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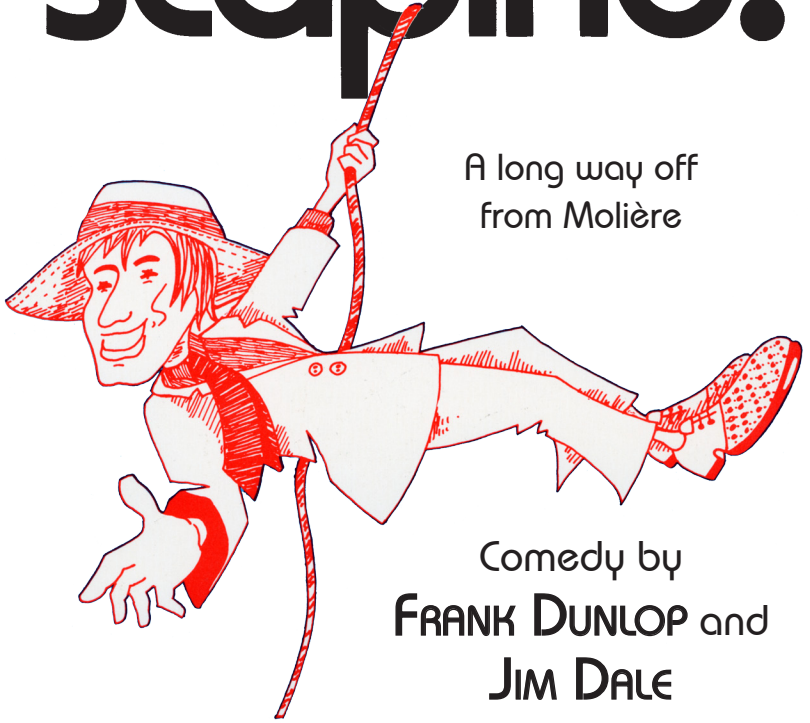
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scapino!



A long way off
from Molière

Comedy by
FRANK DUNLOP and
JIM DALE

Adapted into a one-act play by
NOYCE BURLESON

scapino!

This London and Broadway hit is now available in an approved one-act cutting. Have fun with Molière!

“See this Naples and die—laughing.” (*New York Magazine*)

Comedy. Adapted by Noyce Burleson. From the play by Frank Dunlop and Jim Dale. Cast: 6m., 3w. (extras). This one-act version is inspired by Molière’s *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, a tale featuring the deceitful character of Scapin, who constantly lies and tricks others to get ahead. With the first line of the play, we plunge into a situation of comic madness as Ottavio cries, “I am lost! I am ruined! What am I to do? My world is crumbling around me. Disaster after disaster!” Ottavio is to be married off in what he considers to be a terrible mess of a trouble. Into this mess comes Scapino, and Ottavio seeks his help in finding a solution. Scapino states, “The good Lord has blessed me with quite a genius for clever ideas and inspired inventions which the less talented, in their jealousies, call deceits and trickery!” In a hilarious scene, the girl’s father hides in a huge sack as Scapino pretends to be a Japanese waiter shouting, “There is something moving in the saki! I am going to give one gigantic karate chop suey to saki!” The play ends musically as the cast sings a song of Italian ingredients entitled “Minestrone.” *Bare stage with props. Approximate running time: 35 minutes. Music in book. Code: S11.*

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scapino! (1-act)



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THE FRANK DUNLOP YOUNG VIC PRODUCTION OF

SCAPINO!

**a long way off from Molière
by**

FRANK DUNLOP and JIM DALE

**The authorized one-act version
by**

NOYCE BURLESON



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(SCAPINO!)

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SCAPINO!

A Play in One Act
For Six Men, Three Women and Extras

CHARACTERS

SCAPINO servant of Geronte
SYLVESTRO servant of Argante
OTTAVIO son of Argante
LEANDRO son of Geronte
ARGANTE father of Ottavio
GERONTE father of Leandro
ZERBINETTA beloved of Leandro
GIACINTA beloved of Ottavio
NURSE of Giacinta
HEADWAITER
WAITRESS
THREE WAITERS or WAITRESSES

PLACE: A cafe in Naples.

