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## Mr. G and Sons Inc: An Exploration of My Grandfather's Legacy

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Mr. G and Sons Inc:  
An Exploration of My Grandfather's Legacy

Senior Project Submitted to  
The Division of the Arts  
of Bard College

by  
Scotty Andrew Georgetti Hindy

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York  
May 2024



### **To The Storyteller Whose Song Forever Rings In My Heart.**

Arrivederci - this is the Italian word meaning “see you later,” and it is my favorite word in the Italian language. I love the way it sounds, and the position the tongue takes when I roll the double “r”. However, the reason I feel such a connection with the word arrivederci has more to do with the manner in which I have decided to interpret the structure. Often in Italian we use the letter “i” at the end of a word to indicate plurality (specifically masculine plural), similar to the way English speakers sometimes add the letter “s” to indicate plurality (ex. eels, cousins, detectives). Although the usage of the letter “i” in the word arrivederci is not associated with the plural form in any regard, I choose to view it as such. I chose to interpret the usage of the plural ending as a way to signify a sense of infinity. The Italian word then becomes “I will see you again, and will continue to exist alongside you whenever time allows”. My sproj is not a goodbye, but rather a form of “see you later”. It is an ode to my Grandfather, and the legacy he has gifted my family. This piece is my way of showing my Grandpa that no matter how significantly life will change after he passes away, his legacy and light will remain through the people whose lives he touched. Arrivederci Nonno, ti amo per sempre. Quando il cielo chiama, divertiti con gli angeli. (I will see you again Grandpa, I love you always. When heaven calls, have fun with the angels.)







## Acknowledgements





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## **Chapter 1: Family, Context, Realization... and Maybe Somebody Gets Rear Ended?**

My story is centered on the legacy of my maternal grandfather, Julius Georgetti, and the familial relationships that surround him. For anyone viewing my piece, it is crucial to understand that I come from a very large Italian-American family, and understanding how my family functions is vital to understanding how my piece is structured. Additionally, Grandpa G. and Nana, my mother's biological parents, got divorced a couple years after Uncle Jimmy was born. Eventually, my Grandpa remarried my Grandma Carol, and with their marriage the family grew. Nana passed away of breast cancer when I was six, which resulted in my Grandfather becoming the center figure of our family. He became the hub for everything Georgetti - events, outlooks on life, as well as molding functionality. Tragedy, as ruthless as it can be, can act as a strong force in bringing people together. Out of the hardship of losing Nana, our family seemed to strengthen its communal ties. Consequently, the loss of Nana, tied with the shift in hierarchical balance, set a course that structured the communal ways in which my family operates today.

The Georgetti's, Hindy's, Crisi's, and Gilano's exist as a large and ever-expanding family that's functionality forms from varying aspects of the Italian/Irish culture that have been passed down by previous generations. This collection of defining characteristics includes: the importance of God and the Roman Catholic Church, the gift of food and its power as a love language, the commitment and significance of spending quality time with the family, The natural ability and physicality (specifically through hand gestures) of telling a story, and the understanding that unwavering support towards every member of the family is a god given right that should be respected through death and beyond. Additionally, it is necessary to recognize that these characteristics exist alongside a larger group of stereotypes that are often associated with

Italian-American families. Although my family has reframed the weaponization of these cliches and adopted positive affiliations, the era of ethnic profiling towards Italian-Americans that began during the surge of Immigrants in the early 20th century, must not be dismissed. It is also important to understand that those negative connotations still exist in the world, and as an individual who identifies as an Italian-American artist, I see a responsibility to combat and reclaim that sense of hate through my work. Consequently, when I analyze the characteristics of my family that intertwine themselves with the sense of Italian-American culture, a common thread becomes clear: all the traits are centered on community. The communal manner that pulses at the core of the Georgetti family strengthens our familial bond, creating a special cultural experience within our own Italian-American setting. Additionally, There is a form of shepherdship that naturally comes to life - we are a group of individuals whose collective instinct is to bring people together. Although this mentality is cultivated by the entire family unit, the emphasis on the strength of upholding that sense of community stems from an instinctual desire within my Grandfather to foster human connection.

Julius Georgetti, my Grandfather, was a New York City Detective, United States Marine Sergeant and Platoon leader, high school basketball coach, teacher, community leader, and founder of his very own construction company (Mr.G and Sons Inc.). He has always been one of my all time favorite superheroes, but not because of any extraterrestrial super power. His super power is his humanity, and the mechanism through which he channels that energy is storytelling. Grandpa's charisma and heart work hand-in-hand to extend a sense of connection and empathy to any "stranger" he meets. His ability to tell a story and completely capture every element of the world, while also captivating an audience's full attention whole heartedly, feels almost

supernatural. I have always thought his stories should be made into a television series due to the undeniable fact that they are incredibly grand to the point where it makes more sense to question their validity. However the reason they feel so electric is because he's honest, and that sense of truth is born from this hunger to experience life. In the simplest terms, when Grandpa tells a story, he is asking you to trust him. That willingness to give trust freely, is a mentality that my Grandpa has utilized in shaping the way our family operates. Our family has become one that holds an instinctual desire to extend a sense of community to the towns we live, the friendships we create, and the strangers we interact with everyday. Community takes on a sense of kinship that goes beyond blood and connects to anyone willing to take the leap. It lives in the mentality of sharing life, and builds a world that's trajectory focuses on experiencing human connection that will generate a legacy throughout the art of storytelling. Those stories then become the fabric that holds our ever-expanding family together, and informs the way we share our existence. Moreover, regardless of how my sproj was going to christylez, I knew that sense of honesty in storytelling was guaranteed to emerge because of the strength of which it had been weaved into my DNA by influence of my Grandpa. I genuinely believe fate had been pulling strings in order to entice me into writing this story for the past four years of college, and it has just been biding its time until I had the realization.

May 2020 covid-19 erupted and set the world into complete pandemonium, sparking a period of time that has left lasting repercussions on the way society functions as whole. One would hope and pray that a mass murdering epidemic would be the extent of horrible tragedies that would occur in that period of time. However, sometimes life can throw a mean curveball when you least expect. Two weeks into the mania that accompanied worldwide quarantine, my

family learned that my Grandfather had been diagnosed with a volatile form of prostate cancer. The doctor's were still in the process of assessing his life span, but because he was a 76 year old man who also suffered from gout, type 1 diabetes, and a plethora of other medical issues that left his body in a constant state of decay, they were not optimistic. The diagnosis put him in the severely immunocompromised category, which guaranteed contracting covid-19 a death sentence at the time. He was unable to receive chemo because the hospitals were overrun with the epidemic, so over the next couple of months we watched as the cancer began to infest his body. Everyday came with a new found sense of terrifying, and the worst part was that we were helpless. We were all stranded in the ocean with no life preserver or boat, and no one coming to rescue us. Eventually, my Grandpa began treatment sometime in that next six month period, which sparked a roller coaster ride that has been running for almost five years. In that time I witnessed the stoic masculinity of my Grandfather get beaten and wither away as the cancer aggressively metastasized into the rest of his body, eventually infecting his bones and lymph nodes. The cancerous dance that occurred during chemo led only to pain and suffering, leaving him completely codependent on my Grandma Carol. Although the treatment and effects on his physical body were agonizing, the most tragic aspect of the whole situation was the way in which he became isolated from the part of his life that brought him purpose - community. He went from the famous Mr.G who was always on the lookout to help the town he loved, to helpless Mr. G humiliated by wearing adult diapers and being strapped to a recliner chair to live out the remainder of his days. It truly has been the most heartbreaking aspect of this infectious monster that leached onto my Grandfather's life. However, despite everything, my Grandpa never gave up hope. His mind was still sharp, and his will power prevailed. He still had his grand

stories, in fact after almost 23 years of being his audience member, he started sharing new stories! He leaned into his family, and it gave him the strength to keep fighting. It wasn't until this past summer where the cancer finally started chipping away at his mind.

