**DEM CANNOLIS, a three-part tale of sadness and sugar  
    Written by Zachary Sherry and Dominick DiRoberto**

**Dem Cannolis, Part 1: The Phantom Menace (of Little Italy)**EXT. Side of the Road - Day

*BRENDAN is standing at a crosswalk, originally waiting to cross the street but is now enraptured by his phone. As he waits, GIUSEPPE approaches him wearing a large black pea coat, a silk button down shirt, jeans and high strapped boots. He is hunched over slightly. GIUSEPPE looks at BRENDAN for a moment, then begins to speak.*

**GIUSEPPE**

Psst! (Brendan is still unaware) Pssst!

*BRENDAN notices Giuseppe moving nearer. He looks over at Giuseppe.*

**GIUSEPPE**

Hey, bud! How’s it going? Lemme talk to you for a minute, why don’t cha?

*Brendan begins to converse with Giuseppe in a very unassuming manner.*

**BRENDAN**

(genuinely yet cautiously)

Okay… what’s up?

**GIUSEPPE**

You look like a fella who enjoys the finer things in life. You ever tried Italian food?

**BRENDAN**

Oh- uh, yeah I have. My wife loves gellatio.

**GIUSEPPE**

Is that right?

**BRENDAN**

Yeah, she makes me eat it with her so she doesn’t feel fat.

**GIUSEPPE**

Ah. What’s the name?

**BRENDAN**  
Of my wife?

**GIUSEPPE**  
Of you!

**BRENDAN**  
Well, it’s Brendan. Brendan Menend-

**GIUSEPPE**  
You ever had… a cannoli?

**BRENDAN**

A cannoli?

**GIUSEPPE**

Yeah, a cannoli!

**BRENDAN**

(concerned yet unfocused)

No but my Uncle Wario warned me about those… he’s got high cholesterol now. Barely gets out the house anymore and Aunt Julie said he’s only got-

**GIUSEPPE**(impatient)

Sounds like a nice fella. Well kid, I got the best cannoli’s in town.

**BRENDAN**

Oh really?

**GIUSEPPE**

I promise ya kid, they’re straight from Sis-ily. The capital of cannoli’s.

*Guiseppe does a hand gesture when he says “the capital of cannoli’s”.*

**BRENDAN**

Are you sure they’re the best?

*GIUSEPPE takes a menacing step toward Brendan*

**GIUSEPPE**

You calling me a liar?

*GIUSEPPE gets real close to BRENDAN’s face.*

**BRENDAN**

Uhh no, I w-wasn’t suggesting anything like that-

**GIUSEPPE**

(quickly)

Great so it’s settled! how many can I put ya’s down for? How many? How many?

**BRENDAN**

(nervous)

Uh well I-I I think I’ll just try one for now. Wh-where can I get one?

**GIUSEPPE**

I got them right here in my pocket. Let me just...

*Giuseppe opens his trench coat and pulls out a flattened cannoli. Hands it to Brendan. Brendan inspects it.*

**BRENDAN**

What’s in it?

**GIUSEPPE**

Love. No cholesterol.

**BRENDAN**

Sounds pretty healthy. How much does it cost?

**GIUSEPPE**  
Don’t worry about it pal, this one’s on the house!

*BRENDAN looks around.*

**BRENDAN**

What house? We’re on a street corner.

**GIUSEPPE**

Ayy, don’t be a wise guy! Just take the damn cannoli!

**BRENDAN**

Alright… thanks Mr. ...Trench Coat Man With Creamy Cyndrillical Pastries In His Pocket.

**GIUSEPPE**

Giuseppe! No problem champ! And if you want another one, you know where to find me.

*Giuseppe spins his coat over his head and runs off the stage. Brendan is confused. Giuseppe runs back to Brendan.*

**GIUSEPPE**  
It’s the bakery behind you. I liv-... uh, I work in the bakery. Ahem!

*Giuseppe spins his coat over his head once more and flees. Brendan finds this strange, but shrugs and takes a bite of the cannoli.*

*BRENDAN takes a bite out of the cannoli and his eyes get wide. He’s hooked! He scarfs down the rest of the cannoli with vigor and chases after Giuseppe.*

**END.**

**Dem Cannolis, Part 2: Attack of the Trust Funds**

EXT. Apartment- Night

BRENDAN is standing in his apartment, anxiously fidgeting while pacing back and forth. He has one hand over his stomach and is rubbing it intensely. Brendan’s wife, Mindy, enters the room carrying her purse and a plastic bag with a case of cannolis in them. Brendan is facing the opposite direction when she enters and sees her when he turns around during his pacing. He stops, then quickly walks up to her. Mindy smiles.

