

Marco Ciaramella



***Two wonderful
wings***

CAST:

Martin: Georgina's husband

Georgina: Martin's wife

Michael: Martin and Georgina's son

Thaddeus: Winery worker

Leonard: Painting teacher

Roman: Naturist

Pierre: Chef

Roxana: Georgina's friend

Guinevere: Martin and Georgina's daughter

Mercedes: Sorceress

Monia: Sous chef

Claudia: Sous chef

FIRST ACT

The scene takes place in the living room.

A man sitting at the table looks into a wicker basket while his wife is busy assembling elements to make a strange mixture.

Georgina: Pass me the glue!

Martin, without ever taking his eyes off the basket he is admiring, takes the jar on his right with one hand and passes it to his wife.

Georgina: Pass me the lemon!

Once again, without taking his eyes off the object that is monopolizing his attention, Martin gives his wife what she asked for.

Georgina: I also need the oil.

Martin pass it to her while keeping his eyes down.

Georgina: I still need some cornstarch, please hand it to me.

Martin: Yes. *(And he passes it to her)*

Georgina: Are you stupid?

Martin: Yes, I am. *(He reaches out his hand but finding nothing on his right, as before...)*

Georgina: I knew you weren't listening to me! I tell you that you're stupid and you answer me yes. And you don't even realize you've already passed it everything to me. What were you looking for now: your stupidity?

Martin: *(Embarrassed because she caught him unawares)* I...

Georgina: Stop with that thing or I'll crack it.

Martin: Are you crazy?! This is a real rarity.

Georgina: No, that's a real monstrosity!

Martin: *(Putting a hand in the basket to caress its contents)* Daddy's love, don't listen to that bad woman! In reality she doesn't really think so.

Georgina: Let him get out of there and you'll see if I don't do it.

Martin: The real monster is you, not him.

Georgina: The problem is that he is not edible, otherwise I would make a nice broth with him and

get rid of him once and for all.

Martin: I advise you not to try!!

Georgina: Don't challenge me, I don't recommend it to you! If it weren't that I feel disgust to touch him...

Martin: *(Clasping the basket)* You don't even have to go near him, I'll take care of it.

Georgina: Then start doing it and take him off the table, which we need to set.

Martin: *(Taking the basket lovingly in his arms, he begins to rock it gently and he places it on the ground)* Come my little one! Otherwise the witch scolds us.

Georgina: Don't think for a moment about keeping him in this room, I don't want him here. If you really want to take care of him, you have to do it out of this house.

Martin: But it's cold outside.

Georgina: I don't want to repeat it! If you don't get him out of my sight right away, I'll beat him furiously, so the temperature will be the least of his problems.

Martin: *(He picks up the basket from the ground for fear that his wife pass from words to deeds)* Okay! I take him on the balcony.

Georgina: Don't do it! I don't want to come face to face with that monster every time I go to get suntanned.

Martin: So where do I put him?

Georgina: Where the sun doesn't shine.

Martin: No, in the attic he might be suffering from loneliness.

Georgina: I didn't mean the attic, an equally dark place but...

Martin: I get it! I have to get rid of him.

Georgina: It would be the best thing for him too. He would regain his freedom.

Martin: He has been accustomed to living in captivity for too long. He wouldn't survive without our help.

Georgina: You knew that once he was healed you would have to send him back to where he came from.

Martin: I can't part from him, I'm too fond of him. He's so sweet.

Georgina: Every man to his taste. In any case, his environment is not this, so enough with the sentimentality and take him away from here.

Martin: Do I have to do it now?

Georgina: I remind you that, if you prefer, I could crush it with my feet. So, if you don't move to do what I tell you, there may be this alternative too.

Martin: I got the message! I take him away from here right away, otherwise you kill him sooner or later.

Georgina: More sooner than later, I assure you!

Martin: *(He takes the basket and sadly approaches the door. Before going out, he turns)* If something happens to him, it will be only your fault, you will have him on your conscience.

Georgina: I'll make a reason of it; you, meanwhile, make him disappear.

Martin: Come on, little Jonny, you are no longer welcome here. I must leave you to your infamous fate. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Georgina: He has decided at last. The sight of that horrfying thing is becoming a real nightmare. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Michael and Thaddeus enter the scene.

Michael: Is it possible that there are all these problems? And yet the grapes are excellent.

Thaddeus: What shall I tell you? Customers just complain.

Michael: I know, it is a constant receiving e-mails of protest.

Thaddeus: This means that something in the process of transformation, production and ageing of wine isn't going as it should. We need to understand what it is.

Michael: Since I am the oenologist, I should be the one to do it. But since I had that problem I haven't been the same and I don't know if...

Thaddeus: It will certainly not be a small set-back to question the good name of the firm.

Michael: It doesn't seem so small to me, I feel that I'm slowly destroying this firm.

Thaddeus: Let's hire another oenologist to get another opinion. Maybe something is simply escaping you.

Michael: What figure would I cut in front of my parents if I called someone else to do my job? It would be like saying that I am incompetent and that they wasted their money when they enrolled me in the faculty of gastronomic sciences and cultures.

Thaddeus: Consider that it has only been a few years since you and your sister have taken over the company.

Michael: But they were enough to bring it to the brink of bankruptcy.

Thaddeus: In the beginning everything was fine.

Michael: The problems started when I did the Trigeminal ischemization. Unfortunately I lost, in

addition to the sensitivity of the mouth, also part of the taste and now I can no longer do my job well.

Thaddeus: It seems a bit reductive to me to bring your work back to the simple tasting of wine. I remind you that you're not a simple sommelier. You follow the phases of transformation, production and ageing of the product. You know the different types of grapes, the hygienic-sanitary rules to be followed during the production process, the cultivation techniques and you have the ability to evaluate the organoleptic properties of wines. However, if the problem were really due to the consequences of the surgery and your loss of taste, it will not last indefinitely.

Michael: That's what they had told me. It had to be momentary. Instead it will take a few years before everything is resolved and at that point we will be bankrupt.

Thaddeus: We absolutely have to find a solution.

Michael: I've been losing sleep for months to find it.

Thaddeus: We can try with a refermentation, a pasteurization or with an increase in acidity by adding citric acid.

Michael: I don't think the problem is that the wine has gone bad.

Thaddeus: However, let's try to increase the amount of sulphites. Thanks to their antioxidant and antimicrobial qualities they can protect the product from the proliferation of bacteria.

Michael: Our grapes are healthy, they have no particular microbial loads.

Thaddeus: Perhaps the current quantity is not sufficient for the preservation of taste and flavor.

Michael: We have always made little use. Because they can cause side effects in subjects sensitive to these substances, especially in asthmatics. First of all we have to think about health of customers.

Thaddeus: In fact, even your father had espoused the philosophy that the right machines and products help, but in the end it is only the palate that makes the difference.

Michael: If only I could ask him for help! But since he had that tongue tumor, his taste papillae are compromised, so it would be useless.

Thaddeus: I have someone in mind who could help us.

Michael: I consulted the best doctors, both for my father and for me and the only result obtained was the decrease of our finances.

