arms)

I've been there heaps of times. Three weeks out of every four it's fantastic!

ANDREA

What about the fourth?

HORACE

Don't ask. I'll make sure that we go in the three weeks.

(MORE)

HORACE (CONT'D)

The food's excellent and I know I can get us a good deal.

ANDREA

Wicked! I'll tell Victoria.

HORACE

Make sure to tell her it was my idea.

ANDREA

Still angling for Brownie points?

HORACE

Hey, you're in her face every day.

ANDREA

It's not her face I want to be in.

HORACE

Get your mind out of there! I just wish she'd notice that I actually breathe.

ANDREA

Oh, poor baby...Anyway, we should have the party as soon as Mr Solomon gets back next week.

HORACE

If he doesn't fall off the mountain.

SPIT lumbers in, not happy. The front of his shirt and tracky-dax are soaked and his face and hands drip soapy water. He is furiously scrubbing his moustache and face with a sodden towel alternating swabbing his face with scouring his hand. His face is screwed up in disgust and anger.

ANDREA

Where have you been?
(Noticing)
What happened to you?!

SPIT looks at HORACE.

SPIT

It was you, wannit?

HORACE

Me? No! But, you're so pissed of I wish it had been.

ANDREA

Why is your face all screwed up like that?

HORACE
You look like you've just come from
a poo factory.

SPIT rushes towards HORACE; ANDREA jumps in between them.

SPIT
It was you!

HORACE
Whoa, mate! Don't know what you're
talking about. What's that smell?

ANDREA
Ooo, yeah. Have you stepped in
something?

SPIT
Yeah, right! Youse singletons don't
fool me.

HORACE
Simpletons. Use the right words,
Spit, like nincom...poop!

SPIT reacts and ANDREA pushes HORACE and SPIT apart.

SPIT
You'll get yours.
(To ANDREA)
Gimme them invoices.

ANDREA quickly gathers the bundle of papers from her desk.
SPIT grabs them.

SPIT (CONT'D)
I'm outa here! Youse are given me
the irrits.

He storms out.

HORACE
(Calling after SPIT)
Then it must be you! Check your
grundies!

ANDREA and HORACE look at each other and giggle.

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - MID MORNING SAME DAY
(VICTORIA, TURPIS V/O)

VICTORIA is at her desk, still depressed but working on the
folders she brought in. Her mobile phone on the desk rings,
that ominous tone that announces **TURPIS**.

She lets it ring as she composes herself then picks it up.

TURPIS (V.O.)
(Low, menacing)
You didn't call.

VICTORIA
(Hesitant yet defiant)
Mr Solomon's...gone on holiday.
I...I didn't get a chance to swap -

TURPIS (V.O.)
You're not lying to me, are you,
Miss Whittaker?

Beat

VICTORIA
He'll be back next week -

TURPIS (V.O.)
I know he's gone and I know where
to.

(Beat)
You are becoming less and less
useful to me. Why do I still need
you? Tell me?

VICTORIA is lost; she has no answer.

TURPIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I want that briefcase!

VICTORIA
Next week -

TURPIS (V.O.)
You don't seem to understand that I
don't need you to get it.

VICTORIA
Mr Solomon won't just hand it over
to you...

TURPIS (V.O.)
(Evil laugh)
My dear Miss Witless. He won't have
a choice...if he's dead.

VICTORIA
(Alarmed)
Don't!

TURPIS (V.O.)
Why, Miss Whittaker, you're not the
heartless bitch you make out to be.

VICTORIA

(Slow, threatening)

If you harm Mr Solomon in any way,
I will find you and I will kill
you! I have nothing to lose!

Beat

TURPIS (V.O.)

Well, well, well. Our little
vixen's grown balls. Be careful
what you say, you may live to
regret it. If you live at all.

(Beat)

Next week. Or I will personally rip
that briefcase out of Solomon's
death grip.

The call ends. VICTORIA'S resolve is evident on her face: she will not let that happen.

FADE TO:

Black screen begins to wobble; eerie music on top.

Screen caption: END OF FLASHBACK...END OF FLASHBACK...END OF
FLASHBACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

Screen caption: WHERE WERE WE? OH, YES...

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - EARLY EVENING

The empty bedroom is ransacked. The bed linen torn from the bed, chairs upturned, drawers opened and contents strewn about the ornately decorated boudoir. LISA is nowhere about.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - CONTINUOUS

(YOUNG YOBBO #1, YOUNG YOBBO #2, YOUNG YOBBO #3, YUPPY MUM,
YUPPY DAD, INDULGED SON, LOVER BOY, LOVER GIRL, CHRISSIE,
HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT)

The walls of this upmarket suburban Italian restaurant are decorated in rustic, mediaeval "artefacts": heraldic shields, broadswords, axes, maces, lances, daggers etc.

Being early evening, there are a few empty set tables. On one side is a large set table with a "Reserved" sign on it.

At another table, **three** loud, **YOUNG YOBBOs**, are merrily on their way to inebriation with a number of empty and full tinnies scattered about their table and the floor. They are laughing and drinking while eating their meals and poking each other with their grissini.

Another table has a **YUPPIE MUM**, **YUPPIE DAD**, and **INDULGED SON**, ten years of age, each trying to ignore and snubbing the **YOUNG YOBBOS** while daintily supping.

A third table is occupied by **LOVER BOY** and **LOVER GIRL** who ignore the meal in front of them while their hands explore each other's body and their mouths attached by suction power.

