

**BASTARD NIGHTS 2**  
THE FADE OUT

By Ciaravino, Compare, Longato, Pellegrinelli  
Texts by Renata Ciaravino and Carmen Pellegrinelli  
Translated by Craig Allen

## **ANNA**

Good evening, everyone. Welcome one and all, and thanks for coming. The show's about to begin. Make sure you've switched off all your cell phones, smartphones, and mobile devices. I'd like to dedicate a few words to this "Culture loves you" contest that the Dionisi Theatre Troupe is now promoting with Gospel Travels travel agents, whom we'd also like to thank. It's a lottery. At the end of the show there will be drawing. The lucky winner will win a fantastic seven days and nights for two at the hotel Alba del Gargano alle Isole Tremiti. ....at the Balmy Breeze Hotel in Gilead...So hang onto your ticket, tight. Thanks for your attention, and enjoy the show.

## **GRAZIANO**

My name is Graziano Todisco. Some of you might have recognised me. The younger girls, most likely. I've often performed at Gatteo Mare. Sure, and I've done a bit of Viserbella as well. Heaps of Misano Adriatica. Not to mention assorted clubs in the Milano hinterland. The Tiger of the Tangenziale Ring Road, that's what they used to call me.

But who exactly is Graziano Todisco? Not even Graziano Todisco himself can tell for sure. He'd like to be the King of Hearts, the Man who Makes the Difference, your own personal Anchorman. The King of Hearts with words that slash and make you gush with blood. But not to die. To be reborn, to arise renewed, like after a transfusion, an infusion of the most magical potion of wellbeing.

Kids, I've got a problem here. Other people's stories come flying out of the air and into my face with a loud slap. They come knocking on my door demanding political asylum. I've never known why: Tell the truth, I've just entered day-care here at the school of life: I wet my pants if I don't make the potty in time, and even when I do, I might spray all over the floor.

I slurp baby food, you know what I mean?

I've got an inner vision that is scary, children. Frightening to behold. I did not want to believe it myself, but I've come to accept it... Now if you don't mind, I'd like to share it with you.

In my life, at times, I've seen that blinding flash of light. Never really could tell if it was the dawn or the dusk, but that's beside the point .

And now today, all day, there's this story that flipping around in my head like a plate of breaded flounder gone bad:.... And her name is Manuela Cavicchio, Manuela Cavicchio, Manuela Cavicchio, Manuela Cavicchio.

Manuela Cavicchio, Red Pilgrim Street 56. She married a public transport ticket-collector...her hair-do is perfect parallelepiped held in place by an architect's nightmare trusses and girders... Forty years ago, Manuela Cavicchio was dazing off on her imitation brown leather sofa. She'd just finished waxing the floor, you see, when the phone rings. It's Umberto Balsamo. THE Umberto Balsamo. Remember "Untie your pigtails all night long you lovely little porker"?

Umberto actually happens to live just three flights upstairs. He needs some Novalgine. Manuela Cavicchio, dizzy with emotion, slips into her faded white jeans miniskirt and starts panting up the stairs.

Umberto's home, as you may easily imagine, is wallpapered with souvenir photos of Umberto and Pippo Baudo, Umberto alongside Raffaella Carrà, Umberto simpering outside the Ariston Theatre in San Remo .

She hands him the Novalgine,. He asks her if she wouldn't mind cooking dinner. It's only four o'clock in the afternoon, but in her head, Manuela Cavicchio is happily married to a formerly nationally famous singer. She's there in the kitchen mashing a broth cube into an onion when he tiptoes up and whispers in her ear if she feels like bonking. Manuela puts down the ladle and says "Alright".

