

LINDA MANERO (1 of 2)

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

Let's go.

*(TONY grabs a dirty towel, smells it and takes it with him as he exits...lights up on Manero family dining room...FLO stands waiting at the dining table, along with TONY's sister, LINDA...FRANK enters followed by TONY...they sit and TONY proceeds to cover his shirt with the towel..."Night Fever" fade out)*

**FLO**

What's this? We gotta wait for you for dinner, again? Every night it's the same thing. He walks in the door whenever he wants, marches into his bedroom, and then your father's gotta eat a cold meal cause we're waitin' for Fabian to get ready. You should've been a priest like your brother. You wouldn't worry about a job.

*(FLO looks up at the picture of TONY's brother, FRANK JR., on the wall, and crosses herself)*

**TONY**

Every time you mention Frank Jr., you gotta cross yourself?

**FLO**

He's a priest, ain't he? Father Frank Jr.--your brother.

*(she crosses herself again)*

**FRANK**

See, your mother doesn't have too much to cross herself about these days.

**LINDA**

~~\*~~ You're so jealous of Frank Jr.

**TONY**

Awww-Shut up, will ya?

*(FRANK slaps the back of TONY's head... FLO sees this then slaps FRANK's arm... LINDA throws an olive at TONY...FLO slaps her in return)*

Hey, the shirt! Watch the shirt, stupid!

*(FRANK slaps TONY again)*

# LINDA MANERO (2 of 2)

**FLO**

Basta! That's enough! Frank, say the blessing.

**FRANK**

Bless us, O Lord, for these...

**FRANK, FLO, TONY & LINDA**

...Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

**FLO**

Come on, eat, eat. I got more pork chops, more spaghetti.

**FRANK**

What do you mean you got more pork chops? I'm out of work!

**FLO**

Yeah, well, as long as we got a dollar left, we eat good in this house.

**FRANK**

What?

**FLO**

Yea, I might even get a job myself.

**FRANK**

*(FRANK looks at her...then...)*

Like hell you will! Twenty-five years in construction work, I always brought home a paycheck. I'm out of work six, seven months 'cause they're givin' our jobs away to Juan and Julio, right? Payin' 'em nothin', cause they don't wanna pay us and now you hit me? You're talkin' back?

**FLO**

Alright, alright--

**FRANK**

You're talkin' about gettin' a job and hittin' me--

**FLO**

*(overlapping)*

Alright, that's it! No hitting, no slapping at the dinner table, okay? That's the rule.

*(beat...then to FRANK)*