



NAPOLI, BROOKLYN

BY
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DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



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for my mother

NAPOLI, BROOKLYN was commissioned and originally produced by Roundabout Theatre Company (Todd Haimes, Artistic Director; Harold Wolpert, Managing Director; Julia C. Levy, Executive Director; Sydney Beers, General Manager) in New York City on June 27, 2017. It was directed by Gordon Edelstein, the set design was by Eugene Lee, the costume design was by Jane Greenwood, the lighting design was by Ben Stanton, the sound design was by Fitz Patton, and the production stage manager was Cole Bonenberger. The cast was as follows:

LUDA MUSCOLINO Alyssa Bresnahan
NIC MUSCOLINO Lev Gorn
FRANCESCA MUSCOLINO Jordyn DiNatale
TINA MUSCOLINO Lilli Kay
VITA MUSCOLINO Elise Kibler
CONNIE DUFFY Juliet Brett
ALBERT DUFFY Erik Lochtefeld
CELIA WILLIAMS Shirine Babb

The world premiere of NAPOLI, BROOKLYN was co-produced with Long Wharf Theatre (Gordon Edelstein, Artistic Director; Joshua Borenstein, Managing Director) in New Haven, Connecticut, on February 16, 2017, with the same creative team. The production stage manager was Peter Wolf. The cast was as follows:

LUDA MUSCOLINO Alyssa Bresnahan
NIC MUSCOLINO Jason Kolotouros
FRANCESCA MUSCOLINO Jordyn DiNatale
TINA MUSCOLINO Christina Pumariega
VITA MUSCOLINO Carolyn Braver
CONNIE DUFFY Ryann Shane
ALBERT DUFFY Graham Winton
CELIA WILLIAMS Shirine Babb

CHARACTERS

LUDOVICA (LUDA) MUSCOLINO. Female. Late 40s. Italian. Italian accent.

NIC MUSCOLINO. Male. Late 40s. Italian. Italian accent.

FRANCESCA MUSCOLINO. Female. 16. Italian American.

TINA MUSCOLINO. Female. 26. Italian American. Tina is bigger, stronger, and slower than her sisters.

VITA MUSCOLINO. Female. 20. Italian American.

CONNIE DUFFY. Female. 16. Irish American.

ALBERT DUFFY. Male. 40s or 50s. Irish American. Irish accent. Connie's father.

CELIA WILLIAMS. Female. 26. African American.

SETTING

Brooklyn. 1960.

A NOTE ON THE PLANE CRASH

Please use a combination of light, sound, and set, but do not bring an actual plane onto the stage.

NAPOLI, BROOKLYN

UNO

Luda

Luda stares at an onion on a cutting board. She cuts it in half and waits. Nothing.

She cuts it in half again. Nothing.

She brings a piece of it up to her face and breathes deeply.

Nothing.

She sits down at the table and talks to the onion.

LUDA. Quando ho prima credere in Lui? Nella cucina di mia madre.
Come ho fatto prima credere in Lui?

She waits for an answer.

English, Luda... Speak English.

She points at the onion.

I pray. I pray often and I pray good. No problem.

But right now I am not speaking to Him, little onion, so... I am speaking to you.

Faith did not come so easy to me but...when I am in the kitchen with a bowl of delicious onions like you...I am holy. I make magic.

I cut. I cry. I cook.

Magia.

But...three weeks—I cut. I cook...no cry. No tears. And let me tell you, I am a crier. I cry often and I cry good. No problem.

Why does He not let me cry? He knows I need to.

Loudly, with one eye toward the sky:
He gives me many reason to.

She grabs the onion and brings it close to her face.
Cosa vuole farmi perdere la magia?!

Does He want me to lose the magic?

A loud banging from the apartment above.
Does He want me to lose my faith?

The banging continues, interrupting her thought. She looks up, annoyed.

She sighs and continues to cut the onion, speaking softly to it in Italian as the lights shift.

Francesca & Tina

Francesca and Tina share a small bed. Francesca's hair looks recently cut—it's close to her head and there are patches missing.

Francesca curls up against Tina's side. Tina wiggles away.

TINA. Chesca—

FRANCESCA. I'll sleep on the floor for a week...

TINA. I said no.

FRANCESCA. But—

TINA. Whatsa matter with you? We just went!

FRANCESCA. But it's gonna be too cold soon and who goes to Coney Island when it's too cold?

TINA. Plenty a people.

FRANCESCA. If Vita were here, she'd take me.

Francesca flops onto her back.

It's freezing in this stupid bed without her.

The sound of fighting in the other room.

TINA. Push over.

FRANCESCA. Ma won't come in again. It never gets bad two nights in a row.

TINA. Didya hear me? Push over or I'll push your skinny behind onto the ground.

FRANCESCA. Jesus.

