

BLACK LACES - GREEN OLIVES

A play in two acts.

by

Kaj Himmelstrup

If you want to produce my play please contact my agency

www.dramatiker.dk

admin@dramatiker.dk

© Kaj Himmelstrup

-o-

Characters:

DENNIS WOOD, a solicitor, about 30 years

VICTOR WILSON, a solicitor in his fifties

HARRIET WOOD, Dennis' mother, she is a widow, in her fifties

JULIA, secretary to "Wood and Wilson"

LORENZO, an Italian

GORILLA, a latin looking young muscle bundle

SET

The solicitors' office. A sofa, two armchairs, a small table, bookcases with gold-printed books, glass-fronted cabinet with glasses and bottles, the secretary's desk with modern office equipment, two grave paintings on the wall (portraits of Harriet's late husband and his father who founded the firm in the good old days), and a wardrobe cabinet.

Everything, except the office equipment, smells of the times when honesty and decent behaviour (in business as well as in private matters) were still at hand.

Four doors. One is the main entrance, one opens to Victor's office, one to Dennis' office, the last door leads to the kitchen, the toilet and the files.

ACT ONE

Julia is at the computer. The dictaphone is on. She is listening to Victor's voice.

'VICTOR': 'So we hereby apply for a mortgage loan of 69.000 pounds.' ... *Julia turns off the dictaphone, repeats and writes and turns it on again.* ... 'For which we can offer a first mortgage on the above mentined Italian estate, comma' ... *Julia turns off, repeats and writes and turns on again.* ... 'our latest investment, comma' ...

JULIA: What? *She turns off.* ... Investment? Must be a mistake. We never invest. ... *She rewinds the tape and turns on.* ...

'VICTOR': 'Our latest investment, comma' ... *She turns off, shrugs her shoulders, repeats, writes and turns on again.* ... 'Including a manor house, comma, 85 hectares

of olive plantation, comma' ... *She turns off, repeats and writes. Dennis enters from his office.*

DENNIS: Poor little thing, how busy you are. Do you need a little massage? ... *He starts giving her neck and her shoulders massage. The telephone rings.*

JULIA: Wood and Wilson, good morning ... Beg your pardon? ... Yes, Mr Wilson is a solicitor ... Sorry, I don't quite understand. ... No, I'm sorry, Mr Wilson hasn't come yet. ... Do you want an appointment? ... Beg your pardon? ... Can I take a message? ... I see ... You want to ... Hello? ... Sir? ... *She looks at the receiver, shakes her head and hangs up.*

DENNIS: Who was it?

JULIA: I don't know. Some stupid snail eater from the continent. "Isn't Mr Wilson at home, I have telephoniert already duo times".

DENNIS: Victor is at a meeting.

JULIA: I know.

DENNIS: Lucky dog.

JULIA: Victor?

DENNIS: No, you. He won't be back until two o'clock. ... *His hands are on their way to her breasts.* ... We are all alone, Julia.

JULIA: No, we are not. Victor is with us. ... *She turns on the dictaphone.*

'VICTOR': 'All modern facilities, wiring, water, ...'

DENNIS: No he isn't. ... *He turns it off.*

JULIA: Yes, he is. ... *She turns it on .*

'VICTOR': 'Toilet with drain directly to the Mediterranean ... *Dennis turns it off.*

JULIA: I promised to finish it before lunch.

DENNIS: First you'll have to pat the lapdog.

JULIA: Today it's the lapdog?

DENNIS: Yes, it's very naughty today.

JULIA: Wouldn't you rather play the nurse and the patient?

DENNIS: No. ... *He walks on all fours and yelps. He opens a drawer in her desk and takes out a black corset. He puts it in his mouth.*

JULIA: What about Victor's letter? ... *He lifts his hind leg.* ... He'll not be happy if it isn't finished. ... *He lifts the leg again.* ... Okay, you're the boss. ... *She holds up the corset and moves in a way worth looking at. Hums a tune. Dennis wags his tail. The telephone rings.*

JULIA: Wood and Wilson, good morning. ... Hi, Sheila. ... *she covers the receiver with her hand, to Dennis:* ... It's my sister. Just a moment. ... *She listens. To Sheila:* ... Oh no, how could he ... *Hand on receiver, to Dennis:* ... Her boyfriend has walked out on her. ... *To Sheila:* ... Your heart is broken ... Yes of course ... He said he needed a pause? ... Oh that's the old song. ... Your own fault? How come? ... Dear me, how could you ask such a silly question? You should never talk to a man about his getting bald. Never! ... That's a nice kettle of fish. ... *Dennis is still on all fours. He's fiddling with her skirt.* ... For Gods sake, Sheila, stop crying. You can get him back, if you really want to. ... Just remember what men are looking for. ... *Dennis pulls down her zip fastener.* ... Don't cry, do something. ... *She pulls up the zip fastener.* ... You'll have to zip him up. First thing, buy him a present. ... *Dennis pulls down.* ... Sorry, Sheila, I can't go with you. ... *She pulls up. He bites her leg.* ... Ouch! ... *To Dennis:* ... If you don't behave yourself I'll whip you. ... *To Sheila:* ... No, it's a dog. My boss has brought his dog along. ... Funny thing to do, eh? ... Yes, a present. ... Good taste? Heaven no, George knows nothing about good taste. If only it's expensive. ... *Dennis' tie is caught in the zip fastener.* ... No, I can't go shopping, I'm stuck here. Listen, second thing: Ask him out to dinner. ... Nonsense, George would never say no to red meat and champagne ... Coffee afterwards at your place, lots of brandy and black knickers. ... *Dennis yelps.* ... No, I'm stuck here, good luck. ... *She hangs up, they try to get the tie off the zip fastener. They can't. She steps out of the skirt.*

DENNIS: Julia, you're God's Christmas gift to this office. *He yelps.*

JULIA: I'll go out and prepare for the unpacking. ... *she goes to the kitchen with the corset, the skirt and the tie. She leaves the drawer open. He goes into his office, yelping. Harriet enters through the main entrance. She is surprised that nobody is in the office. She goes to Victor's door, knocks and opens it ajar.*

HARRIET *amorous:* Victor? - Helloooooo? - Helloooooo?

DENNIS *from his office, in a similar tone:* Helloooooo.

HARRIET: I've come to see you.

DENNIS: I'm coming. ... *He comes out from his office, he isn't wearing his jacket and he is undoing his shirt.* ... Mum!?!

HARRIET: Dennis! ... Good grief! If one isn't born with it one has to learn it.

DENNIS: Learn what?

HARRIET: Style, manners, breeding. Those were the hallmarks of this office from the day when your grandfather founded this firm. That's what you ought to have. Style. Look at your father, my boy. He never took off his jacket, not even with me. No style, no clients of class. ... *The kitchen door opens. Julia is seen, dressed in the black corset. Harriet doesn't notice her.* ... You have to face the naked facts, Dennis.

DENNIS: Yes, Mum.

HARRIET: No jacket, no tie, no clients. ... *Julia disappears.* ... Where's the tart?

DENNIS: Mum!

HARRIET: Is she working? No. Why not?

DENNIS: Julia is a nice girl.

HARRIET: I'll tell you. She's in the kitchen, drinking tea. ... *She goes towards the kitchen. Dennis stops her.* ... A nice girl. I'm sick of you. You lack everything, dignity, manners, elegance. Somebody ought to keep a tight rein on you. ... *She notices the open drawer. Looks at Dennis, astonished. She takes out a dog collar and a lead.* ... What is this?

DENNIS: Er ...

HARRIET: And why is it in her drawer?

DENNIS: Well ... er ... it's probably for her dog.

HARRIET: Has she got a dog?

DENNIS: Yes.

HARRIET: In this office? ... *She takes out a riding whip from the drawer.* ... She is riding too. ... The high horse I suppose. ... *The telephone rings.* ... She's engaged to answer the phone, isn't she?

DENNIS: I'll answe..

HARRIET: No you won't. You'll do nothing until you're properly dressed. ... *The telephone rings again. She puts the dog collar and the whip on the sofa table and answers the phone.* ... Wood and Wilson, respectable solicitors since 1899, good morning ... Just a moment, please ... *She covers the receiver.* ... It's somebody from the Board of Trade. Chief of office, he said? ... *He reaches out for the receiver, she holds it away from him.* ... What does he want?

DENNIS: Mum!

HARRIET: Tell me.

DENNIS: I don't know until he has told me, do I? ... *He gets the receiver.* ... Dennis speaking ... I see. ... Very well. What about the Foreign Office? ... They accepted? Unbelievable. ... What did the common market officer say? The man in Brussels? ... Fine. ... Bank of England, what did they say? ... They just nodded and said yes to everything? ... Great. Things are beginning to hum. You've given victor the papers ... Okay, I'll keep in touch. ... No, we'll not forget your percentage. ... Bye, bye.

HARRIET: So things are beginning to hum?

DENNIS: Well ...

HARRIET: What kind of things?

DENNIS: Don't bother, it's just a small case.

HARRIET: Small? The Foreign Office, Bank of England, EEC? Is that what you call a small case?

DENNIS: Yes ... in a way.

HARRIET: Not to mention the Board of Trade?

DENNIS: Well ...

HARRIET: Your father had no business relations with the Board of Trade. Never! Neither had your grandfather. You're not telling me that we're entering politics? Are you?

DENNIS: Certainly not.

HARRIET: I hope you're telling the truth. This firm has always kept to honest work.

DENNIS: I know, I know. We still do.

HARRIET: Don't bring disgrace on your fathers lifework. Look at him. A decent man, honest in all matters.

DENNIS: Yes, Mum. No honesty, no business.

HARRIET: No tie ... ?

DENNIS: No clients.

HARRIET: Tell me about it.

DENNIS: About what?

HARRIET: The case, of course.

DENNIS: Mum, you shouldn't care about all those small details, you ...

HARRIET: Dennis! If I were you I wouldn't call the Foreign Affairs a detail. Please explain why you are keeping me out.

DENNIS: Nobody's keeping you out.

HARRIET: I have an interest in the firm, you know. I have a right to know what's going on.

DENNIS: Yes, of course.

HARRIET: Well, speak out.

DENNIS: Okay, Mum, if the truth must be told ...

HARRIET: Of course I want to know the truth, what else?

DENNIS: You shall have it, Mum. The truth, the naked truth is that the clients of class which you're always talking about, all the decent people who frequented this office when my beloved father was still alive, they don't exist any more. They have died out.

HARRIET: Nonsense. We've got lots of clients.

DENNIS: But what do they come for? Tax problems, rate evasions, divorces, that's all. And since you've strictly forbidden us to take on cases of tax and rate avoidance there's nothing left but the divorces.

HARRIET: And so what?

DENNIS: There's no money in divorces.

HARRIET: No money? ... Does that mean that -

DENNIS: Exactly. We're in danger of falling behind, Mum. We'll go downhill if we don't strike out a new path for the firm.

HARRIET: A new path?

DENNIS: Yes.

HARRIET: I'm afraid I don't understand.

DENNIS: Well, it's a matter of creative thinking.

HARRIET: I see. Could you possibly put it more clearly?

DENNIS: We must set about doing something.

HARRIET: I said more clearly, Dennis. ... Please.

DENNIS: Surplus and profit, that's where the future is. We have to cross the borders, provide foreign exchange, jobs, export, favourable trade balance, set the wheels of industry turning.

HARRIET: You're talking like the prime minister.

DENNIS: If it's good for the prime minister, it'll be good for Wood and Wilson as well. And for you, Mum.

HARRIET: We've never crossed any borders, let alone turning the wheels. We've always made a good, honest and respectable living by Dad's and Victor's legal expertise. I can't see the sense in changing that.

JULIA: ... enters from the kitchen, properly dressed, but the tie is still stuck in the zip fastener and is hanging like a tail. She is carrying a tray with coffee, cream and sugar. ... Good morning, Mrs. Wood. ... Harriet gives her a cool nod. Julia takes out cups from the cabinet and puts on the table, all the time trying to keep the tie out of Harriet's view.

HARRIET: No cookies?

JULIA: Sorry, Mrs. Wood. ... She goes to the kitchen.

DENNIS: Mum, be nice to Julia, please, a secretary like her isn't found every day.

HARRIET: Nonsense, she forgot the cookies. Those turning wheels?

DENNIS: Listen, Mum, ...

HARRIET: It sounds ugly. Creative balance! It smells of stockjobbing, swindle, blood on your fingers. I don't like the idea.

DENNIS: I have noticed that, Mum.

MUM: What are you going to do about it?

DENNIS: Nothing. It wasn't mine.

HARRIET: The idea, it wasn't yours?

DENNIS: No. ... Talk to Victor about it.

