Scene 1

At the market. Gertrude and Ruth are talking. Sophie is playing by herself in the background. Slim Jim is picking out food. Gerrardine is trying to sell her wares.
Gerrardine: Apples for zale! Fresh apples! Get your oranges! All organic!
Nastasja enters.
Nastasja: Hi, Gerrardine. What would you recommend?
Gerrardine: Well, Nastasja, ze apples, zey are particularly juicy today.
Nastasja: Great! I love apples. I'll take a dozen. *She takes one and starts eating it. The twins run in and bump into Nastasja. She starts choking.*
Gerrardine: Are you alright? *Patting her on the back. They continue to talk quietly.*
Slim Jim: Hey! Vincenzo! Maria! What's this? Why are you running around? Stop it at once! Apologize! *They keep running - don't say sorry. Come to corner and start whispering about Sophie.*
Fat Tony comes in.
Fat Tony: You aren't even able to look after your own kids, Jim. How are you supposed to run a bakery on your own?
Slim Jim: Mind your own business, Tony.
Fat Tony: That's exactly what I'm doing. And it's working pretty well for me, unlike for you.
Slim Jim: How dare you? Idiota!Who took care of our father's business while you were away, God knows where, learning to make little creamy . . . er . . . THINGS!
Fat Tony: You're just jealous because you've never been out of this town!
Slim Jim: I don't need to travel around the world to bake great cakes and pies - it comes from within. *Starts gesturing while talking* My cakes are delizioso! Squisito! Saporito!
Fat Tony: That's rifiuto! No sense talking to someone so narrow-minded. *Turns to leave.*
Slim Jim *Following*: Where are you going? This conversation isn't over! Bastardo!
Gertrude *watching brothers leaving*: Oh, those brothers are at it again.
Ruth: Well, they've been like that ever since Fat Tony came back home from abroad.
Gertrude: Never mind them, Ruth. Look what I've got! *Opens her coat so only Ruth can see.*
Ruth: Woooow!
Gerrardine: Turn round, Gertrude. We want to zee it, too.
Gertrude turns around and shows her and also the audience the spoons that are inside her coat.
Gerrardine: Zat one, it iz from me, oui? Ze third one from ze left, right?
Gertrude: Yes, it is. It's the only one from France that I have. But Alexandros has promised me some from Greece.
Ruth: That is incredible! Maybe you are getting it at this very moment, because here he comes, as handsome as always. Hope he didn't misunderstand and bring you some prunes in place of the spoons. That one – as handsome as a statue, but as dumb as one, too.
Alexandros enters, looks around for Gerrardine.
Alexandros: Good morning, Ladies. Have you seen Gerrardine? I've been looking for her everywhere.
Gertrude: Well, she's right over there, like every morning. She's selling fruits and veg as always.
Alexandros: Oh, yes, it IS the morning!
Gerrardine: I'm here, Alexandros. Can I do something for you?
Alexandros: Oh . . . well . . . I just have a letter for you. Where is it . . . (*looking in pockets*). Oh, yeah, it's here, in my bag. (*all roll their eyes he gives her the letter which she reads*).
Kids become audible - talking in stage whispers
Maria: So, you take it and we'll all run off together.
Vincenzo: Alright! High 5!
Alexandros (*a little confused by Gerrtrude reading and nothing to do*): Sooooo . . . um . . . I'll be going. Goodbye, everyone. (*They say bye*)
Maria: On the count of three: one . . . two . . . three!
Kids grab Sophie's train and run off
Sophie: Hey! What are you doing?!? That's mine! *(Doesn't chase them. watches them go.*) Awwww. That was my favorite engine. They're really immature . . . why does this always happen to me?

Scene Ends

Scene 2

Jay's standing behind Michael in front of a mirror, giving him a massage and smiling. Michael is sitting, looking very relaxed. Robbie is sitting, reading magazines and waiting for his turn.
Jay: I like taking care of your . . . err ... hair. It's so . . . fine.
Michael: I've never experienced a head massage before . . . but I feel very safe in your hands. Your hands must be a gift from heaven.
Jay: Well, you're someone who would be able to tell about that.
Michael: That is true – nothing is so close to me as heaven.
Jay: Yes, but right now, I'm a little closer, aren't I?
Michael smiles blissfully
Jay: Come in whenever you want, Father. I'll take care of you every time.
Michael: Yes, I'm sure you will, like you always have. Anyways, (*in a flirty way*) you should visit the church more often. Just come find me and we'll have a nice talk. Don't you like me as your priest?
Jay: Of course I do. I'd like to get closer to the church now through you and your personality.
Michael: You are always welcome, my son.
Ruth comes in. Out of breath.
Ruth: Honey, I saw smoke!
Robbie: Whaaat?!?! You're having a stroke?!?
Ruth: No, smoke!
Robbie: Don´t worry sweetheart I am not broke. At least I have some money to pay my hairdresser. (*Laughs a bit*)
Ruth: NO, NO! - God - there is SMOKE!!!!!
Robbie: Smoke yes, I can hear you.
Ruth: Great!
Robbie: You want to smoke? Should I give you a cigarette? *Gives him one.*
Ruth: No, there's smoke outside!
Michael and Jay: Whaaat? What smoke? Where? What smoke? Why? What happened? (A*nnoying Orange*) Who's the criminal? Somebody's hurt?
Robbie: Oh, my dear, you´re just exaggerating, aren't you? Maybe the kids were playing with matches again.
Ruth: I swear on my left ear I am not exaggerating! I saw an enormously huge cloud of smoke in the street. Seriously!
Robbie *looking serious at Jay and Michael*: Well, if it's the left ear . . . *turns to Ruth* I believe you my dear.
Ruth: Oh Lord, what have I done to deserve a husband who only trusts me when I swear on my

ears! My word, it really was a great cloud of smoke in the street. I wonder what happened.
Jay: I assume then it must have been a big fire! Whose house is burning? Has that crazy old witch Gertrude been baking again?
Ruth: Oh, please stop it! Why are you always thinking about the worst things? Maybe it was just an accident and there's no one responsible, no criminal at all! And I only saw smoke. So do not panic. We'll just have to check it ourselves...
Michael: Don't panic? Oh my goodness, what if the church is on fire? What if Nastasja did something with candles again??!?!?!?!? Or is it a sign from God and we are sinning too much? *(Looks directly at Jay*) I have to leave to check if everything is alright and to pray. *leaves*
Robbie sits in the chair and waits for his hair cut.

Scene 3

In front of the church. Nastasja and Molly and Ben enter and sit down.
Nastasja (*enviously*): Oh, I wish I could have such a nice child as you, Molly.
Molly: Benny, say something nice to your auntie! Come on!
Ben: Pi Pi!
Molly: Look, Benny, Nastasja will teach you some new words in Russian!
Nastasja: I am not from Russia; I'm from the Ukraine. But I can teach you something in Russian. Or at least, I can try. Adin Dva Try Cemyre Piat, Msol zajcik Paguljat ... Ty panecajes pa Rusky?
Ben: Da! Da!
Molly: If you like children so much, why have you decided to be a nun?
Nastasja: My parents were devoted to religion, so they decided to put me in a convent from a young age.
Molly: Oh, you poor dear. Are you happy with this decision?
Nastasja: Why shouldn't I be? Religion is my whole life and with Michael by my side . . . uh . . . I couldn't be more satisfied?
Molly: By your side? Satisfied? What do you mean?
Nastasja: I mean . . . being with Michael in this church . . . praying for souls to find their way to our Lord brings me satisfaction.
Molly: I would also like to have some male support. It's nice when you have someone who can be there for you. And for little Benny.
Nastasja: The Lord would be happy if Benny had a proper father.
Molly: Yeah, someone like Alexandros or something. Just to pick a name at *coughs* random. (*voice makes it clear it wasn't random*)
Nastasja looks surprised and is starting to speak when Michael runs in, out of breath.
Michael: Have you heard about the fire? Have you seen any smoke around?
Nastasja *happy to see him*: Oh Michael! How do you feel? Are you alright?
Michael: Of course I am. I just heard about it at Ja -- the hairdresser's. There is a really big fire somewhere. That's all I know.
Molly: What? A fire? Where? How? How is it possible?
Gertrude enters.
Gertrude: What did you just say? A fire? Tell me more about it!!!
Michael: All I know is that there was a fire and nobody knows where it occurred. I thought that the church was burning down, so I ran here immediately.
Gertrude: Oh my God, my goats!! They might be in danger!! At least I still have my spoons with me. At least, I hope so. (*Checks to see that the spoons are still under the coat and sighs with relief. Runs off calling after goats*.) Let's go, kitty. Milky!! Cheesy!!
Michael: Come, Nastasja, let us pray for any possible victims of this terrible event. We must pray that no one from our flock is injured.
Nastasja: Of course, Michael. I will say a prayer for you. I mean for our beloved brothers and sisters. We can save them together.
They enter the church together.
Molly: Look, Benny, something smells here (*meaning Nastasja and Michael leaving together*). Oh, that's you - you've pooped yourself. Let's get you changed and go and play in the park.