Rushing about from table to table is **CHRISSIE**, a young, normally efficient waitress, now frazzled and just barely coping with the existing few, but demanding, customers. Something else is bothering **CHRISSIE**, other than the three lecherous **YOUNG YOBBOS**.

YOUNG YOBBO #1

(Calling out)

Oy! Chrissie! Come and warm up me meatballs, will ya, luv.

YOUNG YOBBO #2

Yeah. Mine are a bit cold, too!

YOUNG YOBBO #3

And mine could do with a bit of a massage as well!

The three **YOUNG YOBBOS** roar with raucous laughter.

YUPPY MUM and **YUPPY DAD** are disgusted and attempt to shield their **INDULGED SON** from the language.

YUPPY MUM

Such abhorrent behavior. Ignore those vulgar men, darling. Enjoy your rigatoni al verde.

INDULGED SON

Oh, do not concern yourself, Mother. They are of no consequence to me.

The three **YOUNG YOBBOS** laugh at this even louder.

HORACE, **ANDREA** and **SPIT** come in, **SPIT** is carrying a slab of beer on his shoulder. **HORACE** and **ANDREA** are smartly dressed for a semi-formal party and **SPIT**, at least, has a clean sweatshirt and track pants on. **ANDREA** and **SPIT** take in the decor and patrons.

HORACE

So? What do you think? Victoria will be impressed, won't she?

ANDREA

She may just notice you breathing...

(Re the **YOUNG YOBBOS**)

That table's a bit...loud.

HORACE

A word to Stefano will fix them.

(Re: the Reserved table)

Oh! There's our table. Victoria and Mr Solomon should be here soon.

SPIT makes himself comfortable at it and breaks open the slab, removing one can for himself. HORACE catches CHRISSIE as she rushes past.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Chrissie! Hi. Where's Jason?

CHRISSIE

(Exhausted)

He left. He found out Lisa's coming in.

HORACE is horrified.

HORACE

But when I called, Stefano said that she definitely wasn't going to be in. Isn't it that time...?

CHRISSIE

Yes, it is. And if she says one word, one syllable, one...to accuse me again, I'm outa here, too!

She continues rushing about serving the food. HORACE is left dumbfounded.

ANDREA

What was that about? Who's Jason?

HORACE

The other waiter.

ANDREA

What's with Lisa?

HORACE

She's not supposed to come in during...I gotta talk to Stefano.

He rushes out to the kitchen. ANDREA follows him. SPIT sees them depart...

SPIT

Oy! Where youse goin?

...picks up his slab and follows them into the kitchen.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT)

The restaurant's commercial kitchen is typical of any Italian trattoria: trays filled with green salad, lasagne and tiramisù litter some of the upper shelves while one wall displays a very large calendar on which five very large red crosses have been marked on it on consecutive days.

HORACE and ANDREA burst in, look about, then race out towards the coolroom.

SPIT comes in, sees them leaving and follows them out.

SPIT

Wait on...!

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(STEFANO, HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT)

The coolroom is small, dark and cold and the shelving is filled with various fresh foodstuffs and cartons.

STEFANO, dressed in chef's whites and tall hat, is a portly, jovial, forty-ish second-generation Italian with a "she'll be right" attitude. He is retrieving some provisions as HORACE and ANDREA race in.

HORACE

Stefano!

STEFANO turns to greet his old mate.

STEFANO

Horrie!

(Noticing ANDREA,
appreciative)

Oh and who is this lovely young
lady?

He takes one of her hands, holding on to it for longer than is comfortable for ANDREA.

SPIT barrels in and deposits the slab of beer on the floor.

HORACE

That's Andrea, my workmate, and
that's Spit, don't ask.

STEFANO

(Kissing ANDREA'S hand)

A pleasure, signorina bella. You
must let me show you my...special
recipe later.

ANDREA withdraws her hand, embarrassed.

SPIT

You're lookin up the wrong skirt
there, Stefan mate.

(MORE)

SPIT (CONT'D)

Unless your special recipe is half
a dried pear and not a shrivelled
sausage.

HORACE

Chrissie told me Lisa's coming in.

STEFANO

(Continuing to rummage
through the shelves)
Yes, she called.

HORACE

But...didn't you say it's that
time?

STEFANO

I tried to dissuade her but we only
ended up arguing again.

HORACE

About...?

STEFANO

(He turns face on the
HORACE and smiles)
You know. The same old thing...

STEFANO, with provisions in hand, leaves the coolroom
followed by HORACE, ANDREA and SPIT who quickly loads the
slab of beer onto his shoulder.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(STEFANO, HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT)

STEFANO comes in followed closely by the scurrying HORACE,
ANDREA and SPIT, plus slab of beer. STEFANO places the
provisions on the counter.

HORACE

(Near hysterical)
But...!

STEFANO

Don't worry, Horrie. It'll be over
very quickly. She's only mad at me.
She'll have her rant and then
she'll go home.

He goes to the counter and begins plating some food.

HORACE

But it's...
(Pointing to the calendar)
...that time of month! It's very
clearly marked on the calendar.
She's supposed to stay home and on
medication! The magistrate said so!

STEFANO
(Turning to HORACE)
It will be okay. The argument is an
old one. Same old, same old. Trust,
loyalty, fidelity.
(He chuckles)

He picks up a large knife and begins to carve a roast.

Beat. HORACE is stunned.