HARRIET: Why? It can't be Victor's idea.

DENNIS: Yes, Mum. Dad's old friend and long time partner.

HARRIET: Why didn't you tell?

DENNIS: You didn't ask. But that's okay. I'll tell Victor that you don't like his idea ... which implies, that you no longer trust him.

HARRIET: No you won't.

DENNIS: I'm sure it'll make him very sad, thinking of all the years of flawless collaboration with fath... -

HARRIET: You'll say nothing.

DENNIS: I'm afraid...

HARRIET: Shut up! I thought you'd made it up yourself. ... No more talk about it!

JULIA ... *enters from the kitchen with cookies on a plate*: These are your favourites, Mrs. Wood, aren't they?

HARRIET ... *doesn't answer*: Dennis! Your tie!

DENNIS: No tie, no style.

HARRIET: Go and get dressed.

DENNIS: Yes, Mum. ... *He goes into his office*.

HARRIET: Do you take riding lessons?

JULIA: Riding lessons?

HARRIET ... *pointing at the whip*: It's yours, isn't it? ... I can't imagine that it belongs to this office?

JULIA: No.

HARRIET: So it's for riding lessons?

JULIA: Sort of, yes.

HARRIET: If that's the case your salary is too high.

JULIA: Well, the truth is it's a gift. ... For you.

HARRIET: For me?

JULIA: Denn... ... Mr. Wood has bought it. For your birthday. You are very fond of riding, aren't you?

HARRIET: Oh yes. I ride once a week. I could use a new one. It's a very peculiar feeling. Sitting astride on a moving stallion, reins in hand and the hot-blooded animal swaying along beneath you. Delicious.

JULIA: Can be, yes, sometimes.

Dennis comes back from his office, wearing his jacket and hiding a pair of scissors. No tie.

HARRIET: I seldom make use of the whip. Do you?

JULIA: Sometimes the beast asks for it.

HARRIET: That's true, especially if it's an old one, In that case a good go of whipping may help to exite them. ... A quick ride in the morning, Dennis, that'll make your blood boil. ... Where's your tie? ... *Victor enters from the main entrance. Harriet forgets about the tie* Oh, sweet Victor, how are you?

VICTOR ... *is carrying a cardboard box and some folders and dossiers. During the following lines Dennis cuts off his tie from Julia's skirt.* ... I'm so sorry, Harriet, I've got ten good reasons for being late, but there's no excuse whatsoever for keeping a perfect lady waiting.

HARRIET: Forget it, Victor.

VICTOR: Just a moment. We promised that we'd have an advance ready for you.

DENNIS: An advance?

VICTOR: I'll fix it up immediately. How much do you want? 500? 600?

DENNIS: Once again? So soon?

VICTOR: I'll write a checque. 800? Will that do?

HARRIET: Victor, you are munificent. A most extraordinary man. Let me help you out of your coat.

VICTOR: ... *hands the folders and dossiers to Dennis : ...* The papers from the Board of Trade. Hallelujah. ... *He hands the cardboard box to Julia.* ... Put this parcel into the safe, please.

JULIA: The safe?

DENNIS: What have we got to put into a safe?

VICTOR: It's the vet's. He asked us to keep it while he's in London. ... *To Harriet:* ... He lives next door. He's off for a conference and he was afraid of leaving it in his surgery.

JULIA: ... *has opened the box and taken out a smaller box. She reads the label:* ... Disposable hypodermic syringes.

VICTOR: Syrettes, yes. He was afraid that some junkie might break into his office.

JULIA: ... *has taken a small brown bottle out:* ... Scull and crossbones!

HARRIET: It's poison, then.

JULIA: ... *reads the label:* ... It talks about destruction of smaller domestic animals.

HARRIET: Put it back!

VICTOR: Yes, we'd better be careful. Away to the safe. Where's the cheque book?

Julia points at her desk and carries the box into Victor's office. Victor writes a cheque.

HARRIET: Are you sure we can afford it?

VICTOR: Harriet, life isn't worth living if one can't draw a little chickenfeed once a while when the sun is shining.

DENNIS: Chickenfeed?

HARRIET: Oh Victor, you put it so nicely, like Shakespeare. Look at him, Dennis, he's the soul of style. He might teach you a lot if you were able to learn.

VICTOR: ... *pointing to the cheque:* ...It's from both of us.

HARRIET: Nevertheless, you're cute. ... *She waves the cheque:* ... The annual trip to Rome. Il viaggio per Roma. Grazie, grazie. Won't you sit down and relax? You shouldn't overwork yourself. Have a cup of coffee? We've got cookies?

VICTOR: Not for me, thank you, we're too busy for coffee breaks.

JULIA: ... *returns, the telephone rings.* ... Wood and Wilson, good mor ... Yes, Mr. Wilson has just arrived. ... *Victor shakes his head.* ... Unfortunately ... *She covers the receiver, to Dennis:* ... It's him again.

DENNIS: The snail eater?

VICTOR: ... *takes the receiver* ... Wilson speaking ... Yes, I'm a solicitor. ... *To Julia, covering the receiver:* ... Who the hell is he? ... *On the phone:* ... Yes, I'm in the office now, otherwise I couldn't answer the phone, could I? ... Hello? ... Hello? ... *He hangs up.* ... Somebody from the loony bin. Forget him. Well, Harriet, we might have had a pleasant time together, but I'm afraid we're too busy. Sorry.

HARRIET: I won't disturb you. Arrivederci, signore. ...*She leaves by the main entrance.*

JULIA: Coffee?

VICTOR: Yes, please. ... *She pours.*

DENNIS: You must be crazy, 800 bob? ... *Julia takes the cookies.*

VICTOR: Not the cookies. I've got something for you too. A new tape. ...*He hands it to her.* ... My favourite song.

JULIA: Elvis Presley, Love me tender.

VICTOR: I will, I will.

JULIA: Thank you.

VICTOR: How can a man turn a deaf ear to a desperate womans cravings? ... *She puts the tape on her desk and goes to the kitchen with the tray and Harriets cup.*

DENNIS: 800! Are you out of your mind?

VICTOR: No, it's quite simple. We cram your mother and she'll let us work in peace. ... We don't want her to ask questions, do we?

DENNIS: Of course not. But 800 bob? I could recommend a much cheaper solution.

VICTOR: You could?

DENNIS: She's tired of being a widow.

VICTOR: You want me ... No, not for me thank you.

DENNIS: She is all set.

VICTOR: I'm not tempted.

DENNIS: Not at all?

VICTOR: My life as a bachelor is well organized. As long as Julia, well, you know. I can't see the sense in changing into something less .. sorry, it's your mother, I shouldn't ...

DENNIS: It's okay. I admit she is awful.

VICTOR: I didn't say she's awful, in a way I like her. She's an excellent cook with a carefully selected wine cellar -

DENNIS: But?

VICTOR: Well, speaking as a gentleman I'll have to say that her erotic radiation reminds me of boiled celery root. ... *He picks up the dog collar and swings it in front of Dennis.* ... As far as I know none of us suffer privation. Why look for it. ... *Dennis puts the collar into the drawer. While he is bending, Victor pats him on the behind*

with the whip. ... Bow-wow sweet lapdog. We'll say no more about the old lady, okay? ... Let's get to business. ... Dennis puts the whip into the drawer. Victor puts the papers on the table. During the next scene he picks them up one by one. ... First of all the deeds of our new acquisition, the old, decaying and dilapidated olive grove in Sicily.

DENNIS: Including the old shed called the manor house.

VICTOR: And five miserable push hoes.

DENNIS: Which we are providing capital for with a non-interest loan from our beloved EEC Credit Council.

VICTOR: God bless them. ... *He rests the paper against the back of the sofa. They look at it as if it were a beautiful painting. He picks up another paper. ... This one is from the EEC in Brussels. Subdepartment of some kind. "concerning the development of certain southern regions of Italy" - babababa ... They will give us a subsidy, 28.000 pounds so that we can grow "green olives, class A". ... He kisses the paper and places it next to the first. ... Ready money for Wood and Wilson's empty safe. ... He picks up a new paper. During this sequence they behave like art experts hanging paintings. The papers are rested against chairs, desk, cupboard etc. ... The Unemployment Committee of the Common Market comes up with a positive answer. They'll give us seven pounds forty.*

DENNIS: You're joking. Seven pounds forty?

VICTOR: Per man, per hour, plus 2.000 pounds for administrative expenses and 942 pounds and 79 pence for stamps. ... *Dennis claps his hands. Next paper. ... Permission to our improvement project. Subsidized by the sub-committee on agricultural conditions, babababa, 56.000 pounds ... plus 90% of the planning costs. ... Next paper. ... We'll also get a grant, 23.000 pounds, "for gathering the crops in a more effective way" and ... next paper ... "Reinforcement of the irrigation system, 18.425 pounds. ... Next paper. ... Now the export bounty. Our friend in Strassbourg suggested that we export the whole caboodle from Italy to Spain. If we're lucky we'll get 40.000 pounds plus tax-relief.*

DENNIS: It's pure music.

VICTOR: ... *Next paper ... In Spain we'll meet the big orgasm.*

DENNIS: What?

VICTOR: O,R,G,A, S, M, it's short for Organisation of Andalusian Subsidizing ... I don't remember what the M stands for.

DENNIS: Marvellous?

VICTOR: Probably, At least they've given us 38.542 pounds. Unfortunately there's a severe overproduction of sweet oil. Don't worry, the Common Market will save us. ... *Next paper ... They'll pay 68.000 so that we can transform our sweet oil into pure alcohol.*

DENNIS: Cheers!

VICTOR: ... *Next paper* ... Subsequently we'll export our alcohol to France. That's another wise tip from our friend in Strassbourg. We'll get "a supplementary export subsidy of 45.000 plus 3 for sundries. Plus ... " ... four illegible signatures.

DENNIS: We'll buy him a halo.

VICTOR: Yes, he's been a good investment. There's one papere left!

DENNIS: Hallelujah, more money.

VICTOR: No. This is from the French Ministry of Health. "Whereas the French alcohol market has reached its saturation point" ... You can't say it's a surprise, can you? ... "We hereby declare that ... bla bla bla ... the alcohol has to be destructed.

DENNIS: What?

VICTOR: No problem. EEC will cover all expences "including tax, duty, VAT, transport, insurance and economic losses of any kind". That's another 50.000.

DENNIS. In other words: Our olives from Sicily will end up as a dumping ground problem in France.

VICTOR: That's what you think? That Wood and Wilson will inflict France with a severe pollution? Could we ever do that? With a clear conscience? Certainly not. Our sense of responsibility is too deep. There's a better solution. When the olives are fully grown we'll not pick them. They'll remain on the trees.

DENNIS: Won't they go mouldy and rotten?

VICTOR: And fall to the ground? Probably. ... The idea is: We dont need the pickers. ... *He picks up a paper.* ... We don't need the lorries. ... *He picks up a paper.* ... Or the packing ... *He picks up a paper.* ... Or the conntainers ... *He picks up a paper.* ... Or the irrigation. ... *He picks up a paper.* ... The harvest festival. ... *He goes on picking up a paper or two when he has said a word, he dances around agitated.* ... The distilling plant, the destructor, the manpower, the pesticides, you see my halo? The tractors, the etc. ... The only thing we have to keep going is?

DENNIS: The paper mill in Brussels?

VICTOR: So that the EEC with a clear conscience can mail the sweet money to Olive Grove, c/o Wood and Wilson.

DENNIS: We'll survive.

VICTOR: ... *puts the papers on the small table.* ... That's the point.

DENNIS: Unless -

VICTOR: Unless what?

DENNIS: Unless the bureaucrats in Brussels pay us a visit of inspection.

VICTOR: Here?

DENNIS: Or worse, in Sicily ... to have a look at the mouldy olives.

VICTOR: Take it easy. They never leave their desks. The only olives they ever look at are the olives in their dry martinis.

DENNIS: In other words: it's completely watertight?

VICTOR: Believe me, not even our own Julia will be able to disclose what really happens.

Lorenzo and his bodyguard Gorilla enter by the main entrance.

LORENZO: Buon giorno.

DENNIS: Beg your pardon?

LORENZO: ... *stretches out his hand* ... Signor Wilson? ... *Dennis shakes his head and points at Victor. Lorenzo takes Victor's hand.* ... Sono molto lieto du fare la sua conoscenza.

VICTOR: I'm afraid you've gone to the wrong house.

LORENZO: No, no, I want uno avvocato. Signor Wilson, avvocato famoso.

VICTOR: Thank you, Mr ??

LORENZO: Belporco, Lorenzo Belporco.

VICTOR: I'm afraid we can't help you, Mr. Belporco. We don't ...

