

DAT'S AMORE!

by Ken Bradbury



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(although this duet is written with two male names, the characters can be easily adapted for female characterizations. The scene is the studio of television station WAWA. Biff Martin, general manager, is on the phone.)

BIFF: You what?! You can't come in today?! Look Rocky, I've got five minutes 'til news! You can't do that! *(listens)* Sore throat? You're talkin' to me, aren't you? I don't care if it hurts! Who's gonna do the weather? Listen Rocky-baby, this television station, WAWA, has the top-rated news show in the tri-state area and it's mostly because the ladies just love that gorgeous weatherman, Rocky Storm. You can't do this to me! *(listens)* You do? Ten sick days a year? Who put that in the contract? *(listens)* I did? I must have been out of my mind. Well, what are we supposed to do on five minutes' notice? "Excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen but due to Rocky Storm's sore throat, there will be no weather today." Rocky? *(hears nothing on the other end of the line)* Rocky! Rocky you jerk! *(slams down the phone)*

MANNY: *(entering, the loud and joyous janitor at station WAWA ... Manny is from Italy and still retains the musical dialect of his home country. He enjoys his job, he enjoys life ... he enjoys every breath he takes. Manny knows nothing about television broadcasting but that doesn't stop him from feeling free to give his opinions on everything) (singing)* "When the moon-a hits your eye-a like a big-a pizza pie-a, that's Amore!"

BIFF: *(holding his head)* Manny, you're the world's best singing janitor but please ... not today.

MANNY: What's matta, boss? You gotta da headache in your brain?

BIFF: Yeh, Manny. I got a big headache in my brain. His name's Rocky Storm.

MANNY: *(happily)* Oh! Da Meester Rocky! He's a-so funny! He take-a his hair and go "spritz spritz" and Boom-a! He's on

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da air! (*imitating the overly macho Rocky giving a romantic rendition of the weather ... to an imaginary camera*) “Ello! I’m-a da great Rocky Storm! I don’t-a know tropical depression from an arm-a pit, but I’m-a so good-a lookin’, you-a just gotta love me!”

BIFF: (*smiles*) Manny, if we didn’t have a news report in five minutes, that would be hilarious.

MANNY: Hey! I-a feel-a for you, boss. But don’t worry! As my Mama always said-a, “You wait-a long enough, somethin’s a-gonna happen! May not be so good, but it’s a-gonna happen!” (*and he continues sweeping, dusting, etc.*)

BIFF: Is your mother available to do the weather this morning?

MANNY: It’d be-a hard, Boss. We buried her.

BIFF: Oh. I’m sorry.

MANNY: No. Don’t-a be. After she died, she’d-a wanted it that-a way. (*continues singing*) “When da moon-a hits your eye-a, like a big-a pizza pie-a, dat’s Amore!”

BIFF: Please, Manny. Not now. We’re down to two minutes.

MANNY: I got it!

BIFF: You got what!

MANNY: Da answer! I gotta da answer to your-a problems, Boss!

BIFF: What?

MANNY: Run da video tape of yesterday’s weather!

BIFF: Manny ...

MANNY: Hey! Rocky’s never right anyway! So what’s-a da deal?

BIFF: (*smiles*) I love you, Manny. (*looking through the papers on his desk*) Maybe we could just put a few graphics on the screen.

MANNY: (*a shocked scream*) Ah!

BIFF: (*startled by Manny’s outburst*) What?

MANNY: Grafeeeks! You can’t-a do dat, Boss! Dat’s a dirty!

BIFF: Graphics, Manny ... just a few words and pictures.

MANNY: (*covering his ears*) I can’t-a believe you a-sayin’ this!

BIFF: (*grabbing his hands*) Pictures of the weather, Manny!

MANNY: (*suddenly calm*) Oh. Dat’s a better, Boss. (*slapping Biff overly hard on the back in his friendly Italian manner*) You-a sure had me a-goin’ there, Boss!

BIFF: (*going about his business and trying to avoid another back blast from Manny*) Yeh. now I gotta get to work, Manny.

MANNY: (*suddenly hit by a thought ... a loud thought*) Hey!!!

BIFF: (*startled*) What?

MANNY: How you-a gonna do dat, Boss? You gonna draw a picture of da wind?

BIFF: No, the weather maps ... you know, lines and circles?

MANNY: Oh. (*as Biff goes back to work*) Hey!

BIFF: What Manny?

MANNY: Da wind! She's-a no lines and circles! She's a "Whoooooosh!" and-a "Craaaash!" and-a ...

BIFF: (*smiling but getting desperate*) Manny, just trust me, Ok?

MANNY: Like-a my Mama, she always say, "If you can't trust a person, den who canna you trust?"

BIFF: (*a bit stunned by this sudden revelation of ... nothing*) She uh ... she said that, did she?

MANNY: Mama, she's a smart-a woman!

BIFF: (*laughing*) Yea, Manny. She's a smart-a woman. (*moving to position an imaginary camera downstage*) Look, I'd love to chat, but we're down to one minute. I've gotta get this camera positioned on the graphics.

MANNY: How you know to do all deze tings, Boss? You're a smart-a man, you know dat?

BIFF: Just lucky, Manny. (*finishes with the camera and goes upstage to look for the weather map*) OK. Rocky-baby stands here in front the camera. Now if I can just find a few weather maps to ... (*looks at an imaginary wall clock*) ... Oh my gosh ... thirty seconds! (*begins searching frantically*) Where'd he put those ...

MANNY: (*crossing to him and putting his hands on his shoulders*) Hey Boss! I know I'm-a just da janitor but let me tell-a you someting ...

BIFF: What?

MANNY: I believe in you, Boss! You can do it!

BIFF: (*tries to politely get out of Manny's deathgrip*) Thanks Manny, but we're just about to go on the air and...

MANNY: Like-a my Mama, she always-a say to me, "Manny!" she say ...

BIFF: Manny, I've really got to



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