

WOP SONG: TUNE & ECHO

A Stage Play with Music

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WOPSONG: TUNE & ECHO

ACT 1

A sunny piazza in the dilapidated, dun-colored village of Calabro in the mountains of southern Italy, 2016. On the left, the main door to the village church, on the right a cafe whose sign is badly in need of repainting, with two tables with chairs.

In between the church and the cafe there is a row of three drab houses. On the first house and third house a shutter or two is open, but the shutters of the center house are closed and one or two are hanging askew. A small riser stands in front of the center house.

Two older men play cards at one of the cafe tables. An old woman, dressed in black, sits on the stoop of the first house, taking in the scene while absentmindedly gnashing her teeth.

Suddenly the blast of a horn from an arriving bus is heard off left, making the old woman and the men jump. Father Sarducci, the town priest opens the door of the church and steps out at the same time, Gaetano, the owner of the cafe and his wife, Giuseppina, step out of the cafe to find out what is going on.

The voices of three men singing Bon Jovi's **This House is Not for Sale** is heard coming from the direction of the bus. As they approach we can hear their voices and we can hear the beating of drum sticks on buildings, garbage cans and other objects in the unseen alley.

Presently, three youths arrive in the piazza self-consciously wearing the costumes of Comedia del Arte characters. Jedda, dressed as Arlecchino, is beating along with drumsticks, Bozzie, dressed as Il Dottore, and Link, dressed as Pierrot, are carrying acoustic guitars. Bozzie waves at the priest; Link nods at Gaetano and Giuseppina, Jedda bows to the old woman.

The three youths move to the center of the piazza as they continue to look around.

LINK

Oh, man. This place is dead man.
Long way to come to shoot a video.

[Oddio. Questo posto è morto. Che viaggio lungo per girare un video.]

JEDDA

Shoot the vid. In and out he said.

[Giriamo il video. Andiamo e torniamo, subito, disse.]

BOZZIE

Gentlemen, we must continue in a state of well-paid incomprehension.

[Signori, dobbiamo continuare in uno stato di incomprensione ben pagato.]

Jedda pulls out his phone and holds it up, and looks at it from time to time. He moves way over to stage left.

JEDDA

Hey...I've got a signal here. Not strong, but...yeah.

[Ehi ... Ho segnale qui. Non forte, ma ... c'e'.]

He walks toward Bozzie and Link and looks at his phone again.

JEDDA (CONT'D)

Lost it. Fuck!

[Perso. Cazzo!]

FATHER SARDUCCI

(shocked)

Ragazzi! Non Dite Parolacce!

[Boys! Watch your mouths!]

LINK

Jesus, Jedda. Watch it, eh?

[Gesù, Jedda. Dai, non dire parolacce?]

JEDDA

It's English...

[Ma era in inglese...]

BOZZIE

It's universal, you nitwit.

[E 'universale, è imbecille.]

Father Sarducci walks over to the musicians and speaks to Link.

FATHER SARDUCCI
Quando cominciate?

[When do you start?]

Link doesn't understand. Everyone in the piazza looks at the boys.

FATHER SARDUCCI (CONT'D)
E 'mezzogiorno passato ormai. Sono
le una passate ormai.

*[It's noon now. Soon it will be
siesta.]*

BOZZIE
(indicating his T-shirt)
Father. We are the Angels. We are
going to shoot a video here for
Ludo. You know Ludo, famous rock
star.

*[Padre. Noi siamo gli Angeli. Siamo
qui per girare un video per Ludo.
Lo conosce, no? Ludo, la famosa
rock star.]*

FATHER SARDUCCI
Che cosa?

[What?]

JEDDA
(indicating his T-shirt)
Angels. You know? Ludo and the
Angels. That's us.

*[Gli angeli. Ludo e gli Angeli. Non
ci conosce? Siamo noi.]*

Jedda puts his arms out to mimic wings, then puts his hands in front of his mouth as in prayer.

LINK
Angels.

[Angeli.]

Link opens his costume to reveal a black T-Shirt with an image of a devil disguised as an angel. Bozzie and Jedda do likewise.

FATHER SARDUCCI

Ah...Angeli. No. No. No. Voi non siete angeli. Voi siete Americani!

[Ah, angels! No. No. No. Your not angels. You're Americans.]

He uses his fingers to make horns above his forehead, and then pulls an imaginary tail out of his lower back.

BOZZIE

Funny.

[Buffo.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Venite, mettiamoci sotto l'ombra della chiesa. E' più fresco.

[Come, stand in the shadow of the church. It's cooler.]

They all move.

FATHER SARDUCCI (CONT'D)

Perché siete qui?

[Why are you here?]

LINK

We had some gigs in Milan and Rome. So, Ludo's girlfriend.

[Abbiamo avuto alcuni concerti a Milano e Roma e la ragazza di Ludo...]

JEDDA

Marketing genius.

[Quel genio del marketing.]

BOZZIE

(sarcastically)

Right...

[Certo...]

LINK

She told Ludo she thought he should do a new DVD.

[...ha suggerito a Ludo, di fare un nuovo DVD.]

BOZZIE

Unplugged.

[Acustico.]

JEDDA

Ludo and the Angels in Italy. It could have been France. Germany. Spain. Spain would have been great!

[Ludo e gli Angeli in Italia. Avrebbe potuto essere la Francia. Germania. Spagna. La spagna sarebbe stato fantastica!]

BOZZIE

But Ludo said it had to be Italy. So, OK.

[Ma Ludo ha detto che doveva essere l'Italia. Quindi. OK?]

JEDDA

She is a student of theatre. So she says, do something dramatic, she says.

[Lei studia recitazione. E un giorno dice: Perche' non fate qualcosa di drammatico?]

BOZZIE

All objections overruled. She stuck her musings right into Ludo's ear with a clever tongue.

[Ribattendo tutte le obiezioni, e' ruscita a convincere Ludo.]

LINK

(pointing to his costume)
I'm not amused. I'm hot as hell.

[Io non mi sto divertendo. Sto morendo di caldo, come l'inforno.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Qui all' ombra e' un paradiso, eh?

[Here in the shadows, it's a bit of heaven, no?]

Off stage we hear a rumble of dolly wheels on cobble stones, and then Salvatore, who drives the Angels tour bus and is Ludo and the Angels beast of burden, pulls a case full of electric cords into the piazza on a small platform, and with a video camera slung on his shoulder.

BOZZIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Sal. About time, man. We have to get this show on the road.

[Dai che, era ora! Dobbiamo cominciare a gidare.]

LINK

It's hot. Hot. Hot. Hot. We got to get these things off, man. Where's Ludo?

[Che caldo ragazzi! Mi devo leavare sti vstiti di dosso. Dove'e' Ludo?]

Sal gestures toward the alley.

SAL

He's coming. But, he's not good. He did some more shit.

[Sta arrivando. Ma, non e' messo bene. Ha preso un po' di roba.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

(shushing them)

Shit! Anche questa parla universale, Signore.

[Shit! This is also universal, Sir.]

SAL

Oh, Father. Sorry. Mi dispiace. Sono stato con questi ragazzi troppo a lungo.

[Sorry, Father, I have been hanging with these boys too long.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Italiano?

[Italian?]

SAL

I miei genitori e miei nonni Sono
nati in Italia. Ho ancora parlo un
po' di italiano.

[I am from New Jersey [*My parents
and grandparents were born in
Italy*].

FATHER SARDUCCI

Ah. Come Tony Soprano e "Figa
Grande" Salvatore.

[Ah. Like Tony Soprano and "Big
Pussy" Salvatore.]

SAL

I miei genitori e nonni sono nati
in Abruzzo.

[My parents and grandparents were
born in Abruzzo.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Ah. D'Annunzio! E un'ansia
repentina il cor m'assale
per la appressar dell'umido
equinozio che offusca l'oro delle
piagge salse.

E un'ansia repentina il cor
m'assale
per la appressar dell'umido
Equinozio
Che offusca l'oro delle Piagge
salse.

Sal looks shocked at these words and looks at Father Sarducci as though he has been slapped. Father Sarducci does not know why Sal is upset. Sal moves away and joins Link and the others, leaving Father Sarducci bewildered.

SAL

He has denounced me. He says he is
anxious and afraid of us. Geez.

Mi ha denunciato. Dice che è
ansioso e ha paura di noi. Geez.

LINK

Sal, come on man. We want to get
back to Naples tonight. Out of
this hell hole.

(MORE)

LINK (CONT'D)

[Dai Sal, noi vogliamo tornare a Napoli stasera. Fuori da questo buco infernale.]

Sal picks up a coil of extension cord. He finds the plug end and nervously approaches Father Sarducci and holds the plug up.

SAL

Father? Have you got a place to put this in?

[Padre? C'e' una presa dove attaccare questa?]

FATHER SARDUCCI

(irritated)

Aspetta.

[Wait.]

(to himself as he walks away)

Perché Dio? Perché io?

[Why God? Why me?]

He takes the plug end from Sal, walks to the cafe and disappears inside. We hear loud talking inside the cafe but it is indistinct. Father Sarducci's words are quiet and pleading, but Gaetano's are loud and angry.

Father Sarducci re-enters the piazza and walks over to Sal.

FATHER SARDUCCI (CONT'D)

Venti Euro.

[Twenty Euro.]

SAL

Ten. Dieci.

FATHER SARDUCCI

Quindici. Dieci per il proprietario, Signor Gaetano...e...

[Ten for the proprietor Gaetano and...]

SAL

I get it. I get it. And five for the church.

(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

[Capisco. Capisco. E cinque per la chiesa.]

Sal gives Father Sarducci two 10 Euro notes.

SAL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Keep the change and God bless. And no more denunciations, please.

[Tenga il resto e che Dio benedica. E basta con le critiche, per favore.]

Father Sarducci, tickled by his own negotiating success, sticks one note in his robes and walks over to the cafe and in the door. Sal turns to the band members.

SAL (CONT'D)

Ludo is falling apart guys. You gotta get this right today. Just look like you're into it. He's lookin' for a hit.

[Ludo e' a pezzi, ragazzi. Dovete darvi da fare oggi. Almeno fate finta di essere entusiasti. Ludo vuole che questo sia un grande successo.]

JEDDA

Yeah, well. This ain't gonna be it.

[Sì va bene ma questa canzone fa schifo.]

BOZZIE

Ludo unplugged in a broke-down village in Italy isn't going to set I-Tunes on fire.

[Ludo in versione acoustica in un villaggio diroccato in Italia non manderà I-Tunes in tilt.]