My Uncle Jimmy, Grandpa's son, has a beach house in Virginia Beach, and every year since he bought it we get together at the house for a family reunion to celebrate Grandpa's Birthday. He looks forward to that quality family time annually, and in the past couple years it has been the fuel that keeps him fighting. However, this past summer marked the first time we had to cancel the trip due to his cancer, and it was devastating. Grandpa tried to barrel through his last round of chemo hoping to be completed and recovered by the reunion. That plan backfired horribly, his body couldn't handle the growing intensity of the chemo, and he ended up in rehab fighting for his life. Additionally, death and this concept of things coming to an end seemed to be a very present theme in my life that summer. Around the first week in June a very close family friend, Susan Dearman, passed away from lymphoma. Her son Zack is one of my best friends, and as a result she became a second mother to me. It was not long after meeting the Dearmans that we came to love and support them as members of our family, and Susan became my Mother's closest friend as well. She had been battling for almost 4 years, and similar to my Grandpa, the chemo made her body too weak. Susan passed away two days before her oldest son's wedding, and it was heartbreaking. I was in Utah when my mother called to tell me the news. I listened as she sobbed over the phone, and I was helpless to comfort her. I never got to say goodbye, and that will haunt me forever. The last conversation we had was over facetime during a game night they had all set up, and in the heat of everything we really only got a check-in moment. If I had known that a week later she would pass away, I would have held onto

that phone for longer. Her son's wedding was gorgeous, but also unbelievably somber. I will never forget the strength her family showed, and the spirit of her they kept alive because of that strength. They had a short service the morning of the wedding, and then everyone came together for the ceremony mid afternoon. The day after the wedding Jame and I flew to the Florida Keys to work at a Boy Scout High Adventure Camp named Florida Sea Base, so there really wasn't much time to process. About two weeks into Sea Base was when my mother called to inform us that Grandpa was in rehab due to complications with the chemo, similar to Susan. We got the news midday in between crew rotations, and didn't end up compartmentalizing it until half way through the 2 mile run I went on to clear my head. I remember all of the sudden a severe thunderstorm rolled in, and it started down pouring while I was running. I don't know exactly how to explain what happened, but the stars aligned and My brain was suddenly racing through all the anxieties I had towards death: Susan's death surfaced, the reality of my Grandfather's mortality become undeniable, the thought of living in a world without my best friend who suffers from clove syndrome, my brother decided to go cold turkey on his depression meds and was battling through suicidal thoughts - I was asked not to tell anyone else in my family, my boyfriend was spiraling out of control in Utah, suddenly the idea of sproj seemed impossible, and I was also still in the closet to most of my family. As I ran through the storm my brain spiraled, my chest tightened, my body started trembling, my vision became hazy, breathing became a task, and right there on the side of the Overseas highway I had my first crippling panic attack. I stumbled in the bushes sobbing, and hit the ground almost immediately. I was alone, drenched, had no control over my body, and had no knowledge of how to break the attack. Thinking back about that moment, it was pivotal in pushing me towards dedicating my Sproj to my Grandfather.



It was the first time my body allowed my consciousness to process the fact that my hero couldn't live forever, and suddenly I found myself trying to piece together some sort of idea of what my family would look like without him. I didn't know how to process that idea, because even with the reality of it staring me in the face, the idea of him not existing as a part of our family unit seemed so impossible. Eventually, I realized that I was not alone in my internal conflict after traveling to see my family in New York a week later. After the news of my Grandfather's condition, we shifted the family reunion to my Uncle's house in New York for Grandpa's 80th birthday. We ended up convincing the rehab center to let him out for a couple hours, and he had the time of his life. We spent the entire day reconnecting with each other, grilling and making food, telling stories, and celebrating Grandpa. Although it wasn't at the beach like he originally imagined, it was everything he had hoped for because he was surrounded by his family.

Additionally, I remember there was this specific magical moment which eventually sparked the chain reaction that led to my proj. We were all outside surrounding Grandpa eating cake, and telling stories. He was at the center of the entire family, all eyes on him, and there was talking about experiences he had within our family. I remember someone asking what everyone's favorite Grandpa story was, and people started yapping immediately. Grandpa, sitting at the center of the family, actually stopped talking. I watched him as we went from person to person sharing memories, puzzle piecing stories together, and reminiscing about Grandpa's greatest hits. Everyone was crying or laughing, and he just sat there doe eyed with a smile on his face from ear to ear. It felt like I was at a celebration of life, only Grandpa was still alive. At that moment, I looked around at the four generations of my family, and realized his legacy for what it always has been - his family. All of the stories come back to the people in his life he considered

family, or the community he holds so deep in his heart. Although he lived so many lives within his one life, at the end of it all the most important experience of that life was the family he built. I could see it in his eyes as he started tearing up. He shifted his hands around ever so slightly, and the room silenced. Grandpa then gave a full speech about the significance of his family, and how much that sense of community meant to him. I remember him saying something along the lines of, “I’m blessed because I am here with my family, and that is what truly matters”. At that moment, I knew I wanted to share that sense of community with my peers. Not only did I begin to wonder how a sproj about my family would form, I was certain that the story I needed to tell needed to be one that built community for both the actors, and the audience.



Four Generations of Georgetti on Grandpa's 80th Birthday. This is the goofy photo. It is one of my favorite photos, and speaks true to the dynamic of my family.

