

cheap garments. This tattered dress that I am wearing was my mother's. She gave it to me before we left. Before the trip. Before we left the old country.

YETTA. That was many years ago.

LENA. My sister was barely old enough to comprehend.

FOREMAN. Get to work!

ALL WOMEN. Work!

FOREMAN. Work, work, work, work!

ALL WOMEN. Work, work, work, work!

VINCENZA. From the outside this tall magnificent structure looked—

FOREMAN. Strong.

VINCENZA. When in reality it was—

LENA. Fragile.

TESSA. Like the shell of an egg.

YETTA. Mother was—

LENA. Weak. Was always trembling. Her mind was tough but her body was—

YETTA & LENA. Brittle.

YETTA. I can barely remember my mother. She did not smile often.

LENA. We came to America. And that made her very—

YETTA. Sad. There was joy inside, but at the same time ... Utter sadness.

LENA. My mother's eyes were sapphire ... deep oceans. I can see them piercing through water into the atmosphere, she sees me. Between the rusty clay of the setting sun, my mother's eyes glow outward across the skyscape.

YETTA. My father loved her very much. But my mother's eyes ...

LENA. My mother's eyes. Inside her saddened eyes there was a place of maternal comfort that I carry with me, with my sister. Within the rim of her iris is where I live now. VINCENZA. Last evening, I met a man ... Garcalanco.

*(The FOREMAN transforms into GARCELANCO. They act out the scene VINCENZA describes.)*

VINCENZA. He hailed from Sorrento. Six feet tall, chestnut colored hair, the most impressive amethyst eyes. How striking he is! Arm in arm we strolled, as we turned the corner around Thirteenth Street. My heart, for the first time in my life, felt the strange elation I had only known from literature. I began to pull ahead down the sidewalk, but Garcalanco held me back in a ... sensitive sort of manner. *(Smiles. Beat.)* We walked along the storefront until we stopped at one. We looked up. "Mazzarino's Italian Food." Beneath the red and green painted sign he confidently approached the large glass window and waved his hand. In an instant ... a flicker of light. I looked up at this gorgeous stranger whose arm I had clutched, as if to hold on forever. He smiled down at me. My face flushed but I managed to smile back. Then, Mr. Mazzarino opened the door and welcomed his only customers for the evening as we sat down at a table for two. He closed the front door. We were the only people in the restaurant that evening. During dinner, we laughed and smiled, and I stared into this man's beautiful face. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Mazzarino smiling. He turned off the kitchen lights and walked right out the back. And just like that. We were alone—

GARCELANCO. Alone.

VINCENZA. Alone.