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My Big Gay Italian Wedding

by Anthony J. Wilkinson

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



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FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

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PRODUCTION HISTORY

My Big Gay Italian Wedding premiered Off Broadway at the Actor's Playhouse in November, 2003 where it played in repertory with the musical *Naked Boys Singing*. It was directed by Peter Rapanaro and starred Anthony J. Wilkinson and Bill Fischer. The show also featured costume design by Chris March of Bravo's reality television series *Project Runway*. After six months of over sold houses, the production moved to a larger venue (Theatre Four) where it continued its run till the end of 2004.

On September 12, 2009, a revised and updated version of the script, played a benefit performance at the St. George Theatre in Staten Island. The new production was produced by Dina Manzo and Sonia Blangiardo. The show starred its creator Anthony J. Wilkinson as well as Scott Evans of the ABC soap opera *One Life to Live*. It was directed and also produced by Teresa A. Cicala and included new choreography by J. Austin Eyer.

The revised production moved to an open-ended Equity run at the St. Luke's Theatre Off Broadway in May 2010, adding original music by David Boyd and Reichen Lehmkuhl of CBS TV's *The Amazing Race*, as Wilkinson's co-star.

On August 2, 2010, it was announced that *Real Housewives of New Jersey* cast members Teresa Giudice, Caroline Manzo, Lauren Manzo, Jacqueline Laurita and Ashley Holmes would step in as cast members for one week in September. After sold-out performances, the Housewives signed up to repeat their guest appearances on October 20th to 23rd.

As of January, 2011, the show continues to run successfully Off-Broadway at St. Luke's Theatre.

A NOTE ON THE MUSIC

The original production of *My Big Gay Italian Wedding* contained 4 original songs by David James Boyd. While the lyrics of these songs are still printed in this script, licensees are welcome to select music of their own choosing in place of the music performed in the play.

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CHARACTERS

ANTHONY PINNUNZIATO – 20s-30s male. Our every-man. Pollyanna guido from Bay Ridge. LEAD

ANDREW POLINSKI – late 20s-30s male. Handsome and stylish, yet devoted to one man only. Dashing and charming. LEAD

ANGELA PINNUNZIATO – late 40s female. A lovingly over-bearing, over-powering Italian mother hen. Rules the roost with an iron fist and a wooden spatula. Anthony's mother. LEAD.

JOSEPH PINNUNZIATO/FATHER ROSALIA – late 40s male. Joseph is Anthony's loud Italian father whose word is law and whose home is his castle. Father Rosalia is the crush of every parishioner, both male and female. Tries hard to resist the temptations of flesh, both male and female. Note: These two roles can be played by the same actor if needed. LEAD

MAURIZIO LEGRANDE – late 20s-40s male. Outlandishly dressed, over the top, flamboyant wedding coordinator. Has an accent that cannot be pegged down. LEAD

GREGORIO – 20s -30s male. Smoking hot and extremely narcissistic. Does not take rejection well. Always has something up his sleeve. LEAD.

MARIO – 20s-30s male. Uptight fashionista, Anthony's best friend and protector. The most fabulous dancer in Brooklyn. Anthony's Best Man. SUPPORTING.

LUCIA – 20s - 30s female. Brassy, trendy Italian woman. Anthony's dependable, reliable best friend. A feminine, pretty lipstick lesbian, classy and sophisticated until challenged. Maid of Honor. SUPPORTING.

CONNIE – 20s - 30s female. Lucia's nemesis. Just as pretty, but much tougher. The gum chewing mouth of a truck driver who doesn't take crap from anyone. Bridesmaid. SUPPORTING.

MARIA – 20s female. Anthony's flighty, heavy-set, sweet and self-absorbed baby sister. Aspirations of stardom, but a fizzled sense of reality. She is a Broadway actress wannabe and fancies herself a tremendous singer. SUPPORTING

RODNEY – 30s male. Sassy and spirited. Always up for an adventure. In love with Frankie. Reveals himself in drag in Act Two. All ethnicities can work in this role.

AUNT TONIANN – 30s-early 40s female. Angela's fussy younger Italian sister. Lives to torment her brother-in-law. Sports the biggest of hair and always (thinks she's) dressed to the nines. SUPPORTING

FRANKIE – late 20s-late 30s male. Tough, good-looking Italian stud. No-nonsense, out, and proud. The straight acting gay guy in the bunch. Groomsman. SUPPORTING

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With the support of special friends and family, visions like this can become a reality.

Special thanks to Sonia Blangiardo and Teresa Anne Cicala for their continued efforts and hard work on this project, for without them it would not exist.

I dedicate this show to my best friend and mother whose love and devotion continues to make me stronger. To my late father, who set the bar for what a true man really is. Thank you God for giving me parents who never judged, allowed me to be creative and speak my voice, and most of all... taught me to love myself.

– *Anthony J. Wilkinson*

PROLOGUE

(Onstage, four traditional heterosexual couples dance a traditional version of the “Tarantella.” Mid-way through the dance, a techno version of that song crashes in, and two of the couples change partners and begin to dance not so traditionally...one of the original couples is not able to adapt to the new style and runs off, while the other decide all is well and allow themselves to let loose and dance along with the non-traditional couples as a new harmonious age is born.)

ACT 1

Scene I: The Pinnunziato House

(We begin in a typical Brooklyn-Italian kitchen. ANGELA PINNUNZIATO [a lovingly overbearing, overpowering, Italian mother hen who rules the roost with an iron fist and a wooden spatula] and her husband JOSEPH PINNUNZIATO [balding, slightly paunchy, loud Italian whose word is law and whose home is his castle] are onstage. ANGELA is starting to cook dinner and is growing more and more frustrated that no one is helping her. JOSEPH is watching TV.)

JOSEPH. Oh shit! Double-play!

ANGELA. Joseph, can you help me peel the potatoes?

JOSEPH. Holy crap! He missed the base. Oh, thank God he's safe.

ANGELA. Joseph!! Can you help me peel the potatoes?

JOSEPH. I'm watching the game!

ANGELA. I know! God forbid you get off your fat ass and help me do something for a change!

JOSEPH. Get one of the kids to help you!!