Three weeks after Grandpa's 80th birthday, I finally had my sproj epiphany. I had returned a week early to New York to take a trip with my boyfriend for a week in Ithaca NY, and had to stop at my Grandfather's to pick up my car before Clay arrived at the train station. I had a couple hours to burn, so I hung out with Grandpa for a while listening to some of his stories. In

the past 4 years I have noticed that he has been narrowing in on a collection of stories that come from a very specific area of his life when he was a New York City Detective, Sargent in the Marine Corps, or student in high school in college. Additionally, we are sitting in his living room as the tv is playing an old movie musical (one of his favorite movie genres). He was telling me a classic Grandpa NYC detective story about his partner Jimmy Donovan, and how they were going to check on some perps at a bar. All of the sudden, in the middle of his story, I started getting visions of my show based on the story he was telling: jazz dance, colors of lights in specific moments, speakeasy Irish bar, this idea of bouncing around different stories, etc. Out of nowhere, the concept for my sproj just popped into my head. My sproj needed to be about Grandpa, and the legacy that he has cultivated within our family, especially as it relates to the gift he has for storytelling. I was flooded with Ideas, to the point where I had to pretend to go to the bathroom so I could stop him talking and voice memo my ideas. I knew immediately that genre, specifically portrayed through film, was going to play a huge role in the physicality and overall presentation of my piece. Movies like James Bond, Singing in the Rain and The GodFather started becoming references that carried a certain essence within the initial vision of my piece. I left Grandpas in an artistic frenzy, and picked up Clay at the train station 20 minutes later to head to Ithaca. I was beyond excited to see him because we work very well together when creating theatre, and I needed someone who was gonna challenge my thoughts in order to push me forward. On our way there, he became my sounding board, and this idea of passing legacy became so much stronger. Through our conversation we reached the conclusion that documentary theatre needed to be the medium in which I explored this family, and the theatricalization of Grandpa's stories meant letting the honesty and physicality of the interviews

determine the trajectory of the script. Moreover, it is important to note that at this point in time we were driving in bumper to bumper traffic headed over a bridge, and I had never driven in bumper to bumper traffic. The flood of sproj ideas rushing through my head, and the excitement of breaking through my artist block had me slightly blinded. I was a bit distracted while we were stopped, and made the stupid decision to lean over and Kiss Clay - BOOM! I fully rear ended the car in front of me. Everyone was fine, I didn't hit the car hard because there was barely a scratch. However, we still did the whole pullover, exchange insurances, and get on with our merry lives. After the interaction, I remember jumping in the car and saying out loud, "Well that's one hell of a story for the moment I realized my Sproj," which further solidified my desire to write this project. Point being, this legacy of storytelling that my grandfather imparted onto our daily comes from the honesty of experiencing life and sharing that excitement with whoever will listen. Sitting there laughing on the side of the road with my boyfriend, in shock because I just rear ended a car, was an experience that would eventually become a story I told to people. In the future, that story will probably become part of my legacy, which follows that cycle of storytelling that captured the communal essence of my Grandfather.

## Chapter Two: The Transition From Work-In-Progress Festival to Sproj Festival

The first step in the creation of this project was the Work-in-Progress festival (WIP). In this first iteration, my final goal was to embody my grandfather, and focus on capturing his essence as a human being and storyteller. Originally, I was hoping to create a piece that would resemble the final iteration in the Spring festival; however, I was heavily involved in the fall mainstage Noh theatre production of Migration playing the Shite (the lead role in Noh Theatre). The role demanded almost all of my time, and the work was very rigorous both physically and mentally. Consequently, Working on Migration at the same time as Sproj reoriented the way in which I decided to approach my project in the WIP. Specifically, I was inspired by the Noh rehearsal process. Noh theatre has a very specific rehearsal process determined by the master teaching the art form, and the school of which they learned. Through the process of migration, my teachers focused on the technique of imitation and mirroring in order to learn dances, songs, and stylized speech. Depending on what aspect of the show we were working on I would either sit across from them or follow closely behind them in order to imitate the sound of their voice or trajectory of the movement. Once I could master the art of imitation, I could then use the knowledge and allow my body to form its own iterations of the character's movements and voice. When I stepped on stage for the first time as Akebono, I had never felt more connected to the humanity of a character, or more synchronized with my voice and body. Akebono and I were connected, and I became a tool for *her* to utilize in sharing *her* story.

That sense of connection was something I wanted to bring to my Sproj, and pushed me to focus my fall piece on imitation and embodiment. I implemented the technique that I learned

from my directors, Jubilth and Chris in order to focus on discovering and understanding the mechanics of my Grandfather. I used a video interview of my Grandfather telling one of his stories, and I sat across from it as if he was my teacher. I learned his body movements and accent simply by observing and mimicking the way he told this story. I found specific gestures that stuck out to me, and focused intently on understanding the specificity as it related to his humanity. Once I felt confident in the connection I had created with the physical and vocal embodiment work, I then started exploring how those elements of my Grandfather could take root in my own body and mind. Additionally, the structure of my piece followed a similar trajectory of migration rehearsals by implementing the same idea of imitation to iteration. In the end, I chose to spend the first chunk of the WIP performance mimicking my grandfather's movement and voice as a storyteller, so I could eventually shift into my own voice and body to tell one of his stories as an embodied version of my Grandfather.

In order to accomplish my goals with the WIP performance of imitating my grandfather using Noh theater techniques, I decided to project the video interview I had been rehearsing with on the cyc and perform in front of it. The story from the interview, which I will call the Jimmy Donovan story, is one of his favorites, and follows him and his partner looking for perps in a bar during his time as a detective for the NYPD. I could then explore the imitation of his mannerisms, while the audience attached themselves to the reality of his existence. I felt that the audience needed to see him in order to understand him as a human, as well as experience the specificity in the way he tells stories.

In order to further capture the essence of my Grandpa, I modeled the set off of his living room, and threw in elements of his life that represented themes I was planning to include in my

Spring piece. For example, there were two stacks of movies on stage because my Grandfather is a huge movie buff. I knew that whatever form I was gonna use to bring his stories to life, part of it would definitely draw on cinematic elements. In the stack I included movies from some of his favorite genres: movie musicals, oldies, action, and even spy films. These movie genres ended up being crucial in structuring the world of my piece in the spring.

Furthermore, in the final section of my ten minute WIP piece I used a monologue from one of my grandpa's interviews where he emphasized the importance of truth in storytelling. I used this monologue to transition from embodying Grandpa into returning back to myself. This moment was important in exploring the idea of legacy, and imparting his specific ability to tell stories. The monologue also hints at the necessity of storytelling, which - by returning back to myself - I used to subtly hint at the severity of why I needed to share that one element of my Grandpa's legacy with the audience. Focusing on this one story of his time as a detective was essential in fully embodying my grandfather; however, the overall question of my piece, how will my Grandfather's legacy impact our family after he passes away, seemed to get slightly lost when the content of the Jimmy donovan story was focused completely on employment. After the feedback received from the WIP festival, I realized that in order to theatricalize one of his stories in a way that truly explores the question of his legacy, interviews with my family needed to play a larger role in my process.

My primary focus over winter break was completing interviews, and I had a very small window to make it happen because I also had to make major headway into the writing process. I scheduled and conducted eight interviews over a three day period, which resulted in around 24 hours worth of footage that took about a week to analyze. I allowed for each interview to take its

own form, yet still had some set questions to keep the conversation focused on my objectives. Some of my questions include: Can you tell me a Grandpa story? How would you define Grandpa's relationship to the family? What is Grandpa's Legacy? What will this family look like when he is gone?

