Uncle Sylvio

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

A bus stopped at the corner of a street in an upper middle-class neighborhood. All houses look the same. Large green lawns. Trees and flowers in bloom. Birds CHIRP.

SYLVIO (79) walks off of the bus. He has white hair, wearing a beret, khaki pants too short, a sweater vest too baggy. He is holding two boxes of pastries.

Cars pass drive along the street frequently. ESTHER (42), is wearing an orange vest, holding a crossing sign. She waits by the cross walk. Sylvio approaches her. He tips his beret.

SYLVIO
Good afternoon, miss.

ESTHER
Hello, sir. Any special Easter plans for today?

SYLVIO
Goin’ to see my son, Angelo, at his girlfriend’s house.

ESTHER
Handsome name. That’s lovely.

Esther looks both ways down the street. Cars bustle by.

SYLVIO
I neva met her, though. Judy, the girlfriend. She’s got a kid. Joey, I think.

ESTHER
I see.

SYLVIO
He’s forty-years-old and he spends every holiday with her family. I’m neva invited.

Esther hesitates.

ESTHER
Well, they invited you this time, so that’s nice.

Esther looks both ways down the street. She gestures for Sylvio to cross with her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SYLVIO
Nah, they don’t know I’m comin’. I haven’t talked to him for five years. I brought his favorite pastries as a, uh, ticket or somethin’ to get inside.

Sylvio CHUCKLES. Esther smiles. Esther and Sylvio cross the street.

ESTHER
If you don’t mind me asking, how do you know where Julie lives?

SYLVIO
Judy. I, uh, got connections.

Esther LAUGHS.

ESTHER
Okay, Don Corleone. You have a wonderful Easter, then. Good luck with your son.

Esther walks back across the street. Sylvio salutes goodbye. He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket. He squints at it.

SYLVIO
Could be twenty-six...

Sylvio holds it farther away from him. He squints.

SYLVIO (CONT’D)
Or twenty-eight...nah.

Sylvio walks up the street. He walks up to house number twenty-six.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The front doorbell RINGS. NICKY (6) scurries to the door. His face and hands are covered in chocolate. He opens the door. Sylvio stands hunched with two boxes of pastries.

SYLVIO
Hey kid. You must be Joey.

NICKY
I’m Nicky.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIOS
You’re name’s supposed to be Joey.

Nicky puts out his hand to shake, Sylvio stares at it, looks disgusted.

SYLVIOS (CONT’D)
Sorry kid. I hate chocolate.

NICKY
I love chocolate.

SYLVIOS (CONT’D)
Do ya know where Angelo is?

NICKY
He was sleeping when he got here.
But I gotta go. I don’t want to miss the hunt!

Nicky scurries off. Sylvio closes the door behind him. He scratches his head.

SYLVIOS
Sleepin’ when he got here?

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM – DAY

SOPHIA (35) is loading the washing machine. Nicky walks in.

NICKY
Is it time for the hunt yet?

SOPHIA
Not yet, sweetie.

Sophia looks at Nicky.

SOPHIA (CONT’D)
You’re a wreck! No more chocolate until after the Easter egg hunt. Who was at the door?

NICKY
Some old man.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOPHIA
Are you sure it wasn’t Aunt Lotti?
You thought she was a man at
Christmas when she forgot her wig.

Nicky LAUGHS.

NICKY
It’s not her, mommy. She’s sleeping
on the sofa.

Sophia CHUCKLES.

SOPHIA
Drink in hand, I’m sure.

NICKY
What are you doing in here? When
are we gonna do the Easter egg
hunt?

SOPHIA
Soon enough. Baby Angelo spit up on
my blouse.

Sophia holds up the dirty blouse. She puts it in the washing
machine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cozy living room. ITALIAN MUSIC playing softly.

LOTTI (87) sleeping on the couch. Wig crooked. Mouth open.
Legs sprawled. Wine glass half full in one hand. Biscotti
cookie in the other.

ANETTE (70), attractive older woman, sitting next to GINA
(45), wearing clothes too tight and too young, red lipstick.

Sylvio walks in holding pastry boxes. He waves. ANETTE and
GINA wave.

ANETTE poofs her hair, looks to GINA, whispers:

ANETTE
Who’s that? He’s handsome.