Scene 4

At the park. Sophie is sitting and reading in the corner. Other kids are playing in sandbox making a castle. Molly and Ben enter and sit on bench.
Antonia: Let's finish this stupid game and bake some cakes instead!
Vincenzo: Oh, one more tower. Pleease . . .
Antonia *(very bossily)*: I said no more!
Maria: Look what a beautiful marble cake I just baked!
Ben (*reaching for cake*): Wooooweee!
Molly (*stopping him from grabbing it*): Don't touch that Ben. Let's play football instead. (*they start playing with the ball*)
Vincenzo: Yes, the cake is delicious, just like our father's.
Antonia: You mean like MY father's cakes, right? And now let's decorate it with raisins (*showing them small pebbles*)
Maria: But I'm allergic to raisins! Don't put them there.
Antonia: My father always bakes cakes that way. It wouldn't work without the raisins - it would just be disgusting. As disgusting as your father's cakes.
Vincenzo: I heard that Alexandros bought a cake at your bakery yesterday and then he was really sick.
Sophie stops reading and starts listening - coming a little closer
Antonia: Who told you that?
Maria: Gertrude said it to Ruth at the market. Everyone heard it.
Molly: I think she actually said it came from Slim Jim's, dear.
Antonia: It absolutely must have been from your family. We'd never have anything like that at Fat Tony's. Don't you dare tell these lies about my father's bakery ever again. There definitely have to be raisins and everyone loves them. And of course some chocolate on top.
Vincenzo: We bake these with nuts, too.
Antonia: Nuts are for squirrels.
Sophie: Not only squirrels eat nuts. There are also pigs, birds, mice, chipmunks, raccoons, even some dogs, deer -
Antonia: OK, OK, we get it! Keep your clever words to yourself. Nobody is interested in them! Or are you? (*the twins immediately confirm that they are not interested at all*)
Maria: Why do we always have to do what you say?
Antonia: Isn't it obvious?
Vincenzo: No, it's not!
Antonia: Well, it's easy. I'm the leader because my father's bakery is the best one in the whole world! You can see it's always full of people, while no one ever steps into yours.
Sophie: That's not true. I saw people at Slim Jim's this morning.
Antonia: Yes, but I saw thousands of people buying muffins at my father's - at Fat Tony's.
Sophie: That's not even possible. Our town only has 938 inhabitants.

Antonia: Who cares about your stupid facts?
Maria: Do you ever do anything else except for reading and lurking around?
Antonia: Why don't you play with other kids? . . . I'll tell you why. Because no one likes a know-it-all. You should play with goats instead.
Sophie starts crying
Vincenzo: Oh, the little baby's crying!
Three kids at once: Crybaby! Crybaby! (*laughing making teasing gestures at her (thumb on nose and waving fingers)*)
Molly: Kids, don't be so mean.
Antonia: Go and cry with the goats!
Sophie starts crying harder and runs away.
Molly: Sophie, wait! It's not so bad! You can play football with us! *Tuns to other kids* That was really naughty, Antonia.
Antonia *ignores her, talks to kids*: That girl's really ridiculous, don't you think? She always thinks that she's smarter than I am. But that doesn't change anything about the fact that my father makes the best cakes ever!
They all frown at each other and look ready to fight.

Scene 5

Gertrude comes on stage, still shouting after goats.
Gertrude: Goats, Goats! Milky! Cheesy! Where are you? (*to audience*) have you seen them? Where the hell are they? I shouldn't have let them roam free. It's so demanding to have so many animals.
Sophie enters, still crying a little, wiping away her tears.
Gertrude: Oh dear. What happened to you? Don't tell me - you've seen the fire and it scared you, right?
Sophie *confused*: No. What fire?
Gertrude: Oh, you poor thing. You don't know anything about the big, disastrous fire! Half of the town has burnt down.
Sophie: Well, the only facts I know about disastrous fires happening in our town and its surroundings are dated from 1943.
Gertrude: Oh really?
Sophie: According to the records, there hasn't been a fire for the last 69 years.
Gertrude: But dear,I am talking about the fire that happened today! It's probably still going on! We have already lost our church and nobody knows where else it is still going to spread to. The waterbombers (firefighting planes) and helicopters are already on their way.
Sophie: According to the rules of physics, it's natural that fire should spread if there's enough oxygen and if there are many flamable things around. *leaves*
Gertrude: What the hell did she just say? What a weirdo...
Alexandros come in, Gertrude notices and starts talking to him immediately
Gertrude: Hey handsome, what are you up to?
Alexandros: *stops and thinks for a while:* Well, I guess, I am going to deliver this mail but I am not sure where to put it.
Gertrude: Oh, just put it into the mail boxes, dear.
Alexandros: *thinks about her suggestion:* Well, it could work.
Gertrude: Just don't forget to check your addresses. Cause last week I got male underwear that should have been delivered to Jay.
Alexandros: Really?
Gertrude: Anyway, have you heard the BIG NEWS?
Alexandros: What news!?
Gertrude: There is an enormous fire, like in 1943, destroying everything!
Alexandros: Oh my Lord, a fire, like a real burning fire? One that can actually hurt you? The orange, red and yellow thing?
Gertrude: *nods*
Alexandros: Ouch, horrible!
Alexandros: Anyway, I've wanted to tell you something. But I've forgotten it.
Gertrude: You promised to give me a new spoon for my collection.
Alexandros: Did I?
Getrude: Yes, a week ago.
Alexandros: OK. It's somewhere in my bag. Wait a sec. *Searching in the bag for a while* Oh no, there are only letters and no spoons in here! *Looks horrified*
Gertrude: Oh, try to check the other bag you are holding.
Alexandros: Right, right, it's worth a try. *pause while searching* It's a miracle! It's really there. You are a genius! How did you know?
Gertrude: Well, stop flattering me. By the way, how's Molly?
Alexandros: Molly? Molly who? Oh, Molly! How should I know? We're not together all of the time.
Gertrude: Well, I thought you two spent a lot of time together.
Alexandros: She wanted me to cook for me. It was delicious. Yummy, yummy food. But then she wanted me to spend the night at her place. But I didn't understand it. Why shouldn't I sleep at home?
Gertrude: Really? That's incredibly interesting!
Alexandros: Is it? I don't know.
Gertrude: I need to look for my goats. I've lost them while escaping from the fire.
Alexandros: What fire? Oh, I know. The horrible real one.
Gertrude leaves shouting at her goats (Milky, Cheesy, etc.)
Alexandros *alone, confused*: I should go somewhere... *leaves*

Scene 6

Michael and Nastasja are cleaning and singing "Oh Happy Day". Also tasing wine for the next Sunday and becoming a little tipsy. Also eating chocolate.
Michael: Mmmm, this one would be perfect for next Sunday. From 2006, dry, and, mmm, can't you taste a hint of strawberries?
Nastasja *starts singing*: Strawberries, cherries, and the angel's kiss in spring . . . *hiccups*
Michael: May . . . the month of love. What a lovely day. It's nice to spend days like this with someone you love, don't you think?
Nastasja *looks at him, raises her eyebrows, thinks this is about the two of them*: Hic - There are moments that you wish would never end . . .
Michael *wistfully*: I've had a few of them - like earlier today . . . (*runs hands through hair in a similar way that Jay was doing earlier*)
Nastasja *starts touching her hair, too*: I've been - hic - thinking about getting a new haircut. - Hic - I should go to the hairdresser. I wouldn't want to have my hair - hic - looking like Gertrude's. Hic - Gerrardine's hair is mighty pretty, though. Hic.
Michael: No, no, no. Your hair is just fine. You look absolutely great, but me . . . I should go there

more often. It's important for me to be attractive. *short pause* So that the others will look up to me, of course. *winks at Nastasja*
Nastasja *quietly and aside*: I like you just - hic - just - hic - just as you are, my dear.
Michael is looking out the window dreamily, rubbing his shoulders (imagining Jay is touching them), and sighs heavily.
Nastasja: Please, don't - hic - worry about the fire. I'm sure it's - hic -not so serious.
Michael *shaking his head*: No, I was thinking about J - Just something different, is all. Anyway, what did you say about the fire?
Nastasja can't stop hiccuping.
Michael: Oh, just hold your breath. You always have this problem when we are dri- tasting wine.
Nastasja *stops hiccuping for a moment*: Maybe somebody is thinking about me all of the time. *looking at Michael gently with expectation*
Michael *looking in the other direction*: Or maybe you just ate too many apples. You're spending too much time with that Gerrardine, eating all her goods.
Nastasja *annoyed*: Hic. Or maybe I am just - hic - nervous because of the fire, while you aren't.
Michael *looks bored and tired*: Yes, we should pray, if you are able to stop hiccuping for even a second. If you can, follow me to the alter. *leaves*
Nastasja slaps her face a couple of times saying Nyet, Nyet. Then follows him.