LINK

His voice is shot, Sal. Ludo unplugged is like squeaky boots on a jewel thief.

[La sua voce è ridotta male, Sal. Ludo in versione acustica è come un violino con due corde.]

BOZZIE

Budda boom, budda bing.

Jedda swings over to the card table outside the cafe and with his sticks does a drum roll between the two men. Each man grabs a stick to shut him up. Jedda indicates OK, and they release the sticks.

SAL

That's what 30 years of sex, drugs
and rock n roll does to a guy.

*[Cosi' e' come si riduce un uomo
dopo 30 anni di sesso, droga e rock
n roll.]*

Father Sarducci comes out of the cafe following the cord back to the group. Sal plugs the cord into the amplifier and tests the center mic. When he taps the mic it makes a loud hollow sound.

FATHER SARDUCCI

È un miracolo! *[It's a miracle!]*

Sal steps to the mic and sings the first few lines of **That's Amore** in a Dean Martin style.

SAL

When the moon in the sky like a big
pizza pie, that's amore. When the
world seems to shine like you've
had too much wind, that's amore...

The two men at the table jump up and clap.

MAN 1

Hey, questo è bello.

[Hey, that'sa nice.]

MAN 2

Ancora, maestro!

[More Maestro!]

SAL

When the stars make you drool just
like a pasta fazool)
That's amore

(When you dance down the street
with a cloud at your feet
You're in love.

(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

When you walk down in a dream but
 you know you're not
 Dreaming signore
 Scuzza me, but you see, back in old
 Napoli)
 That's amore....

Sal waves at the men and old woman to join in. They follow along as though they know the English lyrics. The old lady stands and turns around as she dances.

SAL (CONT'D)

When you walk down in a dream but
 you know you're not
 Dreaming signore
 Scuzza me, but you see, back in old
 Napoli,
 That's amore....

Ending the song there, Sal gives everybody a two thumbs up, and walks to the band members who are feigning throwing up and looking disgusted at Sal and the song. They are joined by Father Sarducci and they all silently carry on a conversation with Sal translating. At the same time Gaetano emerges from the cafe and stands near the table while the two men steadfastly ignore him.

GAETANO

Più caffè amici miei?

[More coffee, my friends?]

MAN 1

No. Grazie.

GAETANO

No?

MAN 2

No, no.

GAETANO

Ma, si vuole sedere al mio tavolo?

[But, you want to sit at my table?]

MAN 1

Si. Al solito.

[Yes. As always.]

GAETANO

Si vuole sedere senza consumare?

[You want to sit here for nothing?]

Man 1 rises and turns to face Gaetano and comes so close their noses are almost touching. He points at the other man.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Sono innocente! E il suo turno di pagare!

[I am innocent! It is his turn to pay!]

Man 2 rises and puts his arm around Gaetano's shoulder and turns him to face Sal and the band.

MAN 2

Questi ragazzi hanno i soldi in tasca. Entro la fine della giornata, non sarai ricco, ma sarai meno povero.

[These boys have money in their pocket. By the end of the day, you won't be rich, but you will be less poor.]

The lights go on for Gaetano who nods his head vigorously and then rubs his hands together, ala Simon Greely.

We hear more noises off stage - a male voice singing Sting's **Mad About You** at the top of his lungs, the words indistinct.

LUDO (O.S.)

They say a city in the desert lies
The vanity of an ancient king
But the city lies in broken pieces
Where the wind howls and the
vultures sing
These are the works of man
This is the sum of our ambition...

*[Si dice che una città nelle bugie
del deserto
La vanità di un antico re
Ma la città si trova in pezzi rotti
Dove il vento ulula e gli avvoltoi
cantano
Queste sono le opere dell'uomo
Questa è la somma della nostra
ambizione ...]*

ANAEL

Shut up, Ludo. C'mon...You're heavy.

[Zitto, Ludo. C'mon ... Sei pesante.]

Momentarily, Ludo, about 50, shuffles into the piazza from the alley, dressed as Il Capitano, with Anael, a blond beauty about 30, dressed as Columbina, propping him up on her shoulder.

SAL

Speak of the devil.

[Quando parli del diavolo.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Il Diavolo! Ma, anche sotto mentite spoglie.

[The Devil! But, also in disguise.]

Ludo, unshaven, lso wearing expensive, very dark sunglasses whose temples disappear into his long hair, dirty blond on one side, dark but greying on the other.

As they enter, Bozzie and Link strike discordant guitar chords and Jedda does a drum intro, that goes on too long, and finishes with him beating on the table in front of the two old men.

LUDO

Enough!

[Basta!]

The old lady wakes from her trance, and sees Ludo in the piazza. She stands quickly and walks as fast as she can (which is not fast!) and gets close to Ludo so she can have a good look.

OLD WOMAN

E' Ludo il cantante! Ludo. Il cantante piu' famoso del mondo. Ti ho visto in TV.

[It is Ludo the singer. Ludo. Most famous singer in the world. I saw you on TV.]

She clasps her hands in prayer before him. The two men at the cafe table stand and stares at Ludo and Anael.

One of the old guy nods toward her and bites his knuckle.
Father Sarducci makes the sign of the cross.

Father Sarducci beats a hasty retreat to the doorway of the church just as Gaetano, wearing an apron, comes out of the cafe. He clears cups away from the old men at the table but keeps his eyes on Ludo and the other musicians.

LUDO

So, this is it? Wow. Man. Cool.

*[Quindi, questo è vero? Wow. Uomo.
Cool.]*

He takes off his glasses and slowly turns around in the piazza. Anael does too but goes in the other direction. When she comes to the two men at the table she gives them both a kiss on the forehead, which makes them fall back into their chairs.

LUDO (CONT'D)

(to Anael)

This is where my grandfather and
grandmother came from. I can feel
it...Right here. Yeah.

(pounding his heart)

*[Qui e' da dove sono venuti. Mio
nonno e mia nonna provenienza. Lo
sento ... Proprio qui. Sì.]*

LINK

Wait. That's why we're here? Your
people are from here?

*[Aspetta un momento. E' per questo
che siamo qui? La tua famiglia e'
originaria di qui?]*

JEDDA

Why didn't you say so before, man?

[Perché non l'hai detto prima?]

LUDO

Frank and Connie, man. Connie and
Frank.

BOZZIE

It's cool man. For a day. But...

[Non e' male per ungiorno, ma...]

LUDO
Coffee?

[Un Caffè?]

SAL
You want a coffee?

[Volete un caffè?]

(loudly to Gaetano)

Caffè, Signore?

[Coffee, sir?]

GAETANO
Caffè?

SAL
Si.

GAETANO
Espresso?

SAL
(looking at Ludo who
shakes his head)
No. Er...

GAETANO
Cappuccino?

SAL
No.

GAETANO
Macchiato?

SAL
No.

LUDO
American coffee.

GAETANO
Caffè americano?

LUDO
Americano, yeah. Cool.

GAETANO
Uno, due, tre? Quanti?

[One two Three? More?]

Sal nods and gestures that all will have the same.

ANAEL
Coke, per favore.

GAETANO
Coke? Coke. Si. Coca Cola!

Gaetano goes into the cafe to get the drinks. The bells in the Campanile ring in 1 o'clock.

JEDDA
What are we gonna do? *[Cosa faremo?]*

BOZZIE
Name it man. Let's put it down.

[Quale canzone vuoi cantare? Dai mettiamoci al lavoro.]

Jedda, Link and Bozzie move toward the band equipment where Link and Bozzie strap on their guitars.

LUDO
(bellowing through his hands and turning as he hears a small echo of his voice)
Awwwwwwwwowwwwwwwwwwwweeeeeeeeeeeee!

Father Sarducci, the two men, the husband and wife and the old woman wince noticeably. The old woman scuttles back to her stoop and sits.

LUDO
You hear that?
Awwwwwwwwowwwwwwwwwwwweeeeeeeeeeeee!

[L'hai sentito? Awwwwwwwwowwwwwwwwwwwweeeeeeeeeeeee!]

ANAEL
Stop it! You're scaring the people.

[Smettila! Si stanno spaventando tutti.]

LUDO

You hear that reverb. Totally cool, man. The vibe of history.

[Hai sentito che riverbero. Grande! La vibrazione della storia.]

ANAEL

Dai, Ludo. What are we going to shoot?

[C'mon, Ludo. Che dobbiamo filmare?]

LUDO

Limp Dick.

ANAEL

No.

LUDO

Yeah. Limp Dick.

ANAEL

You came all the way down here to do that? It's a shit song.

[Sei venuto fin qui per fare questo? E' una canzone di merda.]

LUDO

It's my biggest hit. Are you kidding? We're going to do it unplugged and pick up the village vibe. From my heart. Hey, guys. You down with this?

[E 'il mio più grande successo. Lo registeremo acustico e coglieremo le vibrazioni del villaggio. Dal mio cuore. Hey ragazzi. Siete d'accordo?]

Link and Bozzie are standing behind mics with their guitars, Bozzies on the drum kit.

LINK

Whatever, man.

[Tutto quello che vuoi.]

ANAEL

Ludo! It's not whatever...Come on guys. Tell him. Your 50.

(MORE)

ANAEL (CONT'D)

You can't keep playing the angry young man.

[Ludo! Tutto quello che vuoi un cavolo? Su ragazzi, dai, diteglielo, hai 50 anni. Non puoi continuare a recitare la parte del giovane ribelle arrabbiato.]

LUDO

(smiling)

I am angry.

[Ma io sono arrabbiato.]

ANAEL

No, you're not. You live in Hollywood and you have a maid. And you have a stoner smile.

[No non lo sei. Vivi a Hollywood e hai una cameriera. E hai anche un sorrisino da fumato.]

Ludo wipes the smile off his face.

Gaetano comes out with a tray full of coffee cups and a Coke. But, when he sees LUDO and ANAEL arguing he goes over to the band and lets them take their drinks first, then Sal.

Father Sarducci comes down and stands beside Gaetano talking to him, sotto voce.

ANAEL (CONT'D)

We're not shooting it. It's crap. You wanna reach a younger demo, you gotta change your game.

[Noi non lo filmeremo, fa schifo! Se vuoi raggiungere un pubblico più giovane, devi cambiare il tuo approccio.]

LUDO

It's from my heart, Anael. It's from my heart. It's about my father, that prick. It's relevant.

[Ma vieni dal mio cuore, Anael. Dal mio cuore. E' importante. Si tratta di mio padre, quello stronzo.]

