

"WELCOME TO GREENTOWN..."



"...ONE OF MANY TOWNS MORE ALIKE THAN DIFFERENT..."



"...WEDGED BETWEEN THE MONONGAHELA RIVER AND THE STEEP HILLS THAT LINE ITS BANKS."



"TOWNS FED BY STEEL OR COAL OR BOTH."

"GREENTOWN WAS SO NAMED BECAUSE THE COMPANY HOUSES WERE ALL PAINTED GREEN AT ONE TIME. THE COMPANY GOT A GOOD DEAL ON THE PAINT."



"MANY OF THE GOOD CITIZENS COME FROM A REGION OF ITALY KNOWN AS CALABRIA..."



"...THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM A STRONG WORK ETHIC..."



"...AND A STRONG SENSE OF FAMILY AND TRADITION..."

THE FEAST OF THE SEVEN FISHES WAS A TRADITION ALL THE ITALIANS AROUND HERE BROUGHT WITH THEM FROM CALABRIA.



December 23rd, 1983

"EVERY FAMILY HAS THEIR VARIATION ON IT - IF THERE WAS EVER A SET WAY OF DOING IT, FOLKS HAVE LONG FORGOTTEN IT."



"OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT THE FEAST IS ALWAYS HELD ON CHRISTMAS EVE..."



"... AND IT'S ALWAYS LOUD."



THE FEAST IS ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKES MY POINT, VINCE. SMALL TOWNS LIKE GREENTOWN GROW THEIR OWN MYTHOLOGIES.



WE'RE LIKE TRIBES THAT WAY.

THINK ABOUT IT. THE WAY WE TALK ABOUT FOOTBALL GAMES FROM, SAY, 1964 - AS IF THEY WERE THE MOONWALK. OLD LADIES LIKE YOUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER STILL WORRY ABOUT THE "EVIL EYE".



IT'S LIKE WE GOT ONE FOOT IN AMERICA AND THE PRESENT AND ANOTHER IN EUROPE AND THE PAST. AND WE JUST OBSESS ON ALL OF IT.



I GET IT. LIKE THE WAY FOLKS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT HOW YOU NEVER HAVE A GIRLFRIEND FOR CHRISTMAS - BAD AS YOU WANT ONE.



UNKIND, MAN. UNKIND.





LOOK, SARAH, GOING IVY LEAGUE DOESN'T AUTOMATICALLY MAKE SOMEONE A **SNOB**.

SO - WHAT - THEY HAVE SPECIAL WORKSHOPS YOU CAN ATTEND?



I'M NOT GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR GROWING AS A PERSON. WHEN I COME BACK HERE I FEEL LIKE I'M COMING TO ANOTHER COUNTRY.

ONE WITH TACKY CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.



WOULD IT HURT THEM TO COORDINATE?

LISTEN, I REALLY LIKE THIS GUY ANGELO. AND HIS FRIEND, TONY, IS CUTE.

WHO KNOWS? YOU MIGHT END UP HAVING SOMEBODY TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS WITH.



AND IF YOU CHOOSE TO DUMP HIM AFTER NEW YEAR'S YOU CAN DO SO FROM THE SAFETY OF YOUR IVORY TOWER CAMPUS HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY.



WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT, BETH?



THESE BARS AND NIGHTCLUBS ARE NO PLACE FOR A GOOD GIRL.

OH, MOM, STOP IT. THERE'S NOTHING SORDID ABOUT THE MELODY. AND I'LL BE WITH SARAH. YOU LIKE SARAH.

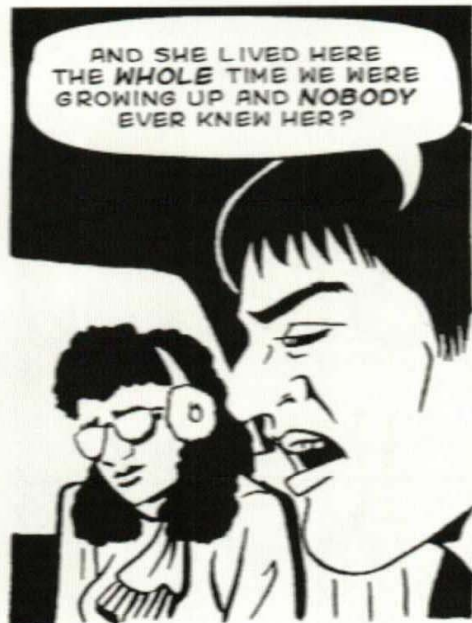


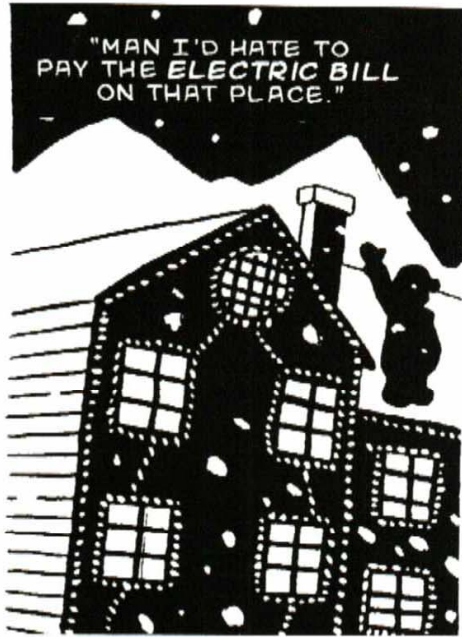
SHE'S THE ONE WHO ATTENDS THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ISN'T SHE? I GUESS SHE'S NICE.

