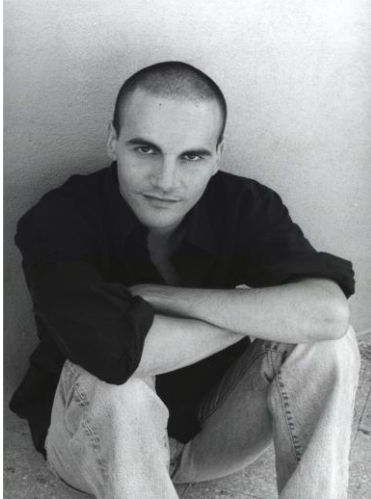


Biodata of Benedetto Sicca



Italian director, playwright and actor. In 2003 he finishes his studies in law and graduates at "Silvio D'Amico" National Drama Academy. Right after that he starts working for cinema, radio and television.

But he mainly works in theatre, with Luca Ronconi, Massimo Castri, Mario Martone, Lorenzo Salvetti, Giuseppe Marini and Ninni Bruschetta.

In 2008, he studies the techniques of molecular vocal and then works with the Societas Raffaello Sanzio. As a Dramaturg and Director he wins prizes and he is sustained by several major international festivals.

Recently he worked with Luca Ronconi as assistant director for the opera "Semiramide" which opened the opera season of the Teatro San Carlo and has been part of the 2012 Watermill Summer Program directed by Robert Wilson, working as executive producer, assistant director, assistant dramaturg and stage manager.

Technical elements

- Structure

The text has the structure of a typical comedy in three acts of Neapolitan tradition.

The first act consists of seven scenes, while the second and third acts are two long scenes.

The first and second act takes place over three days. While the third act takes place after three years from the date of the second act.

- Characters

The characters are seven:

Primo Piscopo

Secondo Piscopo

Seconda Piscopo

Mom

Father

Alfredo Esposito

Corinna Liguori

Antonio Marasca known as Frateme

- Language

The language of comedy follows different generations and a different level of education, and of the influence of the media of characters: from Neapolitan dialect to the more rhetorical Italian.

The staging of the text is passed through a long process:

The first study (2009) was a reading of the second act in the festival Extra Candoni.

The second study (2010) was a *mise en espace* at Start Theatre of Naples.

The opening of the final work took place in June 2011 as a co-production of the Festival delle Colline Torinesi, Benevento Città Spettacolo and Primavera dei Teatri (Castrovillari).

The text, not yet published, is in the process of edition from the publisher Guida.

The text has not yet been translated.

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Extract

ACT 2

1 June, evening – the Piscopos' flat

PRIMO – You know what I mean? When my head will manage to produce thoughts without any complexes. Anchored here in the pit of my stomach, but without any hurry, that's what I'm aiming at. When my head will have found its "constant pulsation", without any ectopic beats. Perhaps I'll be dead, and the thought repulses me, but at least I won't realise ... anyway ... life really is a bitch.

MAMMA (*off*) – Primoooo!! Call your brother, see where he is, will you!

PRIMO – Call him yourself!

ALFREDO – But why do you behave like this?

PRIMO – Like what?

ALFREDO – To your parents. Why do you treat them like this?

PRIMO – And why don't you mind your own fucking business, since we're not in those 50 minutes when you're the one in charge.

ALFREDO – Well, as if I hadn't spoken. Even if ...

PRIMO – Even if ...?

ALFREDO – Nothing.

PRIMO – Ah no! You started, you've got to say it!

ALFREDO – In general ... I don't think that those so-called "50 minutes in which I'm in charge" exist any more, and in any case, when they did exist, it wasn't me who was in charge, that is to say my role was not to be in charge ...

PRIMO – Let's say that you weren't supposed to be in charge ... but when someone likes being in charge ... never mind his role ...

ALFREDO – That's true.

PRIMO – There you see, it's just as I say: we're not in those 50 minutes ... otherwise you'd never have said I was right!

ALFREDO – Exactly.

PRIMO – And so?

ALFREDO – And so what?

PRIMO – You said: in general bla bla bla, etc., etc., but you haven't told me what you meant in particular?