ANGELA. That'll be the day. I never get any help in this house. I do everything and everyone just sits around and expects it all to get done. You know what? One day I'm gonna drop dead and no one will know what to do.

JOSEPH. I know, then who's gonna make the meatballs as lousy as you do!

ANGELA. Sure Joseph, joke around and sit nice while I run around crazy as usual. And then we wonder why all the doctors tell me I have an ulcer, I have colitis. It's my nerves!

JOSEPH. It's menopause honey, it ain't your nerves!

ANGELA. What would you know about menopause, Joey!??

(ANTHONY PINNUNZIATO [cute and funny Italian-American man who is somewhat naïve to the real world] enters from work.)

ANTHONY. Oh Madonna! I heard you two screaming on eighteenth avenue! What is the problem!?

ANGELA. I asked your father to do me one simple favor and peel the potatoes and God forbid he gets up!

ANTHONY. Ma! I'll do it, gimme.

ANGELA. Oh finally, someone helps me. See Joseph, your son is gonna help me!

JOSEPH. He wants something!

ANTHONY. I don't want anything, Dad.

JOSEPH. We'll see.

ANGELA. Thank you, Anthony! Mommy can always use a hand in the kitchen. At least somebody appreciates me!

(MARIA PINNUNZIATO [Anthony's flighty, sweet, and self-absorbed baby sister, who has aspirations of stardom and, like her brother, a somewhat fizzled sense of reality,] enters.)

MARIA. Ma!

ANGELA. What?

MARIA. Ma!

ANGELA. What?

MARIA. MA!

ANGELA. WHAT?!?

MARIA. Tomorrow me and Claudia are going into the city for the open audition of *Mamma Mia*, here I go again, my my, I cannot resist ya!

ANGELA. That's wonderful, honey.

MARIA. I'm gonna be a Broadway star!

ANGELA. Joseph, did you hear that...your daughter is gonna be a Broadway star!

JOSEPH. Of course she is! She gets that beautiful voice of hers from my side of the family.

ANGELA. Broadway star, make the salad.

MARIA. What, no smart remarks, Anthony?

ANTHONY. I think it's a beautiful thing, Maria.

MARIA. WHAT!? You mean you're not gonna tell me I suck? What the Hell is wrong with you today?

ANTHONY. Nothing is wrong with me. It's just that something wonderful happened to me last night.

MARIA. Oooh! What happened?

(ANTHONY holds up his ring finger to show the engagement ring.)

MARIA. Ma!

ANGELA. What?

MARIA. Ma!

ANGELA. What?

MARIA. MA!

ANGELA. WHAT?!?

MARIA. Look!

(ANGELA turns her head and sees ANTHONY holding up his hand.)

ANGELA. What's the matter, you cut yourself, honey?

MARIA. Ma, he's engaged!

ANGELA. Engaged!!!

ANTHONY. Andrew and I are getting married.

ANGELA. Over my dead body you're getting married.

ANTHONY. Mom!!

ANGELA. JOSEPH!!! Get over here, I'm gonna have heart failure, your son is trying to kill me!!!

JOSEPH. What's the matter??

ANGELA. Your son wants to get married! Maria, get me a chair before I pass out.

(MARIA gets her a chair.)

JOSEPH. I told you he wanted something.

ANGELA. I'm having a panic attack.

JOSEPH. Angela calm down...

ANTHONY. Ma, you're overreacting...as usual! You know that I have been seeing Andrew for a year now. What's the big deal?

ANGELA. The big deal!!! You're gay! You think it's normal for two men to parade around town getting married!

MARIA. Oh Anthony, this is so exciting, how did this happen? Did you propose like straight people do?

ANTHONY. Well...here's what happened. Last night, Andrew and I went out with some friends to that new karaoke bar in the village. And it was such a beautiful night, we decided to walk back to his place.

(The stage goes dark and a spotlight shines on ANTHONY and ANDREW POLINSKI [handsome and stylish, he looks like a "player" but swears his devotion is to one man only] as he enters and they re-enact the night before.)

ANDREW. Ready to go baby?

ANTHONY. I can't believe you just left me hanging there on stage for OUR duet. Doing Barbra Streisand is hard enough, but Donna too?!

ANDREW. You know I don't sing. Never have. Never will.

ANTHONY. Not even for me?

ANDREW. Not even for you.

(ANDREW pulls pouting ANTHONY to him.)

I still love you though.

ANTHONY. I love you, too.

ANDREW. Yeah?

ANTHONY. Yeah.

(They kiss, it gets a little heated, and ANDREW pulls away.)

ANDREW. Screw walking. Let's get a taxi.

ANTHONY. Andrew, wait....I actually want to talk to you about something. And this is the perfect time and place to do it.

ANDREW. Okay...?

ANTHONY. Andrew, what would you say if I suggested you and I get married?

ANDREW. Married? Like, *married* married? How much have you had to drink?

ANTHONY. No, I'm serious.

ANDREW. How serious?

(ANTHONY kneels down and proposes, first pulling out a cloth to put down on the floor so his pants don't get dirty. Once he kneels, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a beautiful engagement ring.)

ANTHONY. Marry me, Andrew Polinski.

ANDREW. Oh shit.

(ANTHONY jumps up.)

ANTHONY. Forget it. I can't believe I did this. Just forget this ever happened. I never asked this question –

ANDREW. No! No, wait. It's just that I never thought about marriage. It's not something I ever pictured, or even thought was possible.

ANTHONY. I know. Let's just say I was drunk and pretend this never happened.

ANDREW. No. I don't want to do that. I never pictured myself getting married, but now I'm picturing it. With you. I know I want to be with you. And I know that feeling will never change. So let's do it. Let's get hitched!

(They kiss, then ANTHONY holds up the ring again.)

ANDREW offers his hand and ANTHONY puts the ring on him. They kiss again, then ANDREW pulls away.)

ANDREW. Wait. What about your ring?

ANTHONY. I don't need a ring.

ANDREW. Yes, you do. Here.

(ANDREW pulls off one of his own rings and kneels.)

ANTHONY. But that was your father's ring!

ANDREW. I know. I want you to have it.