Rocking back and forth on the kitchen counter, Manuela dreams she's at the center of a dance floor wearing a halter top with her name on it written in big golden letters: MANUELA CAVICCHIO, *mentre incita le sue amiche, la Lidia, la Marisa, Flavia la tintora ad unirsi a lei in quel delirio pazzesco dei sensi.*

She is roused from her fantasy by Umberto Balsamo as he adorns her fringed white miniskirt with his climax and they bid farewell. Three days later Umberto moves and Manuela never sees him again. Forty years go by, and Manuela Cavicchio still thinks about that afternoon every day. That day she was a fabulous filly for a restless stallion.

She thinks about it because that's the biggest thrill life has ever given her.

Can you see the moral here, lads?

The moral is that many of us will not even be that lucky. Lucky enough for a stand-up shag with Umberto Balsamo. We shall never even be able to imagine the poetry the pure, unshackled power. Of those three minutes

*Darkness*

*Graziano is seated on the throne*

*Darkness*

*Graziano is seated on the throne*

*Darkness*

*The throne is empty*

*Darkness*

*Stella Cometa is seated on the throne*

*Stella Cometa dances, Silvia tries to stop her, to no avail*

**Silvia**

Carlo, would you mind cranking down the music just a bit? Thank you.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Stella Cometa!!!

**Stella**

Hi everyone, good evening. I'm so happy to be here...

**Silvia**

But you're not supposed to be here.

**Stella**

...telling you a little more about myself.

**Silvia**

No, now listen, Stella. This is BASTARD NIGHTS 2. You're not in this one. OK? Get off the stage. Leave the theatre. Go home. Go anywhere you want. But out that door...

*Stella begins sobbing*

...Oh come on, now. Stop that!. Stella, don't cry...God, you look terrible!...

...OK, OK. I'll just introduce you and then you'll be on your way. Got it?

**Stella**

Ok

**Silvia**

For those who may not know, Stella Cometa starred in BASTARD NIGHTS 1...

**Stella**

I was Miss Ustione 2009

**Silvia**

Yes, she was Miss Skin Burn. She did this very intense bit in which she showed off her burns, scars, and grafts and it made her famous, for a day... You did a brief tour of the discos in the Veneto, didn't you?

**Stella**

You can bet your buns! I did Chioggia, Lignano Sabbia d' Oro, and even a few hill resorts.

**Silvia**

If I recall, you also had an audition for Dancing with the Stars in the pipeline. Am I mistaken?

**Stella**

No way, José! Milly Carlucci and I happen to be very close friends...on Facebook....

**Silvia**

...Did you do it?

**Stella**

Misfortunately, no. I didn't.

**Silvia**

So that0s when you decided to go into politics, then?

**Stella**

Yes...and politics went very well...I was the first one to be knocked out of the race for a seat on the Vimodrone town council

**Silvia**

Congratulations! ...But then things started going downhill for you after that, didn't they?

**Stella**

I paid my dues, yes. But it was also very productive because I was able to express all my anguish and angst very efficaciously in a film written and directed by me, starring myself!

**Silvia**

Yes, ok, thanks...

**Stella**

I do happen to have an estratto, here with me, by the way ...

**Silvia**

No, please. The estratto, no...Renata's going to kill me if .....

**Stella**

Carlo, can you push "Play" please?

*Stella Cometa's video*

*Enter Renata*

**Renata**

Now what on earth is this crap? Can anyone tell me what the fuck is going on here?

*Stella waves*

**Renata**

What is *she* still doing here? Didn't she get eliminated?

*Silvia shrugs at Renata as if to say "what do you expect me to do?"*

**Stella**

Hi Renata

**Silvia**

Renata, forgive me. She just barged right in!

**Stella**

Girls, excuse me PLEASE! There's got to be a little part in the show for just me!...I've got fans out there... who must have missed me...

**Renata**

The audience hasn't missed you at all...See? They're only laughing because they're embarrassed...Plus, I'm already here, and Silvia keeps getting better and better. We've got Elvio. And Carlo. We've got videos. We're fully booked, Stella...

**Stella**

But...But...Silvia! Renata! I *deserve* a second chance!

