**THE GIANTS FROM THE MOUNTAIN**

MILORDINO: Oh, oh! People coming! People coming here! Quick, thunder and lightning and the green tongue, the green tongue on the roof!

LA SGRICIA: Help! Help! People coming here! What people, Milordino, what people?

QUAQUÈO: In the evening? If it were daytime, I’d believe it. Maybe they have got lost. Now they’ll turn back; you’ll see.

MILORDINO: No, no. They are really coming this way. They are many they are ten.

QUAQUÈO: So many. They must be brave.

LA SGRICIA: The lightning?! The lightning?!

DOCCIA: The lightning is expensive.

DOCCIA: They must be people going up the mountain.

QUAQUÈO: Eh, no. It looks as if they are coming here. And, there is also a woman.

MILORDINO: Mara-Mara go on lightning.

MARA-MARA: Here I am! Here I am! They must be afraid of the Scot! Oh, enlighten me from the roof! I don’t want to break my neck!

LA SGRICIA: Do they stop? Do they turn back?

QUAQUÈO: Call Cotrone!

DOCCIA: Cotrone, Cotrone!

LA SGRICIA: He has the gout!

COTRONE: What is it? Oh, you are afraid and you would be scared?!

MILORDINO: They are more than ten!

QUAQUÈO: No, they are eight, they are eight: I have counted them! With the woman!

COTRONE: And be cheerful! Is there also a woman? Will she be a dethroned queen? Is she naked?

QUAQUÈO: Naked? No, she didn’t look naked to me.

COTRONE: Naked, you fool! A naked woman, breasts free and red hair spread out like blood in a tragedy!

LA SGRICIA: And they are still coming up?

MILORDINO: Stop lightning! It is useless. They are coming here.

COTRONE: Mara, come here, Mara! It is useless. If they’re not frightened, it means that we won’t have troubles. The villa is big enough. Oh, hold on a moment! Did you say that they were eight?

QUAQUÈO: Yes, eight, it looked to me.

DOCCIA: Did you count them?

QUAQUÈO: Eight, yes, eight.

COTRONE: So they are a few.

QUAQUÈO: Eight, you think that eight are a few.

COTRONE: Maybe because some of them have disbanded.

LA SGRICIA: You mean they are bandits?

COTRONE: Bandits, my foot! Shut up. Nothing is impossible for the mad. Maybe it’s them.

DOCCIA: Them! Who?

QUAQUÈO: Here they are.

CROMO: Ah, thank you, my friends. We are at the end of our journey.

DOCCIA: Thank you? For what?

CROMO: For the signals you sent out to show our destination.

COTRONE: That’s it, them. It’s really them.

BATTAGLIA: This lady was wonderful. She was brave with her umbrella and the lightning, you are really lovely.

MILORDINO: They enjoyed it.

COTRONE: Are you the Company of the Countess?

CROMO: Yes, here we are

DOCCIA: The Company?

DIAMANTE: Yes, we are the pillars and this is the Countess.

COTRONE: Welcome.

COTRONE: And the Countess?

COUNT: Yes, she is very tired.

CROMO: Where are the hotels?

BATTAGLIA: And the restaurants?

DIAMANTE: And the theatre where we would act?

OFFSTAGE VOICES: Go on! We have arrived! Gently, gently now; not too hard!

CROMO: This is the Countess!

MILORDINO: Oh, my God, how she is pale…

MARA-MARA: She seems dead

SPIZZI: Silence!

ILSE: Listen to my tale,

believe in my tears, the tears of a mother for a disgrace, for a disgrace…

They all smile,

also educated people see me cry and they aren’t moved…,

on the contrary, they are annoyed,

and they yell at me “Stupid! Stupid!”, because they can’t believe it’s true

that my dear son,

my lovely child…

But you must believe me now;

for here I bring you witnesses;

poor mothers all of them, like me,

neighbors, who know each other well and know

that this is true.

ILSE: The Women…the Women…

MILORDINO: How well she performed!

LA SGRICIA: Pity, she stopped, I was enjoying it.

DOCCIA: Especially hearing them laugh together like that.

QUAQUÈO: You see I was right; it’s true, isn’t it?

COTRONE: Of course it’s true. They are acting. What else do you expect? After all, they are theatre people.

COUNT: For heaven’s sake, don’t say that.

ILSE: Why shouldn’t he say it? Let him say it! I like to hear it.

COTRONE: Forgive me, I meant no offence.

ILSE: Theatre people, yes theatre people by blood, by birth.

COUNT: No, for God’s sake, what are you saying?

ILSE: Yes, dragged down with me, from his marble palaces to wooden sheds! And even in the public square, out in the square! Where are we now? Lumachi, where are you? Lumachi? Go and sound the trumpet. Let’s see if we can get a bit of a crowd. Oh God! Where are we now? Where are we?

COTRONE: Have no fear, Countess, you are among friends.

CROMO: She is feverish. Delirious.

QUAQUÈO: Is she really a countess?

COUNT: Yes, she is.

COTRONE: Shut up, Quaquèo!

MARA-MARA: Well if you don’t tell us anything…

DOCCIA: To us they seem crazy.

COUNT: We were directed to you.