ANAEL

No one wants to hear about your
bullshit boyhood.

*[A nessuno interessa la tua
infanzia del cazzo.]*

Gaetano walks over with the last coffee and the Coke.

GAETANO

Padre Sarducci dice che tua madre
e' di qui.

*[Father Sarducci says your mother
was from here.]*

Ludo doesn't speak a word of Italian so he's mystified. Sal
walks over.

SAL

Non sua madre. Suo nonno è nato
qui.

*[Not his mother. His grandfather
was born here.]*

GAETANO

No?

SAL

Si.

GAETANO

No?

SAL

I told him your grandfather was
born here.

*[Gli ho detto che tuo nonno è nato
qui]*

LUDO

Si. But Francesco was a young man
when he left. And my grandmother
was Concetta in those days. Now
they are Frank and Connie. Yeah.

*[Si. Ma Francesco lascio' il paese
quando era giovane. E mia nonna
era Concetta all' epoca. Adesso,
sono Frank e Connie.]*

GAETANO

Francesco e Concetta? E il loro cognome?

[Francesco and Concetta. What was their surname?]

SAL

Last name?

[Cognome?]

LUDO

Giacobino.

GAETANO

Giacobino? Si. Si. Giacobino.
Un momento, per favore.

[One minute please.]

Gaetano walks over to the old men by the cafe door.

GAETANO (CONT'D)

La casa dei Giacobino? Dov'è?

[The Giacobino house? Where is it?]

The men look at one another and then at Gaetano and shake their heads. Gaetano repeats himself.

GAETANO (CONT'D)

Giacobino? Dove era la loro casa?

[Giacobino? Where was their house?]

They shake their heads. The old woman sitting on the stoop gets up and walks on a cane, half bent over to Ludo.

OLD WOMAN

Giacobino. La vecchia casa della famiglia Giacobino e' proprio qui.

[Giacobino. The old house of the Giacobino's is here.]

She points to the house beside the cafe.

LUDO

Here? No.

OLD WOMAN

Si.

GAETANO

No?

The old woman slaps Gaetano on the side of the head.

OLD WOMAN

Si.

GAETANO

Madre. Mi dispiace...

[Mother. I'm sorry...]

Link and Bozzie both pull loud chords from their guitars and Jedda bangs the drums, filling the piazza with a discordant noise that clearly upsets the citizens in the piazza. The Priest steps inside the church and slams the door behind him.

LINK

C'mon man, we wanna get back to Naples. The signorina's await a visit from the angels.

[Su dai, vogliamo tornare a Napoli. le ragazze sono in attesa di una visita con gli angeli.]

Ludo walks to the door of his great grandfather's house and finds it locked. He turns the handle and rattles the door. Anael takes video of him doing it. He puts his shoulder to the door but it won't budge.

LUDO

Damn...

[Accidenti!]

BOZZIE

C'mon Ludo, man. Let's do the song and split.

[Dai Ludo. Facciamo la canzone ci separiamo.]

Ludo walks to the band area, picks up his guitar and straps it on. Anael stands in front of them, video cam at her feet, with arms akimbo, looking at Ludo with a mix of disgust and pity.

LUDO

(to the band)

Limp Dick.

(to Anael, insistently)

Shoot it.

(MORE)

LUDO (CONT'D)

[La registriamo.]

Reluctantly, Anael picks up the video cam and puts it on her shoulder. Ludo stands before the mic, coughs and clears his throat. Link plays a loud chord. Bozzie and Jedda join in. It's heavy metal. Ludo starts to sing - raspy voice, not quite in tune. Anael is shooting.

LUDO (CONT'D)

***{I hate my father etc - he Limp
Dick who hurt my mother and hurt
me.}***

Shortly after they start, and Ludo and the band are starting to get into it, the men at the cafe put their hands over their ears, but the old woman stands and tries to dance. Then, the church bells ring 2 loud chimes.

LUDO (CONT'D)

What the...?!

Throwing up their hands, Link, Bozzie and Jedda leave the stage, leaving Ludo at the mic. The old lady enters the cafe. Gaetano collects the cups and saucers and follows and closes the cafe door behind him. The two old men stand up.

MAN 1

A dopo.

MAN 2

A presto.

They exit in different directions. Father Sarducci crosses himself and closes the church door.

LUDO

Yeah, alone again, naturally.

[Sì, di nuovo solo, naturalmente.]

Link plays but produces no sound. Bozzie tries - no sound. Gaetano comes out of the cafe holding the plug end of the extension cord and hands it to Sal and then walks back to the cafe. Ludo runs to Gaetano.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Hey man. What the fuck?

[Oh amico. Che cazzo?]

GAETANO

Tempo di riposare. Fa caldo.
Risparmia il fiato.

(MORE)

GAETANO (CONT'D)

[Time to rest. It's hot. Save your breath].

SAL

C'mon Ludo. They shut everything down. It's siesta time.

[C'mon Ludo. Hanno chiuso tutto giù. E 'l'ora della siesta.]

LUDO

We have to shoot this man.

[Ma noi dobbiamo girare questo.]

SAL

It's siesta.

LUDO

Doesn't he know who I am?

[Non sa chi sono io?]

He pulls Gaetano back by the shoulder.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Don't you know who I am?

[Non sai chi sono io?]

Gaetano gives Ludo a withering look and tries to control his anger. He pulls Ludo's *Il Capitano* costume apart and grabs his T-shirt with contempt.

GAETANO

Sì. Due costumi di scena uno sotto l'altro. Tu appartieni al grande ordine della T-shirt americana. Alla tua eta' dovresti riposarti invece di odiare tuo padre.

[Yes. The costume under the costume. You belong to the grand Order of the American T-Shirt. It is a time to put your feet up, not to hate your father.]

Ludo looks at Sal while Gaetano disappears into the cafe and closes the door behind him. He removes the *El Capitano* costume.

SAL

It is siesta time, not the time to
hate your father.

*[E' l'ora della siesta, non il
tempo di odiare tuo padre.]*

Link and Bozzie unhook their guitars and they and Jedda stand
up.

LINK

We're going back to the bus.

[Stiamo tornando al pulman.]

The three band mates exit irritated, leaving their guitars in
the stand, followed by Sal. The Church door opens and Father
Sarducci looks through a crack in the door at Ludo and Anael.

The shutters on the windows of the cafe building and the
third house are pulled shut - but not quite. The old woman
looks down through a crack in her shutters; Gaetano peers out
through a crack in the cafe door.

LUDO

Don't start.

[Non iniziare.]

ANAEL

Sometimes you just have to know
where you are.

*[A volte devi solo sapere dove
sei.]*

LUDO

What?

[Che?]

ANAEL

It's not working. It's over.

[Non funziona. È finita.]

LUDO

What? Us?

[Che cosa? Noi?]

ANAEL

I don't know. Look around you
Ludo. It's beautiful here.

(MORE)

ANAEL (CONT'D)

It's not a video set. This is real.

[Non lo so. Guardatevi intorno Ludo. Questo e' un bel posto. Non è una scenografia di un video. Questo è reale.]

LUDO

It's a falling-down rat hole.
Everyone is old here.

[E 'una topaia decrepita. Tutti sono vecchi qui.]

ANAEL

Including you.

[Compreso te.]

LUDO

What!?

[Che cosa?!]

ANAEL

You've been a rock star for over thirty years. It's over. I want to go home. I want to have babies. With you. Don't you get it? No you don't get it. So, I'm done.

[Sei una rockstar da oltre trent'anni. È finita. Voglio andare a casa. Voglio avere dei bambini. Con te. Non lo capisci? Basta mi sono stufata.]

LUDO

It ain't over. Anael. I've still got it. I do. This song. Ludo unplugged.

[Non è finita. Anael. Non ancora. Voglio registrare questa canzone. Ludo unplugged.]

ANAEL

Your father has been dead for twenty years.

[Tuo padre è morto da vent'anni. Crescere!]

LUDO

So what? He's still...
 (pointing to his head)
 Here.

[E allora? E' ancora qui.]

ANAEL

And your mother. She loved you. A lot. Still does. Why don't you sing a song to her?

[E tua madre. Lei ti voleva bene. Un sacco. Lei ti ama ancora. Perché non cantare una canti per lei?]

LUDO

What?

[Che?]

ANAEL

She's the one who is here. She and her mother and father and their people go back into time immemorial. Plug into this...

[Il suo spirito e' qui. Lei, sua madre, suo padre e i genitori dei loro genitori hanno abitato qua. Ispirati a questo ...]

LUDO

You're wrong. I've got millions of fans.

[Tu sbagli. Ho milioni di fan.]

ANAEL

This - right here - this is the end of the road, Ludo. You should be grateful you have arrived here, at the very moment your star burned out.

[Qui - proprio qui - è la fine della strada, Ludo. Dovresti essere grato di essere arrivato qui proprio ora che la tua carriera sta per tramontare.]

Anael walks away in the same direction as the band members and Sal.

LUDO
 (angrily)
 Bitch!

[Stronza!]

Anael exits. Ludo stands by himself full of self pity. He walks over to the band area and picks up his guitar and strums it while singing **Limp Dick** again to an imaginary audience of ecstatic fans. His voice is off key and full of pain. He coughs then tries to sing but coughs again.

In the middle of a coughing jag, the church door opens behind him and Father Sarducci steps out.

FATHER SARDUCCI
 (gently)
 Figlio mio.

[My son.]

LUDO
 No sermons today father.

[No sermoni oggi padre.]

FATHER SARDUCCI
 Tu non sei in contatto col grande
 spirito.

*[You are disconnected from the
 great spirit.]*

Ludo walks toward the center of the piazza. Father Sarducci follows. Ludo stops and bends over putting his hands on his knees.

Father Sarducci comes closer and Ludo puts his hand up to indicate he should not come further. Ludo sobs and then unable to stand any longer, he goes down on one knee.

Father Sarducci stands before Ludo and touches his shoulder. Ludo looks up and forces himself to stand, defiantly.

LUDO
 I don't believe in your god.

[Non credo nel tuo dio.]

FATHER SARDUCCI
*[And you don't believe in your god
 either and so your soul is sick.]*

(MORE)

FATHER SARDUCCI (CONT'D)

But, you have come to the right place.

[Neanche tu credi nel tuo dio tuo dio, e così la tua anima è malata. Ma, sei venuto nel posto giusto.]

Ludo straightens and his eyes clear.

LUDO

(taken aback)

You speak English. Well, I don't believe in fate.