TINA. Don't curse.

Francesca puts her arm around Tina.

You're suffocatin me.

FRANCESCA. I can't help it. I got used to being squished.

TINA. Go to sleep.

FRANCESCA. I would sleep on the *ground*, with no blankets even, you can have all the blankets, for just two tiny hours on Saturday...

TINA. We ain't bargaining.

Beat.

FRANCESCA. You *owe* me Coney Island.

If you had stopped Daddy when he went crazy like you always do, Vita would still be here. I wish it was *you* that was sent to Saint Anne's, not her.

Francesca moves over with a huff and turns away.

Tina stares at her sister's back.

The sound of fighting offstage gets louder. Tina looks toward it.

She turns back to Francesca.

TINA. Chesca...

No response.

Chess...

No response.

One hour and we leave when I say we leave.

Francesca leaps onto Tina.

FRANCESCA. Thank you!

She hugs and kisses Tina feverishly.

TINA. I can't be late for my shift.

FRANCESCA. I promise.

TINA. And you owe me a hot chocolate.

FRANCESCA. I do! I do!

She snuggles up under Tina's arm.

I owe you all the hot chocolates in the whole world.

The sound of something breaking in the next room, followed by a cry from Luda.

Tina sits up and listens for a moment. She puts her finger over her lips for Francesca to be quiet.

(Quietly.) Tina?

TINA. ...go to sleep.

Francesca curls even closer to Tina and closes her eyes. Tina strokes her hair but stays sitting up, wide awake.

Vita

Vita appears on the opposite side of the stage. She is a ward in a convent.

There is a bandage over Vita's nose, the side of her face and neck are badly bruised and there is a brace around her knee.

VITA. Dear Chesca,

How long is Ma gonna keep me in this goddamn place? It's almost been a month and it's...THIS was her best idea? *Me* in here and *Daddy* out there—on what planet does that make sense? Send the mouthy daughter to the nuns and what? Their silence'll rub off on me?

All I *did* was stop him...and at least I stopped him. Tina just stood there.

She shakes her head.

I don't know Chesca but I shouldn't be here.

I should be in the *sun*.

I should be wearing *red*.

I should be throwing strikeouts in the street and making Vinnie Scarfuto drool.

I should be learning the cha-cha and the merengue and perfecting my jitterbug.

And I was just about to finish my course! We were smack in the middle of reading Camus, Chesca—Camus! He's the ultimate.

Vita looks around.

It's too quiet here.

Can't believe there was a time I thought I wanted to be one of these ladies.

I'm drowning in black and white, Chesca.

At least if you were here, we'd have made up a decent song or two by now.

Love and blessed be you, oh my tiny heathen,

Vita

Francesca & Connie

Francesca and Connie in the schoolyard.

CONNIE. I can't believe she said yes.

FRANCESCA. She said yes.

CONNIE. I'm sorry Tina even has to take us at all but my father would never let me go to Coney Island without someone watching us.

FRANCESCA. Connie, she said yes.

CONNIE. What did you tell her?

FRANCESCA. That I was dying for one last ride on the Cyclone before it closes for the winter.

CONNIE. Be bop a lula.

FRANCESCA. Be bop a lula. We have to up our training. Did you start skipping lunch yet?

CONNIE. I'm trying.

FRANCESCA. I gave up a whole leftover sausage today. If we don't train our stomachs to not need as much food we'll never make it. And we have to bring enough water. My father says if you don't have enough water when you're a stowaway, you're a-goner.

NAPOLI, BROOKLYN

by Meghan Kennedy

2 men, 6 women

In 1960 Brooklyn, the Muscolinos have raised three proud and passionate daughters. But as the girls come of age in a rapidly changing world, their paths diverge—in drastic and devastating ways—from their parents' deeply traditional values. Despite their fierce love, each young woman harbors a secret longing that, if revealed, could tear the family apart. When an earth-shattering event rocks their Park Slope neighborhood, life comes to a screeching halt and the Muscolino sisters are forced to confront their conflicting visions for the future in this gripping, provocative portrait of love in all its danger and beauty.

“Kennedy has a lot to say about the immigrant experience, the tension between old and new, and the violence that derives from an insecure patriarchy...”
—**TheaterMania.com**

“A working class drama in the tradition of Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller, Arnold Wesker and John Osborne, NAPOLI, BROOKLYN... is always engrossing.”
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“...a classic probing of the meaning of family, the conflicting dimensions of love and the shadowy influence of fate upon destiny. ... [Kennedy's] writing...shimmers with an unforced poetic beauty. NAPOLI, BROOKLYN [has] an affecting vibrancy.”
—**TheaterScene.com**

Also by Meghan Kennedy
TOO MUCH, TOO MUCH, TOO MANY

ISBN 978-0-8222-3831-7



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