LORENZO: Si, si, signor Wilson. The case is about my uncle.

VICTOR: Your uncle?

LORENZO: Si. Molto anziano.

VICTOR: Molto what?

LORENZO: ... *mimes that his uncle is very old.* ... My uncle, anziano.

VICTOR: Your uncle is old?

LORENZO: Si. ... *He mimes very, very old* ... Molto anziano.

VICTOR: Your uncle is very old?

LORENZO: Yes. He has una casa.

VICTOR: Una casa?

LORENZO: Si. ... *he indicates 'a house' with his hands.* ... Una casa.

VICTOR: A house?

LORENZO: Si, si. Not casa grande. Una casa piccola. ... *He indicates 'a big house' and a 'small house'.*

VICTOR: A small house?

LORENZO: Molto piccola.

VICTOR: A very small house?

LORENZO: Si. E molto anziana.

VICTOR: And very old? ... I see. Your uncle is the owner of a very small and very old house.

LORENZO: Bravo!

VICTOR: Mr. Belporco, would you mind telling me how I get into the picture?

LORENZO: My uncle has no picture, he is poor. Familia poor.

VICTOR: Poor?

LORENZO: But he has un cuore d'or. A heart of gold. So have you.

VICTOR: I'm afraid I have to tell you that solicitors don't work for nothing. they have to be paid.

LORENZO: Si, naturalmente.

VICTOR: We'd better stop the conversation then.

LORENZO: No, my uncle loves his casa.

VICTOR: I believe you, but ...

LORENZO: Somebody will take it. Terribile!

VICTOR: Take his house?

LORENZO: Si! Awfully! Triste! Terrificante! Tragico!

VICTOR: Sure, molto tragico. I'm sorry for your uncle, but ...

LORENZO: You're the one who'll prevent it.

VICTOR: I?

LORENZO: Si.

VICTOR: I don't know your uncle.

LORENZO. Not yet. ... *Pointing at the portrait of Harriet's father-in-law:* ... Is he your uncle?

VICTOR: No, it's the founder of the firm. He died many years ago. Mr. Belporco ...

LORENZO: Triste, molto triste. ... *He points at the other portrait:* ... And he? Dead?

VICTOR: Yes. Father and son. They both passed away quietly.

LORENZO: They were not murdered?

VICTOR: No. This is not Italy. British solicitors always pass away quietly.

LORENZO: Always? Miracoloso! Professione bellissimo.

VICTOR: Should we get back to the point, if you don't mind? ... *Lorenzo doesn't answer, he is standing in front of Julia's computer, studying the screen.* ... I'm afraid that this conversation leads nowhere.

LORENZO: Oh yes, it does.

VICTOR: Your uncle's case, Mr. Belporco ...

LORENZO: Si, si. ... *Pointing at the screen:* ... Molto interessante.

VICTOR: The case.

LORENZO: Si, signor Wilson.

VICTOR: For heavens sake!

LORENZO: ... *pointing at the screen:* ... Casa piccola. ... *Dennis and Victor suddenly understand, Lorenzo smiles and turns on the dictaphone.*

VICTOR'S voice: "including a hughly productive olive grove with green olives. Full stop, paragraph.

LORENZO: ... *turns off the dictaphone.* ... Highly productive?? You've got a fine sense of humour, mr. Wilson.

VICTOR: Your uncle?

LORENZO: Si?

VICTOR: Lives in Sicily?

DENNIS: In casa piccola?

LORENZO Si. New paragraph. His family very sorry him going to sell olive grove. Oliveto bellissimo. Tragico, tragico. ... *Julia enters from the kitchen. Lorenzo blows her a kiss.* ... Buongiorno, buongiorno. - Signor Wilson, is that your private gabinetto? Could you and I possibly have a little talk in there all alone?

VICTOR: Well ...

LORENZO: I can't see why it shouldn't be possible, can you?

VICTOR: No. ... *Dennis helps Lorenzo out of his coat and hangs it in the wardrobe. Gorilla sits down in the sofa. Lorenzo and Victor goes into Victor's office.*

JULIA: ... *to Gorilla:* ... May I get you a cup of coffee? ... *Gorilla doesn't answer.* ... No coffee? ... *Gorilla doesn't answer, he looks straight ahead.* ... Tea?

DENNIS: He's Italian. He doesn't speak English.

JULIA: ... *takes out cup and saucer from the cabinet and places them on the table in front of Gorilla. He doesn't react. She pours coffee into the cup. He doesn't react. ... Sugar? ... He shakes his head. She nods to Dennis: 'He understood' Cream? ... He doesn't react. She looks at him, bewildered, shrugs her shoulders and sits down at the computer. ... Excuse me, I'm busy. ... He doesn't react.*

DENNIS: No, you're not.

JULIA: What? Victor's homework.

DENNIS: There's no hurry.

JULIA: Victor said it's urgent. Has he changed his mind? ... *Dennis shrugs his shoulders. ...*

could I have a plain answer? Please? ... Dennis doesn't answer. ... It's not fair to be peeved with me. It wasn't my fault we were interrupted. ... Dennis shrugs his shoulders. ... You make me nervous. ... On purpose?

DENNIS: No. ... *He turns to Gorilla, points inquiringly at himself and at his office door. Gorilla nods. Dennis goes into his office. Julia looks at them, bewildered.*

JULIA: You don't speak English? ... *Gorilla shakes his head. ... Sprechen Sie Deutsch? ... Gorilla shakes his head. ... Parlez vous Francais? ... Gorilla shakes his head. ... What a pity. I'm sure we might have had an interesting little chat. It's not everyday routine to have a dashing Italian fellow sitting in the sofa. More coffee? ... She points at the coffee pot and looks inquiringly at him. He nods. She pours and goes back to her desk. He gets up, goes to the cabinet and takes out a cup and saucer which he puts in front of her. he behaves very chivalrous. he pours coffee in her cup and goes back to the sofa. ... You've got the sweetest buttock I've ever seen. I'd permit you to do to me whatever you want. ... He smiles. ... Oh man, if you just understood. ... He blows her a kiss. ... Don't you think that I'm an easy lay. ... She turns her head, trying to look offended. ... The truth is, my plum, that I'd like to eat you up in small bits. ... The telephone rings. ... Wood and Wilson. ... Hi, Sheila. ... The present for George, of course I remember. ... A pair of trousers? ... You didn't buy the trousers, you called him? ... What? ... You asked for his waist measurement? Sheila, how stupid! ... You should have bought a small size, the poor boy would sneak back and exchange. ... He refused your dinner invitation? Why? ... Slimming diet? ... Forget him, Sheila. You can have a wonderful life without George. ... Not without what? ... Oh that? Well, there's more to life than brass music, but the town is full of men. ... Good Lord, I've got one here, a dashing Italian. ... Yes, ready to hand. ... Ripe for picking. ... Yes, a very sweet bulge. ... I have to hang up. Go hunting, Sheila. with your ass you need not go home alone. ...She hangs up, Harriet enters through the main entrance.*

HARRIET: Here I am, directly from the travel agency. You'll never guess what I've bought.

JULIA: A journey.

HARRIET: You're not funny. Seven wonderful days in Rome. ... *To Gorilla:* ... Good morning. ... *He doesn't answer. ... Good morning, sir.*

JULIA: He doesn't speak English. He's Italian.

HARRIET: Oh, italiano! Buongiorno, buongiorno. ...*Gorilla nods*. ... Where is he from? Rome?

JULIA: I don't know.

HARRIET: Di dove è? ... *He doesn't answer*. ... Di Roma? ... *He doesn't answer*. ... Di Napoli? ... *He doesn't answer*. ... Di Venezia?

DENNIS: ...*enters from his office* ... He's from Sicily, Mom.

HARRIET: Sicily! Provincia bellissima. And now you're on holiday in Great Britain? E la prima volta che viene qui?

DENNIS: Mom, you'd better go home.

HARRIET: I beg your pardon? ... I've said it before, Dennis, you lack style. and I'm sorry to say that you haven't got a kind heart either. I came to show my gratitude and now I'm told that I'm not welcome. We're lucky that the Italian gentleman doesn't understand us. Scusi, signore, scusi. I'm glad Victor is in. He knows how to appreciate good old-fashioned gratitude. ... *She heads for Victor's door*.

DENNIS: Mum, don't. Victor can't see you. He's busy. ... It's important.

HARRIET: I'll be brief.

DENNIS: You can't.

HARRIET: Thank you. I dare say, my boy, there's no need to be coarse.

DENNI: Mum, please. The gentleman who called this morning is paying us a visit.

HARRIET: The silly snail eater?

DENNIS: Victor won't be disturbed.

HARRIET: ... *to Julia*: ... Is that true?

JULIA: Just a moment, Mrs. Wood. ... *She turns on the intercom*. ... Mrs. Wood is here to see you. May I send her in?

VICTOR'S voice: Please tell her it's very inconvenient at this moment.

HARRIET: Only a few words?

VICTOR'S voice: I'd be glad to talk to you, but I'm in the midst of an irresistible negotiation, if I may say so.

HARRIET: No hard feelings. I'll wait. Julia will serve me a cup of coffee. ... *She sits down in the sofa*. ... *Julia brings a cup and pours*. ... Hard work and style, that's what Victor stands for, Dennis. I hope you'll learn to live up to his standards. ... Irresistible negotiations. ... *To Dennis*: ... What's that?

DENNIS: Well, Mum, I don't think you'll ...

HARRIET: I have a claim to know, my boy. There's a snail eater in Victor's office. This morning we'd never heard of him and now we're negotiating. And once more you're keeping me out of it.

DENNIS: Mum, I don't know what they are talking about. Ask Victor.

HARRIET: The usual mess. You don't know what's going on in this office. That would never have happened when your father was still alive. Coffee, Julia. ... *Julia pours. Harriet offers Gorilla a cookie. ... Prego, signor. ... Gorilla shakes his head. ... No? ... He is right. Stale cookies to a fastidious Italian palate. Scusi, signor, scusi. Julia, will you please get us some real good cakes. We must see if we can't thaw him out.*

JULIA: Certainly, Mrs. Wood. Cakes of a kind that can thaw a shy man out. With all my heart, Mrs. Wood. ... *She leaves by the main door.*

HARRIET: ... *to Gorilla:* ... Sorry, I didn't introduce myself. Mi chiamo signora Wood. ...

E lei? Come si chiamo? ... *He doesn't answer.*

DENNIS: Leave him alone, Mum. Please.

HARRIET: Hold your tongue. This is a fine opportunity for me to practise my Italian. By the way ... I've come across a pronunciation problem in my phrase book. ... *She takes out her phrase book and shows it to Gorilla. ... Manuale di conversazione. ... She opens the book and reads aloud. She wants to know how 'bicchiere' is pronounced. ... Vorrei un 'bittiere d'acqua? ... Un 'bickiere' d'acqua?*

DENNIS: Mum!!

HARRIET: I have to know. If I'm at a restaurant I can't have a glass of whater if I'm not able to pronounce it. I don't drink wine the whole day like somebody else.

DENNIS: Can't you see he doesn't fell like entering a conversation?

HARRIET: Nonsense, he's just shy. ... *She smiles to gorilla. ... Bittiere d'acqua? ... Si? ... He doesn't answer and looks at his shoes. ... For an Italian he's exceptionally shy. What's he doing here?*

DENNIS: He's waiting.

HARRIET: For what?

DENNIS: He's together with the gentleman in Victor's office.

HARRIET: And what's he doing?

DENNIS: Mum, I've told you. I don't know.

Victor and Lorenzo come out from Victor's office. Victor introduces.

VICTOR: My partner Dennis Wood, his mother Mrs. Wood, signor Belporco.

LORENZO: Sono molto lieto du fare la sua conoscenza. ... *Like a man of the world he kisses Harriet's hand.*

HARRIET: Grazie.

LORENZO: Ah, parla l'italiano?

HARRIET: Un poco, un poco.

LORENZO: It's a pleasure to meet so many brilliant people. La signora parla l'italiano.

HARRIET: And you speak English?

LORENZO: Un poco, un poco.

HARRIET: Mr. Wilson has treated you well, I hope.

LORENZO: Sì, sì, signor Wilson very brainy. I'm satisfied.

HARRIET: ... *to Victor*: ... You've already solved the problem? Congratulations. ... *To Lorenzo*: ... Clients who feel contented are our best recommendation.

LORENZO: Our? ... Are you ... ?

HARRIET: Yes, I have a share in the business. What was it about?

LORENZO: Che?

HARRIET: Your case? ... La problema?

LORENZO: Ah, la problema, don't you know?

HARRIET: No.

LORENZO: You know nothing?

VICTOR: You see, we don't trouble Mrs Wood with small details.

LORENZO: Very considerate.