[Le parla inglese. Beh, io non credo nel destino.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

Oh, but you do. When you look at the adoring faces in your audience, you believe it is right and just, that you should be standing above them.

[Oh, ma tu sì. Quando guardi i volti adoranti nel tuo pubblico, tu credi che sia giusto stare al disopra di loro.]

LUDO

On the cross of my music.

[Sul crocifisso della mia musica.]

FATHER SARDUCCI

On the small hill of your fame. That is why you came up this mountain. But the only music here, now that the young people have all left, is the music of the spheres.

[Sulla piccola collina della tua fama. È per questo che sei venuto su questa montagna. Ma l'unica musica qui, ora che i giovani sono partiti tutti, è la musica delle sfere.]

FATHER SARDUCCI (CONT'D)

I must admit. Life is tedious in this village.

[Devo ammetterlo. La vita è noiosa in questo villaggio.]

LUDO
Why don't you leave?

[Vai via?]

FATHER SARDUCCI
I did. I traveled the world. I lived in America. But, I came back. I wanted my feet to take root in the rock and to have nights when my mind can wander the Milky Way.

[L'ho fatto. Ho viaggiato per il mondo. Ho vissuto in America. Ma, sono tornato. Volevo che i miei piedi mettessero radici nella roccia e avere notti in cui la mia mente può vagare nella Via Lattea.]

LUDO
I don't understand.

[Non capisco.]

They look at one another eye to eye for a moment. Father Sarducci holds up a large iron key.

FATHER SARDUCCI
Ecco la chiave di lettura.

[Here is the key to understanding.]

He hands Ludo the key then walks to the church and steps in, closing the door behind him. Ludo looks in his hand at the key, and holds it up to the hot, bright sun.

ACT 2

Chicago, 1968. Julie's and Peter's suburban split-level. A kitchen faces into a family room over a long counter with tall stools on the living room side. On one side there is an outside door and a window, and between the door frame and window frame, dial phone with a long cord hangs on the wall.

In the living room, a couch, with a coffee table in front and side tables with lamps on each end, and two easy chairs face a TV staring out from a big wood cabinet. The TV is on but barely audible.

There are pots simmering on the stove.

Upstairs, Ludo, 18, is sitting on a chair by a small student desk in his bedroom, picking notes from a guitar as he writes a new song. Now and again he writes something in a notebook. He has long hair, wears jeans and a T-shirt and a sleeveless leather vest.

A silent vignette plays to the side - Peter, Julie's husband and father to Ludo and Celina, dressed in a Chicago police uniform is beating protesters at Lincoln Park as Giuseppe Verdi's "**Messa Da Requiem**" plays. He chases them off stage and the music fades.

On another part of the stage a silent figure in silhouette - an Italian crooner looks on at the unfolding scene.

Ludo's older sister, Celina, 19, knocks on the door.

LUDO

Yeah?

CELINA (O.S.)

Me.

[Sono io.]

LUDO

Enter at your own risk...

[Entra a tuo rischio...]

Celina opens Ludo's door and enters. She has long blond hair topped with a knitted head band and she's wearing a very short skirt, long stockings, a tie-died blouse, and several necklaces and bracelets.

LUDO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Wussup, sis?

[Cosa vuoi sorella?]

CELINA
 You writing a song?
[Stai scrivendo una canzone?]

(pause)

You told them yet?
[Non glielo hai ancora detto?]
 (pause)

When? *[Quando?]*

LUDO
 Dunno. Soon.
[Non lo so. Presto.]

CELINA
 New York? Not California?

LUDO
 Greenwich village. That's where
 it's happening.

*[Greenwich Village. E' questo il
 posto dove essere.]*

Ludo plays two or three chords from Dylan's "*Blowin in the
 Wind*". He stops and finally looks up at Celina.

CELINA
 I'm hanging in...for awhile.
[Io resto. Per un po '.]

LUDO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 You wanna go to college on their
 dime, you gotta play the game, sis.

*[Sei vuoi andare all' universita
 con i loro soldi, devi stare alle
 loro regole.]*

CELINA
 I'm going down for dinner. Mom
 called before.

*[Sto andando giù per la cena. Mamma
 ci ha chiamato prima.]*

Julie comes in the outside door carrying an empty laundry
 basket.

She turns on the radio sitting on the counter and busies herself with preparing dinner. The Italian crooner steps in front of a microphone.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER

All hell has broken loose at Lincoln Park where Yippie protestors under the leadership of radicals like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman who have come to disrupt the Democratic National Convention in a bizarre effort to demand an end to the war in Vietnam. Mayor Daley has responded by sending in the police and calling up the National Guard...Heads are being cracked.

[Tutto l'inferno si è scatenato al Lincoln Park, dove i manifestanti Yippie sotto la guida dei radicali come Jerry Rubin e Abbie Hoffman sono venuti a protestare contro Il Convegno Nazionale del Partito Democratico in un bizzarro tentativo di chiedere la fine della guerra in Vietnam. Il sindaco Daley ha risposto inviando la polizia e chiamando la Guardia Nazionale ... La protesta viene repressa duramente.]

Julie is irritated by the news, so she turns the dial to find a music station, stopping when she hears Perry Como singing, "Oh Marie" in Italian. The Italian crooner mouths the words and plays to an imaginary audience of adoring fans.

As Julie moves around the kitchen, the noises she makes opening drawers, opening and closing the refrigerator, putting pans and pots on the stove are overly loud and strangely syncopated. The song ends.

DISK JOCKEY

You are listening to WWOP in Chicago. That, of course, was Perry Como singing "Oh Marie", and continuing with some of today's greatest songsters, here is Frank Sinatra singing "Isle of Capri".

(MORE)

DISK JOCKEY (CONT'D)

[State ascoltando radio WWOP dai nostri studi di Chicago. Questo era naturalmente, Perry Como in "Oh Marie", e proseguendo con alcuni dei più grandi cantatori di oggi, adesso segue Frank Sinatra con "Isola di Capri".]

Julie grabs a broom and dances to Frank Sinatra singing "**Isle of Capri**" with it until she is in the living room. The Italian singer again mimics the song on the radio.

Giving herself a shake and stopping in her tracks, Julie faces the staircase.

JULIE

(loudly)

Ludo! Celina!

Julie returns to the stove in the kitchen and checks the pots.

Celina, comes down the stairs, cuts across the living room and into the kitchen. She turns the radio dial to a rock station where a rock song is playing, "**Sympathy for the Devil**" by the Rolling Stones. The Italian crooner claps his hands over his ears.

Irritated, Julie rushes to the radio to retune it to the station she had been listening to but after fiddling with the dial cannot find it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

Celina, set the table please.

[Celina, apparecchia la tavola per favore.]

CELINA

Linguine?

Celina takes the lid of a couple of pots and sneers.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Bolognese. Perfecto!

JULIE

Perfetto. Non perfetto. Perfetto!

Taking another chance, Julie twiddles the dial and finds an Al Martino song, "**Daddy's Little Girl**", and smiles, then to irritate Celina, sings along loudly. The Italian crooner, obviously pleased, silently mimics Martino.

Through the window beside the kitchen door, we watch as Peter, dressed in an open-jacketed Chicago police uniform, approaches the door. He stops, looks in the window with a grumpy face, pulls a cigarette from his lips and crushes it out in an ashtray on the windowsill.

Julie turns off the radio.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Here comes Officer Krupke all tired
out from beating kids.

*[Ecco che arriva Officer Krupke
stanco dopo una giornata passata a
picchiare gente.]*

Peter opens the door, his baton hanging from his belt, side arm holstered. Peter, now heavy and grey, comes through the kitchen door, limping. As soon as he hears his wife singing along with Perry Como, he rushes to the radio and turns it off.

The Italian crooner reacts angrily but he sees what is going on so he backs away, pulls out a cigarette and lights it suavely and looks on the family scene with interest.

PETER

(with slight Polish
accent)

Kurwa mac! [Fanculo!]

CELINA

(throwing a Nazi salute at
her father)

Nice dad.

[Complimenti, papà.]

The phone rings and Celina rushes to answer it before one of her parents can.

CELINA (CONT'D)

Hello. Oh, hi!

Celina takes the phone outside and closes the door behind her. Peter walks over to the stove and also checks the pots.

PETER

Wop food. Again?

[Cena Wop. Ancora?]

Julie ignores him and starts setting the counter for dinner while continuing to hum the Al Martino song in concert with the crooner.

PETER (CONT'D)
Where's Ludo? You got dinner
ready, right? So...?

*[Dov'è Ludo? La cena e' pronta non
e' vero?]*

Julie crosses from the stove and cupboards to the counter carrying food, condiments, a bread basket and serving utensils. Peter walks into the living room and yells up the stairs.

PETER (CONT'D)
(very loudly) Ludo! Goddammit.

Peter hangs his coat, gun belt and baton on a hook. Julie crosses to the outside door and opens it.

JULIE
Dinner. C'mon. Celina.

(to Peter)

Sit.

[Siediti!]

Through the window we see Celina still talking on the phone. The Italian singer winks at her. She blushes but is pleased he is attracted to her.

PETER
(angrily)
What's with these kids? It's
dinner time for crissake. No
discipline.

*[Che succede con questi ragazzi? E'
ora di cena santo dio! Non c'e'
piu' disciplina.]*

Peter gets up from his stool, crosses over to the phone, hangs it up, opens the door, grabs the receiver from Celina, and pulls her inside and pulls her toward the counter.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ludo!

JULIE

He'll be down. Stai tranquillo.
[Be calm.]

PETER

Julie. How many times have we
gotta go through this? Dinner's at
6. Not 5:55. Not 6:10. Six!

[Julie. Quante volte devo
repirtello? La cena è alla sei. Non
alle sei or sei e dieci. Sei!]

CELINA

Relax, dad. You must be tired from
beating up kids all day.

[Rilassati, papà. Devi essere
stanco dopo aver passato una
giornata a picchiare gente.]

PETER

Enough out of you. Look at you for
crissake, all tarted-up like a
Cicero Street hooker.

[Basta! E tu piuttosto guarda come
sei vestita. Sembri una puttana su
Cicero Street.]

JULIE

She looks good. She's interesting.

[Lei e' vistita bene. E'
interessante.]

PETER

She looks like an f'n whore.

(to Celina)

You look like a tart.

[Sembra una puttana.]

Celina stands up and glares at her father then looks at her
mother.

JULIE

He's exhausted. He'll be OK once
he's had his dinner.