**Renata e Silvia**

Noooooo!!!

*Stella starts sobbing again.*

**Silvia**

There. Now she's bawling again. Don't make me go through this ...

**Renata**

Alright, alright. Well make it quick. There now, Stella, Come have a seat...

*Stella looks around but there are no other chairs on stage*

**Renata**

Now make yourself at home...

*Stella pretends to sit down, crossing her legs demurely in the process*

**Renata**

Tell us now, Stella, why are you here?

**Stella**

I want to make a comeback...a big comeback .

**Renata**

You do?

**Stella**

Yes. Renata, excuse me, if you don't mind, I'd rather stand.

**Renata**

Fine, fine. Whatever. As long as things keep moving. So then, just how do you intend to make a comeback...and especially a big comeback?

**Stella**

I've given it a lot of thought, and I finally understood that when there's really and absolutely nothing left to do, a good dose of self-humiliation goes a long, long way.

**Renata**

Would you mind elaborating?....

**Stella**

You see, when you want people to look at you, they often do, but then they never know what to say. But if, while you're asking, you let them see that you're a wreck, that you're in pieces, slithering like a worm, and maybe even apologising for it, because you know you're making your beholder feel sicker by the minute, then people are more likely to listen to your story, because they can look at you from up to down. That way, they see you better.

**Renata**

Can we say that humiliation is a good way to promote yourself?

**Stella**

We surely can.

**Renata**

But have you ever really grown at all, at the emotional level, that is?

**Stella**

Thank you.

**Renata**

Have you ever humiliated yourself?

**Stella**

Oh yes. Especially recently. And things are going much better. I'm here tonight to humiliate myself. If I can. And If you'll be so kind to let me, that is

**Renata**

I think I can speak on the audience's behalf, and I think we can say we'd like nothing more than for you to humiliate yourself.

**Stella**

Really? You're not just flattering me, are you Renata?

**Renata**

Hardly at all. Stella: now how long have we been friends? So have you brought any new piece in particular for the show?

**Stella**

Three, actually. I hope. I hope, and I just hope they're going to work.  
*She crosses her fingers.*

**Renata**

Let's hope, then.

**Stella**



I come on stage with two Parma hams. I apply them to my ankles. Then I walk up and down in front of the audience. In a bikini, but I could take my top off if you want. Singing a song by Branduardi

**Renata**

I'd say that definitely reeks...Branduardi was such a moralist, a real prig. What else have you got?

**Stella**

OK. Then look: I've been working on this. It's a new idea...It's never been seen before

*Stella slides across the floor.*

**Renata**

Stella... Stella? What exactly are you doing?

**Stella**

The serpent.

**Renata**

Now let me ask the audience. Viewers: in your opinion, will the serpent be enough? Audiences have become extremely demanding nowadays, it's not like the good old days. Stella, have you got anything more?

**Stella**

I guess I could set myself on fire....

**Renata**

You've already *done* that, Stella.

**Stella**

You're right. I have. Just give me a minute to think....

**Renata**

That's entirely normal. You've been on the shelf too long...Listen, Stella: let me give you a hand in humiliating yourself.

**Stella**

Oh would you?

**Renata**

I've already told you...I owe it to you....How long have we been buddies?

**Stella**

Renata, you're just too sweet...

**Renata**

I know, I know....it's my worst defect.

Just one thing... if you want us to keep working together, it's got to be in tune with the times....sober...serious.

**Stella**

Look, Renata, if you see me slipping up, just stop me, OK? I want Stella Scoring to rhyme with glamour.

**Renata**

OK then. Silvia, can you please set the scene...

*Enter Silvia, who takes away Renata's chair.*

And take off all the dressing...

*Silvia removes Stella's fascia and crown*

*Stella stands at center stage*

**Stella**

Now what's going to happen?

