

**Excerpt from “(Sacco-Vanzetti) Vince, Al & Teddy”  
Written by Bruce J. Robinson**

Scene Two

(LIGHTS UP on Vanzetti in jail – finishing his pushups. It’s a bright, sunny morning in May of 1926. He looks more robust than when we last saw him. Wiping off, he crosses to his desk and retrieves a letter. He reviews it – aloud, of course.)

VANZETTI

(tracing to where he left-off)

Buh-deep-bu-dahp-bu-doop. Ah. “And, my dear Nick, I had almost given up hope. So, imagine my amazement at the note from this Celestino Medeiros which say, ‘I hear by confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti were not in said crime.’ Already our lawyers, they say that this looks good - that this crime they pin to us is just like those done by the gang of this Celestino Medeiros.”

(LIGHTS on Sacco, reading a letter of his own.)

SACCO

“Dear Bartolo: I do try to share you hope, you enthusiasticness. But in a way, we are joined like two children on a teeter-totter. When you go up, do I have any choice but go down?”

VANZETTI

“So today, I might allow myself the big intoxication. The big drink. Hope. But like whiskey, hope must be sipped and used and feared.”

SACCO

(as Vanzetti returns to table and writes)

“Still, it is May. Spring. I would change the world – but oh, for a patch of land. How I long to pull a tomato from vine and take bite from that ripe fruit and squint into sun with no thought but how good to be alive.”

VANZETTI

“Sometime, it all seems like a dream. A nightmare. But no. I never wake. This Medeiros confession, maybe that sound alarm.”

(BLACKOUT on Sacco and Vanzetti. LIGHTS on the Capuzzi living room. Teddy looks great – in a borrowed tuxedo that’s just a little too big for him. Al’s appropriately casual. It’s a Friday night – May 27, 1926 and about six months since we saw them last. They’re holding each other as dancers, Al as the woman.)

AL

(slowly doing a few slick Charleston variations)

One-and-two-and-three-and-four-and-two-and-two-and-three-and-four-and-three-and-two-and-three-and-four. You got it.

TEDDY

Again; no numbers.

(They do step with speed and grace.)

AL

See? You're a regular Oliver Twist.

TEDDY

Thanks. You think this step is too much?

AL

For what?

TEDDY

For Chrissy. For the club. I wanna fit in.

AL

Oh, you fit in, Edoardo - like an anchovy in a pool of mayonnaise.

TEDDY

Cut it out.

AL

Who let in the busboy?

TEDDY

Don't become the Old Man. I been seeing Chrissy for... well, it's our six-month anniversary in two days.

AL

How sweet.

TEDDY

And I met her parents a million times and they're ducky and they encourage us to date.

AL

So, they're taking you down to the country club?

TEDDY

Yup.

AL

For the first time?

TEDDY

Yup.

In six months?

AL

Yeah.

TEDDY

"Case close."

AL

Okay, then why would I be working for Mr. Jennings this summer – huh? – if he didn't like me, huh?

AL

Well, it could be he wants the convenience of a nearby Italian to spit on. What amazes me is that the Old Man's letting you.

TEDDY

Well, we have been getting along better.

AL

Since that Medeiros confession, he's been almost happy.

TEDDY

As close as he'll let himself. I don't want to be around here when they turndown the Medeiros appeal.

AL

You think they will?

TEDDY

I don't care, Allie; I look good.

AL

You're the berries.

TEDDY

The Old Man won't say anything.

AL

You care?

TEDDY

No. No. They filed the Medeiros appeal papers with the court today; so he'll come barging in, waving his newspaper, full of hope and noise and garlic. That's all he really cares about.

AL

It's true. It's like Sacco and Vanzetti took Momma's place.

(Beat.)



AL  
You sure if he were a Rockefeller, you wouldn't find him eccentric instead of..?

TEDDY  
Of a raving dictator?

AL  
Yeah. Isn't this really about class?

TEDDY  
No.

AL  
Isn't that the politics of the situation?

TEDDY  
Why is everything politics to you guys?

AL  
'cause everything is politics.

TEDDY  
Not love.

AL  
Especially love.

TEDDY  
How?

AL  
Look, politics and love are both all about one thing: getting somebody to do what you want by convincing 'em that's just what they wanted in the first place.

TEDDY  
That's wrong, Al. Love is really all about caring about the other person more than you care about yourself.

AL  
So, Teddy; you in love?

TEDDY  
Naw.

AL  
You are!

TEDDY  
No!

AL  
You are.

Guess I am. TEDDY

You tell her? AL

(Teddy nods "yes.")

She said she loved you, too?  
(Teddy again nods "yes.")

Extra!!! VINCE (OS)

(We hear the crashing of the screen door.)

