

# *The Jealous Baker*

[“Fornaro geloso,” ii/53]

A Commedia dell’Arte Script

by the Golden Stag Players<sup>1</sup>,

Based on the Scenario<sup>2</sup> by the same name,

by Francesco Coticelli, Anne Heck and Thomas Heck

(*Translated by Lanham*)

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## *Dramatis personae*

Tartaglia<sup>3</sup>, father of

Celia, his daughter

Dottore, father of

Isabella, his daughter

Orazio, her brother

Pulcinella, a baker

Rosetta, his wife

Silvio (no relation)

Coviello (no relation)

Some porters and kitchen helpers or baker’s boys

## *Initial GSP Cast*

Aimeric de Foix

Margrethe Astrid Ravn

Iricus le Ferur

Ghislaine d’Auxerre

Donovan Sinklar (Walkyr)

Wulfric of Creigull

Original Nightshade

Robert of Ravenswood

Fionnbharr O’Cathain

Morgan Mac Eoin, and Seaghda Cameron

## *Properties*

Baker’s outfits for the kitchen helpers – aprons/towels tucked into belts, tabards for them to be “porters”

A wooden tray or stretcher, possibly a bench ...

A cloth to cover it

A sample of wheat

A bottle for ‘urine sample’

A bottle of wine

Many sticks

A miller’s outfit for Tartaglia, also used as grain merchant’s outfit for Dottore and Coviello (beard/tabard)

Big wooden spoon for Rosetta ...

Step stool (*on stage but not used until the very end*)

Rolling Pin for Pulcinella

Swords for Orazio and Silvio

Bell

Book for Dottore (insults)

Coins

*Special Set Note:* This version of the script assumes a (*we know ..., non-period*) visual joke using a sign above the bakery stating “Now Serving” and a set of “flip” numbers that increment as the play progresses, a bell goes with it ...

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<sup>1</sup> The script was written by the Initial Cast Members as listed above, Hirsch von Henford, Aldith Angharad St. George and Donata Bonacorsi. This is the final version of the script, with more notes added, and lines modified from the rehearsal version, as they were modified during performance.

<sup>2</sup> *The Commedia dell’arte in Naples: A Bilingual Edition of the 176 Casamarciano Scenarios vols 1 and 2.*, Coticelli, Francesco, Anne Goodrich Heck, and Thomas F. Heck, trans and ed., Lanham, MD Scarecrow Press Inc, 2001., ISBN: 0-8108-4116-9

<sup>3</sup> Tartaglia translates to “Stutterer” ... very important for the character.

**Act I**

[A street in] Livorno

*(Pulcinella and Rosetta enter from the bakery, he carrying a rolling pin, she carrying a large wooden spoon ...)*

Pulcinella You're the worst wife in Livorno!

Rosetta You're the worst baker in Livorno! And in Naples, Calabria, and Pompeii!

Pulcinella Pompeii? Pompeii blew up a thousand years ago! They're all dead!

*(Pause for a second)*

Rosetta And you're STILL the worst baker in Pompeii!

*(During this exchange, Pulcinella raises his rolling pin, so it's at a rather suggestive angle ...)*

Pulcinella You are an insolent tart!

Rosetta At least I taste good!

Pulcinella Everyone in town has sampled your wares!

Rosetta So I'm a woman with good taste!

Pulcinella Even the priest is hoarding salt!

Rosetta You're just jealous because you can't get your loaf to rise.

*(Rolling pin drops ... pause for laughter, raise pin and threaten)*

Pulcinella I would have nothing to be jealous of if you didn't flaunt yourself all over town!

**Lazzo of Fencing With Cooking Instruments**

*(She strikes him with spoon, he attacks with rolling pin, a bit of back-and-forth ... she wins ... gratuitous fencing joke – basically she is countering his every move without even looking in his direction. Instead, she flirts with someone in audience .... After a few exchanges, she pokes him in the stomach, he starts to fall back/over ...)*

*(Coviello enters during the fight, sees it, as Pulcinella falls he rushes in ...)*

Coviello My friends, HOLD! *(Holding out arms. To Pulcinella:)* Hold! *(Seductively to Rosetta:)* Hold!

Pulcinella *(Simply acknowledging him – no love lost here ...)* Friend Coviello.

Rosetta        *(Suggestively)* Friend Coviello

Pulcinella    I need your help! You must convince Rosetta to behave as a proper wife should, *(he faces Rosetta while talking still to/at Coviello, Rosetta turns away from him, eyes toward the sky [“Yeah, yeah ...”])* and not go sniffing around after every man in Livorno. Or Naples, Calabria, or Pompeii!

Coviello       Pompeii? Pompeii blew up a thousand years ago!

Pulcinella    *(Turns back toward Coviello)* She’s still hopeful!

Rosetta        At least their pillars still stand!

Coviello       Have no fear, friend Pulcinella, she will be as faithful to you as Mary ...

Pulcinella    Hah! *(Triumphant)*

Coviello       *(Aside)* ... Magdalene. *(To Pulcinella)* Have no fear ...

Pulcinella    I will leave her in your capable hands.

*(Coviello gestures with his hands to Rosetta. While Pulcinella does the following shtick, she comes to his arms quickly, slams into him and staggers him ...)*

**Lazzo of Pulcinella “Hiding” In The Open**

*(Pulcinella goes to the door, opens it, says “Slam” and closes the door, standing in front of it, hiding behind his rolling pin and watching ...)*

Rosetta        Let us ride together. I yearn for the feel of your powerful stallion between my thighs. I want to feel your spurs!

Coviello       There is only one problem.

Rosetta        Between us we can handle anything!

Coviello       I have no horse.

*(Drops her ... “thunk”!)*

Coviello       Of course, if I had the money *(loud hint)* ...

Rosetta        *(Recovering, back on her feet ... with Coviello’s help)* No problem, I will steal some money from Pulcinella. Then you can take me away. I am so tired of being covered by flour, I would rather be covered by you! Come back this evening and you can stoke my hot oven.

Coviello       What about the kitchen boys?

Rosetta        One at a time, please!

*(Running Gag: From over the top of the flat, someone flips a board on the "Now Serving" sign: "59", with a 'counter' bell for each time the sign increments).*

Coviello Won't they get suspicious?

Rosetta *(Realizing what he meant ...)* OH! I know, come as a grain merchant, and no one will suspect a thing.

Coviello A grain merchant?

Rosetta *(Aside)* It worked last week ...

*(Coviello exits to go change ...)*

Pulcinella *(Open/close door again, says "Slam" again ...)* Are you going to continue to be arrogant, or has Coviello laid you straight?

Rosetta *(Aside)* Not yet. *(To Pulcinella)* Husband, I am so sorry I have caused you so much trouble. You may rest your mind. *(Kneels down in front of Pulcinella, looks right at his crotch, then to the audience ...)* I have seen the error of my ways. I assure you, there will be no difficulties on my end.