ALFREDO – Yes I understand, but if I tell you, I'll be saying what you didn't want me to say at the beginning ... and now you want me to say it? ... Is that right ...? Alright then, I'll tell you: I think your treatment of your parents is extreme – and this is typical of all children with their parents – but in your case it's too extreme. Yes, I mean ... it's quite normal that your perception of their effect on you is totally lacking in objectivity: but I'm not referring to this when I talk of being too extreme, I'm talking about all the beauty you harbour within yourself, that's right. Only when you confront them, you reveal a harshness that is not just harsh, it's grotesque! You really should try and go a bit easier ... free up a bit ... there's no doubt about it.

MAMMA (*off*) – Primm! See who's at the door! Answer, will you?

PRIMO – No, you answer! In the first place we've got to distinguish between Mum and Dad. As you know perfectly well, I won't even look at my father. With my mother it's different. You're right, Alfrè: free up a bit, I've got to free up a bit. But I can't choose to break down the prison bars I've got inside my head.

MAMMA (*off*) – Primm!

PRIMO – What the fuck do you want? If she would just let up a bit, just take one step back ...

ALFREDO – What d'you mean, one step back?

PRIMO – Yes. If she would only stop playing her role, stop thinking she can make up for my shortcomings, then I think I'd be able to break out of the cage. I think I'd manage to transform all the acid inside me into infinite tenderness. Sometimes I think that, when she'll be old and gaga, we'll be able to turn the tables and return to that balanced relationship we had when I was young. And it drives me mad when I think of everything we're missing while we're waiting to get back to that situation ... hang on, my mobile ... Hey, Antò, how's it going? You're on your way? No, he's

not here yet ... Eh ... I know, his mobile's been off all day ... he must have let the battery go flat ...

Yes, yes, he's coming ... Alright ... OK, OK ... we're expecting you ... Bye, Frateme, bye ...

ALFREDO – Who was that?

PRIMO – Antonio, the bloke my brother's fallen for.

ALFREDO – Oh ... and does Antonio reciprocate?

PRIMO – He's playing hard to get, Alfrè ... like you ... but sooner or later Antonio will give in ... and so will you!

MAMMA (*off*) – Primm! What shall I do about these mussels? Shall I see to it or will you?

PRIMO – You're pissing me off! I'm talking! I'll see to it. Believe me, Alfrè ... she really is a hard case ... I mean it's not just my fault if I treat her badly ... and as if this weren't enough, she also makes me feel guilty because she's the one who does everything and says everything, and all for me! Why doesn't she just stop doing it? Who asked her to do anything? If I didn't love her as much as I do ...

ALFREDO – What would you do?

PRIMO – I'd do sod all ... There you see! Now you're laughing at me ...

ALFREDO – Because you really are so, so kind hearted, with all your foam rubber prickles ...

PRIMO – Jesus! You're telling me that I may thrust my tongue into your mouth?

ALFREDO – What? ... nothing could be further from my thoughts ...

PRIMO – And why not?

ALFREDO – Why not ...? ... Because ... becauuuse ... because ... it's not possible.

PRIMO – it's not possible ... hmmm ... i-t i-s n-o-t p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e- ... snotpossiblesnotpossible ... hmmm ... ahhhh it's not possible

ALFREDO – Stop it ...

PRIMO – No, you stop it. I'm somebody who, when he's hungry, he eats, and when he's thirsty, he drinks. But I'm beginning to think that you will only eat if it's meal time ...

ALFREDO – Stop talking bullshit ...

PRIMO – Oh no, you're the one who talks bullshit!

Enter Seconda with Corinna

SECONDA – Hi Primo.

PRIMO – Hi. Nice to meet you, Miss Corinna, I'm Primo. This is Alfredo ... he's supposed to be my shrink, but this evening he's officially here as a friend, he he.

CORINNA – How d'you do.

ALFREDO – How d'you do.

SECONDA – Where's Secondo?

PRIMO – He's not here yet ...

SECONDA – But he is coming?

PRIMO – Come in, come in ... Miss Corinna, please take a seat ...

CORINNA – Thank you, Primo.

SECONDA – And what'll we do if he doesn't come?