Thaddeus: Some of my friends have solved their health problems thanks to the intervention of a person who comes from Milan.

Michael: I'm willing to do anything to regain the sense of taste, an oenologist without that is like a jockey without a horse.

Thaddeus: It seems to me a wise decision! Then I get active immediately to contact him.

Michael: If he asks for a huge amount of money, forget it, we can't afford it.

Thaddeus: Don't worry, he is very cheap.

Michael: In this case proceed.

Thaddeus: I'm euphoric, I really believe that we will be able to solve this problem.

Michael: Don't crow your victory prematurely! It seems to me that we are now channeled into an unstoppable vortex.

Thaddeus: Don't be so pessimistic! Things can also change.

Thaddeus leaves the scene and Martin enters.

Martin: Hi son!

Michael: Hello dad!

Martin: What's that long face?

Michael: Yours also doesn't burst out with joy from all pores.

Martin: In fact, my heart hurts.

Michael: Do you want me to take you to the doctor?

Martin: Mine is not a physical pain, but a psychological one.

Michael: Have you looked at the accounting books?

Martin: No, you know I'm now retired. I don't care about these things anymore.

Michael: I wouldn't want to make your mood worse, but I can no longer hide the truth from you: we're going bankrupt.

Martin: I know it.

Michael: How did you understand it?

Martin: I've done this job for a lifetime, so it's not hard for me to draw conclusions. There are too many unsold bottles. If you don't sell you don't collect and if you don't collect what do you cover the costs with?

Michael: Unfortunately, that's the way it is. I think the only solution is to cut staff.

Martin: You would only prolong the agony.

Michael: Thaddeus says there is a person who could help me heal.

Martin: We consulted the best doctors with poor results. The only thing we got was spending a lot of money in vain.

Michael: It looks like this man isn't a doctor.

Martin: So who is he? David Copperfield?

Michael: I don't know! However, he's so confident, so what does it cost us to try?

Martin: This is precisely the point: how much would he cost us?

Michael: He seems to be very cheap too.

Martin: In any case, don't tell mom anything about this whole situation, she would surely have a heart attack.

Michael: Don't worry! But, if the reason for your sad face is not the state of the company, what else ails you?

Martin: Your mother forced me send away that strange little animal that I had found and that I've taken care of until today. The parting makes me feel bad. At my age you become more sensitive and become attached to the most absurd things.

Michael: Are you referring to the animal you kept in the basket?

Martin: Exactly!

Michael: In all these months, with all the problems of the company, I've never had the time to look at him.

Martin: You didn't find the time because you didn't feel the desire to do it.

Michael: I didn't think he was that important to you.

Martin: All living things are important, beautiful or ugly.

Georgina enters the scene and remarks to this last statement of her husband.

Georgina: And that animal was definitely ugly!

Michael: But daddy was fond of him.

Georgina: Did you like him?

Michael: I honestly have never watched him.

Georgina: Then you can't judge. I assure you he was disgusting.

Martin: I remind you that every man to his taste. Don't forget I married you. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Georgina: Did he mean I'm loathsome?

Michael: Leave him alone, he's just a little sad due to the general context.

Georgina: What context are you talking about?

Michael: His illness, my operation gone wrong, a little bit of everything...

Georgina: He is healed and you'll be soon.

Michael: Sure mom! Now I'm sorry, I have to go to the firm.

Georgina: If you weren't there to run the business, we would go bankrupt for sure.

Michael leaves the scene.

Georgina: What a good son he is!

The doorbell rings and Georgina goes to open the door. Roxana enters.

Roxana: Hello beautiful woman!

Georgina: Luckily someone tells me! A little while ago my husband said I'm disgusting.

Roxana: He didn't really think so.

Georgina: What lucky chance brings you here?

Roxana: Are you surprised that a friend of yours wants to pay you a simple courtesy visit?

Georgina: I just didn't expect it. Take a seat, can I offer you a glass of our best wine?

Roxana: That is never refused.

Georgina takes a bottle and pours the wine to Roxana.

Roxana: *(After having tasted it)* This would be the best wine?

Georgina: I always treat my guests well!

Roxana: *(After taking another draught)* How will you love playing jokes! Come on, get the good one out. It's useless for you to try it with me, you know that my palate is infallible.

Georgina: *(After checking the label)* I'm not joking, this is the exaggerated good one that we sell for forty pounds a bottle.

Roxana: Here the only exaggeration is the price, the quality is really poor.

Georgina: If you say so, it means that there must have been a mistake in the labelling, I must tell Michael immediately. Are you really sure?

Roxana: I remind you that I too am an excellent wine producer and a renowned sommelier.

Georgina: You're not telling me this because you're jealous, are you?

Roxana: Our company is booming. Our turnover is more than enough. We're certainly not envious of your business. Furthermore, the grape variety is the same, so I have every interest that it is said

that the wine you produce is of excellent quality.

Georgina: Even if you are vinedressers from the plains and we from the hills.

Roxana: It is precisely for this reason that your wine should be better. In the hills the best drainage and the driest and most ventilated climate guarantee superior quality. So I advise you to immediately take remedial measures.

Georgina: What do you think I should do?

Roxana: This is what the person in charge of the finished product has to think about.

Georgina: Is it possible that Michael didn't notice? Come with me, let's go look for him right away. So you talk to him directly.

Roxana: Won't you want to put me in this awkward position? I can't tell him what I really think of wine, it would be like telling him he is an incompetent.

Georgina: Why, isn't it true?

Roxana: However, it's not up to me to do it. I was honest with you because we are friends, I can't afford to say such a thing to your son.

Georgina: Then I'll do it, you'll just listen.

Roxana: He will understand that the cue came from me. You're teetotal and you are unable to judge the taste of a wine.

Georgina: It's true! You better not expose yourself. He could misinterpret and think that you denigrate our product for a gain of yours, being a direct competitor. Perhaps more than talking to Michael, we need to find someone to help us lift the curse that has been cast on us.

Roxana: What are you talking about?

Georgina: I'm talking about misfortune, evil eye, use the term you want, but the result doesn't change. In my opinion someone has cast a spell, otherwise how do you explain everything that has happened in these two years?

Roxana: Do you think it is possible?

Georgina: I find no other explanation.

Roxana: In this case I know a person expert in the matter who could help you, if you want I call her and tell her to come here.

Georgina: I would be really grateful to you.

Roxana: In the meantime, we may get a small amount of must to analyze. So we see if the problem is earlier in the process, before fermentation, or later.

Georgina: The must of this wine is the only one we ferment in butt, so it will be easy to identify even without Michael's presence.

Roxana: Then let's go and get it right away.

Georgina: Okay, but don't forget to contact the person you told me about.

Roxana: Don't worry! Now let's go to the cellar!

Georgina: How lucky to have a friend like you! *(And they leave the scene)*

Enter the scene: Guinevere and Leonard with drawings in hand and an easel.

Guinevere: Come in, take a seat.

Leonard: Merci.

Leonard places the easel, the bag and a painting on the ground.

Guinevere: Which subjects are we going to paint today?

Leonard: *(With a strong French accent)* We started with the oil mill, then we moved on to the cellars, now it's time for a still life.