Scene 7

In Slim Jim's bakery. Jim is eating and reading a newspaper. Gerrardine enters (hear bell).
Gerrardine: Bonjour, Jim! How iz ze business going? (*Looks around and sees empty place and feels embarrassed.*) How are you?
Jim (*surprised to see a customer*): Hello, Gerrardine. Oh yeah, me, I'm good. What about you?
Gerrardine: Well, zings, zey always could be better.
Jay: That's true. But they could be worse, as well.So, what cakes would you like? They are all freshly baked, exactly as your fruit and vegetables freshly picked!
Gerrardine: Oh, I always like chocolate. I 'ave a thing zat I want to discuss wit you.
Jim: Oh, already. I'm listening. Go ahead. Take a cake while you explain.
Gerrardine: Zank you! (*takes a cake and starts eating - doesn't seem to like it much*) I came 'ere to talk about us. *Jim looks startled*. I mean about ze business we could 'ave. *still eating* You know, I was zinking, ze business, you are a baker, and me . . . I live 'ere and I sell zese fresh and organic zings . . . *still chewing*
Jim: Come on! Spit it out! *Gerrardine takes out a handkerchief and spits out the bit of cake. Jim is astonished.* Not my delicious cake! The idea! What's the idea? Have another cake while you tell me.
Gerrardine *ignores this*: So maybe we could do business together. You know, more business for both of us. More money . . . If you can combine your cakes and pies with my fruits. People, zey like ze new things.
Jim *with big gestures*: New things! NEW THINGS! No one needs new things! Traditions are still more important! My family has been using the same recipe for generations!
Maria and Vincenzo enter
Maria: Daaaaadyyy!
Jim: Why would I want to change my recipes? Pies like mine were served to kings!
Gerrardine: You wouldn't 'ave to change ze recipe. You can only add fresh fruit.
Maria: Daaaaadyyy!
Jay: But the fruit would be a change!!!
Gerrardine: Well, a few raisins in a cake wouldn't change it so much.
Jim: Raisins! Are you kidding me? My idiot brother uses them and look at what horrible cakes he sells!
Vincenzo: Daddy! *pulls on his apron and waves his arms in front of him*
Jim: What is it? Why are you disturbing me now? (*Gerrardine starts to leave*) Can't you see I have a customer? (*Gerrardine has left - he slowly realizes this, takes on apron and throws it on the table*) So what is it, figlia? Why are you disturbing me from my work this time?
Maria: We were in the park and -
Vincenzo: Antonia was there and she was -
Maria: - she was really mean to us and she -
Vincenzo: - she said that our cakes are . . . are . . . -
Maria: disgusting!
Vincenzo: Yeah. That's what she said. And she was -
Maria: - she was boasting that they put some super yummy stuff in their cakes.
Vincenzo: Yeah, raisins and chocolate and things like that!
Maria: And she keeps telling us what to do!
Vincenzo: She bosses us around all the time.
Maria: And she's really, really meeeeeaaaaan.
Jim: Maria, don't cry, mi amore! Daddy will take care of it. I'll talk to your uncle about the proper way to raise a child. I won't let his little scum talk to my children like that!
Kids: Yay!
Jim looks angry, kids look like they're looking forward to whatever will come. All leave the stage.

Scene 8

In Fat Tony's bakery, crowds of people (Gertrude, Molly, Antonia, Ruth, Sophie), talking, buying pastry and cookies. Fat Tony is busy serving his customers; all of a sudden Slim Jim & family enter.
Slim Jim: Hey, you! You birnóne! How dare you treat my kids like this?
Fat Tony: What? What the hell are you talking about?
Slim Jim: I am talking about that spoilt brat of yours! Your rude daughter was talking ill about my bakery in front of my children.
Fat Tony: Don't dare talk about my Antonia like this! Besides, she was right. Your bakery is no good and your cakes taste like merda; everybody knows that! And stop shouting in my shop! You are driving my customers away.
Slim Jim: I don't care.
Fat Tony: Of course you don't care, you don't know what it's like to have any customers at all!
Slim Jim: At least I don't sell five-day-old cakes to them. And what's more, I don't need to boast about my ingredients. They just speak for themselves.
Fat Tony: Vaffanculo! Figlio di puttana! Sono il cazzo in aria! *really, really angry, takes one of his cakes* Everybody knows that these cakes are the best!
Slim Jim: Vaffanculo! Tua Madre si da per niente!
Fat Tony: She is your mother, too, idiota!
Sophie: Please, stop arguing!
Everybody ignores her, they continue in their fight, the kids are making funny faces at her
Slim Jim: My cakes are fresh!
Sophie: It is not necessary to -
Fat Tony: They are rubbish!
Sophie: Please, listen to me I -

Antonia *In an insulting voice*: Nobody cares!!!!
Slim Jim: Come on, come on. *Grabs Gertrude by the arm and tries to pull her out of the shop* I know you want the traditional quality that's worked for years!
Fat Tony *comes between Jim and Gertrude and pushes him away:* That's enough, take your brats and get out of my shop! Or . . .
Sophie: Please, don't fight!
Slim Jim: Should I take that as a threat?
Fat Tony: Just a warning, you know accidents happen all the time . . .
small brotherly fight starts until Sophie breaks it up
Sophie: Remember that you are brothers and brothers should help each other!
Antonia: Stop interfering! It's none of your business. *comes to her and pushes her away, Sophie leaves*
Fat Tony: Nobody wants your cakes! Just admit it: You are screwed, bro. Now go away! *Pushes him to the door*
Slim Jim*:* I'd like to see what kind of threats you'd be making if your precious bakery burned down. What would you have to boast about then?
Fat Tony: Get the hell out of here! I can't stand to see your face for one minute more!
Slim Jim *shouting while being thrown away*: Ciao bastardo! You will be sorry!

Scene 9

At the market. Nastasja is buying some fruit.
Gerrardine *waving at her*: Bonjour, Nastasja! Come, I have some fresh apples.
Nastasja *approaching*: Hello, Gerrardine. Oh, those are really nice!
Gerrardine: Go ahead, taste it!
Nastasja *eating*: Mmm, it really is delicious. I'll take 2 dozen!
Gerrardine starts bagging apples for her. Gertrude enters.
Gertrude: Hey, you two! It is a lovely day for shopping, isn't it? It is so good you are here today, Gerrardine! You have the most delicious ingredients for my special soup. You wouldn't believe, I learnt to cook it when I was in the war. (*Starts picking vegetables*.) I must tell you about the danger we were in back then. You wouldn't believe it – it was too terrible. You never knew how long . . .
Molly enters
Gerrardine*:* Bonjour, Molly. 'ow are you today?
Gertrude: Oh, hi, Molly! I was just thinking about you. We haven't seen each other for ages. Come here and tell me how you and Ben are.
Molly: Hi, oh, you know how it is. I take care of him day and night, playing, cooking...
Gertrude: Cooking?! Oh, have you heard about the fire?
Molly: I heard about one fire. Do you know where it happened?
Gertrude *eagerly*: Oh, but it's still burning, isn't it? In Spinster's Alley! I'd swear it was so big that I was able to see sparks! And that smoke! You shouldn't go any where near it now.
Molly *relieved*: Oh, fortunately we are living on the other side of the city. Spinster's Alley ... isn't that near Slim Jim's?
Gertrude: Yeah, it is.
Gerrardine: Did somebody mention Slim Jim?
(*Gertrude and Molly turn to her*.)
Gerrardine: I met 'im yesterday. Wanted to talk about business. But then 'is kids ran in and ...
Molly sees Alex and goes to him. Gerradine is selling fruits and trying to listen to their conversation from far away and so not catching everything.
Molly: Hi Alex. How are you? I love seeing you.
Alex: Hi Molly. I'm fine, thanks. You look great today. *He smiles but he looks around the market to find someone to deliver a letter to*.
Molly: Thank you. You're very kind. You look great, just like every other day. Do you have a letter for me, Alex?
Alex: No, I'm sorry. This letter is for Ruth.
Molly: It is a pity. I love getting letters from you. They are always so clear and smell like you.
Alex: I also love your smell, but this one is for Ruth, who doesn't smell so nice. Maybe next time.
Molly: How about going to the cinema tonight? Tristan and Isolde is on. Their love was so amazing. Sometimes I wonder if I'll be lucky enough to find someone to love that much. And then get married . . . *winks*
Alex: Thank you for the offer but I'm so busy tonight.
Gerradine: Hey, Molly and Alex, when are you going to have your wedding? I hope you invite me. *Smiles. This draws attention of other people.*
Alex: Wedding? What are you talking about? Ha. It's a good joke. Bye, Molly. *leaves*
Molly: Bye, my Romeo. *Watching him go with love in her eyes.*
Gertrude: Oh, is there another wedding coming soon?
Gerrardine: So many things finally happening in our boring village.
Nastasja: At least we have things to talk about.
Gertrude: Yeah, life would be so uninteresting without talking...
Nastasja *to Molly*: So . . . you and Alexandros, huh . . . *winks at her*
Molly: I don't know why he's still acting like there's nothing going on between us.
Nastasja: And why are you two being so secretive about it?
Molly: He's just too shy to admit it in public. He's not good at sharing his emotions. *leaves*
Gertrude: Maybe she's got a secret – maybe another baby's on the way...
they all look at each other