BUT I DON'T THINK PRENTICE WOULD CARE TO HEAR OF YOUR GOING OUT TO A PLACE LIKE THAT.



WELL, IF PRENTICE CARED SO MUCH, HE WOULD HAVE CHOSEN ME OVER A SKI TRIP FOR CHRISTMAS AND IT WOULDN'T BE AN ISSUE.











YOU GUYS WANT TO SHOOT POOL WITH US?



NO.



YOU TWO ARE A LOT OF FUN...



SO ANGELO IS YOUR BEST FRIEND?

IF HE WASN'T THERE'S NO WAY I'D HANG OUT WITH HIM.



I THOUGHT WHAT YOU SAID IN THE CAR ABOUT CHRISTMAS WAS REALLY *INSIGHTFUL*. ABOUT IT BEING OUR PERSONAL *CANVAS* TO *PAINT* OUR WISHES ON. I THINK THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT SO MUCH.



LIKE THE WAY HEARING CHRISTMAS MUSIC TRANSPORTS YOU INSTANTLY - TO YOUR CHILDHOOD. I'VE WORN OUT TWO COPIES OF THIS JULIE ANDREWS CHRISTMAS ALBUM.

FOR ME IT'S DEAN MARTIN. I LOVE "BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE."



I DON'T KNOW THAT ONE.

WELL, IT'S NOT SO MUCH ABOUT CHRISTMAS AS IT IS ABOUT DEAN GETTING LAID.



JULIE ANDREWS IS GOOD, TOO.

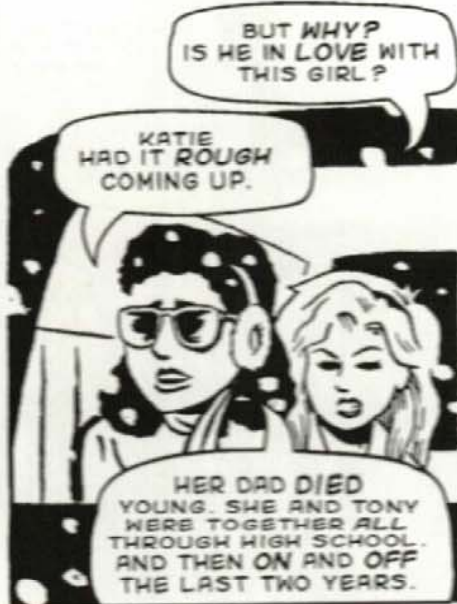




WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?

TOPLESS!

PROBABLY GET HIS ASS KICKED.



BUT WHY? IS HE IN LOVE WITH THIS GIRL?

KATIE HAD IT ROUGH COMING UP.

HER DAD DIED YOUNG. SHE AND TONY WERE TOGETHER ALL THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL AND THEN ON AND OFF THE LAST TWO YEARS.



TO HIM SHE'S LIKE A SISTER. AND WHEN SHE PULLS STUNTS LIKE THIS, HE FEELS RESPONSIBLE.



I TOLD YOU HE WAS A NICE GUY.

YEAH, WELL, THAT NICE GUY SHIT IS OVER-RATED IF YOU ASK ME.



HEY! TONY!



IS THIS PLACE GREAT OR WHAT?



TROUBLES, HAVE YOU SEEN KATIE?

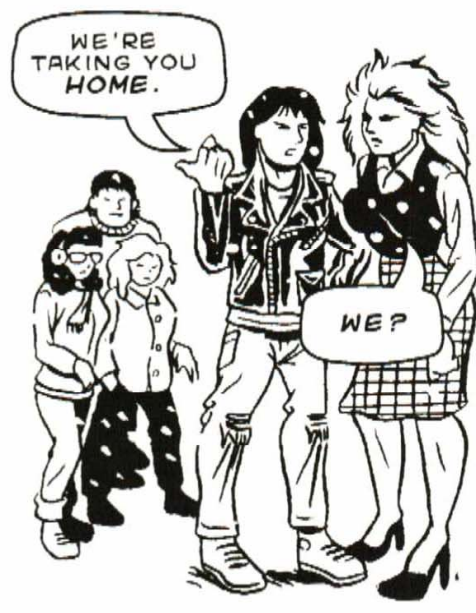
KATIE? WHAT THE HELL WOULD SHE BEING DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?



TAKE A LOOK.












WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT TONIGHT, KATIE.



WHY? BECAUSE OF THAT LITTLE CAKE-EATER IN THE CAR?



HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HER. I BARELY KNOW HER AND EVEN IF I WERE INTERESTED I DOUBT SHE'LL HAVE SHIT TO DO WITH ME AFTER THIS... WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT...



...BECAUSE WE HAVE TO MOVE ON.



NO, I DON'T HAVE TO MOVE ON, TONY.



YOU DON'T WANT ME TO STRIP. FINE. I WON'T STRIP.