Guinevere: *(Pointing to the tray with fruit on the table)* Could this be okay?

Leonard: This is perfect!

Guinevere: I don't really know how to thank you, with your teachings I'm learning a lot.

Leonard: You don't have to thank me, I'm paid to give lessons. Furthermore, it is very rewarding for me to pass my art on to a student like you.

Guinevere: When do you think I will be able to do an exhibition with my paintings?

Leonard: If you continue at this rate, I think shortly. By now the various drawing techniques are widely acquired, you just need to perfect them. We have to take the next step and deepen the attention to details. But I'm sure it won't be a problem.

Guinevere: Do you really think so?

Leonard: I always tell the truth. I don't like to delude people. I assure you that if one of my pupils is capable, I praise him, if instead he is not predisposed to painting, I tell him frankly.

Guinevere: Ah! I had forgotten to show you a drawing I made these days.

Leonard: Did you portray a particular subject?

Guinevere: Yes, the pet that my father found and that we generally keep in that corner, *(Pointing it)* but which, for some strange reason, I don't see now.

Leonard: Show me the drawing.

Guinevere: I'm going to get it right now, it's on the desk in the bedroom. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Leonard: *(He takes a phone from his bag and dials a number)* Oui, c'est moi, I'm doing a duly work, like my style but I need more material. You can leave it in the usual place. Au revoir.

Guinevere: *(She enters the scene with the drawing. After showing it to Leonard)* What do you think?

Leonard: Merveilleux! The plumage was done in a perfect way. The only reproach I can make is that the wings don't look very true.

Guinevere: They seemed well proportioned to me.

Leonard: I am not referring to the shape, but to "le couleur". That shade is a little excessive.

Guinevere: I assure this is how he has them.

Leonard: Red?

Guinevere: Yes, like fire. If you want to check it for yourself, as soon as the lesson is over, I go to look for my father, surely he can show that animal to you.

Leonard: Volontiers, I don't deny to you that I'm really curious to see this unusual animal. *(The phone rings)* Excuse me, I have to answer.

Guinevere: In the meantime, I'm going to find my father. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Leonard: Tell me...ah... find another place and let me know otherwise I...

Guinevere returns to the scene.

Leonard: *(Regardless of the girl's sudden entry into the scene)* Je n'ai pas problèmes... bien sûr, où tu veux... oui... À tout à l'heure.

Guinevere: Sorry, I didn't want to interrupt you.

Leonard: It was just a client who was commissioning me to restore a painting and didn't know where to leave the canvas for me.

Guinevere: Unfortunately, I can't find my father and his pet, so we have to postpone the thing.

Leonard: It doesn't matter. Now I would recommend taking a break. It is a good rule to paint when you are rested.

Guinevere: I agree. Then I take this opportunity to have a look at the accounting books. In the meantime, if you wish, take a stroll through the vineyards, in this season and at this hour the view is wonderful.

Leonard: It's a great idea. À tout à l'heure. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Guinevere, left alone, takes the accounting books and begins to check them. Meanwhile Martin enters the scene.

Martin: Were you looking for me?

Guinevere: Yes, I wanted to show Jonny to my drawing teacher.

Martin: Why?

Guinevere: When I showed him the painting that portrayed him, he became curious. He wanted to verify that he really had wings as red as fire.

Martin: I'm sorry but it can't be done anymore, your mother forced me to send him away.

Guinevere: What a pity! He was so nice.

Martin: I know, but now he has flown away from here forever. If I didn't give him his freedom, your mother would have killed him.

Guinevere: I'm sure, however, that he will survive even without us.

Martin: Let's hope! Although I'm not so convinced. After all this time, I don't know if he will be able to provide food for himself and defend himself from predators.

Guinevere: *(Looking at the accounting books)* You know dad that's anomalous.

Martin: I know, I think he's rare. I don't think that all the specimens of that species have wings of that colour.

Guinevere: I was alluding to the sharp drop in olive oil sales. If we continue at this rate, we will enter a loss at the end of the year.

Martin: Do you mean that, in addition to wine, oil is no longer sold?

Guinevere: Are there also problems with the winery?

Martin: Yes, we don't sell, there's no demand.

Guinevere: Why?

Martin: It seems the flavor isn't that great anymore. Anyway Michael is working on it to fix everything.

Guinevere: But the olive oil is the best in recent years, I've tasted it personally and it is excellent. So why isn't sold anymore?

Martin: Haven't you operated on Trigemini too?

Guinevere: Don't talk nonsense!

Martin: Then someone must have cursed us, because everything goes wrong.

Georgina enters the scene.

Georgina: What else is there that is not going as it should?

Martin: There has been a small decrease in olive oil sales.

Georgina: That added to that of wine sales...

Martin: Did you know that too?

Georgina: I'm not as foolish as you think.

Guinevere: Now how do we solve?

Georgina: We let the evil eye be taken off us. I've already contacted the person who can help us.

Martin: So two people will be "sucking" our money.

Guinevere: Why two?

Martin: Thaddeus also asked someone to solve the wine problem.

Georgina: Certainly two experts are better than one.

Martin: We don't need fortune tellers and sorceresses! We need an investigator to understand what's going on.

Georgina: There is a curse on this family and we must first get rid of that. Then we'll take care of the rest.

Guinevere: Sure mum! We trust you, don't we dad?

Martin: Of course!

Georgina: I will somehow change the fortunes of this family.

Martin: You know Guinevere, your mother doesn't lack temperament, it's her brain that goes to mush.

Georgina: What do you mean?

Martin: I know your perverse way of thinking. You solve problems only by throwing away everything that doesn't seem useful to you.

Georgina: What's wrong with that?

Martin: What may not seem useful to you may be indispensable to others.

Georgina: *(Putting her hands on her hips)* And who would these others be?

Martin: I'm sure you're also considering making staff cuts to make accounts balance.

Georgina: If it should be necessary, why not?

Martin: Because our employees are like brothers to me and I will never accept their dismissal.

Georgina: If this is how you think, it means that you will have to go and keep your very ugly bird company.

Guinevere: What do you mean mum?

Georgina: *(Screaming and pointing to the door)* I'll send him out of the house too.

SECOND ACT

Same scenography of the first act.

Thaddeus: Come in, Mr. Roman, sit down. Michael will be here immediately.

Roman: *(Dressed like a flower son)* Thanks, but I can't sit here.

Thaddeus: Do you have back pain?

Roman: Absolutely not. It's just that they're made of plastic.

Thaddeus: We are close to bankruptcy, we cannot afford the pure gold ones!

Roman: I meant that I can't sit on those chairs because I put my backside on wood, straw and natural products.

Thaddeus: For what reason?

Roman: because I am a naturist and as such ..

Michael enters the scene, interrupting the conversation.

Michael: Hello! I am Michael, nice to meet you. Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry. Let's get right to the point. Sit down.

Roman: *(He sits on the ground)* Let's start the lesson right away.

Michael: *(Amazed that the man is crouched on the ground)* The lesson?

Roman: I too, like you, have no time to waste. I remind you that I came expressly from Milan and I have other cases to assist.

Thaddeus: It's true, Roman came from Milan.