HARRIET: Problema grande o problema piccola?

VICTOR: Piccola, Harriet, piccola, don't worry.

LORENZO: Sì, piccola for signor Wilson, problma grande for ny uncle.

HARRIET: Your uncle? How come?

DENNIS: I don't think that Mr. Belporco wants to talk about it.

HARRIET: Don't cut in, Dennis, this house has always taken a pride in showing a real human interest in our clients.

DENNIS: But Mum, ...

HARRIET: Tell me about your uncle.

VICTOR: Harriet ...

HARRIET: I know, Victor you don't like to be praised, but you have to put up with it. Now Mr Belporco, we're all listening. Please tell us about your uncle's problema.

LORENZO: He has a small house.

VICTOR: Una casa piccola.

HARRIET: Victor? How charming! When have you started learning Italian? Oh, we must go to Rome some day, you and I. It'll be an enchanting experience. ... Scusi, your uncle. Casa piccola?

LORENZO: Mollto piccola. But he loves it. He's born in casa piccola. In the middel of an old, abandonned olive grove. Oliveto bellissimo.

HARRIET: In Sicily? Oliveto siciliano. Isn't that a beautiful story, Victor?

LORENZO: But suddenly somebody turn up trying to outsmart my dear, old uncle. They are after his casa. And his oliveto.

HARRIET: Mamma mia!

LORENZO: Criminale, molto criminale.

HARRIET: Poor uncle. Who could do a thing like that, Victor? These dreadful people, Mr. Belporco, what did they have in mind? What would they do with an old house and this oliveto romantico?

LORENZO: I'll tell you, signora Wood. They'd buy it for nothing and then they would go to the EEC, the common market, you know, and get moneta, lots of moneta, subvenzione, milione and milione.

HARRIET: Good Lord. ... *To Victor:* ... But you foiled their plan? Oh Victor.

VICTOR: I don't know if we can put it that way, but I'm sure Mr. Belporco is satisfied.

LORENZO: Si, si, molto bravo. Uomo intelligente, Mr. Wilson.

DENNIS: ... *to Lorenzo:* It's time to say goodbye now, isn't it?

HARRIET: Mind you own business, Dennis. Mr. Belporco has plenty of time. You could do with a cup of coffee, couldn't you? Un caffè, that's what you need after all those worries. ... *To Dennis:* ... Cups, please.

Lorenzo is seated in the sofa. Dennis brings cups from the cabinet. Harriet sits down next to Lorenzo. She pours coffee and lifts the cream jug.

HARRIET: Con latte?

LORENZO. Grazie no.

HARRIET: You'd rather have it nero?

LORENZO: I prefer nero, si.

JULIA: ... *enters with a paper bag from the baker's, she hurries to the cabinet and put the cakes on a silver tray. She turns to the table and looks at Lorenzo with surprise. ... Hello? ... He reacts by looking aside.*

HARRIET: Don't say hello, it's buongiorno.

JULIA: Buongiorno. ... *He doesn't answer. ... Don't you recognize me? ... He shakes his head.*

HARRIET: He's Italian, you fool. ... *She takes the silver tray from Julia and serves Lorenzo and Gorilla. ... Prego. Delle paste. ... The tray is passed on. All of them, except Julia, take a cake and start eating.*

LORENZO: Delicato, molto delicato.

HARRIET: Paste danese.

JULIA: Moroccan recipe.

DENNIS: Aren't they a bit too spicy?

HARRIET: Always critical. ... *To Lorenzo:* ... Altro caffè?

LORENZO: Grazie, signora. ... *She pours.*

Dennis has become aware of the EEC papers on the table. He tries to draw Victor's attention to them. Victor shrugs his shoulders. Dennis reaches out for the papers, but Lorenzo prevents him.

LORENZO: No, no.

HARRIET: They are yours?

LORENZO: Sì. Molto interessante. Idea bravo. Molto bravo. Signor Wilson é intelligente.

HARRIET: Are you listening, Victor? You are molto intelligente. ... Admit it, Victor, you are flattered. You'll stand a round of brandy.

VICTOR: Brandy? Did you say brandy? Well, I never.

HARRIET: I said brandy, dear Victor. We're celebrating a well performed task. Mr. Belporco, now I must know ... *pointing at the papers* ... Victor's idea, what is it all about? ... *Dennis chokes on his cake. ... Eat properly.*

DENNIS: They are spicy.

JULIA. Sure they are. Your mother ordered some that could thaw a man out. They are one grade hotter than last time we had that kind of cake.

DENNIS: That kind of .. God Almighty!

HARRIET: Dennis, watch your language. Look to Victor, he never swears. ... *Victor has taken 4 glasses from the cabinet and put them on the table. Lorenzo is studying the papers. ... I'm afraid you've forgotten one.*

VICTOR: You want a brandy too?

HARRIET: You're so cute.

VICTOR: I must say I'm surprised.

HARRIET: There's so much you don't know about me, Victor. ... *Victor puts a glass in front of her and pours. They have now eaten their cakes and it's obvious that they are under the influence of something. Harriet takes another cake and passes on the tray. ... Una torta ancora? ... Lorenzo takes a cake. Gorilla shakes his head. He looks like feeling sick. Dennis takes a cake. So does Victor. Gorilla whispers to Lorenzo.*

JULIA: ... *to Dennis:* ... Look, he can talk.

LORENZO: Sì. He's asking ... you know ... the toilet.

HARRIET: Ah, gabinetti per signore? ... *She points at the kitchen door. Gorilla runs out. ... Let us drink to health of Mr. Belporco. ... She lifts her glass. ... Everybody rise. ... Dennis doesn't. ... Dennis! Rise to your feet! ... Dennis rises. ... Salute, Salute!*

ALL: Salute!

HARRIET: What a miracle that uncle's casa didn't fall into the hands of those nasty people.

BELPORCO: You are a very beautiful woman, signora, Bella donna. I'd like to be on Christian name terms with you. Mi chiamo Lorenzo. ... *He puts his hand on her knee. ... What's your first name? ... She removes his hand and gives Victor an apologetic smile.*

HARRIET: Harriet, but I'd rather that you told me about Victor's idea.

BELPORCO: ... *puts his hand on her knee again.* ... I've got ideas too, good ones!

HARRIET: ... *removes his hand and points at the papers.* ... Idea bravo, please.

BELPORCO: Wood and Wilsons avventura siciliana? You want to hear about it? It's a very funny story. ... *He's going to put his hand on the knee again, but she puts the silver tray on her knee and automatically he takes another cake and start eating. ... Very well*

VICTOR: Mr. Belporco, you promised that you would never tell anybody..

BELPORCO: Signora bella donna is part of the firm, isn't she?

VICTOR: One has to keep one's promises.

LORENZO: I don't care two hoots.

VICTOR: My good man, ... *he rises too quickly.* ... Oh hell! My head! Blast! I'm .. oh ... it hurts like hell.

Lorenzo starts singing Italian opera. He lies on his knees in front of Harriet. She moves away. He follows after her, trying to embrace her.

HARRIET: Victor!! ... *Victor finds it difficult to stand. Harriet disengages herself and escapes to the kitchen. Lorenzo finishes his song with a great melodramatic tour de force and collapses over the back of the sofa.*

DENNIS: I wonder if he's dead?

VICTOR: I hope he is.

JULIA: Don't worry, he's alive. The problem is that you shouldn't have mixed that sort of cake with brandy.

VICTOR: That sort? Where did you buy them?

JULIA: At the usual corner. They are stronger than those we had for our Christmas party.

VICTOR: Go Almighty, how could you?

JULIA: Don't blame me. Harriet sent me. Something that might ginger up the young man.

VICTOR: They did.

DENNIS: Better than ginger cookies. ... *Victor offers a cake to Dennis.* ... I need no gingering up.

VICTOR: I do. ... *He picks up one.*

JULIA: What about him? He can't stay there, can he?

VICTOR: Why not?

JULIA: ... *tries to get Lorenzo upright.* ... Why don't you help?

VICTOR: Headache.

DENNIS: Me too.

Julia picks up the silver tray and beats it as if it were a gong. Victor and Dennis pull faces. Lorenzo wakes up.

LORENZO: Da dove venite?

JULIA: It's getting late.

VICTOR: Closing time.

DENNIS: Sicily is calling.

LORENZO: Sicily? ... *He giggles.* ... Casa piccola.

VICTOR: It's no laughing matter. Get out.

LORENZO: Si. Che gli é capitato?

VICTOR: What the hell is he babbling about?

LORENZO: ... *sings opera*: ... Where is my gorilla? My big and strong gorillalalalalalala, gorillalalalalalalalah

JULIA: Your gorilla?

LORENZO: ... *sings* ... Oh signorina, rina, rina rina, donzella bellissima, belissimamamama, belissisisisisisi *He embraces her, she tries to disengage herself, but she can't. He forces her to dance with him. His legs are wobbly. He sings a last sisisisilallala before they tumble down on the sofa. Lorenzo on top of Julia.*

JULIA: Get off!! Get off, man! ... Help me!

VICTOR: You shouldn't have played with his deep and noble feelings.

JULIA: He's squeezing me.

VICTOR: That's how Italians are. You should have kept away.

DENNIS: *drops the papers into the waste-paper basket*. ... That's what we have learned.

VICTOR. The lesson cost us dear.

DENNIS: What did he say to you? ... *Victor passes his hand over his throat*. ... Oomph!

I'd like to know anyway. ... *He points at Victor's office*. ... Tell me. ... *They go towards Victor's office*.

JULIA: Help me.

VICTOR: Take it easy, in his condition he'll do no harm.

JULIA: Get him away!

DENNIS: Salute, Mussolini. ... *He and Victor go into Victor's office. Julia tries to get free, but can't. Harriet enters*.

HARRIET: Good Lord! ... Do my eyes deceive me? ... No! No! ... I dare say ... Complete shameless ... in the midst of the office hours ... He's a foreigner! ... And you've only know him for half an hour!

JULIA: Help me, please.

HARRIET: I've never seen anything like that. It's disgusting, indecent, unbearable, un ... un ... it's filthy, dirty, ...

JULIA: Mrs. Wood, he's wearing his trousers.

HARRIET: Oh yes, he is, but what are you? Floosie. Hussy. ... I'm shocked. ... *Apologetic gesture to the portrait of her father*. ... Sorry Dad, sorry. ... But I'm not surprised. ... *She produces the black corset which she has been hiding behind her back*. ... This is yours isn't it?

JULIA: Could you please help me?

HARRIET: Out of the question. I'd never dream of touching you. ... So this is the full and horrryfyng truth about your overtime?

JULIA: No.

HARRIET: No?

JULIA: The rest is in the drawer.

HARRIET: In the drawer?

JULIA: At the bottom. To the right. ... *Harriet opens the drawer and takes out the whip.* ... That's his favourite dish.

HARRIET: Whose dish?

JULIA: Guess.

HARRIET: Dennis? ... Is that the full truth?

JULIA: Not exactly the full truth.

HARRIET: There's more? ... I dare say.

JULIA: Don't take it that hard, Mrs. Wood. No harm is done. That's the way men are.

HARRIET: I must say I'm shaken. My son exploits his secretary in the most disgusting way. ... *She looks at the portrait of her late husband* ... Well, you're not the first.

JULIA: I'd like to get out.

HARRIET: Of course. ... *She helps Julia to get out. Lorenzo stays on the sofa. Julia offers a cake to Harriet.* ... I'm not sure it'll do me good. ... It's horrible. My son!

JULIA: Calm down, Mrs. Wood, after all it's better for all of us that he's fixed up here instead of ... well, you know where ... *Harriet chokes on her cake.* ... I have a point there, haven't I?

HARRIET: I'm amazed, Miss Julia. Don't you feel exploited?

JULIA: Dear me, he is my employer.

HARRIET: Employer?

JULIA: That's the way our society is organized, Mrs. Wood. Somebody has to lie at the bottom, somebody on the top.

HARRIET: May I ask you a question?

JULIA: Certainly.

HARRIET: I'd like to know ... does he pay you?

JULIA: Bugger me! What the fuck do you think of me? I'm not immoral, Mrs. Wood.

HARRIET: I'm sorry.

JULIA: On the other hand ... it may protect me from being sacked, and since his wife ...

HARRIET: His wife?

JULIA: Forget it, please.

HARRIET: I have a right to know.

JULIA: I don't think so. ... No, I've said enough.

HARRIET: You force me to guess.

JULIA: Okay, she doesn't like that. (*The whip*).

HARRIET: Of course not. Do you? ... *Julia shrugs her shoulders.* ... How can you stand it?

It hurts. It must be terribly painful. I wonder how you can make it.

JULIA: How I can? You think it's I who get whipped? Mrs. Wood!

