

WALKING THROUGH STONE

Introduction by Maggie Rose

It was during a playwriting workshop devoted to the life and work of Italian-Scottish artist and sculptor, Sir Eduardo Paolozzi, that I decided I wanted to write this play. Emanuela Rossini and I led the workshop for a group of writers and actors at Queen Margaret University College Edinburgh in February 2001. On my way to the college every day, I passed by Paolozzi's multipart artwork, "The Manuscript of Monte Cassino" in Picardy Place. The scattered body parts of this giant colossus - foot, ankle and torso, but no head - gripped my imagination. I realised that the artwork had to stand central to the play that would explore the horrors of war through the imagination of a major sculptor. As I continued my researches, other artworks by Paolozzi, like his giant Vulcan in Edinburgh's Deane Gallery and his Parthenope and Egeria outside the Swann Building, Edinburgh University, began to enter the play.

I soon knew, though, that the story, taking shape in my mind, could not be written by a single person. The characters came from Italy and Scotland and so embodied different languages and cultures, meaning that a group of writers was needed. I was delighted when Wilma Stark and Carlo Iacucci, who had taken part in the playwriting workshop, agreed to join me.

Wilma, with her knowledge of Scots, Carlo, an Italian living in Edinburgh, brought his cultural and linguistic background to the piece. Working together, a story set in Edinburgh during WW2 came slowly to life. At its centre, an Italian brother and sister, Mario and Adele Gallo, who arrive in Scotland just before the outbreak of the war. Mario soon meets Helen Devlin, a young woman from Dundee, and they marry. Adele meets Hugh Macdougall from Edinburgh, but Hugh is a loner and breaks Adele's heart. When in June 1940 Benito Mussolini declares war on Great Britain and France, these young people find themselves caught up in the tragedy of those Italians who were classified as enemy aliens. The play then follows the Gallo family after the war, in a surreal, dreamlike setting. Adele and Helen are seen sitting near "The Manuscript of Monte Cassino", when Carlo, who has drowned on the Arandora Star, returns as a ghost. The

story also has a mythical dimension. Dictating the turn of events is the God Vulcan (inspired by Paolozzi's Vulcan at the Deane Gallery) who relentlessly wages war, refusing to allow human beings to live in peace. Vulcan's assistant, a young boy (a Daedalus figure), shares Paolozzi's passion for collage. He brings disparate things together, forging surprising meanings through these new configurations. There is also an Old Woman, a sort of Mother Time, who predicts the terrible outcome.

Stage History

2001 - A rehearsed reading of *Walking Through Stones* was held in November 2001 at the Gateway Theatre, Edinburgh, as part of the Traverse Theatre's Monday Lizard Lab. Ana Cabrera was voice coach, while Katja Oestreicher took care of promotion and public relations. The cast included: Suzanne Dance (Old Woman), Carlo Iacucci (Mario Gallo), Mark Kydd (Hugh Macdougall), Sarah Johnston (Helen Devlin), Elena Masoero (Adele Gallo), Paul Murray (Vulcan), Hazel Murray (Young Boy and Giovanni Gallo).

2002 - *Walking Through Stones* was premiered in an abridged version, as *Scars of War*, at The Apex City Theatre, a Demarco-Rocket venue, on 5 August 2002, as part of the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. The play was directed by Aldona Figura, and the cast was as follows: Old Woman (Morna Burdon), Mario Gallo (Carlo Iacucci), Adele Gallo (Elena Masoero), Helen Devlin (Catriona Evans), Hugh Macdougall (Mark Kydd) Giovanni Gallo (Joe Farley). The production was made possible thanks to the kind support of the Italian Cultural Institute, Edinburgh.

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WALKING THROUGH STONES

A play by Carlo Iacucci, Maggie Rose, Wilma Stark

PART ONE (mid 1930s) DISPLACEMENT

PART TWO (1937) MOUNTING TENSION

PART THREE (1940) WAR

PART FOUR (early 1950s) DEVASTATION PAST AND PRESENT

CHARACTERS

VULCAN

YOUNG BOY

OLD WOMAN (Scottish West coast accent)

MARIO GALLO, early twenties, from Southern Italy.

ADELE GALLO, Mario's younger sister.

HUGH MACDOUGALL, in his twenties, from Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

HELEN DEVLIN, early twenties, middle class, from Perth.

GIOVANNI GALLO, a young boy.

During the play the characters age over a period of about 15 years, except for the OLD WOMAN, GIOVANNI, VULCAN and YOUNG BOY.

VULCAN and YOUNG BOY are seen downstage at the beginning of each of the four parts.

T ONE

DISPLACEMENT

Downstage YOUNG BOY is stoking a furnace. VULCAN is lying in bed with his nose peeping out of the blankets. He is surrounded by comic books, newspapers, weapons of all shapes and sizes. Together with jangling, metallic, tense music, we hear a chorus of voices off stage whispering 'thud hammer, bang, clang, thud, hammer, bang, clang', as VULCAN slowly comes to life.

BOY Just a minute, I've got to get this stoked up.

VULCAN Hey! Come and play with me, boy.
(Silence.) Come over here.

BOY No, it's freezing. *(Stoking rhythmically.)*

VULCAN Come and keep me amused. *(Yawning.)* Ouch! My leg's plaguing me just like every morning on this hellish earth. Damn you, father, for sending me rolling down from the heavens. Ouch! *(Starts struggling to get up.)* Come on, leg, that's better. You're twitching again!

He takes a sword from near the bed and uses it as a stick to help him up.

You're moving now. You can do it. That feels better.

He has reached a huge bowl of sweets, takes one, hangs it from the point of sword. He limps towards the boy dangling the sweet under his nose.

