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Housepainters Have No Memories

Widow: Coming, coming Who is it?

Painter: The painter, Madam. Is this the place were supposed to come to?

Widow: I wasnt really expecting painters. I was expecting decorators.

Painter: What for?

Widow: What do you meanbut youre also decorators, arent you?

Painter: UmI dont knowyoud better ask my boss.

Widow: Oh, very wellwhere is your boss?

Painter: Hell be here soonwait for him here.

Widow: At last! That gentleman whowhos at the other end of
the ladder told me that you.are you the boss?

Boss: Yes, I am.

Widow: Are you also decorators?

Boss: I bet that rascal told you we werent!

Widow: Well he didnt say yes and he didnt say no.

Boss: On the contrary, we are.hold the ladder for a momentIll just have a few
words with him

Widow: But what are you doing? Ive never carried a ladder

Boss: But its not difficult. Naturally you mustnt think its a ladder or else youll say My God, ladders are heavy.

Painter: Did you call me?

Boss: What did you tell that woman?

Painter: But I didnt tell her anything she asked me if we were decorators, and I really didnt know what to say

Boss: Ah, you didnt how many times must I tell you that whatever they ask , we can do it!

Painter: But were not decorators

Boss: And we are housepainters? What cheek! the first time in a week that we find a client, you create problems I dont know well see who knows

Painter: Ok ok dont get angry Ill say yes where is that lady?

Boss: On the other end of the ladder.

Painter: Oh take it, Ill talk to her

Boss: Yes, hurry up and dont do anything else foolish!

Painter: Welcome back Ive just spoken to my boss he said yes.

Widow: Im pleased but dont you think itd be better if you took this?

Painter: Oh, yes it is better sorry

Widow: Well then, seeing you are also decorators there are those two curtains to come down and two more to go up they have to be cut up can you do that?

Painter: Of course we can do everything everything!

Widow: Good but this ladder seems too long will it fit in here?

Painter: Well I suppose we could cut some of it off. but maybe itll fit

Widow: Of course youre more experienced than I am in these things. You understand... Im just a woman

Painter: Ha! Ha! Ha! Id understood that immediately from
your necklace

Widow: Very well as for your fee how much for two curtains? you see, Im a poor widow and I cant afford very much

Painter: Youre a widow?

Widow: Yes.

painter: Me too!

Widow: Youre a widow?

Painter: No Im a widower

Widow: Of course, its a terrible thing to be left alone you do understand I hope youll give me a fair price

Painter: Yes but youll have to talk to my boss about the price..

Widow: Is he a widower too?

Painter: No, hes not

Widow: What a pity!

Painter: But his wife is.

Widow: His wife!? But when did he die? A moment ago, he was standing here and he didnt seem

Painter: No his wife is a widow, but of her first husband my boss has nothing to do with it hell do you a good price, though

Gentleman: Good day, Signora Lucia. How are you?

Widow: Oh, Signor Milvio. Why are you holding that ladder?

Gentleman: I dont know. I was coming down the stairs and some guy asked me to hold it for a while he asked me where the bathroom was, and then went upstairs

Widow: Oh, you shouldnt have bothered youre a thousand lire short

Gentleman: Really? Hasnt the fee always been?

Widow: Yes but weve had to put the prices upweve had a lot of expenses or at least, we will have them as you can tell by this ladder Ive called in one of the best decorators I want this establishment to become a jewel

Gentleman: Wellits already most lovely just as it is. I suggest that you dont change it it would lose this welcoming, cosy feel You wouldnt believe it, but every time I come here, I think of my youth, when I lived in the country the time of my first loves... but lets not talk about these things memories are always painful

Widow: Oh dont talk like that thats not true memories are the only joys that hold our lives together at least for me I can truly say that I live on memories.at times Im even afraid to open the windows I fear that part of what still lives in this room will fly away and be lost forever So I open them as little as possible.

Gentleman: Yes, you can tell that Oh Id totally forgotten about him But you know that he seems alive?

Widow: Yes, it really looks like him.

Gentleman: You bet! For a wax dummy, its uncanny how much it looks like him.

Widow: Unfortunately, its always a dummy dear Giorgio do you remember? He was always here it was his favourite spot and now hes no longer here he lives only in my memories sometimes I imagine that its still him I sit on his knee, and talk to him for hours and I seem to go back in time he seems to listen and answer me you have no idea how happy this house once was it was the happiest house in town.

Gentleman: Well, in many ways, it still is!!!

Boss: Wow! What a beautiful bathroom you have upstairs! That bathroom is a dream! Yes, it really is beautiful.