Scene 10

At Jay's; Jay is standing up, maybe sweeping a floor; Michael comes in, smiles at Jay, sighs.
Michael: Hellooo, Jay
Jay: (nicely surprised) Oh, it's you again. Come on in, sit down, make yourself comfortable. What can I do for you? The same as last time? Maybe I can do it even better. *winks*
Michael: Yes, actually, that's why I'm here.
He sits down, sits back so that it's obvious he's comfortable. Jay starts massaging his head, tries to stroke his cheek, Michael flinches away.
Michael: Not so obvious, people might be watching.
Jay: What if I want them to see?
Michael: You know that's not possible.
Jay: Why not? God sees it and that's the most important thing.
Michael: What if that fire was the punishment for our love?
Jay: That's rubbish and you know it.
Michael: What would people think about their priest?
Jay: They would find out that you're just a person and that's nothing to be ashamed about.
Michael: I don't know. You might be right. Give me more time to think about it. But – oooh - (*touches his hand*) your hands are so warm - it's like they're on fire . . .
Jay: When you mention fire, it reminds me. (*takes his hand away and then touches Michael's shoulder and turns him towards himself*) I heard a siren the other day, did you hear it too?

Michael: Really? I didn't hear anything (*touches Jay's hand*)
Jay: Or maybe it was an ambulance; maybe somebody's hurt. (*Michael squeezes Jay's hand- the one on the shoulder, long loving stare, Molly enters, sees them, thinks J is comforting M, they turn to her, M jumps away, almost falls off the chair*)
Michael: Well, um, errr . . . I . . . thank you! I should probably go now and . . . pray . . . or . . . somethin
Jay: Oh, hello, Molly. came in for a new haircut, right? Just sit down here.
Molly: Actually, I'm alright with the haircut. It's just that I wanted to talk to you about something.
Jay: Oh my god! (*hands*) Is something wrong with Ben?
Molly: No, no. Ben's perfectly fine. There's something else I wanted to talk to you about. (*pause*) But yeah, it could influence Ben in the long run.
Jay: Do you two need something? I mean, I know we agreed that I would be just a sperm doner, but still, I mean, I'm his father. I should help.
Molly: Jay, you're awfully sweet, thank you. Don't be stressed about it; you don't have any father-like responsibilities whatsoever. I'm here about Alex.
Jay: Alex? Oooh! Alex! He's handsome, isn't he? And his butt!
Molly: (*blushes*) Eh. yeah. But I think there's something more going on between us. We had dinner together.
Jay: Did you? (*smiles mockingly*) Just dinner?
Molly: Yes, just dinner, Jay. And that's it. He didn't want to stay for the night even though I wanted him to.
Jay: Good for you then!
Molly: What do you mean? (*a bit shocked by Jay's reaction*)
Jay: (*comes closer to her, touches her shoulder in a comforting way*) You can do better, Molly. He's too stupid for such a beautiful and intelligent woman as you. (*smiles at her very nicely*) You deserve someone way better.
Molly: You think so?
Jay: Of course! Ben needs a real father! Not just a handsome butt without brain.
Molly: So . . . you're saying Ben needs a real father?
Jay: Yes. And I'm sure there's someone good for both of you. People like this are usually so close to you that you don't even realize it. (*smiles again*)
Molly: (*beaming*) Yes, I think you're right.
(*Antonia enters, Molly is a bit disappointed by that*)
Jay: Hello! What can I do for you today, sweetie? A nice new colour?
Antonia *showing him a picture from a magazine*: Like this.
Molly: I'll see you later, bye.
Jay: Bye Mol! (*already taking care of Antonia*) This one is better than the last.

Scene 11

Ruth and Robbie are sitting in front of the church.
Ruth: I've been thinking about the destination for our honeymoon.
Robbie: Oh, you want to go on a honeymoon? Aren't we too old for that?
Ruth: That is not true! We are as old as we feel we are. I didn't mean like flying to the Moon.
Robbie: Spoon? What spoon? Is Gertrude around?
(Milky and Cheesy walking in the background and eating the grass)
(Ruth is staring at them)
Robbie: What's wrong? What are you looking at? *(goats go away)*
Ruth: Did you see that?
Robbie: See what? *(turns around)*
Ruth: There were GOATS! REAL goats! One of them was white and the other one had brown spots on its back.
Robbie: *(looking disgusted)* Have you been drinking again?
Ruth: What?! Me?! And drinking?! I haven't seen a bottle of rum for months! Except for when I was at Gertrude's birthday party last week.
Robbie: I remember that. You were so drunk that you also saw goats everywhere.
Ruth: But THESE goats were there!
(Nastasja runs in looking extremely happy)
Ruth: Hello, Nastasja. You look so happy. What happened, my dear?
Robbie: Beer? Are you thinking about alcohol again? You should go to rehab, sweetheart.
Nastasja: That's true, Ruth. You really should do something about your drinking problem.
Ruth: I don't have any problems with alcohol!
Nastasja: Oh, never mind. We shouldn't argue on such a beautiful day.
Robbie: Beautiful Jay?! Do you find him attractive?
Nastasja: No, no, no. I didn't mean Jay ... but ... when you are talking about someone being beautiful and attractive...
Ruth: Yes, my dear?
Nastasja: You know ... Michael and I ... well ... we were cleaning the church together. We had really great timeW I think that there must have been something between us...
Ruth: You mean... *(Nastasja nods)*
Robbie: What? What are you two talking about?
Ruth: Nastasja is trying to say that Michael has a crush on her.
Nastasja: Well, I'm not really sure about it, but he suggested something...
Robie: But you are a nun, for the god sakes!
Ruth: Oh, does it even matter? *(to Robbie)* Love doesn't choose! Look at us! *(she grabs his hand)*
(Gertrude comes in with her kitty on her shoulder)
Gertrude: Hello, my dear fellows. What are you doing?
Ruth: We are just sitting and having a rest and our lovely Nastasja came to tell us some interesting news.
(Robbie falls asleep)
Gertrude: News? Really? What exactly?
Nastasja: Nothing, nothing important ... I swear.
Gertrude: Oh, come on. Everyone knows that I can keep a secret. Your secret will be safe with me.
Nastasja: I really don't think I should...
Ruth: Don't be so shy, Nastasja. *(Robbie snores)* Michael fell in love with her!
Gertrude: Did he? *(to Nastasja)* I always knew that you two were meant to be together! *(Robbie snores)*
Nastasja: How did you know?
Gertrude: Hm, the last few days he had very dreamy-eyes. I was telling him about my new collection of spoons, but he didn't listen to me at all! He seems full of desire...
(Robbie wakes up suddenly, 'hears' only last word)
Robbie: What? A fire? Another one?
Gertrude: No, we're not talking about any fire.
Ruth: But now that we've mentioned it, I remember there was something strange when I was passing the street and saw that smoke.
Nastasja: Like what?

Gertrude: At that time, I saw something weird falling from the sky. It had to be a meteorite! A fallen meteorite must have caused that fire, right?
Ruth: No, it was more like a strange smell.
Robbie: I could smell only my burnt hair when I was at Jay's. But that was after you came in.
Nastasja: That couldn't be it, Robbie. The fire was far away from Jay's.
Gertrude *(to Ruth)***:** Did you smell it sometime before?
(Robbie falls asleep again)
Ruth: Hm, I think I did ... it was last week!
Gertrude + Nastasja: Where???
Ruth: At your birthday party, Gertrude!
Gertrude: You mean my new perfume?
Robbie snores
Ruth: Nope! It was when you burnt your muffins, remember?
Nastasja: So when you saw the smoke, you smelled burnt muffins? *(Ruth nods)* In that case, couldn't it have been in the bakery?
Gertrude: Yes, I know! Now everything makes sense! Someone must have tried to burn down the bakery!
Ruth: Oh, that's an idea!
Robbie snores
Gertrude: Yeah, I'm sure it's true! I will go and tell Alexandros! *(ready to leave)* He'll be surprised ... he's always so surprised by whatever you say to him.
Ruth: But he's so sweet!
(Robbie wakes up suddenly and Gertrude is leaving)
Robbie: Who? Me? Awwwn, thank you so much, sunshine!
Ruth: You're welcome.
(Michael passes by - says hello and walks on)
(Nastasja jumps up and runs after him)
Nastasja: Michael! Wait, wait!
Robbie *(to Ruth)***:** I'm so sleepy ... let's go home ...
Ruth: OK. But we have to start planning our honeymoon then. After your nap.
(Robbie and Ruth stand up and leave)

