



THE PORTUGUESE KID

BY JOHN PATRICK
SHANLEY



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



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THE PORTUGUESE KID was originally produced by the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer) on September 19, 2017. It was directed by John Patrick Shanley, the set design was by John Lee Beatty, the costume design was by William Ivey Long, the lighting design was by Peter Kaczorowski, the original music and sound design were by Obadiah Eaves, and the production stage manager was James Fitzsimmons. The cast was as follows:

ATALANTA LAGANA	Sherie Rene Scott
BARRY DRAGONETTI	Jason Alexander
FAUSTA DRAGONETTI	Mary Testa
PATTY DRAGONETTI	Aimee Carrero
FREDDIE IMBROSSI	Pico Alexander

CHARACTERS

ATALANTA LAGANA

50 years old, Greek American

BARRY DRAGONETTI

55 years old, Sicilian Croatian American

FAUSTA DRAGONETTI

72 years old, Croatian immigrant, Barry's mother

PATTY DRAGONETTI

29 years old, New Jersey Puerto Rican

FREDDIE IMBROSSI

29 years old, Italian American

THE PORTUGUESE KID

Scene 1

Eccentric bouzouki music. Lights up on a lawyer's office. Behind the desk is Barry Dragonetti, 55. He's talking to Atalanta Lagana, 50, who sits on a crisp couch, wearing a black dress, sunglasses, white gloves, and gold jewelry. Barry's just finished paging through a thick document. He puts it down.

BARRY. So. Ms. Lagana.

ATALANTA. MIZ Lagana? Are you serious?

BARRY. What do you want? You come to me as a lawyer, I'm trying to be lawyerly.

ATALANTA. You sound ridiculous. Give it up.

BARRY. Fine.

ATALANTA. I've known you all my life. First names for Chrissakes.

BARRY. Okay. Atalanta. It's just, you know... It's a mouthful.

ATALANTA. Atalanta Lagana. It practically sings. It's a beautiful name.

BARRY. Whatever. Can we move on?

ATALANTA. I've never changed it and I never will.

BARRY. Good for you. I'll get a chisel. We'll do up a tombstone.

ATALANTA. Hey, don't get wise.

BARRY. Can you blame me? I'm irritated. When you and Vincent were planning your estate, why didn't you come to me?

ATALANTA. Why would I come to you? You run every time I walk in a room.

BARRY. Com'on, that's an exaggeration. We're here together now.

ATALANTA. Well, now I'm a widow. Maybe you smell money.

BARRY. What kind of remark is that?

ATALANTA. Pithy?

BARRY. I represented Vincent thirty years. Why would you go to some bum down in New York City?

ATALANTA. He wasn't a bum. He was an estate planner.

BARRY. Was he Portuguese by any chance?

ATALANTA. You're still whacked. You got mugged by that Portuguese kid when you were fifteen, and ever since you think different people you don't like are Portuguese.

BARRY. I was not mugged.

ATALANTA. Are you serious? I was there. A ten-year-old boy stuck a can opener in your ribs, and stole your money.

BARRY. It was a knife!

ATALANTA. It was a can opener. It smelled like tuna.

BARRY. I hope you don't tell that story.

ATALANTA. Why not? Because I saved you?

BARRY. I was about to take him down when you got in the way.

ATALANTA. You're dreaming. If I hadn't busted my root beer on his head, he would've cut you.

BARRY. Well, all that kid took was money. You committed the real crime.

ATALANTA. Me? What did I do?

BARRY. You stole my moment.

ATALANTA. What moment?

BARRY. I should have saved you.

ATALANTA. How could you? You were pissing your pants.

BARRY. You castrated me!

ATALANTA. Come on. It was a can opener.

BARRY. It was the worst moment of my life.

ATALANTA. Well, it was the best moment of mine.

BARRY. And there you have it. Oil and water. Let's get our business

done and call it a day. Vincent passed away. I'm looking at your paperwork, and frankly, it's not right.

ATALANTA. How d'you mean??

BARRY. To put it bluntly, you don't own your house.

ATALANTA. No?

BARRY. Your name's on the properties in Cambridge, but the house in Providence is only in Vincent's name.

ATALANTA. That's how he wanted it.

BARRY. Didn't this New York genius estate planner explain to you the concept of capital gains? That if your name wasn't on the deed, you'd have to pay a lot of tax?

ATALANTA. I don't remember. I was exhausted. I was driving five hours.

BARRY. Vincent didn't drive?

ATALANTA. He never drove. He never did anything. I'm lucky I noticed he was dead.

