

**BUONA NOTTE, GRANNA SARA**

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A Play in One Act

by

Nance Crawford

Post Office Box 4071  
West Hills, CA 91308-4071  
818/703-7215  
FAX: 818/347-2479  
Nance@NanceCrawford.com



Member

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## Cast of Characters

<u>JOEY</u>	Age 19; HIS first day on his first real job, working for his mother's older brother, FRANK.
<u>DINO</u>	Age fifty; HE has been a waiter forever.
<u>MARCO</u>	Age open; HE likes being a waiter, but isn't much for new challenges.
<u>FRANK DOMINIC</u>	Late forties; owner of a successful catering service, HE is a good businessman.
<u>SIGNORE ANTONIO</u>	Fifties; a singularly brilliant chef from the old country: Sicily.
<u>JAMES DI LEONE</u>	Father of the bridegroom, HE is assumed to have inherited the family business.

## Setting

The service hall of a ballroom/banquet room in New Jersey, USA.

## Time

Saturday, not that long ago

SETTING: The service hallway of a ballroom/banquet room in a posh New Jersey hotel. A long table set up with trays, extra coffee services, silverware, napkins; folding tray racks lean against the back wall. Bus bins are on the back counter. The kitchen is off, UR, beyond a turn in the corridor. DL, double swinging doors with round glass windows lead to the dining room.

AT RISE: It is mid-evening. The SOUNDS OF a grand PARTY: talk, laughter, a big band, are heard, OFF DL, WHENEVER THE DOORS TO THE DINING ROOM OPEN. JOEY, age nineteen, enters, DL, crossing UR to the kitchen as DINO, age fifty, enters UR with a tray of coffee pots and crosses DL to the dining room.

JOEY

They need more champagne at bar three.

DINO

Told them to stock it heavy.

JOEY

(Exits into the kitchen, UR.)

There wasn't enough room.

DINO

Should have opened up bar two, too. Told them.

(HE exits into the ballroom, DL.)

FRANK

(Off, UR, calls.)

Okay, we're about ready.

(MARCO, age indeterminate, enters from the kitchen, UR, carrying a box of champagne.)

MARCO

(Crossing DL.)

Hey, Joey? Bar three, right?

JOEY

(Enters, UR, with a box of champagne.)

Yeah.

(They exit into the ballroom, DL. FRANK, in his late forties, a chef's apron over his business suit, enters UR with half-a-dozen empty round serving trays and stacks them on the table. DINO enters, DL, with an empty tray.)

DINO

(Exits into the kitchen, UR.)

Time for more rolls.

(MARCO enters, DL, picks up an empty tray and tray rack.)

MARCO

They're about finished with the salad.

(Marco exits into the ballroom, DL, passing JOEY, who is entering DL.)

FRANK

(Handing him a tray.)

Joey, help pick up salads. Work to this side of the kitchen, so you stay close to Marco.

JOEY

Everybody is working from the service area at the other side of the kitchen.

FRANK

And you can, too, as soon as you're more sure of yourself. Meanwhile, watch Marco and Dino and pick up from the left.

JOEY

Okay. I remember.

(He exits, DL, with tray and rack.)

DINO

(Enters, UR, with rolls and butter.)

They're hot.

FRANK

They better be, for what we're charging.

DINO

Naw, I mean the newlyweds. If they were dancing any closer, they'd be back to back.

(DINO exits, DL. FRANK exits into the kitchen, UR. MARCO enters from the ballroom, DL, with a tray of dirty salad plates. HE empties the plates into a bus bin.)

MARCO

(Calls.)

Hey, Mr. Dominic, lady out there wants to know if there's sugar in the salad dressing, as it's sweet.

FRANK

(Off, UR.)

Who knows?

(Calling, his voice fading as he walks away.)

Signore Antonio, do you put sugar in the salad dressing?

(JOEY enters, DL, with a full tray of dirty salad plates and begins unloading them into the bin.)

JOEY

They're all dancing again. When are they going to eat? Man, we're going to be here all night.

MARCO

(Exits, DL, with empty tray.)

This is a tipping crowd. Enjoy it.

