

EMILIA
Biscotti?

TESS
Try the tin.

EMILIA
These are stale.

TESS
All biscotti are stale. They're baked twice to be stale. Let me have one.

(EMILIA takes a stack of pots or plates off of a chair and gives them to ANNA to hold. She sits.)

EMILIA
Where are the boys?

TESS
Where else? Golfing – in memory of their father.

EMILIA
When Santo died, my girls wouldn't leave my side. You shouldn't be alone.

TESS
Who's alone?

EMILIA
Junior and Vince should be here.

TESS
They're boys. They don't smother you like girls do.

EMILIA
My girls don't smother me. Do your girls smother you, Anna?

ANNA
They don't come near me.

TESS
The boys were here all morning. That's enough. They're not much good in the kitchen.

ANNA
That's not true. Junior does his frittatas every holiday.

TESS

So, should we have a feast day in Junior's honor because my eldest cracks a few eggs on Easter Sunday? That's not cooking. Cooking is every day. It's simmering ... stirring. It's – Sunday sauce.

EMILIA

American boys don't cook. Not like their uncles – Dominic, God rest his soul –

(All bless themselves.)

EMILIA (cont'd)

- could make gravy. And he grew his own tomatoes – just like my Santo.

ANNA

And Franco made the best roasts.

EMILIA

God rest his soul -

(All bless themselves.)

Franco didn't cook. Tess, do you remember Franco cooking anything?

TESS

Who knows? That was years ago. Let our brothers rest in peace.

ANNA

They're all resting in peace.

EMILIA

That's because we do all the work. It keeps you alive.

TESS

So, who's the smart one? The one who constantly works? Or the ones resting in peace after never lifting a finger?

EMILIA

Mama and I did everything. Our brothers – they did nothing. Like you, Anna – you were the baby. Never had to do a thing.

ANNA

I admit it. I was spoiled. With you and Tess being so much older/

EMILIA

/Fa Nabla! (*Translation: Go to Naples!*) A few years! Two maybe!