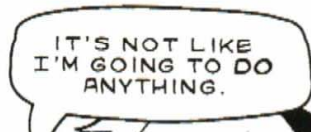
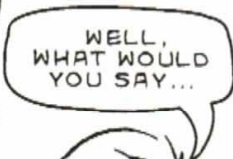
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO MOVE ON JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT TO. NOW GET OUT OF HERE. DON'T KEEP YOUR GIRLFRIEND WAITING.



LET US TAKE YOU -

I SAID TO FRIGGIN' GO!





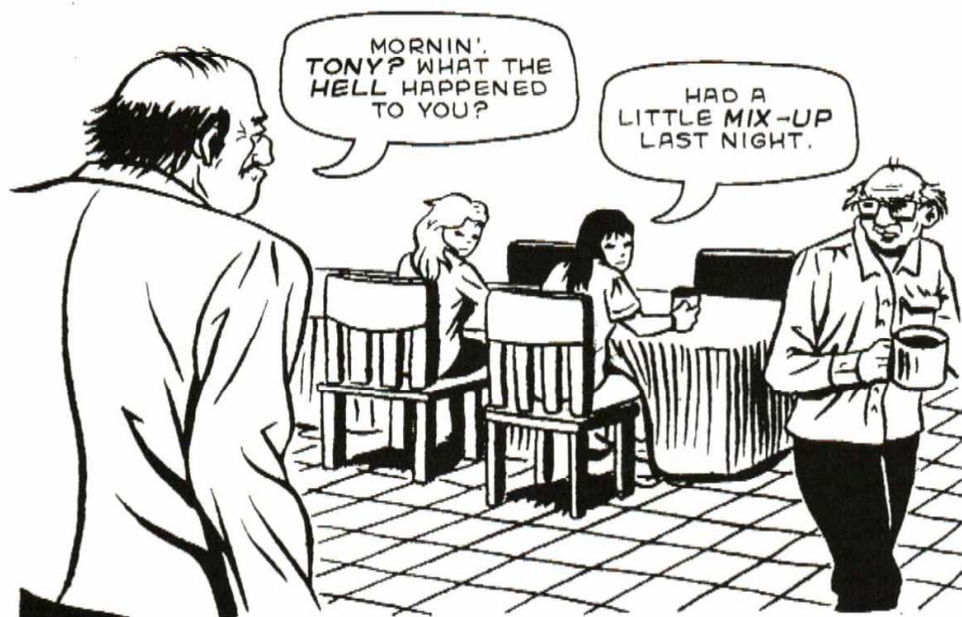




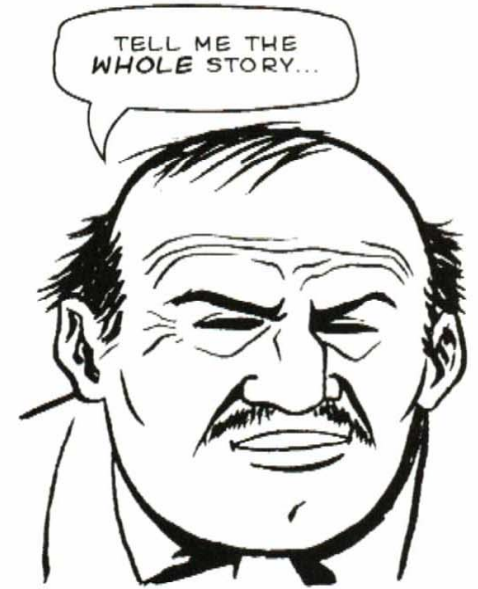


GOD, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL...



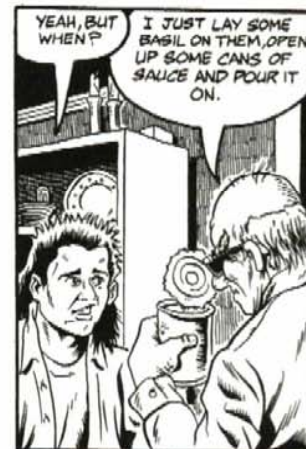
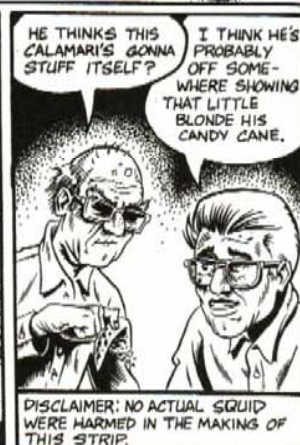