HARRIET: Are you telling me that ... ? ... My little boy, Dennis? ... I don't understand it.

JULIA. Neither do I. Cheer up, Mrs. Wood, I think he's a nice guy anyhow. After all,, what is it all about? We have to treat eachother decently and human, haven't we? And men like Victor and Dennis they have such strenuous jobs, they must have the right to get some relaxation of the tensions.

HARRIET: Victor?

JULIA: Did I say Victor?

HARRIET: Yes you did. Is that to say ...

JULIA: It was just a slip of the tongue.

HARRIET: It's no use denying.

JULIA: You're scandalized. But you can't be surprised, can you? More coffee?

HARRIET: Yes please. ... *Julia pours.* ... Can I have a cake?

JULIA: Haven't you got enough?

HARRIET: A cake will put new life into me. ... *She gets a cake.* ... Just one more question?

JULIA: Mrs. Wood, a secretary's first duty is to be discreet.

HARRIET: Does Victor also ... *she points at the whip.*

JULIA: I wouldn't even tell his mother.

HARRIET: He does.

JULIA: I think we'd better talk about something else.

HARRIET: One last question please? Do you ... er ... you know ... with both of them at the same time? ... *Dennis comes back from Victor's office.* ... Dennis!!! Need I say that I'm shocked? ... Don't look as if you don't know what I'm talking about. You can't conceal the truth. I know everything!

DENNIS: Everything?

JULIA: I'm afraid Mrs. Wood is right.

DENNIS: I see. Who told you?

HARRIET: Who do you think?

DENNIS: ... *looking at the sleeping Lorenzo:* ... I thought that ...

HARRIET: Jesus Christ! Shut up! I won't talk about it.

DENNIS: ... *to Julia:* ... Has he been awake?

JULIA: No.

DENNIS. But Mum, ...

HARRIET: I said shut up. I've got a splitting headache. Have you got a tablet?

DENNIS: But Mum, ...

HARRIET: Don't you understand? It's impossible to talk about it under these circumstances?

... While Julia is here? ...

DENNIS: I didn't thin of that.

HARRIET: You never think. I asked for a tablet. ... If I don't get that tablet now I won't answer for the consequences.

DENNIS: Just a moment, I've got plenty of tablets. ... *He runs into his office.*

HARRIET: Where's my cake? ... *Julia finds her cake and gives it to her. Dennis returns from his office with a glass of tablets. She puts the cake in her mouth, grabs the corset and stretches out her hand, gets a hand full of tablets and goes into the kitchen. Her eyes are sparkling.*

DENNIS: What the hell have yuo told her?

JULIA: The truth. All of it. I'm sorry, but I had to.

DENNIS: Stupid fucker, you don't know the truth.

JULIA: I don't??

DENNIS: No!

JULIA: Dear me. I thought I'd taken part in everything. Been in the centre of the events so to say.

DENNIS: That doesn't mean that you know everything. ... *She looks at him, astonished* ... Oh what a day! ... *He swallows a hand full of pills and washes them down with brandy. He puts the glass on the table and heads for his office.*

JULIA: Just a moment. You say that I don't know everything? ... Do you mean to say that you and Victor have something going on which I know nothing about?

DENNIS: Yes. ... *He goes into his office.*

JULIA: Well. Some people make a clean sweep of it. ... *The telephone rings.* ... Wood and Wilson. ... A model? ... A male model? ... You want to talk to one of your male models? ... Sorry, we haven't got a male model here, you've got a wrong number. ... No, we haven't hired a male model. For my part I like the idea, but why on earth should a solicitor hire a male model? Perhaps a female. ... What? ... An Italian came and picked him up? ... He told you that the model was needed here? ... *Gorilla enters from the kitchen.* ... Just a moment. What did he look like? ... Gosh! ... I'm afraid you're right. I'm sorry to say that he is not able to come to the phone at the moment. I'll ask him to call you as soon as possible. ... You're welcome, Goodbye. ... *She puts down the receiver.* ... Buongiorno. ... *He answers with a faint smile.* ... More coffee? ... *He nods with another faint smile. Obviously he isn't feeling quite well. She pours.* ... Prego.

GORILLA: Grazie.

JULIA: ... *offers him a cake.* ... Prego. ... *He looks at it with horror in his eyes. He looks like he's going to throw up. He runs out through the kitchen door. Lorenzo wakes up.*

LORENZO: Mal di capo.

JULIA: Beg your pardon?

LORENZO: Terrificante.

JULIA: You and I have met several times, don't you remember?

LORENZO: Che cosa?

JULIA: Look at me. You and I ... *Lorenzo falls asleep. Harriet enters from the kitchen door. She's dressed in the black corset and nothing else. She goes up to Victor's door.*

HARRIET: Victor? Victor? I've got a surprise for you. Sorpresa bellissima.

LORENZO: ... *half asleep:* ... Sorpresa bellissima?

Harriet goes into Victor's office. Julia shakes her head and sits down at her desk. Dennis comes out from his office.

DENNIS: How is my mother?

JULIA: Don't tell me that you care for your mother. But I can assure you, she has recovered.

DENNIS: Fine. ... *He goes towards the kitchen door.*

JULIA: She isn't in the kitchen.

DENNIS: I don't care where my mother is. I'm going to the toilet. I intend to hold your dear little friend in my hand. If you want to know.

JULIA: The toilet is engaged.

LORENZO: ... *half asleep*: ... Occupata, toletta occupata.

DENNIS: I see.

LORENZO: Problema grande?

DENNIS: Molto grande. ... *Lorenzo hiccups and falls asleep again.* ... I wonder how we get rid of him.

JULIA: I can tell you something about him.

DENNIS: No. He has ruined all our arrangements. Bugged up everything. Oh my head.

JULIA: But ...

DENNIS: One more word ... I'll kill you! ... *He grabs the brandy bottle and goes into his office. The telephone rings.*

LORENZO: ... *half asleep*: ... No, toletta è occupata.

JULIA: Wood and Wilson. ... Hi, Sheila. ... You took him to a restaurant, that's why I can hear music? ... What I would suggest? ... He wants to discuss the economic situation in Britain? Good grief! ... Well, as soon as you get back from the powder room, tell him that he's right in everything. ... Yes everything, say 'I can see your point, George', 'very convincing' ... yes, things like that. ... Remember: coffee at your place. ... And don't forget candlelight and black laces. ... *Harriet comes from Victor's office. She's still dressed in the black corset. Julia doesn't see her, but Lorenzo wakes up.*

LORENZO: Mamma mia!

JULIA: ... *still on the phone*: ... Trust me, black laces are always effective. ... A little swinging of the hips yes. ... I assure you they stop thinking. Another part of the body takes over.

HARRIET: That's the plain truth. ... *Julia discovers her* ... Good luck, Sheila! ... *Julia hangs up. Harriet takes out the whip and the dog collar from the drawer.* ... May I borrow these?

LORENZO: Donna bellissima. ... *He falls asleep again.*

JULIA: Of course you may.

HARRIET: That's what I call sisterhood. Long live the sister solidarity.

JULIA: Mrs. Wood?

HARRIET: Sweet Julia, call me Harriet.

JULIA: It's half past four, Mrs. Harriet, I usually go home by this time. Do you think ...

HARRIET: Of course, of course, *problema piccola, molto piccola*, I'll take care of Victor. ... *She picks up the cassette tape from Julia's desk.* ... Is this yours?

JULIA: Yes.

HARRIET: I'd like to listen to him. ... *Julia puts the tape into the recorder.* ... I've always found him awful, but ... *giggles* ... I'm beginning to understand him. ... *The music starts, loud and sexy. Harriet swings her hips. She catches sight of her husband's portrait. She turns the painting round and goes into Victor's office. Lorenzo wakes up when she passes.*

LORENZO: Donna bellissima.

JULIA: ... *takes her coat from the wardrobe.* ... Arrivederci.

LORENZO: ... *almost lifeless:* ... Ciao. ... *He falls asleep. Julia goes out through the main entrance. End of act one.*

ACT TWO

Same set. Early next morning. Victor enters from his office. He is in his underwear. The dog collar is round his neck. He heads for the small table and gets hold of a glass. He looks around, but doesn't notice Lorenzo who is sleeping on the sofa.

VICTOR: Where's the brandy?

LORENZO: ... *wakes up.* ... Brandy? No, not brandy.

VICTOR: Are you still here? ... *Lorenzo moans.* ... Didn't we get through everything yesterday? ... *Lorenzo moans.* ... Sure we did. Why are you here, then?

LORENZO: Capo mio.

VICTOR: ... *tries to get him up.* ... Come on.

LORENZO: Capo mio.

VICTOR: That'll do. Come on. Stop that Italian comedy. There's no more to talk about.

LORENZO: Mal di capo, Mr. Wilson.

VICTOR: Get up! ... No. Get up. ... We made an agreement. I promised that we would never again cast our eyes on Sicily and never dream of olives. You promised that we would never see you again. It's time for departure, Mr. Belporco.

LORENZO: Signor Wilson, please ...

VICTOR: No. Enough is enough, you won't get any more.

LORENZO: ... *pointing at his temple*: ... Mal di capo, Mr. Wilson, mal di capo.

VICTOR: Fuck off! There's nothing wrong with my brain. You bastard.

HARRIET: ... *enters from the kitchen, fully dressed*. ... Victor? You're shouting?

VICTOR: I have my reasons, Harriet.

LORENZO: ... *pointing at his temple*: ... Mal di capo, signora.

VICTOR: I can do without your insolence. Clear out.

HARRIET: But Victor, mal di capo means headache. The poor man has got a headache. No wonder. Think of his uncle and those awful people. I'm so happy that you could help him.

LORENZO: My head, molto terrificante.

HARRIET: Don't worry, Florence Nightingale will take care of you. ... *She picks up the bottle of pills*. ... *Medicamento bravo*. ... *Due*. ... *He gets pills and a glass*.

VICTOR: Where's the brandy? ... You've hidden it.

LORENZO: No, Mr. Wilson, no. ... *He points at Dennis' door*.

VICTOR: ... *goes towards the door, but Harriet grabs the lead and stops him*. ... Yooomph!! ... What's the matter? Can't I have a brandy?

HARRIET: Darling, I don't deny you any pleasures whatsoever. Haven't you noticed? But I'll not allow you to enter Dennis' office until you're properly dressed.

LORENZO: ...*with a glass in his shaking hand*: ... Vorrei un bicchiere d'acqua?

HARRIET: Un bicchiere? Did you hear, Victor? It's pronounced 'bicchiere'? Thank you very much, signor Belporco. I'll fetch it for you.

VICTOR: I'm quite sure that Mr. Belporco can find his way to the kitchen without your help.
... Am I right?

LORENZO: Si, si, problema piccola. ... *He goes to the kitchen*.

HARRIET: Wasn't that a bit rude, Victor? It's not like you to be impolite.

VICTOR: Don't blame me. I had my reasons.

HARRIET: You had? ... You sound serious.

VICTOR: I am serious. I've got something to tell you.

HARRIET: Something to confess?

VICTOR: Well, in a way.

HARRIET: Is there someone else? More than Julia?

VICTOR: More than ... You know? ... No. I could never cope with that. It's about our Italian friend. He is not the one he pretends to be. He hasn't got an uncle. If he has it doesn't matter.

HARRIET: I don't quite understand.

VICTOR: The truth is that Dennis and I, and you too of course, were in the process of buying an olive grove on Sicily. A quite normal bargain. And legal. nothing you could put a finger on. Unfortunately the mafia found out and they didn't like it.

HARRIET: The mafia? My God!

VICTOR: If we didn't give up the bargain ... then ... *He passes his hand over the throat.*

HARRIET: So he is a member of the mafia? ... Thank God that nothing happened. ... Well, come to think of it ... what's the big idea of an olive grove on Sicily? You know I prefer Sussex.

VICTOR: You can't grow olives in Sussex.

HARRIET: Did you mean to grow olives?

VICTOR: It was in contemplation, yes.

HARRIET: How romantic, Victor. I didn't know that gardening was the very thing for you.

VICTOR: Good Lord no. Could you see me picking olives?

HARRIET: To be honest, no.

VICTOR: Neither can I.

HARRIET: Why did you buy it, then?

VICTOR: Well ... it doesn't matter now, does it?

HARRIET: I'd like to know anyhow.

VICTOR: It's a bit difficult to explain.

HARRIET: You mean that I'm too stupid to understand?

VICTOR: Oh no, darling.

HARRIET: You need not tell, Victor. I know. ... We were going to strike out a new path. Cross the borders and set the wheels of industry turning. That was our goal, wasn't it?

VICTOR: Well.

