

BIG HARBOR

"Nobody Wants a Millennial Pizza"

Written by

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BIG HARBOR (Ep 3 - *Nobody Wants a Millennial Pizza*)- Final  
By Jerry Guarino and Daniel Reed

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FADE IN ON:

OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE - BIG HARBOR, WA (MORNING)

Mt. Rainier dominates the eastern horizon overseeing a quiet, quaint, contented harbor town, somewhere along the coast of Washington state's Puget Sound.

Seagulls caw soothingly as locals bike, jog, or walk with coffee mugs; deliveries are made to the Boardwalk's storefronts; fishermen unload their morning's catch as other boats head out; yachtsmen stretch and greet the day. It's a typical morning.

OLD WOMAN (VO)  
Winning and losing have become so  
fearfully important.

SUPERIMPOSE AGAINST BLACK: *Nobody Wants a Millennial Pizza*  
LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

EXT. BOARDWALK - A BIT LATER (DAY)

Our postern-posting teenager is replacing the lost-dog sheets with those that announce the upcoming "Mexican Food Contest." Passers-by take note. An amiable Italian couple stops.

WIFE  
Look, Angelo, there's going to be a  
food festival! And a contest.

HUSBAND (ANGELO)  
Sounds like good eating. Our Harbor  
really is too WASPY, no?

DeLa Vega, coffee in hand, saunters by, on his morning prowl.

Oh, si!  
WIFE  
(MORE)

WIFE (cont'd)

(snuggles)

Our little town really would be heaven if we just had a pizza parlor, like we had around the corner, you know, in New Jersey, remember?

ANGELO

Fuggedaboutit. We're 'bout the only Italians in Big Harbor.

WIFE

(kiss)

Maybe what the harbor needs is an Italian food festival and contest.

ANGELO

(scoffs)

There wouldn't be enough entries to call it a "festival."

WIFE

(shrugs)

You never know. Folks might jump at the idea.

They move on, but DeLa Vega lingers, smelling an opportunity. He focuses on the poster. An idea simmers, begins to boil. Muttering, he punches his cell.

DELA VEGA

Arnold always said: "Advertise."

(connects)

Meemo, I need ... yeah, yeah, I'm sure, yeah, listen, I need you to bring Juan and his sister up here ... Tonight, yeah ... Yeah, yeah, the tickets'll be there, don't worry, I'll do it now. You're not gonna believe this, esse, this place is about to host a Mexican food contest.

INT. THE THREE COUNTERS (DAY)

Doug, Linda, and Bill are finishing up their deli-bagel breakfasts and morning coffee as they complete their preparations for the day. Bill completes his responsibilities first.

BILL

Ha! Two minutes to spare.

No one reacts. But he feels good.

BILL (cont'd)  
So, how did your dates go?

DOUG  
Pass.

LINDA  
Ditto.

BILL  
Maria and I had a lovely night.  
Dinner and a classic.

DOUG  
(oh, all right)  
Susan and I broke up. But she's  
setting me up with her sister.

LINDA  
Guess I'm the big loser. William was  
... yucky.

DOUG  
Misery-wise it had to be a tie. Let's  
call this a win for Bill and a push  
for us.

BILL  
Remind me, again, how the winner  
collects?

DOUG  
You're not allowed to play anymore.

LINDA  
I'll get you a nice bottle of wine.

Outside, those same six locals, carrying matching attaches  
and dressed in Seahawk-12 jerseys, glide by, coffees in  
hand.

Bill, Linda, and Doug pause, noting their passing.

LIGHTNING and THUNDER snaps them back into action.

LINDA (cont'd)  
(teasing)  
Looks like another rain-gear run.

Doug gives her a withering look then grabs his jacket on his  
way out. DING!

LINDA (cont'd)  
Remember your Dramamine patch.

DOUG (OS)  
Right, Ma.

LINDA  
(snickering)  
He can get so seasick.

DING! A 20-something couple strolls in. Linda flips on the "open" sign, smiles cheerfully, and puts her whole self into

LINDA (cont'd)  
Wilson Family's Getaways. Need a lift, a ride, or a tour, we got you covered.

EXT. JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT (DAY)

Jake and Scarlett are doing their best to greet the day after another long, rowdy night on the Buccaneer.

JAKE  
Aye, my sweet. Yer always and ever such the enchanting adventure.  
(they embrace)  
Ye 'ginning to tire, yet, of this ol' carcass?

SCARLETT  
Not bloody likely.

She kisses him deeply, tenderly. The dog pulls at Jake's pant-leg.

JAKE  
Argh. It's Long-John Silver time.  
Walk with me?

SCARLETT  
Gotta pass, Captain. Need a good and true nap before my shift.

Scarlett descends the gangplank.

SCARLETT (cont'd)  
It's just "so long," Lover, not "fare well."

She blows him a kiss and is off.

Jake's eyes twinkle with merry contentment as he watches her striding off into the cares and complications that are her life, marveling at his luck:

JAKE (VO)  
Me First Mate.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST FOYER (DAY)

It's another morning check-out. Twelve teenagers, each of a different culture and ethnicity, descend the stairs with their bags, chattering amongst themselves. The adults (each a snobbish chaperone for this *UN COMMITTEE DELEGATE*) continue their intense discussion as Bob dances them through the following ...

BOB  
I trust the event went well, Sire.

ENGLISH DELEGATE  
Oh, yes. Well enough. We're talking.  
(back to the German)  
That is neither what I said nor what I meant. You know that, everybody knows that. Come on, man, do play along.

CHINESE DELEGATE  
I've been made Chair of the Committee on Climate Change.

The self-interested conversation continues as each files past to shake Bob's hand before heading out the front door to their waiting transport.

INDIAN DELEGATE  
India has had a lot of fallout from our burning of the coal. Perhaps rightfully so, perhaps not. Big problem for climate, we know, but, it is one of our only resources.

BRAZILIAN DELEGATE  
Yes, big problem, and it is wise to support aligned campaigns, but coal is no greater concern than the reduction of the rain forest, which should be everyone's primary concern, for without it healthy function, we have no air to breathe.

The Chinese nods his head to the Brazilian, who returns the gesture.

INDIAN DELEGATE

An alliance in the making.

FRENCH DELEGATE

But, gentlemen, the even more immediate problem remains: terrorism.

BRITISH DELEGATE

And we have men on that as we speak, as do you, as do all. It takes a special kind of mind to deal with the self-justified violence that characterizes crazy. We're making progress.

(to Bob)

Mr. Wilson! Yet again everything was perfection. Thank you.

And they all head out: "Lovely, as ever. Thanks a million. 'Till next time." They've all done this before.

The door closes and it's suddenly, blissfully quiet. Still.

Bob and Nancy slump a bit, then exhale long and slow.

BOB

They're always fun.

NANCY

I think teaching kids to see people as people is a good thing.

BOB

(kiss)

It's a good start, all right. Then, of course, one has to get a job.

A DELIVERY MAN enters from "New York Pizza."

DELIVERY MAN

I have a package for the Wilsons from a --

(reads)

Heather Harlow.

Nancy receives the box, Bob signs.

NANCY

Oh, it's warm. And --

NANCY AND BOB  
Smells like Italian food.

Inside, they find three just-cooked, still steaming pizzas from "New York Pizza."

BOB  
I didn't know we had a new pizza place in town.

DELIVERY MAN  
Oh, no, I heard Ms. Harlow chartered a jet with a kitchenette (didn't know there were such things) so she could get this to you fresh-from-the-oven. Here, this note came with it. Enjoy.

And he's gone.

INSERTs of the note, as Nancy reads it aloud:

NANCY  
"Dear Bob and Nancy, we thought you might like some genuine Italian pizza from San Francisco. Making some inquiries --"

INSERT of Heather in bed with a Venture Capitalist.

NANCY (OS - CONT'D)  
"-- in hopes of convincing their Board that opening a shop in Big Harbor would be the smart play. Looking forward to our next visit. Love, Heather and the gang."

NANCY  
Awwww. That is so sweet.

BOB  
Do you realize how much this cost?

Bob hefts a large dripping slice and takes a healthy bite.

BOB (cont'd)  
Ohh! I didn't know I'd forgotten what real pizza tastes like.

NANCY  
This is ah-maz-ing.

Debbi enters, following her nose.



DEBBI  
Oh, yum! Pizza for breakfast!

Bob and Nancy, reveling in heaven, can't speak, only chew.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
(lifting a piece)  
Whoa! Where did you get this?

She bites down and is similarly transported. They can't help but keep eating, but they want to talk, too, so do their best, their mouths stuffed with ambrosia.

BOB  
Heather sent it, from San Francisco.

DEBBI  
But ... this is fresh.

NANCY & BOB  
She chartered a private jet, with an oven. Cooked them up just before they landed!

Andre wanders in, following his nose.

ANDRE  
I caught a whiff of ... something new.

BOB  
Have a piece. It's *deeeelicious*.

Reverently, Andre selects the ideal slice and takes a perfect bite. "Transporter Room: Energize."

NANCY  
It's a thank-you gift from those San Francisco techies.

Infinitely impressed, Andre is stricken with jealousy.

ANDRE  
(subtitled Spanish)  
This is excellent. Damn. Just excellent. Damn ...

NANCY  
We can't eat all this, and pizza never keeps.

DEBBI  
I know who to send one to.

INT. THE THREE COUNTERS (DAY)

Linda's working away when DING! Sally steps in.

SALLY  
Details, girl. Dish me: How was your  
date with William?

LINDA  
(icy)  
You said he was a gentleman.

SALLY  
He behaved as such with me.

LINDA  
He was all over me.

SALLY  
Awww. Sorry. Hate it when a man just  
takes like that. That's rough. Sorry,  
Honey. But, y'know, it's just people  
tryin' to figure out how to connect.  
Takes intentional practice.

LINDA  
Some folks' intentions aren't to my  
liking.

SALLY  
And then there's that. Yeah.

Sally's features soften and her sight flies far away.

SALLY (cont'd)  
And, yeah, it can get ugly.  
(with sudden cheer)  
Keep at it, girl. You're lovely.

DING! TWO HANDSOME YOUNG MEN in athletic wear stroll in.

SALLY (cont'd)  
Right on time, mates. Ready to go?

FIRST STRANGER  
Oi.

SALLY  
Just hop into the seaplane, there,  
and settle your handsome selves, I'll  
join ye presently.

## THE AMIABLE STRANGERS

(heading out)

Yes, ma'am. Will-do.

SALLY

Just treat her kindly, and watch your step.

Linda turns pointedly raised eyebrows to Sally, who backs slowly towards the door.

SALLY (cont'd)

The talkative one is Noah. He's a rugby player from Australia. The strong, silent one is Lucas. He's a musician. His band is playing in Vancouver this weekend.

LINDA

Hmmm. However is a girl to choose?

SALLY

They were both checking you out, fer sure, girl. I'll let you know if either is interested.

DING! And she's gone.

LINDA

(it's impossible)

How am I to compete with Doug's three-way with Jessica and Laura?

DING! A rather short European man of elusive heritage flings the door wide and strides towards the counter.

LINDA (cont'd)

I told you I'd have to think about it.

THE MAYOR

Come now, Linda, dear, you know you'd welcome the challenge, the notoriety, should I say the fame, the money, the glory.

LINDA

Oh, stop it.

THE MAYOR

I've got a file an inch thick of new proposals, Linda. I don't have time.

(MORE)

THE MAYOR (cont'd)  
 You're a perfect fit, and I trust  
 you, so, c'mon, you could use the  
 money, no?

LINDA  
 We could yes. All right, but only two  
 nights a week, four hours per. I can  
take calls during lunch, here.

The Mayor clasps his hands in victory.

THE MAYOR  
 A thousand blessings upon you, a  
 thousand-thousand thanks you's!  
 (now to business)  
 Now, the first thing I need you to do  
 is organize this Food Contest.

EXT. BOARDWALK (DAY)

"Who Let the Dogs Out" booms as a group of five teenagers  
 stroll along, each ear-budded and focused on his cellphone.  
 Three sport T-shirts that feature a minimalist artist's  
 interpretation of Long-John Pickles in his pirate costume.

TEENAGER  
 (holds up his phone)  
 Hey, look at this: Long-John is  
 trending.

TEENAGE GIRL  
 There's a video. Play it.

INSERT a video-meme of Long-John Pickles bumping into  
 things. Text: "Long-John Pickles never misses a thing!"

TEENAGER  
 Ahw, that's mean.  
 (he has to admit)  
 But funny.

INT. B&B PARLOR - RECEPTION DESK (DAY)

Bob and Debbi are in a spirited discussion. The grandfather  
 clock strikes 10 (in the morning).

BOB  
 But, Honey, the mayor told me  
 himself: it's the Inn's traditional,  
 wholesome qualities that represent,  
 practically, the community's ideals.

DEBBI

I understand, Pop. And you can keep things as they are, but, look: is the inn as popular as it used to be?

BOB

You don't have to worry about us; we've got lots of repeaters.