PRIMO – He'll come, he'll come ... and if he's late ... we'll start without him ...

MAMMA (*entering*)– Primm'! Have you spoken to your brother?

PRIMO – His phone's switched off, Ma!

MAMMA – So what are we going to do?

PRIMO – What are we going to do?... We'll wait for Antonio and then we'll start ...

SECONDA – What? We've organized a dinner specially for Secondo and then we don't wait for him?

PRIMO – He'll turn up ... Who was that on the interphone?

MAMMA – Dad.

PRIMO – Oh, where's he?

MAMMA – He's in bed cos he's not feeling well ...

PRIMO – Ah, he's not feeling well ... I understand ... You see, Alfrè?

MAMMA – Miss Corinna, I'm sorry, I didn't say hello ...

CORINNA – Not at all, Mrs Piscopo, think nothing of it ...

MAMMA – You've met Doctor Alfredo? Doctor Alfredo is a very special person ... since Primm's been going to him he's completely changed ...

PRIMO – For Christ's sake! ...

ALFREDO – ... Yes, we've been introduced ...

SECONDA – The interphone!

MAMMA – That'll be Antonio! Someone'll have to go down, Dad said the interphone is broken.

SECONDA – I'll go! (*goes out*)

PRIMO – Fine! I'll go into the kitchen and finish the preparations ... then we'll eat! Will you give me a hand, Ma?

MAMMA – Coming ... please excuse me ... *(they go out)*

ALFREDO – Of course, of course ...

ALFREDO – So you're Seconda's English teacher?

CORINNA – Yes I am.

ALFREDO – They're good children ...

CORINNA – Yes ... very sweet ...

ALFREDO – Yes .. hmm ... er hmm ... of course ... hmhhh ... it's not really hot, is it? ... for June, I mean ...

CORINNA – No, no ... fortunately ... otherwise with all the stuff that's accumulated in the streets ... what a stench there'd be ... in this neighbourhood above all ... I really don't know how people dare do their shopping ... with bags of rubbish that have been lying there for weeks near the fruit and veg stalls ...

ALFREDO – Yes indeed, in this district it's really terrible ... terrible ... and yet even the bosses have children ... it really is a mystery how they can care so little about their health ...

CORINNA – You're right ... Obviously they'll send them to America for treatment, since they can afford to ...

ALFREDO – Ha ha ... I'm afraid you're perfectly right ... in any case let's hope at least they can see off this emergency ... if not, in a month's time there'll be a full-blown cholera epidemic ...

CORINNA – It's years the emergency is supposed to be over ... but it always comes back ... and you realise it was never over ... the emergency will never come to an end in Naples ... emergency is adrenaline to Neapolitans...

ALFREDO – You think so ...?

CORINNA – Yes. Neapolitans don't believe in ever putting a full stop; they simply don't want to have everything in order. They're afraid of calling things by their name. And I'm from a Neapolitan family, you know. I went on hoping against hope, until finally I too gave up all hope ...

There's an old lady, she's very kind really, who comes to keep me company every now and then ... she brings me something nice to eat ... you know how it is, it's not nice to be all on your own ... I mean, it's freedom when you're young ... but when you're old ... solitude is a torturer who goes to sleep when you do and wakes up as soon as you open your eyes ... Anyway, this old dear said

something which got me thinking ... I was going on about everything that's bad about Naples and she said to me: "Well Miss ... the crib scene is lovely ... it's the figures in the scene who are bad"... and I think she's right ...

ALFREDO – ... Well yes ... I think so too ... but the tragedy is that the people who should be doing something to put an end to the emergency are actually perfectly happy with the crib scene ... so there really is no way out ...

CORINNA – Well at least it doesn't rain in Naples ... in London it even rained in June ...

ALFREDO – "Well! You lived in London?"

CORINNA – "Oh yes, of course" ... four years ... although it was a long time ago ...

(enter Seconda and Antonio)

SECONDA – Miss Corinna, let me introduce Antonio, also known as Frateme. He's a good friend of Secondo.

ANTONIO – Marasca Antonio.

CORINNA – How d'you do.

SECONDA – And this is Alfredo ... Primo's ... friend ...

ANTONIO – And I'm still Marasca Antonio ... he he ...