Michael: And my sister Guinevere came from London!

Roman: I don't understand.

Michael: It was just a quip to break the ice.

Roman: Then take off your shoe immediately.

Michael: The shoe?

Roman: Of course! Let's start with the left foot.

Michael: *(Resigned)* If you smell sheep's milk cheese, it's because we have a dairy in this company, not because...

Roman: *(With a lightning gesture he grabs Michael's foot and squeezes it tightly)* Shut up! Otherwise I don't feel nature.

Thaddeus: *(Making a sign to Michael to second him)* If he doesn't feel nature...

Roman: *(He deals two blows on Michael's instep screaming)* Zen, Zen.

Michael: Ah! Zen not at all, you're breaking my foot!

Roman:! I'm only checking your set-up.

Michael: I'm not a car!

Roman takes a pen and rubs it under Michael's foot.

Michael: What are you doing now? Do you check convergence?

Thaddeus: If you interrupt him every second, it takes longer.

Roman: Take off the other shoe as well.

Michael: Do you want to slaughter my other foot too?

Thaddeus: Stop complaining and do what he tells you!! If he says it's necessary...

Roman: Slip the right into the left and vice versa.

Michael: I knew! We arrived at the reversal of the tyres.

Thaddeus: Come on, don't make such a fuss!

Michael: He thinks I have tyres for feet.

Roman: Hush, just do as I say!

Thaddeus: Make a little effort and you'll see...

Michael: *(Trying to comply with the request)* They don't fit me like that. And I'm not going to try again otherwise I'll have hallux valgus too.

Roman: *(Regardless of Michael's complaints he stands up)* Now take a deep breath and blow into a shoe.

Michael: *(Sarcastically)* Do you have any preferences between right and left, or can I decide myself?

Roman: It doesn't matter, the important thing is that you don't bend your knees.

Thaddeus: This is easy.

Michael: *(Annoyed he stoops down without bending his legs. After an enormous effort he manages to carry out what required)* Luckily my feet don't sweat!

Roman: We're almost done, now take a cushion and put it under your jersey.

Michael: Do we switch to the airbag?

Thaddeus: *(He takes the cushion from the sofa and passes it to Michael)* If he said you're almost done...

Roman: Close your eyes.

Michael: Like this okay?

Roman: Very well! Now stand still! *(While he's talking, he grabs a tennis ball and starts throwing it hard on Michael's belly)*

Michael: What are you doing? Do you catch me off guard?

Roman: It just works like this.

Thaddeus: And we need to be sure it works.

Michael: More than anything else we need to be sure to get out alive.

Roman: We have arrived at the final act.

Michael: I wouldn't want to hurt your susceptibility, but do you know that my problem is at the Trigemini?

Roman: Of course!

Michael: So why did you slaughter my feet, destroy my abdomen and my mouth didn't even consider it?

Roman: You may not know it, but all the nerve centres start from the feet. Furthermore, the diaphragm, one of the most important organs in our body, plays a fundamental role in breathing. With the exercises I made you do, I was able to understand your physical and mental balance.

Thaddeus: I told you he was good.

Michael: And what conclusions did you draw?

Roman: That you have gallbladder stones.

Michael: In fact I have to take them off shortly, I already have an appointment with the surgeon.

Thaddeus: So far here we are. But we wanted to know how to get Michael to regain his sense of taste, the future of the company is at stake.

Roman: Your mouth has only little sensibility, but the taste has not been compromised. And in exactly three hundred and forty-one days everything will be as before.

Thaddeus: So the problem we have in the company doesn't depend on his palate, right?

Roman: Sure as the sun that warms us.

Michael: Couldn't you recommend me a way to speed up the recovery time?

Roman: You must raise the levels of oxytocin in the blood. Some food might help, such as: pomegranates, eggs and chocolate. You should also have your feet and back massaged at least eight hours a day.

Michael: I don't have all this time to dedicate to messages, I have a firm on the verge of bankruptcy.

Roman: There would be an alternative: the bite of the Red Vampire, a nearly extinct creature.

Michael: Are you telling me I should look for Dracula to heal?

Roman: I think it would be easier.

Thaddeus: Honestly, I, who am an expert, have never heard of this animal.

Michael: Just to understand, what animal is it?

Roman: It is a bird whose saliva favours exactly the production of oxytocin.

Thaddeus: Where can we find this creature?

Roman: If he wants, he will find you. He almost magically materializes where he is needed.

Thaddeus: How can we recognize him?

Roman: I've never seen one, but it is known that his appearance is the result of an inexplicable genetic mutation. It seems to be the result of a mating of a vampire bat with a rupicle, and it is from this that he acquired the particular red colour of the wings.

Michael: So, if I've understood correctly, if he finds me, I have to let him bite me.

Roman: Exactly! It is fundamental that he sucks you the blood. In doing so, you will come in contact with his curative saliva.

Thaddeus: I think we have enough elements...

Roman: In that case I would go.

Michael: How much do I owe you?

Roman: You only have to pay for my travel expenses.

Michael: And how much would they amount to?

Roman: They amount to five hundred euros.

Michael: You must have come from Milan by the Concorde!

Roman: The amount also includes breakfast expenses.

Michael: Did you eat the whole bar by any chance? Anyway, come with me, I'll write you a check, but you won't have to cash it until the end of next month. Unfortunately, the company is in financial difficulty.

Roman: Don't worry! I'll do as you say. *(Michael and Roman leave the scene)*

Thaddeus: Now we just have to hope this bird will materialize. However, if the bad taste of the wine is not attributable to Michael's loss of taste, what will it depend on?

Georgina enters the scene while Thaddeus is putting himself the question.

Georgina: It depends on the evil eye. Anyway, soon an expert will be here to get it off us.

Thaddeus: Let's hope! The more time passes, the worse the situation will get.

The doorbell rings.

Georgina: Now go! It must be her.

Thaddeus: Then I go out the back.

Georgina: Please go see where my husband and sons are and send them here. I think it's better if they are there too.

Thaddeus: I don't think Michael will come.

Georgina: Why?

Thaddeus: I just think he's tired, that's all.

Georgina: Then, in the meantime, call Martin and Guinevere. Maybe their presence is enough.

Thaddeus: I will do what you asked of me. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Mercedes enters the scene.

Georgina: Are you Mrs. Mercedes?

Mercedes: Yes I am.

Georgina: As my friend explained to you on the phone, there would be something to be done...

Mercedes: *(Interrupting her)* No problem. But I would need a few things before starting.

Georgina: Is it enough that I am there or must other members of the family also be present?

Mercedes: First of all I would start with the purification of the house, then we will see if it is appropriate to do the same thing with the members of the family.

Georgina: So what do you need?

Mercedes: I need water and fine salt to wash the floors and some coarse salt that I put in these red bags that I brought and that we will place here and there.

Georgina: I will immediately call you Pierre who will provide you with everything you need. *(She opens the kitchen door and calls aloud the chef)* Pierre, come here immediately!

Pierre: *(With a strong French accent)* I have foie gras on the grill, what do you need so urgently?

Georgina: Turn everything off and stay at this lady's disposal!