(entering, waving a paper – with others under arm)  
Read all about it!!! They file today. Look. Big news. And you wanna know why?  
'cause they find things. Things. This gang of Medeiros was the one the cops  
suspected for the crime before poor Nick and Bartolo wandered into their web. I  
guess you got one Gavone... And look,  
(locating an article)  
here... Here is the picture of Medeiros and sumbitch he even look like Sacco himself  
for sure.

AL  
(as Vince retrieves another article from another paper)  
And speaking of looks...

VINCE  
Here! It say the car they drove, this Medeiros gang, it was just like the one that did  
the crime.

(as he searches for something in another paper)  
And wait...

AL  
Gotta say, Pop; ain't your oldest son the cat's pajamas?

VINCE  
No. Penguino.  
(finding article)  
Let 'im dress to please others. Here. It say this gang got guns just like the one that  
killed the two men.

TEDDY  
Great. I gotta go.

VINCE  
You stay. This is important.

TEDDY  
I gotta go.

VINCE  
 You gotta stay; hear me, Edoardo?

TEDDY  
 Yes, Poppa.

VINCE  
 There is hope! It say in here – somewhere – some guys in Medeiros gang gave false alibi for where they were during crime. It say one of them – when a cop talked about the crime – drew a gun. We must fan the flame. Make the word big. So big is no denial. I have a plan about this summer – about what we do.

TEDDY  
 I know what I’m doing, Poppa.

VINCE  
 Look. Look. We talk later. You go.

TEDDY  
 Poppa.

VINCE  
 Have fun.

TEDDY  
 “Have fun?”

AL  
Teddy.

TEDDY  
No. We agreed. You agreed.

VINCE  
 Alfonso and I have things to do. You go to you little fox trot.

TEDDY  
 Look, Poppa; didn’t we agree that I would work for Mr. Jennings this summer?

VINCE  
 Si. Go.

TEDDY  
 So, I will.

VINCE  
 No. You go.

TEDDY  
 I’m supposed to waltz out of here when my own father lies to me?

VINCE  
I no care what step you do, Edoardo.

So what'll we do this summer? TEDDY

Teddy. AL

Lemme guess: publish another pamphlet – this one about the Medeiros confession? TEDDY

Si. VINCE

And travel around and pass it out? TEDDY

Si. VINCE

At our own expense; when we barely have a pot to piss in? TEDDY

We have plenty. VINCE

Do we? TEDDY

We never go without. VINCE

Really? Really? Plus, we advertise again to the world and the police and  
(mocking Vince's habitual mistake)  
"Attorney-in-General" Palmer and his boys that you and me and him have big, pinko  
targets on our chests. TEDDY

If everyone do what we do... VINCE

But everyone won't, Poppa. They won't. This is dumb. TEDDY

Teddy. AL

Dumb. This Medeiros confession won't amount to two hoots in hell. TEDDY

What do you say? VINCE

Medeiros is a wop. TEDDY

VINCE

He's Portuguese.

TEDDY

He's a greaseball on death row for a couple of murders. Why in God's name at this late date do you think anyone would believe that oily-haired, dark-skinned killer?

(Vince has no answer.)

AL

Look, it's getting late. We have work to do; si, Poppa?

VINCE

Si.

TEDDY

I can't just dance out of here as if –

AL

I'm sure we can work this out; but right now we have work to do; si, Poppa?

VINCE

Si.

(Teddy considers, glares, goes.)

No be home too late!

(For a long silent while, Al and Vince gather the materials to cut and paste the articles. A beat.)

What he say? About Medeiros?

AL

He's nuts. That's just Edoardo.

VINCE

Si.

AL

No-no, I think you're right. And I think putting out another pamphlet is the bee's knees. I mean you can do the organizing, and I can do the writing, and Edoardo can...

(Acting as if unable to find a function, dismissing it all.)

Hey, maybe this time he'll actually be helpful.

(They work in silence for a moment.)

Well, no matter what; Teddy's a good guy. People like him.

VINCE

Hmmm.

AL

And he does make a good appearance, your first born. He looks like Momma, no?

VINCE

Si. Good looking kid is our Edoardo.

AL

You know, I think it's good that I have something to concentrate on this summer. It's like that summer..? You remember? When you were a little younger than I? Back in Sicily, when you worked for that sausage-maker?

VINCE

I told you about that?

AL

Si.

VINCE

Hmmm.

AL

That was the summer you begged your father to let you apprentice to the harness-maker, and he said, "No. You apprentice to the sausage-maker." And you, a good boy...

VINCE

Si.

AL

...did what he said. And your father was right, right? That you should have...

(He "recalls.")

Oh, no-no-no. If you had apprenticed to the harness-maker, you might've had skills that you could use in working with shoes, right?

VINCE

Well...

AL

And as for sausage: even to this day, to this day, every time you smell fennel you break out in a cold sweat.

VINCE

Cut. Shut up you puss and cut.

(As they work, fade to BLACK.)