I can feel myself dying -- from apathy. Say something.

BOY *(studies sweet, but continues to work)*. Leave me alone, Mr Vulcan, and don't use those words on me.

VULCAN Apathy. Go on say it. A..P..A..th ...ee.

BOY: Let me finish. *(Continues stoking.)* I can't play. Not yet.

VULCAN puts an even larger sweet onto sword and dangles it.

VULCAN: Go on be tempted and to hell with the furnace.

BOY *(eating sweet)*. Apathee, apathee, you limping old fart, apathee apathee, is this your best part?

VULCAN At last you're responding. I've got a game for you.

BOY Alright then, but only for a bit.

VULCAN (*giving him scissors and comic book*). Get to work on these.

BOY and VULCAN start cutting out the images of two tumblers, place them on panel and move them round, first on their head then on their feet. The BOY gets carried away by the play, since the tumblers take on different guises, some comic, some tragic, some grotesque. The BOY puts on a magician's hat and cloak and his voice changes as he chants.

BOY I give you my luck. Show me you are alive. I give you all my fortune, here on my thumb. That's an order. Tell me who I am. Now!

VULCAN That's enough!

Struggle between BOY and VULCAN; VULCAN wants to press tumblers down while BOY would prefer to keep on playing

BOY Tell me who I am. Now!

VULCAN Enough!

BOY Tell me what I am doing?

BOY chants gleefully, moving the tumblers around the panels, when

VULCAN grabs the tumblers and presses them down.

VULCAN There goes.

One is placed head up while the other lies horizontally, floating in space.

VULCAN Now it's your turn. Tell me who *I* am. What am *I* doing here?

BOY *(chanting)*. I am an angel! An angel!

VULCAN And you angel, what are you doing here? Tell me, what's the game?

BOY I am an angel.

VULCAN *(begins moving the tumblers around the panel again)*.

Something disturbing keeps appearing and disappearing. I try searching for it. These are anchors to places in my memory. *(Tumblers finish one head up, the other tail down.)* That means a fifty fifty chance.

BLACKOUT

A large sign: EDINBURGH ARRIVALS. Two tumblers, identical figures in black, perform acrobatics. They alternately fall heads down and tails up,

suggesting the risk factor of migration. They only exit when all the characters are onstage.

OLD WOMAN is already seated on a chair with her back to audience as lights come up. She's winding up a large clock with a key, slowly and deliberately, dictating the final rhythmic movements of the tumblers.

MARIO and ADELE enter, dishevelled and dirty. MARIO moves exhausted around the stage. His case springs open and two jars of jam and a bulky jumper fall out. He falls to the floor to rescue them; one of the jars has smashed. ADELE comes to his aid, hugging him.

ADELE has a tiny suitcase tied with string. She opens her suitcase setting out her possessions, among which, a photo of their grandfather, Nonno Santo, and a cooking pot.

HUGH wakes up slowly as MARIO and ADELE enter, swears at the rain and being woken up. He grabs Monty, his cat, calms him; he is frightened of strangers. HUGH grabs a ceramic seahorse from beside him and holds it in right hand, still comforting Monty on his right shoulder with left hand. He looks at seahorse, turns it around in hand, shows it to cat and puts it in pocket. He pats the pocket several times to make sure the seahorse is still there. He goes back to talking to Monty nose to nose.

HELEN well dressed, spotlessly clean and prim. She keeps looking at watch. She stares at MARIO and ADELE as they perform their mimed

action, then she weaves among them looking curiously at their possessions, steering clear of HUGH whose swearing irritates her.

OLD WOMAN *(back to audience)*. God it's like another planet!
It's so cauld and all this rain.

HELEN There was a beautiful rainbow when I left.

HUGH *(to Monty)*. I promise you. The sun will come out soon. I
promise. Aye Monty.

ADELE Niente mare. Niente luce. Niente sole .

MARIO Niente sole! *(Reproachingly)*.

ADELE Solo Pioggia.

MARIO Solo pioggia, pioggia che non finisce mai.

ADELE moves close to OLD WOMAN, circles near her without seeing her. WOMAN is winding clock.

ADELE What is that? Tick tock, tick tock.

ADELE sits squarely on suitcase, her hands protecting her ears.

OLD WOMAN It wis his clock, ye know. (*Looks at Monty.*)

 We hud a cat, tae. (*Sighs.*) I hud tae get away!

She moves her head from left to right listening.

HELEN No rainbow here, only this damp seeping into me.

Having noticed HELEN, MARIO is watching her bewitched. He takes jumper and tries to wrap it round her but she pushes him away.

ADELE (*putting her hands over ears, irritated*). Tick tock.

 Oh la Madonna!...

MARIO What is the matter?

ADELE That tick tock. Non senti?

MARIO Cosa dici?

ADELE Non lo supporto più. Non capisci?

ADELE sits down with her hands on ears. HUGH approaches ADELE, who jumps at seeing Monty.

HUGH Dinny panic he's alright. What is it you're saying?

ADELE No, keep away. Non mi piacciono i gatti.

HUGH Ken, ye'll have tae speak tae me in English!

He draws closer, with cat on shoulder.

ADELE Keep away. No like cats. Capisci?

HUGH He's alright. Nice cat. Here gie him a wee stroke ahint his ears. It'll make you feel better tae, ken.

ADELE Dirty, she is dirty. Per favore.

HUGH No, no per favor. Aye cat....my wee cat. *He* is a boy cat and certainly not dirty. (*Weighing ADELE up and down.*) Like some people round here.

ADELE No like cats. Away. Capisci?

HUGH He's fine. He's been to the vet. Had aw his jags!!!

ADELE Per favore, per favore. Take her away. (*ADELE starts going off.*)

HUGH Per favor Per favor? Naw. Understand. He's Monty. Loves people, ken. Even foreigners.