*A watermelon rolls up to her feet*

*Watermelon scene*

*At the end of the scene, Silvia comes on stage and looks at the remains of the watermelon on the floor.*

**SILVIA**

What happens is that nobody wants to be forgotten. But what really happens is that a person doesn't do anything worth remembering sometimes. Take me, for example: what have I done? I keep thinking about the little time I have left to do something good, something people aren't going to forget right away. However... We often have still so many things to tell...

*Videos about YoutubeTutorial*

**Offstage voice**

What you are now about to see is Carmen Pellegrinelli at the end of her career after finally going back to her roots.

**Carmen**

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Good evening. Can you turn down the music, please, Carlo? Thanks. It's a pleasure for me to be here with you. I'd like to welcome all the ladies. What a wonderful crowd....I'd also like to thank the

town council and the Mayor, who agreed to give me this opportunity and let me come up here on this stage (I haven't been up on stage in years) Years)...

I'd also like to welcome our friends from the Lega Nord Chapter here in Gandosso who've done so much to dedicate this evening to the production of culture, because culture is, as we all know, important.

I'd like to dedicate this little piece to everyone here, to all the people, the common people, the simple people with values, the people with simple values, because until proven otherwise, we're the people and not them.

Now let's hear the music. Maestro, Please!

*A karaoke version of "woman in love" begins*

### **Music**

I'd like to dedicate this song

To all my neighboring towns, villages and hamlets of Mozzo, Curno, Treviolo, Valbrembo, Almè, Almenno, Madonna della Castegna.

To the barmen in Longolo

And the bakers in Curnasco

To the guys and dolls on the assembly line at Legler.

And everyone behind the looms at Albini Limited cotton mill.

To the people who make us our helmets at Nolan

To the skilled workers at Fassi bridge cranes and the backhoe drivers.

To the putty men at Stucchi Spa!

Up with the lathe-workers at Tenaris, formerly owned by Dalmine,

Up with the hot rollers, up with the drawn wire extrusion artists

*Life is a moment in space*

*When the dream is gone*

*It's a lonelier place*

Here's one for Grembo Brakes Limited in Lower Brembate,

A leader in the sector since nineteen sixty-one!

Brake disks, brake pads, brake drums

We make braking systems

They're drooling over in China!

Let's give it up for the Company's President, Bomabassei, Senior,

Get up from your wheel-chair, President!

*I turn away from the wall*

*I stumble and fall*

*But I give you it all*

And here's to all the managers at Italcementi Cement Works!  
In that lovely place, where once was nothing, now cement is being made!  
You started out in a basement in Scanzorosciate, just the four of you.  
Now you're listed in the Stock Exchange

*It's a right I defend  
Over and over again  
What do I do*

To all the ladies from Como working at *Combipel* in Curno, at *Semeraro* in  
Seriate, and *Krazy World* in Treviglio  
To all the lucky lads and ladies working at Orio Airport Shopping Center.  
This airport is no joke like Malpensa.  
Because until proven otherwise, they can still keep flying high!

*Down inside, you know we never know why*

Yo, Break it down  
200 (two hundred) sales outlets,  
6000 (six-thousand) parking spots  
60.000 (sixty-thousand) visitors daily  
74000 (seventy-four thousand) square meters of....shopping delight!  
A million visitors every month.  
Open on Christmas, Easter, even Ferragosto!  
And my deepest gratitude goes out to RyanAir for choosing Bergamo.  
Thanks, Ryan!  
Thanks for giving us so much. You're like one of the family.

*I am a woman in love  
And I'd do anything  
To get you into my world  
And hold you within*

To Ance Bergamo Construction and Engineering  
And from one center of excellence to another:  
Let's jump back on our fork lifts and start rebuilding this economic recovery  
RIGHT NOW!!!  
With our own hands!

*What do I do*

Long live Made in Val Gandino!  
Come on, Radici Group: Innovate! Innovate! Innovation!!!

