

This script was freely downloaded from [the \(re\)making project](#)

takes off all her clothes,  
or simply walks out of them,  
steps into the tub,  
leans her head back against the rim, exhausted,  
and closes her eyes,  
her arms thrown back out of the tub as though she were crucified,  
as we listen to the music finish playing.

Now, quietly, sweetly, restfully,  
Pachelbel's Canon in D  
is heard,  
and Giuliano steps onto the stage,  
a glass of wine in his hand.

He is a young Italian man, handsome, agreeable,  
weak and useless.

He seems a little surprised to see Lydia. 7te 8.319to t ghtc (L)1 nl's Cano s tTc -e8 [n In-1iinl's Clly,

But the setting for the piece should not be real, or naturalistic.  
It should not be a set for the piece to play within  
but rather something against which the piece can resonate:  
something on the order of a bathtub, 100 olive trees,  
and 300 wine glasses half-full of red wine.

More an installation than a set.

It is midsummer evening—the long, long golden twilight.

Giuliano and Lydia speak, quietly, and with many silences between their words, as  
the music continues under the dialogue.

[Note: there are lots of Italians in this play,  
but I don't think the actors should speak in Italian accents—  
with the sole exception of Bella—  
any more than they would if they were doing Romeo and Juliet  
or the Merchant of Venice.  
Except for Bella, these are English-speaking international travelers.]

GIULIANO

Hello.

[she opens her eyes]

LYDIA

Hello.

GIULIANO

I'm Giuliano.

LYDIA

Hello, Giuliano.

GIULIANO

And you are....

LYDIA

Lydia.

GIULIANO

Lydia.

I don't think we've met.

LYDIA

No.

GIULIANO

You've just—arrived.

LYDIA

Yes.

GIULIANO

That's your boat offshore?

LYDIA

Yes.

GIULIANO

A big boat.

LYDIA

Well...it belongs to my family.

GIULIANO

You've come for the weekend?

LYDIA

Yes, oh, yes, at least.

GIULIANO

GIULIANO  
My uncle?

LYDIA  
Your uncle?

[silence]

GIULIANO  
I don't mean to be rude, but...

[with a smile]

who was it invited you?

LYDIA  
Invited us?

GIULIANO  
You didn't come to the party?  
You mean: you're not a guest.

LYDIA  
Oh, you mean, this is your home.  
I'm in your home.

GIULIANO  
Yes.  
Well, it's my uncle's house.

LYDIA  
It's so big.  
I thought it was a hotel.

GIULIANO  
We have a big family.

LYDIA  
I'm sorry I just...

GIULIANO

It's OK.

Where do you come from?

LYDIA

Greece.

GIULIANO

Greece. You mean  
just now?

LYDIA

Yes.

My sisters and I.

We were to be married to our cousins, and  
well, we didn't want to, but  
we had to, so  
when the wedding day came  
we just got on our boat and left  
so  
here we are.

GIULIANO

Just like that.

LYDIA

Yes.

GIULIANO

Just walked away from the altar  
and sailed away from Greece.

LYDIA

Yes.

Where are we?

GIULIANO  
Italy.  
This is Italy.

LYDIA  
Oh. Italy.  
I love Italy.

GIULIANO  
It's...well...yes. So do I.

And your sisters are still on the boat?

LYDIA  
Yes, most of them.  
We came....  
[looking around]  
at least, some of us came ashore.

There are fifty of us all together.

GIULIANO  
Fifteen?

LYDIA  
Fifty.  
Fifty sisters.

GIULIANO [laughing awkwardly]  
I...  
I don't think even I know anyone who has fifty sisters.

And you were all to get married to your cousins?

LYDIA  
Yes.

GIULIANO  
To your cousins?

LYDIA

Yes.

We're looking for asylum.

We want to be taken in here  
so we don't have to marry our cousins.

GIULIANO

You want to be taken in as immigrants?

LYDIA

As refugees.

GIULIANO

Refugees.

LYDIA

Yes.

GIULIANO

From...

LYDIA

From Greece.

GIULIANO



GIULIANO

Well, marriage really.

LYDIA

Not if we can help it.

[silence]

GIULIANO

I see.

LYDIA

You seem like a good person, Giuliano.

We need your help.

[silence]

GIULIANO

I think you should talk to my uncle.

Piero, he has...connections.

Just stay right here.

If you'll wait here,

I'll bring him out.

LYDIA

Thank you.

[the conversation ends just a few moments  
before the end of the 4:58 of the Pachelbel Canon in D;  
Giuliano leaves, and  
she weeps and weeps while the music finishes.

Suddenly, Clarke's Trumpet Voluntary announces the ((l)7(p.)]TJT. l)6)yh853-0.00f .(i)7(40f .(i(y)1(,)5