HARRIET: You need not blush, Victor, it was a very clever idea. Real creative thinking.

VICTOR: You think so?

HARRIET: Surplus, balance, profit, that's the future, am I right? ... We should set about doing something, if it's good to England it'll be good for Wood and Wilson.

VICTOR: Who told you?

HARRIET: Dennis did.

VICTOR: He didn't tell everything, did he?

HARRIET: No, he didn't explain how the turning wheel works.

VICTOR: He said nothing about the common market?

HARRIET: No, should he?

VICTOR: Oh no, he has told enough. It was a nice kettle of fish. Let's forget all about it.

HARRIET: Don't worry. You'll produce a new idea, honey. Uomo intelligente.

DENNIS: ... *enters from his office.* ... Mum!?!

VICTOR: Where's the brandy?

DENNIS: Brandy? At this time of the day? It's eight o'clock.

VICTOR: Really? Perhaps I'd better put on a tie.

DENNIS: Bright idea. Julia may show up any time.

VICTOR: Oh dear me. ... *He goes into his office.*

HARRIET: Julia has seen him without his tie.

DENNIS: No tie, no clients. No clothes, no ...

HARRIET: That's enough. We'll talk no more about that. There are more important items on the agenda. I want to know why I was kept out of you plans?

DENNIS: What plans?

HARRIET: Don't be silly. *Avventura siciliana.* ... Your Sicilian adventure. Stop looking innocent. You're not good at it. Victor told me the whole truth. He is a gentleman, unlike you.

DENNIS: The whole truth?

HARRIET: Yes. Thank God that nothing happened. Imagine the fatal fatal accident we might have had, bandits from the mafia and everything.

DENNIS: You were not angry?

HARRIET: Angry at what?

DENNIS: The grants from the EEC which we don't get?

HARRIET: Grants?

DENNIS: Development subsidies, export bounties, interest-free loans, tax reduction?

HARRIET: We didn't talk much about that.

DENNIS: That was why we kept you out, Mum. We thought you'd never accept the tricks we were going to play.

HARRIET: Your creative thinking?

DENNIS: Yes.

HARRIET: A future built on green olives?

DENNIS: Yes. Old, shrinking, mouldy olives.

HARRIET: Which neither Victor nor you and I would pick?

DENNIS: No. ...*Giggles*. ... Nobody would ever pick them. They' fall off by themselves and rot. There was only one purpose. To get as many EEC grants as possible. Victor is a genius. If it wasn't for the mafia ... who the hell could know that they were after us? ... The only consolation is that the bandits have gone.

HARRIET: They haven't gone. Godfather is eating pills in the kitchen and his body-guard has locked himself in in the toilet. ... I could do with a cup of coffee.

DENNIS: I don't think the coffee maker is on.

HARRIET: Then turn it on, my boy.

DENNIS: It's in the kitchen?

HARRIET: I need a cup of coffee now! ... *Dennis is on his way to the kitchen*. ... By the way, Julia told me that she had also seen you without a tie. I don't think that mother and son should exchange that kind of juicy details, but I may come back to it later.

DENNIS: Mum, did you say exchange? ... *He goes to the kitchen*.

VICTOR: ... *enters from his office*. ... Harriet! I hope you'll forgive me. For many years I've been totally blind. I haven't been able to see the wonderful woman you're hiding ...

HARRIET: Stop it, Victor. ... *He is going to embrace her, but she won't* ... Just a moment ...

VICTOR: I know, you've good reasons for being disappointed with me, but after this wonderful even...

HARRIET: Victor! I've got a bone to pick with you. There are things I don't like.

VICTOR: Just tell me, honey.

HARRIET: I don't like what you are doing behind my back.

VICTOR: You liked it yesterday?

HARRIET: Victor! There's something you conceal for me.

VICTOR: Okay, I know, Julia. But from now on, Harriet ...

HARRIET: Damn Julia, I'm talkin about your Italian adventures.

VICTOR: My what?

HARRIET: Don't be silly.

VICTOR: I even don't know any Italian woman.

HARRIET: I mean Sicily and all the little green olives rotting on the trees while you are sucking out grants from the EEC.

VICTOR: Oh that?

HARRIET: It's a fraud. It's sheer humbug. It's swindle.

VICTOR: You've got a brutal way to put it, Harriet.

HARRIET: This is my father's old, respectable firm. Always honest and decent. Don't you understand that I'm shaken?

VICTOR: I suppose it was Dennis who lifted a corner of the veil?

HARRIET: A corner? No. It was the whole truth that came to light, the whole stinking truth.

VICTOR: He told you everything?

HARRIET: Every disgusting detail.

VICTOR: Well, what can I say? ... I'm surprised to see that you don't break down. Everybody else would collapse if you told them they were done for.

HARRIET: Done for?

VICTOR: Going bankrupt isn't fun. We can't pay our bills and we owe money all round.

HARRIET: I don't know that much about accounts, but bills are paid from the income, aren't they?

VICTOR: Dennis told you everything. Didn't you understand? We have no income. Nothing at all.

HARRIET: It would never have happened when Frederick was alive. Or his father.

VICTOR: Times have changed. Good old Britain is wound up. You may just as well

face it. Half of the population is on the dole. The rest are moonlighting. The rich have gone abroad. So have the brainy. The only ones left are the idiots and they are cleaned out by the tax bandits.

HARRIET: But there are still many solicitors?

VICTOR: And what do you think they are doing? The truth is that there's not a single honest job left for a decent solicitor. Bad divorces and miserable pickpockets in the city court, that's all. And what are you paid? ...

HARRIET: Is that to say ... ?

VICTOR. Yes. Open your eyes and you'll see that they're all doing exactly what we have done. Except that we had no luck with the olives.

HARRIET: What will happen to us?

VICTOR: Well, let's take the details first. No more trips to Rome. You'll have to sell the car and go bussing together with the old-age pensioners.

HARRIET: Go bussing? ... What about the house?

VICTOR: It goes too. You'd better prepare for a visit to the assistance office.

DENNIS. ... *comes back from the kitchen carrying a tray with coffee pot etc. ...*
Coffee, Mum. Oh, Good morning, Victor. A glass of brandy?

HARRIET: Yes please. ... Make it large.

VICTOR: I'll get it. ... *He goes innto Dennis' office. Harriet is looking straight ahead. She is thinking.*

DENNIS: What's the matter? ... *She doesn't answer. ...* Aren't you well?

VICTOR: ... *from the office:* ... Where did you put it?

DENNIS: In the bookcase. Next to the book of bankruptcy. I'll help you. ... *He goes into his office.*

HARRIET: ... *takes down the portrait of her late husband. ...* I'm sorry Frederick. Your time is over. I have to move you to the attic. I can't stand your eyes. ... *She takes down the portrait of her father-in-law. ...* You'll have to keep him company. You may talk about the good old days when the world wasn't out of joint. Survival, that's what we are talking about now. ... *She goes into Victor's office.*

JULIA: ... *enters through the main entrance. ...* Gosh! What a mess! And all of them have run away from all of it. ... *She takes off her coat. ...* 'Don't you worry, our sweet little Julia will see to that tomorrow.' Typical. They've not even switched off the light before leaving. Blast it! ...*The telephone rings. ...* You may count on me if you start a revolution. Wood and Wilson. ... Hi Sheila. ... Who said revolution? I did. We put up with too much. ... The Union? Ha! They are only interested in preventing that your boss pats your bottom, but that's not what the revolution is about. Not really. But tell me, did you get him home safely? ... Congratulations. And after the coffee a big ride on the rainbow? ... He fell asleep? What a worm. ... He's still asleep? ... Sheila, save

your tears, usually it's full of life in the morning. That's the way men work. Just wait. Stay in bed, don't draw the curtains. ... *Gorilla comes in. She doesn't see him.* ... My Italian? ... No I didn't embark on him, he left. ... No, we didn't set the sea running high. Better luck next time. ... Does he move? Back to bed, Sheila. ... Yes, that's the spirit. ... *She hangs up and hangs her coat in the wardrobe.*

GORILLA: Buongiorno.

JULIA: Have you come back?

GORILLA: Si. Buongiorno.

JULIA: That'll do. You're not the least bit Italian. They called from the model office yesterday. What do you mean by playing us a dirty trick like that?

GORILLA: Do you remember what you said yesterday?

JULIA: I said nothing.

GORILLA: Nobody has ever talked to me like that.

JULIA: I didn't talk to you.

GORILLA: Coffee?

JULIA: Have you made coffee?

GORILLA: No, but I'd like to have a cup if you don't mind. I haven't got anything since last night.

JULIA: Have you been here since yesterday? ... Why?

GORILLA: I don't know.

JULIA: You don't know? We're going to pay you and you don't know what for? Neither do we?

GORILLA: You're not going to pay. The Italian hired me.

JULIA: Aren't you a model?

GORILLA: As a matter of fact I read law. But I have to earn some money. So I work as a model in my spare time. I'm writing a thesis on the Common Market legislation.

JULIA: You've got the brains of a solicitor, but you don't know why the Italian hired you?

GORILLA: Oh yes, he talked about a practical joke. I should just sit down and say nothing.

JULIA: What was he up to?

GORILLA: Pull their legs, he said. In a friendly way. But he didn't say how. The coffee's getting cold.

JULIA: ... *pointing at the sofa*: ... Prego.

GORILLA: Beg your pardon?

JULIA: You don't speak Italian, do you?

GORILLA: Not a single word.

JULIA: Sit down please. ... *She produces two cups*. ... I'm afraid we haven't got more cakes.

GORILLA: Thank you all the same. I'm allergic to those herbs. They were spicy, weren't they?

JULIA: Was it bad?

GORILLA: It has been worse. Once I had to have artificial respiration. Won't you sit down.

JULIA: Dare I?

GORILLA: I'm harmless. I assure you.

JULIA: Are you also allergic to women?

GORILLA: I'd rather not talk about it. Could we change subject, please?

JULIA: Take it easy. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm very tolerant.

GORILLA: Oh no, you've got it wrong. I'm not ...you know ..

JULIA: Gay?

GORILLA: Definitely not. I'm ...

JULIA: Allergic women, but not gay. Is there a third possibility which I've never heard of? Animals?

GORILLA: No!! You see, I just don't know if I'm allergic.

JULIA: To women? You're joking.

GORILLA: Oh God, why didn't I keep my big mouth shut?

JULIA: Why should you? You're talking as if there's nothing to do about it.

GORILLA: Is there? May I pick you up after office hours? You see, I'm very keen on finding out.

JULIA: So I should serve as a guinea pig? What do you think of me?

GORILLA: I think you feel sorry for me. In the first place.

JULIA: And secondly?

GORILLA. I'm thinking of all the sweet words you said yesterday. I'll never forget

them.

JULIA: I'm free at four thirty.

GORILLA: Hallelujah.

JULIA: When are you free?

GORILLA: I don't care, I'll walk out.

HARRIET: ... *enters. She's got the corset in her hand. To Gorilla, smiling and ignoring Julia: ... Benalzato, amico mio. ... To Julia: ... So you're waisting your time drinking coffee? Don't you think we need a little tidying-up? And this brothel outfit, it's yours, isn't it? ... To Gorilla: ... Piccante, che? Molto piccante. ... She hands the corset to the desoriented Julia and pats Gorilla on the cheek. ... Italiano piccolo. Still very shy? And very quiet? Nobody would think that you're a mafioso grande. Mafioso di Sicilia. ... Julia has put the corset into the drawer, she and Gorilla look at eachother. she holds a finger across her lips. ... I think you should clear the table, Miss Julia. ... Julia clears the table and goes to the kitchen. ... And now, amico mio. I've been contemplating. Venire, venire. ... He's somewhat confused. Nevertheless he follows her into Victor's office. Dennis and victor come out from Dennis' office with filled glasses and the bottle of brandy. Julia comes back from the kitchen.*

VICTOR: Two coffee, please. ... How is our Italian friend?

JULIA: He's lying on the kitchen floor.

VICTOR: I hope he's dead.

JULIA: I don't think so. He snores.

VICTOR: You never win the pools when you need it most.

JULIA: You won me. Your Christmas present.

VICTOR: Times are changing, Julia. Did you take down the paintings?

JULIA: No.

DENNIS: Neither did I.

VICTOR: Could it be your Mum?

DENNIS: It's very unlikely. The gorilla?

JULIA: He's gone. He said he'd walk out.

VICTOR: Must be your mother. Heaven knows why. Cheers.

JULIA: I could tell you something else about the Italian.

VICTOR: Later, Julia, later.

HARRIET: ... *enters from Victor's office, carrying the vet's cardboard box. ... I think it's time for breakfast, miss Julia. Will you please go to the baker's and get us some*

rolls and what else we need. Ordinary rolls.