BARRY. Nice. What's with the sunglasses? It's a rainy day.

ATALANTA. Hangover.

BARRY. Why'd you go so far?

ATALANTA. Why should the people of Providence, Rhode Island, know my business?

BARRY. Something doesn't compute. I've never seen you lose track of a nickel, much less seven hundred thousand dollars.

ATALANTA. Where'd you get that number?

BARRY. That's how much you're gonna have to pay to stay in that house.

ATALANTA. Fuck that. I'll move. Boom. Are you dyeing what's left of your hair?

BARRY. No. That's the tint in your glasses. Look. You can unload two condos in Cambridge and cover this.

ATALANTA. I'm not paying that kind of money. Remember. I'm drawing a new map here, I'm a widow.

BARRY. Again.

ATALANTA. Yeah, again! So what? You say that like I've been killing my husbands!

BARRY. I didn't mean that.

ATALANTA. But that's what I heard. Am I stupid?

BARRY. Nobody would take you for stupid.

ATALANTA. I would. I certainly would.

BARRY. The case could be made that you're a financial Einstein.

ATALANTA. Whatever. We were comfortable because Vincent made a good living. Let's leave it at that.

BARRY. What about Jerome? You made him rich, too.

ATALANTA. I don't want to talk about Jerome.

BARRY. You made two fortunes for two men, all in real estate, which brings me back to how could you let that house only be in Vincent's name?

ATALANTA. Do yourself a favor. Leave it alone.

BARRY. I don't get it.

She takes off the sunglasses. She has dramatic eye makeup.

ATALANTA. Alright. Here we go. You want to get into it? The truth? Why not? He didn't trust you, Barry.

BARRY. Are you serious? I handled half of everything for Vincent. We were practically blood. We came up on the streets together.

ATALANTA. He didn't trust you with me.

BARRY. With you?

ATALANTA. He thought you wanted to get in my pants.

BARRY. Your what?! Where the hell did he get that idea?

ATALANTA. I'd rather not say.

BARRY. You gotta say.

ATALANTA. I called out your name.

BARRY. What do you mean?

ATALANTA. In bed.

BARRY. In your sleep?

ATALANTA. No.

BARRY. You're kidding me?

ATALANTA. No.

BARRY. When?

ATALANTA. All the fucking time.

BARRY. You called out my name?

ATALANTA. You can imagine how this affected Vincent's view of you.

BARRY. Right. Did you bring a coat?

ATALANTA. What? Yeah.

Barry hits the intercom.

BARRY. Ma, get Ms. Lagana's coat.

ATALANTA. What are you doing?

Barry stands, offers his hand.

BARRY. Thanks for coming in.

ATALANTA. I don't get it.

BARRY. Look, given what you're saying, get another lawyer.

ATALANTA. Why?

BARRY. Our relationship is tainted. It could be perceived as improper. I'm recusing myself. This consultation was on the house.

The door opens. Mrs. Dragonetti limps in. She holds a coat and umbrella. She's a pugnacious battle-ax.

Hey, Ma.

MRS. DRAGONETTI. Am I depositing a retainer?

BARRY. No. This was just a consultation.

MRS. DRAGONETTI. Then she's not a client?

BARRY. Correct.

MRS. DRAGONETTI. Good.

ATALANTA. Fausta.

MRS. DRAGONETTI. Here's your stuff. I pray to God I never have to violate these eyes with the sight of you again.

BARRY. Hey, there's no need for that kinda talk.

MRS. DRAGONETTI. What do you know what I need? Here. Take

THE PORTUGUESE KID

by John Patrick Shanley

2 men, 3 women

In Providence, Rhode Island, habitually widowed Atalanta pays a visit to her second-rate lawyer, Barry Dragonetti. Intending to settle her latest husband's affairs, this larger-than-life Greek tightwad quickly becomes a nightmare for her cheesy, self-aggrandizing attorney. Add Barry's impossible Croatian mother, a dash of politics, and a couple of opportunistic young lovers, and you have in hand a recipe for comic combustion.

"The funniest new comedy I've reviewed since...well, maybe ever. ...I don't know when I last saw another stage comedy that was funny right from the top, or one whose last scene was so unmanipulatively touching. ...To laugh this hard for that long is downright therapeutic."

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"[Shanley] returns to his quirky comedy roots. ...this one's quite a hoot. ...one of the most hysterical opening scenes ever to grace a New York stage... You will laugh—of that I have no doubt!"

—NY1

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DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

ISBN 978-0-8222-3848-5



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