(ANDREW kneels, then places the ring on ANTHONY's finger, and they embrace. ANDREW throws his arm over ANTHONY's shoulder and they start to stroll off.)

ANTHONY. So I'm thinking a big hall, with no more than 300 people –

(ANDREW exits but ANGELA grabs ANTHONY's arm and pulls him back to reality.)

ANGELA. Anthony, I love you dearly. But there is no way I am going to allow you to get married. I mean what kind of wedding were you thinking of having?

ANTHONY. A big traditional wedding, with the whole family in a big hall –

ANGELA. Have you lost your mind? Joseph, talk to him please, before I have a stroke.

JOSEPH. *Mama Mia!* First Obama and now this? And who the Hell is gonna pay for this wedding?

ANTHONY. Daddy...

JOSEPH. Don't "Daddy" me on this one!

ANTHONY. I knew you two were gonna act this way! You never accepted the fact that I'm gay!

ANGELA. How dare you say that!!! Have I not been nothing but nice to all your boyfriends for the last five years?! Have I not let all your crazy friends into my house and welcomed them and fed them? Have your father and I not given you everything you could possibly want since the day you were born?! Anthony Giuseppe Pinnunziato how could you want to embarrass me like this?

ANTHONY. Because I'm in love, Mom. And the same way you fell in love with Daddy and wanted to share that love with the rest of the important people in your life...that's how I feel. And it shouldn't make a difference if I'm gay or straight; and if me falling in love and getting married embarrasses you, then you don't give a damn about me!

JOSEPH. Watch your mouth!

ANTHONY. No, Dad...I'm sorry that I am upset, but for the first time ever in my life I have found my soulmate. Someone that I know I will spend the rest of my life with. And all I want is what everyone else in this family had. I want a wedding. I want to be committed in the eyes of God –

ANGELA. You should be committed all right...

ANTHONY. – and I want my parents blessing in helping me do this. Can't you give me that much?

ANGELA. How does what's-his-face's family feel about this?

ANTHONY. *Andrew* doesn't have much of a family. His father's dead and his mother lives in Florida; they don't speak.

MARIA. Oh, that's so sad. Can I sing at the wedding?

ANTHONY. Of course you can, Maria...If Mommy and Daddy let me have one.

ANGELA. Joseph...

JOSEPH. Don't look at me, you're the one with the ulcers!

ANGELA. You're the one that's gonna pay for this.

JOSEPH. Well, if we decided to do this...no son of mine is getting married in some *scoumbari* wedding hall. Bacci's for my son!

ANGELA. If we do agree to this, we have to do it the right way of course.

ANTHONY. Of course, and Mom...will you give me away?

ANGELA. Anthony, why don't you just put a freakin' gun to my head and just shoot me, it will be that much easier!

ANTHONY. Ma....

ANGELA. All right! I'll give you away at your wedding.

(ANTHONY *grabs his mother, truly happy.*)

ANTHONY. Okay, so I'm going to go call Bacci's, see what dates they have open.

ANGELA. Not so fast.

ANTHONY. What?

ANGELA. Before you start booking halls, there a few things we need to discuss.

ANTHONY. Okay.....

ANGELA. I want Father Rosalia to perform the service.

JOSEPH. That's a must.

ANTHONY. But Mom, he's a catholic priest!

ANGELA. And we are a Catholic family and that is how I raised you.

ANTHONY. But Andrew's family isn't even Catholic. And I don't know if we can get married in church.

ANGELA. You can have the ceremony at Bacci's but ONLY Father Rosalia can perform the service. I will not allow this unless he does. And...and I want what's-his-face's – *Andrew's* mother at the wedding. What background are they?

ANTHONY. Well, he's mostly Polish but –

(JOSEPH *spits out his drink and starts to choke.*)

Well, his grandmother I think is actually Irish and German!

(JOSEPH *continues to choke even harder.*)

Actually, I think the father's great-grandmother was Puerto Rican!

(JOSEPH *falls to the floor and MARIA goes over to assist.*)

JOSEPH. This is it Angela. I'm heading toward the light!

ANTHONY. I don't know why you are all worked up about what background they are because he doesn't speak to his mother anyway!

ANGELA. Well, he is going to start. Because I will not stand up there alone. I don't care where she lives. I'll fly her out here if I have to. If you don't have her blessing then I can't give mine.

(**AUNT TONIANN** [*Angela's fussy younger sister, who lives to torment her brother-in-law*] enters.)

TONIANN. Oh my God, the traffic today.... Angela, you got any coffee perkin'?

(*She sees JOSEPH on the floor.*)

Oh Jesus, he had a heart attack? It's probably *acida* from all that spicy food you ate last night.

ANGELA. It's not the spicy food, it's the stress. We just heard some news today.

TONIANN. Oh my God...you heard!

ANGELA. Yes, we heard! How long have you known?

TONIANN. *Aiutarmi Gesu!* I need some coffee for this.

(**MARIA** runs to help her aunt.)

ANTHONY. Wait, I don't understand. When did you find out? This just happened –

TONIANN. Anthony, Aunt Toniann is no fool. I've known for the last few months that Salvatore Giancarlo, the love of my life, is...a married man.

(*There's a moment of stunned silence.*)

JOSEPH. What!??

ANGELA. You're dating a married man? You brought a married man into this house? And let me feed him, and be nice to him? A MARRIED MAN? Toniann!

TONIANN. I was actually coming to talk to you about it., but that big mouth, Ondine Ozzupacci found out and next thing you know it's all over Brooklyn!

MARIA. Psst! That's not what they were talking about.

AUNT TONIANN. Oh? Crap.

JOSEPH. I'm so glad I lived to see the day. Little Miss Righteous over here is some *cetriolo's Conmare!* (*trans.* "loser's mistress")

AUNT TONIANN. I knew it was too good to be true that you were dead.

(ANTHONY *jumps in to stop the argument.*)

ANTHONY. Aunt Toniann, I'm getting married!

TONIANN. Oh Anthony! That's so nice! But I didn't know it was legal now?

ANTHONY. Well, it's really not...

