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# **GERONTE**

What the devil...five hundred thousand lire. Oh, that terror of a Turk, he’ll be the death of me. Off with you, Scapino, off with you, and tell that Turk I’ll send the Police after him. What the devil was he doing on board that board? Scapino, the time has come when you must play the part of a faithful servant. Go along, and ask this Turk to send me back my son, and tell him I’ve sent you to take my son’s place until I’ve got enough cash together. No... What the devil was he doing on board that boat? You say he asks...five thousand lire. Has he no conscience? Does he think that money like that is just picked up in the gutter? Leandro...What the devil was doing on board that boat? All right. Here's the key of my closet. Open it. Inside you’ll find a little hook. On the hook you’ll find a big key which unlocks the attic. Inside you’ll find a larger key which is the key to my secret hidey hole. Go in there and you’ll see a large brass bedstead. On the bed there is a mattress, lift it up, roll it over, sell it and use the money to ransom my son. What the devil was he doing on board that boat?

# **ARGANTE**

Who ever heard of such a thing! I’ll be responsible for the removal of that obstacle, and I’m going to see about it this very minute...What? The education of children demands a great deal of conscientious application...? Yes, that’s very true. But why bring that up now...? Ohhhh charming! And we can take it that you have brought up your son without a flaw. And, oh what if this son of yours, brought up so properly by his responsible father, had got into a worse mess than mine? Eh? What do I mean? What I’m getting at, Signor Geronte, is that we shouldn’t be so quick to criticize other people’s behaviuor. People who throw stones should make sure the windows are boarded up at home. Your fellow Scapino gave me the outline, in my own fury I missed the details but I’m quite sure most of Naples can fill in those for you. Well, I am off to consult a lawyer, to find out what’s best to do next, Arrivederci.

# **SYLVESTRO**

Now look, if you don’t cut the story short we’ll be listening here till tomorrow. Now I’ll finish it in two words. His heart burst into flames. He couldn’t live without the girl. He’s never off the doorstep. His visits to comfort the unhappy girl make him more of a lodger than a visitor. The nurse forbids him the house. Irresistible force. He begs, he grovels, he argues. Not a hope. For though the girl is without money and friends, she comes from a good family, and unless he marries her, he’s got to keep his hands off her. Passion feeds on obstacles. He wracks his brain, ponders, reasons, debates and then makes up his mind, and he’s been a married man for the last three days. Now add to that the other marriage his father’s arranged with Signor Geronte’s daughter, that’s the daughter of a second wife Geronte married at Marseilles.

# **SCAPINO**

Ladies and gentlemen...wait a minute...we’re not finished yet. I’ll tell you why—we’re not going home yet because there is one song in this show that we have been singing from the word go. We were singing it at the very end. Now as I was looking out, all of you were smiling...all of you...and then we got to the musical instruments and all of it changed...it changed to “what a bunch of idiots,” so tonight we are going to split the audience right down the center...so...you sir...you...he’s grinning away...cross your legs or move to the right...we will have...(TO CAST) what do you want...right...(TO AUDIENCE) wait a minute...ladies and gentlemen, I would like to bring to your attention that in our audience tonight there are three people who are not enjoying themselves one bit...I mean it. There are three people among you who are hating every minute of this...we got little peepholes in the set and we watch you all night long...now those three people wherever you ae, we know exactly where you are sitting...that’s all right though, we know some people don’t like clowning about...that’s all right...you sit back and relax, we’ll make idiots of ourselves...then we’ll stop...point to you...and you’ll stand up and do it on your own...right then...here we go.

# **GIACINTA**

Oh, Ottavio, is it true what Sylvestro told Nerina? Your father’s back and is going to marry you to someone else? Ottavio, I’m sure you love me, but I’m not so sure you’ll always love me. I’ve heard, Ottavio, that your sex loves not so long as ours does, and those burning passions men discover are as easily extinguished as they are set alight. I’m sure you believe what you say, and I don’t doubt your words are sincere, but I fear a stronger adversary than the tender feelings you have for me. You’re completely dependent on your father, who is determined to marry you to someone else. If that happens, I expect I’ll die. To make you happy, I shall hold back my tears, and wait with dry eyes for whatever Fate has in store.