To all the housewives in the Greater Bergamo area holding it all together!  
They don't *need* cleaning ladies anymore. They do their chores on Excel  
worksheets!  
Trust the dishwasher with the little elf on the front, people!  
He can handle the load all by himself!

*It's a right I defend*  
*Over and over again*  
*What do I do*

Here's to all the fearless hairdressers and beauticians in Bergamo:  
schefe de negòt, paura de nisù  
(Disgusted by nothing, not even their clients)  
Give those housewives a pubic hair strip worthy of a Brazilian fashion model!  
Let's see more pink highlights! Blonde sun streaks!  
Roll up your sleeves for a deep facial cleansing!  
Rub in that hair straightener!  
Full blast with the hairspray!

*It's a right I defend*  
*Over and over again*  
*What do I do*

Go, tourism!  
Go, Parco delle Cornelle!  
Go, Mini-Italia land!  
Go, you proud bicycle paths!  
We've got an architectural masterpiece way up on a hill.  
There's the Sanctuary of Almè. Nobody ever goes there!  
There's some fantastic strolling to do around here. Right outside this door!

Lower the ICI tax. Lower the Irpef tax. Lower Iran. Lower Iraq!  
Down with this government of university professors.  
Down with the Bunden Bank!  
Down with the Merkle!

Down with the spread!

Down with Europe, with China, with Africa! Down with Greece!  
Down with the banks!

They took away my factory.  
Grabbed by milling machines.  
Snagged my lathes.  
I had to sign away my villa!  
They even wanted my laptop!  
I just wanted to kill myself...

...

Dio cane.....Dog of a god...

...

....And I would've, too. But I'm Catholic.

*Enter Silvia and Renata carrying big brooms. They sweep the stage.*

**Renata**

God, look at all the negative energy Carmen left on this stage! What a mess!

**Silvia**

You can't deny that Carmen is an artist.... And she doesn't pull any punches.  
She's the real thing ... ..

**Renata**

Not just arty-farty ...

**Silvia**

... She's only telling it like it is. And there's lots of pain out there

**Renata**

You can say that again...(looking at the audience) Take a look at these mugs...

**Silvia**

The fact is that we artists are sponges. The sponges of human pain. A tragedy occurs somewhere. Boom, we're on the spot. We soak it right up.

**Renata**

It's not maybe that we couldn't skip the next one?

**Silvia**

Of course, then, we suffer.

**Renata**

Tell me about it...

**Silvia**

You and I, for instance. We've soaked up the sadness of an oilspill of people.

**Renata**

There aren't many who've suffered as we, and that's a fact.

**Silvia**

Do you remember that show I did, the one about the *desaparecidos*?  
All in mime. In the square in Treviglio. That deathly hot August?

**Renata**

You made those people shiver, Silvia. Remember the one I did on the police violence at the Genova G8 (G-eight). I played a mother that went searching for her son among all those broken people on the ground...on stilts.

**Silvia**

Mamma mia, yes, I do...

**Renata**

It was too true. Not to mention, of course, that grueling thirteen-hour show you did... As an Iranian woman who been stoned for some misdemeanor.

**Silvia**

Hard to forget than one, I'll say. The director insisted on using real stones. What about that other piece we dedicated to women?

**Renata**

You mean "Women and Work"?

**Silvia**

Maybe it was "Women and Solitude".

**Renata**

You might be thinking of "Women and Painkillers"

**Silvia**

...Unless it was "Women and Anorexia"

**Renata**

Then again, it could have been "Women and Cellulitis".

**Silvia**

And what about the texts you've written. Should we bring up the texts?

**Renata**

I've written around twenty. Not a one that didn't end in a bloodbath. Come to think of it....

**Silvia**

Do you know, Renata, what our worst defect as artists happens to be?

**Renata**

Try me.

**Silvia and Renata**

We're just way too sensitive!.

*Enter Carmen in a wheelchair.. She gives the audience a limp wave of the hand.*

**Renata**

What are you doing....in a *wheelchair*?