TONIANN. That's because that bigot Angelina Azzupetta DiGiacomo wrote that horrible column about gay people in the *Staten Island Advance*. I wish people would just mind their own business.

ANGELA. Speaking of which, I need to finish this with my son, would you mind giving us a few minutes? And then we *will* discuss Salvatore.

TONIANN. Oh my God, of course. Anthony, Aunt Toniann supports you no matter what! Nobody should judge you or who you sleep with.

(JOSEPH "*coughs.*")

JOSEPH. Putana!

TONIANN. I'm gonna go next door to Cousin Josephine's, to watch the Real Housewives of New Jersey.

(TONIANN *leaves.*)

ANTHONY. Okay, so we're all good, right? As long as Andrew's mother comes up for the wedding –

MARIA. And your little sister sings at the ceremony.

JOSEPH. Maria sings at the wedding.

ANTHONY. Fine.

MARIA. And she's the flower girl.

JOSEPH. And she's the flower girl.

ANTHONY. Fine. Anything else?

ANGELA. No, that's it. For now, anyway. Now I gotta go lay down before I develop an aneurysm! Between you and your aunt, I'm gonna be dead before I'm fifty. Broadway Star, watch the sausage and the broccoli rabe.

(She exits.)

JOSEPH. Anthony...

ANTHONY. Yes, Daddy...

JOSEPH. Good luck, son. Let me know how much it is. Do everything the right way. Whatever you need, let me know, and Daddy will take care of it.

ANTHONY. Thank you, Daddy.

JOSEPH. I love you, son.

ANTHONY. I love you, too.

(They hug and JOSEPH exits.)

MARIA. I'm so excited, Anthony. I just love weddings. I want to help you with this...

ANTHONY. I need all the help I can get on this one.

MARIA. Okay. First things first. Let's go pick out the songs I'm going to sing.

(MARIA grabs his hand and tugs him offstage.)

(blackout)

Scene II

Andrew's Apartment

*(ANDREW is wearing only a cute pair of boxer shorts and is lounging in bed, looking at his laptop. ANTHONY is offstage in the bathroom. "My Italian Girl" plays in the background.)**

ANDREW. So maybe what we can do since the whole gay marriage thing hasn't been passed in New York yet is get married somewhere in Jersey...at least they allow Civil Unions. California's got that whole Prop 8 on again off again thing...Wait...what about Maine? I think it was legal there recently. They passed it!

(He hits a key on the computer.)

No they un-passed it. Huh. Okay....oh, Vermont! That's perfect!

(ANTHONY, in cute pj's, enters, toothbrush in hand,)

ANTHONY. Oh My God! It's a sign!

ANDREW. What's a sign?

ANTHONY. Do you hear what song is playing?

ANDREW. Do you like it?

ANTHONY. It's "My Italian Girl." It was my grandparents' wedding song. My grandmother said that on their first date in Coney Island, my grandfather stood up on top of the sausage and pepper stand and sang this to her. She said it was at that moment she knew she would marry him!

ANDREW. Now I see why you're such a romantic. Well, I've been doing some research and I found the most romantic spot for our wedding....are you ready....
VERMONT!

ANTHONY. Vermont? After all that work I did to convince my parents to give us a wedding? Now you want me to tell them that everyone's gotta go running to Vermont?

*Please see "A Note About the Music" on page 4.

ANDREW. Well, just the important people. I mean anyone important won't mind traveling, right?

ANTHONY. How do you think my Aunt Carmela and my cousin Josephine are gonna manage going all the way to Vermont? They get out of breath going up the stairs!

ANDREW. They're not walking there!

ANTHONY. What wedding halls are in Vermont anyway??

ANDREW. Well, who says we need a hall? Maybe we could get married by a lake?

ANTHONY. A lake? Where? Outside?!

ANDREW. That's usually where they are.

ANTHONY. Then my cousin Teresa won't come, she hates the bugs. And what if it rains!?! Or snows! It could be a disaster...I don't understand, we got Bacci's, the nicest hall in Brooklyn. Why do you want to travel to another state???

ANDREW. I just figure if it's not legal here, something doesn't feel right about it. I don't want our wedding to turn into some big spectacle.

ANTHONY. A spectacle? Have you met my family? Let me ask you a question. Do you love me?

ANDREW. Yes.

ANTHONY. Do you want to spend your life with me?

ANDREW. Yes.

ANTHONY. Then I don't understand why we gotta keep it such a big secret?

ANDREW. That's not what I'm doing!

ANTHONY. Come on Andrew, we know that public displays of affection are just not your strong suit. I mean if karaoke wasn't a perfect example –

ANDREW. I can't believe it still bothers you that I didn't get up and sing! Did you see how many people were there?

ANTHONY. Yeah, and I didn't care! Because I love you and I would shout it and sing it right in the middle of Penn Station.

ANDREW. This whole big wedding thing just makes me so nervous.

ANTHONY. Look, I know you don't come from a big family, but I do. I spent my whole life going to weddings. Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Friends...and the whole time I sat there in awe, because I was so happy for them. I said you know one day, I want to fall in love and share all that happiness with all the important people in my life. Andrew, I know we're different, but if you love me and I love you...there is nothing more worth celebrating than that.

ANDREW. Okay, you win! You win! We'll get married right here in Brooklyn!

(They embrace.)

ANTHONY. I have an idea...

ANDREW. Me too...

ANTHONY. Maybe at the reception you and I can come shooting out from the dancefloor in a big waterfall and sing our wedding song as a duet –

ANDREW. Anthony!

ANTHONY. We could hire the gay men's chorus to sing back up –

ANDREW. ANTHONY!

ANTHONY. A fifty foot harp could play right in the middle of the dance floor, how gorgeous would that look with all the little kids running around the Cannoli table –

(ANDREW covers his mouth.)

ANDREW. Wedding, yes...singing, no.

ANTHONY. Dancing?

ANDREW. Get over here, you.

(They start kissing.)

ANTHONY. We could take lessons!

ANDREW. I'll give you a lesson...!

(ANDREW starts to take off ANTHONY's shirt then Anthony's cell phone rings. He reluctantly untangles himself and picks it up.)