Scene 12

At the market. Nastasja is standing in front of Gerrardine's fruit and vegetable stand and tasting an apple.
Nastasja: Why are they called GOLDEN when they are green? Anyway, they are so sweet.
Gerrardine: Aww, and you are awfully sweet yourself. Zank you so much. But you're not the only one who likes them. Zere must be some kind of monster eating my plants. Only ze old shabby cactus is still 'ere.
Nastasja: *full mouth of the apple, looks at the cactus and touches it carefully* Aw, what a funny thing! That's a real pity. I love coming here every morning. If you're not here anymore, what will I do for my breakfast?
Ruth: *joins the conversation* Don't you think it could be those . . . mysterious goats?
Robbie: *standing next to her* Boats?
Ruth: GOATS! I said goats! You should brush out your ears!
Robbie: There is nothing wrong with my ears; you just have to speak up.
Ruth: When I speak up you always say I'm shouting at you.
Robbie: That's because you are always shouting at me. Do you want to start a fight in front of everyone? Just stop it.
Ruth: I don't want to fight; I just wanted to say it might have been the goats.
Robbie: I haven't seen any goats. Are you sure you're not drunk again? That would explain why you want to fight.
Ruth: I've told you a million times - I don't have a drinking problem.
Robbie: OK, love. *smiles at her trying to get her to calm down* Whatever you say. I love you as you are.
Jim comes looking at the stuff. He wants to buy something. Gerrardine looks at him doubtfully.
Gerrardine: Maybe Slim Jim's kids are stealing my plants; zey are running around 'ere all of the time.
Jim: What did you just say? Are you implying that I raised my kids to be thieves? O dio mio! They get enough food in my bakery.
Gerrardine: But you definitely aren't a fan of 'ealthy nutrition. Maybe zey need some vitamins, not only your sweet super-traditional cakes!
Jim: I really don't know why everyone here must be against us. *he gets very angry and starts looking for cigarettes*. We are GOOD people, polite to others, minding our own business.
Gerrardine: But it's not very polite to try to make your customers eat sweets when zey don't want.
Jim: They all want to eat them. I don't force them on anyone. They're delicious enough on their own. Everyone knows that. *He tries to light up a cigarette*
All: Are YOU serious?
Ruth: Haven't you heard about the the fire? Be careful with your cigarette lighter!
Jim: One little cigarette can't cause a fire. Calm down everyone.
Nastasja: You are always only thinking about yourself. Think about someone else for a minute. When I was a child, my grandfather burned down his house because he fell asleep while smoking.
Jim: I don't care. You and your stories always ... blah blah blah.
Nastasja: Your brother definitely cares more about others than you do. He would never say something like that to me.
Jim: Maybe SOMEONE deserves to get his confidence burnt.
Everyone except Jim looks at each other in a puzzled way for a few seconds before lights turn off and scene ends.

Scene 13

In the church - Michael is praying, Molly enters.
Molly *with sigh*: Father, I need to talk to you.
Michael: What is it, my child?
Molly: There's a heavy burden on my shoulders.
Michael: Go on. What's troubling you?
Molly: I've done something. It's not really bad, but ...
Michael: Tell me. Our Lord is merciful.
Molly: Well, maybe you wouldn't judge me, but other people would.
Michael: Don't worry, I will keep your secret.
Molly: Oh, I'm not worried about that. Well... Oh! *she is frustrated* I have no idea how to start.
Michael: Just try it.
Molly *sighs*: You know, people are gossiping about who Ben's father might be.
Michael: It doesn't matter what people say. Every child is a gift that God bestows upon us.
Molly: Yeah, that's exactly why I decided to have a child.

Michael - puzzled, silent
Molly: You know, at the time I was so lonely and it seemed that I would never find my soulmate...
Michael: So what did you do?
Molly: I came to a decision...
Michael: What? Was it planned?
Molly: Yes, exactly! That's what I'm trying to tell you, you just keep interrupting me!
Michael: I'm sorry, go on.
Molly: I asked my friend for a sperm donation.
Michael *in shock, tries to hide it*: It's not very usual ... but if you do not regret your decision to have a child, no matter how you became pregnant, and you are able to take care of him, then, I think, it is OK and you don't have to feel guilty.
Molly: I do not regret it. Ben is ... he is the best thing that has ever happened to me. And because I love him so much, I want him to be raised properly and *pause* he deserves to have a father.
Michael: That's true. *he pauses to think* Molly, do you mean someone in particular, or what?
Molly: I admit that I have a crush on Alex, but to be honest, he doesn't seem to be the kind of person who could take responsibility for a child. Sometimes I've got the feeling that he behaves like a child himself.
Michael: God loves all people no matter how they behave and we should not judge them either. Alex deserves your love.
Molly: Really? I started to think that I should give it up with him and find somebody else. Somebody who's more concerned about family and is actually able to return my love!
Michael: Do you think you can reveal who Ben's father is? If it is not a problem for you.
Molly: Actually, you are a priest, so I guess you will not cause any problems for him. So ... um ... err ... it's my ... er ... best friend ... um ... Jay.
Michael: *about 10 seconds of silence, eyes and mouth wide opened.* Do you mean Jay?
Molly: Yes, the hairdresser.
Michael: But ... you know he is ...
Molly: - yeah, homosexual. That's why I chose just him back then. But now I think that Ben should be with his biological father. Jay really seems to enjoy playing with Ben, you know.
Michael: He might be a good father to Ben, he likes him very much, on the other hand being a good husband to you ... I have certain doubts about it.
Molly: I know what you mean. It's true that Jay is homosexual, but when I saw him last, I had a feeling he might be attracted to me -
Michael: Attracted to you?!
Molly: Yes, he told me that I'm beautiful and intelligent and that there is someone who loves me. ... Don't you think he meant himself?
Michael: *after a moment of hesitation* That's a really difficult question, but as far as I know him, he is an honest person ... *continues quietly, so that only the audience hear him* at least most of the time. *again to Molly* Well, I don't know what to advise you. A good walk and fresh air might help me think about it.
Molly *a bit in shock*: OK. I hope you can come up with a solution for me on your walk.
Michael: I usually advise prayer. Our Lord will help us in this, as in all things. You should ask Him *looking up* for advice. He will never leave YOU alone in YOUR troubles.
Michael leaves, grabbing a bottle of wine on the way out; Molly kneels by the altar and starts praying.

Scene 14

At Jay's hair studio. Getrude is sitting while Jay is doing her hair.
Jay: So ... what haircut have you chosen? Something special?
Gerturde: A very special one. You will be surprised. You know I have been collecting these spoons for years and I would really love them to be incorporated into my hair ... somehow ... Do you think you can do that?
Jay: What? Really? *surprised* You know what? I actually like it. You were right: it is a really unusual order. That's a challenge ... *in a really excited voice*challenge accepted!!
Prepares the spoons, combs, scissors and other necessary stuff, starts doing Gertrude's hair, when furious Michael enters.
Michael rushes in the room.
Michael: How could you do this?
Jay gets frightened. He drops a few spoons.
Michael *continues*: I thought I knew you well. I thought you were somebody I could trust, somebody who cares about others, about me ... How could you? Just tell me how?
Jay: Michael ... I really don't know what you are talking about.
Michael: You know that bloody well! *Crosses himself after realizing what he's just said* Lord, forgive me for swearing. I am just so disappointed and hurt. How could you do this to me? I mean to Molly?
Jay: Wait a minute. How is Molly involved?
Gertrude interested in their talk. She turns her head from Jay to Mike all the time. It is visible from her face that she is extremely interested.
Michael: How could you betray me? How could you treat Molly like that? How could you leave me ... I mean how could you leave Molly alone in the world?
Jay: Wait. I can explain everything to you ... just give me a chance ...
Michael: I don't need your explanations! It is perfectly clear to me. I was tricked by you; I was tempted by the devil and I was misled from the right path by YOU! And now I see how very wrong it was!
Jay: Mike ... please ... it is not how it looks ...
Michael: I thought you loved me!
Jay: I DO! I DO! I've always loved you. And you know that!
Michael: Really?? How about Molly? How about Ben? For goodness sake! YOU ARE A FATHER!!!
Jay *almost crying*: I didn't mean it to be like this ... I didn't know that ... I just ... I wanted ... Michael, please ...
Michael: Grow up Jay! Take your responsibilities seriously. That is the only thing I can tell you. Beside the fact that things between us are over, of course.
Jay: No, no, wait, wait ... Let me explain!
Michael leaves.
Gertrude: Go after him, silly. My spoons can wait. *starts crying like watching a soap opera* Esmeralda forgave José Armando, so I'm sure Michael will forgive you! You were born to be together!
Jay runs out the door in slow motion.

Scene 15

In front of the church. Nastasja sitting next to Gertrude up front. Robbie and Ruth in the background.
Robbie: What?