ADELE goes off.

HUGH Whit wis that aw aboot, eh, Monty? Ah don't think she liked you. All those per favor. Ken sumthin? She should learn to speak the language. "Capisci, Capisci". I canny understand why they bother to come here. All they foreigners. Tae this dump? No doing any of us any good. They're soiling my kippin area. Huv to move out of here. Don't like this place, never have. Coming, wee Man?

Hugh picks up blanket and pats pocket, making sure seahorse is still there, but does not move. HELEN is standing in the same spot as when the action started. She catches sight of MARIO sitting on a box surrounded by suitcases. He is wrapping a handkerchief around ADELE's foot. Helen sees MARIO kissing Adele's foot and leg. Once he has finished, he notices HELEN, smiles at her and tries to tell her something about ADELE. HELEN smiles back, not understanding.

MARIO Aspetta qualcuno signorina?

HELEN turns her head away

MARIO Io italiano e lei?

HELEN Would you mind leaving me alone.

MARIO Yes, yes! Da dove viene lei, da dove...? English?

HELEN English? What a nerve! Would you mind leaving me alone.

MARIO E' stanca di aspettare? Vuole una sedia? (*Offers her a suitcase to sit on.*)

Tenga qua', guardi che poltrona.

HELEN refuses his offer

HELEN I'm waiting for my uncle.

MARIO Ancol.

HELEN He's coming in five minutes.

Not understanding a word, MARIO nods.

MARIO Vuole dei fichi signorina? (*Pulls jar of figs out of case and approaches Helen.*)

HELEN No, no please. No, put it away!

MARIO Questi l'affatti *mia madre*. L'ho portati dall'Italia!

HELEN Please don't. Put it back in your case.

MARIO Figs of my mother, Italy!

HELEN No, certainly not. We don't have those sorts of things.

MARIO Assaggi qua', guardi signorina. (*Opens jar and offers a spoonful of jam.*)

HELEN No, no. Honestly.

MARIO insists.

HELEN No, no, it makes me sick. You eat it!

MARIO MMMMmmh! Have a taste!

MARIO and HELEN freeze. ADELE is repeating tick tock, with hands on ears. She suddenly sees OLD WOMAN who slowly turns to face her and the audience.

ADELE Madonna! So it was you.

WOMAN is winding up clock with a key. ADELE shakes her fist at her.

ADELE Stop it. Stop it, please...e la chiave (*pronounced keyavee*),

please.

OLD WOMAN Whit?

ADELE I said the key. Please.

OLD WOMAN Whit? Look, ah don't know whit ye're sayin, hen!

ADELE Statte zitta (*shut up*). The key, give it to me.

OLD WOMAN Listen, hen, git yir hands aff me!

ADELE Give me the key.

OLD WOMAN (*slowly and loudly*). You are not on!!! The key belongs tae me. Ah wis left in charge o' it!!!

ADELE (*raises voice and speaks slowly*). Stattene zitta. Geeve me the key, la chiave.

OLD WOMAN Look, don't come yir keyarvey, zitty, tizzy, whatsits, here.

(Slowly and loudly.) You canny git this key.

ADELE still trying to get key off OLD WOMAN.

It's mine! Ye've nae chance!!

ADELE is persistent and the OLD WOMAN speaks louder and more in ADELE's face.

Look will ye listen? Ye...canny...huv... this...key!!! A'M in charge of it.

The OLD WOMAN shakes the key at ADELE who gives up, sits down, takes off shoes, tries to wrap her foot up in a handkerchief. OLD WOMAN starts winding clock. HUGH, with Monty on shoulder, strolls across stage and sees ADELE with hands on ears.

HUGH Still here? See what you get when you go too far from home? *(Kicks off his shoe and sticks his foot under Adele's nose before sitting beside her.)* Blisters!

ADELE Tick tock, tick....

HUGH You should have stayed where you were. Do you really hate my Monty?

Muttering to herself ADELE begins stroking Monty gingerly.

HUGH That's better. He's a nice wee man.

ADELE *(She wipes her hand on her dress and takes out photograph of grandfather from pocket).* See. mio Nonno, Nonno Santo. Albert Street. Vicino al Treno, train, Stazione. Grandfather. Io nipote, Adele. Bell'uomo, bellissimo. *(Pointing to photo.)*

HUGH Now I'm getting you.

ADELE Arrotino. Grandfather AR..RO..TI..NO. K..neefee K...
neef.....

HUGH *(studying photograph).* Oh Knife grinder! Nonno Santo, knife grinder. Got you. From Albert Street. Aye, ah ken. It's number seven! *(Holding seven fingers up triumphantly and ADELE does the same smiling.)* Nonno Santo, good man. Nonno Santo gives me *(Pointing to mouth.)* grub... yum yum. *(Chewing.)* Down this road, hen, then left, right. Ach alright I'll show you.

HUGH and ADELE freeze on the far right of stage. HELEN is still standing next to Mario, peering into jar and gingerly touching jam with spoon.

HELEN You probably eat it, but we don't. We eat different sorts of things in the morning. We eat eggs, bacon, porridge and jam. Scottish Ma r m... a... l a d e.....

MARIO Macche' sta'addi'? Assaggi, taste, please!

HELEN No, no.

MARIO Dai su, un cucchiaino solo!

HELEN No, no.

MARIO *(insists leaning towards her)*. EeeeEEEEeeh!

HELEN *(hitting MARIO with handbag)*. Behave yourself! You're a married man! Don't try and deny it... I saw you kissing the foot and leg of that young woman!

MARIO *(doesn't understand and continues tempting her with spoon of jam)*. Signorina....