GINA
I was gonna say the same thing!

Sylvio gestures to LOTTI.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIO
Musta had a rough day.

GINA
If you think this is rough, you shoulda seen her at Christmas!

Sylvio smiles.

SYLVIO
You ladies seen Angelo by any chance?

ANETTE
Sophia is feeding him on the lawn, I think.

SYLVIO
No wonder he loves it here. You guys pamper him at this joint.

Anette and Gina smile. Sylvio exits. Gina nudges Anette.

GINA
He’s cute for you Anette!

ANETTE
Shh! He might hear you.

Anette looks at the door Sylvio exited. She poofs her hair.

GINA
And you know he ain’t cheap! Two boxes of pastries!

Anette flattens out her shirt, sits up straight. Gina nudges Anette.

GINA (CONT’D)
You know who I think he is? Sophia’s uncle. From Jersey.

ANETTE
Didn’t he pass away in the ’90’s?

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Gina and Chiarra stand by the punch bowl. Sylvio enters the lawn, still holding the pastries. Gina nudges Chiarra.
GINA
Sophia’s uncle. From Jersey.

Chiarra nods. Sylvio approaches. He smiles.

SYLVIO
Hello ladies.

Chiarra waves. Gina smiles.

SYLVIO
Do either of you know where I can find Angelo?

CHIARRA
Last I saw, he was drinkin’ a bottle on the deck.

Sylvio scratches his head.

SYLVIO
Drinkin’? Why the hell is he drinkin’ so early in the day?

GINA
That’s pretty much all he does.

Gina and Chiarra CHUCKLE.

SYLVIO
Gee...that ain’t good.

GINA
What can ya do, huh?

Sylvio scratches his head.

SYLVIO
Can I ask you ladies a question?

Chiarra and Gina nod.

SYLVIO (CONT’D)
Has Angelo, uh, ever mentioned that he’s got a father?

CHIARRA
He doesn’t really talk much...

SYLVIO
I see.

(CONTINUED)
GINA
He’s just a baby.

Sylvio nods. He begins walking away.

SYLVIO
(to himself)
Rude is what he is. Acts like a damn baby.

Sylvio exits. Sophia approaches. Sophia looks to Chiarra.

SOPHIA
Who was that?

CHIARRA
Your uncle, ya know, from Jersey.

SOPHIA
What? No. He died in ’93.

Anette walks over. She pours punch into a cup. She takes a sip.

ANETTE
Jesus! This punch could wake the dead! How much alcohol’s in here?

CHIARRA
Lotti brought it.

Anette makes a face and puts her cup on the table. Chiarra nudges Gina.

CHIARRA (CONT’D)
That’s it! He must be Lotti’s boyfriend! Ya know, the biker.

Sophia CHUCKLES.

GINA
Yea, yea! Must be. Looks like he could have a wild side! Don’t be fooled by that beret!

EXT. LAWN – DAY

Flavia is standing. Nicky and CHILDREN play. Sophia approaches.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOPHIA
Flav, where’s baby Angelo?

Flavia holds up a baby monitor.

FLAVIA
Greg’s been up there for twenty minutes trying to put him down for a nap. He should be good for two hours or so once he’s asleep.

Sophia smiles.

SOPHIA
Who? Greg or the baby?

Flavia LAUGHS.

FLAVIA
Both of them, at this rate.

Sophia smiles.

SOPHIA
We can start the Easter egg hunt in a few.

Nicky’s eyes widen, he smiles.

SOPHIA (CONT’D)
I see Nicky’s all ready! Who’s your partner this year, sweetie?

Nicky points to Sylvio from afar.

SOPHIA (CONT’D)
Lotti’s boyfriend? Why him?

NICKY
He hates chocolate! I won’t even have to share!

Sophia CHUCKLES. Nicky scurries off.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Sylvio sits on a chair, holding the pastries on his lap. Anette enters. She pulls up a chair, puts out her hand.

ANETTE
Hi. Anette.

Sylvio smiles. He takes Anette’s hand and kisses it.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIO
You have beautiful eyes, miss.

Anette blushes.

ANETTE
I figured I’d introduce myself seeing as your, uh, escort is sleeping.