Pierre: It will ruin...

Georgina: *(Raising the tone of voice)* It's an order!

Pierre: But don't complain if lunch isn't ready for the usual time.

Georgina: If you had started earlier, instead of always taking your time.

Pierre: I remind you that I am not Merlin the magician and that I have to wait for the food to be delivered to me before cooking it.

Georgina: This is an excuse. Ninety-nine per cent of what you need is produced by us.

Pierre: I assure you that the percentage of what I have to procure for a gourmet cuisine is far more than one percent. And the delivery man is a ninety-four year old carrying the goods in a shabby van that I wouldn't exactly call a sprinter.

Georgina: Regardless of this carry out what I asked of you and that's it! I have to go away for a moment.

Pierre: *(He bows his head to pay respects to the hostess)* As you like!

Georgina leaves the scene.

Mercedes: Hello! I am Mercedes and I am very sorry for the reproach the lady has given you.

Pierre: Don't worry! I'm used to it. If I had you instead of the ninety-four-year-old with the shabby van, I'd take fewer reproaches.

Mercedes: To be faster than a shabby van you don't need a Mercedes, an utility car would be enough.

Pierre: I like you because you are a witty person. So what do you need?

Mercedes: I need a bucket of water with fine salt, a mop, a floor-cloth to give to the ground and some

coarse salt to put in these small bags. *(Showing the red bags she brought with her)*

Pierre: Is that all?

Mercedes: Yes.

Pierre: Consider it already done. *(And he goes to get what she asked him)*

Martin enters the scene.

Martin: Good morning! I'm Georgina's husband.

Mercedes: I'm Mercedes and I've been called to solve your problem.

Martin: So do you confirm that there is a good chance that I will be able to get rid of...?

Mercedes: *(Interrupting him)* If you allude to bad luck...

Martin: Not at all! That doesn't worry me, I was referring to my wife.

Mercedes: Didn't you call me to ward off the evil eye?

Martin: I have no idea if there is actually to ward off the evil eye. But I know with certainty that half of the problems in this house are caused by that woman and her wrong way of playing the master over everyone and everything.

Mercedes: I deduce that relations between you are not idyllic.

Martin: Exactly!

Mercedes: I also presume you have very different ideas about my presence here.

Martin: In fact I don't believe these things.

Mercedes: You're certainly not the first to say it, however, since it costs nothing... Also, my sixth sense suggests to me that it wouldn't hurt if you got purified too.

Martin: Why do you do these things?

Mercedes: In this case to do a friend a favour, who is also a friend of your wife.

Pierre enters and interrupts the conversation between the two.

Pierre: This is what you asked me for.

Mercedes: Thank you very much! Could I still take advantage of your kindness?

Pierre: Bien sûr!

Mercedes: Could you get me a basin with water and a bottle of oil?

Pierre: I'll go right away.

In the meantime Mercedes, after having poured some salt into the bucket, starts giving the floor-cloth on the ground.

Martin: (*Worried*) Why should I be purified?

Mercedes: It is the only way to remove the curse you've been hit with.

Martin: If it is really necessary.

Mercedes: Don't be afraid! Didn't you say you don't believe these things?

Pierre returns with the basin and the bottle of oil.

Pierre: Do I put everything on the table?

Mercedes: Yes, thanks. (*Then, turning to Martin*) Now sit down and let's see what happens. (*After having mentally formulated her rite, she begins to pour drops of oil into the basin*)

Martin: Even though the sale of olive oil has dropped, it cannot be wasted like this!

Mercedes: (*Watching carefully the reaction of the two elements*) I assure you this is the lesser of your evils.

Pierre: Don't worry, this isn't the olive oil that your company produces, but the sunflower seed oil bought at the supermarket.

Martin: But this bottle has our label.

Pierre: Ms. Georgina does not want to see bottles of other brands. She accepts that I use that type of oil for frying, on the condition that I first transfer it to bottles with your label.

Martin: That woman has her own absurd way of thinking!

Mercedes: (*With her face almost in contact with the water she starts screaming*) Go away!

Martin: What do you see in there? Television even without an antenna?

Pierre, intrigued, imitates Mercedes.

Martin: (*Turning to Pierre*) What are you doing? The inhalations? Raise your head jerk! Can't you see that you're covering the lady's view?

Pierre: But I...

Martin: You have a head bigger than a hot-air balloon, if you don't get out of there, how does she do her job?

Pierre: Sorry! I hadn't realized I was disturbing.

Mercedes: Unfortunately it is as I feared.

Pierre: Is it serious?

Martin: Do you want to become, a "remove evil eye" too?

Pierre: Absolutely, but the thing interests me.

Martin: Listen to me: go to the kitchen and do something. If Georgina comes back and finds you here, do you know what happens to you?

Pierre: You're right! Maybe I better go back to the kitchen to save the foie gras. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Martin: So what shall we do?

Mercedes: If I'm not mistaken, you had said you didn't believe these things.

Martin: Yes, but...

Mercedes: We need to change the course of events. Can you pass me the salt?

Martin: What are we doing in here now? Olive oil with pepper and salt?

Mercedes: Something like that, but not to satisfy people's palate.

Martin: Do you know I like you?! You accept all my wisecracks and take them elegantly.

Mercedes: I'm used to people's skepticism, it is not the first time that someone makes fun of what I do, but you'll see that you'll change your mind later.

Martin: What happens now?

Mercedes: We have to wait for the situation to evolve. I personally took the evil eye out of you. To be safe, you must wash the floors in the other rooms of this house and those of the company with water and salt, as I did a little while ago. *(Then she pours some salt into the red bags and hands them to Martin)* When everything is clean put one of these in each room.

Martin: So the situation should improve now?

Mercedes: I feel that there is still something pending and to understand if I'm right, I would like an object of your family to take away.

Martin: I really don't know what to give you.

Mercedes: Any object can be useful.

Martin: *(After looking around, he picks up a painting placed on a bag)* Could this be okay?

Mercedes: *(Without looking at it carefully)* Of course! Now I better go. *(And she goes away with the painting under her arm)*

Martin takes a bottle of oil from the sideboard.

Martin: Before you go, I'd like to give you this. I know you don't take money for your services, but you can accept at least a bottle of oil. This isn't from the supermarket, so when you dress the salad you'll think about this poor old man who gave it to you.

Mercedes: I accept it very gladly. You're really a good person, although you don't believe in what I do, you wanted to be equally kind, and this does you honour.

Martin: *(Picking up a bottle of wine)* Take this bottle of wine too, the salad even if dressed with oil tastes little, maybe if you take it with this, it goes down better. As an old saying used to say: "don't set out if your mouth doesn't taste of wine".

Mercedes: Thank you so much and goodbye! *(And she leaves the scene with the painting, the bottle of oil and that of wine)*

Martin: If Georgina had seen me giving the bottles to Mercedes, she would have kicked my ass. That woman is the queen of misers! *(And he leaves the scene)*

Georgina and Roxana enter the scene.

Georgina: Are you really sure?

Roxana: I haven't the slightest doubt. The must is of excellent quality.

Georgina: So, in your opinion, does the problem arise after fermentation?