HORACE
You haven't been...fooling around
again?

STEFANO turns to ANDREA with a big, cheesy grin.

STEFANO
It takes two to dance the tango of
love...

He returns to his carving just as there is a very loud
commotion in the dining room: crockery crashing to the floor
and women's voices screaming at each other:

CHRISSIE (O.S.)
Arrgh! You're insane!

HORACE, STEFANO, ANDREA and SPIT race to the door and peer
through the glass panels to see

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - CONTINUOUS
(YOUNG YOBBO #1, YOUNG YOBBO #2, YOUNG YOBBO #3, YUPPY MUM,
YUPPY DAD, INDULGED SON, LOVER BOY, LOVER GIRL, CHRISSIE,
HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT, LISA)

CHRISSIE and LISA standing toe to toe, arms flailing, spittle
flying, arguing loudly.

CHRISSIE
You're mad! Why would I steal from
you?!

LISA
I pay you lousy wages! Why wouldn't
you steal? Are you stupid?

CHRISSIE
I must be to work here!

LISA
Then why work here? It's my
husband, isn't it?

CHRISSIE
I told you a million times, your
husband doesn't interest me!

LISA
Why? Isn't he good enough for you?

CHRISSIE
You're deranged!

LISA
Say that again and your face will
be deranged!

CHRISSIE
I don't have to put up with this! I
quit!

LISA
Who's telling you to stay?

CHRISSIE rips off her apron and tosses it to the ground as she storms off.

Beat. Everyone is staring at LISA in stunned disbelief.

LISA looks about.

LISA (CONT'D)
Eat!!!!

In unison, all of the restaurant PATRONS bob their heads down and resume eating their meals in quiet fear. LISA picks up the apron and puts it on as she stalks to the kitchen.

From their vantage point behind the kitchen doors, HORACE, ANDREA and SPIT disappear. STEFANO looks out to LISA, smiles and waves as LISA approaches.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT, STEFANO, LISA)

HORACE, ANDREA and SPIT who is still holding on to his slab of beer, are pressed against the farthest wall; HORACE is visibly fearful, ANDREA, close by on HORACE'S left is concerned and confused and SPIT, on HORACE'S right, is annoyed that he can't get stuck into his potation.

STEFANO backs away from the door and resumes his carving, still confident that LISA'S rage will be short-lived, as LISA flings open the doors and stalks in. She stops near a counter and scrutinises everyone.

STEFANO
(Half-turning to LISA)
Cara, nice to see you.

LISA sneers derisively. STEFANO turns back and plates up three meals from the newly-carved meat as

LISA
(Looking at HORACE)
I know you.

HORACE
(Trembling)
Hi, Lisa. Horrie. Benedetti.
Stefano's dad and my dad...

LISA
(Warmth underscored by
malevolence)
Ah, yes, The Senile Boys' Club. And
how is your dear, old, decrepit,
pathetic, son of a...father?

HORACE
Oh, he's fine, thank you.

LISA
And who are your little friends?

HORACE
Oh, these are colleagues of mine.
Spit and Andrea.

LISA approaches ANDREA. ANDREA and HORACE shrink back against
the wall. LISA extends her hand to ANDREA.

LISA
Andrea. Nice to meet you. Do you
find relationships with men
difficult?

ANDREA
Ah...

LISA
The way they use, abuse and then
discard you once you have reached
that certain age?

ANDREA
Well...

SPIT
Nah, she's a dyke.

LISA
(To SPIT, vehement)
Who asked you?!

SPIT
Jeez, lady. What's your problem?

HORACE elbows his discreetly.

Beat

LISA'S mood swings back to pleasant as she strolls back to her counter.

LISA

Oh, Stefano sweetie, Chrissie had to go home. Something seems to have upset her. I'll do front of house.

HORACE gasps in horror. It catches LISA'S attention.

LISA (CONT'D)

You have a problem with that?

HORACE

No. No. No.

LISA turns back to the counter.

STEFANO

Anything you desire, tesoro mio.
(Indicating the three plates)

These require your superb garnishing skills. For table nine.

LISA picks a a very large knife and grabs a handful of chives and parsley and begins chopping them as

LISA

Ah, yes, table nine. The three shining examples of male perfection. Something all women aspire to be bedded by. Drunken, smelly, uncouth, unshaven, shit-for-brains whose idea of foreplay is a mouthful of drool and a fumble for the right opening.

ANDREA and HORACE look at SPIT.

LISA (CONT'D)

(Her chopping becomes more violent, parsley and chives flying in all directions)

And then, when it's over, thirty seconds later, you're lucky he doesn't roll off, not only you, but the bed, before he's snoring or vomiting. Or both.

(She turns to STEFANO)

Was it like that with Chrissie, too?

STEFANO, his knife in hand, turns to placate LISA.

STEFANO

You're working yourself up again,
sugar. You know what the doctor
said.

LISA

Screw the doctor! Or have you done
her, too?!

STEFANO

Lisa, calm down, gioia.

LISA

(Screaming)
I am calm!
(She lunges at him with
the knife)
I have never been calmer!

STEFANO dodges the first strike. HORACE, ANDREA and SPIT look on mortified. LISA continues her attack with a flurry of lunges as STEFANO does all he can to weave, dodge and parry her thrusts as

STEFANO

Once. Only once.

LISA

That I found out! How many others?!

STEFANO

None, my pet.