Conducting and analyzing these interviews helped me reconnect with the things that drove me to create the project in the first place. It also gave me a new sense of discovery because I was learning new information with every interview, especially since those interviews stretched across multiple generations. As I tediously analyzed each video, I began to recognize themes and patterns threading together in ways that connected back to the Italian-American identity within my family. This was a concept that felt distant from my WIP project, due to my choice to solely focus on Grandpa's legacy in terms of his storytelling.

The shift began when specific moments during the interviews I was conducting started coming to life in my imagination as people described their memories. I realized that my Grandfather's ability to capture experiences in such a detailed and extravagant manner was only one aspect of his living imprint, which could not exist without its counterpart - the other half of his legacy being his family and the structure that was built from his desire to create community. Additionally, when asked the question of legacy, every member answered with either the strength and size of his family or his ability to live through the world of his stories. Comparing their interviews to my Grandfather's pushed me away from the idea of theatricalizing his legacy through one linear narrative. It wasn't until I analyzed my Grandma Carol's interview that I realized, in order to explore his legacy in a manner that felt truthful to the impact he had on my life, I needed to completely reorient the structure of my piece:



“I think that the person he was as a NYC detective is the person, that person...that persona, is the person he would want to be most remembered as. It was admirable. I’m not talking about all these stories that he rehashes, but that personality of being In charge.. And I don’t mean bossy, I mean In charge. I always felt that when there was an emergency, he was like the guy I wanted on my team. I knew that he was going to step up and handle it, and he was gonna handle it well, and he was gonna deal with people well. He was gonna do it right, so that in my opinion would be the person that I think he would most want to be remembered as, and that I would most remember him as... and the part of him that I miss the most.”

~ Carol Georgetti

My Grandma made the argument that this strong, admirable idea of himself as a NYC detective is the version of himself that he wants people to remember. In all these stories he’s either the hero or the charming James Bond type that always has a trick up his sleeve. There is always a punchline or funny quip, and there is never a dull moment. There is truth in my Grandma’s statement, which helps explain why my Grandfather has been so hyper focused on sharing stories from that era. Of all of my interviews, she was the first person to make the clear distinction between his choice of a legacy as this persona, and the reality of his legacy as it relates to his family and the way they choose to see his impact. This sense of tension between these two versions of himself became the grounding I formatted my script upon.

As a result, when constructing my script I decided to play between two worlds: Grandpa’s heightened world that is centered on this NYC detective persona within his stories which is juxtaposed by this sense of reality that comes from memories that my family shares about my Grandfather. I use the Jimmy Donovan story that inspired my sproj as a framework to explore this heightened reality. It is told three different times, in three completely different ways. The first Bar story is the most heightened version; how I imagine what my grandfather was like in his wildest dreams and greatest fantasies. It was necessary to make the scene over the top and dramatic because it was sets up the world he lives in for the audience. The whole show takes place in the same bar, however, the set pieces are utilized differently when we switch between

both worlds. All of the bar scenes lean heavily into genre, specifically in a cinematic sense. In bar scene one, I chose to lean into some of my Grandpa's favorite movie genres. For example, The whole vibe of the first scene emulates a 1950's James bond movie musical radio show styled in a film noir setting. There is no dialogue in the first scene, as I wanted to focus on dance and fight choreo given that movie musicals and action movies are my Grandpa's favorite genres of films. I used the James Bond theme song, paired with a radio announcer off stage narrating as the cast brings the story to life, to create the kind of film noir detective atmosphere. I used very dramatic lighting to emphasize the heightened nature of the first scene, and bring focus to certain important characters. Moreover, the purpose of Bar Scene 1 is to stretch the original story way beyond its actual reality and truth. Therefore, I used characters from other classic Grandpa stories as easter eggs that heightened the world. For instance, in the original bar story, there really isn't an evil villain, but rather just some random perp. In order to lean into this heightened world, I had to amplify that role to create a worthy adversary. Vicenza Passarello (Vinny), a drug trafficking mafia boss, is set up as Detective Julius Georgetti's greatest foe in Bar Scene One and Two. Furthermore, Vincenza is actually based on Vinny Popper, a real mafia boss that lived next door to my Grandfather's parents when he was a NYC Detective. This heightened the experience for the writing of the show, as well as my Grandfather when he was actually sitting in the audience.

Additionally, with every bar scene, we shift closer to reality in the way that the scenes deconstruct. Bar scene two still follows the same film noir essence, however the focus is shifted on the relationship between Julius Gergetti and special agent Cassandra King. Cassandra is the fantasy equivalent of my Grandma Carol. It is important to note that the roles in the bar scenes

and the roles of my family members are double cast, creating the illusion that my grandfather's family members are helping him tell the bar story. I was very intentional and specific in making the decision to pair certain characters with one actor. For example, the actor playing Uncle Jimmy will also play Detective Donovan because the relationship both have with my grandfather is very similar.

I wanted to focus on my grandpa and grandma's relationship in the second bar scene for two reasons. The idea of a secret agent woman feeds into this James Bond theme of having a sexy badass female counterpart — and my Grandpa would absolutely envision my Grandmother in that role. Bar scene three is where the audience gets the complete deconstruction of this heightened world and shifts into reality. This is also the one moment where Grandpa breaks the fourth wall in a similar way Uncle Jimmy and my mother do in the reality scenes. The main purpose of this final scene is to give him the moment of realization that his family has been listening and helping him create these stories through the entire play; that the art of storytelling and the family he has built work symbiotically to create his legacy.

Interlaced between the first two Bar stories are scenes from the perspective of my family members. In those scenes, the cast works together to recreate memories of Grandpa in an attempt to bring the audience into the world. The first of these scenes is told from the perspective of my Uncle Jimmy, about a fishing trip Grandpa took him and his two sisters on when they were little. Structurally, we shift completely out of the stylistic world of the bar scenes, and straight into reality. The bar is then used as a tool for the family to create the next scene, of which they repurpose into a boat. It is important to note that these interluding family scenes act almost like the interviews I transcribed them from. The audience becomes the interviewer, and Uncle Jimmy

becomes the storyteller. They are presented with a question from offstage, and answer by creating the world around them in conjunction with telling of the story itself.

The second reality scene follows a similar trajectory, but instead is told from the perspective of my mother, and follows her memories dancing with her father at her sweet sixteen and again at her wedding. She talks about the impact that her father had on her life, and uses the song “To Sir, With Love” - the song she danced with him to at her wedding, which she first heard when she watched the Sidney Poitier movie of the same name with him, another homage to his love of films - to relive that moment. In the final reality scene, each family member steps forward, and in their own words answers the question of what grandpa’s legacy is. The responses range from funny to heart wrenching, but all of them speak directly to his impact.