ALFREDO – Nice to meet you ... So you're a jockey too?

ANTONIO – Yes, me too ... Why, does it show?

ALFREDO – Well, let's say that your height is something of a clue ... he he ... and then jockeys always stick together with other jockeys, don't they?

ANTONIO – Yes, yes ... quite right! He he he.

(Enter Primo and Mum)

PRIMO – It's ready!

ANTONIO – Hi Primm!

PRIMO – I've made spaghetti with mussels that will leave you gasping! So much the worse for you, Pa! C'mon, c'mon! Let's hear it for the mussels!

ANTONIO – Go for it! Good evening, Mrs Piscopo.

MAMMA – Evening Antò...

SECONDA *(aside)* – What's up, Ma?

MAMMA – Nothing, nothing ...

PRIMO – Come along, Miss Corinna, pass your plate and I'll serve you!

SECONDA (*aside*) – Have you had a row?

MAMMA – Nothing's happened ... everything's alright ...

PRIMO – Is that alright for you, Miss Corinna?

CORINNA – That's fine, fine ... too much, really ...

PRIMO – Now then, Miss ... Nobody's ever had any regrets concerning Primo Piscopo's spaghetti with mussels! Alfrè, pass me your plate!

ALFREDO – Without mussels for me please, Primo..

PRIMO – What do you mean no mussels?! What did I make it for then?...

ALFREDO – Well, you see ... alright, just a couple ... go on, then ...

ANTONIO – Primm, you're always cock of the roost in the Piscopo family!

SECONDO (*coming in*) – Hey! Didn't you wait for me?

PRIMO – Hooray, he's back! The prodigal son has come home! I told you he'd be here!

SECONDO – Sorry I'm late! The street near the station was completely blocked, they set light to the rubbish bins ...

ALFREDO – ... They don't even wait till night time to set them alight ...

SECONDO – Frateme! ... what are you doing here?

ANTONIO – Primm invited me. How are things? Didn't you go to Procida?

MAMMA – Procida?

SECONDO – No, no ... I was busy ...

SECONDA – Everything OK, Secò? You look ...

SECONDO – Yes, yes, all OK ...

PRIMO – Just in time for just the best spaghetti and mussels of your life, little brother!

ALFREDO – Secondo, how are you?

SECONDO – Fine, Doctor, thank you.

SECONDO – And isn't Dad coming?

MAMMA – Dad's in bed! He doesn't feel well! So we're all here! Bon appetit! Miss Corinna, can I give you a drop of wine?

CORINNA – Wine? ... No thank you ... I'll have some water ...

SECONDA – Come on, Miss, a drop of wine in honour of Primo's spaghetti! To celebrate!

CORINNA – No, no, really, Seconda ... I mustn't ...

SECONDA – But why not? What does it do to you?

CORINNA – It's on account of my panic attacks ...

ALFREDO – Do you suffer from panic attacks?

ANTONIO – What are "panic attacks"?

CORINNA – As a matter of fact I haven't had one for twenty years ... but once you've had one you don't want any more ... and then the doctor said to me that it didn't help ... along with a whole series of other things ... so to be on the safe side I haven't touched alcohol since, if you see what I mean ...

ANTONIO – But what are they?

CORINNA – Eh ... what are they? They're something horrible, Antonio ... but perhaps the Doctor can give us a full dress lecture on panic attacks ...

SECONDA – What can he do?

PRIMO – Give us a lesson, a lesson ... Alfrè, let's hear this lesson, come on!

ALFREDO – No Miss Corinna ... please allow me to be off duty this evening ... you tell us ...

CORINNA – Alright, but please correct me if I make a mistake ... Let's say that you start from people's obsessions and compulsions ... when someone gets obsessed in a rather pathological way, gets a bit of a fixation, let's say, about something ... that's an obsession ... such as, what might it be? ... Somebody takes it into their head that the front door always has to be locked, alright? ... Well, that can become an obsession ... And if that person can't stop himself continually going to check that the front door is locked, I mean, even if he'd just checked a couple of minutes before but he has to get up and go and see how many times he turned the key in the lock ... Then that's what is called a compulsion ... is that right, Doctor?

