

NONE WILL SLEEP (WORKING TITLE)

Written by

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INT. CONCERT HALL - MORNING

We open on a young man [20], there's something promising in his eyes, dark hair, just starting to come into his own kind of handsome. He's out of breath, sweating, spotlit in the middle of a small stage. His scratchy, technicolored sweater pulses in and out to the cadence of his exhale and inhale. A faint, male vocal note bounces around the auditorium space until it softens to a silence.

A glimmer of delight flashes across his face as his outstretched arms fall. We'll come to know him as Moe DiVincenzo, but...

...scribbling pencils steal his moment and Moe wipes a soft smile off his face. He bashfully nods to the darkness.

No response. Just soul-sucking scribbles.

We pan over a dimly lit auditorium to find a few tweedy, professorial-types jotting notes and whispering to another. Moe looks to the wings and wipes beads of sweat that incessantly form on his forehead. He slowly steps out of the spotlight.

PROFESSOR 1 (O.S.)

Thank you. Exit's on your right.

Moe quickly leans back into the light.

MOE

(Italian accent)

Hi. When will I, uh, hear back?

PROFESSOR 1 (O.S.)

2 weeks.

Moe's frozen on the stage. Another professor looks up from his notes and notices.

PROFESSOR 2

Exit's just on your right there.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The auditorium's double doors close behind Moe. He pauses to think about what just happened and swears under his breath.

The doors suddenly swing open again. A professor hands him a raggedy backpack.

MOE
Colpa Mia...

The tweedy professor just nods and goes back inside.

INT. UNIVERSITY LOBBY PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

We catch Moe in the middle of a call. University coeds meander in the background.

MOE
(now in a NYC accent)
I got no clue.
/
I dunno, I'd say I was like a 2
outta 5.
/
3's pushing it.
/
Yes. I am nervous. I started
speaking in Italian for like 20
seconds straight, for chrissake,
then in broken English but with an
Italian accent.
/
They think I'm from Italy.
(in Italian)
I said I was from Turino,
obviously.
/
I know.
(back to English)
I know. I shoulda just said Upper
West Side. I'm like a block away.

Moe checks his watch.

MOE (CONT'D)
Shit, I've got work in 20 minutes.
/
Ok. Yeah, gotta go. Ciao, bella!

Moe hangs up and makes his way through the mob of coeds. He passes a sign that reads THE JULLIARD SCHOOL.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER

Moe runs through an open quad, then feels awkward, so he walks across it, quickly.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - 66 LINCOLN CENTER

Moe's sits on a subway car. He pulls a tape out of his backpack and clicks it into his Walkman, rewinding a song all the way back to the start.

Soft, distorted grunge rock plays. He looks down at his fingers, fixating on the grease building up between his cuticles.

EXT. SUBWAY LINES

We follow the exterior of his train as it travels from the Upper West Side down to the West Village.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION EXIT

Moe runs up the stairs and walks through a few connecting alleyways before he arrives at the backdoor of a brick and mortar establishment. He opens up a door that reads CARMINE'S CLASSICS. It's a worn, vintage, illustrated logo.

INT. AUTO SHOP

Moe stealths around an auto shop's backrooms, slowly unfurling black coveralls from his backpack. Then *Cling!* Moe accidentally boots a wrench across the cement floor. An annoying, metallic sound clangs through the shop.

GINO (O.S.)

Moe?

Moe cringes. GINO [25], always gruff, always handsome, doesn't look too pleased. Gino walks past him.

MOE

Appointment went over.

GINO

Again? That's gotta be the fifth, appointment that "went over."

MOE

It's the second, who's to say?

GINO

Me. I am. You're here now. Gimme a hand with this carriage.

MOE

Sure thing.

Moe adjusts his body underneath a perfectly mint, orange,
1971 BMW 2002tii.

GINO
(reviewing clip board)
Alright, so they dropped it off and
want it checked for...