Mindy perks her lips for a kiss, expecting to receive one from Brendan. But to her surprise, Brendan immediately reaches for the bag of cannolis and takes them from her. Mindy frowns, then crosses behind Brendan to the couch and begrudgingly places down her purse.

Brendan opens the plastic bag and pulls out the case of cannolis. He drops the bag and flips the lid off the (white bakery) case. He grabs a cannoli, takes a giant bite and is disgusted by the pastry. He spits it back into the bakery case furiously.

*Brendan is mad that the cannolis Mindy bought are not the right ones. He needs Giuseppe's cannolis!*

**MINDY**

You’re welcome, Brendan.

**BRENDAN**  
What is this fucking garbage!?

**MINDY**

It’s cannolis, like you asked for. For the thousandth time.

**BRENDAN**

But these aren’t the right ones. Guiseppe would never lay the outer coating on like this. It’s too thick and-and-and (makes disgusted noise) get this away from me! (Hands cannolis to Mindy haphazardly)

**MINDY**

Again with this fucking Giuseppe.

**BRENDAN**

What do you mean “again?” Mindy, I’ve told you a thousand times, Guiseppe’s cannolis are the best on the market! I don’t want this middle-class rubbish.

**MINDY**

Honey, don’t you think it’s a little strange to be buying food from some schmuck you met on the street in an oversized trench coat?

**BRENDAN**

No, it’s not strange at all. Ezekiel sells churros just a block away.

**MINDY**

(sighs, mutters “here we go again”) Who’s Ezekiel?

**BRENDAN**

You know, the philosopher with  the oversized tren-

**MINDY**  
Listen! Brendan! None of that matters. You haven’t gone to work in two weeks! We have bills to pay; you have a family to look after. Why didn’t you pick Little Timmy up from soccer practice yesterday?

**BRENDAN**  
I-... was doing a favor for… a friend.

**MINDY**  
What friend? You don’t have any friends!

**BRENDAN**  
That’s foolishness, of course I do. Giuseppe and I shared a chocolate croissant just last week.  
  
**MINDY**  
We have no money; you sold the car! We just have a shit-ton of this white wax paper from your fucking god damn cannolis! Enough!

**BRENDAN**  
The dog likes it….  
  
**MINDY**  
Please… just, take a deep breath, and realize what you’re saying. (Sigh) Just sit down.

*Brendan relents and sits with Mindy on the couch. She holds his hand. Pause.*

**MINDY**  
You haven’t given me gellatio in the longest time.

**BRENDAN**

I know babe. I’ve just been really busy lately.

**MINDY**

I under- well, I’m trying to understand. I just wish you were around more. I miss spending time with you, Brendy.

**BRENDAN**  
(realizes he has been neglecting his family, wishes to make it up to her)

Me too. We should do something. Maybe if- okay, I’ve got an idea. Let’s go on a date. Like we used to before Little Timmy was around.

**MINDY**  
Oh God, I could use a break from him. Where do you want to go sweetie?

**BRENDAN**

I know this really good place on a street corner that sells cannolis.

*Mindy snaps again and releases her hand from Brendan as she flails her arms in the air.*

**MINDY**

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!?

*The phone rings, Mindy angrily rushes to pick it up as Brendan mutters to himself about the cannolis.*

**MINDY** (agitated)

NO WE DON’T WANT ANY!

**BRENDAN** (to himself, muttering)

I’m just saying Mindy they’re great cannolis they’re the best in town why wouldn’t you wanna go?

**MINDY**

Oh...my god. Oh my god I’m so sorry Aunt Linda.

**BRENDAN** (to himself)

Mindy the prices are fair and the quantity is quite generous I just don’t get it.

**MINDY**

Yes, yes I’ll be sure to tell him. Thank you.

*Mindy hangs up the phone.*

**MINDY**  
Brendan….

*Brendan is still muttering to himself about the cannolis.*

**MINDY**

Brendan! It’s your Uncle Wario...he’s, he’s dead.

*Brendan pauses for a moment.*

**BRENDAN**

…..Who?

*Little Timmy enters the stage. Little Timmy should preferably be played by a grown man; taller than average with chest hair and a deep voice.*

**LITTLE TIMMY**  
Mommyyyy!!! I was looking at the status of my trust fund on my iPad and it appears as if almost all of it was taken out and liquidated…..do you know about this???

**MINDY** (to Brendan)  
…..You didn’t.

**BRENDAN**

Well, he wasn’t using it!

*Little Timmy breaks down in tears and runs off the stage.*

**LITTLE TIMMY**

My future is ruined!

*Mindy walks up close to Brendan and gives him a menacing death stare.*

**BRENDAN**

….I love you?