[E' esausto. Starà meglio dopo aver
mangiato.]

Celina leaves the counter, finds her purse and a jacket and runs out the back door, slamming it shut behind her. Peter follows to the door and yells out.

PETER

Get back here! I mean it.

[Torna qui! Voglio dire che.]

Through the window we watch as Celina throws an Italian F.U. back at him and storms away. She sits down on the curb of the street at center right, crying.

The Italian crooner wants to comfort her, and beckons her to him but it just confuses her. The singer stands silently looking at her.

Ludo, enters the living room from the hallway area, the earphones of a Sony Walkman stuck in his ears carrying a guitar case that he leans up against the wall below his father's jacket, gun and baton.

LUDO

(singing along to the
Rolling Stones "Sympathy
for the Devil)

Please allow me to introduce
myself...

While Peter glares at him from the kitchen, he pauses in front of the TV, pulls the earphones down from his ears, and turns up the volume causing the theme music from The Lone Ranger (William Tell Overture) to flood the house.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Hiyo Silver! Away!

Peter starts toward Ludo, but Julie cuts him off. She reaches down and turns off the TV.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the hell you doin'? We've
been calling you for dinner.

*[Cosa diavolo fai? E' un pezzo che
ti stiamo chiamando per cena.]*

Ludo makes the peace sign and holds it up to his father.

LUDO

Yeah, well, sorry. I didn't hear.
Chill man.

(MORE)

LUDO (CONT'D)

[Sì, beh, mi dispiace. Non ho sentito. Chill man.]

PETER

Yeah, you didn't hear. You got those cans glued to your ears all the time.

[Certo. Che non hai sentito. Hai sempre quelle lattine incollate alle orecchie.]

JULIE

Let's just have dinner.

[Ceniamo.]

LUDO

Not really hungry. I have things to do.

[Non ho fame. Ho delle cose da fare.]

PETER

You're gonna sit down and eat the dinner your mother made for you.

[Tu ti siedi e mangerai la cena che tua madre ha fatto per te..]

JULIE

If he's not hungry...

[Se non ha fame ...]

PETER

No. Mangera!

[No. Egli mangerà.]

Peter grabs Ludo by the arm and pulls him to a stool on the kitchen side of the counter, and roughly forces him to sit down. Ludo tries to shake him off. Peter takes a seat on the living room side and glares at his son.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Sit. Eat.

[Siediti e mangia.]

Julie puts some spaghetti on Peter's plate then Ludos. Peter picks up a mouthful and eats.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's cold.

[Sono freddi.]

LUDO
It's fine. It's good ma.

[Va bene. Sono buoni, ma.]

PETER
It's cold. If I say it's cold,
it's cold.

*[Sono freddi. Se dico che sono
freddi, sono freddi.]*

Julie, now angry, walks to the radio and as she does, the Italian crooner quickly returns to his mic. Julie turns on the radio which is playing a Tony Bennett song, "**Smile**", comes on and she turns it up and the singer croons silently looking first at Celina, then at Julie.

LUDO
Oh c'mon, mamma. Let's not listen
to that old geezer.

*[Oh, Momma. Cerchiamo di non
ascoltare quel vecchio.]*

The Italian crooner is offended by Ludo's comment.

Peter's temper is now ramped-up. He picks up a handful of spaghetti and stuffs it into Ludo's face.

JULIE
Basta smettetela!

[Just Stop! Stop!]

(to Peter)

Ti sei impazzito?

[Are you crazy?]

(to Ludo)

Mi dispiace, Ludo. Mi dispiace.
Tuo padre ha avuto una brutta
giornata al lavoro. Capisci?

[I'm sorry, Ludo. I'm sorry.]
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

*Your father had a bad day at work.
You understand?*

Peter stands up with his fists clenched, red faced and livid. Julie comes closer to Ludo protectively.

PETER

There it is. There it is. He's
your little Italian momma's boy.
He's a mammone. A mammone!
*[Eccolo. Eccolo. E 'un Mammone. A
Mammone!]*

LUDO

(resolutely)
Leave her alone!

[Lasciala in pace!]

Ludo stands between his mother and father as his father rushes toward her.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Back-off old man!

Peter strikes Ludo with a half curled fist. Ludo buckles. Julie instinctively backs away toward the sink as Peter makes a move in her direction, but Ludo gets to his feet, grabs his father's baton, pulls himself to his full height, gets in between them and gives his father a mighty shove, sending him back on his heels and holds the baton up threatening to bring it down on Peter's head. Peter instinctively puts his hand on his pistol. The crooner pulls out a knife and gets ready to join the fight.

Celina hears the argument and stands to face the house.

LUDO (CONT'D)

No more!

[Basta]

Peter regains his footing but for the first time realizes he can't win a physical confrontation with his son. He pushes past furiously and humiliated and out the back door.

JULIE

He's just tired. Your sister...
You know your dad.

*[E stanco. Tua sorella... Tu
Conosci tuo padre, No?]*

LUDO

Really, mamma? What can I say?
 You want to stay with that asshole,
 I can't do anything about it. But,
 I'm not stickin' around for his
 bullshit anymore.

*[Davvero, mamma? Cosa posso dire?
 Se vuoi stare con quel coglione,
 non posso farci niente. Ma, non
 posso restare piu' qui. Sono
 stanco di vedere questo schifo.]*

Ludo picks up his guitar case and grabs a jean jacket off a hook.

LUDO (CONT'D)

I gotta get outta here, mamma. I'm
 sorry.

[Devo andarmene, ma. Mi dispiace.]

JULIE

Dove andrai?

[Go where?]

LUDO

I dunno. New York. As far as I can
 get from his bullshit.

*[Non lo so. New York. Il piu'
 lontano possibile da questa merda.]*

JULIE

Non si puo lasciare. Mio Figlio.
 Non. Vi prego di rimanere. Tutto
 andra bene.

*[You can't leave. My son. Do not.
 Please stay. Everything will be
 OK.]*

Ludo kisses Julie on his forehead. She watches him leave through the back door.

Julie puts her hands on the counter, weeping. Then she hears Dean Martin singing "**That's Amore**" and turns it up. The Italian crooner gives Julie and OK sign, then starts mouth syncing with Dean Martin. He indicates to Julie that she should dance. She straightens up and again finds the broom.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Dove è andata la mia giovinezza?
Quando ho perso la mia felicità?

*[Where did my youth go? When did I
lose my happiness?]*

And my name is Giuliana, not Julie!

*[E il mio nome è Giuliana, non
Julie!]*

Julie, crying, dances with the broom.

JULIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ah. It's ok. It's ok. All will be
well.

*[Ah. Va bene. Va bene. Tutto andrà
bene.]*

The Dean Martin song stops. The crooner comes down to Julie and takes the broom away, then puts his arm around her back and takes her hand and dances with her as Dean Martin sings, carrying Julie into a far-away fantasy land.

Ludo, carrying his guitar, joins his sister at the curb. It's dark now under a starlit sky. The lights of the house shine out behind them.

Peter is standing at the side of the house smoking and looking wistfully in at Julie, and from time to time sorrowfully at his kids.

The song ends, the singer bows to Julie gives her his hanky and exits blowing a kiss in her direction and giving a bow to the audience.

Celina slings her purse over her shoulder and starts to walk away.

CELINA

I'm going to Lincoln Park. Wanna
come?

*[Voglio andare a Lincoln Park. Vuoi
venire?]*

Peter shakes his head.

LUDO

New York by Greyhound. I hear there's going to be a big music thing somewhere in New York next August. Place called Woodstock...

[New York col Pulman. Ho sentito che ad agosto ci sara' un concerto vicino a New York. Un posto chiamato Woodstock ...]

CELINA

Cool. Let's meet there.

[Cool. Incontriamoci lì.]

LUDO

Cool.

Celina hugs Ludo and they hold one another tightly.

CELINA

(pointing at the North Star)

You're gonna be a star, Ludo.

Ludo smiles. Celina exits stage left. LUDO, looks back at his home, and feeling the anguish of leaving home, steps forward and looks up into the starry sky. He clutches his face with his hands, then yells.

LUDO (CONT'D)

(imitating Marlon Brando in Street Car Named Desire)

Stellaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

He composes himself and exits stage right carrying his guitar. Peter steps in the door and looks apologetically at his wife.

JULIE

Call me Guliana. Giuliana!

Peter nods ok.

Fade to black.

ACT III

Inside the Italian-American club, 1945. The club is welcoming back soldiers and other service people from Europe and the Pacific. The place is hung with crossed Italian and American flags, bunting etc.

A three piece band and their leader are playing an Italian tune, "**Sala da barba**", while members, including Frank (Francesco) and Connie (Concetta) and their best friends, Dean (Dino) and Rose (Rosa), all in their 60s, are dancing. Some of the younger men and women are wearing uniforms.

The song and dancing comes to a rousing stop, and the band leader speaks from the stage.

BAND LEADER

(Italian accent)

Questa notte è il momento di far
festa, la nostra prima grande
festa.

*[This night is a time to make merry
our first big celebration.]*

We'll take a short break and return
to play and dance as we await the
arrival of our heroes.

*[Faremo una breve pausa e
ricominceremo a suonare e ballare
mentre attendiamo l'arrivo dei
nostri eroi.]*

He and the band members exit, some of them pulling smokes from their pockets as they head for the exit door. Frank and Connie, Dean and Rose are front and center on the dance floor as others move to tables and chairs around them. Dean looks at his watch.

DEAN

Any time now, eh, Frankie?

*[Da un momento all' altro,
Frankie.]*

CONNIE

I don't even know if we'll
recognize her.

*[Non so nemmeno se la
riconosceremo.]*

FRANK

She'll be as beautiful as ever.

[Sarà bella come sempre.]

ROSE

It's been a long time. She'll be a full grown woman now. You wait and see.

[È passato molto tempo. Sarà una donna adesso. Aspetta e vedrai.]

Lino, Dean and Rose's son is a tall, dark and handsome Italian youth, is dressed in an American army uniform but unbuttoned at the top revealing a gold chain with a gold cross.

He has been standing near the stage with a young woman who is he is ignoring and keeps looking at the door impatiently. He walks over to the adults. The young woman lights a cigarette and watches him closely.

LINO

Mrs. Giacobino, excuse me. Are you sure she's coming?

[Signora Giacobino, mi scusi. E' sicura che lei verra'?)

CONNIE

Don't you worry, Lino. She called earlier. They all got stuck at the terminal. Arriveranno presto.