JULIA: Yes, Mrs. Wood.

VICTOR: Can you lay out?

JULIA: No problem. ... *She takes her coat from the wardrobe and goes out.*

VICTOR: What a stroke of luck. ... If she hadn't been able to lay out we wouldn't have had any rolls. We're stone broke. What about a small brandy, Harriet?

HARRIET: No thanks.

VICTOR: A large one?

HARRIET: Not for me. You shouldn't drink either. Today it's important to keep one's head and face the difficulties.

VICTOR: If you can stand it. I admire you, Harriet, you're able to stick it out. You've already started the removal.

HARRIET: I'm not moving. They're going to the attic.

VICTOR: What?

HARRIET: The old-fashioned concepts belong to the attic. I've made up my mind. We'll join battle with them. ... *Dennis chokes on his brandy.*

VICTOR: Join battle? ... With the mafia?

HARRIET: I've made a plan.

DENNIS: Mum, it's the mafia! On Sicily!

HARRIET: I don't care.

DENNIS: They are experts on putting people out of the way.

HARRIET: Get me the papers. ... Thank you. ... *To Victor:* ... Our survival depends on these papers?

VICTOR: Unfortunately, yes.

HARRIET: Now listen. I want to survive. ... I don't give up my car and take the bus. ... *To Dennis:* ... Maybe you're fond of bussing. I wouldn't be surprised, you like being whipped. But I don't surrender. This is my plan. ... *Lorenzo enters from the kitchen.* ... Buongiorno, signor Belporco. Prego, caffè.

LORENZO: No, thank you. It's time to leave.

HARRIET: Nonsense. We'll have breakfast in a few minutes. Besides I'd like to ask you some questions. ... *She drags him down upon the sofa and gives him a cup. Victor pours.* ... How is the mal di capo?

LORENZO: I'm getting better. I can stand now. Grazie.

HARRIET: You're welcome. May I ask you a favour?

LORENZO: Sì. Naturalmente.

HARRIET: Please look at this. ... *She opens the box and takes out a napkin. Then she takes out a syringe. She holds it with the napkin so that she doesn't touch the syringe. She hands it to him without the napkin.* ... I thought that you, as a member of the mafia ... an expert so to say, that you know all about this. It's a dope syringe, isn't it?

DENNIS: Mum!

HARRIET: I've never seen such one before, but I thought that you ...

LORENZO: Signora! Our casa ... our part of the family, you know, we would never dream of touching things like that. If you want to enter that line of business you'll have to talk to the Corleones.

HARRIET: I see. ... *He gives her back the syringe. She takes it with the napkin and puts it into the box.* ... I thought you kept an all-round shop.

DENNIS: Mum, you're tactless.

HARRIET: ... *to Dennis:* ... Will you please fetch the cream?

LORENZO: Signora, may I? Un momento. ... *He goes quickly to the kitchen.*

HARRIET: ... *to Dennis:* ... Idiot! You spoil everything.

DENNIS: That man is highly dangerous.

HARRIET: Mind your own business.

DENNIS: Do you know what he said to Victor?

HARRIET: No, and don't tell me. There's no need to set the nerves on edge.

DENNIS: He threatened to ... *hand over throat.*

HARRIET: ... *pointing at the papers:* ... They're not going to end up in the wastepaper basket once more.

DENNIS: Mum, we haven't got a ghost of a chance.

HARRIET: Shut your trap. I'm not bussing with the old-age pensioners. They smell. ... *Lorenzo comes back with the cream jar and puts it in front of Harriet with a gesture of elegance.*

LORENZO: Prego, la crema.

HARRIET: Grazie, how elegant. If I didn't know better I'd think you were a waiter. Well ... *Dennis is going to take the box. She puts her hand on it.* ... It's none of your business. I'll take care of that myself. Well, signor Belporco, we're still waiting for the rolls. If you don't mind I'd like to have a word with you in private.

DENNIS: In private?

HARRIET: ... *to Lorenzo*: ... A son shan't always be allowed to poke his nose into his mother's affairs, shall he?

LORENZO: I don't think so. In Italy it's opposite.

HARRIET: Come along. ... *She picks up the box and goes into Dennis' office followed by Lorenzo.*

DENNIS: What the hell is she doing?

VICTOR: I'm not happy about it either. What have they got to talk about?

DENNIS: Talk? ... Perhaps they're not talking.

VICTOR: What? ... Don't tell me that they're going to make ... No, no, it's true that she has disclosed some very amazing qualities, but ... what's the matter?

DENNIS: I'm scared stiff that ... Wait a moment. ... *He goes into Victor's office and leaves the door ajar. At the same time Julia comes back with some paper bags.*

JULIA: I thought you were all waiting for the rolls. ... *The door to Victor's office is closed very quickly.* ... We're left alone, Victor. Aren't you going to pinch my bottom?

VICTOR: I'm done up, Julia.

JULIA: At half past eleven in the morning?

VICTOR: That's the truth.

JULIA: Don't tell me that the old bitch has managed to wear you out. It can't be true.

VICTOR: You're looking at a clearance sale.

JULIA: You haven't sworn her eternal fidelity, have you? What about the drawer?

VICTOR: I'm all at sea. All I can say is that I'll miss you.

JULIA: Dear me, is she moving in?

DENNIS: ... *comes out from Victor's office, horror is in his eyes.* ... Victor! The fat is in the fire! Harriet has ... *he becomes aware of Julia.* ... Oh, I can't ... *Lorenzo comes out from Dennis' office followed by Harriet. Dennis runs up to Lorenzo and embraces him.* ... Oh Belporco, I'm so glad to see you. God be praised.

HARRIET: ... *to Julia*: ... You'd better butter the rolls in the kitchen. I'm quite sure that signor Belporco will help you. ... You look ridiculous, Dennis. Let go.

LORENZO. I don't think I can stay any ...

HARRIET: You'll stay for breakfast. No objections. ... *She pushes him towards the kitchen door, he goes out followed by Julia with the bags.*

JULIA: ... *on her way out*: ... Professional help, thank you.

DENNIS: Mum, you ...

HARRIET: Dry up! We've got five minutes of peace and quiet.

DENNIS: You've killed him!!!

HARRIET: Is he dead? Fine. I wasn't sure if the dosage was right. Obviously the shot went home.

DENNIS: Mum! How could you?

HARRIET: Like this ... *she demonstrates* ... when he turned his back to me. Quite easy. Unfortunately it didn't work with godfather. He didn't turn round.

VICTOR: Would you also ... ?

HARRIET: He heard Julia coming back.

DENNIS: This is insane!

HARRIET: Don't blame me. It's too bad of course that I didn't get the needle into him, but I didn't get a chance.

DENNIS: Mum, it's sheer madness. What are you going to say when the police turns up? There's already one body in there. What about two bodies?

HARRIET: Take it easy, I know what to answer. Don't consider me a fool. I'd give them the syringe, of course.

DENNIS. The syringe?

HARRIET: Use your brains! What will the police find upon the syringe, little Dennis? Belporcos fingerprints. Consequently it was Belporco who killed the poor guy in Victor's office.

DENNIS: And how did Belporco die? ... I'm afraid you haven't thought of that.

HARRIET: He committed suicide.

DENNIS: Why should he do that?

HARRIET: Don't ask me. Something must be left to the police to find out. Maybe there were burglars who had broken into this office and maybe they began to quarrel and to fight, how could I know? The main thing is that when we arrived this morning we found them lying on the floor, stone-dead.

DENNIS: Dear God, give me strenght.

HARRIET: I hope he will. I can see you need it.

VICTOR: I'm afraid there's one thing you've forgotten. Julia has seen him.

HARRIET: Julia?

VICTOR: In fact they are in the kitchen buttering the rolls. He couldn't be stone-dead ten minutes earlier.

HARRIET: Well, we'll hit upon something else.

VICTOR: I hope you will. I don't like that body in my office.

HARRIET: We might throw him into the river.

VICTOR: In the middle of the rush hours?

HARRIET: What about the wardrobe? Until we can get rid of him?

DENNIS: Don't count on my help.

HARRIET: Don't be silly. ... *to Victor:* ... He's still at his refractory age.

DENNIS: It's not legal to carry around with dead people.

HARRIET: Half of the population are moonlightning, why should we hang back?

DENNIS: It's immoral.

HARRIET: Screw the moral. It's out of fashion, my boy. It's a matter of life or death. If you won't face it you'll be sentenced to go bussing for the rest of your life.

VICTOR: Mum has spoken. ... *He takes Dennis by the hand. They follow after Harriet into Victor's office. They return immediately carrying Gorilla. ...*

DENNIS: Oh, he's heavy.

HARRIET: It's just spaghetti. ... Hurry up, they're coming. In here, There isn't time to put him in the wardrobe. ... *They carry him into Dennis' office and close the door. Lorenzo and Julia enter from the kitchen with the rolls on a dish.*

JULIA: Hellooooo! Rolls are ready. ... *Lorenzo sits down and has a look at the papers.* ... I wonder what you're doing here?

LORENZO: As you may see I'm looking at these papers. Pretty work.

JULIA: Thank you. I'm good at it. I never scamp anything.

LORENZO: You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JULIA: What?

LORENZO: Taking part in that sort of thing.

JULIA: What sort of thing?

LORENZO: Don't pretend that you're innocent. You're no virgin Mary.

JULIA: No, that's long ago, but I can't see that it has anything to do with those papers.

LORENZO: You know nothing about the old olive grove?

JULIA: Of course I do. I wrote the papers.

LORENZO: And filled out all the application forms to the EEC?

JULIA: Yes.

LORENZO: And still you know nothing? Don't try to pull that one on me. You're only after the money. You've never intended to pick as much as one single olive. These papers are a fraud.

JULIA: Give it a rest man, Wood and Wilson have never swindled. If they suddenly should want to ... for some crazy reason ... then there'd be Mrs. Wood. She's got honesty on her brain.

Harriet, Victor and Dennis enter from Dennis' office.

LORENZO: Won't you have some fresh rolls?

DENNIS: I don't think I'm hungry.

HARRIET: Nonsense, it might be a strenuous day. Sit down and have your roll.

DENNIS: Yes Mum. ... *He is seated.*

VICTOR: There's a good boy.

DENNIS: Thank you, dad. Where's the strawberry jam?

JULIA: Sorry, just a moment. ... She goes to the kitchen.

LORENZO: I miss compagno mio.

VICTOR: Com ... what?

LORENZO: Accompagnatore mio.

HARRIET: Your companion? The young man?

LORENZO: You can't be surprised that I'm asking for him.

HARRIET: No, we'd anticipated it.

LORENZO: I think he'd like to have breakfast too.

DENNIS: ... *giggles* ... I wonder what he's having where he is now.

HARRIET: Dennis!

LORENZO: Where is he?

HARRIET: He went to the toilet and locked himself in, don't you remember? Last night?

LORENZO: The toilet?

DENNIS: Gabinetto per signore you know.

LORENZO: Mamma mia! Has he been there all the time? Un momento. ... *He goes out through the kitchen door. At the same time Julia returns with the strawberry jam.*

DENNIS: You've got us in a pretty pickle, Mum.

HARRIET: Nonsense. Please sit down and have a roll, miss Julia. ...*Julia sits down, Victor pours her a cup of coffee.* ... It seems to me that you know our Italian guest?

DENNIS: Mum! He's from Sicily and Julia lives in (some local address).

HARRIET: It may well be, but it's a funny coincidence, isn't it? How would you describe your relation to Mr. Belporco?

DENNIS: Julia can't possibly have any relation to ...

HARRIET: Dry up.

JULIA: As a matter of fact ... sometimes he serves dinner to me.

HARRIET: There you are! ... It goes without saying that you also know the other Italian. He who doesn't speak.

JULIA: He isn't Italian. ... He's English.

HARRIET: English?

JULIA: A true-born Englishman. I haven't seen him before. He's a model.

HARRIET: A what?

JULIA: A male model. The Italian has hired him.

HARRIET: Why? ... Coffee, Victor.

JULIA. I don't know. ... *Victor shows that the coffee pot is empty and hands it to Julia. ... With pleasure, Mr. Wilson. ... She goes into the kitchen.*

HARRIET: A real Englishman. He can't stay in Dennis' office. Hurry up. ... *They fetch the Gorilla and carry him out from Dennis' office.*

DENNIS: Where do you think you can hide him, Mum?

HARRIET: In the wardrobe.

VICTOR: It's not a good idea, he already smells.

HARRIET: Shut up and get a move on. ... *They put him in the wardrobe and hurry back to the sofa. Julia and Lorenzo come back.*

LORENZO: He wasn't there. Miss Julia has just told me that he left last night.