Once I returned from Winter Break, rehearsals started right away. At the time I had not finished the entirety of the script, however, I had already cast my show, so I did not need to hold auditions. I found my rehearsal process to be influenced by several key factors, one of which was Noh theatre. Because my cast was working on embodying the essence of my family members, I taught them the same methods I learned from Migration that I utilized to embody my Grandfather. Rehearsal was not always an easy process. Scheduling was a nightmare, especially since I had a massive cast for a Sproj show. There was always someone who had a conflict, so I was constantly adjusting and making extra time to fill people in on what they missed. Somehow I cast some of the busiest people in existence, myself included. However, in an ironic way, the chaos helped the group embody my family. The members of my family all tend to overbook themselves and spread their lives very thin, however we adjust to make time for each other. We began to embody that same responsibility to quality time and the importance of making space for

the things that truly matter. Additionally, the most important aspect of my rehearsal process was making sure the communal elements of my family transferred over to the way we operated as a cast. Through this process I wanted to focus on building relationships with these people so when we got on stage we were more than a cast, we were a family. In fact, I was so adamant about that element of my project that I made it a point to refer to the cast as the family in my script.

I choose to approach rehearsal as a collaborative process. I came with blocking and ideas, but I made an effort to create a space where people felt comfortable contributing to the piece. This was especially important when we started putting scenes on their feet. Sometimes I would come to rehearsal with an idea, and it would crash and burn. Instead of throwing my hands in the air and revisiting it later, we made an effort to problem solve as a collective. This also allowed me to focus on the strengths my cast brought to the table, and utilize those skills in my piece. I wanted their essence captured in the piece alongside the essence of the family members they were portraying. For example, I knew Ilan had fight choreo experience when I cast him in my show. When approaching the fight scene, I made an effort to involve him in the choreography of the scene, and the resulting scene was ten times better than it would have been if I choreographed it alone.

Additionally, I decided that my entire cast would be active on stage through the entire show. My mentality was that we, as a family, were creating grandpa's stories, so everyone played a vital component in the creation of those stories. It was vital to the production that we operated as a family, and it was the only way to give this show the justice it deserved. The action of the play is my family actively engaging with each other, and affirming my grandpa's legacy by collaboratively telling his story alongside him. The beauty of this rehearsal process is that at

some point I ended up filling my grandfather's shoes, and they ended up acting as the community that I needed to bring this story to life. We were a family, and I could not have done any of this without them.

### **PART 3 - Reflection and Conclusion**

When I reflect on my Sproj, I am filled with so much pride with what was accomplished. Not only did the final project reach the expectations of what I set out to create, it actually went way above and beyond. That sense of accomplishment never would have happened without the team of people I had in my corner supporting me through this entire process. Furthermore, If I had to do anything differently, I would have allotted more time for the interview process and the development of the script. Completing that step earlier would have given more time to get the script solidified before the process began. I found that writing the script while I was putting the show on its feet, proved to be one of the most difficult tasks. However, it forced me to make quick decisions off of impulse, which ultimately ended up with the cast getting more opportunities to offer their input, thus creating a more collaborative space. Additionally, the most beautiful part of this whole journey was that my Grandpa was alive to witness my pieces in its final form. I was not sure that he was going to make it through the WIP festival piece, let alone my final Sproj. However, against all odds, he was sitting front and center during the matinee show smiling ear to ear. I can even put into words what that means to me, and how grateful I am that he was able to see the beautiful work we created. I don't think it was a coincidence that our best performance was the Saturday matinee. Something about having him there in the space with us brought a sense of life to the piece that I would never have expected. After the production he came up to me and said, "Scotty, I saw myself up there on the stage," to which I said, "Yeah, Grandpa! I put you on the big screen!" He said, "No Scotty, I saw myself in you."

I would like to continue developing this piece in the future, and continue collecting interviews from my family members. I would also like to broaden outside of my family, and start interviewing people in the community that knew Mr. G. Who knows how this project will change, but that is what is so exhilarating about taking the journey.





## Mr.G and Sons

### SCENE I - Bar Scene 1

*(The stage is in blackout, but we hear audio similar to that of old radio shows. )*

**NARRATOR** New York City 19th Precinct Manhattan, The last place left on earth where there's a few bastards that give a damn! Earlier that morning the NYPD had received an anonymous tip about major criminal activity taking place at Ronnie's Tussou's, an underground Jazz Club.

*(All of the sudden we hear classic mission impossible esk music. There is a bang as a red light beams down on VINNY POPPER, the Godfather. There is another crash as another red light beams down on a woman wearing a sleek black dress. A third crash, followed by a deep purple light, reveals the BARTENDER posed on top of the bar counter. It's all very dramatic. Music continues to play softly. The three characters begin a dance. This world is Grandpa's alone. He wields total control.)*

**NARRATOR** It has been said that Vinny Passarello (*VINNY has a moment on stage.*) Godfather of the Passarello Family and head honcho of their drug trafficking enterprise, was about to make a major drug deal. (*Music beat*) The NYPD had been trying to work up a case against Vinny for years, but they could never obtain any incriminating evidence. He has always been one step ahead of them, until now...

*(DETECTIVE JULIOUS GEORGETTI and DETECTIVE JIMMY DONAVAN enter the scene from either side of the theatre house doors. A spotlight follows them as they make their way to the bar.)*

**NARRATOR** There was only one team they trusted enough to get the job done, Detective Julious Georgetti...

*(Beat. Enter. Maybe pose. Spotlight on DETECTIVE GEORGETTI)*

...and his partner Detective Jimmy Donovan...

*(Beat. Enter. Maybe pose. Spotlight on DETECTIVE DONOVAN)*

...New York's Finest. (Beat) Vinny doesn't mess around. You bark up the wrong tree, and you get a bullet in your brain. The stakes couldn't be higher. (*THE FAMILY freezes*)

(*DANCE BREAK*)

**NARRATOR** The detectives walk up to the bar, pop a squat and canvas the room. Almost Immediately they clock Vinny, but Detective Georgetti has an eerie feeling...a sense that they are being watched. Suddenly he starts noticing the little discrepancies, the tells that only a detective of his caliber can pick up on.