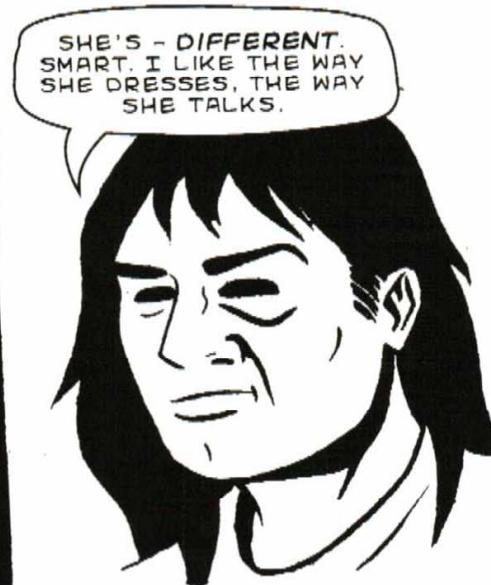


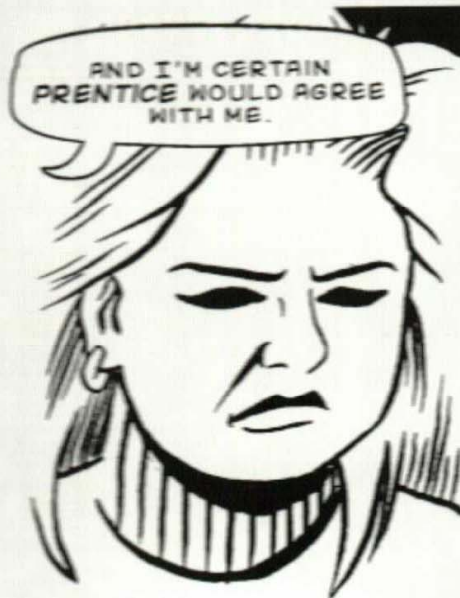
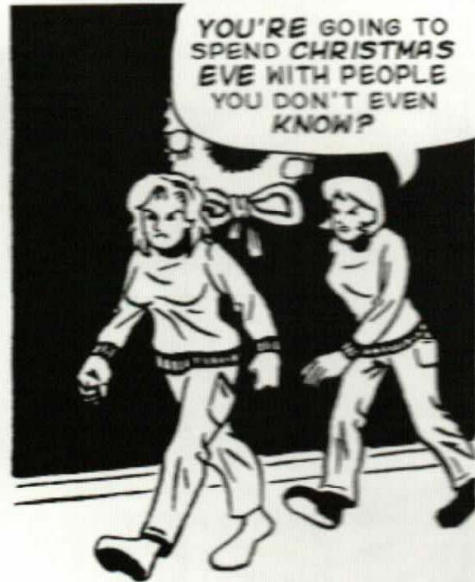


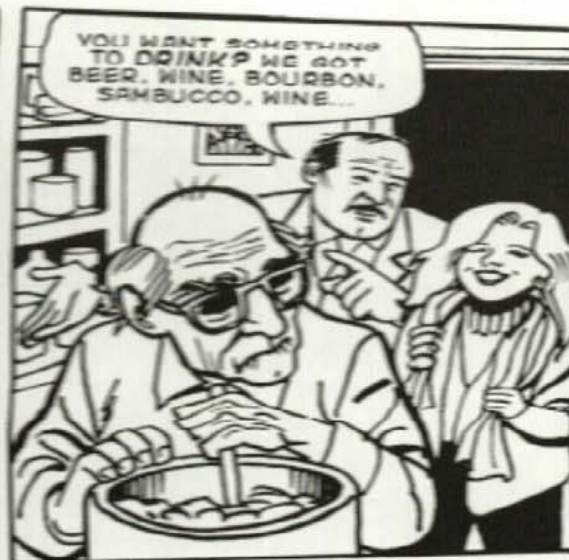
Feast of the Seven Fishes

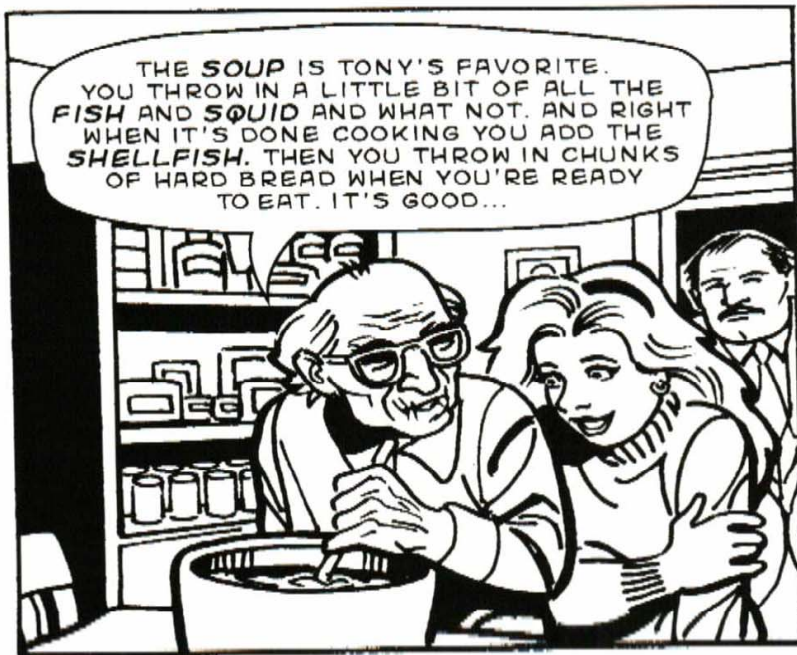
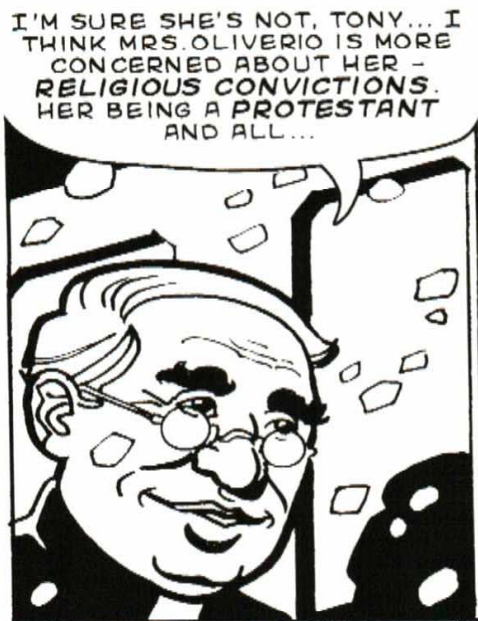


