Pulcinella *(To audience - sarcastically)* Coviello, such a wise and trustworthy friend to instruct her in the ways of propriety. *(To Rosetta)* Then you are ready to serve me, as a wife should serve her husband? *(Does a "hip thrust", pushing his crotch toward her face ...)*

Rosetta *(Backing up and standing ...)* But ... but ... but ... but first I must help the kitchen boys ... I'm sure I left something rising ...

*(She enters the bakery. Just after she enters the bakery: Sign increments: 60, 61, 62, 63 ... (or just one increment, jumping to 63 from 59, and four bells ...)*

*(Pulcinella looks at his crotch, gestures ... and starts to say something like "There's something rising ...")*

Pulcinella *(To the audience)* So, Coviello is going to come as a grain merchant? I'm sure I can find a way to grind his seed *(thwack hand with rolling pin three times, last one "too hard")* OW!

*(Orazio enters ... Lazzo of Pulcinella "Hiding" In The Open)*

Orazio *(Sighs heavily)* Oh, Celia. I so long for your presence. Our souls commune, our hands entwine, and my lips caress your ... No! Must concentrate. Must remain pure. Must rub these thoughts out! Rub ... Think of the Bible! The Bible, good pure, Song of Solomon! *(Pause)* "Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins ..." NO! NO! Wrong book! *(Sees Pulcinella)* How long have you been there?

Pulcinella *(Clutching stomach as if ill ...)* Long enough.

Orazio Good man! Perhaps you can do me a favor ...? I am not in a proper state to approach my lady's door.

Pulcinella Are you afraid your hand will not be the first thing to knock? (*Point at his crotch with rolling pin*)

Orazio My mind is in such a state that I may lose the strength of my conviction.

Pulcinella (*Big sigh*) It just gets worse as you get older, lad.

Orazio Perhaps you could approach her door, and have her open her chambers to me?

**Lazzo of Being Made a Cuckold**

*(During this lazzo, Pulcinella needs to show his schizoid nature a bit. He's being made a cuckold (angry as hell), but it's his lovely and darling wife whom he loves dearly (in love, would never hurt her), but she's disgracing him (anger)– she must pay!, etc. Flip-Flop on his attitudes ... End on this line:)*

Pulcinella It's bad enough my wife has made me a cuckold, now this young cock wants to make me a pimp!

*(Orazio exits embarrassed ... Pulcinella exits into the bakery; Dottore and Tartaglia enter ...)*

Dottore ... and in conclusion, a fiery salamander living in the stomach is the primary cause of wind.

Tartaglia Oh, is that your ex...ex...excuse?

Dottore Don't interrupt me! Speaking of such, as I was saying ten minutes ago ...

Tartaglia That was only t...t...tit...ten minutes?

Dottore Stop interrupting me! Now, as I was saying ... you have fruit of your loins (*Tartaglia looks down at his pants*), do you not, of a feminine persuasion?

Tartaglia I have a da...da...daughter, if that's what you mean.

Dottore My son is of an age where he needs to marry and establish himself in society. The addition of your daughter into my household would be beneficial to us both.

Tartaglia I would love to accept.

Dottore Then we are agreed.

Tartaglia We may be in agreement, but my daughter may not.

Dottore Spare the rod and spoil the fish.

Tartaglia She's a filly, not a fillet!

- Dottore *(Dottore pauses, then moves on)* Be that as it may. You indulge her far too much. She must obey her father as well as love him. If she were *my* daughter she would be a member of *my* family. Therefore she would honor and obey as is her filial duty.
- Tartaglia Now she's a horse?
- Dottore *(Harumph)* It is merely a matter of exercising your paternal authority.
- Tartaglia Excellent idea. Clearly if we are in accord, then our voices should be likewise. And if our voices are as one, then it is meet that you brave the harpy ... er, I mean, talk to my daughter.
- Dottore What?
- Tartaglia You're going to talk to my daughter.
- Dottore Oh! I am going to talk to your daughter! *(Starts to go to Tartaglia's house, stops, turns back and says ...)* About what?
- Tartaglia The sac ... sac ... sacrificial ... er ... sacramental union.
- Dottore I shall talk to her about marrying my son!
- (Dottore goes to Tartaglia's house, knocks on the door. Celia comes out.)*
- Dottore Daughter of Tartaglia, it has come to my attention that you are fractious and in need of a strong hand to govern you.
- Celia *(Sotto voce)* And you're the one to do it?
- (Celia starts to "humble" herself through the following speech ... she reacts to what he says, physical reactions – pious: pray; humble: bow head; reserved: pull partlet together; silent: cover mouth; chaste: cover nether regions ...)*
- Dottore Clearly your humours are not balanced. Perhaps the window in your chamber is misaligned, the dry north wind is of an agitating nature. Let me counsel you on the virtues of an obedient child. A daughter should be pious, humble, reserved, silent, chaste, and above all, obedient!
- Celia Truly you have shown me the error of your ways. Thank you so much for your kindly advice. Never have I heard words more true and more suited to a daughter of Livorno. Fear not that I shall model my behavior appropriately.
- (Tartaglia reacts with joy to see his daughter acting so humbly, etc.)*
- Dottore I have arranged a marriage for you. Will you not accept the man I have chosen?
- Celia Signor Dottore, I would be happy to accept any husband you choose for me. Will you accept my payment for the marriage you have arranged?

Tartaglia She has really big ass...ass...ass... (*huge gestures with hands ...*)

Dottore Assets?

Tartaglia No (*as in 'Duh!' – slap Dottore on the forehead on this*), dowry.

Dottore (*To Celia*) Of course, my dear, I would be pleased to accept your payment!

(*Celia slaps him.*)

Celia How dare you presume to choose my future husband? If your ability as a matchmaker is any reflection of your skill as a doctor, your patients had better pick out their tombstones.

(*Tartaglia and Dottore back up away from her during this speech, Dottore kind of running into Tartaglia, at the end, she might say "Boo!" and they turn and run down the alleyway. Celia heads back toward her house, but does not exit the stage. She doesn't see the following bit.*)

(*Isabella comes out of her house ...*)

Isabella (*Dramatic stance in doorway, posing for each sentence.*) Silvio! I long for his ... presence. I die a little every day that he is not with me. I know it is only a matter of time before he is mine. (*Stomp foot ...*) I'm not used to waiting.

(*Sees Celia, "skips" over to her ...*)

Isabella Celia! (*Kiss cheeks ...*) I have the bestest news for you!

Celia Bestest?

Isabella I'm in love!

Celia So am I! (*Both squeal together, hand waves ...*)

Isabella I so want to see my love.

Celia It has been too long since I saw my love.

Isabella I have not seen my love in hours.

(*As they do the following lines, they start stepping away from each other ... delivering lines over their shoulders AT the other (not "to", but "at") ...*)

Celia You are lucky, I have not seen my love in days.

Isabella For me any time spent away from my love feels like weeks!

Celia The time that my love is not with me is as months!

Isabella        A day away from my love is as a year.

Celia         Minutes away from my love feel as decades to me!

Isabella        I feel the absence of my love as centuries.

Celia         A moment's distance away my love is like millennia!

Isabella        *(Pause, trying to one-up her ...)* EONS! Hah!