HELEN Behave yourself. Can't you!

MARIO Adele! Che sta'addi' questa?

ADELE I know where is Nono Santo. Albert Street, number seven. Piglia la robba ch'annamo. *(She picks up suitcase.)*

MARIO *(to HELEN)*. Questa e' Adele, mi sorella.

ADELE *(ignores them and grabs the bags).* Let's go.

MARIO No, tira fori'r'vocabbolario *(ADELE hands him a small phrase book from case.)*

ADELE Me Adele, piacere! Pleased to meet you. *(Holding out hand to HELEN who refuses it.)* Che maleducata!!

MARIO Me Mario, brother. *(Holding out hand.)*

HELEN Mario brother. *(Taking MARIO's hand.)* So that's it.
Pi..a...cere.

ADELE and MARIO go off, Mario staring back at Helen.

PART TWO

MOUNTING TENSION

VULCAN is hammering on an enormous armoured breast plate. He notices BOY who is cutting up a jumble of images which he sticks on panel: guns, spaceships, boats, conjuring up a kind of naval battle.

VULCAN Don't waste your time on that. Give the furnace a stoke.

BOY Bang, whoosh, bang.

VULCAN Stop cutting up the world.

BOY Leave me alone.

VULCAN That's enough. It's stirring again. I want fifty thousand of these ready by Tuesday. Look this one's finished. Fasten it, go on. *(Holding breast plate against himself.)*

BOY Nasty face! *(Refusing to help Vulcan.)*

VULCAN *(looking at BOY's collage).* It's so surreal, it makes my belly whinge. Or am I just hungry? Stick those bits down. Firmly. Listen to me. *(He gets hold of BOY's hand and forces him to stick the images down.)* There's no time left. *(BOY starts stoking.)* Now, you're shaping. Those embers look familiar. *(He sits on chair holding his crippled leg out to the fire.)* Sheer bliss.

BOY *(ignoring VULCAN and chanting as he stokes).* Planes flying here and there, bombs dropping don't know where, bang, bang, bang.

VULCAN Calm down. Get back under there. (*Pointing to bed.*) Go on you'll be up nice and early in the morning. I'll see to this.
(*Starts stoking.*)

BLACK OUT

HELEN and ADELE are folding a huge sheet and articles of clothing

HELEN He's asked me to marry him

Silence.

ADELE He told me he would.

HELEN He's already told YOU.

ADELE I am his sister. He tells me everything.

HELEN I can't. My family's dead set against it. They want me to marry Harry.

ADELE Harry?

HELEN Harry Anderson. He runs the bookshop in Perth. Nice man. That's about it.

ADELE So why don't you?

HELEN There's no spark.

ADELE Spark?

HELEN Flame, fire. With Mario's there's fire.

ADELE My brother loves you.

HELEN And I love your brother. I've no doubt about that but I
can't...

ADELE What?

HELEN It's my parents. They'll cut me off.

Adele looks uncomprehending.

HELEN Cut me off? My family not speak to me. The wee free
minister, my father, throw me out of the house. My mum so
ashamed not go to church.

ADELE Impossible.

HELEN She'll not put a foot inside the church until her own funeral. That's the truth Adele. I do love Mario. From the moment I set eyes on him. Even when I was sure he was married to you.

ADELE Big sweethearts me and my brother. *(Smiling to herself.)* But marry him. Marry him before war breaks out and..

HELEN And become a Catholic and go to hell. That's what my father says.

ADELE We Catholics are not that bad!

HELEN Not according to my father!

ADELE Marry him. Listen to me. He take care of you. He take care of the two of us.

Noises offstage.

ADELE Sei te Mario?

MARIO *(from offstage).* Si. Helen e' la'?

HELEN *(attempts to answer in Italian and it comes out as a fluted 'Si').* Si...

MARIO (*He rushes in hiding a parcel behind his back. The two women stop talking*). You were talking about something. What were you talking about? You are hiding something.

HELEN Nothing... No.

ADELE It's YOU who are hiding something.
(*Trying to see what MARIO has got behind his back.*)

MARIO It's not for you.

ADELE I know, you wouldn't come rushing in here like that for me.

MARIO (*turns to HELEN and gives her the parcel*). I hope you like it (*She unwraps parcel and holds a velvet dress up to herself.*)

HELEN It's beautiful...

ADELE Aah... Try it on, come on.

HELEN goes offstage with dress.

MARIO Dove la lettera che ho lasciato là?

ADELE Lettera? No, solo cartacea....

MARIO There was a brown envelope with MY NAME
on.

ADELE Non so. *(Raises her arms and shakes her
head.)*

MARIO Keep your nose out of my business.
Dov'e' la lettera!

ADELE *(notices HELEN entering, moves towards
her and starts adjusting the dress).* Aah... nice!

MARIO *(To ADELE, not hiding his anger).* There
was my name on the envelope.

ADELE *(Staring a few seconds at MARIO before
speaking slowly and deliberately).* I didn't know
you were interested in those fascists.

MARIO So you have read it! It would be a good

night out. Dancing and a bit of food. A chance to meet some Italians. You'd enjoy it.

ADELE Never. There's plenty going on here.

MARIO What's the matter with you? You are always against everything. You make life difficult for everyone.

HELEN Calm down, I'll go and find it. It'll be out in the bin.

MARIO No, please.

ADELE Me difficult? Those fools are not going to make our life easy, Mario.

HELEN I have to be going. My father's waiting for me.

ADELE Skates on. I'll just finish this ironing. Ciao cara.

MARIO There is no point you throwing my letters away. You are not going to get anywhere. *(Goes off.)*

The noise of the ticking of a clock comes up louder. ADELE puts her hands on ears desperately trying to keep the noise out. She exits.