TIME: The present.

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SCAPINO!

SCENE: *A dockside café in Naples. UL is the café, which has a balcony over the entrance. In the area in front of the café are two outdoor café tables (at DC and RC) with two or three chairs each. At LC is a bench. There is a jukebox near the door of the café. The sea (the Bay of Naples) is presumably offstage beyond this scene; access to streets are DL and DR.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *WAITRESS enters from café, deposits five coins in jukebox, and selects songs. Jukebox does not begin so she kicks and slaps it. Music begins on slap. WAITRESS exits into café, reappearing on balcony, where she picks up two tablecloths (L to R) from railing. Sea gulls are heard. Three WAITERS (these may be waitresses if desired) enter from café. Jukebox stops, and the first hummed measures of "Minestrone Macaroni" are heard. (See Production Notes.) HEADWAITER supervises setting up of café. WAITER 1 crosses to table DC and sets chairs; WAITER 2 crosses to table RC and sets chairs; WAITER 3 sweeps area. (The broom is left by table DC when he exits.) SCAPINO enters café balcony. Sea gulls fade. WAITRESS enters from café and crosses to table DC to place a tablecloth, then crosses to table RC and places other tablecloth. All except SCAPINO exit into café as SYLVESTRO hurries on stage from L and runs to meet OTTAVIO, who is entering R from aisle.*

SYLVESTRO (*grabs OTTAVIO*). Your father is back.

OTTAVIO (*running up steps to stage yelling an Italian expletive*). I'm lost, I'm ruined, what am I to do? My world is crumbling around me. You've just heard, Sylvestro, that my father is back.

SYLVESTRO. Your father is back.

OTTAVIO. His boat docked this very morning.

SYLVESTRO (*sitting at table DC*). This very morning.

OTTAVIO. And that he's come back determined to marry me off.

SYLVESTRO. To marry you off.

OTTAVIO. To a daughter of Signor Geronte.

SYLVESTRO. Of Signor Geronte.

OTTAVIO. And my uncle knows all we've been up to.

SYLVESTRO. All we've been up to.

OTTAVIO (*placing hat on table and sitting*). Oh, for heaven's sake, say something instead of parroting everything I say. (*Hits table.*)

SYLVESTRO. What more can I say? (*Hits hat instead of table, then proceeds to fix hat.*)

OTTAVIO. Well, at least give me some advice. Tell me how I can get out of this terrible mess.

SYLVESTRO (*an Italian expletive*). "Oi, Mama Leone." I'm just as much in the mess as you are.

OTTAVIO (*standing*). I'm ruined by this rotten return. (*SCAPINO exits café balcony.*)

SYLVESTRO. You should have thought of that before you got into it.

OTTAVIO. It's not the time now to say "I told you so"! What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? (*Grabs SYLVESTRO by neck and nearly pushes him over.*)

(Enter SCAPINO from café.)

SCAPINO. How not, Signor Ottavio?

SYLVESTRO (*pulling away from OTTAVIO*). Scapino!

SCAPINO. Hey! Hey! What's wrong with you? You look a little disturbed.

OTTAVIO. Oh, my dear Scapino, I'm ruined. I'm the unhappiest man in the world.

SCAPINO. Really? How's that?

OTTAVIO (*grabbing him by sleeve*). My father and Signor Geronte are back, and they're determined to marry me off.

SCAPINO. Well, what's so horrible in that?

OTTAVIO (*clutching sleeve*). Oh, if you only knew the cause of my trouble.

SCAPINO. There, there. You know I'm always willing to listen when a young fellow's in trouble.

OTTAVIO (*pulling SCAPINO downstage*). Oh, Scapino, if you can devise any means to get me out of this terrible mess that I'm in—(*Kneels.*)

SCAPINO. Well, there's not much I can't do once I've set my mind on it. Without a shadow of a doubt, there's never been another fellow to measure up to me—(*Lifting chocolate bar from SYLVESTRO's pocket.*)—Chocolate? (*Offers chocolate to SYLVESTRO and then to audience.*) However, since my affairs got a little troubled, I've given the whole thing up.