(*The room falls silent. Maybe the music shuts off. DETECTIVE GEORGETTI stands up off his chair.*)

**NARRATOR** So boys, what's it gonna be? The easy way? Or the hard way?

(*Almost immediately the BARTENDER jumps over the bar at DETECTIVE GEORGETTI and kicks him in the face. Bar fight breaks out. The two detectives are outnumbered. CASSANDRA KING joins the fight! Chaos break loose, and the boys get hit pretty bad. We end in a pose. In the peak of the story's intensity, DETECTIVE DONAVIN breaks the scene, switching into JIMMY GEORGETTI, MR.G'S son. We have now entered the real world, outside of Grandpa's stories. He begins telling the story as MR.G, MARY-CATHERINE, and JULIE-ANN begin to create the scene behind him. They hop on top of the bar as if it is the boat and they are fishing. JIMMY begins to enter the scene as he tells the story.*)

(*Lighting Shift to Reality. James Bond theme songs stops*)

## SCENE II - Hey Jim, gone fishin'?

**SCOTTY** Alright Uncle Jimmy, tell me a story about Grandpa. Any story.

**JIMMY** One time we went fishing and he had - I think he had two or three beers - and he was like...

**MR.G** Listen, these are the only beers I have, don't knock em' over...

(*JIMMY laughs/giggles slightly to himself*)

**MR.G** ... and whatever you do, if you catch an eel, DO NOT bring it in the boat!

(*Grandpa starts hooking up the girls rods*)

**JIMMY**            *(to audience)* Like do not bring it in the boat.

**MR.G**             I'll cut it loose... we're not bringing an eel on the boat. Got it!?

*(The girls Ad-lib)*

*(beat)*

**JIMMY**            About an hour in we're catching stuff,

**MARY**             we're having a great time!

**JULIE**            *(JA comedically sarcastic)* Yeah, a great time.

*(MR.G, MARY, and JULIE act out the actions as JIMMY tells the story.)*

**JIMMY**            He pops his first beer, puts it down. *(shakes head)*

*(JA just pulls in a three foot eel, MR.G and MARY run around trying to get the eel out of the boat. Chaos breaks loose, as they follow JIMMY's telling of the story)*

**JIMMY**            *(directing JA with attitude)* Julie pulls a three foot eel right in the boat. BOOM! His beer goes over and the eel is like, the eel is spinning all over the boat, everythings getting wrapped up, he's screaming at her,

**MR.G** Jesus Julie-Ann what did I say about the eels

*(JA and MC are screaming while the eel is flopping around the boat. MC is still fishing while screaming. They continue to follow JIMMY's story with the utmost respect for chaos)*

**JIMMY**            then uh...I don't know if it was Mary or Julie who caught another one, pulled it into the boat, smashed another one of those beers ... I don't think we were allowed to fish after that. *(MC, JA, and JIMMY in time out)* So he's like

**MR.G**             I'm just gonna hold this one and drink it.

### **Scene III - Bar Scene II**

*(All of the sudden we hear the classic James Bond theme song again. We follow the same sequence as in BAR 1, only this time we start from wherever THE FAMILY'S current location is during the previous scene. There is a bang as a red light beams down on VINCENZA PASSARELLO, the Godfather. There is another crash as another red light beams down on CASSANDRA, a woman wearing a sleek black dress. A third crash, followed by a deep purple*

*light, reveals the BARTENDER. It's all ever so slightly less dramatic. Music continues to play.  
MR.G breaks the fourth wall)*

**MR. G**            *Enough with the music, would ya shut it off please. (beat) Thank you.*

*(beat back to Grandpa's reality)*

**BARTENDER** What can I get for ya?

**MR. G**            B&B on the Rocks

**DONAVAN**      You payin'?

**MR. G**            Does money grow on trees?

*(beat)*

**BARTENDER** this ones on me boys. What'll you have?

**DONAVAN**      Johnny Walker Black

*(BARTENDER walks down the bar to help VINCENZA.)*

**DONAVAN**      Alright Julie, will ya fill me in here, what are we doin'?

*(Mr.G looks around the bar making sure he's not being watched, and then starts to speak)*

**MR.G**            Alright, Cap informed me that he got an anonymous tip that Vincenza Pasarello is making a major drug deal tonight, and it may be our last chance to catch her red handed.

*(While DONAVAN is talking to MR.G, a women sitting next to him tunes into the conversation.  
It's CASSANDRA KING. She is mysterious, sexy, and knows exactly what she wants...and  
knows exactly how to get it.)*

**CASSANDRA**      Hey Handsome, (beat) so what's the game plan?

*(Beat. He's enamored by her beauty. He knows she is something special. Their connection is instant.)*

**MR.G**            What's a pretty thing like you doin' asking questions you know won't get the answers to?

**CASSANDRA** Who says I won't get answers

**MR.G** Detective Julius Georgetti, that's who.

*(A member of THE FAMILY notices when he says detective. He starts passing the information around the room. The FAMILY starts to form and adjust around them as the scene continues.)*

**CASSANDRA** Well, *detective*, take a word of advice. If you like the idea of bein' dead, suit yourself.

**MR.G** I don't plan on dyin'

**CASSANDRA** Death don't work around your schedule.

**MR.G** I don't know, I have a funny way of getting what I want.

(beat)

What is it you want?

**CASSANDRA** That doesn't concern you.

**MR.G** Fine, don't tell me... I already know everything I need to know about you.

**CASSANDRA** Well MR. DETECTIVE, why don't you tell me exactly what it is I desire!

*(both of them are standing face to face. It's aggressive. Tensions are at their highest. They've lost control. All eyes are on them. They've been made. While the entire past scene happened, THE FAMILY surrounded. DONAVAN was trying to get them to notice, but they were too wrapped up in their own world. THE FAMILY points their guns)*

**DONAVAN** Hey, Handsome... we've been made.

**MR.G** Get Down!

*(Everyone in the scene drops except for MARY CATHERINE. Maybe the light shifts right to her. We hear SCOTTY'S VOICE)*

**SCOTTY** So mom, how would you describe your relationship to your father?

### SCENE III - Mom's 16th Birthday Party/Wedding

*(The scene is shifts completely. The moment is soft...everyone is listening. MARY CATHERINE takes her moment).*

**MARY** When I was little my dad was like my super hero. I think I had an expectation of what I wanted because of the love he showed me. It gave me a sense of confidence and security. I remember my sweet Sixteen. My parents were already divorced... and they did not have a good divorce. My mom didn't want him at my party and I really did. She finally let him come, but the deal was that I had to ask him to leave. It was devastating.

*(Beat)*

What was the song the we danced too? I can't remember.... But oh wait, then at my wedding... you have the father-daughter dance, so I danced "Daddy's Little Girl" with my dad, and we both like, sobbed. It was sort of embarrassing. I'm dancing with him, and he's trying to sing it to me, and we're both crying. But... I just felt like I wanted another moment.

I remember watching this Sidney Poitier movie with him, because when I was younger we used to watch movies on Saturdays. I remember "To Sir With Love", and it was just such a beautiful song. "Daddy's Little Girl" was different, y'know, everybody got that, but I just felt like I wanted more...but I didn't want to hurt Nana's feelings, so I made a tribute to my whole family, and I danced with each of them. I'll have to play you the song, but... *(she starts to recite the lyrics:)*

Those schoolgirl days of telling tails and ponytails are gone  
But in my mind-  
*(Her voice gets gravely.)*

They'll live on-  
*(She starts to cry, puts a hand over her mouth, and laughs a bit.)*

They'll live on and on.  
How can you thank someone who's taken you from crayons to perfume.