Roxana: Surely.

Georgina: How do we do? I can't accuse my son of being an incompetent and fire him!

Roxana: Then you're in big trouble.

Georgina: I have the solution: we can blame the worker in charge of decanting and filtering before the refinement period and fire him.

Roxana: What good would it do?

Georgina: In this way Michael wouldn't feel responsible.

Roxana: Don't you think that poor worker could have a wife and children and maybe a loan to pay?

Georgina: This does not interest me. I have to think about protecting my family.

Roxana: However, by doing so, you wouldn't improve the quality of wine.

Georgina: For that we will come up with another idea.

Roxana: Your way of thinking turns my stomach.

Georgina: Then go away! I'll solve everything even without you.

Roxana: You're a mean scoundrel! I wanted to offer you free advice from my oenologist, knowing

that you are broke but I changed my mind.

Georgina: Who would have told you I'm broke?

Roxana: Rumors are running!

Georgina: Then start doing it too, towards your home. I absolutely don't need your help.

Roxana: Remember: what is done is rendered.

Georgina: No, what is done is done. And now go away! Don't make me repeat it again.

Roxana: With pleasure. But don't complain when you'll go bankrupt.

Georgina: *(Making the sign of horns to her)* Smoke them!

THIRD ACT

Same scenography of the first two acts.

Thaddeus: What do we do now?

Michael: *(Pacing nervously back and forth)* I'd be willing to do anything to find that bird and get bitten. I know it sounds like an absurd remedy, but to solve my health problem, if someone told me to throw myself off a moving train, I would too.

Guinevere enters the scene.

Guinevere: Sorry if I disturb you.

Michael: Don't worry sis, we were just chatting.

Guinevere: If it is so, I'd like to have your opinion on this painting.

Michael: I'm not an expert, however I can take a look at it.

Guinevere: You are someone who doesn't lie to please others, so I'm sure you'll be honest. *(After having shown him the painting)* What do you think?

Michael: *(Amazed)* I'll be damned!

Guinevere: Do you like it?

Michael: Thaddeus, look you too!

Guinevere: Now don't exaggerate!

Thaddeus: I don't believe my eyes!

Guinevere: If you're not making fun of me, it means that I have to change job and be an artist full time.

Michael: Where did you find this subject?

Guinevere: It's nice, isn't it? Look at the body plumage, it's really beautiful.

Michael: I like wings more than anything else.

Guinevere: You all are struck by those.

Thaddeus: How did you come up with such a creature?

Guinevere: I didn't come up with it, I just portrayed it.

Michael: (*Anxious*) Then come on, go get it and bring it here!

Guinevere: Why?

Thaddeus: He just have to be bitten.

Guinevere: You seem a little weird today, are you okay?

Michael: Sure! But you do what we asked you.

Guinevere: Even if I wanted to, I couldn't. It flew away.

Michael: Was it the pet that our father kept in that basket?

Guinevere: Yes.

Thaddeus: So that's true! He goes where he is needed.

Guinevere: Today you're really strange!

Michael: It's a long story. Are you sure he didn't come back after dad gave him his freedom?

Guinevere: Unfortunately yes. I too would have liked to catch some other details of the plumage, but...

Michael: (*Interrupting her*) Thaddeus, go and see if the animal had hidden among the vines.

Thaddeus: Okay! Wait a moment! They are almost thirty kilometers of rows.

Michael: Then run fast!

Thaddeus: It will still take me a very long time.

Michael: Get Aristide to help you.

Thaddeus: He has a wooden leg!

Michael: Then call Monia and Claudia.

Thaddeus: And who cooks?

Michael: For this time Pierre will have to cook alone.

Thaddeus: I don't think he'll be very happy with it, however you are the boss, so I'm going to call them. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Guinevere: Can you explain to me what is happening?

Michael: Now I don't really have time to do it, I can only tell you that you couldn't choose a better subject to portray. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Guinevere: This is such a madhouse!

Martin enters the scene.

Martin: Are you all alone?

Guinevere: Yes, Michael has gone out right now. I think he wants to make you a surprise.

Martin: And what would he like to give me?

Guinevere: Absolutely nothing.

Martin: It seemed strange to me!

Guinevere: I'm sure he's planning on bringing your bird home. He got a sudden desire when I showed him this painting.

Martin: *(After having observed it)* It is really beautiful and resembling; if I couldn't see Jonny again, I could certainly take comfort by looking at this.

Guinevere: Michael wants to bring your little friend home for a strange reason.

Martin: Certainly not why he likes him, since he hadn't even looked at him once.

Guinevere: He says he wants to find him to get bitten.

Martin: What nonsense is this? That animal would never attack anyone, he is very docile.

Guinevere: I've understood like this.

Martin: In any case, it is useless to rack our brains, Jonny won't let himself be seen again.

The doorbell rings and Guinevere go to open the door. Mercedes enters the scene.

Mercedes: *(Turning to Martin)* I absolutely have to talk to you.

Martin: Speak up!

Mercedes: *(Turning to Guinevere)* You must be the daughter, right?

Guinevere: Yes, I am.

Mercedes: I have an important question to ask you.

Guinevere: Dad, who is this lady?

Martin: She is a friend who wants to give us a hand.

Guinevere: Then I'll be happy to answer.

Mercedes: Was this painting done in anger?

Guinevere: *(Observing it)* What strange curiosity is this?

Mercedes: Please answer me.

Guinevere: I have no idea.

Mercedes: It is very important, please make a little effort of memory.

Guinevere: It would be useless, since I am not the author of that painting. This is just a draft that my teacher used to teach me the light and shade technique.

Mercedes: In this case we must abandon this track.

Guinevere: Without a shadow of doubt, after the enchanted castle, our house is the one with the most mysteries of all.

Martin: You will see that in due time everything will be revealed to you.

Mercedes: I am sure that the witchcraft done against your family is of a direct type and the "witchcrafted" material has been mixed with oil and wine.

Guinevere: So you are a...

Mercedes: Call me what you want, I'm used to it.

Martin: How is it possible? Guinevere is in charge of the oil production process and my other son is in charge of the wine production process.

Mercedes: My task ends here, so I'm leaving.

Guinevere: And you leave us without a solution?

Mercedes: I am not a private detective. Bye-bye. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Guinevere: Didn't she imply that Michael or I might be involved in this?

Martin: I don't think so, anyway let me verify something and then we talk about it. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Guinevere: I go back to take a deeper look at the accounting books, maybe I discover something. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Thaddeus and Michael enter.

Thaddeus: Sit down and let's wait, they'll be here soon.

Michael: Are you sure he is Jonny?

Thaddeus: One moment of patience. Until they bring him, I can't know. I am not a fortune teller.

Monia and Claudia enter with a basket.

Claudia: *(Putting the basket on the table)* I really hope this is the animal that you were looking for. I know it's important to you.

Michael: *(After removing the napkin that covered the bird from the basket)* I'll be damned!

Monia: It wasn't easy to find him, he was hiding under a large vine leaf.

Claudia: When he realized that he had been discovered and that we wanted to capture him, he began to fly away all over the place.