LISA

Rosetta's five-year-old has your
eyes.

STEFANO

Coincidence, Snooky.

LISA

You lose a thousand dollars at the
races and Juliana finds a diamond
bracelet.

STEFANO

Bad luck, good luck, Pumpkin.

LISA

I'll show you luck, amore!

With one final flurry, LISA performs the perfect flèche and thrusts the knife deep into STEFANO'S chest.

LISA (CONT'D)

Touché. Right to the spinal column.

HORACE, ANDREA and SPIT are paralysed as they watch STEFANO gasp, gurgle and crumple to the floor, the knife embedded in his chest.

LISA turns her attention to the three plates of meat. She tosses handfuls of chopped herbs onto each as ANDREA, HORACE and SPIT, who drops his slab, re-animate and rush to STEFANO. ANDREA checks him for vital signs and shakes her head aghast.

HORACE
Ohmygod! Is he...

ANDREA
We've got to get him to hospital!

SPIT
Jeez, I thought there's be more blood'n this.

ANDREA
Call an ambulance!

LISA
Tich! It's only a scratch.

ANDREA
Lisa! He's dying!

LISA
Did he tell you that? He's such a sook! I'll take him home and put a band-aid on it.

ANDREA
He needs to get to hospital now!

LISA
(Exasperated)
Oh, all right. Help me get the big baby into the car.

SPIT and HORACE bend down to help lift STEFANO.

LISA (CONT'D)
(Vicious)
Get away from him!

SPIT and HORACE jump back. Wide-eyed with fear, ANDREA intercedes.

ANDREA
Lisa...Lisa, let me help.

LISA smiles warmly and graciously as she moves to STEFANO'S feet.

LISA

Thank you, Andrea. Sisters can do it for ourselves, can't we?

ANDREA

Whatever you say, Lisa. Let's just get him to hospital quickly.

LISA

Which leg would you like? They're pretty much the same. Hairy, fat and thickly veined.

LISA and ANDREA each take up a foot and drag STEFANO out the back door as SPIT and HORACE look on. HORACE is very agitated. SPIT goes to his slab of beer, retrieves a can, opens it and guzzles.

HORACE

(Panicked)

What are you doing? This is a disaster and you're kicking back?

SPIT

(Calm)

He'll be right. He'll either live, which is good, or he'll die, which, with a wife like that, is good, too.

HORACE

Yeah yeah poor Stefano! But what about the party?! I suggested this venue. Victoria will blame me!

SPIT

And you think my pirate-ease are screwed?

HORACE

Priorities!

SPIT

Swat I said.

HORACE

(Looks at watch)

Ohmygod! Look at the time! Who's going to cook? Who's going to wait tables?

(Pacing)

What to do? What to do?

(Stops)

I got it!

He carefully steps over the small puddle of smeared blood and picks up the phone on the wall and dials.

Beat

HORACE (CONT'D)

Pa? You know that suit you wore at
Donati's funeral? Put it on...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - 30 MINUTES LATER
(YOUNG YOBBO #1, YOUNG YOBBO #2, YOUNG YOBBO #3, YUPPY MUM,
YUPPY DAD, INDULGED SON, LOVER BOY, LOVER GIRL, SPIT)

The PATRONS have resumed their pre-LISA behavior. SPIT, wearing a long white apron and a cloth draped over his left arm, is doing his best to pander to the whims of the INDULGED SON at their table. He plants a badly-plated ice cream dessert in front of the INDULGED SON.

INDULGED SON
(Turning up his nose)
I can't eat that!

SPIT
Why not? You got a spoon. You got a mouth.

INDULGED SON
It's the plate.

SPIT
What's it got a hole in it?

INDULGED SON
It's a bowl! I always have it on a plate. And the chef always garnishes my tartufo with coulis and panna montata.

SPIT
Wha...? What's that in English.

YOUNG YOBBO #1
(Leaning across)
The little poser wants his ice cream on a plate with raspberry sauce and whipped cream, thickhead!

YOUNG YOBBO #2 and YOUNG YOBBO #3 laugh. SPIT turns on them.

SPIT
Youse'll be wearing the ice cream and the friggin little poser if youse don't all shut up!

This only makes them laugh louder and longer as SPIT grabs the bowl of ice cream and stomps off to the kitchen.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, GIACOBBE, MRS WILSON-SMITH, PUFF, SPIT)

HORACE is beside himself, trying to cope with the few remaining orders for a green salad and desserts, glancing toward the back door and his watch.

The sound of GIACOBBE and **MRS WILSON-SMITH** coming in the back door grabs his attention. MRS WILSON-SMITH is elegantly dressed while GIACOBBE wears a dark, ill-fitting suit, a tight-fitting shirt and tie and his scungy slippers.

HORACE

Finally!

PUFF trots in behind them. He greets HORACE.

PUFF

Woof!

HORACE

You brought Puff?! How did you all fit on the Vespa?

GIACOBBE

No ask!

PUFF sniffs the floor where STEFANO fell and from where his blood has been cleaned up.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

(As she finds an apron and puts it on)

It's all right, dear. He's been fed, watered and toileted.

(To PUFF)

Trot along to a corner, dear, we shan't be long.

PUFF reluctantly finds a corner and nestles himself into it with a little grunt and keeps an eye on the goings-on.

MRS WILSON-SMITH (CONT'D)

(To HORACE)

Now, dear, where are we? Jacob has explained everything. As well as he could do.