ALL RIGHT, NON-ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. THAT'S MEANS ALL WOMEN!



DON'T LET MY MOM TALK YOU TO DEATH.



GET A PAPER BAG AND PUT A COUPLE O' CUPS OF FLOWER, AND SOME SALT AND PEPPER IN IT. WE'RE GONNA DO THE SMELTS FIRST...



TONY, PUT SOME OLIVE OIL AND HOT PEPPER SEEDS IN THE SKILLET.

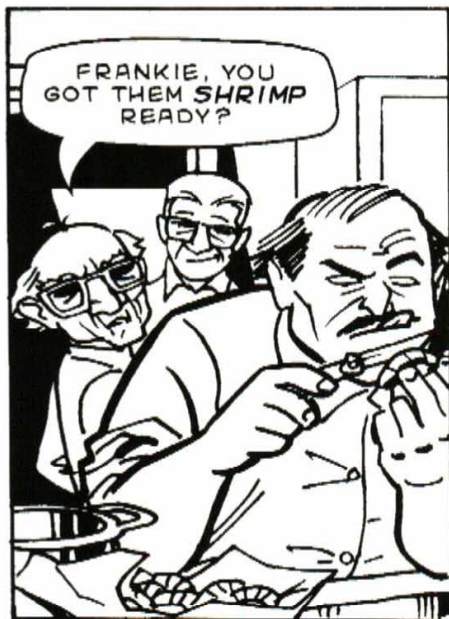


VINCE, YOU GET THAT BAG READY?

YESSIR.

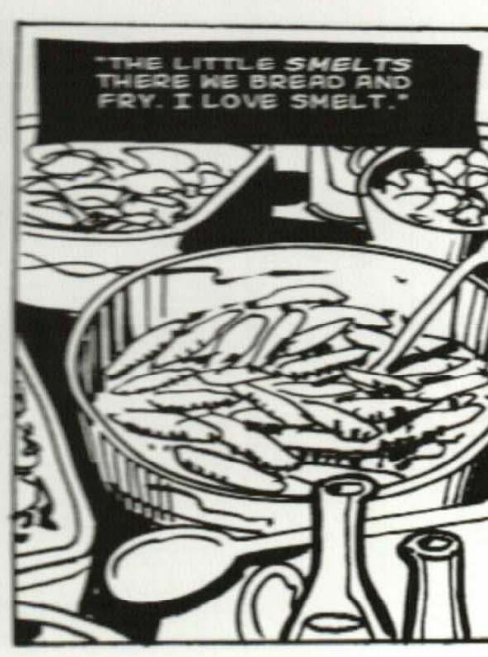
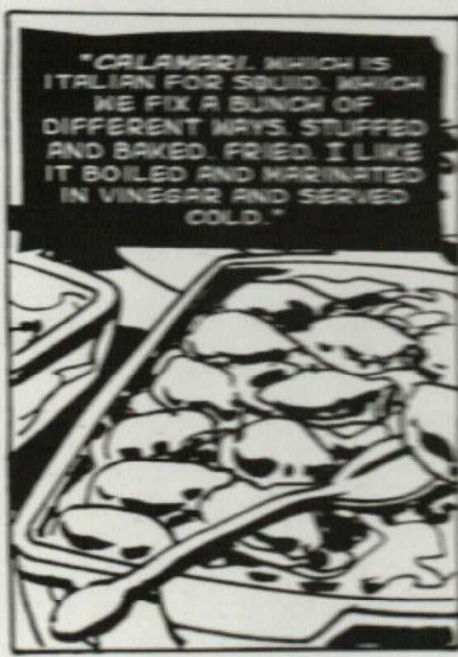


ALL RIGHT, START PUTTING THEM SMELT IN THERE AND START SHAKING THEM UP. AND CARMINE? FIX ME ANOTHER DRINK.









"WE DIDN'T ALWAYS HAVE SHRIMP. IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE. BUT UNCLE FRANKIE STARTED BRINGING IT AND HE FIXES IT DEEP FRIED."



"THE OYSTERS WE JUST EAT RAW - EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE WE THROW IN THE SOUP."



"THEN THERE'S EEL - WHICH I GUESS YOU ALREADY DISCOVERED. WE BREAD IT AND DEEP FRY IT IN OLIVE OIL AND THEN MARINATE IT IN SOME KIND OF VINEGAR THING MY GRANDFATHER MAKES."