PAUL
Slight corrosion.

MOE
Full-frame restoration.

GINO
Another one?

MOE
Yeah. I mean...it's definitely been
worked on it before—pretty
recently—but they only took out the
frame, sandblasted it, and painted
over it. Looks pretty, for now.

GINO
Maybe it's a garage trophy. Some
Hamptons shit.

MOE
Check the tread.

Gino checks.

MOE (CONT'D)
It's a driver.

Moe slides out from underneath the car and starts prepping
some tools.

GIN
Another one.

MOE
What is this, the 9th full frame
and it's only March?

GINO
Yup, city thinks the roads are
geriatric, flavoring 'em with more
salt every winter like it's their
last supper.

MOE
Hey, more money, right?

GINO

More money, my ass. We've got five and a half employees. Me, Patty, Francesca, Dad, the mice. They count. We basically feed them. And then there's you, Giacomo. I'm sorry. "Moe."

Gino starts to gather some tools, as well.

GINO (CONT'D)

Somehow you show up late and yet we're all making the same. You're the baby, though. So...

Moe stares at Gino like he's heard this spiel before. Gino looks preoccupied in the tool box.

MOE

Impact wrench is in the top drawer.

Gino stops.

GINO

...thanks. Yo, why's your hair look so nice today?

MOE

I'm an adult now.

GINO

(Italian)

Bull shit.

(English)

I'm an adult.

Gino ruffles his own hair. It still looks good somehow.

GINO (CONT'D)

You just don't want to bring me to these "appointments" as a wing man.

MOE

(over it)

God, I went to the Dentist last week and they said I had a cavity. Today I got it filled.

GINO

Okay, okay.

Moe gets back to work.

GINO (CONT'D)

I mean, if you're combing your hair like that, the hygienists must be smokin'.

MOE

You wouldn't like them.

GINO

Why's that?

MOE

They like things to be clean.

Moe points to Gino's tool drawers. They're totally unorganized in comparison to his.

GINO

Shut up.

(pointing)

You're being shady.

A heavy set guy happily bursts through the garage. It's Patty [27], who has a much brighter outlook on life than Gino, less cool.

PATTY

Fellas.

GINO

Ey, Patty.

PATTY

Just got back from the dry cleaners. Shit's getting real.

He hangs up a beautiful black suit on the wall and stares at it.

MOE

Those are some...thick lapels.

Cut tighter in on the suit. It's from the 70's.

PATTY

Dad gave it to me. I think it'll compliment Tina's dress.

MOE

Nervous?

PATTY
(now questioning the
suit's looks)
...Nah. You?

MOE
Yeah. Voice is feeling good,
though.

GINO
Guys. Beamer.

PATTY
How is it?

MOE
Another frame off. Customer got
scammed.

PATTY
Really? My god, how many is that
this year?

GINO
Nine.

PATTY
Damn I'll call the forklift guys
again so we can get the engine out
tomorrow morning. We're gonna need
to get it out tonight.

Gino nods. Moe nods.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Alright, lemme give them a call.
Hey, this is good for business.

Patty walks toward the auto shops office space, but makes a
quick about-face.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Actually, we gotta figure out
scheduling tonight for the
delivery.

GINO
Dammit.

PATTY
It's the new, retro replica Euro
leather so we've got extra
inventory down the line. It's a
lot, though. Three-man job.

Patty and Gino both slowly turn to Moe who's already back under the car working. Moe knows they're looking at him.

MOE
I'm working tonight.

PATTY
It's a three-man job, Moe.

MOE
Then call Terrance.

GINO
Nope. No. Not again.

PATTY
Ah, come on, he's our cugino.

GINO
Kid's a friggin' unpredictable nut bag.

PATTY
Ah, be nice. He just wants to be like you. Plus, he's predictably unpredictable.

GINO
Don't care. He's an occupational hazard. He's gonna be the reason we go down like a lead balloon.