HORACE

A salad. For table seven. I can't find any tomatoes.

SPIT strides in and dumps the ice cream bowl on the counter.

SPIT

The little mongrel wants this on a friggin plate with friggin sauce and friggin whipped cream.

(Noticing)

Oh, hullo, Mrs Wilson-Smith.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Hello, Archibald. I'll take care of that. Find me some tomatoes, will you, please? They should be in the coolroom we just passed.

SPIT

Righto. Thanks. Anything to get away from that mini hemorrhoid.

(As he passes)

And you can call me Spit.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

I'd rather not, dear.

SPIT leaves for the coolroom as HORACE searches and finds an apron for GIACOBBE. PUFF watches him leave. MRS WILSON-SMITH continues fixing a large salad, finishing off the ice cream plate, checking the order slips and working diligently as:

HORACE

(Tying the apron on
GIACOBBE)

You'll do front of house. Waiter.

(Noticing)

Why are you wearing your slippers?

GIACOBBE

Shoes no comfortable.

(Pulling at his tie)

Shirt too tight. Tie pinch.

HORACE

No, leave it done up. You look like a dero as it is. Why didn't you shave?

GIACOBBE

Ei! You say hurry! Urgent! I come. Now you talk like this? Ei. Thank you for coming!

HORACE

Okay, okay. I'm sorry. But, please! This is very important to me. Don't stuff up.

GIACOBBE

Wazzamadda? You very nervous.

MRS WILSON-SMITH give the corrected ice cream plate to HORACE.

HORACE

You won't believe what's happened. But later. Take this to the little boy out there.

He pushes GIACOBBE out the dining room door.

GIACOBBE
(Mumbling as he leaves)
I come here for insults? Could stay
home for that. Watch Big Loser...

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT)

SPIT is rummaging around the upper shelves as the coolroom door slides shut. SPIT turns to it. He hears a gentle "click" and goes to it.

SPIT
Hey...!

He pushes it but it doesn't budge.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Hey, open up!

He tries again to slide it open, this time harder. Stuck.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(PUFF, GIACOBBE, HORACE, MRS WILSON-SMITH)

PUFF'S attention is drawn to the coolroom as GIACOBBE storms back in minus the ice cream. HORACE is helping MRS WILSON-SMITH with the desserts. PUFF turns to GIACOBBE and grunts.

GIACOBBE
That little boy! Porca la miseria!
Che insulti! I want to hit him.
Then I want to hit his father. Then
his mother. They make fun of my
slippers!

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Where's Archibald? I need those
tomatoes. Jacob, please go and see
what's holding him up.

GIACOBBE heads off to the coolroom.

GIACOBBE
Anything so I no have to see that
little monello.

PUFF watches him as he leaves, alerted.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT, GIACOBBE)

SPIT is trying to find a way out as the door slides open and GIACOBBE comes in. SPIT backs up.

GIACOBBE

Why you take so long?

SPIT

Someone locked me in.

GIACOBBE

What you say? Door not locked.
Where are tomatoes?

SPIT

Dunno. The door *was* locked!

GIACOBBE

Ei, you dream! Hurry up, find
tomatoes! Is cold.

They turn and start searching the shelves again for the tomatoes. The coolroom door, once again, slides shut followed by the gentle "click".

SPIT rushes to it and tries to slide it open but it is firmly closed. He turns to GIACOBBE.

SPIT

You havin the same dream as me?

GIACOBBE goes to the door and examines it.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(MRS WILSON-SMITH, HORACE, PUFF)

HORACE looks at his watch. PUFF looks towards the coolroom. MRS WILSON-SMITH has done everything she can do but now must have those tomatoes.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

What could be holding up those
tomatoes?

HORACE

I'll go. They're probably goofing
off as usual.

He leaves. PUFF watches him go.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

(To PUFF)

I think you'd better go and make
sure they come back.

With a grunt, PUFF gets up and trots after HORACE.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT, GIACOBBE, HORACE, PUFF)

SPIT and GIACOBBE are standing facing each other in the middle, hugging themselves to keep warm.

SPIT

Ya shouldna let the door slam shut.

GIACOBBE

You should tell me keep it open.

The door opens.

Beat.

HORACE peers in.

HORACE

What are you doing? Playing cards?

(He strides in)

Where are the tomatoes?

SPIT

No!

GIACOBBE

No!

The door slams shut.

HORACE (CONT'D)

No, what?

They look at HORACE.

SPIT

The door!

GIACOBBE

We stuck!

The door mysteriously opens a crack and PUFF is shoved in unceremoniously. PUFF whimpers. The door slams shut again.

SPIT throws himself on the door and pounds on it.

SPIT

Open up!

HORACE

What's going on?

SPIT

Let us out!

GIACOBBE

No good. No can hear.

HORACE

Wha...what do you mean?

SPIT

Someone's locked us in, dopey!

HORACE is in shock.

HORACE

Locked?

They panic. They all lean and push on the door, pounding it with their fists and calling out.

SPIT, GIACOBBE, HORACE

Help! Let us out! Open the door!

Help!

PUFF stands back and evaluates the situation.

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS

(LISA)

LISA grins, flashing her bloodied knife. She is demented.

LISA

You'll keep...for about twelve months.