SO THAT'S OUR SEVEN AND, YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY AREN'T ALL FISH. BUT FEAST OF THE SEVEN TYPES OF SEAFOOD JUST DOESN'T ROLL OFF THE TONGUE.

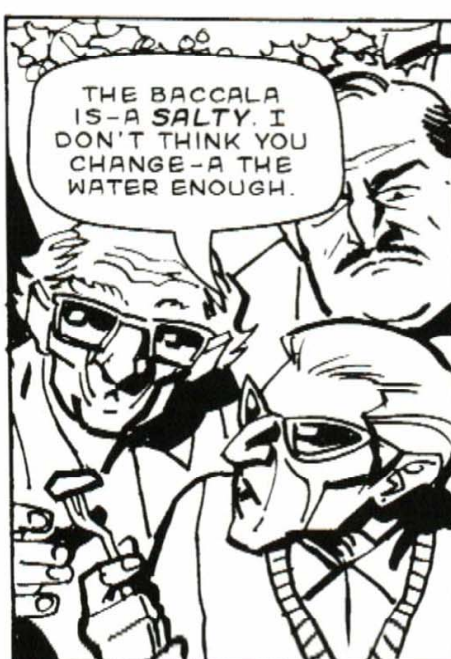
HOW'S THE FOOD, MA?



EH, IT'S-A OKAY.

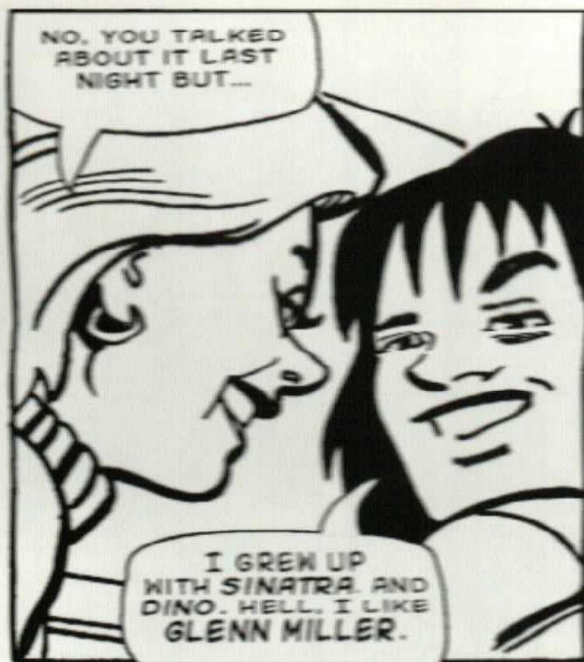


THE BACCALA IS-A SALTY. I DON'T THINK YOU CHANGE-A THE WATER ENOUGH.



I TOLD YOU!







ROLL OUT THE BARREL! WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN!



EITHER OLD JOHNNY'S GOT A ROLL OF HARD SALAMI IN HIS PANTS OR HE'S REALLY ENJOYING THIS POLKA.

WAS THAT IMAGE NECESSARY?



MERRY CHRISTMAS!



SO YOU DECIDED TO COME.

YES. I JUST DANCED MY FIRST POLKA.



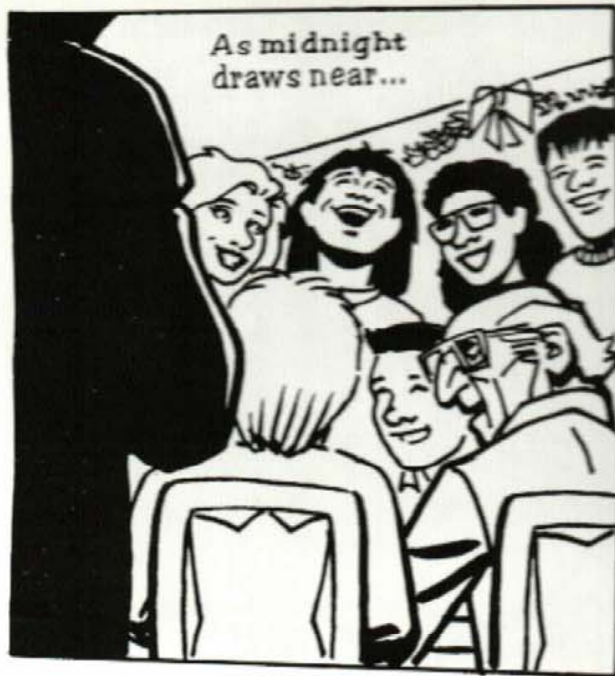
CAREFUL. PEOPLE ARE GONNA THINK YOU'RE CONDONING THIS SORT OF TASTELESS DISPLAY.

WHAT KIND OF BIRTH CONTROL DID YOU USE LAST NIGHT?



OUCH. THE CAT HAS CLAWS!

WELCOME TO THE PARTY, SISTER.