Monia: He flew frantically from vine to vine without stopping. Fortunately, after two hours, perhaps due to fatigue or the need to regain strength, he stopped on a bunch of red grapes and with those strange claws he picked up a grape.

Claudia: To prevent him from running away again, we offered him more grapes. Also because it was hard for him to pull them away.

Monia: The funny thing is that as long as we offered him the white ones he refused them. When we offered him red grapes he showed that he liked them very much.

Claudia: He probably has red wings because he only feeds on red grapes.

Monia: It could be a plausible explanation.

Claudia: I had never seen such strange bats!

Thaddeus: It is certainly that rare breed that the naturist was talking about.

Michael: *(Hesitant)* So, now it's my turn.

Claudia: What do you mean?

Thaddeus: It's complicated to explain.

Michael: I take courage and put my hand in it.

Monia: Won't you want to kill that creature?

Michael: Absolutely, I just have to get bitten.

Claudia: Do you want to become a vampire?

Monia: Let's hope it doesn't really happen! His mother is more than enough!

Thaddeus: Don't talk nonsense! He doesn't want to be a vampire. The saliva of this specimen has healing properties.

Claudia: Is that why you have to get bitten?

Thaddeus: What if he infects you with the rabies virus?

Michael: Are you always so encouraging?

Thaddeus: It is just to consider all the possible consequences. I don't want you to start having animal behavior. Your mother is more than enough!

Michael: I have to take the risk if I want to save the company.

Thaddeus: Then good luck!

Michael: I'm going.

Claudia: Come on!

Michael: Wait a minute, there's no hurry!

Monia: Actually there would be, if Pierre doesn't see us coming back he'll get a fit of hysteria of his.

Thaddeus: You can go. You don't have to get bitten!

Claudia: After the effort we made to catch him, we don't want to leave now.

Monia: We want to see how it ends.

Michael: It will definitely end badly.

Monia: I didn't think you were so coward. To show you that you don't have to fear anything, I act as the guinea pig. If, as you said earlier, his saliva is curative, I want to try. Maybe I'll be able to solve the health problems I have. *(Then she puts her hand inside the basket)*

Michael: *(Anxious)* So what happens?

Monia: *(Taking her hand out of the basket screaming)* Oh my God, what a pain!

Claudia: Let's call an ambulance!

Monia: *(Bursting out laughing)* This animal doesn't bite even under torture, he licks you. that's all.

Michael: Are you crazy to make these jokes? You almost gave me a heart attack.

Monia: Excuse me, I didn't resist.

Thaddeus: So what do we do?

Claudia: *(Turning to Michael)* I have the solution: close your eyes.

Michael: Why?

Thaddeus: If she has the solution, just do it!

Michael: *(After having obeyed)* Do you want to play a joke too?

Claudia takes the kitchen knife from her pocket, she makes a small incision on Michael's finger.

Michael: What a bad joke is this? You cut me, look how much blood!

Monia: Don't you understand? Put your hand in the basket and bring your finger up to the bird's mouth, before it stops bleeding.

Michael obeys.

Claudia: So, how are you?

Michael: He's licking me and I already feel a feeling of general well-being.

Thaddeus: The naturist was right.

Michael: Now everyone get back to work! The party is over.

Monia: *(Waving to the bird inside the basket)* Bye, baby!

Claudia: What a memorable day! Leave the kitchen for a few hours and cut the finger of the boss.

Michael: Get away immediately, otherwise I'll make cuts too, and those won't heal.

Claudia: What are you referring to?

Michael: I'm referring to staff cuts.

Monia: Let's go straight away, before he gets really angry! *(And they both leave the scene in a hurry)*

Thaddeus: Now we have just to wait for these benefits to increase. In the meantime, it's better that I get back to work. If your mother comes and finds me here doing nothing, I don't think she would understand.

While Thaddeus leaves the scene, Martin enters. The two greet each other.

Martin: Every time I arrive, I find him walking away, it seems like they are in sync.

Michael: Dad, look here!

Martin: *(Taking the basket)* Little darling, how much I've missed you! I knew you were looking for him, but I never thought you would be able to find him.

Michael: Hide your little friend before mum arrives. It is better to accustom her to the idea little by little.

Martin: Before I go, however, I have to ask you a question: is it possible to access our cellars without authorization?

Michael: Absolutely not. It is possible to do this only in our presence, only you, me and Guinevere have the keys of the door.

Martin: Nobody else? Not even Thaddeus?

Michael: No.

Martin: So go find your sister and tell her to come here, I want to ask her something too.

Michael: I go right away. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Guinevere enters the scene.

Guinevere: Michael told me you were looking for me.

Martin: Do you think it is possible that the access door to the cellars has sometimes been inadvertently left open?

Guinevere: I'm sure not. Michael and I are too scrupulous to make such a mistake.

Martin: *(Taking the painting painted by his daughter)* Are these our cellars?

Guinevere: Yes. Are they beautiful, right? They look like photos.

Martin: Were you alone when you went to portray them?

Guinevere: No, I was with my teacher.

Martin: Have you ever gone away, leaving that man there alone?

Guinevere: I don't remember, maybe once to go to the bathroom.

Martin: Did you take the keys with you?

Guinevere: No, why should I do it?

Martin: So where did you leave them?

Guinevere: In the bag.

Martin: What does your teacher usually bring with him when he comes to teach?

Guinevere: Only the case of paints and brushes. Why are you asking me all these questions? Have you found the door open sometimes?

Martin: Absolutely, and I assure you that I check every night. Now I'd like to ask your teacher some questions, do you think it's possible?

Guinevere: Nothing could be easier, he'll be here for the lesson in a moment. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Georgina enters the scene.

Georgina: Go say something to that loafer of our chef, since lunch isn't ready yet.

Martin: Since it was you who wanted to hire a chef who makes us starve, now don't ask me to do anything. Besides, he and I don't even speak the same language. I remind you that I would like, every now and then, to eat sausages and beans and instead that man prepares only dishes that I can't even pronounce.

Georgina: How could a boor like you appreciate gourmet cuisine?! However that layabout makes up a lot of excuses, he says he is always late in preparing meals because Nando delivers things to him late.

Martin: This could be true. That old man is no longer as alert and snappy as he was years ago. If we put an atomic bomb on his van he wouldn't even notice it.

Georgina: You are always inclined to defend others, never once you defend me!

Martin: I can't do it because you are indefensible. You've treated Pierre badly for years. In his place I would have thrown the rolling pin on your head.

Georgina: If he tried, I'd fire him instantly!

Martin: And the worst part is you don't even realize how you treat the staff.

Georgina: I treat my employees as they deserve.

Martin: However, we will shortly draw conclusions. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Georgina: Who made me do it to marry him?!

Michael enters the scene.

Michael: Mum I have to tell you something, but you have to swear not to get angry.

Georgina: What else is there still?

Michael: I found Jonny and took him home.

Georgina: Why?

Michael: It's complicated! In summary: that animal should have bitten me, but it was impossible, so Claudia cut my finger to let me lick the wound and now I'm better.

Georgina: Didn't you drink a few glasses too many to solve the wine problem?

Michael: It would seem so, but I assure you that I'm completely sober.