**Carmen**

What does it look like I'm doing? Recuperating!

We're only halfway through the show and I'm already emotionally drained.

When an artist hits the bottom, there's always a heavy price to pay.

*She shoes off her bandaged hands*

**Silvia**

What have you done to your hands?

**Carmen**

I didn't do a thing in the world....This is stigmata.

**Renata**

Get out of here.

**Carmen**

Exaggerating, you say? Would you care to see the mark beneath my rib?

**Renata**

Please....spare me

**Carmen**

And now, as a suffering artist, not only do I *feel* everything, I *see* everything. Even the future.

**Renata**

Like....what?

**Carmen**

Renata, would you like me to give your liver a little check-up?



**Silvia**

Oh, come on!

**Carmen**

Silvia, didn't your doctor ever make a map of all those harmless little moles all over your body?

**Renata**

OK, OK, OK, Carmen. But how are *you* holding up?

**Carmen**

Fairly well, thank you.

*Carmen looks out at the audience*

**Carmen**

Tch tch tch....Such negativity they're pouring out! ...I haven't seen an audience that looked so bad in *years*...Excuse me, but would those of you seated in Row "C" kindly get up and leave? That's right. All of you.

**Silvia**

Carmen, there's no need to be so blunt about it. They're all suffering, too! Just look at their faces...

**Renata**

They suffer like you...Like us...

**Carmen**

You, for example, what's your name?  
Antonio? Now why are you gaping at me like that, Antonio?  
And stop judging me. How do you think *I* feel knowing all the tragedy that's coming your way soon? *I feel* for you, Antonio.

**Silvia**

Would you like to go closer to him?

**Carmen**

Yes.

**Silvia**

Let me help you.

**Carmen**

No thanks. I can manage by myself.

*She jumps up out of the wheelchair,.  
Bumping up against the "fourth wall".*

**Renata**

I told you there was a fourth wall.....

**Silvia**

And if it's there, it's there. You just can't ignore it.

**Renata**

May I say something to Carmen? But also to you, Silvia?  
You're both very aggressive.

**Carmen e Silvia**

Us?

**Renata**

Yes, you. Very. Aggressive. You both like to attack the audience. You go crashing into these people. I, instead, proceed from another emotion.

**Silvia**

So you think you're softer, sweeter, kinder?

**Renata**

Apart from the fact that I really am kinder and less aggressive... On stage I sometimes get the urge that I sometimes feel also in real life...You know, when I feel bad and you feel bad (*addressing the audience*) but we still do this little dance in which we both say everything's fine, thanks...Wouldn't it be simpler to scrap this useless etiquette...I'd sort of like to.....come into your arms and just ... relax!

**Silvia**

But there's the fourth wall. You can't pass through it (*between the stage and the audience*)

**Renata**

I know it's humiliating, but I've got a need for contact that's killing me...Si I'm going to try....Here I go!.

**Silvia**

No! No! Don't go there!

**Carmen**

Where on earth are you going?

**Renata**

I'm leaving, girls. It's not easy but I'm leaving.

*"I love you baby". Renata steps off the stager into the audience.*

*Carmen and Silvia cringe and wail.*

**Renata**

It hurts but it's nice!

**Silvia e Carmen**

What's it like? What's it like out there?

**Renata**

It's like....It's wonderful.....I can feel it rising...You know, that urge to keep cool...

*Carmen and Silvia step down from the stage apprehensively. Renata gets up on one of the seats in the middle of the audience, ready to throw herself...*

**Renata**

Now everybody join hands. Take this occasion to meet your neighbor. Did you know her? No? Just look at her? Look how ugly and suffering you are! We're all ugly and suffering. Now let's do something real easy. Let's just take this big bad negativity and throw it out the window!

*The "rite" begins.*

*"Life is life" The three go back on stage and leave stage right. Silvia remains alone.*

**SILVIA**

I danced at the Nepenta, at Baia Imperiale in Gabicce Mare, even at the Cocoricò in Riccione.