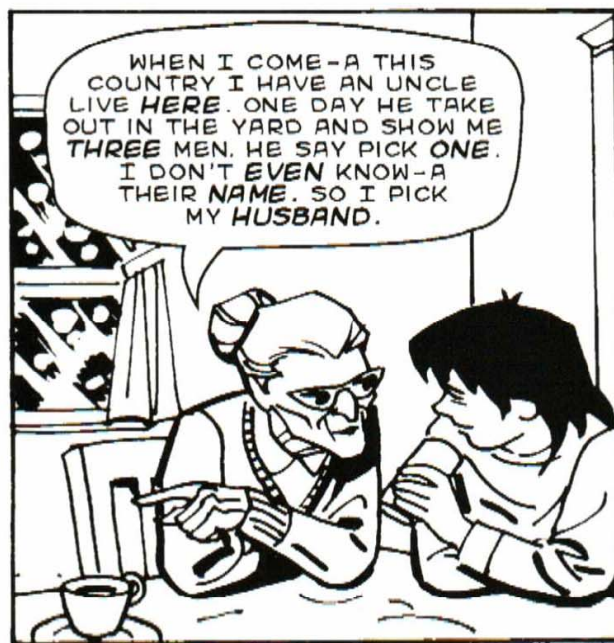
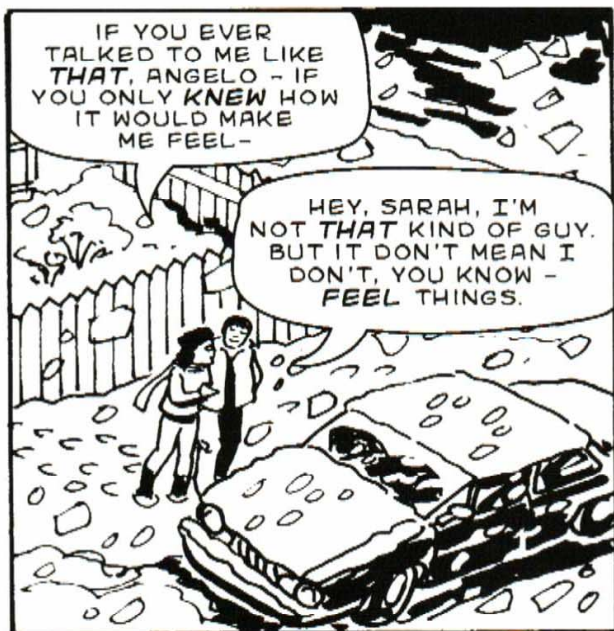


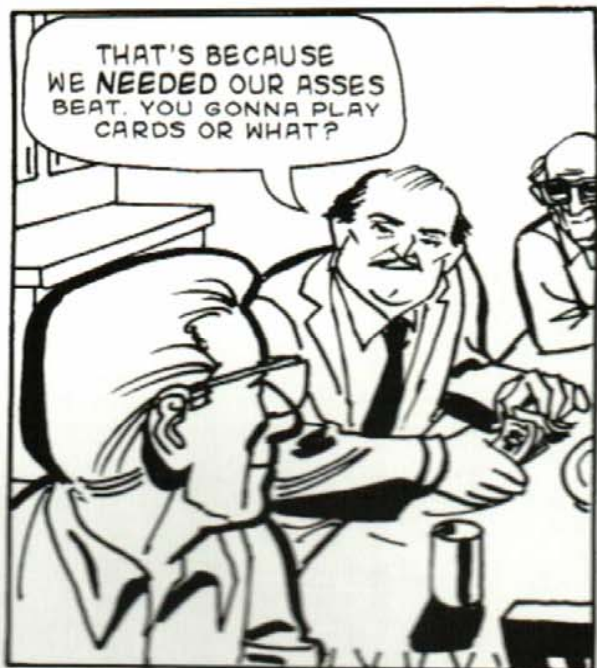






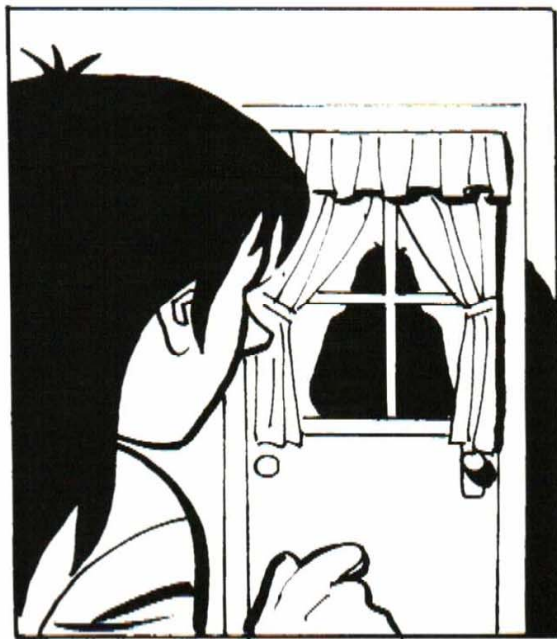
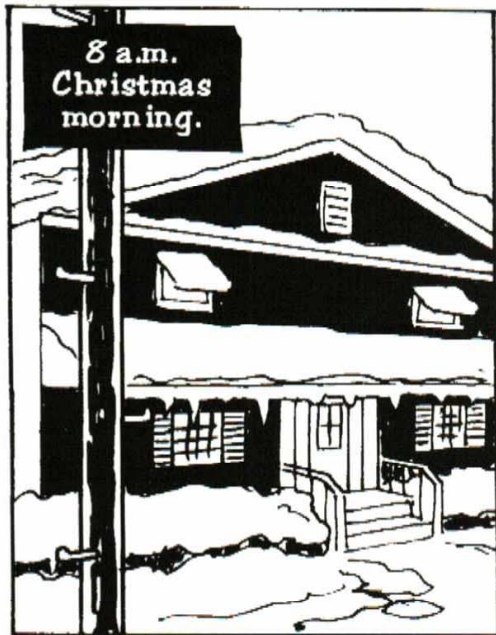