Celia         Eons plus one! *(Stick tongue out at her)*  
*(They come back together on these lines ...)*

Isabella        Oh if God would only grace us with His assistance!

Celia         Yes, but right now I am willing to sell my soul to the devil ...  
*(Coviello enters, steps between them ...)*

Coviello       *(Squiggy<sup>4</sup>)* Hello!

Isabella and Celia  
                Coviello!

*(They both grab for him, Isabella misses and falls, Celia takes him by an arm, and pulls Coviello aside ...)*

Celia         I have a job for you.

Coviello       I am sure I can rise to the occasion.

Celia         Not you! You're old. You're at least 30! *(Stepping back)*

Coviello       *(Exasperated)* Do you want my help or not?

Celia         I need you to bring my love to me. *(She 'tips' him with a coin ...)*

Coviello       And your love is whom?

Celia         Silvio *(big sigh)*

Coviello       Silvio, eh, have no fear, I will bring him soon.

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<sup>4</sup> "Squiggy" from the old Sitcom "Laverne and Shirley", the character had a very distinctive way of saying "Hello" ... it can be quite funny ...

*(Celia steps back obviously happy, and Isabella comes over and grabs his arm, and brings him to the other side of the stage ...)*

Isabella I want to engage your services.

Coviello *(Looking over shoulder at Celia ...)* I'm *much* too young to get married.

Isabella No, I need you to bring my love to me. *(She 'tips' him with a coin ...)*

Coviello Oh! And who would *this* gentleman be?

Isabella Silvio *(big sigh)* ...

Coviello Silvio, eh? *(Aside)* How ... original. *(Step back and say to both of them, bringing them in, arms over shoulders ...)* Ladies, thank you for your patronage. Be assured I will take care of this with all due speed. You may retire – put your minds at ease and your sweet, firm, nubile bodies at rest! Ahem. I think I need some time alone ... *(during the last couple of sentences, the ladies get that 'icky' feeling, and start stepping away ...)*

*(Isabella and Celia go into their respective houses. Coviello remains on stage, turns away from the audience, adjusts his codpiece ... then turns back to them.)*

Coviello *(To audience)* Hmm ... I happen to know that Orazio, Isabella's brother, is in love with Celia! But both Celia and Isabella are in love with Silvio. That makes things interesting ... Well, I *could* cut Silvio in half. It worked for Solomon. Naw, too complicated. *Too messy*. Still, I ought to be able to make a fortune out of this.

*(Tartaglia enters ...)*

Tartaglia Coviello! You can help me!

*(Coviello steps back from the audience and turns to Tartaglia.)*

Coviello Tartaglia! You have money!

Tartaglia I need you to get me Rosetta!

Coviello Not Silvio?

Tartaglia What?

Coviello Never mind. Money? *(Tartaglia hands over a coin ...)*

Tartaglia Rosetta!

Coviello Isn't she beneath you?

Tartaglia Oh, if only she weh weh weh wow! *(Trying to say "were")*

Coviello      *(Too Much Information)* Say no more! I know *just* how to get Rosetta. Come back later ...  
*(Tartaglia exits ... Dottore enters ...)*

Dottore      Coviello! You're a pander<sup>5</sup>, I need to procure your services.

Coviello      Dottore! What? *(As in "what are you talking about"?)*

Dottore      I have a job for you!

Coviello      OH! What a surprise. *(Hold out hand, forcing Dottore to hand over a coin ...)*

Dottore      I want you to get me Rosetta!

Coviello      Isn't she beneath you?

Dottore      That is precisely the position I wish her to be in.

Coviello      *(Aside to audience)* That'll be NO problem. *(To Dottore)* Come back later ...  
*(Dottore exits)*

Coviello      Now, I must go dress up as a grain merchant, so I can call on Rosetta myself!  
*(As Coviello exits Silvio and Orazio enter.)*

Orazio      ... and her toenails are like the purist ivory found on the feet of dainty elephants!

Silvio      Are you *finished*?

Orazio      *(Does an inventory with gestures ...)* I could start over!

Silvio      Feh! The pathetic patterns of paramours at play perverts the pulsating heart's purpose. Even prime prettiness is not worth plunging into prepubescent pugilism or passive pining. This puerile puling pressures me to puke. Passion! A pox upon it! *(In Orazio's face ...)*  
*(Orazio exits dejected/deflated, Silvio stays behind, laughing ... Isabella comes out)*

Isabella      Hello, Silvio! *(Sultry)*  
*(Celia comes out of her house and sees Silvio)*

Celia      Yoo hoo, Silvio!

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<sup>5</sup> For what it's worth, this *is* the correct usage of this word. According to the Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary:

<sup>1</sup> Pander 1 a : a go-between in love intrigues b : PIMP 2 : someone who caters to or exploits the weaknesses of others.

<sup>2</sup> Pander to act as a pander *esp* to provide gratification for others' desires (the audience is vulgar and stupid, you've got to ~ to them -- Herman Wouk) -- pan-der-er.

*(Isabella comes and draws him aside ...)*

Isabella        Silvio, I have something important I need to tell you.

Silvio         You have my full attention.

Isabella        There is something that my heart has been wanting to share with you. For as long as I can remember, I have watched you longingly from my window.

Silvio         Oh ... really? *(Step back, Isabella steps up to him ...)*

Isabella        I had hoped that perhaps you might reciprocate those feelings that I have for you.

Silvio         Oh ... really? *(Step back, Isabella steps up to him ...)*

Isabella        I've said what I feel about you, now you have to say what you feel about me, right?

Silvio         Oh ... really? *(Step back, Isabella steps up to him ...)*

*(Celia comes over and pulls him away ... Isabella turns away annoyed ...)*

Silvio         Oh, thank you so much.

Celia          *(No beating about the bush – straight to the point.)* I love you with a deep and abiding passion.

Silvio         Oh fu ..., not again! *(Steps back from both of them, closer to center stage, one on either side of him ...)* I have something I wish to say to both of you – love *(pause)* is for fools! Why should I entangle myself in such a web filled with pretty prose and silly simperings. I have renounced all that! I wish nothing to do with love, I wish nothing to do with either of you!

*(Silvio steps upstage as Celia and Isabella look at each other ... pause ... Isabella starts it slow – just ramping up ...)*

Isabella        Either?

Celia          You bitch!

Isabella        You trollop!

Celia          I saw him first!

Isabella        No, I saw him first!

*(Start to lunge at each other, and ... [Psych the audience – expecting a cat fight, but not quite yet ...])*

Celia          Wait! We've been friends since we were *this* tall! *(Back off from fight mode ...)*

Isabella Why are we fighting over a boy?

Celia There's plenty of cute young men in Livorno!

*(Both wave at the same person in the front row ...)*

Isabella Maybe not as cute as Silvio. And I did see him first!

Celia That may be true, yes he is cute, but I did actually talk to him for a whole minute!

Isabella But that was *after* I saw him!

Celia Was that before or after you threw yourself at him?

Isabella Hey, at least I didn't have to trip him, like you did!

*(Isabella starts to turn, Celia pushes her ...)*

Celia You want a trip?