I've gone to bed with a real estate agent and a jeweler. A machinery salesman and a company owner from Ospitaletto 40 (forty) years older than me.

I flew to the Caribbean for 3 days. I went in the ocean once.

I saw Bobo Vieri in person.

I shook hands with Psychologist Crepet.

I've skied at Madonna di Campiglio.

I went on vacation on my broker friend's yacht just to take a quick break. I tanned on deck, ate fresh fish but my Gucci hat went flying overboard

I shared a bathtub by candlelight with a penniless intellectual.

Then I left him.

I've never declared hardly any income.

I own 100 pairs of shoes.

I've driven 12 different cars in 20 years through leasing.

I bought a ticket to a benefit dinner organized by Milan midfielder Rino Gattuso for 5,000 Euros a plate. But I didn't get a chance to meet anyone important because 5,000 Euros was the cheapest plate for sale.

I danced in front of the mirrors in discos up and down the peninsula, thinking I had it in my hand.

I had some fun.

I got the best out of life; I swallowed it whole. I filled my days. I indulged.  
I trotted, then ran. I never missed a date. I seized the day  
My dog is my son. He's got a designer-name leash and collar.  
He only mates with pedigrees.

I wrote my first overdraft check thinking I would back it up in time.  
I wrote the second one knowing it would bounce, and it did. I just didn't want to  
disappoint the people around me.  
I stopped paying my mortgage.  
I sold my grandmother's jewellery and flew to the Seychelles. It rained the whole  
time and I was bored out of mind, but I took a few photos.  
When I'm too broke to buy petrol I take taxies. I tell the driver they stole my  
purse.

I'm never going back.  
I'm never going to order my aperitif at a bar run by Chinese with salmon pink  
walls.  
I'm never going to give my ass to a sweaty plumber at the end of his shift. Body  
hair disgusts me. I want a man, not a rug. I don't need hair filed with sweat, piss,  
or jizz.  
And I will never buy my lingerie at Upim department store.  
I will never take a local regional train.

But feel free to do them yourselves. You're all losers, anyway. Each and every  
one of you.

With your two pensions that don't even amount to 1400 Euros together, your  
rundown Fiat what-so, your vacations in a tent at some campground. Your  
dinners at the pizzeria. Your discount supermarkets where you stock up on no-  
label beer, snacks and white prosciutto stacked on cardboard boxes.

You'll remember me because I never gave up. Because you never saw a wrinkle  
on anything I wore. My ever-present mobile-phone headset. The imitation grass  
I used to upholster my little Mercedes, for my dog's pearl collar, and everything I  
did for stray dogs, for the 26 books I bought on dog psychology.  
And don't you dare try to scrimp on my funeral. I want white roses...all over the  
place!

What the fuck are you gawking at? I'm only here by mistake... No, I don't have  
??? members' card! I've brought my own grocery bags printed with cuddly little  
kittens. I wouldn't be caught dead carrying yours! Will you stop fucking staring?  
I'm looking! How much? Here's my credit card. What do you mean it's not  
working? Try again! What a shit supermarket! Not even the credit card machine  
works! ... And what the fuck do *you* want? Wait a goddamn minute! Fucking  
gypsy....Stand back! Can't you see the machine's broken? But of course it's  
broken! There must be a loose connection somewhere. This has never happened  
to me anywhere. OK, OK, I want to talk to the manager! No....! Right now! I  
*demand* to speak with your manager! There is a manager at this shit-ass Penny

Market, isn't there? No, I'm *not* keeping quiet. I'll carry on shouting for as long as I like, understand? I don't even know why I'm here. I usually have my shopping brought to my door ... Listen, jerk, stop shoving, OK?

OK, OK....OK! Forget it. Forget all about it!

I'll pay cash. What's the total?

Shit. I'm three Euros short.