Gertrude: So . . . . who do you think the firestarter was?
Nastasja: Hmm. Maybe somebody was clumsy with his food.
Gertrude: Yeah, you're right. It totally smelled like burnt muffins!
Robbie: What?
Nastasja: The bakeries must have been on fire. It might have been an accident.
Gertrude: Do you think that the Italian mafia could be attacking our village? No one knows exactly where Tony was all that time. Or maybe it was some enemy of his?
Nastasja: Oh, I hadn't thought about that . . . Maybe we are in serious danger! We have to find out.
Gertrude: But I was just thinking . . . Those crazy brothers are always fighting with each other. I heard it with my own ears two days ago. Slim Jim was clearly threatening Fat Tony.
Nastasja: I hope it's not so serious.
Robbie: What?
Gertrude: Oh! Now I remember! I also saw a fight at Jay's!
Nastasja: What fight?
Gertrude: Michael was yelling at Jay! He found out that Jay is the father of Molly's Ben!
Robbie: What?
Nastasja: Is that really true?
Gertrude: Yeah, it is. Michael mentioned something about how Jay betrayed him. It was really emotional. That he doesn't love him and there was something about Molly that I didn't quite understand, even though I'm sure I heard it. Oh, be prepared for the fact that *gossipy* Jay is definitely Ben's father!
Robbie: What?
Nastasja: Someone slap me, I think I'm dreaming. How could he? Could they have been having an affair behind our backs? That's impossible! Michael is my, my . . . oh, I admired him so much! And now this!
Gertrude: Oh look! He's coming.
Michael enters upset. stays shocked for the whole speech to follow.
Nastasja: How could you do this to me? I had hopes that you loved me. At least that you liked me. All those things you said to me. I thought maybe there would be an us. But now . . . Just do whatever you want. I'll eat myself to death. I will turn myself into a giant whale. You won't like me either way. Goodbye! *leaves*
Michael drops to the ground and starts praying.

Scene 16

At Slim Jim's. Molly and Ben are there - Molly is choosing some cakes.
Slim Jim: Oh, pick this one . . . OK, maybe that one . . . and if you want, you can have this one and combine it with those
Molly: Could you just let me pick for myself?
Slim Jim: I'm just trying to help you. *ironically* Pardon me!
Nastasja storms in.
Nastasja: I want this, this, this *pointing at a variety of cakes* seven of those funny, jelly ones, five of these with the green stuff on top . . . you know what? Pack it all up for me.
Slim Jim and Molly stare at her in shock for a moment. Then Slim Jim starts carrying sweets to the table to wrap up.
Molly: Oh, you look simply awful. What happened?
Nastasja *while eating one cake*: I don't want to talk about it. It makes me sick just thinking about it.
Molly: Oh my god. It must be something really bad.
Slim Jim *finishes packing*: Here you are. That will be forty.
Nastasja: Here's fifty. Keep the change.
Slim Jim: Thank you! I could use customers like you every day! *smiles happily*
Nastasja *bites a different cake*: Christ, this is disgusting. What did you put in this? It's stone-hard and yet the filling tastes like mud.
Molly *stage whisper*: I know. I bought one for Ben yesterday and he just licked it and started crying whenever I put it close to him. I tried it myself, but I just had to spit it out. Not even the dog wanted to eat it; I had to throw it away.
Slim Jim: I'll go look for something more fresh just for you. *goes to look for more cakes.*
Nastasja: You're kidding. And I just bought three pounds of these. And they're also burnt. *shows the bottoms to Molly* Maybe Slim Jim was taking a nap while baking them. Or maybe they go this burnt in the fire!
Molly: I think they used to be better before Fat Tony returned from his travels. Maybe it's just him trying to sabotage Slim Jim's bakery . . .
Nastasja: You know what I heard today? Gertrude said that Tony might be a Mafia Boss.
Molly: No way!!! Fat Tony? He seems so nice? How would that even be posisble?
Nastasja: That's what she said.
Molly: Well, now that you mention it . . . No one saw he when the fire was starting . . .
Nastasja: Oh, you think he started the fire? Why would he do that?
Molly: To get rid of competition?
Nastasja *stage whisper*: Do you think that this is a competition to Fat Tony?
Molly: You never know . . .
Slim Jim *returning with more cakes*: What are you ladies on about now?
The ladies look at each other, clearly worried he'll get mad.
Molly: Well . . . we were just chatting . . . and wondering . . .
Slim Jim: Good Lord! You want to buy more cakes, don't you? *smiling*
Molly: Um, not really. We were just wondering if your brother - Fat Tony - used to like playing with matches when you both were children.
Slim Jim: Not especially. Why do you ask?
Nastasja: Just heard something . . . purely hypothetical . . . that maybe, just maybe, he might want to sabotage your bakery.
Slim Jim: What do you mean? Sabotage? How? Did you see him do anything?
Molly: Not really, but you know, people say that he might've set the last fire . . .
Slim Jim: That bastardo! He's always been an arsehole, but he wouldn't dare, would he . . .
Molly: wouldn't he?
Slim Jim *hitting the table with his fist*: He'll pay for that! *starts getting ready to leave* Cazzo, bastardo, sticchiu *starts muttering incomprehensibly*
Nastasja: What are you going to do?
Slim Jim: You'll see . . .*more swearing, leaves*
Molly: I'm glad I'm not at Fat Tony's bakery now. Something tells me it will get a little hot and smoky.
Nastasja: For today, I've had enough arguments.
Molly: What do you mean?
Nastasja: You know how I told you that I fancied Michael?
Molly: Yeeeessss . . .
Nastasja: Well, I found out that he is actually in a relationship!
Molly: No way! You're kidding! Who with?

Nastasja: Jay!!!
Molly stares at her open-mouthed.
Nastasja: Are you OK?
Molly: Who told you that?
Nastasja: Gertrude. She heard them arguing.
Molly: Eh . . . Gertrude. So it might not be true . . . but what if it is?
Nastasja: Why do you care so much? I though you were all into Alex.
Molly: I was . . . but . . . I . . . OK, I'll tell you.
Nastasja: Wait! *holding her stomach* I think I am going to be sick. That cake . . . *runs off stage*
Ben starts crying
Molly: OK, OK, Baby, boy, we are going. *leaves looking sad*

Scene 17

At Fat Tony's with Tony and Antonia working. Gerrardine enters holding a basket of raisins.
Tony: Gerrardine, my dear. What brings you to my bakery?
Gerrardine: I was thinking... You know... Wouldn't it be nice if we could somehow cooperate? In ze business, I mean. Like... I would raise some fruits for you and such. Hm? What do you say?
Tony (deep in thought): Well, that sounds like an interesting offer...
Gerrardine: Well, you are the one who experiments with your recipes to make the cakes taste sooo delicious.. Guess what?
Tony: What? What did you hear? Who talked about my experiments? They're not illegal. Not bad experiments.
Gerrardine: (*A bit confused by what he says but can't be bothered*) I'm sure they are great experiement. And you are a professional so you know what's good for business
Gertrude enters, takes a spoon from her hair, uses it to taste cakes
Gerrardine: I've been thinking about you and I put some of these delicious raisins from India aside. Look at how big and colourful there are!
Tony picks up one and tastes it
Tony: Mmmmm. Mmmm. Really delicious. *to Gertrude* Are you going to buy some, or what?
Gertrude: I'm just tasting them. I thought the samples were free.
Tony: You thought that yesterday. I told you, they're not samples.*To Gerrardine* I want them! They are exactly what I was looking for to make my muffins more tasty!
Gerrardine: Really, zat is amazing. Then I have a special offer for you. We can work together and combine my fruit and your sweets. To start with, I can get you the whole basket of these raisins for a very reasonable price.
Tony: New opportunities are always exciting. What price will you offer me?
Gerrardine: Let's say I'll give you these raisins for 20. What do you say?
Tony: I'd rather say 15.
Gerrardine: 18!
Maria and Vincenzo enter
Tony: 16!
Gerrardine: 17! That's my last offer.
Tony: It's a deal. *They shake hands*
Gerrardine: Just call me whenever you need a new delivery.
Jim enters
Jim: What kind of conspiracy is going on here? *picks up some raisins from the basket* Raisins? I thought that Affanculo! Nessuno me lo ficca in culo!
Gertrude: I don't know what that means, but I am sure it's not nice.
Antonia: I know what it means. It means ... *Tony smacks the back of her head*.
Jim: That's the only thing you can do - fight our children. But now you have to deal with me and . . . *looks around, picks up a muffin* and your bloody muffins. *Throws it at his face.*
Everyone stares at him for 3 seconds. Then a giant food fight starts in slow motion.
Tony: M-Y M-U-F-F-I-N! H-O-W D-A-R-E Y-O-U?!?!?
Jim: R-E-V-E-N-G-E! B-A-S-T-A-R-D-O!
Gertrude: G-O-A-T-S *Starts throwing the goat toys*
Antonia: P-A-P-A
Gerrardine: A-R-E Y-O-U C-R-A-Z-Y?
Jim: I W-I-L-L K-I-L-L Y-O-U
Kids: N-O-O-O-O-O
Gertrude starts eating cakes from the floor with a spoon. Goats join in.
Sophie enters looking shocked. Slow motion stops
Sophie: What's going on here? Have you all lost your minds? Look at yourselves! You're no more than monkeys throwing feces at each other. You're so dirty.
They stop fighting and start blaming each other.
Tony: Jim started the mess.
Jim: Me? I just came to solve some family problems.
Gerrardine: No, you wanted to get revenge for everyting.
Gertrude: I hope now you are satisfied.
Tony: Get out! You're always causing me trouble. You're not my brother any more!
Jim *angrily*: Fratello!!
Tony: No, don't call me that anymore. Out!
Shoos him out. Starts muttering to himself and then cleaning up. The others look afraid he'll make them work, so slowly back out.
Tony: Antonia! Where do you think you are going? Get back here and grab a mop.
Antonia: Daaaa-aad. Are you serious?
Tony: What would your mother have said if she had seen you trying to run away from work?
Antonia *looks sad*: That's not fair. *Sits down and starts sweeping around her.*