ANTHONY. Hi, Ma. Yes, I'll be ready in twenty minutes, I just gotta jump in the shower...no, I'm at Andrew's... yes, I slept over...Yes, in the same bed...I'm not going there with you. I'll be ready. Bye.

(He hangs up, and crosses back to the bed where ANDREW is still sitting. ANDREW tries to pick up where they left off before the phone call as ANTHONY rambles on.)

That was my mother. I totally forgot we were going Bacci's to sample the menu. I gotta tell you, I'm all worked up about this whole potato situation. I know they like to do either the mashed or croquettes, but what if somebody's on a diet? I mean, you really should have a baked option, no?

ANDREW. If it makes you happy, do all three.

ANTHONY. Awww. Good idea.

(They kiss and just as things get heated ANTHONY pulls away.)

I can't.

ANDREW. Why not?

ANTHONY. My mother's waiting.

ANDREW. So let her wait.

ANTHONY. Ok.

(ANTHONY pulls the covers over them. The phone rings again.)

ANDREW. Don't answer that.

ANTHONY. Do you want my mother banging down the door?

ANDREW. Fine.

(ANTHONY stumbles over to the phone.)

ANTHONY. Oh, there's no traffic, you're doing ninety on the Belt Parkway? I'll be ready in ten minutes.

(ANTHONY exits to the bathroom. There is a knock at the door, then before ANDREW can respond GREGORIO SALINARI [smoking hot and extremely narcissistic man who does not take rejection well], breezes in.)

GREGORIO. Knock, knock! Hot guido alert! Oh. My. God! You are not going to believe the rumor going around Potions last night!

ANDREW. Well, it must be good if you're making house calls!

GREGORIO. Well, you never return phone calls or texts so I figure you must be SUPER BUSY! But you are going to laugh your ass off when you hear this! The rumor going around is that the reason you have been out of the loop...is YOU are getting married!

(GREGORIO bursts out laughing, and slowly realizes he is laughing alone.)

What...you don't think that's funny?

ANDREW. I...am...getting married.

GREGORIO. That's what I said! Isn't that hysterical?

ANDREW. No, I mean I really am, Gregorio...I'm getting married for real.

GREGORIO. Ewwww! Why the hell would you want to do that? Just to make a statement you go and propose to some random trick??

ANDREW. Anthony is not some random trick!

GREGORIO. Anthony? Anthony who?? Oh...MY...GOD!!
Ant'ney?! That Pollyanna guido from Bay Ridge
Ant'ney? You've been seeing him for all of five minutes!

ANDREW. Gregorio, we've been seeing each other for over a year.

GREGORIO. Oh please! Not on my calendar!

ANDREW. And what calendar is that??

GREGORIO. I mean it's not like we've slept together any time during the past year...Oh wait!! We totally have!!

ANDREW. Gregorio...

GREGORIO. Memorial Day Weekend...Fire Island...Ice Palace...

ANDREW. Stop...

GREGORIO. Ahhh...yes....you were taking a weekend to yourself to “evaluate your relationship” and while Anthony was off at some lesbian barbeque...you got a little wasted with *mwah* in the pines...and if I remember correctly where we wound up....

ANDREW. I was drunk...we both were. And I was confused! I wasn’t sure I wanted a commitment. I can’t believe you’re bringing this up!

GREGORIO. I can’t believe you’re going to be a total hypocrite and get married!! And even worse, act like we never existed. How could you do this to me?

ANDREW. Why is everything all about you?? It’s about me and Anthony now! I love him! What happened between us was a mistake from day one!

(GREGORIO is stunned speechless and takes a dramatic moment to collect himself.)

Right?

GREGORIO. Mistake....I’m sorry, Andrew, I need to take a moment to comprehend that my first boyfriend...my first lover...my first in every way possible!!...was a “mistake!!!”

ANDREW. I can’t believe you are acting like this! We were together for less than a month and that was over five years ago! And now you want to hold a one-night stand over my head.

GREGORIO. You’re right....so right....if Anthony can forgive you for tricking around in Fire Island with an old fling...then who the Hell am I to judge?

ANDREW. Anthony...doesn’t know about what happened between us Memorial Day Weekend.

GREGORIO. Oh?

ANDREW. That’s in the past...my past! He doesn’t need to know all that right?

GREGORIO. Of course not! Come on! You know me...I don't go around making house calls to spread "rumors." What happens in Fire Island...stays in Fire Island.

ANDREW. Thank You.

GREGORIO. Now, tell me about the wedding. When? Where? Are we running off to Iowa or what?

(ANDREW tries herding him towards the door.)

ANDREW. No we are actually having something right here in Brooklyn...

(ANDREW starts to show him out.)

Listen, I actually have so much to do...I was right in the middle of....

GREGORIO. Will I be invited?

ANDREW. Invited? Uh...well I think we we're gonna keep it small....

GREGORIO. Oh my God....I'm like your closest friend! How small could the guest list be?

ANDREW. I'm not sure yet....I'll totally keep you posted....

GREGORIO. Andrew....don't shut me out. Seriously, if our friendship means anything, just include me.

ANDREW. I'm not sure I know how, Gregorio.

GREGORIO. You'll find a way! You're a man of your word...right? Call me!!

(GREGORIO leaves. ANDREW is stunned speechless and drops down to the bed. A spotlight comes up on GREGORIO, who pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.)

GREGORIO. Fabrizio, it's Gregorio Salinari...I'm fabulous! Darling, I'm gonna need a tux.

(blackout)

Scene III

Rodney's Apartment

*(We open in Rodney's apartment as **RODNEY JONES** *** [a sassy and spirited man who is in love with Frankie and is always up for an adventure], plays hostess. Already present are **CONNIE SCUCCIFUFFIO** [a striking but tough lesbian who doesn't take crap from anyone], **FRANKIE FALCONE** [a tough, good-looking stud with heavy Brooklyn accent and a no-nonsense, 'I'm gay and if you don't like it go fuck yourself' attitude] and **MARIO NICASTRO** [an uptight, flamboyant, fashionista gay man with a napoleonic complex, who fancies himself as Anthony's best friend and protector].)*

FRANKIE. Does anyone even know what we're doing here?