She cleans her knife with a cloth and moves off.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(MRS WILSON-SMITH, LISA)

MRS WILSON-SMITH is tending a pot on the stove and doesn't see LISA slip in. LISA observes MRS WILSON-SMITH, even taking time to savour the aroma of her cooking before stalking to the dining room unnoticed. Her grin is feral.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - CONTINUOUS

(YOUNG YOBBO #1, YOUNG YOBBO #2, YOUNG YOBBO #3, YUPPY MUM, YUPPY DAD, INDULGED SON, LOVER BOY, LOVER GIRL, LISA)

LISA stands just inside the dining room at the kitchen doors, the knife in her hands behind her back and observes.

The three YOUNG YOBBOs are still drinking and eating, their table a mess of spilled food and drink and empty beer cans. They are well soused.

The YUPPY MUM and YUPPY DAD are quietly finishing their desserts and coffee with their INDULGED SON, occasionally glancing disapprovingly over to the YOUNG YOBBOs.

LOVER BOY and LOVER GIRL have hardly touched their meals and continue to pet and peck between bites of food oblivious to the their surroundings.

YOUNG YOBBO #1 sees LISA.

YOUNG YOBBO #1

(Drunk, slurring)

Oy! Blondie-locks! What's happened to the service around here?

YOUNG YOBBO #2
(Drunk, slurring)
Yeah! We want service!

YOUNG YOBBO #1, #2, #3
We want service! We want service!

LISA strolls over to them, a smile on her face concealing her evil thoughts.

YUPPY MUM, YUPPY DAD and INDULGED SON look on stone-faced.

LISA
(Slow, deliberate)
What can I get for you...gentlemen?

They laugh.

YOUNG YOBBO #2
Dessert. I want dessert.

YOUNG YOBBO #3
Yeah. I want crumpet. You got any crumpet?

YOUNG YOBBO #1
I feel like some crumpet, too!

They laugh loudly.

LISA
I doubt you are in any state to be able to deal with crumpet -

YOUNG YOBBO #1, #2, #3
Ooooooooo.....

LISA
In fact, I think I'd enjoy your banana...
(She plunges the knife into the centre of the table)
Split!

They recoil, wide-eyed, silent.

LISA (CONT'D)
(Looking at each in turn)
I'll whip your cream...and sever your nuts! Oops! Did I say sever? I meant to say crush them!

They scramble out of their chairs, very much sobered.

YOUNG YOBBO #1
Your nuts!

LISA

Oh, no, they'd be your nuts.

They run out of the restaurant as fast as their sozzled legs can carry them.

LISA (CONT'D)

(After the, pleasant)

Good evening. Do come back.

Beat

The YUPPY table catches her eye. She works the knife loose from the table and turns to them.

YUPPY DAD

Brava!

YUPPY MUM

Yes! Well done! An appalling trio.

LISA approaches them with a malicious glint in her eye, toying with her knife.

LISA

Ah, our Darling Point regulars. Out slumming again, hmm? Deigning to grace us plebs with your auspicious presence?

INDULGED SON

You really should be more judicial in whom you allow into your establishment.

LISA

Ah, the miracle of nature speaks! And such pearls of wisdom! We must all stop and listen to what spews forth from the mouth of this coddled, overbearing, pain in the arse.

(Turning to YUPPY MUM)

It must have been a difficult pregnancy. Giving up triple shot soy caramel double lattes and Bettina Liano for Target fat clothes or did one of your vassals bear him for you?

YUPPY DAD

I say! Steady on!

LISA

She was a virgin, I'll bet. Don't you all want virgins? But you know, virginity is like an inflated balloon.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

One little prick, and it's gone.
Then what? A precious little
blessing comes along.

(Furious, leaning on the
centre of the table)

But they're not a blessing, they're
a curse! Demons! Little Beel-ze-
Bubs!

YUPPY DAD

You're insane! Utterly insane!

YUPPY MUM and YUPPY DAD gather up their INDULGED SON and
hurry off out of the restaurant.

LISA

And you're ignorant, pompous asses!
But they don't have a pill for
that!

LOVER BOY and LOVER GIRL finally are paying attention even
though they are still clutching onto each other's hands and
sitting close together. LISA turns to them.

LISA (CONT'D)

(Nicely to LOVER GIRL)

And is your balloon intact?

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT, HORACE, GIACOBBE, PUFF)

SPIT, HORACE and GIACOBBE are pushing hard and trying
everything to get the door open as PUFF looks on.

HORACE

Push!

SPIT

I am! Get off me foot!

GIACOBBE

Eh! You do. Am too old.

Exhausted, GIACOBBE moves back, struggling with the tight
shirt collar. He loosens it and the tie, then slips the
looped tie off and tosses it to the floor.

PUFF looks at the tie and then at the door and HORACE and
SPIT as they continue to argue.

HORACE

Try pushing up, while I push out.

SPIT

We tried that, the bloody thing's
locked!

PUFF
Woof! Woof, woof!

HORACE and SPIT turn to PUFF.

SPIT
What's wrong with him?

PUFF picks up the tie in his mouth, goes to the door and stands up against it.

SPIT (CONT'D)
(Derisive, to PUFF)
Yeah, what? You think you're stronger than us? Sheesh!

PUFF pays no attention as he tries to manoeuvre the tie into place.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(MRS WILSON-SMITH, ANDREA)

MRS WILSON-SMITH is now very concerned.

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Goodness me, what's taking them so long?

ANDREA rushes in from the back door, flushed, wide-eyed and distressed.

ANDREA
She's escaped! She dumped me and Stefano on the side of the road and said she was going to take care of everything with an ugly appendage!