*(Cat fight starts here ... GSP staging: Celia pushes Isabella, then walks away ... Isabella turns, charges her, grabs her hair and throws Celia to the opposite side of the stage, she slides on her knees ... slowly turns, looks over her shoulder ... Isabella realizing she just ticked off Celia backs up a bit, anticipating ... Celia crosses to her and throws a punch, which Isabella ducks under. She comes back charging Celia, who has her back turned and throws her arms around her shoulders and neck. Celia picks her up and spins. After a couple of turns, Isabella slides off, comes around and attacks Isabella straight on, Celia holds out her arm and we have Celia holding her off while Isabella windmills ... When the fathers come out, Celia does a 'hand off' to Dottore, and the windmilling winds down when Isabella realizes it's her father now ...)*

*(Tartaglia enters from one side, Dottore enters from the other side. [Handoff of Isabella to Dottore occurs here.] )*

Dottore Daughter! What is the meaning of this public disgrace of our name? *(Pulling Isabella back ...)*

Tartaglia What is this cunt...cunt...consternation? *(Pulling Celia back ...)*

Isabella *(Sniffing ...)* Daddy, she hit me back first!

Celia Father, she attacked me for no good reason!

Dottore I don't want to hear it! Daughter, back in our house! *(Points at the wrong house ...)*

Tartaglia *(To Celia)* And as for you ... *(Celia stares him down)* ... maybe you could go home ... to your room ... please? *(Flinching)*

Celia *(Pause, then taking the high ground.)* Father, perhaps you're right. I should retire, away from this simpering harlot!

Isabella Foul-tempered harpy!!

*(At this, Celia and Isabella enter their own homes, slamming doors ... Dottore and Tartaglia exchange glances with Silvio, shrug and go into their respective houses.)*

Silvio *(Directly to the audience.)* And this is why I want nothing to do with love!

*(Silvio exits. Coviello enters, dressed as a grain merchant, with an obvious fake beard, goes to the bakery, and knocks in his pre-arranged signal ...)*

Rosetta *(From inside the Bakery)* Oh, Dave<sup>6</sup>! (**Sign increments** – 64, with a gong rather than the usual counter bell (if no gong available, multiple bell rings) ... Pause for a couple of beats before entrance ...)

*(Rosetta enters from bakery, straightening bodice and/or hair, looking back over shoulder at the door to the bakery for a moment, she ‘fluffs’ her bosom and some flower comes out ...)*

### **Lazzo of Pulcinella “Hiding” In The Open**

*Pulcinella fakes some sort of “I’m not here” bit and then stands to the side and watches ...)*

Coviello Here I am, and I have bulging bags of seed for you!

*(Some bags of seed are hanging from front of belt over his groin ... he grabs them and gestures ...<sup>7</sup>)*

Rosetta I see. Now, let’s go some place where you can show me how well you need me.

*(She gestures kneading ... they go into a ‘lip-lock’ – staged – the aren’t really kissing, but making lots of noise, and slurping sounds ...)*

### **Lazzo of Being Made a Cuckold**

*(Long passionate face-suck, Pulcinella gets really pissed off, comes over and pulls their heads apart, Coviello and Rosetta are still “tonguing” the air, oblivious, he lets go, they go back to face sucking<sup>8</sup>. ... (very funny schtick), then Pulcinella goes off into his mostly silent this time lazzo ... this ends on this specific line:)*

**CUCKOLD!**

*(Pulcinella steps between them.)*

Pulcinella *(To Rosetta)* Wife? What are you doing outside the bakery?

<sup>6</sup> This is a joke that some will get, but not many. One of those “inside jokes”. Basically, at an SCA camping event, a young woman was heard in the middle of the night crying out in the heat of passion, “Oh, Dave!” ... it woke a few people up. People forget that pavilions have *thin* walls ... frankly we don’t know who Dave is, or the young lady in question, and don’t care. It was just funny.

<sup>7</sup> This was even more blatant in the GSP production – the bags of seed were skin colored and shaped roughly like testes.

<sup>8</sup> This is called by the GSP, the “Austin Face Suck”, as we first saw it at the Commedia dell’Austin Festival, part of a performance by a local troupe.

- Rosetta        Husband, I was merely ... greeting the grain merchant.
- Coviello        *(To Pulcinella, trying to convince himself as much as Pulcinella)* I am a grain merchant. I am here to sell you seed!
- Pulcinella      Wife, inside! This is men's business. *(He places the rolling pin over the bags of seed – rather suggestive of a man's tackle ...)*
- (Rosetta enters the bakery.)*
- Pulcinella      You have wheat for me?
- Coviello        I have the finest wheat from the first harvest, just for you!
- Pulcinella      Really? The finest wheat, huh? You mean from Cuckoldsville<sup>9</sup>?
- Coviello        Cuckoldsville, why yes! That's exac... *(realizing he's been set up)*
- (Pulcinella yanks off Coviello's beard ...)*
- Pulcinella      Hah! Oh, boys!
- (Pulcinella signals to the bakery ... kitchen helpers come on stage and beat Coviello. They chase him off stage, Pulcinella laughs and exits ...)*
- Exeunt*
- (When Placard Lady comes across between acts, the sign over the bakery increments again – 65 ...)*

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<sup>9</sup> The original scenario uses "Corneto". The translator notes: While Corneto is an actual village not far from Livorno, it also reminded the audience of the word "corna" (the horns of a cuckold). One might substitute an English place name such as "Cuckoldsville" or "Infidelphia."

**Act II**

*(Tartaglia enters from his house. Looks around to see if he can spot his daughter ...)*

Tartaglia My daughter, what a sh...sh...shrew! I thought after her mother died that I'd have some pea...pea...pea...quiet. All the devils in hell don't shriek the way she does! The sooner she is married the better.

*(Dottore enters from his house ...)*

Dottore I believe the explanation for Isabella's fiery temperament is caused by an excess of bile present in her spleen. But that does not explain her current violent nature ... by the phase of the moon I did not expect this until next week!

*(Tartaglia sees Dottore and comes to him ...)*

Tartaglia Learned Dottore, I have questioned my daughter, and cannot determine the cause of the argument we witnessed. Have you had any suc...suc...suc...success with your Isabella?

Dottore I'm still waiting for a urine sample.

Tartaglia What? Between us, we su...su...surely should be able to resolve this matter. Bring forth your daughter and I shall do likewise!

*(They both knock at their own homes ...)*

Dottore *(Shouts)* Daughter!

Tartaglia *(Timidly)* Daughter?

*(Celia and Isabella enter, studiously ignoring each other ... the following exchange occurs as if we're hearing one conversation, rather than two.)*

Dottore *(To Isabella)* Daughter, I demand that you explain to me about that disgraceful display earlier!

Isabella What display, daddy?

Tartaglia *(To Celia)* The business of you two fighting in the street!

Celia We were merely having a discussion. *(Shrug)* Girl talk!

Dottore If two gentlemen had a conversation of that nature they would be arrested!

Isabella But daddy, we were simply excited!

Tartaglia What could possibly have provoked you in such a manner?

Celia I didn't want to tell you this, but it was a boy.