Gentleman: My good man, what about this?

Boss: Ah! Thankyou Im sorry. Well, Madam, tell me what we have to do, so we can get started.

Widow: Wait a moment Ill see this gentleman out and be right with you. This way, Signor Milvio Thankyou for visiting us and remember, we want to see you here much more often.

Boss: Now then where will we put this? Aldo.Aldo, come in here there, I knew it hes disappeared again, damn.

Painter: Wait a minute!

Boss: Of course, Im always waiting for you! Come here right now where the hell are you?

Painter: Eh !?

Boss: Who is this? Did you bring him in with you?

Painter: No,.. Oh Im sorry, Sir. are you hurt? Oh, my God! Thats just what we needed come on, Sir its nothing just a bump but itll pass in a minute its just the shock and than nothing else Giovanni weve killed him

Boss: Youve killed him let me see what was he doing just there? Looks like a fatal concussion theres nothing to be done cant you see? hes already the colour of wax

Painter: What do we do now? Giovanni lets run away

Boss: Great thinking! And how would that help they know that we were here theyd catch us immediately rather do you know him? I feel as if Ive seen him before

Painter: Yes... if it wasnt for the moustache and the glasses Id almost say I wonder?

Boss: I know who he looks like! He looks like you you can really consider yourself lucky

Painter: What do you mean? Why is it lucky to kill someone who looks like me?

Boss: Ill tell you why. Grab hold of his legs and lift him up... Now go upstairs take him into the bathroom thats up there undress him and put on his clothes.

Painter: But why should I steal his clothes? So after I get a life sentence for killing

him, theyll also put me in jail as a thief

Boss: Dont be afraid They wont be able to do anything to you, once youre dead

Painter: What!? But I dont want to die

Boss: Try to understand First put on his clothes, and then dress him in yours Then well stage an accident and everyone will believe that the dead man is him and not you .

Painter: Of course! And then Ill be able to claim workers compensation I mean, not me, because Ill be dead but my family can claim the money yes, and God knows how happy thatll make them! Giovanni!!!

Boss: What now?

Painter: Giovanni, no! I wont give them that satisfaction. No, Im not dying.

Boss: OK then, so youd prefer a life sentence. Get going move yourself, and give me a hand.

Painter: Here it is.

Boss: And another thing Upstairs, in the bathroom, youll find a razor Shave off his moustache and you, instead

Painter: Ill let one grow.

Boss: Aldo, where are you?

Painter: Im here.

Boss: But where are you, Aldo?

Painter: Still in my place

Boss: You idiot!

Painter: But you asked me to give you a hand

Boss: Come here and help me No, dont help me, Ill do it myself. I was saying: Up in the bathroom, youll find a razor shave off his moustache and you, instead.

Painter: Ill grow one!

Boss: No, Ill paint one on you. Get going, upstairs.

Painter: Im going.

Anna: Hi, there! Youre the decorator, arent you?

Boss: Yes, Im the decorator.

Anna: It was time the Signora did something with this mausoleum Oh, my goodness wheres Giorgio? Excuse me when you came in, did you notice a.

Boss: Yes... He was here. But then I dont know he probably went out for a while

Anna: He went out!? But dont be silly. someone mustve come to collect him .

Boss: Oh, yes, thats it! Now I remember a friend of his came to collect him

Anna: A friend? Ah, yes, the Signoras friend. The restorer but just look where shes wasting her money

Boss: Oh yes it takes all types But who was that gentleman who was sitting where youre sitting now?

Anna: The master, the Signoras husband.

Boss: What a handsome man, ehi?!

Anna: Thats true, and also a real rogue, as we all knew him when he was alive.

Boss: Why? When he was alive?

Anna: Yes, because hes dead!

Boss: Ah that idiot mate of mine he gave himself away!

Anna: Poor Signora, how she suffere She was almost driven mad with grief

Boss: I can imagine but it was just a tragic accident

Anna: It was really a release We should all be grateful to you!

Boss: You're welcome, I'm sure. If we can be of any assistance if you want someone bumped off, just call on us.

Anna: Oh, you don't understand... I'm suffering too. I loved

him also. Everyone loved that rogue! But not to the point of wanting him embalmed, as she wanted to do.

Boss: She wanted him embalmed? Oh!

Anna: Luckily, we managed to convince her to make a wax dummy, instead.

Boss: A wax? He was made of wax!! Oh!

Anna: Yes, but always finding that... thing under your feet, really gives me the creeps.

Boss: When did he die that thing that gave your feet the creeps?

Anna: Giorgio? Three years ago!