OLD WOMAN *(winding clock).* They're aw livin in anither world. Cept for her...aye, she knows alright. She knows all about it. She can see it. She can feel it. *(Hides clock under coat.)* Used tae get fed up wi him goin oan ad oan about this clock. Don't forget tae wind it up - he used tae say. Six times oan a Sunday. Six times oan a Wednesday. *(Noise of laughing offstage.)* Anyway somebody's enjoying themselves. *(ADELE and HUGH rush on playing a game of tug of war with a chair, they kiss passionately.)*

BLACK OUT

OLD WOMAN She's got herself engaged, hitched to that dreamer. Livin aff the street aw is days. He'll never change.

ADELE and HUGH in bed together. He is looking at seahorse in his hand.

HUGH See him. No, don't laugh. It was him. My seahorse told me I'd end up in America. Said we'd stow away on a boat.

ADELE Us two? Out of here?

HUGH No, me and Monty. Carolina. (*Lights a cigarette.*) Jist floating off on they rings, higher and higher.

ADELE We should not have Hugh. I should not have.

HUGH Shouldn't have what?

ADELE Shouldn't have done it.

HUGH But it was good. It was fucking brilliant. I hadn't been with anybody for a long time.

ADELE We should not have.

HUGH Come off it. You enjoyed it. Tell me you did. (*Trying to kiss her again.*)

ADELE No. You should not have.

HUGH You didn't do much to stop me. Or did you? I had a wee dram too many. Maybe you tried to fight me off.

ADELE A bit. Maybe.

HUGH Admit it. Go on, say it: I really enjoyed it.

ADELE Hugh, I really did....*(Laughing.)*

HUGH Just one thing though. Don't tell your big brother we did it.

ADELE He kill you. Mario keeps saying fat bug of nothing, that Scottish.

HUGH Very nice.

ADELE Go now. If he find you here..... Out before he comes home.

HUGH exits and ADELE starts dancing, humming an Italian tune. She freezes as she notices the OLD WOMAN defiantly winding the clock up. Adele glares at Woman, turns away and goes off. Singing but more subdued than before.

OLD WOMAN Thinks she's in love. Head fu o nonsense .

OLD WOMAN looks at MARIO and HELEN who come on laughing. Helen has Mario's sweater around her shoulders. He sings her a love song but at the end she gives him the sweater back.

Look at them , noo! Aye that really is love..... jist like me
an my ma... ach that was another time....

MARIO This jumper has lost the smell of home (*Smelling sweater as Helen backs away from him.*) When I used to wear it the first days I thought it would have never lost that smell. I used to protect it, to keep it as my secret. Not like the jars of figs of my mother!

HELEN (*imitating Mario's Italian accent*). Who wants my figs? Someone for my figs!

MARIO I always looked for someone with whom to eat them, and feel at home.

HELEN moves back towards Mario who wraps the sweater around her shoulders, kissing her. HELEN and MARIO dance a Tarantella. HUGH and then ADELE come on. HUGH dances awkwardly obviously drunk. ADELE and HUGH are kissing passionately and MARIO gestures angrily toward them. HELEN pulls ADELE offstage. HUGH goes to sit at table with a glass and a bottle of whisky in front of him.

MARIO You enjoying yourself.

HUGH Eh? Sure!

MARIO (*sits at the table and faces HUGH*). You are having fun.

HUGH Of course I'm having fun.

MARIO That's nice. You like the people?

HUGH I couldn't care less about the people.

MARIO But you dance with the people. You don't care less about my sister?

HUGH You know what's between me and Adele. The whole of Edinburgh knows.

MARIO There is nothing between you and her. Don't take advantage of my sister.

HUGH What's the matter with you...

MARIO You understand what I said?

HUGH No and this is none of your business.

MARIO This is my business. Clear out of her life.

MARIO goes off and HUGH steps back in shadows, talking to Monty on his shoulder.

HUGH An eejit. Me and his sister have had a bit of a fling. No big deal. He's not like the old man, the Grandfather. He'd have understood. We've got to get out of here, pal. Get on a boat: America. How about that? I don't want to get married. But *she'd* expect me to, and *he'd* make me. Naw better git out noo, wee man.

He looks at seahorse, touching it, but leaves the seahorse on table before going offstage. ADELE comes on, looking happy, slowly her mood changes as she notices the seahorse.

ADELE *(looking at seahorse and turning it round in her hand).*
There's no way out. No way I can keep this on my own. *(She pats her stomach with seahorse and goes off very slowly.)*

PART THREE

WAR 1940

BOY is lying under bed. Noise of a violent thunder storm.

VULCAN dressed in armour breast plate is throwing large balls into the air.

VULCAN Don't panic. They're my thunderbolts. Go on get up there.
(He continues slinging the balls into air.)

BOY I'm dead scared.

VULCAN Calm down. It's going exactly as I planned. *(Another loud crash.)*

BOY *(yelling)*. It's getting nearer.

VULCAN Everything under control. That was the sixtieth bolt in six seconds.

BOY I want my angel. *(He shines torch light from under bed.)*

VULCAN Where is she??

BOY continues casting light.

VULCAN Where's she gone? *(Silence.)* Come on!

BOY Riddle dee dee, riddle dee doe, What you can see, is all I know.

VULCAN You are hiding her.

Flashes of lightning and thunder continue with images of war on panel.

VULCAN Fifty thousand of them, out there fighting. (*Banging on his armour.*) Are you listening?

BOY Can't hear.

VULCAN (*starts throwing balls up again. One, two, three, four balls.*)
Rip the sky apart, electrify the night, not a soul asleep, on this
bitch of a planet.