OTTAVIO. What affairs and what troubles, Scapino?

SCAPINO (*sitting at table*). You know the law treated me very badly, and I decided I would never lift another finger from that day on to help anybody. But I'm always willing to listen.

OTTAVIO. You know, Scapino, that two months ago Signor Geronte and my father set sail together on a business trip.

SCAPINO. Quite. Well, get on with it.

OTTAVIO. And that Leandro and myself were left by our fathers, myself in the care of Sylvestro—(*Hitting SYLVESTRO on the back.*)—and Leandro under your supervision. (*Pushing SYLVESTRO into chair.*) Some time afterwards Leandro met a young Gypsy girl and fell madly in love with her.

SCAPINO. Quite.

OTTAVIO. As we're great friends he took me straight away to see the girl. Well, I thought she was quite pretty. He spoke about nothing but her day in, day out; hardly a moment went by that he didn't boast to me about her beauty, her charm, her wit, her every word.

SCAPINO. Look...I don't quite see what all this is leading up to.

OTTAVIO (*after a slight pause*). One day...

SCAPINO. Ah!

OTTAVIO. When I was going with him to visit his obsession we heard the sound of sobbing mixed with a great many tears. We asked what was going on.

SCAPINO. Yes, well, you would, wouldn't you? (*To audience.*) You'd say, "What's going on?" Wouldn't you? Well, what next?

OTTAVIO (*miming action of dragging LEANDRO*). Curiosity made me drag Leandro to see what was the matter. (*Mimes entering room.*) We went into a little room where we saw an old woman dying.

SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO. Ah!

OTTAVIO. A nurse crying...

SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO. Ah!

OTTAVIO. ...and a young girl dissolved in tears, the most beautiful, the most exquisite that was ever seen.

SCAPINO. Ah-ha.

OTTAVIO. Any other girl would have looked wretched in the state she was in, wearing nothing...

SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO (*double take*). Eh?

OTTAVIO. ...but rags, hair disheveled, but even in that state she glittered like a thousand stars.

SCAPINO. Yes, I'm beginning to get the point, yesssss...

OTTAVIO. If you'd seen her, Scapino, you would have found her devastating.

SCAPINO. And without seeing her, I realize she must have that certain...

SYLVESTRO and SCAPINO. Whoops!

SCAPINO. ...something.

OTTAVIO. Sobbing...(*Kneels*)...she threw herself on her knees beside the dying woman, and called her, "Mother."
(*Rises*.) Scapino, a stone wall would have loved her.

SCAPINO. Quite.

SYLVESTRO. He couldn't live without the girl. He begs, he grovels, he argues. She comes from a good family, and unless he marries her, he's got to keep his hands off her; so he's been a married man for the last three days. Now add to that the unexpected return of his father; add to that the other marriage his father's arranged with the daughter of a second wife Geronte married at Marseilles.

OTTAVIO. And worse than all this, add the poverty in which my poor lovely wife now lives.

SYLVESTRO. There, there.

SCAPINO (*standing*). Is that all? I mean, what on earth are you worried for? Aren't you ashamed to be panicked by such a little thing?

(*GIACINTA enters R from aisle.*)

GIACINTA (*seeing OTTAVIO, running to him*). Ottavio!

OTTAVIO. Here comes my lovely Giacinta.

GIACINTA. Ottavio! (*GIACINTA kisses OTTAVIO at DC and kneels. SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO move to bench and watch.*) Oh, Ottavio, is it true? Your father's back and is going to marry you to someone else? (*With tears in her eyes.*)

OTTAVIO. Yes, my dearest, and I'm as heartbroken as you are. But—(*Kneeling.*)—what's this? You're crying. Surely you don't doubt my love for you?

GIACINTA. Yes, Ottavio, I'm sure you love me, but I'm not so sure you'll always love me.

OTTAVIO. How could anyone love you without loving you for the rest of one's life?

GIACINTA (*standing, crossing toward R.*). I've heard, Ottavio, that your sex loves not so long as ours does, and those burning passions men discover are as easily extinguished as they are set alight. (*Turns to OTTAVIO.*)

OTTAVIO (*standing*). My dear Giacinta, I'm not made like other men...

SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO (*crossing left legs over right*).
Oh, my!

OTTAVIO (*crossing to GIACINTA*). ...I know that I shall love you till I die.

GIACINTA (*crossing to original position*). I'm sure you believe what you say, and I don't doubt that your words are sincere, but you're completely dependent on your father, who is determined to marry you to someone else. If that happens I expect I'll die. (*She sits at table and bursts into tears.*)

OTTAVIO (*crossing to her, kneeling and taking her hands*). No father shall make me break my word to you. (*SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO cross to behind GIACINTA and OTTAVIO, joking as if they are on a film set shooting a love scene, SCAPINO miming camera and SYLVESTRO*

using cupped hand as microphone. OTTAVIO and GIACINTA stand.) I would rather give up my country, life itself, than give up you. Don't cry, dearest Giacinta, your tears hurt me more than you, every one—(*Kisses her eye.*)—wounds me—(*Kisses other eye.*)—to the heart. (*Kisses her lips.*)

GIACINTA. To make you happy, I shall hold back my tears, and wait with dry eyes for whatever Fate has in store.

OTTAVIO. Fate is on our side.

GIACINTA. It must be, if you stay true to me.

OTTAVIO. Never doubt that.

GIACINTA. Then I shall be happy. (*They hug.*)

SCAPINO (*to SYLVESTRO*). She's not such a fool—eh? She's quite nice to look at, too. (*SCAPINO begins to exit R.*) Ciao! (*Pronounced "chow."*)

OTTAVIO (*turning and running after SCAPINO*). Here's a man who could be a marvelous help to us.

SCAPINO (*stopping and turning to OTTAVIO and GIACINTA*). No...but...(*Staring at GIACINTA.*)...if you were both to ask me very nicely...perhaps...

OTTAVIO. Oh, if it's only a question of asking nicely, my dearest Scapino...(*Going on knees.*) I beg you with all my heart.

SCAPINO (*still staring at GIACINTA, then turning to OTTAVIO*). Pardon...Ah, yes. (*Pats OTTAVIO's head. To GIACINTA.*) And you, have you nothing to say to me?

GIACINTA (*dropping to her knees*). I beg you by everything that's dear to you to help us and our love. (*She grabs his tie, pulls him to her in three moves and kisses him.*)

SCAPINO (*after kiss, running upstage*). Right. You get along then, I'll do some thinking on your behalf. (*GIACINTA starts to exit L.*)

OTTAVIO. Believe me, I...

SCAPINO (*to GIACINTA*). Just get along home and stop worrying. Ciao!

GIACINTA (*exiting L*). Ciao!

SCAPINO (*to SYLVESTRO*). What a lovely girl. Ciao!

GIACINTA (*still exiting*). Ciao!

SCAPINO (*throwing GIACINTA a kiss. To OTTAVIO*). Ah, yes...you get your upper lip stiffened to meet your father.

OTTAVIO (*crossing to chair at table and sitting*). I must admit my lip's trembling already. I suffer from a sort of natural cowardice.

SYLVESTRO. Here comes your father now.

(ARGANTE growls from lobby, then runs down auditorium aisle to café.)

OTTAVIO. Oh, I'm lost. *(He rushes off R. SYLVESTRO crosses to café and exits.)*

SCAPINO. Hey, there, Ottavio, hold on a minute. Well, we'll have to deal with the old man ourselves. *(Exits into café.)*

ARGANTE (*now on stage, speaking to himself*). Whoever heard of such a thing. *(Crosses to table DC and bangs with cane.)*

(HEADWAITER enters from café and mimes taking order from ARGANTE.)

ARGANTE. What a lunatic thing to do. *(Bangs table.)*

(SCAPINO and SYLVESTRO appear on the café balcony.)

SCAPINO. Let's listen awhile.

ARGANTE. I'd love to know what they dare to say to me about this marriage. (*Bangs table. HEADWAITER checks off appetizer.*) Will they try to make excuses?