Sylvio smiles.

SYLVIO
Sleeping, drinking...that’s all my escort’s been doing at this party.

Anette LAUGHS.

SYLVIO (CONT’D)
Lovely family you got here, though. I understand why Angelo loves you guys.

Anette smiles.

ANETTE
The feeling’s mutual, of course. He’s the newest member of our family.

Sylvio smiles.

SYLVIO
Speak of the devil, I haven’t seen him all day.

ANETTE
Me either, come to think of it. He gets a lot of attention, that one. Just too cute!

SYLVIO
(sarcastically)
Yea...cute.

Nicky runs over and tugs on Sylvio’s shirt.

SYLVIO (CONT’D)
Oh hey, kid. You seen Angelo?

NICKY
He was playing in the living room a few minutes ago.
Sylvio scratches his head.

SYLVIO
Playin’?

NICKY
Will you be my partner?

Sylvio looks confused.

ANETTE
He means for the Easter egg hunt.

NICKY
Pleeeeeease?

SYLVIO
Uh...okay...sure, kid.

Nicky pulls Sylvio out of his chair.

SYLVIO
What about the pastries?

Anette takes the pastries from Sylvio.

ANETTE
I didn’t catch your name.

Nicky drags Sylvio towards the lawn.

SYLVIO
Sylvio.

ANETTE
I didn’t catch your name.

SYLVIO
Sylvio.

NICKY
Come on, Uncle Sylvio!

Anette smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOTTI is sleeping on the couch, legs sprawled out. Anette enters, holding the pastries. She pats LOTTI’S shoulder.

ANETTE
Your boyfriend’s here.

LOTTI GRUNTS.

ANETTE (CONT’D)
You are being awfully rude to your guest.

(CONTINUED)
LOTTI sits up startled. She opens one eye. She grabs for the pastries. Anette gently slaps her hand.

ANETTE (CONT’D)
No! I’m leaving these in the kitchen. Your boyfriend’s here!

Lotti lays back down. Anette shrugs. She leaves. Lotti sits up and opens her eyes. She takes a swig of her drink.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY
Lotti is eating Sylvio’s pastries, beer in hand. ROBERT (70) chubby, gray pony tail, wearing leather jacket, holding a few, ugly flowers and a helmet, enters.

ROBERT
Lotti, darling!

Robert hands Lotti flowers. Lotti takes them without looking at Robert.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
Is it dinna time yet?

LOTTI
Robby, don’t take this the wrong way...

Lotti takes a swig of beer.

LOTTI (CONT’D)
I think we should be friends.

EXT. LAWN - AFTERNOON
Gina and Anette sit in folding chairs. Lotti walks over, pours a drink and sits next to Gina.

GINA
So how’s the boyfriend?

LOTTI
Eh, I dumped ‘im.

Lotti takes a swig. Anette poofs her hair, her eyes widen. Gina nudges Anette. Anette smiles.

Gina looks to Sylvio from afar. Sylvio is hobbling behind Nicky with a bucket. Gina whispers.

(CONTINUED)
GINA
He’s better off, anyway.

LOTTI
What?

GINA
(louder)
I said, he brought a generous housewarming gift and everythin’.

LOTTI
Generous? He’s a cheap bastard! Didn’t even bring my favorite spread.

Lotti takes a swig. Gina whispers to Anette.

GINA
Since when is she a picky eater?

LOTTI
What?

GINA
(louder)
I said, is he still gonna eat dinner here?

Lotti takes a swig.

LOTTI
Oh, yea. I can’t get rid of ’im.

Gina shakes her head. She whispers to Anette.

GINA
Poor guy.

LOTTI
What?

GINA
(louder)
Pour anotha drink.

INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

A flood of PEOPLE come into the kitchen. Chiarra approaches Anette. Robert walks in behind her.

(CONTINUED)
CIARRA
I saw you talking to Lotti’s boyfriend.

Anette smiles. Robert looks over at Chiarrra and Anette.

CHIARRA (CONT’D)
Was he nice?

ANETTE
Very sweet. Lotti broke up with him, too!

Robert scratches his head. Sylvio and Nicky walk into the kitchen.

CHIARRA
What?!

ANETTE
Shh. He just walked in.