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Calm down, dear? Who's escaped?

ANDREA
Lisa! Mad Lisa! She killed Stefano!

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Oh my goodness!

ANDREA
Appendages! Where's Horace? Where's Spit?

MRS WILSON-SMITH
I sent them to the...Oh, dear!

They race back out to the coolroom.

There is a muffled scream from the dining room followed by toppling furniture and scuttling feet.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - CONTINUOUS
(LISA)

The dining room is empty. LISA looks at the front door.

LISA
He'll think twice before toying
with her balloon again.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA'S COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(PUFF, GIACOBBE, SPIT, HORACE)

PUFF very carefully manages to hook the loop onto a very small and almost indiscernible lever and jumps down. He grabs hold of the end of the tie and gently pulls down. Everyone hears the "click" as the door unlocks.

HORACE
No, not stronger, Spit, just
smarter. Good boy, Puff. Good boy!

HORACE slides the door open. PUFF leads the charge out.

PUFF
Woof, woof, woof!

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE COOLROOM - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, SPIT, GIACOBBE, MRS WILSON-SMITH, ANDREA, PUFF)

PUFF, HORACE, SPIT and GIACOBBE rush out and collide with ANDREA and MRS WILSON-SMITH coming from the kitchen. There is much confusion as they groggily sort themselves out and get to their feet.

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - CONTINUOUS
(LISA, VICTORIA, MR SOLOMON, HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT, GIACOBBE, MRS WILSON-SMITH, PUFF)

LISA stands triumphant amidst the debris of her restaurant, the cheers of an imaginary crowd roaring in her head.

Beat.

VICTORIA (O.C.)
You with the knife.

LISA snaps around to find VICTORIA and **MR SOLOMON** standing just inside the front door. Both are elegantly dressed and MR SOLOMON carrying his aluminium briefcase. VICTORIA'S gold-coloured bracelet gleams from her wrist.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Where's the Solomon table?

LISA approaches them slowly, playing with her knife.

LISA

Welcome to La Rotonda Gioconda. I'm Lisa, your hostess, and I will take care of you tonight.

(Indicating the reserved table)

This way.

VICTORIA is not fooled and is very wary of LISA. She looks around as she and MR SOLOMON head for the reserved table. MR SOLOMON looks about, elated.

MR SOLOMON

My, my, very interesting use of tables and chairs...

LISA

Is this your father?

(Gives him the once-over)

Hmm, you seem to have exceeded the average life expectancy for men...

VICTORIA stands between MR SOLOMON and LISA, drawing herself up, ready for trouble.

VICTORIA

Where's the rest of the party?

From the kitchen doors explode HORACE, ANDREA, SPIT, GIACOBBE, MRS WILSON-SMITH and PUFF. They stop. Freeze. LISA turns to them.

LISA

Ah, here they are now. Come in. Warm up a little.

GIACOBBE pushes PUFF from behind.

GIACOBBE

Go! Attack! Kill!

PUFF whimpers, turns and scuttles in behind MRS WILSON-SMITH.

HORACE

Lisa, put the knife down.

ANDREA

It's okay, Lisa. Everything will be okay.

HORACE

We don't want to hurt you.

LISA circles around so that she is not standing between VICTORIA and the group.

LISA

Pity I can't say the same.

Suddenly she rushes them and slashes out with her knife. The group scatters in all directions and retreat pressed against the walls. VICTORIA and MR SOLOMON stand firm and watch. MR SOLOMON is highly amused by the spectacle.

LISA turns to MR SOLOMON and VICTORIA.

LISA charges once again.

LISA (CONT'D)
Death to wrinkly old men!!!

VICTORIA pushes MR SOLOMON out of the way, grabs a shield from the wall and deflects LISA and the knife. LISA regains her balance, tosses away her knife and grabs a shield and sword from the wall.

VICTORIA arms herself with a sword and prepares to engage LISA in combat.

LISA charges, swinging her sword wildly. VICTORIA parries, deflects some blows with her shield and lands some of her own on LISA'S shield.

VICTORIA
Lay down your arms!

LISA
Hah! I'll lay yours down...at the
shoulders!

LISA sweeps her sword at VICTORIA'S legs; VICTORIA jumps and retaliates with a swing at LISA'S head. LISA duck, turns and runs to pick up an ice bucket, which she fits to her head.

VICTORIA
Good idea! That'll catch your
brains when I split your head open!

LISA screams

LISA
Arrgh!

...and charges VICTORIA her sword held high. LISA brings it down hard. VICTORIA blocks it by bringing up her right arm. LISA'S sword strikes VICTORIA on her right wrist, the gold-coloured bracelet taking the force and breaking open.

VICTORIA charges LISA and beats her back with a frenzied flurry of blows, the gold-coloured bracelet flying off in the attack. LISA is just barely able to deflect the blows with her shield. LISA loses her sword, then her helmet and finally her shield under the attack and is manoeuvred back against the reserved table and flung across it.

VICTORIA discards her shield as she leans into LISA, her sword pressed firmly across LISA'S throat.

VICTORIA
(Whispers, deliberate)
No-one threatens Mr Solomon. No-one.

Beat.

All is quiet. Everyone stares at VICTORIA and LISA in disbelief except for MR SOLOMON who claps enthusiastically.

MR SOLOMON
Excellent! Bravo! Such a floor show! I can't wait to taste the food!