RODNEY. All I know is Maria said it was important. Apparently not important enough to be on time, but whatever.

*(**LUCIA FUCCIO** [the feminine lesbian who is also Anthony's responsible, dependable best friend], enters.)*

LUCIA. I know why we're here.

CONNIE. What the Hell is she doing here?

LUCIA. I was invited, what the Hell are you doing here?

CONNIE. Sit on the other side.

LUCIA. Back off, Connie!

CONNIE. Bad hair day?

LUCIA. It's called modern and trendy.

CONNIE. It's called dated and tacky.

LUCIA. Do you even own a mirror? Because Marcia Brady called, she wants her jeans back.

CONNIE. Jealous Jan? You always were. And FYI, you look like a cheap white trash *puttana*!

LUCIA. Well, at least I'm getting offers.

CONNIE. From who, Jenny Craig?

*** If Rodney is African American, please see Addendum C

(LUCIA and CONNIE charge at each other. FRANKIE jumps up and gets in between them.)

FRANKIE. *Aspette!* You two need to get over it. Could someone enlighten me on this?

RODNEY. You don't want to know.

LUCIA. I'll tell you what happened Frankie...Connie left me for Gianna Sclafani, my ex.

RODNEY. Oooh, she's a slut.

CONNIE. Like you were so perfect.

RODNEY. Here we go again.

LUCIA. Of all people to leave me for, you leave me for the one person on this earth I hate the most, Gianna Sclafani.

MARIO. It never ends, believe me...this happened four years ago and they're still talking about it!

RODNEY. Oh, you don't have to tell me! This comes up on my tweets every other hour!

MARIO. And now no one is with Gianna, Gianna is with that crazy blonde from Flatbush, what's her name?

FRANKIE. Tina Lantini?

RODNEY. Uh huh. Now you should read her tweets!

CONNIE. Don't even get me started on that bitch!

LUCIA. Oh, you didn't feel that way when you two were an item back in the day now, did you!?

MARIO. Lucia...

LUCIA. Then Tina turned around and left you for Rosemary Carpuccio!

RODNEY. She's a big slut.

MARIO. Oh Jesus, who could keep up with these lesbians.

FRANKIE. I thought the guys were bad.

(MARIA enters.)

CONNIE. You were jealous of all my past girlfriends from day one and you still are.

LUCIA. Jealous of Tina Lantini? Oh, yes! My envy runs deep! That skank makes those Jersey Shore girls look like saints. I'm so glad to hear you raised your standards.

CONNIE. Go to Hell, Lucia!

(CONNIE lunges at LUCIA, and FRANKIE intercepts her.)

FRANKIE. Yo, straight guys get off on this.

MARIO. Seriously?

CONNIE. You're lucky he's holding me back.

MARIA. Ladies!! Ladies!! Please! This is a party for my brother. Can everyone at least try to get along?!

CONNIE. This better be important because it stinks around here.

LUCIA. Yeah, it does.

MARIO. What is this about anyway, Maria?

FRANKIE. Yeah it's disco night at Paradise.

(ANTHONY enters.)

ANTHONY. Disco night can wait, Frankie.

(All ad-lib greetings.)

FRANKIE. But, I got a hot date with Danny Teneglia.

ANTHONY. Danny Teneglia can wait, too. I have a very special announcement I would like to make to my closest and dearest friends.

MARIO. You dumped Andrew?

ANTHONY. No Mario, we're getting married.

(He shows everyone the ring. Everyone is stunned in a cheerful way except MARIO who is huffy and annoyed.)

FRANKIE whistles.)

FRANKIE. Break out the Cold Duck!

RODNEY. Quack, quack, baby!

LUCIA. Tell them how it happened. It's so romantic!

CONNIE. Wait, how come she already knows?

MARIO. *Are you insane!?*

ANTHONY. Mario, I know how you feel about...

MARIO. Andrew Polinski is the biggest player in Brooklyn. I have been telling you that for a year.

LUCIA. It's not your place, Mario.

MARIO. Yes, it is my place. I can't let Anthony do this. I'm his best friend, and I am going to be honest with him.

LUCIA. I love Andrew. He calls Anthony his little cinnabun.

MARIO. I just threw up in my mouth.

LUCIA. Get over it, Mario!

RODNEY. Yeah, Mario, now *ser tranquila y sentarse* [*hush up and sit down*]! You go with your badself, Anthony, baby. Now give Mommy kisses, *Loca*.

ANTHONY. Thank you, Rodney. Now the reason I invited you all here is because I would like all of you to be in my wedding party.

LUCIA. Get out! You didn't tell me that!

CONNIE. Guess you don't know everything, Miss Smarty-pants.

ANTHONY. And Mario...I would be very honored if you would stand up for me as my best man.

MARIO. Absolutely not.

ANTHONY. MARIO!

MARIO. No.

LUCIA. Mario, you're his best friend, how could you say no?

CONNIE. Look, if I have can deal with being in a bridal party with this bitch –

LUCIA. Do you ever come up for air?

RODNEY. Do we have to wear tuxes? They so don't work for me.

MARIA. I'm singing at the wedding!

ANTHONY. Everyone just hold it. Look, this is going to be the most important day of my life. I have finally found my soulmate and I am having a traditional Italian wedding that I want you all to be part of. (*to CONNIE & LUCIA*) And those who are my friends will put their personal feelings aside (*to MARIO*) and help me in creating this very special day.

MARIA. They will all do it, Anthony. Right?

FRANKIE. You know I'm in, babe.

RODNEY. Yes, and Frankie and I could pair up!

LUCIA. I would love to.

CONNIE. Well, I would love to more, so...

(They all look to MARIO.)

MARIO. Fine...even though you are making the biggest mistake of your life. I will be your best man.

(ANTHONY hugs him.)

ANTHONY. Thank you!

LUCIA. So who is Andrew adding into the bridal party?

ANTHONY. No one. He really isn't close to a lot of people.

MARIO. That's 'cause he's slept with all of them.

MARIA. Does he even have a best man?

ANTHONY. I don't think he does.

FRANKIE. Let me ask you something, without getting too personal. How did you get your friggin' parents to throw you a wedding?