No, no. I'm not going to hit the cash machine for just 3 Euros and come all the way back here for the 4 fucking things I'm buying

Take back the salmon.

You'll remember me for my bright teeth. My always shining hair. My silver picture frames at home. My leopard skin cushions.

You won't forget my ironic business cards.

I'll start speeding again...200 kilometers an hour....I'll be drinking in that sea breeze in Sardinia...I'm going to drink it all in....shag whatever I've got left of my life standing or lying down....whether I've got to lie, steal, die, or kill to do it.

And also if any body touches my dog, they're dead.

I love my dog as much as any of you love your kid.

## **GRAZIANO**

Other people's lives fly smacking into my face like a slap.

I'm there on the couch, watching this guy lip-synching to a song that made him famous for a month and a half...fifty years ago. It's like I can see him, there at the cheesy beach resort, maybe Igea Marina, let's say 1960, up on stage, flexing a little like Elvis and waving to the girls. I'd love to just go back in time to that day in Igea Marina and say: "Yo, Dude, better be careful. Because in fifty years you're going to be a bald guy with a beer gut on a Mediaset channel lip-synching words you don't remember any more. Keep attention, men! Ask you who you are!

You wanna' know something? I'm terrified when I think that maybe I was born just to play a part that somebody else wrote for me. I lie awake nights, with this thought in mind. You get born somewhere.. at a certain hour...to these parents...in this or that city.... You get born with this face... And it's like: OK, at this age, you do these things, but you can't do those things....Not ever...

Kids, this just doesn't wash with me. I was born the king of hearts. You can't make me play the part of the deuce of spades.

I want the second half of my life to be a masterpiece. "You'll remember him for the second half of his life, an authentic masterpiece".

I only used the first part for the foundation, you see? Just to suss out the rules. But in the second half, I'm going to be , you know, the Picasso of the situation.

There's this Roman guy, Seneca, the name was, who said "There's no good wind blowing for the sailor who doesn't know where he wants to go". And I wanna' say: "Seneca, Baby. If that's the case...you have before you a sailor up shit creek without a paddle"

I wanna' make a masterpiece of these final years of my life. But the idea that maybe I won't is bringing me down, down, *down!*

I can see myself pulling off one of those gentlemen's jewellery heists, and then going out and buying a dozen snakeskin jackets or so and stepping out on the town. You've got to know how to wear clothes like that. Not everybody does *Vorrei sculacciare la mia portinaia*. She's so uptight. But I know that deep down inside there's a lady tiger ready to roar. I wanna' tell her: come and claw the skin off my back here . Your hubby is over on B-wing polishing the brass banister on the staircase. We've got a good five minutes to make a party!

I'm obsessed with the idea of freedom.

How can I explain?

Let's say you're born Black in Texas in (1930) nineteen-thirty. What da fuck you gonna' do?

Or maybe you're born Gay into a tribe of Eskimos? Wow...

Or maybe even as a Black Gay in Texas whose parents decide to move up to live with the Eskimos.... What a joke of a life that would be!

And that's precisely where the drop falls, kiddies. That's where you've got to either sink or swim. In that situation, you either become the King of Hearts or the Deuce of Spades.

There's this lady that has been a source of inspiration for me, a mentor, you could say: Sherry Ciffarello. At a certain point in her life, Sherry Ciffarello's husband runs off, leaves her all alone with a sixteen year-old son and a mountain of debts. Sherry could have gone down and stayed for good. But what happens? She straightens up, sets her jaw, and sets up a business. She starts selling this special anti-age facial cream she makes herself with Nivea and the fresh sperm her son. I know some of you might not think it'st very wholesome.

The bottom line is that Sherry Ciffarello was truly creative. Sherry Ciffarello wrote her own script and played the part that she decided to play.

And you know what? Her anti-age cream...It really works!

Ah, one last thing, kiddies, before I forget: everything we said and did in this show is real. Except, of course, the part about the lottery.