ALFREDO – Let's say you're on the right lines, yes, he he.

SECONDA – I know all about compulsions ...

CORINNA – No you do not, Seconda!

SECONDA – What do you mean I don't? I do!

CORINNA – Don't talk nonsense! You have no idea what a compulsion is, thank God ... Anyway, and I'll conclude because I think I've been quite tedious enough as it is ...

SECONDO – You haven't been at all tedious ...

CORINNA – Well, anyway ... when you get to the point of being afraid ... of being terrorised ... by the fact that you can no longer verify your obsession, or satisfy your compulsion, you get into a sort of state of paralysis ... which is called a panic attack ... and it's something truly horrible ...

SECONDO – And can you have one if you get obsessed with somebody? I mean if you are afraid you won't be able to see somebody any more?

CORINNA – Doctor ... I don't know what to say to that ...

ALFREDO – Secondo ... technically speaking it doesn't really work like that ... but in any case ... panic attacks are something serious and not that frequent ... and nobody here suffers from them, fortunately ... not even Miss Corinna, who hasn't touched alcohol in twenty years ...

SECONDO – Well, alright ... sometimes it seems to me we live on a railway line where the rails are as narrow as narrow, and mental illnesses are just next to us on a line running right alongside ... and it would only take the slightest puff of wind to change lines, and whether the puff affects you or the next person ... it all seems such a matter of chance ...

ALFREDO – Well, Secondo ... what can I say? ... This remark of yours denotes a certain civic conscience, undoubtedly ... but I can assure you it takes much more than a breeze to derail someone ... fortunately, even if our psyche is fragile, we're well and truly protected against storms ...

MAMMA – Doctor, you've just said something really wonderful ...

PRIMO – Yes, yes, something really wonderful, pass your plate and I'll give you some more pasta...

ALFREDO – No, no, that's enough for me, thank you ...

PRIMO – Didn't you like it?

ALFREDO – I liked it very much indeed, Primo ... But I want to keep just a little room for the next course ...

MAMMA – I'll go and fetch the calamari from the oven, then ...

(aside)

ANTONIO – Secò, another drop of wine?

SECONDO – Thanks!... here's to you! ...

ANTONIO – And you ...

SECONDO – What did you do, then? ... Did you go out in the boat with Doctor Imparato?

ANTONIO – Tell you the truth ... no I didn't, Secò ... actually I rang you about Procida ... but you had your phone switched off ... so I went to the "outlèt" with Elisa and Elisa's sister and her bloke, who turns out to be that idiot Pascalino Senarcia ... you remember him?

SECONDO – Of course I do! OK ... in any case we'll go to Procida some other time ...

PRIMO – Hey, what’s up? Are you two confessing one another?

MAMMA – Nobody minds if I don’t change the plates, do they?

ALFREDO – No problem at all ...

PRIMO – You know what I saw this morning on the bus?

ANTONIO – What did you see?

PRIMO – It was full to bursting ... all Chinese, they were, and I can’t stand Chinese, even if they don’t stink, he he, in fact Chinese don’t stink ... but they turn up all over the place, and then, at bottom, the Chinese don’t want to integrate ... in fact in my opinion it’s them who are totally racist about us, that’s why I can’t stand them ... anyway, there was this girl you see, a real stunner, she wasn’t Chinese ... to tell the truth she didn’t seem Neapolitan either ... anyway ... she was all dressed up in bright mauve, with her jeans and her little mauve top hugging her figure ... she was all made up and her shoes were mauve too ...

ANTONIO – You didn’t miss a thing, did you ehh? ... dirty old man you!

PRIMO – That’s enough from you! He he ... anyway, she was standing there in all her finery in the bus ... holding on to the pole, and suddenly I see there was another hand on top of her hand, caressing her, you see?, and the other hand even had a wedding ring on ... but they weren’t speaking to each other ... No sir! They were just standing one in front of the other, and he was caressing her hand ... he was a bit of a smarmy type, he was, he he ... anyway suddenly, he moves a bit and gets up closer to her ... and begins to let her feel the goods ...

ANTONIO – Jesus! He was a real groper!