Anette gestures towards Sylvio. Robert looks at Sylvio, confused.

Lotti enters. Sylvio approaches Anette.

ANETTE (CONT’D)
Hello, Sylvio.

Sylvio smiles.

SYLVIO
Is there assigned seating tonight?

Anette LAUGHS softly.

ANETTE
Of course not.

Lotti walks over to Sylvio. Robert watches.

SYLVIO
In that case, would you like to join me?

Anette blushes. Lotti looks at Sylvio.

LOTTI
Hey there handsome.

Robert frowns. He approaches Lotti and Sylvio.

(CONTINUED)
ROBERT

Hey!

Robert pokes Sylvio.

ROBERT (CONT’D)
Who the heck are you?

Sylvio puts his hands up. Anette looks at Robert.

ANETTE
What are you doing?

Sylvio looks at Anette.

SYLVIO
I don’t understand.

ROBERT
Lotti, you’ve been cheating on me with this punk?

Lotti takes a swig of her drink. Anette looks at Robert.

ANETTE
Who are you?

ROBERT
Lotti’s boyfriend!

LOTTI
Was! You was my boyfriend. No more.

Lotti takes a swig of her drink.

SYLVIO
I don’t understand. I’m Angelo’s father.

Anette GASPS.

ANETTE
What?

Sophia approaches Sylvio. Flavia walks over, holding BABY ANGELO.

SOPHIA
What’s going on here?

ANETTE
Sylvio says he’s Angelo’s father!

(CONTINUED)
FLAVIA
Who the hell is Sylvio?

Anette points to Sylvio.

ROBERT
Who’s Angelo?

Lotti points to BABY ANGELO. She takes a swig of her drink.

SYLVIO
What? No, no, my Angelo’s forty years old!

Sophia looks at Anette and then back to Sylvio.

SOPHIA
I’m sorry, sir, but is there a home I could call for you?

SYLVIO
No, no. My son, Angelo. He’s Judy’s boyfriend.

ANETTE
Judy?

SOPHIA
I have a neighbor named Judy.

Sylvio scratches his head.

FLAVIA
I think you’re at the wrong house, uh...Sylvio.

Anette looks at Sylvio. Sylvio pulls the piece of paper out of his pocket. He squints at it.

SYLVIO
I can’t read a damn thing.

Sophia takes the paper. She reads it.

SOPHIA
Aha! You’re looking for the house next door.

Sylvio looks down. His face is red. Anette gently touches Sylvio’s shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
ROBERT
So you weren’t cheatin’ on me, Lotti?

Lotti rolls her eyes and takes a swig of her drink.

LOTTI
Robby, shut up and go eat some lasagna.

Robert’s eyes perk up and he goes towards the food table. Nicky walks over to Sylvio and pulls on his shirt.

NICKY
Will you sit next to me for dinner?

Sylvio looks at Sophia.

SYLVIOL
Uh...I think I have to g-

SOPHIA
Nicky, go get our friend Sylvio a place mat.

Nicky scurries off.

SOPHIA (CONT’D)
We have plenty of food. You are more than welcome to stay.

SYLVIOL
I don’t know...

Sylvio looks down at his watch. It reads 5:00 p.m.

SOPHIA
Do you want me to call Judy and let her know you’re safe?

SYLVIOL
No, no. My Angelo didn’t even know I was comin’...

Sylvio looks down. Sophia looks at Anette, then back to Sylvio.

SOPHIA
Then you don’t have to worry.

Sylvio hesitates.

(CONTINUED)
SYLVIO
I was gonna surprise my son...

Nicky comes back with a place mat.

NICKY
Ready, Uncle Sylvio?

Sylvio hesitates. He looks down. Anette puts her hand on his shoulder.

ANETTE
Why don’t you surprise them for dessert? We can go together if you want...

Sylvio looks up. He smiles slowly. Anette takes Sylvio’s hand.

SYLVIO
I’d like that.

Sylvio kisses Anette’s hand. Sophia smiles. Sylvio nods at Nicky.

NICKY
Are you still gonna sit next to me, Uncle Sylvio?

Sylvio smiles. Anette nudes Sylvio.

ANETTE
I’ll sit on your other side. Let’s eat.

FADE OUT.