*(She has a moment trying to sing the song. The lounge singer starts singing the rest of the song. MR.G takes her by the hand, and they start to dance. She feels sixteen again. The lounge singer sings to, sir with love. THE FAMILY joins near the end of the song.)*

**LOUNGE SINGER**

It isn't easy but I'll try.  
 If you wanted the sky,  
 I would write across the sky- *(remembering harder)*  
 If you wanted the sky, I would write across the sky in letters  
 I would soar a thousand feet high- *(she chokes on tears)*  
 To sir, with love.

Oh, oh  
 If you wanted the moon  
 I would try to make a start  
 But I would rather you let me give my heart  
 To Sir, with love

### **SCENE V - LEGACY SCENE : What is Grandpa's Legacy?**

*(While members of the family are dancing, one by one they break away from their partners and start addressing the audience. We may be in reality or may be in a liminal space. However, this moment is about legacy. This moment is about the family. We hear Scotty's Voice.)*

**SCOTTY** Okay Grandma, one last question. What is Grandpa's Legacy?

**GRANDMA** Legacy, it's what we pass on to others. It's what, hopefully, is the best of us. The best of our thoughts, the best of who we are. We pass that on.

*(Beat. AUNT G breaks away)*

**AUNT G** I would say for sure his grandchildren are his legacy, especially you guys. The relationship that you guys have coupled together to make him so important in your lives...his legacy is his family.

*(Beat. Isabella breaks away)*

**ISABELLA** Grandpa just wants you to have fun and be happy with what you are doing. He's always there. He's like whenever you need me, just call me.

*(Beat. GUY and JIMMY breaks away)*

**GUY** Jimmy, when I coach, I coach like MR.G... You tell him he's a fuckin' legend!... Your dad's a fucking legend!"

*(Beat. JULIE breaks away)*

**JULIE** He loves Aruba. "I don't like Aruba, I love Aruba"... he's so happy there. Like I would see him coming, and I would be like Oh no...oh no that person is screwed *(she laughs)*...he would talk everyone's ear off, but people loved him.



*(Beat. ISABELLA addresses the audience again)*

**ISABELLA** I feel like he's the core. Everyone looks at grandpa. He's just like the star. He's the live starter of the family basically.

*(Beat. JIMMMY breaks away)*

**JIMMY** I think he is the big reason for people to get together. He's always the fun time guy. He always wanted everyone together.

**JULIE** I mean Grandpa is not outwardly emotional and affectionate, but you know inside his family means everything. I think that all kinda passed down with us, and we have little traditions that we do because he did it."

**AUNT G** He was my big brother. Ya know? He looked out for me.

**GRANDMA** I think that the person he was as a NYC detective... that persona, is who he would want to be most remembered as. It was admirable. I'm not talking about all these stories that he re-hashes, but that personality of being In charge. I always felt that when there was an emergency, he was like the guy I wanted on my team. I knew that he was going to step up and handle it, and he was gonna handle it well. So that would be the person that I think he would most want to be remembered as... and the part of him that I miss the most.

*(MR.G steps through the crowd, taps Jimmy on the shoulder...there is a moment of acknowledgment. A beat. Suddenly, he jumps into the original bar story, addressing the audience. The Family begins to, once again, create the scene.)*

### **SCENE VI - BAR STORY III - The Original Story**

Grandpa's Original Story Transcribed

**MR. G** What happens is that we go out on the street and my partner, he comes with me and he says uh

*(Detective DONAVAN goes approaches Julie to speak, but gets cut off)*

**MR. G** I says look I gotta go out an we gotta check on these perps. And I had gone to the – (has trouble remembering)

**DONAVAN** This was in the 19th precinct, which is in Manhattan.

**MR.G** You know, theatre district and all of this stuff, so rich people...so yeah

*(Looks at DONVAN for acknowledgment)*

**DONAVAN** yeah

**MR.G** Yeah

**BOTH** Yeah, yeah, yeah

**MR.G** so you knock on the door, you show your detective card and ya know, i'm a detective,

*(MR.G shows his ID card to the BARTENDER. He nods in acknowledgement.)*

**DONAVAN** No shit Julie.

**MR.G** *(aggressively as in shut the hell up)*...and we're working the area. Here's my number if you ever need me for something, anybody in trouble, causin' ya a hard time - *(MR.G turns to DONAVAN addressing him again for assistance)* - basically that's the story right?

**DONAVAN** Yeah, Julie... that's the story.

*(All of the sudden, the cast starts creating the scene, only this time they are letting MR.G tell the story... they start creating in very specific moments. There is no music. This is not heightened in any right. It is just a story.)*

**MR.G** *(DONAVAN standing next to MR.G)* I says Jim look I gotta go out and check on some jobs, so Jimmy and I jump out.

*(DETECTIVE DONAVAN becomes part of the scene leaving MR.G to continue talking to the audience. The scene has been created behind him.)*

**MR. G** I said okay, so we go into the bar...

*(Lights go into a more mild version of BAR scene 1 and 2. MR.G walks into the bar scene. We have entered the realm of the story ..... But not completely. There is something about all this that seems more grounded in reality. Maybe we play with lighting here.)*

**MR.G** and I showed photo array of all the different pictures. Usually about six to ten pictures that these are all perpetrators that commit robberies, that are Killers...So we go in, and see the manager, and the guy says...

**BARTENDER** Look Julie, I think the guy is over there. I got the picture here...I mean come on, that's gotta be him. (he slaps the paper in assurance.)

**DONAVAN** Oh yeah Julie, that's him.

**MR.G** *(shifting out of the world of the play, back to the audience)* We'll go check it out, so I walk down to the bar, Jimmy's behind me, and I go up to the guy as say, how you doin' pal?

**PERP** I'm doin' alright.

**MR.G** I'm Detective Georgetti, I'm doin' a friendly precinct check. You from out of town?

**PERP** Yeah, i'm from —

**MR.G** *(to the audience)* and I give him a whole story about being from out of town. I says, *(to PERP)* awww yeah this is a nice place.