MOE
The hell are you talking about? Occupational hazard. You're just grabbing leather with Terry.

A beat. Moe peeks his head out from the chassis.

MOE (CONT'D)
Right?

PATTY
(to Gino)
If you can tell me who else is always down, we'll call them, instead.

MOE
(to Gino, alarmed)
What's going on with Terrance?

Gino says nothing.

MOE (CONT'D)
(to Patty)
He's the go-to shipment guy.

PATTY
He is. He's good at it. His head
got big last shipment.

Gino laughs.

GINO
Last shipment. He's been calling
them "operations" for like 3 months
now. Dude's turning up the crazy-
dial to 11 every time we go get
something. He's got a death wish.

PATTY
(suddenly stern)
Gino. C'mon.

GINO
Nah, we're getting way too deep
into this extended family shit. And
Terry's being uncouth out there.

PATTY
Gino, stop, man. Uncouth. Relax.
Terry is growing up, and with that
comes overcompensating, and it's
awkward, but that's normal.

GINO
He's turning into his dad. Wake up.

A beat. Patty looks like he doesn't know what to say, while
Moe just keeps quiet under the car.

PATTY
You're gonna call Terry because you
can't shut up about him. He'll like
that. I got the forklift guys.
Let's go.

Gino and Patty walk to the auto shop's office. Patty opens
the door for Gino, but Gino insists that Patty goes in first,
just to slam the door behind them. An argue heats up behind
the glass window—it's really just Gino yelling while Patty
nods and listens.

PATTY (CONT'D)
(muffled)
You done?

Gino picks up a phone and begrudgingly dials. Terrance picks up Gino channels a phony phone voice for. They chat, Gino says bye, and hangs up hard-back to his normal self.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Gino emerges from the office and slides under the BMW.

GINO

I'll help you 'til we gotta go.

A beat. Gino starts working alongside Moe.

GINO (CONT'D)

Scary Terry is in, by the way.

MOE

He's not scary.

GINO

Oh, it's a self-appointed nickname.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - TWILIGHT

A kind-looking, older gentleman, 55, sporting a bowling shirt and wide khakis meanders through a local grocery store. It's LEONARD DiVINCENZO and he's playfully vocalizing a soft operatic aria to himself in aisle 12. His shopping style is anything but no nonsense. He stops to talk to grocery store employees like they're old friends or something.

LEONARD

(to a stocker)

How's Algebra?

The stocker shrugs, then shakes his head.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Hey, come by the shop. I was a mathlete.

Cut to Leonard grabbing fresh tomatoes, a bevy of spices, singing opera.

Cut to Leonard leaning against an aisle like he forgot he was there to shop, talking to another stocker.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
(solemnly)
You're kidding. I'm so sorry for
your loss.

They share a moment of silence.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Tell you what, come by the shop,
I've got like three DiMaggio cards.
You can restart your collection
with one.

STOCKER
What?! Wow. Thank you. Thank you.
You a Yankees guy?

LEONARD
No. If there's a guy with a last
name that ends in "io" or an "ini,"
though, then that's my team.

Leonard pats the stocker on the back.

Cut to Leonard grabbing tomato paste, rigatoni noodles,
parmesan, and sausages, softly singing.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
(raising sausages to
butcher)
Excited for these!

Leonard checks all his items off on his paper grocery list.

Even at checkout, Leonard is still singing to himself while
the cashier scans his items. They share a neighborly
exchange.

INT. HOME - EVENING

Leonard trots into his kitchen and gets to cooking a Rigatoni
Alla Piemontese. He's feeling himself, still singing, now a
bit louder. He puts on a LP, "Addio, fiorito asil" from
Madame Butterfly. Leonard's voice syncs up with the recorded
tenor, Pavarotti. They belt together, however, Leonard's
imitation is nowhere near as powerful or wonderful as
Pavarotti's iconic timbre.

It's cute. He believes music should be appreciated, but only
as a temporary escape.

CUT TO: