

111 INT. ROSALYN'S KITCHEN - DAY 111

Ros talks to herself carrying tin foil covered tray of lasagna.

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

(to herself)

"Don't put metal in the science oven, don't put metal in the science oven, Rosalyn"...always treats me like a fucking child. I'll do whatever I want.

She puts the tin foil lasagna into microwave. After a few moments it sparks, explodes into flames. DANNY RUNS IN.

DANNY

(runs in)

Another fire!

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

(grabbing a fire extinguisher)

No, Danny, not that one! That one's empty! We gotta use the big one!

SMASH TO:

IRVING ROSENFELD

I told you not to put metal in the science oven. Why did you do that for?

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

Don't make such a big deal. Just get another one.

IRVING ROSENFELD

I don't want another one. I want the one that Carmine gave me.

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

"I want the one Carmine gave me!" Carmine, Carmine, why don't you just marry Carmine, get a little gold microwave and put it on a chain around your neck. You want to be more like Carmine? Why don't you build something like he does, instead of all your empty deals that are just like your fucking science oven. You know I read that it takes all of the nutrition out of our food. It's empty, just like your deals. Empty, empty!

IRVING ROSENFELD

That's bullshit.

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

It's not bullshit. I read it in an article. Look, by Paul Brodeur.

SHE HANDS HIM THE MAGAZINE.

ROSALYN ROSENFELD

Bring something into this house that's gonna take all the nutrition out of our food and then light our house on fire? Thank God for me.

Ros stares defiantly, clicks her nails on the counter. PRELAP JET ROAR, IRVING STARES AT ROS and BURNED OVEN and looks at the magazine article.