*Thunder bolts louder and more lightning flashes together with
images of warfare on screen.*

BLACKOUT

*HELEN is tidying room while GIOVANNI plays on floor cutting images
out of a magazine. OLD WOMAN is winding clock, the arms of which are
moving faster and faster.*

OLD WOMAN God, they DAE live in anither planet. ...they
don't know it's comin. They don't know.. it's HERE. They
canny hear. They canny see.

ADELE enters and collapses on a chair.

Here she comes, fu o business. Nae time tae hear, nae time

tae see, nae time tae think. She disnae want tae! Wee soul.

HELEN Stop cutting up that magazine, will you. I never get a chance to read it before you tear it to shreds. Here have this one.
(Notices ADELE.) You look exhausted. It's nearly ready.

ADELE I am obliged to walk back.

HELEN No bus?

ADELE No petrol.

HELEN Shut the curtains tight, it's time.

ADELE You afraid Germans going to bomb Albert Street?

HELEN Regulations. Mr Macdonald will be round soon. We don't want any trouble. *(Goes offstage.)*

ADELE *(imitating Mr Macdonald's voice)*. Do I see a wee, wee chink in that curtain, Mrs Gallo? We really must be more careful, mustn't we. The Germans are...

HELEN *(voice off)*. Clever clogs. And keep your voice down he might hear you.

We hear the following conversation from offstage

ADELE Madonna! What are you doing?

HELEN The wee boy's favourite.

ADELE I mean what are you doing with that spoon? My first day at work and there you go making glue.

HELEN What do you mean?

ADELE Stop to stir the pasta.

HELEN Giovanni likes pasta.

ADELE But not like that. Taste them. See if they are cooked by tasting. See?

HELEN The recipe says ten minutes. Just a wee while longer.

MARIO Calm down Adele. She is doing her best.

MARIO enters with an old style gramophone and puts it on floor, beside GIOVANNI who is playing.

MARIO *Here, it's working now. This?* (Holding up

record.) *Alright put it on.*

GIOVANNI start the gramophone and plays a fascist march. MARIO and GIOVANNI march triumphantly around the room. ADELE runs on angrily.

ADELE *Stop that music, will you!*

MARIO *He has chosen it! Wasn't me. (Showing ADELE the picture of Mussolini on the record sleeve.) See? He liked the cover!*

ADELE I won't have you playing that music in this house!

MARIO *(stops the gramophone and takes the record off)*. That wasn't a good choice, Giovanni. Come on, the pasta's ready!

ADELE And warm the plates Helen. Warm the bowl. Everything warm.

MARIO Leave her alone, Adele.

MARIO switches radio on and light music can be heard.

ADELE Why did you buy it?

MARIO I didn't. They gave it me at the Club.

ADELE The club! I'm not surprised it came free.

RADIO VOICE “At 4pm today Benito Mussolini made the announcement in Rome that Italy has declared war on Great Britain and France.”

Helen enters.

MARIO I never thought he would.

ADELE You never thought....

MARIO No I didn't. (*Moving to hug Helen.*)

RADIO VOICE The Government has declared a state of emergency. The arrests are being made of hundreds of aliens. The search will go on throughout the night.

ADELE (*to MARIO*). What's going to happen to us?

MARIO (*long silence*). We've no choice. We can only wait.

OLD WOMAN YOU no choice? Left ME wi
NOTHIN.....'cept this clock and an empty space! The chimes
don't work. (*Thumps clock.*)....Ah cannot stop it.

Noise of sirens and bombing.

BLACK OUT

*MARIO, ADELE, HELEN (GIOVANNI is beside her) and HUGH are
sitting on four chairs, each pointing in a different direction. As a
character's turn comes to speak, a spotlight falls on him or her.*

MALE VOICE OFF Mario Gallo, enemy alien. On the H15 list of
enemy aliens. Born in Frassina, Italy, 1915. Mr Gallo?

MARIO Yes that's me.

MVO We've a few questions we need to ask you.

MARIO What about?

MVO Would you mind coming down to the station.

MARIO Of course not.

MVO You should pack a bag. You may need a few clothes.

MARIO Are you sure it's just a few questions?

MVO Yes, Mr Gallo.

MARIO I just go upstairs and get my things.

Slamming of door. Light on ADELE.

MALE VOICE OFF Adele Gallo, enemy alien, born in Frassina, Italy,
1917. Miss Adele Gallo?

ADELE Yes.

MVO We have orders to take you away from here.

ADELE Where?

MVO Inland, where you can cause no trouble. Pack a bag and we'll
be off.

ADELE exits. Light on HELEN and GIOVANNI.

MVO Helen Gallo, born 1917, Perth. Married Mario Gallo, Italian

national, June 1936. You and your son can stay in the shop and keep the business going.

HELEN *(to GIOVANNI)*. You're tongue's sticky. *(Looking at a collage in a scrapbook.)* This one's nice. Bright colours. *(Sharp voice.)* There's somebody in the shop, Giovanni. Can you go?

(to audience). In another world half the time. But he's a good boy and polite to the customers. He peels the tatties. Seems to like it. It gives him time to dream....

HUGH has his back to audience.

MVO Hugh Macdougall, born in Edinburgh, 1914, deserter from the American air force, arrested at Monte Cassino, Italy 1944, while attempting to board a train for Rome. Sentence: six months in glass house, solitary confinement.

HUGH They've taken time away from me, given me a bright light piercing my skull, never letting me sleep.

OLD WOMAN lifts clock and shakes it. GIOVANNI stops playing and goes over to OLD WOMAN, examining clock curiously.

Here, have a listen. Go on. Put yit ear to this. See, my mechanical friend. Listen to the wheels creakin and creakin. Can you hear? There they go. Round and round, faster and

faster.