# **ZERBINETTA**

This is how he tricked the old food. Ha, ha. Ha, ha. The thought of it has started me off again, Ha, ha, ha. He seeks out this Geronte, ha, ha, ha, and tells him that walking on the quayside with the son, they were invited aboard a boat by a friendly Turk. Ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha. Whilst they were eating and drinking, the boat put to sea, and that Turk sent poor Scapino by skiff to tell the old miser that his son would be carried off to Algiers if he did not pay an immediate ransom of five hundred thousand lire. The old man just couldn’t bring himself to pay the money, so he tried a hundred ridiculous ways of getting out of it. After many windings and turnings, sighs and groans. “What the devil was he doing on board that boat? blast that boat.” Ha, ha, ha, ha. But as I said, in the end our Scapino triumphed...but you’re not laughing. Don’t you think it’s funny?

# **OTTAVIO**

One day...When I was going with him to visit his obsession we heard in a little house on a bystreet, the sound of sobbing mixed with a great many tears. We asked what was going on. A woman passing by told us two foreign women lived there in terrible conditions. Curiosity made me drag Leandro to see what was the matter. We went into a little room where we saw an old woman dying... a nurse crying... and a young girl dissolved in tears, the most beautiful, the most exquisite that was ever seen. Any other girl would have looked wretched in in the state she was, wearing nothing...but rags, hair falling, disheveled about the shoulders, but even in that state she glittered like a thousand stars. If you’d seen her, Scapino, in the state I had found her, you would have found her devastating. Her tears weren’t those ugly tears which make a face red and swollen. She cried in the prettiest way imaginable, and her misery was the most beautiful misery in the world. Scapino, a stone wall would have loved her.

# **LEANDRO**

How could Scapino betray me like this? A weasel for a thousand reasons ought to be the first to keep to himself my secrets is the first to give me away to my father. I could tear him into a thousand pieces and feed him to the fishes. Ah-ha, there you are! What ecstasy to see you again, Master Trickster. I’ll teach you a lesson. No, Ottavio, don’t try to stop me please. I mean to make him confess here and now the dirty trick he’s played. You scum, I know the game you’ve been up to, you didn’t expect the story would come back to me so quickly. Come on, out with it, confess it was your doing, out with it, or you’ll never blab another secret again...So it was you who drank the wine and let me scream at the servant girl thinking she was to blame. I’m very glad to know about that, Scapino, but it doesn’t happen to be what I’m after at the moment...What...? Who...? She never cries...She’ll be gone?...In two hours?...Pronto, pronto, pronto, pronto...Dearest Scapino, give me your help. I’ll forgive you anything you’ve told me and anything worse you’ve done!

# **CARLO**

*Preapre both a dramatic reading and a sung version of this song in any style*

*DO NOT LOOK IT UP ON YOUTUBE*

Oh Sole Mio

Chow Chow Bambino

Three Pounds Per Kilo

Serra Serra

Pastrami, Frank Dunlopillo

Ajax et Brillo

An’ Tony Quinn

La Dolche Vita

Sophia Ponte

Moonlight In Vermonte

Serra Serra

Chinzano Et Mia Farrow

Until Tomorrow

Chow Chow for Now

Ole!

# **HEADWAITER + NURSE**

*Prepare a dramatic reading of this song and an over-the-top Operatic version of it.*

*DO NOT LOOK UP THIS SONG ON YOUTUBE.*

Pollo All Americana,

Scampi Fritti in Brodo

Pasta Bolognese,

Pate Mayonnaise,

Capuchino Espresso

Minestrone Macaroni,

Ravioli Aux Crevette.

Caramella In Padella

Avocado Vinaigrette.

Scallopine Valdostana

Bistecca Con Risotto,

Pasta Bolognese

Pate Mayonnaise

Da Un Buon Appetito

Minestrone Macaroni,

Ravioli Aux Crevette.

Caramella In Padella

Avocado Vinaigrette.

# **WAITERS + WAITRESS**

*Prepare a (melo)dramatic reading of this song and a campy rendition of this song.*

*DO NOT LOOK THIS SONG UP ON YOUTUBE.*

Pollo All Americana,

Scampi Fritti in Brodo

Vermichelli

Talliachelli

Capuchino Espresso.

Minestrone Macaroni,

Ravioli Aux Crevette.

Caramella In Padella,

Avocado Vinaigrette.

Scallopina Valdostana,

Bistecca Con Risotto,

Vermichelli

Talliachelli

Da Un Buon Appetito.

Minestrone Macaroni

Ravioli Aux Crevette

Caramella In Padella

Avocado Vinaigrette