SECONDA – Primo! We’ve got Miss Corinna here!

PRIMO – Well yes, excuse me, Miss ... but you’re a woman of the world, aren’t you?

CORINNA – Think nothing of it, Primo..

PRIMO – Well yes, anyway ... he let her feel it ... and I was thinking ... now she’s going to turn round and give him a slap ... or perhaps it’s the husband and they’re up to something

MAMMA – ... Secondo, will you have a couple more calamari?...

PRIMO - ... Hey Ma ...

MAMMA – You leave me alone ...

SECONDO – No thanks, Ma ...

MAMMA – But you haven’t eaten anything ...

PRIMO - ... Hey Ma ...

ANTONIO – He he! And then?

PRIMO – And then she got off the bus ... just like that, as if nothing'd happened, the dirty bitch, without saying a word ... and the pig went on being a pig with someone else ...

ANTONIO – Nooo! What a slut! Ha ha ha.

SECONDA – All you men can think about is judging how much of a slut women are ... who knows, perhaps she was just frightened of reacting ... What could she do? ... And then, suppose she liked having him rubbing up against her. Why should that make her a slut, for Christ's sake...?

ANTONIO – Oh yes! And what *are* we supposed to call her, then? Saint Rita on the bus! Ha ha ha Saint Rita on the bus! The Patron Saint of sluts! Ha ha ha.

SECONDA – So, Frateme, you're in it too! You don't know the first thing about that girl! You don't know what she had on her mind! That's what's the matter with men ... first they want everything, and then there they are, judging how much of a bitch you are ... except their wives of course ... aren't I right?

ANTONIO – Alright, Secò, I was just joking ... don't get worked up ... Secò, you say something to her ...

SECONDO – What? Oh yes ... Seconda ... don't take any notice ... just forget it ... and look, Miss Corinna has finished ... take her plate away ...

PRIMO – Of course ... he's "Mr. Don't take any notice" ... the specialist in removing things ...

MAMMA – Primm! You help your sister clear the table, go on ... I'll go and get the tiramisu ...

PRIMO – OK, clear away ... clear right away ...

(Primo, Seconda, Mamma go out briefly)

CORINNA – Dear Secondo, I wanted to say how sorry I was about Ivan ...

SECONDO – Eh? ... What? ... I ...

ANTONIO – Who's Ivan?

CORINNA – Oh, sorry ... perhaps I've said something I shouldn't have ...

(and come back in)

MAMMA – Here's my children's favourite cake ...

SECONDO – No, please don't worry ... thank you all the same ...

ANTONIO – But who the hell is Ivàn?

ALFREDO – Mrs Piscopo's tiramisu! Word's got around even up in Vomero about what a triumph it is!

MAMMA – Secò, pass round the plates so I can serve out.

ANTONIO – Hey Secò! Who the hell is Ivàn?

PRIMO – Ivan is a horse they were going to give to Secondo...

ANTONIO – That's a lousy name for a horse!

PRIMO – It was some rich people in Sorrento who were going away for a year and asked Secondo if he'd look after their house and the horse ... but then it all fell through ... because they didn't go after all ...

ANTONIO – Jesus. But why didn't you tell me ... if you were feeling bad about it? ...

SECONDO – No ... what's that got to do with it? ... I wasn't sure ... then you know, at work ... I wasn't even sure whether to accept or not ... it meant leaving the job for a year ... moving to Sorrento...

ANTONIO – OK ... but I still don't understand why you didn't say anything to me ...

SECONDA – Doc, a little limoncello?

ALFREDO – Well, why not ...

Silence

ALFREDO – What was that saying? ... when everyone falls silent at table ... an angel has passed over ... I don't remember if that's exactly how it was ... but I like to think so ... he he

PRIMO – You're right, Alfrè ... even if that's not exactly right ... who cares ... it's passed over, that's the main thing ...

CORINNA – Seconda ... please give me a drop of limoncello too, but only a drop, mind ...

SECONDA – With pleasure, Miss ...