Boss: He died three years ago, that Giorgio that creep under your feet?

Widow: Anna. Anna. You're wanted now.

Anna: Coming! Do excuse me, won't you...

Painter: How do I look? This time you can't complain... I've done well, haven't I?

Boss: What do you mean well? You're a blithering idiot. How come you didn't realize that guy wasn't alive?

Painter: Exactly! I knew immediately that he was dead, didn't I?

Boss: What do you mean alive dead? That's a dummy, a wax dummy.

Painter: What?

Boss: Yes, it's an exact copy of the husband of the Signora he died three years ago that creep under your feet!

Painter: OK, then, but we werent here three years ago! So it wasnt us who killed him... thank goodness!

Boss: Thank goodness, my foot! Now you have to go upstairs straight away and bring him back down again put his clothes back on him

Painter: and his moustache, too.

Widow: Im sorry, my good man, but Ive had people to attend to, and so.

Boss: Stay still, dont move... Please, madam, theres no need to explain

Widow: Have you been admiring my Giorgio? Oh, how thoughtless of me, Ive forgotten the curtains Ill get them at once

Boss: Quickly... before she comes back... where arte the paints?

Painter: Over there but why what are you going to do?

Boss: Dress you up as Giorgio... give you a moustache, and so on

Painter: But why?

Boss: We dont have time to get the real Giorgio so Ill turn you into a dummy Therell be trouble if the Signora realizes what weve done! Well be thrown out like a couple of old brooms and goodbye work! Goodbye money! Stay still

Painter: But youre tickling me... eeeeeheeeeeheetchoo!

Boss: You idiot! Put these glasses on you brought them down, I hope

Painter: Of course There. how do I look?

Boss: Great! Wait, wait Giorgio had a bitter crease here just like this

Painter: Yes, but not too bitter, please...

Boss: No, its not and now I beg you, when the Signora returns, dont do anything... and dont breathe!

Painter: What do you mean, dont breathe? Not even through my nose?

Boss: Not even through your nose!

Painter: Excuse me, but if I dont breathe through my mouth or my nose

Boss: Give me a break, will you! Why do you need to breathe through your nose? There are deep-sea divers who go dive kilometres under water.

Widow: What are you doing... With that paintbrush?

Boss: The paintbrush? Ah I was seeing if... You know I was just I noticed that he had a crooked moustache and so

Widow: Oh, are you also restorers?

Boss: Well restoring is my real profession I noticed it was fading a bit and so...

Widow: Ah good I was waiting for my friend who works in this kind of restoration work but since you can do the job let me see what youve done so far Ahhhhhh!!!

Boss: You idiot, help me. Cant you see that she has fainted?

Painter: But you told me not to move...

Boss: No, dont move! The lady is coming to

Widow: Aahh! Pardon

Boss: No, no the Pardon is all mine...

Widow: Oh, my God I had the feeling that he was alive youve done a brilliant job you are the best restorer Ive ever come across...

Boss: Well you know in my own way, and modestly

Widow: No, no, youre truly an artist, a great artist. Take it you truly deserve it youve given me an unimaginable gift

Boss: No, its too much. After all, it took only three or four brush-strokes to restore his moustache...

Widow: But I insist! Please accept it youve truly done me a favour

Boss: No its too much Im embarrassed

Widow: Very well, I wont look

Boss: Well, if you really insist, thank you I will accept this money for touching up the moustache. Its the most Ive been paid for a moustache.

Widow: Blast! I dropped the money I wonder where its gone.

Boss: Rogue, thief, give back that money or Ill smash your face.

Painter: No way why dont you give her your money?

Boss: Give back the money or Ill bash your head in.

Widow: What happened? What are you doing?

Boss: With the brush? Without the brush? Ah, I was skirmishing with a blowfly on Giorgios noseI was saying: Scram, you ugly fly! Now Ill catch the fly on Giorgios nose Look how you catch flies you place your hand like a small shovel and then you say one, two, three zap! Damn, it escaped!

Widow: But I cant see itOh I can see youve found my moneythank you.

Boss: But reallywellyesI found it under the armchairsee if its all there

Widow: Heaven forbidI can trust a person like youits obvious you are a gentlemanI have experienceGiorgio was a gentleman, tooand maybe that is why he didnt have a lot of luck.

Boss: WellI wouldnt say sowouldnt you say that being the dead husband of a widow like you really suits himits a real stroke of luck?

Widow: Very gallant of youIn any case, I can really say that Ive never caused him any disappointment any griefnot once but he deserved ityou knowhe was a marvellous and intelligent man. Look at him, you can clearly see that he must have been very different from other men.