**PERP** Oh yeah, really nice place.

**MR.G** I'll help ya, this this is my partner *(beat, he can't remember)*

**DONAVAN** Detective Donavan

**MR.G** ... and we're just checking.

**PERP** Oh nice, can I buy you guys a drink!?

**MR.G** No, but maybe the next time, *(to audience)* and we walk away.

*(In that moment, everyone except for the bartender start to deconstruct the scene. They break away from the the BAR Story world and start to enter back into Reality. They start forming a group around an empty chair. They will be in different places, but for the most part it is centered around a single chair. They are Family members now. The only ones left in the BAR world are MR.G, DONAVAN, and the BARTENDER. Maybe the bartender is packing up getting ready to exit this world. Potential lighting shift playing with both worlds as they start to collide.)*

**MR.G** *(to BARTENDER)* that looks like him, but that's not him.

**BARTENDER** Really!?! Damn, well thanks anyway Julie.

*(BARTENDER fully exits the scene, and joins the others as the story continues)*

**MR.G** *(to audience)* So we go outside and Jimmy says to me, this is how he said it , he says...

**DONAVAN** What are you fuckin' crazy... that was the fuckin' guy!

**MR.G** He lost it.

**DONAVAN** Don't tell me that wasn't the guy Julie, THAT WAS THE FUCKIN' GUY!

*(Beat)*

*(still flipping his lid) I thought I had to shoot this guy. I know he was a bad guy.*

*(DONAVAN leaves the BAR world and enters reality. He is now JIMMY GEORGETTI. He joins the rest of the family sitting around this chair. His focus is still on his father tho. MR.G is the only one left in his imagination.)*

**MR. G** *(to audience)* I said Jimmy, it's not the guy.

*(JIMMY G breaks the invisible barrier between both worlds with one line)*

**JIMMY** Dad, well why isn't it the guy !?

*(There is a strong BEAT. This is the first time MR.G is recognizing the shift between worlds. He sees his family for the first time... as they truly are... not just characters in his imaginary world. These people are his world. These people are his family...his legacy. He takes a moment, still confused.... But walks over and sits down in the chair, and recognizes that his family is/has been waiting to hear him finish the rest of the story... they've been listening the whole time. As he sits in the chair, lights shift into reality. We have left the bar world behind.)*

**MR. G** I says all those pictures I showed the guy were all dead people.

*(he giggles to himself, and so does his family.)*

so I knew it wasn't the guy. It did look like the guy tho (laughs). Ya know... I tell stories, so... If your gonna lie, tell the truth. *(soft beat)* so if you're gonna make a story up, tell the same story. *(he smiles)* It never changes. Ya know, cause' *(scratches his head and grins)* there are funny things to happen out there. People wouldn't believe the things that could happen, that could possibly happen.

*(Lights Dim. There is a Vignette of MR.G surrounded by his family...his legacy....he life he has built. Suddenly the project screen comes on behind them, and a video of Grandpa plays, as he answers the question, What is the Importance of Family?)*

**GRANDPA** Family to me is something of sharing, in a love situation... and one of which being, we'll say the older member of the family... you're showing the children or

friends how much love you can show other people, and the same time teaching them as to what to do in life. I mean there's so many experiences you have. I mean, a person has a car accident, how do you respond? A person does something good, how do you respond? So What you want to do at the end of a legacy is ... is that you turn around and you say, Whatever I did in life, I was proud of what I've done... and my family, friends could share in that, the way I felt.

*(Video ends, Lights fade out)*

**END OF PLAY**



**Mr. G and Sons:**  
**An exploration of my Grandfather's stories**

**CAST:****Mr. G** ..... **Julius Georgetti****Nephew** ..... **Scotty Hindy**

*(The stage opens on a projection of Julius Georgetti, my Grandfather, about to tell a story. He is a very sweet Italian Grandpa, who has lived a very crazy life. He knows everyone, and has always made building a community one of his life long goals. We are set in what looks like his living room. It is very lived in space. The TV, which in this case would be the projection, is most likely playing a western or an old movie musical. There is a recliner chair, a little medicine desk, and a movie case with all his favorite films. In an ideal world, there would be pictures of family all around the stage/room... but we will save that for another time.)*

***Light open on the projection of Mr. G on the Cyc.***

*(SCOTTY, already sitting in the chair, picks up the remote and hits play. Grandpa's projection begins to play.)*

**MR.G**           *(video plays - first line)* My parents...I, I... I graduated with a BS degree, so my mother is at the graduation with my, my dad.

*(Final Video - Last Line)* Did I tell you the story about the oranges in the marine core?  
 Alright well...

*(SCOTTY, picks up the remote and pauses the video.)*

***Lights shift to just Scotty.***

*(He picks up the story where MR.G left off.)*

**SCOTTY**       Did I tell you the story about the oranges in the marine core? Alright well Ronnie Tussou was out in the field, and I was back at m-main side cause I-I-I had an injury... so I grab Chuck, and I says Chuck... Do me a favor?

He says, what's that?

I says Tussous out in the field so I got these oranges, they were naval oranges. Can you bring these oranges to Ronnie? ....And I gave him 5 dollars... to do me the favor of uhuh, uhh... bringing the oranges to Ronnie Tussou, which is a big deal, nobody can see you do it. So Tussou comes in from the field after he was out there for two weeks, that was... I was at main side and I was hurting...So I says, what's your problem, he was my bunkie....that's the person that sleeps in ..uu.. a .. sleep one bed top bottom, that's why

you call em bunkies. I said, he was like my best friend, but I didn't go out in the field those two weeks cause I was hurtin'.. So I says so, what's your problem? Why you pissed off at me? I says, I sent you oranges from Chuck.

*(Soft Beat)*

You call them fucking oranges!?! Those were oranges!?

Yeah, those were naval oranges!

They were like two pruns man.. There was four of these squished up prunes!

What are you takin' about?

He said, Julie, there weren't oranges, there were just...

So I says alright come on, let's go see chuck. So I go Chuck, I says, you brought Tussou over the oranges right? And I gave ya five dollas right?

Yeah, Julie, yeah. So, so what's the problem?

You gave him the oranges I gave you to give to him?

He says, no those were good oranges, I wasn't giving him those fucking oranges. He says, I gave him the other oranges I had.

Oh so the oranges that I...the naval oranges you didn't give to him? So I said, goodnight Charlie, and I punched him right in the face. I rolled him, he went down on the ground.. I rolled him over, pulled his wallet out, took the five bucks out, and stuck the wallet in his mouth... and then we walked away. I said, alright let's go to the Slop Shoot ... Slop Shoot is where we have beers.

He says, I didn't think you would do that to me?

I says, nah you hurt him. *(soft beat)* the guy actually went out and got bull shit oranges — he got five dollas first of all for me, him to do me a favor... and then didn't give him the oranges. They were too good for him. He went and got whatever he found, he probably got them from the mess hall. Ya know like.. *(shakes head)*... I said Goodnight Charlie.

*(Soft Beat... SCOTTY is still MR.G, but there is a slight shift. MR.G is maybe also SCOTTY at this point.. Who knows..but am internal vibe has shifted)*



**SCOTTY** Ya know... I tell stories, so... If your gonna lie, tell the truth. *(soft beat)* so if you're gonna make a story up, tell the same story. *(he smiles)* It never changes. It's when you lie, ya know let me tell em' about the gun collar.. *(gestures to SCOTTY)* That's why I have to ask you which story, you know... cause' I gotta, I don't want you to think I'm bull shittin' you here. Ya know, cause' *(scratches his head and grins)* there are funny things to happen out there. People wouldn't believe the things that could happen, that could possibly happen.

*(SCOTTY/MR.G scratches his face, looks at the audience, and smiles. He told his story.... Some of them at least.)*

*Lights fade out on SCOTTY/MR.G facing the audience*

**END OF SHOW... FOR NOW!**

PHOTOS BY CHRIS KAYDEN





