*Mindy slaps the fuck out of Brendan.*

**MINDY**

You are not the same man I married. Get out.

**BRENDAN**  
But I-

**MINDY**  
GET OUT. And take your fucking cannolis with you!

**END**

**Dem Cannolis, Part 3: Revenge of the Cyst**

EXT- Side of the road, Day

Brendan is at the same street corner from before, his clothes torn. He is twitching, mumbling gibberish to himself. He has some dirt on his face. He is behaving very strung out.

*Giuseppe, now without the trench coat, a bit disheveled due to lack of sleep. Enters the stage. He walks up to Brendan.*

**GIUSEPPE**  
(sadly, with a tinge of nostalgia for better days)

Hey bud, how’s it going?

*Brendan turns around and see Giuseppe. His face lights up with excitement and relief.*

**BRENDAN**

Oh Giuseppe! Thank Gods you came! For a minute there I thought you weren’t gonna show. You look different, did you get a haircut or something?

**GIUSEPPE**  
No, no haircut pal, I-

**BRENDAN**

Man... I gotta tell you, I have been really looking forward to this new batch. I-uh… shit. Sorry, I forgot to tell you I’ve actually been low on dough recently. I was hoping you could accept a blood donation.

*Brendan pulls out a ziplock bag of blood.*

**GIUSEPPE** (agitated and slightly disgusted)  
Listen buddy, I-

**BRENDAN**

I had to siphon it out of my inner thigh with a junkyard muffler about an hour ago. I’ve lost my sensation of touch since then but I was hoping these cannolis could-

**GIUSEPPE**

Kid, put the bag down! Listen, I’ve really appreciated your business and you’ve been a very loyal customer to me.

**BRENDAN**

Of course Giuseppe, I’d be a fool not to come here every day. I mean it’s like since I’ve met you I’ve become more… attuned to world around me. These past couple weeks have been the best of my life!

**GIUSEPPE**

A couple weeks? Kid, I’ve been selling you these cannolis for eight straight months!

**BRENDAN**

….Eight months? Wow, I guess time flies when you’re living under an overpass.

*Brendan starts to laugh, however his laughing soon turns to sobbing, Giuseppe tries to ignore it.*

**GIUSEPPE**

Well uh, anyway, a lot of things have changed in the past few weeks. You know that new bakery that opened up on the corner of White and Adams?

*Brendan immediately stops sobbing and looks up.*

**BRENDAN**

You mean the one next to the liquor store?

**GIUSEPPE**

Yeah, that’s the place. About a month ago, they started selling a whole array of pastries; not just cannolis. Lemon pound cake, Strawberry shortcake, cupcakes. I couldn’t keep up... and I’ve lost a lot of business. Some malarkey about friendlier customer service or whatever.

**BRENDAN**

So…...what are you saying?

**GIUSEPPE**

It means I can’t turn no profits no more. The bank foreclosed on my trench coat last night.

**BRENDAN**

…………. Yeah, so I still don’t get it.

**GIUSEPPE**

Are you dense kid? We are done! Caput! Finito! (yells fake Italian words)

**BRENDAN**

No No No-Now hold on a second Giuseppe, you can’t do this to me!

**GIUSEPPE**

There’s nothing I can do about it. Giuseppe’s Cannolis is no more.

**BRENDAN**

God this feels so wrong! My whole world has been flip-turned upside down! Are you even Italian!?

**GIUSEPPE**

Of course not! My last name is Jameson! Forget about me.

**BRENDAN**

No don’t say that please! I’ll do anything, you name it absolutely anything!

**GIUSEPPE**

Stop wasting your breath.

**BRENDAN**

Don’t make me live like this!

*Giuseppe slaps the fuck out of Brendan.*

**BRENDAN** (feeling his face)

Wow, I actually felt that.

**GIUSEPPE**  
Just….go home kid.

**BRENDAN**

Home? HOME!? I gave up my home for your cannolis. I gave up my vague middle-class career, my wife, my possibly autistic eight-year-old man-child son. Everything. I managed to lose it all in my fruitless effort to sustain the fleeting euphoria that was your cannolis.

**GIUSEPPE**

Yeah well I don’t need your life story or nothin’, but perhaps there is something  you can glean from this experience.

**BRENDAN**

What’s that?

**GIUSEPPE**

Oh, I don’t know, that we as a society rely heavily on instant gratification. Or maybe that man is willing to sell out their long term riches without contemplating the impending ramifications. Maybe, just maybe this specific incidence is a microcosm of the bigger issues in our world today.

**BRENDAN**

Are you God?

**GIUSEPPE**

To you, perhaps.

**BRENDAN**

Do you think we will ever progress as a human species?

**GIUSEPPE**

(sighs) One cannoli hope.  
**END**