Dottore and Tartaglia  
Who?

Isabella and Celia  
Silvio (*big sigh*)

Isabella He made my heart beat with a passion like no other has before.

Celia His eyes, his hair, his lips, his form ...

Isabella and Celia  
He spoke to me of love!

*(Dottore and Tartaglia look at each other ... "Ah! Just so ...")*

Dottore Daughter, you may return to your needlework.

Tartaglia Thank you, daughter, now you may retire. (*Please don't hurt me ...*)

*(The daughters go back in ... Dottore and Tartaglia move back toward each other.)*

Dottore So, my little flower has blossomed. She has discovered love.

Tartaglia Verily love is in the air, for I too am in love.

Dottore Friend Tartaglia, perhaps I have partaken of too much asparagus, for I also find my ardor is inflamed. I am in love with the most beautiful woman in Livorno.

Tartaglia That cannot be, for the woman I love is the most beautiful in all of Livorno.

Dottore The woman I love has hair the color of flaxen wheat.

Tartaglia My love has skin as white as freshly milled flour.

Dottore Her eyes are as deep brown as a crust straight from the oven.

Tartaglia Her bosom is as firm as freshly risen dough.

*(They both realize ...)*

Dottore and Tartaglia  
Rosetta!

Dottore You stuttering buffoon, you dare to sup from another man's spoon?

Tartaglia The baker's wife was mine first! You p...p...pompous blow-hard!

*(Dottore looks in his book for responses to Tartaglia's insults ...)*

Dottore        You old goat!

Tartaglia     Puffed up pigeon!

Dottore        Braying jackass!

Tartaglia     Warty toad!

*(Dottore looks for a last response, cannot find it and says:)*

Dottore        Merdé!

*(As they storm off, into their houses, Coviello enters followed by Orazio, pleading, he gestures to anatomy as he goes, after liver the hands head toward his crotch – Coviello has to cut him off quickly there ...)*

Orazio        You've got to help me win Celia. I desire her with all my heart, and liver and ...

Coviello     *(Cuts him off)* Enough with the anatomy lesson! Fine, I'll help you. What would you be willing to do ...?

*(Orazio inhales to start ...)*

Coviello     Good! Because you will have to deceive Silvio.

Orazio        Silvio? Not Silvio, Celia!

Coviello     *(Spelling it out for him ...)* You have to deceive Silvio to get Celia! Your sister Isabella loves Silvio.

Orazio        *(Aside)* Is that who it is this week?

Coviello     Look, boy, you're the son of the learned Dottore, so I'll make it simple. All we need to do is get Silvio into your house with Isabella. Then we bring you and Celia together at her house.

Orazio        *(The light goes on ...)* Ooooh! I can get into Celia's ... house.

Coviello     Um ... that, too. *(As in "Yeah, that's the ticket!")*

Orazio        But this will all be handled honorably! This is my sister, after all.

Coviello     *(Placating ...)* Of course.

Orazio        Well then, I accept.

Coviello     Come back later and I'll have worked out all the details.

*(Orazio exits ...)*

Coviello *(To audience)* What a moon-calf. All these plans for love ... *I* have plans for love. I need to see Rosetta again. What excuse can I use to see her? I hope she has not been mistreated by Pulcinella. I will have to ask her!

*(Coviello goes to the baker's door and knocks ... Rosetta comes out.)*

Coviello My dear, did Pulcinella strike you in any way?

Rosetta Nothing of any concern. You know my husband, three strokes *(mimes it on the spoon)* and he's done. How can he expect me to remain faithful? I need someone with more stamina.

Coviello I would happily plow your field for hours, but I don't want to get beaten again. How can I get past the kitchen boys?

Rosetta We tried the grain merchant, that didn't work. So next on the list is ... bread dough.

Coviello Bread dough?

Rosetta *(Aside)* It worked last month. *(To Coviello)* Get yourself on a wooden bread tray, covered in a cloth, and have porters bring you to the bakery as a delivery of bread dough. Once you are inside, you can sneak up to my room.

Coviello That's so crazy, *(to audience)* it just might work!

Rosetta Back to the ... grind.

*(Rosetta exits into the bakery doing a hip flourish. Sign increments – 66 ... Dottore enters, sees Coviello ...)*

Dottore Friend Coviello! Might I inquire what you have done on my behalf?

Coviello I have spoken with Rosetta for you. She told me you should dress up as a grain merchant, and come to her tonight.

Dottore Excellent idea! I'm glad I thought of it! Where can I obtain a grain merchant's garb?

*(Rosetta steps out of the bakery quickly, Coviello has his hand back, she walks up to his hand with her breast landing in it for a second, then she places the wig/tabard in his hand ... Rosetta goes back into the bakery ...)*

Coviello By chance, I happen to have such here.

*(Hold out hand for a coin, when Dottore hands it over, he gives the beard, and tabard to Dottore ...)*

Dottore Perfect. Thank you, my friend!

*(Dottore exits to go get changed ...)*

- Coviello        That idiot makes it easy! While he's getting beaten, I can slip in to see Rosetta! I *like* it!
- (Tartaglia enters, 'prods' Coviello)*
- Tartaglia        Ah, Coviello, my b...b...b...boon companion! What have you done on my behalf with Rosetta?
- Coviello        Nothing yet. Tell you what, as a favor let me go talk to her right now. Stay right here.
- (Coviello knocks on the Baker's door. Rosetta comes out, Coviello has a quiet conversation, some gestures, nothing "understandable" to the audience ... pointing at Tartaglia, etc. This can have some interesting bits – Rosetta looking around him at Tartaglia, sniggering a bit ... or perhaps flirting, whatever is more funny. Pulcinella comes out during the conversation between Coviello and Rosetta and pulls the **Lazzo of Hiding in the Open** – stands before the door to the bakery "hidden" in plain sight. Rosetta comes over to Tartaglia, to talk to him.)*
- Rosetta         Master Tartaglia! I was not aware of your feelings toward me! Of course, I reciprocate. There is only one complication.
- Tartaglia        And th...th...that is?
- Rosetta         My husband, you silver tongued devil! If you would sleep with me ...
- Tartaglia        Uh huh? *(Practically tripping over his tongue, as it were ...)*
- Rosetta         ... disguise yourself as a flour merchant and come back here. Tell my husband that you have flour to sell, but that it is warehoused outside of town, and you need him to come with you to see it. Once you have him there, lock him up inside. Then you can come back here and we can have a fine time.
- Tartaglia        So much do I want you that I will f...f...follow your instructions to the letter.
- Lazzo of Being Made a Cuckold**  
*(Pulcinella performs the lazzo, but he does it in such a way that no one on stage sees/hears him. This ends with the word "Cuckold" being said out loud, then he hides behind his rolling pin, basically the **Lazzo of Not Being Seen in Plain Sight**)*
- Tartaglia        First, grant me a kiss to seal our bargain.
- (He puts his face out for a kiss, closing his eyes, she licks her hand and plants it on his lips ... he exits with a deep sigh.)*
- Coviello        I have hired the porters, arranged a disguise and I will soon come to you, pretending to be bread.
- Rosetta         You sure know how to excite a baker's wife.
- Coviello        It was your idea!
- Rosetta         Oh, right. Off you go then!