Georgina: Then make that ugly animal disappear immediately!

Michael: I can't, that bird's saliva is healing and, since he started licking me, I feel that I'm regaining some sensitivity.

Georgina: Who put this nonsense in your head?

Michael: It's the truth, I assure you.. There is also another important reason to take care of her.

Georgina: What do you mean?

Michael: I mean that she is a female. In fact it is advisable to tell dad to change her name as soon as possible. You must know that she just gave birth, and she made lots of little bats.

Georgina: What? A lot of those ugly beasts around the house?

Michael: Those ugly beasts, as you call them, could lift up the fortunes of our firm. By extracting their saliva and making potions for resale on an industrial scale, we will become rich.

Leonard enters the scene.

Leonard: Guinevere m'a dit que monsieur Martin me cherchait.

Georgina: *(Turning to her son)* We'll talk about this idea later, let me think about it. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Michael: I go call him right away, you can wait here.

Leonard: *(While waiting for Martin's arrival, he sends a message with his cell phone)* Voilà, envoyé. *Martin enters the scene with a cell phone in his hand.*

Martin: Our mister painter!

Leonard: À sa disposition.

Martin: *(Approaching the kitchen door)* Guinevere, Michael, Pierre, Georgina, please come here. *(Once arrived)* Well, you are all there.

Georgina: Michael has already told me that you want to keep that ugly bird, there is no need to communicate it to everyone, because I haven't yet decided if I will allow it to you.

Martin: It isn't for that reason that I summoned you, but for this. *(Showing a phone)*

Leonard: Un téléphone. And with this?

Martin: Don't you have anything to say?

Leonard: Ce n'est pas le mien. It's not mine.

Martin: I know, it's Pierre's one.

Pierre: Where did you find it?

Martin: In your pocket.

Pierre: Are you took it off without me noticing?

Martin: Exactly!

Pierre: This is an abuse of power, even if you are my employer, you have no right to do so.

Guinevere: It's true, dad. It's incorrect.

Martin: Instead it is correct to adulterate wine and oil to damage our company!

Leonard: What are you raving? We have nothing to do with it.

Martin: Did I also mention your name? So why do you feel called into question? Do you have a guilty conscience? I really think so, knowing of the communications between you two.

Michael: Daddy, what story are you making up?

Martin: Unfortunately this is the truth.

Georgina: Who are you angry with?

Martin: I'm angry with you too, but now I ask for a confession from those responsible for the sabotage.. Only in this way could I be magnanimous and not call the Police..

Pierre: Please put that phone down. I...

Leonard: Shut up you idiot!

Pierre: The real idiot is you. If you hadn't sent me these compromising messages, they wouldn't have had the evidence. But take away a curiosity from me: why did you suspect me?

Martin: You were too interested in the way Mercedes was trying to take the evil eye out of this house. And then, when I started to have suspicions about the painter, I did some research and I saw that he too, like you, is a native of Locronan. In a village of about 800 souls it is rather unlikely not to know each other. At that point, the doubt of your involvement began to be almost a certainty. Having established this, I wondered why you never allowed Monia and Claudia to help you unload Nando's van. Yet you always entrusted the heavy work in the kitchen to them.

Leonard: What responsibility would I have in this story?

Martin: You are the only one to have the opportunity to make the cast of the key to the door that guarantees access to our cellars. Made the duplicate, adulterating the oil and the wine was child's play, with the freedom of movement you enjoyed within the firm.

Leonard: In your opinion, how could I have made this cast?

Martin: Using a block of clay, one of those you can buy in fine art stores. I don't think it's a problem for you to get it.

Leonard: You can't prove it.

Martin: If we look over Guinevere's key, we can still see some spots of clay.

Leonard: That doesn't prove my guilt.

Martin: In this case it will be enough to call the authorities and ask them to take the fingerprints on the key and see if we find also yours...

Leonard: You're raving!

Pierre: Stop this farce and admit that it was you who threw that trash in the wine and oil.

Martin: You are as guilty as he is, because you provided him with the material. To plague all our production a certain amount of adulterating substances was needed that this painter couldn't have brought with him without arousing suspicion.

Leonard: Do you see, I'm innocent! If it was him, why do you keep accusing me?

Martin: I'm getting fed up with your half-confessions.

Michael: But how did Pierre get those substances into the firm?

Martin: Using Nando.

Guinevere: Don't tell me that he too is accomplice in this plot!

Martin: I'm sure not. He just goes to collect what our chef ordered and deliver it to us, he never checks what he is carrying. Since that is the only delivery that doesn't pass the scrutiny of you two (*pointing to Guinevere and Michael*) they could only let the adulterating products go in in this way.

Leonard: How did you get to me?

Martin: When Mercedes said that the painting had been done with such anger, as the author was not my daughter, it was not difficult to come to the conclusion.

Michael: How is it possible that I've never noticed anything?

Martin: Because it was Pierre who unloaded the Nando's. Then at night he hid that stuff among the fertilizers in the stall and...

Guinevere: And how did Leonard succeed in finding it there in the middle?

Martin: Since it was he who made the order to the agrarian shop. The irony of all this is that we were the ones paying for our ruin, look here. (*Showing the bills of purchase*)

Michael: These two scoundrels did it under our eyes!

Georgina: Why did they do all this to us?

Martin: Also because of you.

Pierre: It's true. I was an accomplice of this deception out of revenge, I was tired of your abuses. In exchange for my help, Leo would recommend me as an executive chef in a prestigious restaurant, where I would no longer have to endure an harpy like you.

Michael: But why would a painter be so interested in boycotting our firm?

Pierre: His intent was to buy it at auction for two pennies.

Martin: You must know that Mr. Leonard Dubois is not only a painter, he is also a famous swindler, well known to the police. However, without the help of our cook he couldn't have carried out his plan, therefore half the fault is yours, dear wife.

Georgina: I don't think so at all.

Guinevere: Mum, admit you don't have a good temper and you should strive to improve a little.

Michael: Not just a little.

Martin: From today I take over the reins of this family.

Pierre: As for us, what do you think to do?

Leonard: Please, be clement.

Martin: Get out of my sight immediately and never be seen see again! I want this to be the last time I look at your ugly faces. Even getting you arrested, what would I get? The damage is now done, all the wine and oil produced this year can no longer be sold.

Michael: I won't let them get away with it. (*Approaching the two culprits threateningly*)

Martin: Calm down son!

Michael: Do you know how much I'd want to put the head of these two in the wine press?!

Martin: It's not worth getting your hands dirty for some rascals.

Guinevere: Let's ask at least for a compensation for damages.

Martin: You know how long the judicial proceedings last! Before we get compensation, our company will have already gone bankrupt.

Pierre: I'm truly sorry and to prove it to you I'm willing to work for free for the rest of my life.

Leonard: Me too.

Martin: I could never trust you two, by now I've made up my mind. You have to get out of here right away. And you should also do it quickly, before I think again.

Michael: Don't worry dad, all is not lost yet. With the saliva of our bats we will raise the fortunes of the firm.

Georgina: Wait a moment! Doesn't my opinion matter?

Martin: From today on, no more.

THE END