(JOEY picks up the bin to take it to the kitchen as FRANK enters, UR.)

FRANK

I'll take that.

JOEY

It's okay, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

(Taking the bin.)

Naw. If Benny was here, he'd take care of it. Tonight, I'm Benny. You're dressed to serve.

JOEY

Okay. I'm sorry.

FRANK

Hey, what? This is how I started out in this business. Like riding a bike. You get out there and keep tossing salad plates, kid. Entrees are about ready.

(FRANK exits, UR. JOEY exits, DL, with an empty tray, passing DINO as he enters, DL, with a tray of dirty salad plates. He puts them in a bin as MARCO enters, DL, with more dirty salad plates and joins him at the bin to empty his tray. FRANK enters, UR, to replace the bus bin.)

FRANK

Marco, the sugar. Antonio says, yeah, of course, do I take him for a barbarian?

MARCO

What, he's insulted?

FRANK

If he was insulted it would be Sicilian and you'd have heard it over the horns and drums. But it's honey. It's like a honey mustard.

DINO

They started the dollar dance.

FRANK

What's the matter with these people? They haven't eaten yet.

MARCO

Your nephew said about the same thing.

FRANK

Kid's no dummy. We'd better get the entrees out or we'll be here all night.

MARCO

He said something like that, too.

(JOEY enters, DL, with two dirty salad plates on his tray, and stands, stricken, just inside the door.)

JOEY

(A little kid:.)  
...Uncle Flunk...?

FRANK

(Surprised.)  
Yeah? Joe? That it? That all of them?

JOEY

No. There's one more.

FRANK

What? Well, go get it. Where is it?

JOEY

Under the dead lady.

MARCO

What?

DINO

Cute, Joey. Not funny.

FRANK

What are you talking about? Somebody pass out at the table?

DINO

Clear out, if she's dead.

FRANK

Can it, Dino. Somebody passed out at the table. Joey's never seen that before. He doesn't know, so he thinks she's dead.

JOEY

She is dead, Uncle Frank! She's got to be! She's got an olive in her nose! Go look! Go see!

MARCO

(Crosses DL to look through door windows.)

Where? Can you see from here? Hey, yeah! There's a lady at that corner table, she's slumped over. But nobody's with her. She's alone.

DINO

They all must be dancing.

JOEY

She's too old to dance and she's dead.

(To FRANK.)

Check it out!

FRANK

Okay, I will. But only because I don't remember you ever having a sick sense of humor.

(FRANK exits into the ballroom, DL, the others following to crowd around the door windows to watch.)

MARCO

Would you look at that? I've never seen a bride with that much money pinned to her dress. She looks like a head of romaine.

DINO

Hey, Frank's picking up the old lady's plate. No, no, he's not. Oh, man. He's upset. Here he comes.

(They all move back from the doors. FRANK enters, DL.)

FRANK

She's dead.

DINO

Dead.

MARCO

Really dead? Of what?

DINO

Not the food.

FRANK

Keep your voice down!

DINO

Can't be the food. We all ate it before...

FRANK

Don't panic Antonio!

MARCO

Panic Antonio? What about us?

FRANK

She's an old, old lady, she dropped dead of excitement, that's all.

JOEY

That can't be all, Uncle Frank. What about when people come back to the table?

FRANK

(Pain.)

Oh, oh, oh, Lord! What kind of a wedding memory is this? "The service was lovely, the church was divine, and the banquet was exquisite, except for when old Mrs. What's-her-name dropped dead in the antipasto."

MARCO

Honey mustard.

FRANK

Whatever.

DINO

Can't leave her out there.

JOEY

Who is she?

MARCO

Got to let someone know

FRANK

Where's the seating chart? Do we still have the seating chart?

JOEY

(Putting down his tray, checking his pockets  
and producing a tightly folded diagram.)

Here. I've still got it. It's here.

FRANK

(Taking the diagram, opening it:.)

Okay, table twenty-four, Mr... Miss ... Mrs... Mrs... Oh, God, no! Mrs. Leonardo G. di Leone. It's the bridegroom's grandmother.

END SAMPLE

**FOR A PERUSAL SCRIPT, PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR.**