[Non ti preoccupi, Lino. Ha chiamato prima. Sono rimasti bloccati al terminal.. They will arrive soon.]

DEAN

You still want to marry her, son?
[Vuoi ancora sposarla, figlio mio?]

Rose pinches Lino's cheek.

ROSE

Of course, he does. And he wants to go boom with the babies.

[Certo. E lui vuole avere tanti bambini.]

They all laugh while Lino blushes.

DEAN

Maybe you'll ask her tonight?
Wouldn't that be something, eh? E
allora diventiamo tutti una grande
famiglia!

*[Magari lei chiederai di sposarti
stasera! E allora diventiamo tutti
una grande famiglia!]*

LINO

Pappa, no. Not tonight. I just got
back from overseas. I have
nothing.

*[Papà, no. Non stasera. Sono appena
tornato da oltreoceano. Non ho
niente.]*

ROSE

Ma cosa stai dicendo? Tu hai noi
la tua famiglia.

*[What are you talking about? You
have family.]*

LINO

No. I have to get a job, ma. I
want to buy a diamond ring and do
it proper. You know, to show her
how much I love her.

*[No. Voglio trovare un lavoro
prima. Poi mi comprerò un grande
anello di diamanti per fare le cose
per bene.]*

FRANK

Hey, Lino. Maybe you'll come and
work for me. You like cars and I
can teach you the business. This
way, Lino, we can keep it in the
family, eh?

*[Ehi, Lino. Forse portresti venire
a lavorare per me. Ti piacciono le
macchine e posso insegnarti il
mestiere. In questo modo, Lino,
rimane tutto in famiglia, eh?]*

DEAN

You'd do that?

[Lo faresti davvero?]

FRANK

Cosa stai pensando, Dino? Certo.
Lui è un bravo ragazzo.

[What are you thinking, Dino. Of course, he is a good boy.]

LINO

Maybe. Maybe. But, anyway I can't ask her to marry me until I've got something going. You know?

[Forse. Forse. Ma, in ogni caso non posso chiederle di sposarmi fino a quando nonno cominciato a fare qualcosa.]

FRANK

(to the others)

Vedete. E' un bravo ragazzo. *[See? He is a good guy.]*

The band members assemble on the stage. The leader comes to the microphone.

BAND LEADER

While we're waiting let's see if we can get Frank and Connie up here to sing a song.

[Mentre aspettiamo che arrivino gli altri, vediamo se possiamo avere Frank e Connie qui sul palco per cantare una canzone.]

Forse una vecchia canzone Italiana.

[Perhaps a song from the old country.]

Everyone starts clapping while Frank and Connie make a show of resisting the call. Dean and Rose push them toward the bandstand which they climb.

BAND LEADER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

OK. OK. Va Bene. Now, quale canzone?

[OK. OK. All right. Now, what song?]

Frank and Connie look at one another. Frank mouths something. Connie nods.

Frank whispers to the band leader who nods respectfully.
They sing "O Sole Mio" to the band's accompaniment. ????

FRANK & CONNIE
Sing - O Sole Mio in duet

People dance. Frank and Connie are beaming by the end of the song and enjoy the applause of their friends. Frank grabs the microphone.

FRANK

That was song my father taught us
when were kids, a long time before
we came to America. Francesco, he
would say, carry the music in your
heart and it will be with you
wherever you go. That fat bastard
Mussolini has been strung up,
Hitler is dead, but music lives
forever.

*[Questa era una canzone che mio
padre ci insegno' quando eravamo
bambini, molto tempo prima di
venire in America. Francesco,
diceva, portate la musica nel cuore
e sar  con voi ovunque andiate.
Quel porco di Mussolini   stato
impiccato, Hitler   morto, ma la
musica vive per sempre.]*

The band leader gestures to them to sing one more, but the main door opens and a few young people, including their daughter, Julie, burst in, bringing a draft of new energy.

Frank and Connie run down to greet her. They hug and kiss and everyone applauds.

JULIE
(on the verge of tears)
Momma. Pappa. Momma. Pappa.

A young blond man, Peter, stands on the outside of the family circle, looking in. Lino stands behind his parents, also enjoying the reunion.

JULIE (CONT'D)
It is so wonderful to be home.
Momma. Pappa. Oh, look at
everyone.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

[E 'così meraviglioso essere a casa. Momma. Pappa. Oh, guarda tutti.]

Connie holds Julie by the shoulders at arm's length.

CONNIE

And look at you, Giuliana. You're alright. You look...

[E guarda te, Giuliana. Ti trovo bene. Sembri...]

FRANK

Fantastico!

Peter moves in closer revealing a pronounced limp as he walks. Lino pushes through the adults and stands in front of Julie full of expectation about their re-union.

LINO

Hello, Julie.

JULIE

(looking him fondly in the eye)

Lino. Lino. You look so good. A real man now.

[Stai benissimo. Un vero uomo ora.]

LINO

I really missed you Julie.

[Mi sei mancata davvero tanto Julie.]

JULIE

I thought of you often, Lino. Sweet boy. Of course, I did.

[Ho pensato spesso a te, Lino. Mio caro. Davvero.]

LINO

Maybe later we can...

[Forse più tardi potremmo ...]

Lino is about to speak but before he can, Peter speaks.

PETER

(mild Polish accent)

Mr. and Mr.s Giacobino. I am
Piotr. Well, Peter. You can call
me Peter.

*[Signora e Signor Giacobino. Sono
Piotr. Bene, Peter. Potete
chiamarmi Peter.]*

Frank and Connie are mystified.

JULIE

Mother. Father. This is Peter
Krupke. I met him at a hospital in
Germany. But, he is from Chicago. I
was his nurse.

*[Madre. Padre. Questo è Peter
Krupke. L'ho incontrato in un
ospedale in Germania. Ma, egli è da
Chicago. Io ero la sua infermiera.]*

FRANK

Benvenuto. Polacco? Polish?
Well, welcome young man. You were
a soldier too. Your parents must
be proud. You are welcome to the
club.

*[Bene, benvenuto. Anche tu eri un
soldato. I tuoi genitori saranno
orgogliosi di te. Sei il benvenuto
nel club.]*

DEAN

You are welcome to the club,
soldier.

*[Sei il benvenuto nel club,
soldato.]*

Dean claps Peter on the back while the band re-assembles on
the band stand and quietly tune their instruments.

CONNIE

Well, you are here at last. You
must be hungry. We have lots of
food.

*[Oh, sei qui, finalmente. Sarete
sicuramente affamati.
Abbiamo un sacco di roba da
mangiare.]*

JULIE
 Mother. Father. We, well...we...

Julie pulls her mother and father away from the others so she and Peter can talk to them privately. Lino and his parents look intently at Frank, Connie, Julie and Peter, straining to hear the conversation.

JULIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Mamma. Pappa. Peter is my
 husband.

[Peter è mio marito.]

Frank grabs his chest; Connie immediately raises her hands to her red cheeks. Rose and Dean make the sign of the cross. Lino throws his hands in the air and stomps around in the background. All are shocked. The young woman who had been with Lino grins widely at the news.

PETER
 We fell in love. What man wouldn't?
 She was an angel. She saved my
 life.

*[Ci siamo innamorati. Chi non lo
 farebbe? Lei era un angelo. Mi ha
 salvato la vita.]*

JULIE
 We couldn't wait.

[Non potevamo aspettare.]

PETER
 We were married in Germany.

[Ci siamo sposati in Germania.]

JULIE
 By a priest! An Italian priest...

*[Ci ha sposato! Un prete italiano
 ...]*

FRANK
 Un prete italiano ti ha lasciato
 sposare un polacco!

*[An Italian priest let you marry a
 Polack!]*

PETER
 (big smile)
 In Germany! What luck, eh?

[In Germania! Che fortuna, eh?]

ROSE
 (to Dean, confidentially)
 She's probably pregnant.

[E' probabilmente e' anche vincinta.]

CONNIE
 Oh, penso che sto per morire!.

[Oh, I think I am going to die!]

Lino is now angry. He moves closer.

JULIE
 No, not yet. But we are working very hard on making your grandchildren. Every day!

[No non ancora. Ma stiamo lavorando molto duramente per farvi diventare nonni. Ogni giorno!]

Peter flashes a triumphant smile.

LINO
 Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Groans are heard all around. The band strikes a discordant note. Lino lopes away, wounded. The young woman he was with earlier smiles and takes him by the arm back and sits him down and strokes his head while holding it to her bosom.

The band starts playing "**La Donna e mobile**" from Verdi's Rigoletto. Dean and Rose go to Lino. Rose pushes the girl's hand away and moves her out of the way and takes her place stroking Lino's head.

ROSE
 Che puttana. Lo è sempre stata.

[She's a useless whore. She always was.]

DEAN
 I don't think she's a virgin anymore, Lino.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

*[Non credo che sia più vergine,
Lino.]*

Lino collapses onto his arms on the table, crying.

JULIE

We are leaving for Chicago in a
couple of days...

*[Partiremo per Chicago tra un paio
di giorni ...]*

PETER

But, you can come and visit.
Anytime you want.

*[Ma, potete venire a visitarli.
Quando volete.]*

JULIE

Once we're settled.

*[Una volta che ci saremo
sistemati.]*

FRANK

I forbid it!

[Te lo proibisco!]

CONNIE

Ascolta tuo padre! *[Listen to your
father.]*

PETER

I love her.

[Io la amo.]

JULIE

I love him.

[E lo amo lui.]

FRANK

Silenzio!

Frank and Connie step forward to face the audience.

At stage front, Frank talks in Italian or English as the case may be and Connie translates to the other language. The band plays the music from "**Bambina innamorata**" as they talk.

FRANK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
My daughter dares to disobey!

CONNIE
Mia figlia osa disobbedirmi.

FRANK
Questo non sarebbe accaduto nel
vecchio paese.

CONNIE
This would not happen in the old
country.

FRANK
She should have asked permission.

CONNIE
Lei avrebbe dovuto chiederere il
tuopermesso.

FRANK
L'America ci ha dato molto, ma ci
ha anche preso molto.

CONNIE
America has given us much, but also
she has taken many things.

Dean grabs the back of Lino's jacket and pulls his son to his feet. Dean grabs his own balls and looks his son in the eye.

DEAN
Summon your big Italian balls, my
son. Be a man!

*[Tira fuori le palle, figlio mio.
Sii un uomo!]*

Lino stops crying, nods his head. His father pushes him toward Peter.

LINO
I am the Mafia, The Mafia is me.