ANTHONY. Well, it wasn't easy, but they agreed.

MARIA. As long as Father Rosalia marries them and the Polish mother comes up from Florida to give her blessing.

ANTHONY. Exactly.

FRANKIE. You're screwed.

LUCIA. Frankie!

CONNIE. No, Frankie's right. Father Rosalia isn't going to marry you.

ANTHONY. Why not? I made the communion, confirmation...

FRANKIE. You're a fag; they won't do it.

ANTHONY. Well, I'll go in person to talk to him.

RODNEY. And what about Andrew's Momma? Does she know what's going on?

ANTHONY. No, but I'll just call her and tell her she has to come.

RODNEY. And if she doesn't...

ANTHONY. She will...

CONNIE. And if the priest says no...

ANTHONY. He won't....

MARIA. Anthony, you told Mommy you had everything under control...

ANTHONY. Everything is under control.

LUCIA. Sweetie, if your parents don't agree to throw you a wedding and Father Rosalia can't perform the service...you really should have a plan B.

RODNEY. Yeah, you could always have Mike Huckabee and Ann Colter throw you a wedding.

FRANKIE. And Laura Ingram can perform the service!

RODNEY. Sarah Palin might be available and at the reception Bristol Palin can do the Cha Cha!

FRANKIE. Nah, Sarah would just quit halfway through the ceremony.

(They crack up, amused at their own wit.)

LUCIA. Guys, would you be serious? Anthony is going to need his friends to help him to pull this off.

MARIO. Anthony is going to need a miracle to help him pull this off.

RODNEY. Gaymen to that, mister-sister. Anthony baby, start praying.

(They all look up.)

(blackout)

Scene IV
Regina Pacis Church

(*A NUN [ensemble] chants on the kneeler.*)

NUN. *Deus ex machina dominos pro bono nobis...E pluribus unum in utero targee....*

(*ANDREW barrels in.*)

ANDREW. Sorry, sorry, we woke up late! Oh, guess I'm not late.

(*The NUN turns and glares at him.*)

NUN. Shhh!

ANDREW. Oh. Sorry, sister.

(*The NUN finishes her prayer and rises.*)

NUN. Amen.

ANDREW. I'm meeting some people here.

(*The NUN nods, then leaves. LUCIA and RODNEY enter.*)

LUCIA. Where's Anthony? Don't tell me he's still at home air-drying.

ANDREW. No, no, we came together. He's just wanted to run into the bakery next door.

LUCIA. What?! How can he think about pastries at a time like this?

RODNEY. Oh *mami*, I'm feeling bloated just thinking about it.

ANDREW. You look nice, Lucia.

LUCIA. Thank you.

(*RODNEY clears his throat loudly.*)

ANDREW. You look nice too, Rodney.

RODNEY. Thank you, *chica*. Oh, Lucia, come here...

(*He pulls a lipstick out of his own pocket and touches up her lips.*)

Pucker, pucker, lips, hair, twirl around and throw your hands in the air! Now work it, own it, walk, then turn.

ANDREW. Lucia!

RODNEY. Show them that you mean it, baby! Burn, baby burn!

LUCIA. Wait in the car, Rodney.

RODNEY. I'll be in the bakery. BBM me and let me know how it's going!

(RODNEY exits.)

LUCIA. Mass ended a half hour ago. I hope we didn't miss him.

(ANTHONY enters with the NUN wearing a not-so-appropriate outfit and carrying a box of cannolis.)

ANTHONY. Lucia, thank God you're here! That god damn belt parkway had so much traffic!

(The NUN clears her throat. ANTHONY misunderstands and takes out a twenty dollar bill.)

ANTHONY. Oh, of course! I don't know what is wrong with me today. Thank you for your time, sister.

(The NUN makes the sign of the cross and leaves.)

LUCIA. I cannot believe you just tipped a nun.

ANTHONY. Oh Lucia, please, I see them in Atlantic City all the time.

LUCIA. And what are you wearing? This is a church, not *Dance Fever*! And what's with the pastries?

ANTHONY. Cannolis, fresh from Dominick's. I didn't want to come here with my arms swinging.

LUCIA. You're going to bribe a priest with cannolis? This will never work.

ANDREW. Be optimistic Lucia, you have big time connections with these people.

LUCIA. Oh yeah, me and the Pope, we do capuccino and cream puffs every Sunday. Are you nuts?

ANDREW. You said you go to church every Sunday!

LUCIA. Yeah, but Father Rosalia barely knows who I am. I bet he won't even recognize me.

(**FATHER ROSALIA** *[the favorite priest who is the crush of every parishioner, both male and female, and who tries hard to resist the temptations of the flesh, both male and female] enters.*)

FATHER ROSALIA. Lucia? Lucia Fuccio! Filomena and Giovanni's daughter. What a lovely surprise.

LUCIA. Good Afternoon, Father Rosalia.

FATHER ROSALIA. And your brother Luigi, how is he? He was my favorite altar boy.

LUCIA. He's good. I'm so sorry to bother you.

FATHER ROSALIA. Nonsense. Have a seat.

LUCIA. I actually came here with a huge favor to ask.

FATHER ROSALIA. What is the favor my child?

LUCIA. Well, I wanted to know if you could perform a wedding ceremony?

FATHER ROSALIA. Of course I can! What wonderful news! Let me get my calendar. Which one of you is the lucky man?

ANDREW. We both are father.

FATHER ROSALIA. Oh...oh....oh....I see. I see.

ANTHONY. Perhaps you may remember me? I'm Anthony Pinnunziato, Angela and Joseph's son. I was baptized, communized, and confirmed all right here at Regina Pacis.

FATHER ROSALIA. Yes...oh yes, of course. How are your parents?

ANTHONY. Oh, they are blessed, Father, so blessed. Cannoli?

(**LUCIA** *steps in front of him.*)

LUCIA. So you see, Father Rosalia, Anthony and Andrew would like to get married in this church just like Anthony's parents were and –

FATHER ROSALIA. I can't.

ANDREW. Please, Father, this is so important to us.

