

A NEW BEGINNING

An Original Musical Play

by

Paul D. Maritsas

Paul D. Maritsas
1158 East 4500 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84117

(801) 262-3789
palmic@netscape.net

ACT 1

SCENE 1

(Apostolakis living room: Scrim down. Curtain open to edge of scrim. In front of curtain, stage left are a SOFA and SOFA CHAIR, a FLOOR LAMP, a COFFEE TABLE and an END TABLE with a TELEPHONE. After the OVERTURE a SPOT LIGHT lights the living room set.)

(Behind the scrim and curtain the stage is set with a Greek Village. On STAGE RIGHT there is a KITCHEN scene. On STAGE LEFT there is a CAFE EXTERIOR with a PATIO with some TABLES and CHAIRS.)

(NIKO, about 75 years old, enters from between the curtain and the scrim. Under his arm there is a NEWSPAPER. He goes to the FLOOR LAMP and turns it on. He sits on the sofa chair and starts to read the paper.)

NIKO

(with a loud voice)
Chrisoula!...Chrisoula! Come here.

(Niko goes back to reading the paper. After a moment he looks up again.)

NIKO

(continuing)
Chrisoula, did you hear me?

(CHRISOULA, Nikos wife, enters. She carries a small LAUNDRY BASKET.)

CHRISOULA

What is it, Niko. At our age we shouldn't move in a hurry.

(Niko reaches out to tap her on the bum. She moves sideways.)

NIKO

At our age nothing moves in a hurry. But, do you want to try?

(Chrisoula sits on the sofa and sets the laundry basket next to her.)

CHRISOULA

What do you want, a heart attack?

NIKO

(smiling)
Let's find out.

(Chrisoula starts to pair the STOCKINGS
that are on the top of the basket.)

CHRISOULA

Tell me what you really want.

NIKO

Do you remember Cid Barns?

(Chrisoula frowns.)

NIKO

(continuing)
The foreman at the mine when I first started to work.

(Chrisoula pauses a moment.)

NIKO

(continuing)
The American that showed me things and helped me
learn my job.

CHRISOULA

Oh, yes. Why?

(Niko points to the newspaper.)

NIKO

He just died.

(Niko sits back and has a rather
distant look on his face.)

NIKO

(continuing)
He used laugh at how I was dressed. A man so
important in my life. Forgotten and now gone.

CHRISOULA

We've been too busy getting old, Niko.

NIKO

Nothing but memories now.

(Chrisoula reaches for another pair of
stockings.)

CHRISOULA

Dimitri called.

NIKO

Oh.

CHRISOULA

The kids are fine. They think your great grandson will be born soon.

NIKO

My God, Chrisoula, you start as a little boy and before you have a chance to smoke a cigar you're a great grandfather.

(Chrisoula shakes her head and opens the drawer of the coffee table. She takes out a PHOTO ALBUM)

CHRISOULA

You never were a good philosopher.

NIKO

What is That?

(Chrisoula opens the album.)

NIKO

(continuing)
Our old picture book.

(Chrisoula puts the album on the arm of the couch so they can both look at it.)

CHRISOULA

Look, there's Christo.....

(sadly)

He was a good boy....

(quietly)

Too young for God to take him from us.

NIKO

Don't be sad. He's in heaven waiting for us.

(Chrisoula wipes her eyes)

CHRISOULA

I know.

(Chrisoula turns the page)

CHRISOULA

(continuing)
Look, your mother and father.

NIKO

I can remember those days better than what happened this morning.

CHRISOULA

I remember your letter coming to the village asking for a wife.

So? NIKO

So, they picked me. CHRISOULA

You were lucky. NIKO

(Chrisoula look lovingly at Niko)

Who says? CHRISOULA

NIKO
(smiling)
Things did change didn't they? From poverty to the
employment broker and working in the mines.

(Chrisoula turns the page. Niko takes
the album from Chrisoula. He says
nothing. He just stares at the
pictures. Chrisoula quietly gets up
from the couch and leaves the room.
Niko does not notice)

NIKO
(continuing; talking to the photo album)
Mama.....I remember your love and your soft voice
singing the old lullaby.....Ach...mana mou.

(Niko closes his eyes. He seems to be
crying as he looks at the album. A
soft voice is heard off stage humming
a lullaby. Niko wipes his eyes and
looks around the room)

NIKO
(continuing)
Mama, is that you?

(The voice fades away)

NIKO
(continuing)
Old age must be affecting my brain.

(Niko leans back into the chair and
closes his eyes. Chrisoula enters with
a TRAY of COFFEE and some GREEK
PASTRIES. She quietly puts them on the
coffee table)

CHRISOULA
Hey, papou.

(Niko continues to doze)

CHRISOULA

(continuing)
Hey, papou, want to fool around?

(Niko quickly awakens)

NIKO

Was that you talking?

CHRISOULA

(Chrisoula sits.)

CHRISOULA

(continuing)
About what?

NIKO

You know.

(She hands Niko a cup)

CHRISOULA

Here's your coffee and don't spill it.

NIKO

I thought I heard you ask me if I wanted to fool around.

CHRISOULA

For fifty years I told you, not when the kids are coming over.

NIKO

These pictures brought back memories. I even thought I could hear my mother's voice.

CHRISOULA

Stop that talk. We don't need any help from beyond.

NIKO

Don't be superstitious.

(Chrisoula reaches over to take the album)

CHRISOULA

That's enough. I shouldn't have brought the book out.

(Niko holds on to the album.)

NIKO

Look, my friends in the village. You and me when we got married.

(Chrisoula takes the album from Niko and puts it back into the drawer. She stands)

CHRISOULA

I'll clean up.

(Niko rests his head on the back of the sofa chair)

NIKO

You're a good wife, Chrisoula.

(Niko closes his eyes and starts to doze. Chrisoula kisses him on the forehead)

CHRISOULA

Rest and dream your dreams.

(The lights dim and a FILMED DREAM SEQUENCE starts on the scrim. During the dream scene the living room is removed. MAMA'S voice is heard SINGING the LULLABY, "LITTLE CHILD". Niko dreams of Greece. We see him as a new born child. His Baptism. Him playing ball with his mother. Riding on a donkey with his father helping him. In the dream he grows and in the final scene of the dream he is a teenager DANCING a FOLK DANCE with his friends COSTA, VASSILI and ANDREA. The dance scene becomes real life as the scrim rises to expose the full stage.)

END OF SCENE 1