ANTONIO – ... I knew an Ivàn! That's right! He was a kid who used to come to the race course a few years ago ... in my opinion ... to tell the truth ... I thought he was a bit of a poufter, tell the truth ... still, he wasn't a bad sort ... he was good looking alright ... things ended badly for him ... eh ... he had a really bad fall ... the horse got mad ... obviously he realised he was queer! He he ... he threw him off ... you see, horses can't stand queers! He he ... Still I was sorry all the same! I'll never forget his Mum's face ... Yep ... it was a bad fall alright ... you know he was stinking rich, that kid ... Well there you are, every so often a misfortune has to happen to them too ... I reckon ... he was

supposed to be having an affair with another jockey, also a poufter ... but I could never work out who that was ... I mean ... you'd think you'd realise, wouldn't you? ... if you take a shower every day with a homo ... sooner or later ... he won't be able to resist ... he'll invent something ... he'll make a pass at you ... he he ... No, I think you'd realise, don't you? Secò! Do you remember Ivàn? What's up, Secò? What's going on? Secò!

(Secondo leaves)

ANTONIO – Well he really is in a bad way! He must be drunk ... but what did I say, I don't get it ... Cor, he really is in a bad way ... Alright, excuse me ... I'm off ... Well, I think the evening's over, isn't it? ... Jesus, he's in a bad way ... Thanks for everything, Mrs Piscopo ... Primm, I'm off ... the fish was great ... I've had a great time! ... say goodbye to your brother for me ... he really is in a bad way ...

PRIMO – Antò.

ANTONIO – What's up?

PRIMO – If you say my brother's in a bad way one more time, so help me God, I'll take that shit face of yours, I'll stuff it down the bog and I'll send you back to where you belong, with all the other turds like you!

ANTONIO – Hey, Primo, have you gone off your head? Is something wrong? It's better if I get out of here ...

MAMMA – Be quiet, Primm' ...

PRIMO – No, no, you're not going anywhere ... you're going to say sorry ...

ANTONIO – And what'll you do if I don't?

PRIMO – What'll I do if you don't?

ANTONIO – Yep. What'll you do?

PRIMO – I'll kill you! Say sorry, you shit face!

SECONDA – Leave him alone, Primm!

MAMMA – Leave him alone! For the love of God! Do something, Doctor!

PRIMO – Say sorry!

ALFREDO – Let go of him, Primo!

PRIMO – After he's said sorry!

ANTONIO – But sorry for what?

PRIMO – Hey shitface! Sorry for what? Sorry for what? Shitface! Bogface! Arsehole! Motherfucker! It was Secondo who was going out with Ivàn! Now do you understand who the poufter jockey was? Is it clear or isn't it? Secondo is queer! I'm queer! At home here everyone's queer! Everyone, got it? From first to last! One big happy family, all inside out, that's right, isn't it Mum? One extraordinary freak of nature. That's the way it is, isn't it Alfrè? What have you got to do with it? What's that cesspit of a husband of yours got to do with it? So now do you understand why you have to say sorry to my brother, and to me and also to my sister! Yes, yes, my sister too! Three out of three, Antò! A real masterpiece, only it's all up the spout! But you're not queer, are you? Even if you go and play the rent boy on millionaires' yachts ... No, you're not, right? ... You're perfectly normal, aren't you? "Very regular"! Is that how you say it, Miss? What's the word? "Straight"! Yes, "straight", that's it! There you are, Antò! In here ... nobody is "straight"!

SECONDA – Miss ... Miss ... What's wrong, Miss? ... Doc ... Miss Corinna is feeling ill, Doc, do something ... Miss! ... Corinnaaa! Corinna ... what's wrong? ... Corinna! Papà! Help! Help! Help! Papà! Help!

Everyone falls silent; Seconda, sobbing, sings ever so faintly:

"Ma cu' sti mmodi 'oi Brigida, tazz'e caffè parit', sott' tenit' 'o zucchero e 'ngopp amara site, ma 'i tant' cagg' ggirà, e tant' cagg' avutà, co 'ddoce sott'a tazza fin'e mmocca madd'arrivà"

[But with these airs, oh Brigida, you're just like a cup of coffee,
All the sugar down at the bottom, and on the surface you're so bitter,
But I'm going to stir you up so, and turn you round and round,
Till all that sweetness down inside reaches these lips of mine.]