BOY cries out delighted as he listens to ticking at close quarters. OLD WOMAN thumps the clock and it starts chiming louder. Noise of air raid siren.

PART FOUR

DEVASTATION, PAST AND PRESENT

The stage is darker than before. Bits of armour, weapons and huge balls everywhere. BOY is searching for something with torch.

VULCAN Get these stacked up. *(Putting the balls into a box.)* Ouch!
(To leg.) Stop plaguing me, you bastard. Come and give me a hand. *(To boy.)*

BOY *(has found submarine).* I am a submarine! I am a submarine!
(Plays projecting light of torch on the submarine, making its shadow move on panel. He puts on magician's cloak and waves a wand.) Now, I command it.

VULCAN I want none of your nonsense today.

BOY Riddle, dee dee, riddle dee doe, What you can see, is all I know. Do you like her? *(Submarine on panel disappears and*

an angel takes its place.)

VULCAN Lovely. But is she really an angel?

BOY Now you see her, now... *(Angel disappears from screen.)*

VULCAN That's enough. I command *you*. Bring her back!

BOY She's mine. She loves *me*! *(Disappears under the bed, taking submarine with him.)*

VULCAN Was there really a war? *(Taking a piece of armour from heap.)* All these, smashing up the world? *(Throws the armour back on heap.)* It's so quiet, the elements have stopped breathing. *(Shivers.)* Show me your flames! *(Throws some coal into the furnace and sits stretching out his crippled leg near fire.)* Aaaah! Keep me company. Please.

BOY *(from under bed)*. Stop shouting. Nice people never raise their voices.

VULCAN You can warm your toes. Let me see her!

BOY She's not here *(Torch throws light on shadows of soldiers and weapons visible on panel.)*

VULCAN Yes she is. I can tell by your voice. Come out of there, the pair of you.

BOY does not reply this time. VULCAN stares at the panel where shadows of himself and soldiers can be seen.

Something disturbing keeps appearing and disappearing....

BOY *(chants in a low voice while projecting the torch on VULCAN).* Riddle dee dee, Riddle dee doe, What you can see is all I know.

VULCAN Something's taking shape again.

BLACK OUT

An ornamental garden, with a sculpting of a huge hand, foot and two grasshoppers. A pool of water and stones scattered everywhere. ADELE, older than in previous scenes, is holding GIOVANNI's hand. She speaks quite good English, with a slight Italian accent. HELEN looks a lot older. MARIO, a ghost. HUGH, clean shaven and dressed in a uniform, is the keeper of the garden. He speaks mechanically. The OLD WOMAN is slouched asleep in chair.

HUGH Sorry, Lady, no you don't. We're due to close. You should know better. Just a few minutes, then, if you really must.

(HELEN manages to force her way in.) Just a quick look round then. Time please, Ladies and Gentlemen. Time please everyone. I am about to perform the five o'clock ceremony.

HUGH starts polishing the foot, keeping his eye on HELEN. ADELE, holding GIOVANNI's hand, slips in behind HELEN and they freeze watching her.

HELEN His head, I must find his head. A hand, a foot, fingers, toes. The toes, the fingers, all in place but no head. Mario went down in the sea in smithereens.

Sound of bombing, HELEN moves frantically around looking for head.

ADELE *(moving towards HELEN still holding GIOVANNI's hand and ignoring HUGH).* I'll calm her down and we'll be going. *(To HELEN.)* Sit here a wee while. No, he's not. He is no more, cara.

ADELE takes out some sandwiches from a bag.

Here have one of these. *(To HELEN and then to GIOVANNI.)* Here, one for you. It's salamé, I made it special. Go on have a quick look round. Some beautiful birds. I'll look after her.

HELEN *(sobbing)*. Thanks.

HUGH Got one for me?

ADELE Here! *(For the first time she looks at HUGH as she offers him a sandwich and begins realising who he is.)* I always make too many. *(Breaks some bread with fingers and alternates eating with throwing to birds.)*

HUGH *(Inspecting sandwich, he bites gingerly into it while continuing to stare at ADELE. GIOVANNI has returned with comic books and scissors and is cutting out images of tins of baked beans, Coca Cola, submarines, guns).* More clutter. Remember it's closing time young man. Can't be having any of this. *(Threatens GIOVANNI with brush.)*

ADELE *(ADELE goes over to GIOVANNI and puts her arms round him).* Per favore, put your things away, dear.

HUGH Per favor? Per favor? *(Rolling the words around, struggling to remember.)*

HELEN throws sandwich paper on floor which HUGH sweeps up.

Steady on Mrs and to think I let you. A favour, remember?

HELEN Bits and pieces. Mariuccio and his grandpa here in these bits.

ADELE *(turning abruptly to face HUGH)*. What is this place?

HUGH Can't remember.

ADELE Do you like working here??

HUGH Can't remember.

ADELE That's no answer.

HUGH It's a job, Mrs.

ADELE It's been hard for everybody since the war. Nobody came through without pain. Can you really not remember? *(Still looking at HUGH but there is no reply.)*

HELEN Nobody remembers. Not really. The head's not here. There's a hand alright, five fingers, a foot and five toes but no head.

ADELE You're right. *(Looking at hand and foot of sculpture. To GIOVANNI.)* Have you seen up there? Go and have a look. At the top near the pool. They're two daddy longlegs, dancing. *(GIOVANNI climbs up.)*

HUGH Two grasshoppers copulating, more like.

ADELE So there *are* things you know.

HUGH The difference between a dancing daddy longlegs and a copulating grasshopper, but you're a foreigner, so I suppose... *(Thinks for a couple of seconds then GIOVANNI sends water splashing down from pool.)*

ADELE You devil! *(Shivering as the water wets her.)* In my village, there were no grasshoppers.