*(Coviello exits, she goes inside the bakery ...)*

Pulcinella *(To Audience)* I saw *everything!* That Coviello is a snake! I must kill him! But I can't do it myself ... not after that run-in with the constables last week!

*(Pulcinella starts stomping around in a snit, perhaps bits from the **Lazzo of Being Made a Cuckold** ... Orazio enters, wearing his sword ...)*

Orazio How fare you, good sir?

*(Pulcinella, stomping around in anger still, stops, does a 180 degree turn, looks Orazio up and down, sees the sword and tries to charm Orazio ...)*

Pulcinella Young man, can I assume that you have some prowess with that ... uh ... weapon at your belt?

Orazio I am conversant in the ways of combat.

Pulcinella I am looking for a skilled swordsman to dispatch an enemy of mine. I would pay such a person a ... *(looking in belt pouch)* ... sack of bran!

Orazio How dare you, you ... tradesman! I am no common street thug!

*(Draws sword and chases Pulcinella off stage ... Silvio enters wearing a sword ... he stands next to Celia's window during this speech ...)*

Silvio That Celia – what a forward thing she is. How could she foist her love on me. I did not ask for it, nor do I intend to return it! In fact, I shall tell her so, this minute!

*(While Silvio poses by the window ... Orazio enters, sword still in hand.)*

Orazio I have never seen anyone run so fast ... how dare he assume he could hire *me*, the son of a gentleman, to do his dirty work?

*(He sees Silvio by Celia's window ...)*

Orazio What's this? My truest friend by my love's window? Silvio! Get away from her window if you value your life! I will not kill for baker's money, but I will kill for love!

Silvio What are you accusing me of? I am not in love with anyone, especially with that bold-faced slattern!

Orazio WHAT!?! *(This could be played with a high pitch, he pauses, adjusts his codpiece, and then repeats it lower)* How dare you call my love a slattern?

*(They draw swords and start fighting .... They fight and exit back off stage. As soon as they are gone Dottore enters, disguised as a grain merchant.)*

Dottore I look pretty good in this disguise. I should keep this for further assassinations.

*(He is about to knock when Pulcinella comes on stage from the street and ...)*

Pulcinella Who are you?

Dottore It is entirely obvious that in this raiment I am a grain merchant, and you, judging by your clothing, are the baker. Would you care for a sample of my wares?

Pulcinella *(Aside)* The grain merchant trick, again?

*(Pulcinella rips off Dottore's beard, Dottore flees, with Pulcinella in pursuit. Rosetta enters from the Bakery ...)*

Rosetta Coviello is late, I wonder what has happened? AH! There he is. He has much better timing than my husband!

*(Coming from offstage the porters bring Coviello in on a breadboard covered in cloth, his feet sticking out.)*

Rosetta Bring that into the bakery, please.

*(Pulcinella arrives at that point, and says to the porters:)*

Pulcinella Put the bread down outside the bakery. I will inspect it out here where the light is good. Thank you.

*(The porters do so and leave. [Giving time for the actors to QUICKLY change back to the Kitchen Helper outfits.]*

**Lazzo of Examining The "Bread"**

*(Pulcinella performs the lazzo – examines the bread – poking, etc. Make a big deal of it, poke the "bread" in the stomach and it moves, or giggles ... [Touching head, something about "Lumpy", grab nose and Coviello says "Honk!", toward the midriff "Odd, the dough seems to be releasing gas!" ...] works his way down to the feet:)*

Pulcinella Odd, this bread is wearing shoes!

*(Pulcinella pulls off the cover, and Coviello jumps up, trying to run away. Pulcinella calls into the bakery ...)*

Pulcinella BOYS!

*(The kitchen helpers come on stage, Rosetta runs inside the bakery (goosing one of the helpers on the way), the helpers beat Coviello ... again. Chasing him offstage.)*

*Exeunt.*

**Act III**

*Ad-Lib/Improvisation – the following bit is to be performed ad-lib by the actors portraying Tartaglia and Pulcinella:*

*(Tartaglia enters disguised as a miller, almost immediately Pulcinella arrives. Pulcinella asks Tartaglia who he is. Tartaglia responds that he is a miller with some flour to sell, which is at his cottage. He would like to bring Pulcinella with him to show him how good it is. Pulcinella does his **Lazzo of Being Made a Cuckold**. Pulcinella then tells Tartaglia that he needs to go into the bakery, and get some money. Pulcinella goes inside. Tartaglia remains behind [disguised as a miller].)*

*(The end of the ad-lib/improvisational bits ...)*

*(Dottore enters, angry at Pulcinella ...)*

Dottore My aching colon! I will have to abstain from cabbages for a month in order to realign my humours!

Tartaglia Ha!

*(Sees Tartaglia in his disguise, and recognizes him ...)*

Dottore That beard looks familiar, are you by chance a grain merchant?

Tartaglia No, I am a miller, I know nothing of grain!

Dottore Do I not recognize you?

Tartaglia Wh...wh...what would make you say that?

*(Dottore starts to pull the beard off ...)*

Dottore Tartaglia!

Tartaglia P...p...p...please don't give me away! If you don't s...s....s....say anything, we can bo...bo....bo...both enjoy R...r...r...Rosetta. Just keep quiet. *(Pause, realizes who he's talking to ...)* Oh God! We're fu...fu...fu...dead!

Dottore Both enjoy Rosetta? At the same time?

Tartaglia It's the latest technique from N...nip...nip....Naples.

Dottore If this enterprise is to succeed, give me the disguise. I will take Pulcinella to the cottage, lock him inside, while you stay with Rosetta. Then I will return.

Tartaglia B...b....brilliant plan! I couldn't have said it b...b...b...

Dottore At all?

*(Tartaglia takes off the beard and disguise, puts it on Dottore, and exits. Dottore stays on stage in the miller disguise. Pulcinella comes out of the bakery ... looks Dottore up and down, and obviously notices that the “miller” has changed height – all done with gestures – looks at audience ... shrugs it off, and ...)*

Pulcinella Signor Miller, how much flour do you have for sale?

Dottore I have ... uh ... five.

Pulcinella Five what?

Dottore Uh ... Feet!

Pulcinella My bread already has shoes!

Dottore Yes, that often happens.

Pulcinella *(Aside)* Especially around here. *(To Dottore)* Are you sure you don't mean bushels?

Dottore Bushels? Or pecks? My desire is certainly to peck a bushel.

Pulcinella Well then, how much do you want for a bushel of flour?

Dottore Uh, three scudi?<sup>10</sup>

Pulcinella Three scudi? For flour of this quality? Why that is highway robbery! Fourteen at least!

Dottore Well, fourteen is good, but fifteen would be even better!

Pulcinella Why be stingy? Let's say ... twenty!

Dottore Done! What a shrewd negotiator I am!

*(While Dottore is congratulating himself, Pulcinella goes to the door ...)*

Pulcinella BOYS! *(The kitchen helpers come out ... to the helpers)* Boys, pay the man!