HARRIET: And so what? Signor Lorenzo, please sit down. ... *He is seated.* ... Miss Julia just told us that you and she are good friends.

JULIA: No I didn't.

HARRIET: You said that you often dine together and ... you know.

JULIA: That'll do!

HARRIET: Have I got it all wrong, Mr. Belporco?

JULIA: Yes you have. He's a waiter in a restaurant. I dine there when I can afford it.

HARRIET: So you are a waiter, signor Belporco?

JULIA: It's only a small place, but cosy. The food is good. I can recommend the ministrone.

HARRIET: It sounds like we've got something to talk about, Mr. Belporco. ... Julia, I'd like to have an extra copy of some of these papers. No, All of them.

JULIA: All of them? ... Okay, that's what I am here for.

HARRIET: Yes, mainly. ... *She hands the papers to Julia who goes into Victor's office.* ... Well, signor?

LORENZO: We have nothing to talk about. We made an agreement. I'll stand to that. ... Don't forget la casa, Mrs. Wood.

HARRIET: La casa?

LORENZO: My dear Sicilian family.

DENNIS: The mafia, Mum.

HARRIET: Dry up! ... We're forgetting nothing. We fully understand your family's lofty feelings. We offer you our co-operation.

LORENZO: You what?

HARRIET: I'm sure you've noticed how well we think in this office.

LORENZO: Si. Capo splendido.

HARRIET: We know how to milk a cow dry, don't we?

LORENZO: A cow hasn't got more than one udder, Mrs. Wood, and that one is for me and my family.

HARRIET: You're wrong. The cow in Brussels has countless udders and the never dry out. Let's strike a bargain. You'll place your old, worn-out oliveta bellissima at our disposal. We'll write the papers and take care of envelopes and stamps and all that. You can sit back twiddling your thumbs and wait for the money to come.

LORENZO: You would like that, wouldn't you?

HARRIET: Yes. We'll share alike with you.

LORENZO: I'm not for sale.

HARRIET: It depends on the price, doesn't it?

LORENZO: Thank you.

HARRIET: I didn't mean to offend you. Fifty-fifty is a fine offer. After all it's this office that has got all the splendid ideas.

LORENZO: I have read them, Mrs. Wood. Why should I pay for them? ..There's no sense in making a new agreement.

HARRIET: Is that your last word?

LORENZO: Si signora. Finito, finito.

HARRIET: Well, since there's nothing more to talk about ... GoodbyeMr. Belporco.

LORENZO: Arrivederci. ... *He heads towards the door.*

HARRIET: Don't forget your coat.

DENNIS: Mum!!!

LORENZO: ... *opens the wardrobe door. Gorilla falls out upon him. They fall to the floor. ... Lorenzo disengages himself and rises. ... Mamma mia! He's dead!!*

HARRIET: Dead as a doornail. ... I think I'll dial nine, nine, nine. ... You know what will happen, Mr. Belporco?

LORENZO: The police will come.

HARRIET: Yes, and they will soon find out that the poor man died of an injection. We'll hand the police the syringe. Here you are, officer, and what do you think they'll find on the syringe? ... Fingerprints!

VICTOR: Very clear Italian fingerprints.

LORENZO. No! ... No!

VICTOR: A glass of brandy, signor?

LORENZO: Yes please. Grande. Molto grande. ... I must compliment you. My family couldn't have done it more beautifully. ... *Victor has poured and hands him the glass.* ... Okay, fifty-fifty. Salute.

HARRIET: No. ... I can't see the sense in sharing alike with you. Your uncle has sold his olive grove to us.

VICTOR: He was very satisfied with the price at that.

HARRIET: Molto satisfied. Why share then?

LORENZO: Think of my family!

HARRIET: Don't threaten. ... *pointing at Gorilla:* ... You've got your own threat.

LORENZO: I didn't mean to threaten. My family will kill me.

HARRIET: That's your problem.

VICTOR: ... *has poured in the other glasses* ... Salute.

LORENZO: Ten percent to us?

HARRIET: Finito.

LORENZO: Five?

VICTOR: You've missed the bus.

LORENZO: Can't we come to terms?

HARRIET: Why should we? It's a beautiful project. Real English new thinking. No defects. ... *The three of them lift their glasses.* ... Salute!

LORENZO: Yes.. One.

VICTOR: One?

LORENZO: It can only be done once.

VICTOR: With a surplus of at least 8 million pounds.

LORENZO: I can imagine it as a continuous enterprise.

HARRIET: Continuous?

LORENZO: My uncle has more than one olive grove.

HARRIET: There's something in that, isn't there, Victor?

LORENZO: I've also got more than one uncle. ... Sicily is full of uncles. We can go on for years. ... I think we're coming to terms now, aren't we?

HARRIET: ... *to Victor:* ... Are we?

VICTOR: I think we're making progress.

LORENZO: Grazie, donna bellissima, grazie. How much for the uncles then? 25%?

HARRIET: Sì. That's not so bad for doing nothing. Salute, Lorenzo.

LORENZO: 75% for the four of you, that isn't bad either. Salute, Harriet.

DENNIS: The four of us?

LORENZO: One, two, three and miss Julia.

DENNIS: Julia?

LORENZO: Doesn't she belong to your casa?

VICTOR: She's our feather-brained typist, that's all. She hasn't the foggiest notion of what those papers really are about.

HARRIET: We'll keep her completely out of this.

LORENZO: I don't think we can.

DENNIS. Why not?

LORENZO: She knows everything. I told her that all the papers is one big fraud.

DENNIS: Idiot!

VICTOR: Salute, Lorenzo. ... What are we going to do?

HARRIET: I think we have to be consistent.

LORENZO: Consistent?

HARRIET: We've got more syringes.

LORENZO: Syr ... oh no.

HARRIET: I think it's a matter for casa nostra.

LORENCO: Not me, Mrs. Wood, not me.

HARRIET: Aren't you from Sicily?

LORENZO: I won't do it.

HARRIET: You won't? Don't tell me that we have to talk about fingerprints again. Either ...

LORENZO: Okay, you're a tough nut. But could I possibly have a little help?

HARRIET: Fair enough. ... *She starts a count-out rhyme, e.g. eeny miny mo etc. and stops at Dennis. To Lorenzo: ... You'll take care of the syringe. ... To Dennis: ... And you'll see to it that there's a bare bum to jab the needle into. By the way I wonder what she's doing. She must have finished photocopying by now.*

DENNIS: ... *peeps through the keyhole. ... She is talking on the phone.*

HARRIET: Okay. ... *To Lorenzo, pointing at Dennis' door: ... Go get the syringe. ... To Dennis: ... And you, forward march.*

LORENZO: You can beat all my uncles. ... *He goes into Dennis' office. Dennis goes into Victor's office.*

VICTOR: Do you think he can do it?

HARRIET: That's his funeral. I think the problem is solved. Next problem is: what are we doing afterwards?

VICTOR: With the bodies?

HARRIET: We'll store them in the attic. That's not the problem. I'm talking about you and me. What are we doing? We might go to my place? ... Your desk is a bit

uncomfortable. ... *Lorenzo returns from Dennis' office with a syringe.* ... That's a good boy. Go on, forwards! ... *Lorenzo goes into Victor's office.* ... *To Victor:* ... What's the matter?

VICTOR: Two bodies in the attic.

HARRIET: Never mind, they are dead. ... Okay, I know what you feel for Julia. But cheer up, she'll become an angel.

VICTOR: Harriet, you're blasphemous.

HARRIET: I don't care. We have no other choice.

Suddenly they hear Julia's voice from the intercom.

JULIA's voice: Hello, this is the angel speaking. May we come in? ... *The door opens, Lorenzo comes in, followed by Julia. She has Dennis on a leash. The dog collar is round his neck. She's got the whip in her hand.* ... Dilettantes always make at least one mistake. You forgot to switch off the intercom. Thanks for the entertainment.

HARRIET: ... *to Lorenzo:* ... It's not too late.

LORENZO: Yes. She has called Sheila.

HARRIET: Who's Sheila?

JULIA: She's my sister. I told her what to do if anything unpleasant were to happen to me.

DENNIS: What can you think of now, Mum?

HARRIET: Idiot.

JULIA: I think we should talk business. I'll put my feather-brained talents at your disposal. In return I'll have a share in the business. I think 10% is a modest claim.

HARRIET: 10%!

JULIA: Remember: You save the VAT.

LORENZO: It's okay with me.

VICTOR: Us too.

JULIA: ... *becomes aware of Gorilla who's still lying on the floor.* ... Oh my God! Why haven't you done anything?

VICTOR: We have done something. It's over now, Harriet.

JULIA: I know! He's allergic. Come on. Artificial respiration will save him. Hurry up. Poor boy. ... *They move him to the sofa.* ... Who will? None of you? Typical. Okay, feather-brain will do it. Come on, darling. ... *She begins mouth-to-mouth. His hands begin to move around her.*

HARRIET: Dear me.

VICTOR: Thank God.

HARRIET: Perhaps it was only meant for canaries and budgies?

VICTOR: It looks like it.

GORILLA: Mamma mia. ... *Julia lifts her head. He draws her head down again and kisses her.* ... I'm cured, I'm cured.

VICTOR: That brings up a severe problem, Harriet. You know what I'm thinking of?

HARRIET: I was thinking of the same. What's the answer?

VICTOR: I don't know.

JULIAS: I do. We'll engage him.

DENNIS: Engage him? A male model?

JULIA: He's not a model. He's an expert on Common Market law. ... *Gorilla kisses her again.*

LORENZO: Why should he want to take part in our affairs?

JULIA: Is there any other reason for studying Common Market law?

VICTOR: Julia, will you please do me a favour? Fetch the champagne.

JULIA: With great pleasure.

The curtain falls. It raises again. All six are standing up with raised glasses.

HARRIET: Long live the Common Market.

ALL: Salute!

The curtain falls.

End of the play

A translation of the Italian words and lines are hardly necessary. But as a matter of form you'll find a complete list below.

Il viaggio per Roma = The trip to Rome.

Grazie = Thank you.

Arrivederci = Goodbye.

Come dice = Beg your pardon.

Buongiorno = Good morning / How do you do.

Sono molto lieto di fare la sua conoscenza = I'm happy to make your acquaintance.

No = No. (When Lorenzo says 'no' it's pronounced in Italian.)

Avvocato famoso = A famous solicitor.

Si = Yes.

Molto anziano = Very old.

Una casa = A house.

Grande = Big / large.
Piccola = Little / small.
E = And.
Un cuore d'oro = A heart of gold.
Terribile / terrificante = Terrible.
Triste = Sad / depressing.
Tragico = Tragic.
Miracoloso = Miraculous.
Professione bellissimo = A beautiful profession.
Mi scusi = Sorry.
Naturelmente = Naturally.
Interessante = Interesting.
Oliveeto bellissimo = A beautiful olive grove / plantation.
Gabinetto = Office.
Italiano = Italian (language and person).
Di dove è = Where are you from?
Di Roma? = From Rome?
E la prima volta che viene qui? = Are you here for the first time?
Prego = Here you are / Please
Mi chiamo ... = My name is ...
E lei? Come si chiam = And you, what's your name?
Manuale di conversazione = A phrase book.
Parla l'italiano? = Do you speak Italian?
Un poco = A little.
Che? = What?
Problema = Problem.
O = Or.
Oliveto siciliano = A Sicilian olive grove.
Criminale = Criminal.
Moneta = Money.
Subvenzione = Grants / subventions.
Bravo = Clever.
Uomo intelligente = An intelligent man.
Caffé = Coffee.
Con latte = With cream.
Nero = Black.
Delle paste = Cake.
Delicato = Delicious.
Altro caffè = More coffee?
Che cosa? = Che? = What?
E = is
Una torta ancora = One more cake?
Gabinetto per signore = Gents toilet.
Salute = Cheers.
Bella donna = A beautiful lady.
Con gusto = With pleasure.
Avventura siciliana = A Sicilian adventure.
Da dove venite? = Where do you come from?
Che gli é capitato = What has happened to him?

Signorina = Miss.
Donzella bellissima = A beautiful young woman.
Sorpresa bellissima = A wonderful surprise.
Mal di capo = Headache.
Toiletta è occupata = The toilet is engaged.
Bandito grande = A big bandit.
Ciao = Goodbye.
Capo mio = My head.
Medicamente bravo = Good medicine.
Due = To.
Un momento = Just a moment.
Benalzo = Good morning.
Amico mio = My friend.
Piccante = Piquant.
Venire = Come along.
La crema = The cream.
A disposizione = At your disposal.
Compagno = Accompagnatore = Companion.
Finito = Finished.
La casa = 'the house' = 'the family' = The mafia.
Capo splendido = A brainy fellow.