DEBBI

When are you going to retire, Pop? Relax? Do exactly and only what you want?

(pause)

It would help if the mayor offered some incentives, but when the whole town is searching for ways to upgrade and update, holding on to "the ways things have always been" for the sake of "tradition" --

BOB

Everyone, not just the mayor, loves this place as it is.

A couple enter ... and look around.

BOB (cont'd)

Greetings, weary travelers. You must be the McCoys. Early check-in is two o'clock.

They turn to one another and talk as though Bob and Debbi aren't there.

MAN

The attempt at charm is --

WOMAN

-- forced. Not yet antique, just ...

MAN

Behind the times.

After one last withering look around, she turns away ...

WOMAN

I'll wager the Holiday Inn smells --

MAN

-- newer, at the very least.

WOMAN  
If such were possible.

They're gone.

DEBBI  
You were saying?

BOB  
It seems I have something new to think about.

Maria appears.

BOB  
Oh, Maria, I've been meaning to ask: what do you think about this Mexican Food Contest that's coming up?

MARIA  
(laughs)  
Who could "win?" Big Harbor doesn't have good Mexican food.

DEBBI  
Yours is.

MARIA  
What? No, no, I just cook up simple plates. What my mama fed me.

BOB  
A full-blooded Mexican, wasn't she?

MARIA  
Wait. You really like my food?

DEBBI / BOB  
God, yes. / Best Mexican I've ever had.

MARIA  
When is this contest?

BOB  
A week from Saturday.

DEBBI  
What is the prize?

BOB  
A thousand dollars.

MARIA

Oh, *mi dios!* I could use a thousand dollars!

BOB

It's worth it to the Council. They hope it will trigger in restaurateurs the idea that opening a quality Mexican restaurant in town is a good investment. Bring some flavor, add some spice.

NANCY

Really? To, could it be said, give the place a more cosmopolitan feel?

BOB

(pause)

Yeah.

(looks around)

I'm thinkin'.

Nancy and Bob pack-up the pizzas and the group breaks. Andre glides back towards the kitchen.

ANDRE

(subtitled Spanish)

This is excellent! Damn.

Maria moves off toward the stairs. Debbi follows.

MARIA

I'll noodle it and get back to you.

DEBBI

Maybe noodle on asking Andre to work with you, too?

MARIA

Hmm. Then we're down to \$500.

BOB

(nervous chuckle)

Just so long as you two don't leave us to start a place of your own.

As the girls near the top of the staircase, Maria swats the whole notion aside.

MARIA

I'm too busy with school and here to think about anything else.

(MORE)

MARIA (cont'd)  
 (to Debbi, softer)  
 Oi! But now, maybe, there's Bill.

DEBBI  
 You two had a good time together?

Maria nods in giddy wonderment.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
 Details girl.

INT. RESTAURANT (DAY)

We find DeLa Vega treating another MAN to lunch.

DELA VEGA  
 Yes, of course, just for argument's sake. What might that mean for this town? This area? This harbor? The opportunities. For making money, acquiring influence and power and security, for establishing a legacy.

MAN  
 And you've had these documents authenticated?

DELA VEGA  
 Oh, they're authentic. Recently found, in the process.

Don Diego rises, calmly straightens his tie and jacket, and confidently settles himself into one dapper dude

(channeling his father)  
 Look, Councilman Moore, you think on it. Take all the time you want. Just know that I'm looking for people of influence who have been hoping to one day stumble onto just such an opportunity and create their own Ground Floor. Do yourself a favor, and don't think too long.

He produces his card.

DELA VEGA (CONT'D)  
 I'm looking for the ambitious, the generators, the guys with vision who never rest until they get the best of every deal. How can a Mexican Outsider generate impressive profits by helping Big Harbor expand?  
 (MORE)



DELA VEGA (CONT'D)

If I like your ideas, maybe we'll do some business. Lunch is on me. Enjoy.

INT. MRS. O'TOOLE'S HOUSE (DAY)

Mrs. O'Toole twists her back door's shiny new deadbolt a few times. Satisfied, she turns to survey the new doggie-area in a corner of her kitchen.

MRS. O'TOOLE

I don't know how you got out, Mr. Pickles, but now you should be happy and safe at night.

There's a knock at the front door. Leaning on her cane, she hobbles over. It's Debbi, with a box.

DEBBI

Good morning, Mrs. O'Toole. I'm Debbi. Jake, who takes care of Mr. Pickles during the day, he's my uncle. My mother's brother.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Yes, yes, the Bed-and-Breakfast couple.

DEBBI

They wanted to share this genuine San Francisco pizza with you.

MRS. O'TOOLE

My word! Come on in, put it on the counter. Thank you, dear, thank you.

They move into the Kitchen.

DEBBI

How are you feeling today?

MRS. O'TOOLE

Oh, well, you know, with age, everything gets harder. But, generally, I'm better than I was.

(sighs, sits)

Dr. Guarino says I'll likely need this [cane] till I die, but ... What do you think of this little area I've set up? Do you think Mr. Pickles will like it?

DEBBI

If I were a dog, I'd never want to leave.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Oh, I do hope you're right. I'm worried about him. You know he's afraid of the water.

DEBBI

Oh, I think he's getting used to it. I heard he was paddling around pretty well the other night, on his sardine hunt.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Well, I'm just not so sure it's a good idea for him to go gallivanting around on a boat. I think --

DEBBI

Now, now, don't you worry. Jake loves that dog. He won't let anything happen to him. Besides, Mr. "Long-John Pickles" is becoming a kind of symbol of the Harbor.

Mrs. O'Toole's eyes open wide in wonderment.

MRS. O'TOOLE

*A cele-bri-ty?* Really?

INT. THREE COUNTERS - WATER TAXI SERVICE (DAY)

Linda is talking on the counter's headset while multitasking on her computer screen.

LINDA

You are all set, Mr. Barker: Two round-trips for tomorrow, 7:00am, Taxi #2.

Her cellphone atop the counter starts buzzing. It's Tom.

LINDA (cont'd)

That's right. Have a good one.

She disconnects her headset, lifts her cell.

LINDA (cont'd)

So, Tom. Calling to tell me how you've changed?

INTERCUT the conversation.

TOM  
Yes. I'm divorced now, and --

LINDA  
-- divorced or separated?

TOM  
I'm ... in the process of getting divorced.

LINDA  
Still the liar with a heart of gold, eh?

Tom means well, but he's a weasel.

TOM  
I miss you so much.

LINDA  
In my world, when you care about someone, you work with them, you don't deceive them.

TOM  
There's just, something, about you. Tell me what I have to do.

LINDA  
At this point, I'm not sure there's anything you --

TOM  
But, but --

LINDA  
No. No "buts." I left a promising relationship to date you, and now he's gone. Look, Tom, what are you after me for? Don't you have anyone else you can date?

TOM  
(lost, confused)  
No one near as wonderful as you.

LINDA huffs, disconnects the line.

LINDA  
Men.

DING!

LINDA (cont'd)  
 'Afternoon. "Need a lift, a ride, or  
 a tour, we got you covered."

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT (NIGHT)

DeLa Vega watches the bus pull in. MEEMO steps off, ahead of  
 JUAN and his sister, JUANITA.

DELA VEGA  
 Okay, here's the gig: you're gonna  
 cook-up your mama's best dish and win  
 a Mexican Food contest.

JUANITA  
 What's our cut?

DELA VEGA  
 500 bucks.

JUAN / JUANITA  
 Aye *ka-rumba*. Are you serious?

MEEMO  
 I told you. Don Diego's The Man.

JUAN AND MEEMO  
 Okay! / Let's do this.

JUANITA  
 We're gonna need some things.

INT. KITCHEN - LAURA'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT (LATE)

Maria has joined Andre to choose a recipe. Maria is flipping  
 a small booklet, its pages worn and loose, while Andre is  
 fingering through his ancient Rolodex.

ANDRE  
 Ah, this is my mother's! "Spanish  
 Goose." *Delicioso mui-mui*.

MARIA  
 I'm sure. This is a MEXICAN food  
 contest. What about this one: "*Chile  
 Relleno* stuffed with aloe and  
 shredded lamb"?

ANDRE  
I, maybe, I don't know. What are the  
categories again?

INT. DON DIEGO'S TINY KITCHEN - NIGHT (LATE)

DON DIEGO, pacing, reads aloud to the exhausted crew:

DON DIEGO  
Taste --

MEEMO  
So lots of flavor.

DON DIEGO  
Presentation --

JUANITA  
It's got to seduce you.

DON DIEGO  
Creativity --

JUAN  
So, it's gotta have some kind of,  
whatchamacallit, twist.

DON DIEGO  
And theme --

JUAN  
What's that?

Don Diego shrugs uncomfortably.

JUANITA  
Each bite's gotta taste like you're  
eatin' its soul.

EXT. B&B - FRONT PORCH (MORNING)

Debbi, bundled-up, sipping from a steaming mug of cocoa,  
watches the sun's light creep past Mt. Rainier and awaken  
the harbor.

Behind her, her father steps stretches, inhales deep.

BOB  
I've always loved the smell of this  
place. The trees, the wet, boulder-  
strewn hills --

DEBBI  
 (inhales; nods)  
 -- the briny winds. Home.

BOB  
 I think it prudent to start small,  
 until we find our stride, so, let's  
 kickoff this upgrade of yours in the  
 cottage.

Debbi is pleased with her father, but knows that now's not  
 the time to say so.

DEBBI  
 This contest is big, Pop. The  
 publicity is going to bring more  
 people to town, sure, and that'll be  
 good, I guess, but it's Maria's and  
 Andre's shot at victory; it's about  
 your values versus Zorro's, it's  
 about giving the city-planners the  
 bulls-eye: cosmopolitan cooperative.

Linda steps out, yawning, her own steaming mug in hand.

LINDA  
 I'll tell the mayor you're impressed  
 with his foresight.

For a few moments, the crickets chirp peacefully, then, all  
 at once, they stop.

BOB  
 (to Debbi)  
 It's good to have you back.

LINDA  
 (joins her father)  
 While you were gone, there was a big  
 empty hole in the world.  
 (she hooks his elbow)  
 Come back inside, Pop. I need to talk  
 to you about this DeLa Vega  
 character.

INT. DELA VEGA'S LOFT APARTMENT (DAY)

The gang is all here, settling. Juan, Juanita, and Meemo  
 unpack from a "groceries" hunt.

JUANITA  
 Hey, esse, why is Junior so tense?

MEEMO

Winning is his golden opportunity to  
make this town his.

JUANITA

Like his Daddy is to LA, eh?  
(teases Don Diego)  
Ain't you the ambitious little  
hombre.

DELA VEGA

You think these two, eh?

JUAN

I cook the slow-roasted barbacoa --

JUANITA

And I kill 'em with *mi madre's* mole  
over *mi* uncle Pedro's posole.

Don Diego nods, unsure but hopeful.

JUANITA (cont'd)

Oh, we'll win.  
(she spits)  
Gringos know nothing, Jon Snow.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCALES (DAY/NIGHT)

To a flurry of images, we see ALL THE CONTESTANTS: Maria and Andre learning each others' rhythms and precision; Don Diego, Juan, Meemo, and Juanita learning to listen to one another and work as a team; even some Harborites (Mrs, O'Toole, Madame Levine, Rose and Harold, Sally) are enjoying the excitement of anticipation.

The contest and its victor have become this small, tight-knit community's chance to celebrate, together, over something that really means nothing, except they agree that, for today, it's the most important question ever poised: which team's dish, and what its members represent, will be judged the best?

On the stage-under-construction, the mayor, *ala* Walt Disney of old, makes a prepared statement:

MAYOR

(throws his glove)  
I throw down Big Harbor's gauntlet in  
challenge. Can you help us put Big  
Harbor on the map?  
(MORE)

MAYOR (cont'd)

A thousand dollars to he or she who creates, in her name, a dish that makes visitors and locales alike declare, "we have the best Mexican food in the entire Pacific Northwest!"

Sponsored by the Council, the venue is the small park at the center of town, about three blocks in from the wharf, where a lavish horseshoe-shaped stage is constructed, strewn with flapping ribbons and colorful flags.

EXT. STAGE - THE DAY OF THE CONTEST

A local TRUMPETER, a BEARDED DRUMMER, and a LANKY GUITAR PLAYER provide the festive amplified music as the teams take their places on stage, each allotted a section of counter that rings the inner curvature -- their workspace and eventual presentation platform. Behind each is an oven. Near at hand are the necessary tools and ingredients.

Nancy and Bob, along with Doug and Linda and Bill are in the crowd, cheering and clapping and whistling for Maria and Andre.

The Mayor shoots a starter pistol and a big clock marks the passage of time.

Ingredients are mixed and added to pots or brushed over roasting meat; pans melt butter, that receives sugar, cherries, herbs, and salt, then is dribbled artfully over a plate of quail, baby asparagus, sweet potato mash, and dark cherry topping.

Another plate appears, and another, each presenting a different deliciously seductive masterpiece.

The THREE JUDGES file past: a banker, a dentist, and a Nursing professor taste each, make notes, move on.

The atmosphere is tense, and the crowd is involved as if they were watching a bare-knuckle brawl, but here the blows are the judges' scores. A impenetrable mystery.

The Mayor, the event's Master of Ceremony, takes the microphone.

MAYOR

Thank you, Mrs. O'Toole, brave soul,  
Sally, Rose-and-Harold.

(MORE)



MAYOR (cont'd)

(reads)

"We admired each dish as sublimely  
and astonishingly delectable."  
But we must choose a winner.  
Is it to be Juan & Juanita,  
representing "DeLa Vega  
Investments" --

The crows responds with exaggerated whistles and applause of approval or equally enthusiastic rumbling boos.

MAYOR (cont'd)

-- or Maria and Andre, representing  
"The Wilson's Bed and Breakfast Inn"?

The MAYOR now adopts the tones of a prize-fight announcer and his bellows fill the harbor:

MAYOR (cont'd)

And now, the winner of Big Harbor's  
first and inaugural Mexican Food  
contest: a big round of applause,  
please, for ...

(the drum rolls)

... The Wilson's Bed and Breakfast's  
very own Maria Lopez and Andre  
Pasquale!

CAMERAS CLICK and WE FREEZE on ONE MOMENT OF THE  
CELEBRATIONS, THEN ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER, including the  
devastation of the DeLa Vega team, and the elation of the  
winning team, as the musician's MUSIC FADES us to ...

INT. LAURA'S JAPANESE RESTAURANT (NIGHT - LATER)

Doug and JESSICA are finally meeting -- for the first time  
since college. She's just as beautiful and sultry as her  
sister Susan, but with a more bohemian flair. They exchange  
appreciative greetings.

DOUG / JESSICA

Good to see you again. You look  
healthy.

DOUG

I never knew you had a crush on me in  
college.

JESSICA

She told you.

DOUG

I guess I just never looked your way.

Jess knows she's gonna have him.

JESSICA

I did. Big time. I still do.

A twinkling form slithers up to their table.

LAURA

Welcome to my place. Doug, I hear congratulations are in order.

DOUG

Were you there? It was like the World Series or something.

(he lifts his glass  
in toast)

To Andre and Maria: the best in the Land.

LAURA

Creators of "the Big Harbor meal," I heard.

(focuses on Jessica)  
Good evening ...

JESSICA

Jess.

LAURA

It's a pleasure, Jess. So, after your meal, we're getting together for a nightcap?

Jessica offers up a sultry grin.

JESSICA

Or two. Or three.

Doug nods, all but panting.

LAURA

(out sultra-ing Jess)  
Out the back, upstairs. Nine o'clock.  
Save room for desert.

To an accompanying WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around them, twice.

INSERT of images of the uninhibited three-way to come. The women begin without him.

Another WHOOSH as the CAMERA SPINS around them, and -- Doug's head twitches and he blinks himself back to the present, across the table from

JESS  
 She's something to look forward to, fer sure. I like that, don't you? Anticipation. But that's up ahead, tell me, now, Doug, I wanna hear what happened on your worst date ever.

INT. GUEST COTTAGE GREAT ROOM (NIGHT)

Linda, an exhausted insomniac, is playing solitaire as she serial dunks chocolate-chip cookies into milk.

Doug enters.

She watches him pour a double-vodka, down it, then sag into the chair opposite.

DOUG  
 There's something seriously wrong with me.

LINDA  
 Where you goin' with this, bro?

Doug slurps after the last drops.

DOUG  
 It wasn't ... thrilling.

LINDA  
 Awww, look at you. Big brother's all wakin'-up and shit.

They love each other. Doug rises, rinses his glass.

DOUG  
 (sighs)  
 I need to wake up in a different story. 'Night.

LINDA  
 You're a good man, Dougie.

She downs another sogged-perfect cookie.

LINDA (cont'd)  
 It'll all be better in the morning.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE DESERTED PARK - STILL-LIT STAGE (NIGHT)

Foggy and empty, it's a strangely beautiful sight.

DING! DING!

The Seahawk-Jersey Guys flash by on bicycles, their spokes  
alight with the #12.

OLD WOMAN (VO)

Far more important than winning,  
*communion*, is about sharing,  
supporting, encouraging, and loving.

DING! DING!

FADE OUT. Credits