Kitchen Helper How much?

Pulcinella Twenty!

*(They beat him saying “Scudi” for each blow ...)*

Pulcinella *(Comes over and hits him on the top of the head once)* With a bonus for prompt delivery!

*(Pulcinella and kitchen helpers go back in to the bakery, leaving Dottore in pain ...)*

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<sup>10</sup> Small running gag – hold up four fingers. Each time someone says “three” this gets repeated from here to end ...

- Dottore Oh, my head! Oh, my back! (*Almost cheerful about this*) But my colon doesn't hurt anymore!  
*(Tartaglia enters ...)*
- Tartaglia What was that racket? I noticed some noise!
- Dottore I noticed some pain ... lend me your arm Tartaglia and presently I will explain ...  
*(Dottore and Tartaglia exit, Dottore leaning on Tartaglia a bit.)*
- Coviello (*To audience*) I have been handled, I have been kneaded, I have been punched down, and now I am no longer bread, I am bread pudding!  
*(Celia enters, Isabella comes in from her house and stands back watching the following. Celia sees Coviello and crosses directly to him ...)*
- Celia I paid twenty scudi for you to bring my love to me! You have one hour to bring him to me, or I will ...
- Coviello Too late. I would bring him to you, but there is a snag – Silvio is in love with Isabella.  
*(Isabella hears this and reacts with a happy [but not too loud] squeal ...)*
- Celia Why would he want her, when he could have ME? (*During this, Isabella primps a bit, pats her bosom, her bottom, etc.*)
- Coviello Oh, no reason ...
- Celia So, what are *you* going to about it?
- Coviello Tell you what ... go to your house, shut your windows, hide the light. I will find Silvio and tell him that Isabella is in your house. When I bring him to your room, you can reveal your love to him.
- Celia How can I do that?  
*(Coviello whispers in her ear ...)*
- Celia OH! He'll be mine for sure!
- Coviello You must keep silent ...
- Celia I can't speak?
- Coviello Use your mouth, yes, speak, no!

*(Celia takes a moment, figures it out, looks a little embarrassed, and exits into her house. Isabella, having watched and heard all of the above, comes over to Coviello angrily ...)*

- Isabella Coviello, I paid you to be my liaison, and you didn't do it. *(Stomps foot ...)* In fact, you're working for Celia!
- Coviello No, no, no ... it's all part of my plan. What Celia doesn't know is instead of Silvio, I'm going to bring her Orazio.
- Isabella My brother? Eew!
- Coviello That way you get Silvio!
- Isabella *(Long pause, while we see the gears working – slowly – as she figures this out ... a good 20-30 seconds at least ... THEN she says)* OOOHHH! *(Pause)* How?
- Coviello Ummm ... *(The audience needs to see him thinking – hand motions, etc. The next bit is slow, because he's still formulating it ...<sup>11</sup>)* When I see Silvio, I will tell him that Orazio is deathly ill. His dying wish is to see his dear friend Silvio one last time. When I bring Silvio to your house, you must pretend that he tried to force himself upon you. When you cry for help, to preserve his honor and yours, he will be forced to marry you. *(To Audience)* You got all that?
- Isabella It seems a bit simple, but I suppose it will work.
- (Isabella goes into her house ...)*
- Coviello *(To audience ...)* I've lost track, has Tartaglia disguised himself as a miller yet? *(If audience doesn't respond, then actors backstage respond, either way with "Yes")* Okay, I'll find Silvio.
- (Coviello exits. Tartaglia and Dottore enter ...)*
- Tartaglia I've grown tired of this skulking around. It pains my conscience.
- Dottore Your conscience, my colon!
- Tartaglia Enough with the c...c...colon already!
- Dottore We're honorable men, we should behave as such.

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<sup>11</sup> The concept here is based on Black Adder, Season II, the episode titled "Beer", where Black Adder is explaining the comment made by one of the partiers: "Great booze up, Edmund!". Edmund tries to explain it to his ultra-puritan Aunt and Uncle, explaining how his friend brought an American Indian chief to visit, who came down with sleeping sickness, and apparently has just come out of the coma, hence the phrase: "Great Boo's Up!" There is a span of 30 seconds to a minute before Edmund even starts to talk as he's trying to work out how to address the issue, all done with facial expressions and his hands – you can "see the gears" as he's thinking through it. It's a very funny bit, and is what we were thinking of when we wrote this scene.

*(Silvio runs across behind Tartaglia, stands there with sword to 'hide' ... Orazio charges in, doesn't see Silvio, looks, crosses to the other side of the stage, doesn't see him, looks into audience, as he's doing this, Silvio reaches out and just touches his shoulder with his sword and says "Touch" ... chases him off ... Dottore and Tartaglia watch this with some bemusement ...)*

Tartaglia      Those young louts would not make fitting husbands for our daughters. Our daughters need men of more experience and wisdom.

Dottore        You are a wise and good father to think of such.

Tartaglia      And you likewise. Would that I had a father like you.

Dottore        Ah, but the solution is obvious! I shall marry your daughter Celia, and you shall marry my daughter Isabella!

Tartaglia      Son!

Dottore        Father!

Tartaglia      Father!

Dottore        Son!

Tartaglia      Let us not inform our daughters until the marriage contracts are drawn up. I am afraid your *(pause, try to figure out the relationship)* mother would be rather wroth with me!

*(They embrace, part and go into their houses. Pulcinella enters ...)*

Pulcinella    In the last hour and a half, my wife has tried to deceive me ... at least five times! I will kill that unfaithful harlot! With this hand I will cudgel her like a dog! *(Brandish the rolling pin, striking the other hand with it.)* But with this hand, I love her. *(Fondles the rolling pin rather suggestively.)* I am torn between the two hands, would that I had a third to make the decision. *(Looks down at his crotch ... hears someone coming and does the **Lazzo of Hiding in the Open**)*

*(Coviello enters.)*

Coviello      *(To audience)* I haven't seen Silvio or Tartaglia. I can't resolve the situation with the girls, and I can't see Rosetta!

*(Rosetta enters ...)*

Rosetta        Coviello!

Coviello      *(To audience)* That's one problem solved.

Rosetta        Pulcinella, that flour sack, has found out the trick with the miller!

Coviello      What do you suggest?

Rosetta I could kill that misshapen troll!

Coviello Let me guess, you tried that last season?

Rosetta No, actually I've never been that desperate. But I am now!

Coviello *(During this, Pulcinella is in the background, hearing it, and actually disapproving or approving as Coviello enumerates ideas ...)* Stabbing is out, too obvious. Drowning's no good, too slow! Poison! This is Italy after all!

Rosetta Perfect! How do we get him to drink it?

Coviello We'll tell him it's a special bottle of wine sent to him by his kinsman.

Rosetta Sure, why not?

Coviello I'll go buy a bottle of wine.

*(Coviello exits. Pulcinella, who has overheard everything, comes forward ...)*

Pulcinella *(To audience)* I know how to change her mind. *(Fluffs<sup>12</sup> his rolling pin ... To Rosetta who has her back to him, flirting with someone in the audience ...)* I feel ... unwell. I have a terrible swelling. *(She looks at his hunchback ...)* No, no, no ...