SCAPINO (*to SYLVESTRO*). That's possible.

ARGANTE. Perhaps they'll try to entertain me with fairy stories. (*Bangs table. HEADWAITER checks off entrée.*)

SCAPINO. Perhaps, eh?

ARGANTE. Everything they say will be useless. (*Bangs table. HEADWAITER checks off dessert and exits to café.*)

SCAPINO. We'll see about that.

ARGANTE. They shan't make an idiot of me.

SCAPINO. Ho ho.

ARGANTE. And as for Sylvestro, I'll...I'll...I'll...beat him to a jelly.

SYLVESTRO. I knew he'd remember me. (*Seeing SYLVESTRO on balcony, ARGANTE runs to café as SCAPINO leaves balcony.*)

ARGANTE. Ah-ha. So you're there, are you? (*Jumps under balcony and hits balcony with cane, causing SYLVESTRO to jump.*)

(*SCAPINO enters from café and takes ARGANTE by the arm, trying to draw him C.*)

ARGANTE. How do, Scapino. (*Breaks away from SCAPINO and turns back to SYLVESTRO.*) Well, can't you say anything, idiot? (*Hits balcony, and SYLVESTRO jumps.*)

SCAPINO (*taking ARGANTE by the arm again and crossing to C*). Did you have a pleasant journey back, sir? (*SYLVESTRO exits balcony.*)

ARGANTE (*breaking away from SCAPINO*). Very pleasant. Now, leave me alone and let me have a row in peace.

(SYLVESTRO enters from café. During the ensuing dialogue he moves unobtrusively to the table RC and sits listening to the conversation.)

ARGANTE. You've not heard what's gone on whilst I've been away?

SCAPINO. Well...well...I did hear a few little jokey things, sir.

ARGANTE *(crossing to table DC).* A few little jokey things! A catastrophe like this?

SCAPINO. Weeeeeeeelllll...

ARGANTE *(sitting at table).* A son to get married without the consent of his father.

(WAITER 1 enters, crosses to table and places napkins, spoon and fork.)

SCAPINO. Yes, I know. But I don't think you should make too much fuss about it.

ARGANTE. Well, I do think I should. *(WAITER 1 finishes setting table and exits.)* Don't you think I've got every reason in the world to be furious?

(HEADWAITER enters from café, crosses to center stage and checks off dishes on order pad as they are brought on and handed to SCAPINO who places them in front of ARGANTE.)

SCAPINO *(putting napkin around ARGANTE).* I was just the same myself, sir, just after I heard the news.

(WAITER 1 enters with bread and crosses to SCAPINO, who takes the bread. WAITER 1 exits as WAITER 2 enters with plate of spaghetti.)

SCAPINO. You just ask how I shouted—

(SCAPINO takes spaghetti from WAITER 2, who crosses to take wine from WAITER 3, who enters from café with bottle and two glasses on tray.)

SCAPINO. —how I lectured to him on the respect he owed a father whose footsteps he's not good enough to kiss. *(HEADWAITER and WAITERS exit. SCAPINO sits and pours wine.)* Yes, but...what would you have him do? Fate led him to it. *(SCAPINO hands ARGANTE a glass of wine and takes one himself.)*

ARGANTE. Oh-ho, the easiest excuse in the world.

SCAPINO *(readying spaghetti on fork)*. Oh, no...no... no...

ARGANTE. Why...*(SCAPINO puts forkful of spaghetti in ARGANTE's mouth.)*

SCAPINO *(readying more spaghetti)*. Now surely, sir, you can't expect him to have the intelligence that you have? Young folks are...

ARGANTE. Young...*(More spaghetti in ARGANTE's mouth.)*

SCAPINO *(breaking off a piece of roll)*. Exactly. Now take our Leandro, for example...

ARGANTE *(having chewed spaghetti)*. Oh!...

SCAPINO *(putting bread in ARGANTE's mouth)*. ...in spite of all I've taught him, he's gone and done worse than your son.

ARGANTE *(mumbled)*. Worse than my son?

SCAPINO *(nodding his head)*. Yes!

ARGANTE. He has? Tell me more.