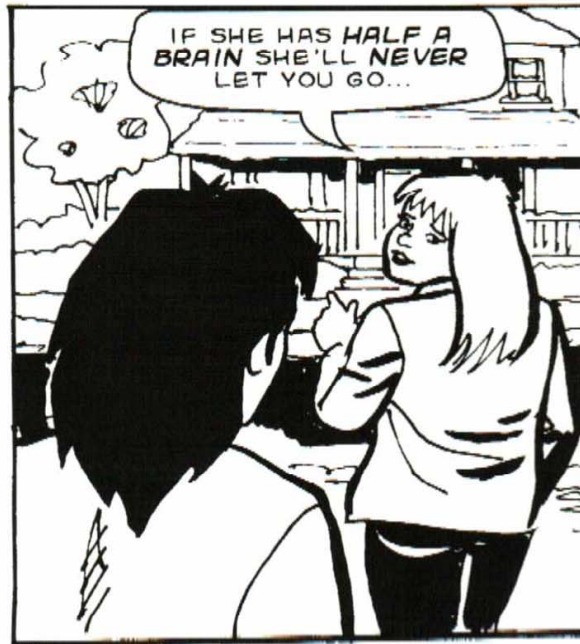


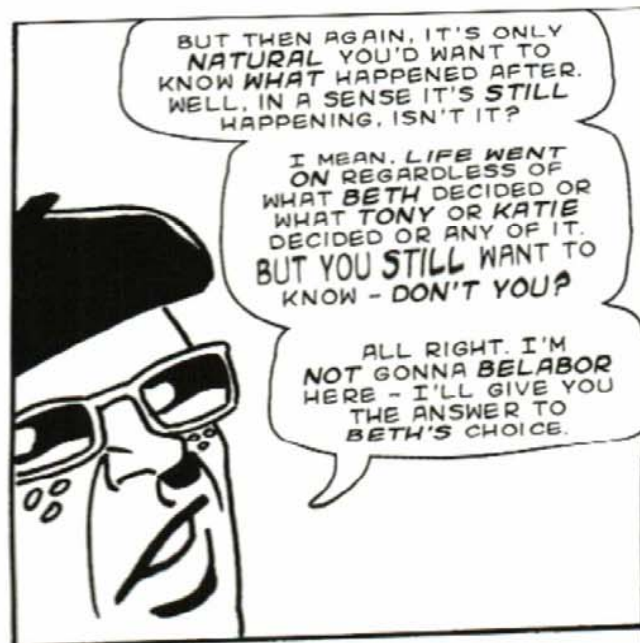
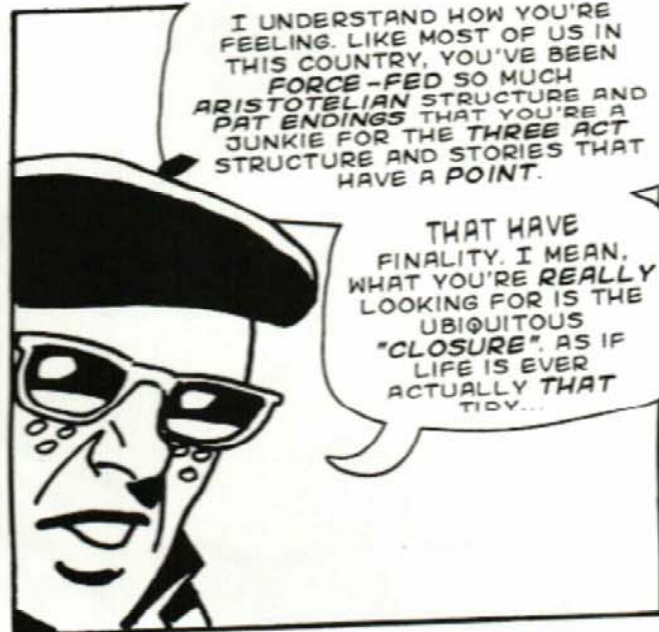
I DON'T GIVE UP ON YOU BECAUSE I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE. AND WHO YOU CAN BECOME IF YOU'LL LET YOURSELF. BECAUSE NO ONE HAS BEEN A BETTER FRIEND TO ME THAN YOU.



AND WHEN YOU COME AROUND AND YOU TRY AND GET ME TO - TO FALL INTO BED WITH YOU - WELL, HELL, YES, I WANT TO. WHO WOULDN'T? BUT IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT. IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT ALL THE WAY AROUND BUT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.









THE END TO A PARTICULARLY POIGNANT STORY FROM THE EPIC GREENTOWN MYTHOLOGY. DON'T JUDGE ANYONE TOO HARSHLY. THEY - WE - WERE ALL SO YOUNG... AND IT WAS THE EIGHTIES... EVERYBODY GETS A PASS IN THE EIGHTIES...

