

BRANDON
You're amazing, Mimi.

MARIA
And you let *this* go.

Maria gestures to her dirty self.

BRANDON
What are you talking about? You
broke up with me.

MARIA
You went off to LSU.

BRANDON
So?

MARIA
I stayed here.

BRANDON
It might have worked.

MARIA
Oh sure, hot baseball player on his
own for the first time, girlfriend
a thousand miles away... we all
know how this ends. We were kids.

BRANDON
Hot, huh?

MARIA
Oh my God.

START Pasquale comes out from the kitchen carrying Maria's food.

PASQUALE
Holy moly! I can't believe my eyes.

Pasquale places the spaghetti on the table in front of Maria.
Brandon stands. He goes to shake Pasquale's hand but Pasquale
gives him a great big hug instead.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have retired.

BRANDON
It was time. My arm couldn't keep
up. Too much wear and tear.

(MORE)

PASQUALE

You got any used game balls lying around?

MARIA

Dad!

Maria pours an ungodly amount of Parmesan cheese on top of her dish.

PASQUALE

Just asking. We're all friends here. So what are you up to? Romancing my Maria?

BRANDON

I should be so lucky, but I know she's taken.

PASQUALE

Oh, it's not serious.

MARIA

Dad! Oh my God. Please let us have some time in peace.

PASQUALE

Okay, okay. Whaddya having, Brandon? The usual?

BRANDON

Yeah. Extra *mutzarel* please, sir.

PASQUALE

Anything for you, son.

Pasquale heads back to the kitchen. **END**

FADE TO:

Maria and Brandon are still sitting, talking, laughing. Their bowls of pasta are empty.

BRANDON

You had such easy access to liquor.

MARIA

Remember when we took two full bottles to Michele Pirrello O'Dell's house party?

BRANDON

Wasn't one of them Frangelico?