Scene 18

In the park. Antonia is crying sitting on a bench. Twins come and are surprised - they stand still and silently for a while, *staring at her. After that they go in the corner a chat a little about this situation.*
Maria: Oh, that's really strange; I've never seen Antonia like that.
Vincenzo: Let's leave before she gets angry!
Sophie comes on stage with balloons in one hand and cakes in another, gets carefully closer to Antonia, keeping some distance-
Sophie: Hello Antonia ... *hesitant* ... I just bought a cake from your father's ... do you want some? It might cheer you up.
Antonia: But my mum used to make them better ... I really miss that.
Sophie: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't have any clue about your mother ... If you want to talk... *silent* ...
Antonia is mourning, sees the balloons, grabs one and stomps on it and pops it.
Antonia: Stupid balloons!!!!! I hate them!
Sophie: Whaat? Did I miss something? But balloons are not that bad ... colorful, partying, they're fun. But ... why? Tell me - what's wrong with balloons?

Antonia: Everything is wrong with them, especially hot-air balloons. They never should've been invented!
Robbie and Ruth come to the scene
Sophie: But they are useful. They are used for transportation or for having a picnic up in the air.
Antonia: I don't care that they're useful. My mother died in one! It was the work of the Sicilian Mafia! I am sure; my dad told me!
Robbie: What?
Sophie: I am so sad about what happened to your family, but you know, you have a great father, Fat Tony is the best - a funny and good father. He loves you so much and he wouldn't let you down.
Antonia *still crying*: Yeah ... I know ... thanks. *takes a piece of cake and starts eating it as she leaves.*
Robbie: What?
Ruth: Don't interrupt, I'll explain everything to you later
everybody is sad; Alex comes in, looking depressed
Ruth: Hey Alex...what's wrong? You seem so down...Have your goats run away? Hahaha!
We see goats running in the background, Gertrude is running after them, screaming Milky, Cheesy!
Alexandros: Everybody is so down ... so I'm sad as well.
Ruth: You know Molly is so depressed because of you...
Robbie: What?
Ruth: Shut up! OK Alex, I have to explain something really important to you ... Wake up Alex!!! She loves you! Haven't you noticed? Everybody knows it!
Alexandros: Oh ... that was a shock! Molly, Molly ... she is wonderful. I like her!
Sophie: So go and find her, you idiot! What are you still doing here?
Alexandros: I am going to find her. Molly, Molly!!! *runs away to the right to find her*
Molly enters the scene slowly from the left, Jay runs in from the right a second later
Jay: Michael! Michael! Has anyone seen Michael? *Notices Molly* Oh, Molly! Have you seen Michael? I've been looking for him everywhere!
Molly: I don't know where he is, Jay. I'm sorry. What's happened? Why are you so upset?
Michael secretly enters and hides
Jay: Michael told me that it's over between us! He found out that I'm Ben's father and he wouldn't let me explain...and now he's gone!
Molly (*realizing that she misunderstood everything before*): I'm so sorry. . . . I'm afraid it's my fault. I thought you wanted to be a proper father to Ben. I'm sorry, I should've asked, confirmed or something. I'm so sorry. It's me who told Michael you are Ben's father. It's my fault he left you.
Jay: Why would you think that? I'm gay! You know that! I can't switch to heterosexual mode!
Molly: I know now and I'm so sorry...
Jay: I guess the harm's done. I completely understand what you've done and I don't blame you for anything. You were doing what you thought was the best for your son – our son. But, Mol. Michael now thinks that I do not love him anymore. And it is just a misunderstanding. He didn't stay to hear the whole truth. I would've told him everything!
Molly: Jay, I am so sorry. I feel terrible because I am part of it all.
Jay: Do not blame yourself. You didn't mean to hurt anybody. It's just...oh...(*starts crying*) I miss him so much!
Nastasja enters unnoticed, wants to hide behind the same tree as Michael – she could be walking backwards or something or looking somewhere else. When she accidentally pushes Michael from behind the tree
Molly: Isn't that Michael over there?
Jay: M-Michael! W-w-what are you doing here?
Michael *wondering what to say*: Uhm . . . I was just . . . walking.
Jay: I am so sorry Michael, I really love you and want to solve this forever.
Michael: You don't have to apologize. I heard everything. I love you too. And I always will.
Jay: So do you think that the two of us could uhhh
Michael: Do you mean be together?
Jay: Yes, that is what I meant.
Michael: I'm still not sure what other people would think.
Jay: Don't worry about them. What about our love?
Molly: Don't care about anyone else! Look at me! I'm raising a child on my own - a child I got through a sperm donation. And I love Ben and don't care what they say.
Michael silently thinking.
Jay: Michael, it won't be easy at the beginning, but you know that our love is strong and true and together we can get through anything.
Michael: Well, if you promise you won't donate sperm any more. *stage whisper* We don't need any more little Jays running around.
Jay: You have my word.
Michael: You must promise that word in front of God and everyone. If we're going to do it, let's do it right. I want to marry you.
Jay: I'll take that as a proposal. We'll be so happy together.
Molly: That's so sweet. I'll leave you two together alone to work it all out together. *she starts to leave - they look at each other lovingly*
Alex comes in, sees Nastasja behind the tree, doesn't see Molly, who stops leaving
Alex: Hello, Nastasja. *To Michael and Jay*. Have you seen Molly? I've been looking for her everywhere.
Michael and Jay are looking at each other, not really paying attention.
Michael: I think she was somewhere around here.
Jay: Yeah, that's true.
Alex: She's really nowhere. Oh! What if she was so unhappy that she ran away?! Maybe she left by the evening train? I have to stop her! *he starts to run away, but Molly walks up to him from behind.*
Molly: *rather sadly and coldly* I'm here, Alex. What do you want?
Alex: *confused* Hello, Molly. So you are here. I've been looking for . . .
Molly: ... me everywhere, yes, you already said that. Now you've found me.
Alex: *still confused, doesn't know why she is behaving like that* Uhm, yes, I have. *looks at the couple*
Michael: I'm not gonna help you, I don't know what you wanted to her.
Molly: So if you don't need me anymore, I'll go to find some place to cry, if you don't mind. *looks like leaving*
Alex: *collect himself* No, no, please don't! I know what I wanted. I wanted to talk to you about why you are so sad.
Molly: What do you mean?
Alex: *confused again* Well. . . you know. . . uhm. . .
Jay: *to Michael* That will take a long time.
Michael: Agreed.
Molly: *sighs* Alex, I'm having a really difficult time these days, you know, and this really doesn't help.
Alex: Yes, I know. . . uhm, no, actually. . . *takes a deep breath* Just give me a minute, OK? Sit here *makes her sit on a bench or ground and sits beside her* and I'll try it. So, I asked Ruth why you are

so sad and she said that you are in love with me. Is that right?
Molly: *has a look at Michael and Jay, then back to Alex* Yes, I'm . . . in love with you . . . have been for a long time, actually.
Alex: *relieved* Really? Why didn't you suggest something? *Maybe Michael and Jay can start laughing, but not necesarilly*
Molly: But I. . . *gives up* Never mind. Lots of work, that was it.
Alex: *satisfied with the answer* I see. But it's a pity, because actually I've admired you for a very long time.
Molly: Really? So. . . you love me?
Alex: Love you. . . eee. . . yes,I do. You know, I always watched how you play with Ben in the playground and I said to myself, "Self, this is truly a nice girl."
Molly: You did?
Alex: Yes. And I always thought that I would like to go there and play with you and Ben.
Molly: That's so sweet, Alex. Maybe you could be a good father after all. Or a good brother, at least.
Michael: Seems to me there will be a double wedding.
Jay: Hey! What a great idea! *Molly and Alex are not paying attention to them.*
Molly: So do you think we could. . . *waits for Alex to finish the sentence, hoping he will propose*
Alex: *confused*. . . love each other?
Molly: That's what we agreed we do. But I meant that we could . . .
Alex: *confused*. . . date each other?
Molly: *sighs* Yes, of course, but Alex . . . I meant we could marry each other.
Alex: Uhm . . . sure, why not?
Molly: OK, so could you . . . *aside* You know, I always imagined it would be like in the romantic films Ruth lent me. . .
Michael nudges Alex.
Michael: Kneel and propose to her, you jerk.
Alex: Oh, I see. But I don't have a ring.
Jay takes from his pocket some kind of elastic band and gives it to Alex
Jay: Here, use this.
Alex: OK. *Kneels in front of Molly, she's all happy* So, Molly. . .
Michael: . . .Judith Elizabeth Esmeralde Gordon.
Alex: What?
Michael: *whisper* That's her name. Repeat it!
Alex: I see. So, Molly Judith Elis. . . whatever Gordon. Will you marry me?
Molly: Oh, of course! Of course I will, Alex! *throws herself around his neck; they kiss.*
Jay: So a double wedding it is.
Michael: Let's go to the church to check which dates are available.
Jay: I'm definitely going to wear a white tuxedo. Maybe with violet flowers. . .
Michael: Hey, that's what I wanted to wear! *leave stage*
Maybe Ben could cry in the background, so the two stop kissing and go to comfort him.