FATHER ROSALIA. Same sex marriages are prohibited by the Catholic Church. I'm afraid even if I wanted to...I would still have to say no.

ANDREW. Thank you for your time, Father.

ANTHONY. Wait a minute! You don't understand; if you don't perform the ceremony my mother won't let me get married.

LUCIA. Calm down Anthony, not here.

ANTHONY. Father, I promise I'll cancel all my porn site subscriptions, I'll teach straight men how to moisturize, I'll even give up sex for Lent!

ANDREW. What?!

LUCIA. Anthony, stop!

ANTHONY. My convertible! You can have that too, my father just bought it for me a month ago, it's got 500 miles on it, not even!

(He drops to his knees in front of the priest.)

Whatever you want I'll do!

(FATHER ROSALIA is affected by ANTHONY's proximity and seems to consider for a moment.)

FATHER ROSALIA. I'm sorry, Anthony, I just have to say no. Now, Mrs. Nicastro is here for her daily confession, I must go. God bless you.

(FATHER ROSALIA makes sign of the cross, then exits, taking the pastries with him.)

ANDREW. Well, now what?

LUCIA. I knew this wouldn't work.

ANDREW. All right, I'm sure we can figure something out. Maybe if you try and explain to your mother...

ANTHONY. Have you met my mother?

LUCIA. Speaking of mothers...

ANDREW. Oh...yeah...my mother.

ANTHONY. Did you call her?

ANDREW. Well...

LUCIA. What are you waiting for?

ANDREW. For his mother to forget about my mother?

ANTHONY. She's not going to, can you please just call her and just tell her she has to come?

ANDREW. She's not going to say yes.

ANTHONY. Give me the phone.

(ANTHONY grabs Andrew's cell phone from ANDREW.)

Is she programmed in here?

ANDREW. Yes, but she's not going to say yes to me.

ANTHONY. Well, then maybe she will say yes to me.

LUCIA. Anthony, you've lost your mind. This woman is going to think you're insane.

(ANTHONY dials.)

ANDREW. If the shoe fits.

LUCIA. Maybe it will be ok. Mothers love him.

ANTHONY. Hello, Mrs. Polinski. How are you? My name is Anthony Pinnunziato, I'm a friend of Andrew's. Yes, he's fine...everything is fine...Well, I was actually calling to tell you that he's getting married...to me, Anthony, and he would love to have you at the wedding....Hello? Hello? Mrs. Polinski, Mrs. Polinski... Can you hear me?

(He takes a few steps looking for reception.)

Can you hear me now? We got disconnected. I'll call her back...

ANDREW. She hung up.

ANTHONY. Why would she do that?

ANDREW. She doesn't accept my being gay, what made you think she would want me to get married?

LUCIA. Looks to me like you're not getting married anyway. Mrs. Pinnunziato will never allow this.

(ANTHONY starts to cry.)

ANDREW. All right, calm down, we can figure something out

LUCIA. Maybe you should just elope.

(ANTHONY *cries more.*)

ANTHONY. Elope!? ELOPE!! Excuse me...

ANDREW. Where are you going?

ANTHONY. I want my cannolis back.

(ANTHONY *exits.*)

LUCIA. You know, now that I think about it. It would only be one time that anyone would ever have to see your mother, Andrew. I mean, after all...she does live in Florida. She could be anybody!

ANDREW. What are you saying?

LUCIA. I'm saying that I think we both know someone who could fit the role. And well.

ANDREW. We do?

LUCIA. Come on, who's the girliest mother hen you know?

ANDREW. Uh, well, Rodney, but –

LUCIA. Exactly!

ANDREW. What? He's Cuban!

LUCIA. Venezuelan.

ANDREW. Whatever! My mother's Polish!

LUCIA. Well, we'll just say she lives by a beach. Trust me, no one will notice.

ANDREW. Do you really think that will work?

LUCIA. It will have to.

ANDREW. Ok, then what about the priest?

LUCIA. That part's easy. I'm sure we can find a minister online.

ANDREW. But his mother wants Father Rosalia.

LUCIA. Enough with Father Rosalia! Don't worry, I have a plan.

ANDREW. Ok. Well, then I guess it will all work out. Right?

LUCIA. Right.

ANDREW. I'd better go get him.

(ANDREW *exits*, LUCIA *crosses to the kneeler and prays.*)

LUCIA. Are you there God? It's me, Lucia Margharita Bernadette Fuccio, Catholic. Please let this go well for Anthony. He's a good boy. He deserves to be happy. He just wants to get married like everyone else does. I know some people think it's a big deal and don't want to support him, but deep down I know that you're okay with this. So please, help us. Thank you. I mean, Amen.

(blackout)

Scene V
Bacci's Foyer

(ANGELA, MARIA and AUNT TONIANN cross in front of the closed curtain, on their way to the rehearsal hall.)

ANGELA. I still have so much to do before tomorrow. I have to take the plastic slipcovers off the sofa, I have to pick up the almond favors...And I don't know what I'm doing with my hair. I don't care what Louise, Joanne, or any of the other girls from the bowling alley say, this new hairdresser in Dolce Salon, sucks! Look at my hair; it's way too flat!

MARIA. Mine too! Aunt Toniann, does this look high enough to you?

AUNT TONIANN. Well, you know what I always say, the higher the hair...the closer to God.

(She takes out Aqua Net and starts to fix all their hair do's.)

So yous gonna let me finish my story or what?

ANGELA. *Madonna!* You're still on the same story! I've been hearing this story since nine o'clock this morning

TONIANN. Well, if you would stop interrupting me, and let me finish...

MARIA. I want to hear it!

(ANGELA rolls her eyes. TONIANN turns to her niece, who hangs on her every word.)

TONIANN. So, I'm with Baby Anna and Ro Ro, and we're walking back toward the restaurant at the Borgata because you know Ro Ro, God forbid she tries something new, she's so frigging picky. Anyway, I pass a Wheel Of Fortune slot machine and I get a vibe.... almost like a little chill like the one you get when you get a déjà vu? And there is a Chinese man who is just getting up and Angela, remember how *Papa* always used to say the Chinese people were good luck...

(Enter JOSEPH on his cell phone.)

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