[Io sono la mafia, La mafia è me.]

The band plays a few bars from the theme from the Godfather. Everyone looks at Lino astonished.

PETER
Like Scarface?

LINO
Si.

PETER
Al Capone?!

LINO
Si.

PETER
Tony Bagels?

LINO
Yes.

PETER
Like Vinny the Carwash?

LINO
Yes.

PETER
Jimmy the Weasel?

LINO
Yes.

PETER
Like Lino the Crybaby?

[Come Lino il Piagnucolone?]

LINO
Yes. I mean no.

(to Rose)

Mamma!

JULIE
(stroking Lino's cheek)
I'm sorry Lino. But I fell in love with him. And I was horny. So, we had to be married because, you know, I'm a good girl.

[Mi dispiace Lino. Ma mi sono innamorata di lui. E io ero eccitata. Quindi, abbiamo dovuto sposarci, perché, si sa, sono una brava ragazza.]

Lino nods and slinks away. Everyone else nods in understanding.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Let's have one last dance.

[Concediamoci un ultimo ballo.]

Julie waves to the band leader.

The band leader leads the band in a wild Italian swing tune, "***Un bacio a mezzanotte***", and everyone joins in. Some of the adults join them while Connie and Rose start moving their hips and getting with the beat.

After three minutes of great dancing, the music stops, everyone freezes in place. Frank walks to center stage forward.

Everyone but Frank and Connie exit. Julie and Peter leave through the main door but stop and she throws kisses back at her mother and father, then closes the door behind her.

Connie walks to Frank and takes his hand then walks off stage. The band accompanies Frank in Puccini's **Il Mio Babbino Caro**.

FRANK

Sings - Il Mio Babbino Caro

ACT IV

Again, the piazza of the village of Calabro at Farrogosto, 1905 - the same structure as Act 1, but the buildings and shutters are freshly painted and all is tidy and square. Most of the shutters are open, including a large double shutter on the second floor of the middle house which belongs to Ludovico, the schoolteacher.

The piazza is decorated for the festival with flags of Italy, bunting and streamers. A riser set up in front of the middle house serves as a platform for the speech-making to come.

The church bells gong four times to announce the end of Siesta and the beginning of the festival.

Salvatore, owner of the cafe and Sindaco (mayor) of the village enters from his cafe, looking at his watch. He trots around the piazza straightening things up and making sure all is ready, returning to his cafe to tidy the two tables with chairs in front of his cafe.

As he completes his rounds, he priest enters the piazza from the church door, and walks to the center in front of the riser.

FATHER GUIDO

Salve Salvatore. Nessuno può arrivare prima di te. Per forza.

[Hello, Salvatore. No one can arrive before you can. It is impossible.]

Salvatore walks to the center to join Father Guido.

SALVATORE

Ciao, Padre. E 'perché io sono un uomo d'affari. Un uomo d'affari deve essere sempre molto puntuale.

[Ciao, Father. It is because I am a businessman. A businessman must be very punctual. Otherwise we will fail.]

(looking at his watch)

Non come un prete che suona le campane solo ne ha voglia.

[Not like a priest who only rings the bells when he is in the mood.]

Salvatore laughs and claps Father Guido on the back. He turns and stands in front of the riser looking up at the open shutter on Ludovico's house.

FATHER GUIDO

Le bersiane sono aperte. Ludovico deve essere a casa.

[The shutter his open. Ludovico must be home.]

SALVATORE

Ludovico. Noi non assumerti accordare il vostro strumento. Ci Sei.

[We do not here you tuning your instrument. Are you there?]

FATHER GUIDO

E' probabilmente al cimitero a visitare Sarafina ci. Va tutti i giorni con fiori freschi e nuovi pettegolezzi dal villaggio.

[He is probably at the graveyard visiting Sarafina. He goes everyday with flowers and fresh gossip from the village.]

A heavy old woman, Giuseppina, wearing a shawl and a scowl walks out of the cafe and casts a harsh glance at Salvatore while she puts ashtrays and napkins on the tables.

SALVATORE

(confidentially as he looks at his wife)

Vuole essere sicuro la sua tomba non è vuota.

[He wants to be sure her grave is not empty.]

Ludovico, an old man about 70 years, slightly stooped, but congenial looking, enters the piazza from between the church and first home.

LUDOVICO

Buona sera, ragazzi.

[Good evening, boys.]

SALVATORE

(to the priest)

Saremo sempre i suoi allievi,
Guido, anche se lei è suo Padre e
io sono il suo bastone da
passeggio.

*[We will always be his students,
Guido, even if you are his Father
and I am his walking stick.]*

FATHER GUIDO

Il festival inizia presto,
Ludovico. Sei contento?

*[The festival begins soon,
Ludovico. Are you excited?]*

LUDOVICO

Ho festeggiato il Ferragosto sin
dai tempi di Cesare Augusto, Padre.
Mi piace come una cattiva
abitudine.

*[I have been celebrating Ferragosto
since the days of Augustus Caesar,
Father. I enjoy it like a bad
habit.]*

Giuseppina pushes the tables together and sets the chairs
around the piazza, continuously scowling at Salvatore.

SALVATORE

Come stanno le tue mani? Tutti i
nostri musicisti sono in America,
quindi la tua chitarra è la nostra
unica speranza.

*[How are your hands? All our
musicians are playing tunes in
America, so your guitar is our only
hope.]*

LUDOVICO

Salvatore, ma tu dimentichi che
Francesco suona la fisarmonica e
sua moglie Concetta ha un
tamburello. Non sono molto bravi,
ma nessuno ci fa caso dopo aver
bevuto un paio di bicchieri di
vino.

(MORE)

LUDOVICO (CONT'D)

[Ah, but you forget, Salvatore, Francesco plays the accordion and his wife Concetta has a tambourine. They are not very good but no one will care once we have had a few glasses of wine.]

FATHER GUIDO

Dio sa che è vero.

God knows it's true.]

At the sound of Concetta's name, Giuseppina sidles up to Salvatore and Father Guido.

Ludovico goes to the door of his house and enters. Momentarily we see him through the shutters.

Giuseppina sidles up to Salvatore and Father Guido.

GIUSEPPINA

Il vento caldo e il sole caldo
hanno sussurrato un messaggio mi
incredibile.

*[The hot wind and the hot sun have
whispered an incredible message to
me.]*

FATHER GUIDO

Questo è un pensiero pagano,
Giuseppina.

*[That is a pagan thought,
Giuseppina.]*

GIUSEPPINA

Quando imparerai ad accendere un
fiammifero, mi potrai bruciare sul
rogo.

*[When you learn how to strike a
match, you can burn me at the
stake.]*

SAL

Parla donna!

[Speak up woman!]

GIUSEPPINA

Concetta è incinta.

[Concetta is with child.]

SALVATORE

No!

GIUSEPPINA

Non c' erano stracci stesi ad asciugare negli ultimi due mesi. E queste sono cose a cui le donne del paese fanno caso.

[There are no rags drying on her clothesline. Not for two months. The women of the village have been watching.]

FATHER GUIDO

Troppe informazioni, Giuseppina.

[TMI, Giuseppina.]

Ludovico comes to his window holding up his guitar. He strums and beats a few bars to tune.

SALVATORE

Forse suonerai canzoni patriottiche oggi, Ludovico. Evoca la passione dei giovani che sono rimasti per l'Italia e il loro paese.

[Perhaps you will play patriotic songs today, Ludovico. Evoke the passion of the remaining young people for their country and their village.]

Father Guido starts to sing the Italian national anthem, "L'Inno di Mameli". Salvatore puts his hand over the Priest's mouth.

LUDOVICO

Non è così facile, Padre. Potrebbe essere necessario legarli alla porta della chiesa per farli rimanere.

[It's not that easy, Father. You may have to tie them to the church door to make them stay.]

Ludovico disappears from the window.

SALVATORE

(to Giuseppina)

Ludovico sa di Concetta? Ha atteso così a lungo un nipotino.

(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Esploderà dalla felicità.

*[Does Ludovico know about Concetta?
He has waited a long time for a
grandchild. He will explode with
happiness.]*

Ludovico enters the piazza from the doorway of his house. Two middle-aged men and a woman wearing traditional costume enter from between the cafe and the last home on stage left.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Quindi?

[Well...?]

Giuseppina shakes her head, "no", and walks over to the woman who has just entered.

FATHER GUIDO

Non avresti dovuto insegnare ai giovani a parlare inglese, Ludovico

[You should not have taught the young people to speak English, Ludovico.]

SALVATORE

Tu e Francesco li avete solo aiutati a lasciare il paese.

[You only give them an invitation to leave their village]

FATHER GUIDO

Per non tornare mai più.

[Never to return.]

LUDOVICO

Solo i giovani devono affrontare la realtà. Se vogliono andare in America allora dovrebbero essere pronti.

[Only the young people face reality. If they wish to go to America then they should be prepared.]

SALVATORE

La realtà è un diavolo con molti trucchi.

(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

[Reality is a devil with many tricks.]

Father Guido hears the word devil and holds out his cross and makes the sign of evil with his other hand (pinky and index finger) held up. Then he crosses himself.

SALVATORE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Se fossi più giovane, andrei anchio in America.

[If I were younger, I would make the passage to America myself.]

LUDOVICO

Questa terra può essere di nuovo una terra felice, Salvatore. Dopo la tempesta esce sempre il sole, non?

[This land can be a land of happiness again, Salvatore. After the storm comes the sun, no?]

FATHER GUIDO

Preghiamo!

[Let us pray!]

Another couple in their thirties enter the piazza from the lane between the church and the first house carrying bread and cheese which they take to the tables in front of the cafe and hand to Giuseppina. As they enter, Father Guido enters the church.

Ludovico's son, Francesco, carrying a small accordion, and Francesco's wife, Concetta, carrying a tambourine, enter the piazza from the lane between the third house and the cafe and approach Ludovico, Salvatore and Father Guido. Francesco kisses his father on both cheeks.

SALVATORE

Ciao, Francesco e Concetta.

FRANCESCO

Ciao, tutti.

The bells sound five o'clock. The women take their place in front of the table now stacked with food and jugs of wine and together sing a song of gratitude, **the Olive Pressing song.**

Everyone takes food and talk merrily among themselves and toast one another.

Ludovico walks to the riser in front of his home with Francesco and Concetta joining him and they play a folk song, *Cioparedda*, with the people joining in.

Father Guido with a large cross leads Salvatore to the riser and they both mount it. Wagging a bronze cross, Father Guido bestows blessings on the people.