Scene 19

Nastasja comes on stage. She is sad, angry, crying.
Nastasja: I hate men. I hate this world. It is so unfair. (*takes a biscuit from her pocket and starts eating it*)
Sophie comes and sees Nastasja who does not notice her as she is too busy eating and crying.
Sophie: Why is everybody so sad today? It must be caused by solar flares.
Sophie: Hi. Um, can I join you? May I ask why you are crying? What's wrong?
Nastasja: You would not understand. You are just a little girl.
Sophie: Well, you could always try. I am not adult yet but maybe. just maybe, I will know what to do…
Nastasja: No, you wooon't (*crying*) These are adult problems . . . about . . . relationships. I mean, men.
Sophe: Oh. OK. Continue.
Nastasja: It is just all so embarrassing.
Sophie: Oh come on. I think you are just very hurt and disappointed because you gave your love to the wrong person.
Nastasja: Oh, yes. He did not deserve it - he does not deserve it.
Sophie: But you have the right to be loved, right? You deserve to receive true feelings.
Nastasja: Oh, yes! You are so great!
Sophie: Everybody needs somebody that loves them.
Nastasja: Exactly
Sophie: I mean anybody, any human being . . .
Nastasja: Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!
Sophie: And it does not even have to be a man, right . . .
Nastasja: oh yes - WHAT???? (*realizing what she has just agreed with*) Oh no, oh no, oh no! That's not possible with me. I could not date a w – I can barely say the word…
Sophie: Just calm down and look at it rationally. You are disappointed in men. You are a nun. That may hint that you do not have any sexual desire for men. Maybe, if you tried, you would be much more happy . . . with a woman . . .
Nastasja: Well, I admit that I really get on well with women but could it mean that I am a lesbian too? (*is searching in her pocket for more sweets but she finds a nice apple instead*)
Well, that is a nice apple. It is much better for me than all that cookies. Gerardine and I are really good friends. Maybe there could be more in it . . .but it needs time . . . what if she doesn't feel the same? Maybe she'd want to be just friends. Maybe I could help her with her business and get to know her better . . . Yes! Why ever not? Oh Sophie! I have a reason to live again! You are perfect!
Sophie: Oh no, you have come to the right solution on your own. I just listened and was here.
Nastasja: I am gonna find Gerardine . . . and tell her about my feelings.
Sophie: OK, go. good luck!
Nastasja leaves, Sophie smiles, lights fade

Scene 20

Next to Tony's Bakery Insane screaming in the background
Slim Jim: Bastardo! You wanted to burn down my bakery, but nobody burns MY bakery *in deep voice*. Now I'll burn down yours *insane laugh*. . .I'll show you how to do that *runs through the stage with torch and laughs insanely. . .bakery is burning, smoke is visible*
Gertrude: Fire! Fire! Tony's bakery's on the fire! Help!
Robbie: What?!
Ruth: What fire again? Could it be possible? So many fires in one week! Are you sure?
Slim Jim *runs from one side to the other with the torch with which he has burnt down the bakery and shouting while he is running*: Nessuno me lo ficca in culo!
Nastasja and Gerrardine enter
Gerrardine: What's going on? Why is there the smoke everywhere?

Nastasja: I saw Slim Jim running along with a mad face and he was carrying a torch in his hand. What's that supposed to mean?
Gertrude: He just burnt down the Tony's bakery. . .and he nearly hurt my goats. . .I thought he wanted to kill them. . .
Jay and Michael enter
Jay: Jesus Christ, what a horrible smell!
Michael: Jay, beware what you're saying! What happened here?
Tony *runs in*: My bakery *tears his hair, mad look*. . .my bakery. . .it's gone. . *.starts crying*
Gertrude: Oh, you poor thing! I always knew that something like that would happen. . .No one ever saw two brothers fighting so much.
Tony: If it weren't for your stupid gossip, maybe nothing like that would ever have happened. . . *madly*
Nastasja: What gossip? ... If it weren't for men who always want to fight there would be peace and all women would be happy.
Michael: . . .but what would we all do without men? ...
Ruth: We would be just fine without them. . .there's nothing we couldn't do on our own. . .
Robbie: What?
Gerrardine: Yeah, Ruth is right! Tell me ONE thing that women can't do without men's help!
*Molly and Alexandros enter hand in han*d
Alexandros *stupidly*: You wouldn't be able to have children without us. . ..right darling?
Molly: *gives him "the look"* Oh, shut up!
Slim Jim enters
Slim Jim *angrily*: Now you have what you wanted. Bastardo! What did you think you were doing? Wanted to burn down my bakery??? Ha?
Tony: I would never put my hands into such dirt. Where did you get this idea from? *shouting angrily* Nobody even enters you bakery anyway.
Slim Jim: Everybody's talking about it . . . they saw the smoke. . . and there was also that smell of burnt muffins!
Tony: Ooooh, don't make excuses to the smoke or the things that people were saying! YOU DID IT ON PURPOSE! ADMIT IT! You were just envious that my bakery was prospering! And now . . . *looks behind him where used to be his bakery* you ruined everything that I established here! *slowly turning his face to his brother* You ruined me, you ruined my business, YOU RUINED MY FAMILY! *shouting with the voice of madness* NOW I AM GONNA RUIN YOU! *saying a bit quietly* I will kill you. . .oh I SWEAR TO GOD THAT I WILL KILL YOU BASTARDO!
Tony hurls himself upon surprised Slim Jim and they start to fight. . .Jay, Micheal and Alexandros are trying to separate them from each other, all women are hysterically screaming
Tony and Jim's children *crying and screaming*: Daddy, daddy! Stop! What ya doin'?
Sophie enters
Sophie: People stop! What is wrong with you all? Why are you acting like fools?
Gertrude: The reason is fire! A fire that Tony intended to light in Slim Jim's bakery and now Jim burnt Tony's bakery in revenge!
Sophie: A fire at Slim Jim's? . . .I haven't heard about it . . .
Ruth: Yeah, right at Slim Jim's! I could clearly see the smoke outside and there was also that smell of burnt muffins!
Sophie: But ... but it was not ANY intention to burn down the bakery! My mum was baking muffins for my birthday, but she was never good at cooking and she just burnt them as usual . . . so that was the cause of smoke and that smell.
Everybody is surprised, looking at Sofie
Sophie: People! Look around you! What do you see? Lies, hypocrisy, insincerity, gossiping, rumors. And now look at yourselves, because you are always looking for the one that you can blame in somebody else thinking that it doesn't concern you. But who spread all of those rumors and lies? EACH ONE of YOU assists with your own lies in the path to this big one. You nearly made criminals from polite and innocent people! Who is the one who should be blamed?! Let he who is without sin cast the first stone. Isn't it so, father? Isn't that written in the Bible? But a lie has no legs, the truth will always unfold. Who once lied is believed by no one even if a thousand times the truth is told. I hope that there, inside of you, is still something good and that you will learn your lessons from this miserable event because honesty is always the best policy.
Everybody mumbling: Yeah . . . she is right! ... *Etc.*
Robbie: Why we didn't we realize it earlier? Stupid meaningless gossip.
Ruth: We could have avoided this great disaster! Now we can see what problems listening to gossip can bring. It is so wrong.
Jim: Oh ... my ... god! What have I done? ... *Turns to Tony* Tony ... Tony ... I am so ... so ... sorry ... I didn't know ... I ...
Tony *sadly*: I ... I forgive you brother!
Michael: People! Let pull together and help Tony to build a new bakery!
Everybody: YEAH!
Everybody leaves except for Ruth, Robbie and Gertrude. They sit on the bench. Gertrude is bit bored, looking from one side to the other. All of them are quiet for a while looking on the ground, then Gertrude looks at Robbie and Ruth
Gertrude: Do you know what I heard?
All eager to hear the news - "tell us, tell us".
Lights out.
The end.