END OF ACT II

EPILOGUE

INT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA - A FEW HOURS LATER
(MR SOLOMON, MRS WILSON-SMITH, SPIT, GIACOBBE, PUFF, TWO HEFTY POLICEMEN N/S, LISA, ANDREA, VICTORIA, HORACE, AMY)

The dining room is still a shambles. MR SOLOMON sits at the reserved table as MRS WILSON-SMITH brings in a large steaming bowl of spaghetti Bolognese and puts it on the table. SPIT joins them.

SPIT
Aw, bewdy! Spag boll. Finally, good Aussie tucker!

MRS WILSON-SMITH serves MR SOLOMON and SPIT as GIACOBBE and PUFF are having a discussion nearby.

GIACOBBE
Why you no attack when I say attack?

PUFF
Woof! Woof, woof!

GIACOBBE
Ah, You all bark, no bite.

PUFF
Woof, woof, woof!

GIACOBBE
Ah, shaddup! You poof, no Puff!

PUFF
Woof, woof, woof...

GIACOBBE
I go eat!

GIACOBBE joins MR SOLOMON and PUFF follows, head hung low and with a little whimper. MRS WILSON-SMITH serves them both.

Two **HEFTY POLICEMEN** drag a struggling and ranting LISA from the kitchen across and through the front door.

LISA
(Screaming)
I won't forget this, bitch! Never!
I'll see you in hell...!

VICTORIA, standing alone in the middle of the room, watches unconcerned. ANDREA, back to her usual happy self approaches.

ANDREA
(Pretending swordplay)
That was some fancy duelling.

VICTORIA
(Nonchalant, serious)
Something I picked up during
my...previous life.

ANDREA
(Noticing the spaghetti)
Oo, food! I'm starving. Let's eat.

ANDREA joins the reserved table. MRS WILSON-SMITH serves her.

HORACE approaches VICTORIA warily. GIACOBBE sees this and is alarmed.

GIACOBBE
(Calling)
Orazio! Come! Eat!

HORACE
(Turning to GIACOBBE)
In a minute, Pa!
(To VICTORIA)
Um...Victoria...

VICTORIA turns to him.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Listen, you probably heard that all
of this was my idea...

VICTORIA
No...

HORACE
No? Andy didn't...Oh, well. No
matter.
(He offers the gold-
coloured bracelet)
This came off. I think the catch is
broken.

VICTORIA doesn't take it. She checks her wrist then stares at the bracelet.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Victoria?

VICTORIA takes it and holds it, staring at it. HORACE is concerned.

AMY
I'll take care of this, Horrie.

AMY is in uniform and attending the crime scene.

AMY (CONT'D)
Why don't you go and get something
to eat?

HORACE is indecisive, then

HORACE
Okay. Catch you later, Senior
Constable.

HORACE gives AMY a quick peck on the lips and goes to the table where MRS WILSON-SMITH serves him. VICTORIA looks at AMY quizzically and possibly jealously.

VICTORIA
It came off in the fight.

AMY takes the gold-coloured bracelet and examines it.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Nothing happened. No-one came. No
sound. Nothing.

Beat.

AMY
It's a furphy.

Beat.

VICTORIA
I don't understand.

AMY
What I don't understand is, why not
the real thing? Why a pretend
monitor? Something here doesn't
make sense.

Beat.

VICTORIA
So you and Maur...he...?

AMY
He's very sweet.

VICTORIA
But I thought you were...

AMY
(Smiles)
Never limit yourself. You never
know...
(Beat)
Keep this.
(She gives the bracelet
back)
I've got to go. Lisa, reports, more
digging...

Beat as AMY looks longingly into VICTORIA'S eyes and VICTORIA doesn't flinch.

In the background, ANDREA and HORACE, sitting next to each other, turned in their seats and watching, see AMY and VICTORIA and can't believe the exchange.

ANDREA
(Smiling, elated)
No...

HORACE
(Shocked, defeated)
No...

GIACOBBE smiles to himself, pleased that VICTORIA may not be a threat to him any more.

END OF EPILOGUE

TAGINT. LA ROTONDA GIOCONDA TRATTORIA

(LISA, VICTORIA, VIOLCA, STEVO, HORACE, GIACOBBE)

The room is darkened, dramatic and willed with smoke and charred tables and chairs strewn about.

In the centre of the room lies the prostrate, bloodied body of LISA. Standing beside her with one foot on LISA'S hip is a beatific VICTORIA, dressed as a mediaeval knight, shield on her left arm and sword raised high in her right hand.

A **CROWD** of faceless silhouettes (POSSIBLY CARDBOARD CUTOUTS) surrounds her and cry in unison:

CROWD (V.O.)

The king is dead! Long live the
king! The king is dead! Long live
the king!

During the chanting, a voice in the CROWD becomes more and more distinct. It is high-pitched as:

CROWD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The king is dead! Long live
the king!
The king is dead! Long live
the king!

VIOLCA (V.O.)

Daddy's dead! Long live my
son!
Daddy's dead! Long live my
son!

One of the silhouetted cutout heads morphs to VIOLCA.

The prostrate form of LISA morphs to STEVO, in the same bloodied, dead position and the triumphant VICTORIA morphs to a triumphant HORACE in the same attire as VICTORIA.

SMASH CUT TO

GIACOBBE'S eyes as they fly open and stare directly ahead, sweat beading on his forehead.

END OF EPISODE