Rosetta *(Excited)* Really? After all these years?

Pulcinella Perhaps you can help me soothe it.

*(They exit into the bakery. The "Now Serving" sign increments again – slowly, as if it almost doesn't make it – 67. Coviello enters with Orazio.)*

Coviello So you're going to Celia's house. Have you got that?

Orazio And I'm not supposed to say anything? What about my poetry?

Coviello I've heard your poetry. Be the strong, silent type.

*(Coviello pushes him toward the door ... Orazio exits into the house, Silvio enters.)*

Silvio I hear you've been looking for me ...?

Coviello Your dear friend Orazio is lying sick in bed. You must make your peace with him before the icy finger of death strikes him down!

Silvio But he looked fine, when we finished our fight!

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<sup>12</sup> We mean "fluffing" as in the porn industry use of the word – "making it hard" ... this is done with his back to the audience, but as he does it, someone watching can see the rolling pin rise, and he of course makes appropriate noises ...

Coviello He had a relapse.

Silvio Are you sure he can have visitors?

Coviello Isabella! Are you in a state to receive company?

*(Isabella comes out ...)*

Isabella Oh, yes, all is prepared. There is someone in the bed who dearly wishes to see you.

*(She pulls Silvio in to the house. Coviello exits. Pulcinella and Rosetta enter from the Bakery. Pulcinella is pleased ... so is she ...)*

Pulcinella Much better now.

Rosetta I, too, husband!

Pulcinella You know, wife, my stocks are depleted.

Rosetta Yes, I know, honey.

Pulcinella No, I must get more flour!

Rosetta And oysters!

Pulcinella Uh, yes! Now, while I'm away, wife! Mind your reputation!

*(Pointing finger at her. She gives it a little kiss.)*

Rosetta Husband, you know that rather than disgrace my honor, I would die a thousand deaths. *(Aside)*  
Little ones.

*(Coviello enters, wearing a beard and holding a bottle of wine. Rosetta gestures "No ..." at him, but it's too late ...)*

Coviello Are you Pulcinella, the Baker?

Pulcinella Tell me, are you the grain merchant, the miller, or are you just bread with a beard?

Coviello Why no! I am a messenger from the country. A kinsman of yours sent this fine bottle of wine as a gift.

Pulcinella Oh, really? *(Pulls off the beard, and smacks him. Coviello crumples ...)*

Coviello Wait, before you kill me, please let me write one last letter to my next of kin.

Pulcinella I will write it myself! To whom should I send it?

- Coviello My dear mother, whom I have not seen these many years. Her name is Ferizia Citrulo<sup>13</sup> of Acerra.
- Pulcinella Did you say Ferizia Citrulo of Acerra?
- Coviello Yes, I said Ferizia Citrulo of Acerra! I'm already a dead man. Why would I lie?
- Pulcinella Do you have a brother?
- Coviello Yes, I had one once, *(pause, look directly at the audience, say this very flat – it's so ... passé ...)* but he was kidnaped by gypsies!
- Rosetta *(Aside, in case the audience doesn't get it ...)* How ... original!<sup>14</sup>
- Coviello It was a long time ago, and his name was *(pause)* Pulcinella Citrulo.
- Pulcinella I am Pulcinella Citrulo! That makes me your brother! *(Help him to his feet ...)*
- Coviello It does?
- Rosetta *(Steps between them ...)* Is there a family resemblance?
- Coviello I am his bigger brother!
- Rosetta Oooh!
- (Noises issue from Dottore's house. Silvio takes a step out the door, half-dressed, and is pulled back in. Celia and Orazio enter from the house (pushed on stage by Tartaglia), sucking face. Isabella exits and gets the footstool, and brings it into the house ... Tartaglia comes out, moves Orazio's hand off Celia's ass to her shoulder. Dottore enters shooing Isabella and Silvio out of the house.)*
- Dottorre What is this? What were you two doing? Isabella! What possible reason could you have to entertain a young man in such a way?
- Isabella Daddy, what do you call it when a man forces a lady to do something she doesn't want?
- Dottore *(Step toward audience in shock.)* Marriage?
- Isabella He married me! Three times!
- Silvio Wait a minute! I never touched her!

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<sup>13</sup> "Citrulo" means "cucumber" in Neapolitan. It is both a phallic symbol and a pejorative name for a stupid person.

<sup>14</sup> This is a play on the name of the actress portraying the role on top of everything else – her SCA name is Original Nightshade.

Isabella He held onto me and wouldn't let me go until I submitted to his desires!

Silvio My only desire was to visit your sick brother, not to feel up his sister.

Dottorre His sister? I thought you felt up Isabella.

Isabella Oh my! My honor has been stained forever! I am ruined! (*Completely over the top.*)

Dottorre Consider: if my daughter has been stained, it's up to you (*pointing towards Silvio*) to make her clean once more.

Silvio Her? What about me? She jumped me in the dark and pressed herself against me and ... (*dawning realization*) Oh, well, hmm ... (*big smile spreads across his face ...*)

Isabella What were you complaining about again? (*She crosses to him ...*)

Silvio Nothing, dear. (*They step back together ...*)

Tartaglia Daughter! Get your hands off him! What possessed you to f.f..fondle Orazio in that darkened room?

Celia (*Blinking in the light*) Orazio? (*looks closer*) I thought he was Silvio!

Dottorre How could you possibly mistake the one for the other? (*Comparing Orazio and Silvio - considering the difference in the actors' heights, should make for a good sight gag.<sup>15</sup>*)

Celia (*Shrugging*) Well, he seemed ... bigger ... in the dark ...  
  
(*Orazio looks at audience with a smug look ...*)

Dottore: Way to go, son!

Tartaglia: Shut up!

Orazio (*Drops to one knee ...*) Celia, if you would only accept me, I could offer you wealth and a position in society.

Celia (*Thinks...*) How many positions in the bedroom?

Orazio Well, I did go to University.

Celia (*She sits on his knee, then turns toward to Tartaglia*) Father, I think, for all concerned here, I will take this man as my husband. Now.

Dottore (*Looks at Tartaglia, resigned*) At least it gets them out of the house.

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<sup>15</sup> In the original GSP production, Robert of Ravenwood is 6'6" or so. Walkyr is under 6', making for a large and obvious height difference.

Tartaglia        (*Crosses to center by Dottore*) I'll change the names on the marriage contracts.

*(Dottore and Tartaglia shoo lovers into the appropriate houses, guys first so we can get this line:)*

Celia and Isabella

Thank you, daddy!

*(Lovers exit)*

Dottre        Tell me, what *is* your profession?

Tartaglia        T...t....t...trial lawyer!

*(Dottore and Tartaglia exit into their houses.)*

Rosetta        (*Steps out toward the audience*) I think it's time for a family reunion.

*(She touches both Pulcinella and Coviello under the chin and pulls them into the bakery. The "Now Serving" sign increments ... twice – 68-69.)*

*~ finis ~*