HUGH *(throwing stones into the air).* That strange accent, I mean.

ADELE Italy. Frassina, a wee place in the south.

HUGH Must be a nice place.

ADELE I once taught you... *(Quietly.)* how to say it.

HUGH What did you say? *(Long pause.)* Nice place, Miss?

ADELE Nobody has ever heard of it here.

HUGH Maybe I have. *(Moving brush back and to.)* No I haven't, never been to Italy.

ADELE I never went back. During the war I wanted to, only they wouldn't let me out. Now these two need me.

HELEN There's no head, Adele, not here or in the history books. *(Leafing through GIOVANNI'S scrapbook.)* Here, have a look.

ADELE This is the fifth time today, Helen. Of course, dear.

HELEN I mean those people who write the books. They didn't see them drowning, gasping, fighting to save themselves, the German torpedo going into action.

ADELE I'm sorry. I did everything I could. But the key slipped through my fingers. It was her. That woman over there. She would never give it to me. Look at her, not a care for anyone. Hey wind it up. *(WOMAN continues snoring. HELEN has started moving downstage.)* Helen, where are you going?.

Spot on MARIO downstage. He is ashen. HELEN rushes towards him but ADELE pulls her back.

ADELE We'll be going home in a minute.

HELEN No, just a while longer. *(She sits transfixed staring in*

MARIO's direction.)

MARIO They came. Two police officers. I was in the shop. There they found me. I was cleaning. My hands full of dirt. And so much work to be done still. But there was no time. "Pack a bag and we are going". "A few questions and you will be back". But they had no questions. They knew already what was waiting for us. The police cell. The army camp. And then the boat. The boat was standing, waiting. Hundreds of people waiting, many friends and many others I never saw before. I remember the explosion the water coming in. It was wetting my clothes, my skin, my nose. I remember I was trying to breath. And all those people. We had nothing with us. Not even those things we used to carry with us. I would have had food. *Ma tornatene a casa!* Go home if you want to eat figs! There you can find my tree. Myself on my tree, eating figs from the tree. Ants will walk over my legs, and I will sweep them away with my sticky fingers. With my bare feet I will be hugging the highest branches, and I will eat the figs on the top of the tree, rocking, rustling the leafs. And the tree will know what I'm eating.

HELEN Mariuccio! You're back in the orchard, I can see you there, swinging higher and higher.

ADELE No, Helen he drowned. On the Arandora Star. He never

came back to us.

HELEN And he's so happy.

MARIO disappears and GIOVANNI takes a pile of paper and glue to show ADELE.

ADELE *(takes something from pocket, unwraps object in two pieces – it's the seahorse).* Here use your glue on this. Go on. Please. Glue it together and then we'll be going home.

GIOVANNI complies using his tongue and fixes the pieces together.

Let me ride on your magic seahorse! *(GIOVANNI runs around making seahorse fly.)*

HUGH watches and reacts when he sees the seahorse.

HUGH *(whispering to an imaginary Monty).* I'm scared, Monty. *(Moves forward as if to speak to ADELE, but then draws back. Stands to attention.)*

Time, please. Time, Ladies and Gentlemen. This is no amusement arcade. We don't want none of your flying horses in here. Regulations, young man.

ADELE *(grabbing GIOVANNI's hand).* We'd better be going. Come

on Helen.

HUGH The monument is about to close. Gather your belongings together, Ladies and Gentlemen, and prepare to vacate the grounds. I am about to perform the five o'clock ceremony. Ladies, you should be moving along.

HELEN moves towards the huge hand. ADELE squeezes HELEN's hand.

ADELE Watch the hand, it's poised for action. It could smash us to smithereens or it could..... *(Holding her own hand out.)* if the time is right, do all the good in.....

HUGH performs the five o'clock ceremony, solemnly staring at monument.

HUGH Time went mad, speeding, racing. Tick tock goes the clock.

ADELE Tick tock. *(Puts hands over ears.)*

HUGH The gates are about to close. Make your way to the exit. There's a problem with security. Please refrain from touching the gates.

HELEN, ADELE and BOY move into the area downstage beyond the gate.

HUGH bolts the gate and talks to an invisible Monty in his voice of the earlier scenes.

Laddy-de-daaing it with their per favors. They don't even know a daddy longlegs from a grasshopper. Quick march. About turn. Right left, right left. Halt. Forget it your very imperial majesty!

Footage of Montecassino bombing.

1944, Montecassino. Crazy! Ah mean crazy, ken? Ah was there saw it all. *(Stands to attention, salutes, then slumps.)* Nearly got blown up flying those American bombers. Thousands and thousands of them did. But no' me. Don't know why. Ach, forget it. Right...I'm going, your very imperial majesty. *(Makes a bow and exits.)*

GIOVANNI is sitting on the floor cutting up magazines spread around him.

ADELE Here, look what I've got for you. *(Gives Giovanni a new magazine and he grabs it delighted. She leafs through scrapbook.)* That's great *(smiling)*. That orange next to the red. Heinz beans! Micky Mouse! Rita Hayworth *(laughing now.)* But that's a gun you've put up to her head. *(Hugs him.)* It's getting dark, dear. You should take care of your eyes. *(ADELE closes the scrapbook and begins to get up but*

*GIOVANNI stops her. He tries to give her the seahorse back.
Long pause.) No, it's yours now.*

ADELE and GIOVANNI go out. Spot on OLD WOMAN who wakes up.

OLD WOMAN Well that's it. Steady. Here goes. *(To clock.)* Ah
knew you could do it. No, no too quick. No too loud either. A nice easy
pace. *(Moves hands forward manually a few times, then winds.)*

FINE.