FATHER GUIDO

Grazie a Dio.

[Thanks be to God.]

He tugs his cassock and steps the center of the riser where he is about to launch into an improvised sermon, but Salvatore, gently moves him to the side.

SALVATORE

Signore e signori, vi ringrazio per il vostro silenzio e la possibilità di dire qualche parola.

[Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your silence and the chance to say a few words.]

GIUSEPPINA

Musica. Ludovico per favore!

[Music. Ludovico please!]

Someone throws a bread roll at Salvatore. Father Guido comes forward and shakes his cross at the suspect.

SALVATORE

Canta per noi, Ludovico.

[Sing for us, Ludovico.]

Salvatore throws his hands in the air and waves to Ludovico to come to the stage. Smiling and pleased to be asked, Ludovico comes to the stage with his guitar. He begins to play a slow, sad song, **E vui durmiti ancora.**

ALL (CONT'D)

Tarantella! Tarantella!

LUDOVICO

Oh, vuoi ballare! OK! Avrò bisogno di mio figlio Francesco e Concetta.

[Oh, you want to dance! OK! I will need my son Francesco and Concetta.]

Once Francesco and Concetta are on the stage with him they begin to play a **wild tarantella** and everyone dances, stopping by the food table to drink wine as they enjoy themselves.

By the time the dance is over, people are momentarily exhausted. They break off into couples, go to the table, take more food and position themselves in couples and small groups around the piazza.

Ludovico looks with pride at Francesco and is about to kiss Concetta but she quickly leaves the stage and hurries to center front.

LUDOVICO (CONT'D)
Ciò che è sbagliato, Francesco?

[Francesco, cosa c'e' che non va?]

Francesco gestures that they should all leave the stage. They leave their instruments on the riser. They come down to front center.

FRANCESCO
(pointing at his own
belly)
Lei e' incinta, padre.

[She is pregnant, father.]

Another player goes to the riser and finds Francesco's accordion and starts playing a plaintive song, {song}. The other players gather and turn to the front of house and hum along as a chorus.

LUDOVICO
Ah, Francesco! Complimenti!
Concetta, mia cara ragazza.

*[Ah, Francesco! Congratulations!
Concetta, my dear girl!]*

Ludovico walks quickly to Concetta with Francesco following.

FRANCESCO
Padre...

[Father....]

Concetta turns to face Ludovico and Francesco.

CONCETTA
(to Francesco)
Devi dirglielo, Francesco.
(MORE)

CONCETTA (CONT'D)

[You must tell him, Francesco.]

LUDOVICO

Mi stai facendo diventare nonno. Me lo ha detto lui. Ah, Concetta, questo mi rende così felice.

(he kisses her cheeks)

Sarà il primo bambino nato nel villaggio in tre anni. E 'un miracolo! Devi scrivere a tuo padre e tuo fratello in America. Noi andremo al cimitero domani per dirlo a tua madre.

[You are making me a grandfather. He told me. Ah, Concetta, this makes me so happy. It will be the first child born in the village in three years. It is a miracle! You must send a letter to your father and brother in America. And we will visit the graveyard tomorrow to tell your mother.]

Francesco walks closer to Ludovico.

FRANCESCO

Babbo.

[Dad.]

He touches Ludovico's shoulder tenderly. Ludovico turns.

CONCETTA

Stiamo andando in America, papà.

[We are going to America, dad.]

Ludovico is stunned. The accordion music and humming rises to a higher volume. Ludovico stumbles and suddenly seems ten years older.

FRANCESCO

Vieni con noi, padre. In America. Avremo una vita migliore lì.

[Come with us, father. To America. We can make a better life there.]

LUDOVICO

Siete sicura della vostra decisione?

(MORE)

LUDOVICO (CONT'D)

*[Your minds are made up,
Francesco?]*

FRANCESCO

Partiremo tra pochi giorni. Da Napoli.

*[We will leave in a few days. From
Naples.]*

CONCETTA

Vieni in America. Perché vuoi restare qui e vivere in povertà là?

*[Come to America. Why live in
poverty here?]*

LUDOVICO

E chi porterà fiori a tua madre e parlerà con lei. Chi si prenderà cura della sua tomba?

*[And who will take flowers to your
mother and talk with her. Who will
tend her grave?]*

FRANCESCO

Padre...

[Father...]

The music stops. All the other people leave the stage, some exiting stage right, some left. Father Luigi enters his church and closes the door. Salvatore and Guiseppina enter the cafe and close the door.

CONCETTA

Torneremo in visita. Porteremo i bambini. Te lo promettiamo.

*[We will return to visit. We will
bring our children. We promise.]*

Sad beyond words, Ludovico walks slowly to the riser and watches while Francesco and Concetta exit stage right. Momentarily he picks up his guitar. He plays and sings "**Amara Terra Mia**".

Francesco, with a tattered suitcase, and Concetta cross the stage and walk off stage.

ACT V - CODA

The dark interior of Ludovico's house in Calabro. All the shutters are closed. It's dark, but in the room, there is a small kitchen and a small table with two chairs. A couple of pots and pans hang from the wall in front of a basin in the cucina.

In one corner there is a very small writing table with two very old framed pictures still standing. One is of his great grandfather, Ludovico and his great grandmother, Serafina on the table and the other is of his grandparents Frank and Connie holding his mother, Julie, when she was a baby.

In another corner there is a bed and at the end of the bed there is an armoire with doors closed. Near the bed there is a small shelf with a few old books and a stack of sheet music. A music stand leans against the wall beneath the shelf.

The door handle rattles and we hear a key turning in the lock. The door opens a little letting in a wedge of light that cuts across the floor.

Ludo steps in, carefully. He opens the door to allow more light in. There is a shutter over the kitchen area, another over the bed and another facing into the piazza. He opens one, then the other, ending with the shutter over the piazza. The room fills with dusty light.

Ludo steps back to the center of the room and looks all around.

He walks to the shelf and thumbs the books, then picks up some of the sheet music. Reading the music, Ludo hums a few bars.

LUDO

Cool.

After putting down the music, he picks up the pictures one by one and looks at each carefully.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Ludovico. They gave me your name.
Well, I am lost and wasted old man.
But, maybe you know that, eh?

[Ludovico. Mi hanno chiamato come
te. Beh, adesso sono vecchio e
malato. Ma, forse lo sai, eh?]

Ludo sits on a chair by the table still holding and thumbing the sheet music, drumming his fingers on the table.

Suddenly, he looks at the armoire with intense curiosity, stands up and walks to the armoire and pulls open both doors revealing a few of his great grandparents' clothes hanging from a rod and their shoes below.

Ludo finds a suit jacket and pulls it off the hanger and puts it on. It's a good fit.

He notices something in the back of the armoire. Rummaging through it he finds Ludovico's guitar - still strung. He pulls it out.

LUDO (CONT'D)

Oh, my god.

[Dio mio!]

Ludo tunes the guitar as he tries a few licks and soon has it sounding good. He puts the strap around his shoulder and walks to the kitchen table where he left the sheet music and looks down at it and quickly finds a way to play a song, **{song}**.

He needs more light so he sets the music stand up by the window facing the piazza, and begins to play the guitar while trying to figure out how to say the Italian words, getting more and more lost in the music.

People start to fill the piazza - the old woman, the card playing men and their wives, and the cafe owner at first. Seeing he has an audience, Ludo begins to smile and everyone is standing in happy amazement.

Then Sal enters, followed by the band members carrying their instruments. Link, Bozzie and Jedda with a tambourine get up on the riser and join in.

Anael enters and watches Ludo with love in her eyes.

The doors to the church swing open and Father Sarducci comes out and stands in the doorway overlooking the piazza with a stern look. Ludo sees him and stops. Everyone freezes. Father Sarducci strides across the piazza to the door into Ludovico's house and momentarily disappears.

We see Father Sarducci behind Ludo by the kitchen table ruffling through the sheet music. He finds a piece and marches it over to the music stand and places it in front of Ludo. Ludo looks at it and nods.

As Ludo retunes the guitar and prepares, Father Sarducci returns to the piazza and gets on the riser with the band. He looks up and signals to Ludo to begin. As Ludo and the band plays the **Calabrese Tarantella** he sings along.

Ludo begins to play a very lively tarantella. Father Sarducci leaps down to the piazza and grabs Anael and they dance with joy. The old men grab their wives and they dance too. And finally, Sal decides, what the hell, and asks the old woman to dance with him.

FADE TO BLACK.

Bon Jovi - This House is Not for Sale

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Ri2KEiXlNk

**

Dean Martin - That's Amore

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RnoDb0bMQuk>

**

Sting - Mad About You

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WTMqPi_GVm0

**

Giuseppe Verdi - Messa Da Requiem

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_5eryx1s2yM

**

Bob Dylan - Blowin in the Wind

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vWwgrjjIMXA>

**

Perry Como - Oh Marie

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kzyi8uq1HOo>

**

Frank Sinatra - Isle of Capri

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vzD8YHhdv3w>

**

Rolling Stones - Sympathy for the Devil

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZRXGsPBuv5g>

**

Al Martino - Daddy's Little Girl

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M7G06tGlm7E&list=PL48s7MIVNj0bqVil__TdFg2EsBnQNinpB

**

Tony Bennett - Smile

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7B2_RYZVjs

**

Dean Martin - That's Amore

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OnFlx2Lnr9Q>

**

Italian folk tune - Sala da barba

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9MxvOfErlXs>

**

O Sole Mio

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9zzbphMuKN4>

**

Verdi - Rigoletto - La donna e mobile

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6KCnoOzrA1o>

**

Bambina innamorata

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fAjEr2_6lek&list=PLdxYiRxsvsJRY_KKzxbZcNWNDVIHbyMIB

**

Italian swing - Un bacio a mezzanotte

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1A2z13n1Pw&list=PLpeGEIpydrcopcFYzqRCC2vKDP9SLVT8Q>

**

Giacomo Puccini - Il Mio Babbino Caro

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bxyQc7DXN5Y>

**

Il Canto degli Italiani

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2jryMTTyVnc>

**

Olive Pressing Song

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QbKLoeJn3A8>

**

Cioparedda

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Q0az6ZdJag>

**

Sad song - E vui durmiti ancora

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dLmX_-2Z338

**

Wild Tarantella

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GPSqrciDLog>

**

Amara terra mia

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OHDMauIARhY>

**

Calabrese Tarantella with Chiattara Battente

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z1AWcuWNhNs>

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