Boss: Turn his head the other way, he gives me the creeps.

Widow: He was a thinkerhe wanted to write of writing a book on the habits and customs of Oriental civilisations but he didnt make it in timeLook around if

anyones coming!

Boss: Who? Where? But what are you doing?

Widow: Im putting away this money before you see, when he was alive he managed the housekeeping money and even now I feel compelled to give it to him its safer with him no one would think of looking here.

Boss: Oh yes, very safe its like putting it in the bank

Widow: Damn, its already a quarter past six I have to give him his injection right away.

Boss: His injection? What kind of injection?

Widow: As you know there are many ravenous insects that love to eat wax moths, bugs etc. Now, if I didnt give him a daily dose of pesticide, in less than a week my poor Giorgio would fall apart

Boss: Of course, because Giorgio is made of wax. Ah, ah oh yes, you must give him his pesticide injection what a great idea!

Widow: Exactly Ill go and get the syringe.

Boss: Since hes made of wax, he must receive his pesticide injection just for Giorgio made of wax This is a new one ahah!

Painter: But Im not made of wax so she can give you an injection, because Im off

Boss: Wait use your brains for once dont make such a fuss for a small injection; you want to throw away all this dough! Think how lucky we are look what we have in our hands

Painter: First of all Im the one whos lucky, but that doesnt mean I want to cop something else in some other place See you!

Boss: Keep quiet, dont move.

Anna: Oh, hello again! Where is your friend?

Boss: Which friend?

Anna: Well, yes, the other decorator.

Sonia: For more than an hour hes been in the bathroommaybe hes not feeling well?

Boss: Who, him? He only feels unwell at the thought of workthats for sureevery time there is something to do, he locks himself in the bathroom and you wont catch sight of him for hours!

Daina: Oh, but look how gorgeous our Giorgio looks today,but whats happened to him?

Boss: I gave him a touch-up with the brush.

Sonia: My goodness but if youre so good, you can give me a touch-up toomy God! He looks alive move over, I want to cuddle him a bit too

Daina: Not even in your dreamsand dont push, I was here first.

Sonia: Preciselyand now its my turnand dont treat him that way, because youre going to wreck him.

Anna: Thats exactly what he deservesthat blasted dummy!

Sonia: Of courselook whos talkingyou are still jealousYou wretch! Youll make me fall

Daina: Who is a wretch? Take back what you said, or else

Anna: Stop itmust you squabble like fish-crives over that thingo

Widow: At it again? You hussieshow many times have I told you get out, go back to your roomsyoud are all fined. How disgraceful! Well, where has he gone now? Where were you?

Boss: I thought I was in trouble too.

Widow: Quick, help me! We need to be quick otherwise the time for the injection expires and it would create a big problemwhat are you doing? Hold him up! Damn! Okay, then we will give it to him here. But, why have you turned him over? Come on, quick, put him back as he was, turn him around

Boss: There you are, this way he wont move again. I would like to ask you something, madam: Who are those girls you fined a few minutes ago your relatives who have to pay a fine?

Widow: In a certain way yes they are my co-widows

Boss: Your co-widows have to pay a fine?

Widow: Yes, my co-widows who before Giorgios death were my co-wives in other words they were Giorgios other wives

Boss: The other co-wives?

Widow: Yes, I know it seems strange, but as I told you earlier, my husband was interested in studying Oriental civilisations. Unfortunately, Giorgio didnt have the means to go to Asia and study closely the habits and customs of those people. So, I had to reconstruct, as best as I could, an environment that would give him, if nothing else, the illusion to find himself among the Orientals, who, as you know, are polygamists.

Boss: The Orientals are polygamists. Oh, how gross are those Orientals how polygamous, they are. Yes, theyre great big polygamists!

Widow: I had to work hard to find girls prepared to share the dinner table and everything else with other women

Boss: I can imagine

Widow: But in the end, I made it

Boss: And how?

Widow: I bought a pleasure palace, lock stock and barrel.

Boss: A pleasure palace so those women are

Widow: Toy-Girls exactly. I know its despicable and even a bit unusual but still, my Giorgio had to continue his studies.

Boss: Of course, what wouldnt we do for culture

Widow: Thats right and then they say that intellectuals are rotten and soft.

Boss: With all of those do me a favour

Widow: Now hold him still because Im going to inject

Boss: No no you cowards!

Widow: Exactlyt he only trouble is that, those wretched women ended up falling in love with my Giorgio so bye-bye domestic tranquillity he had to die so they came to their senses and went back to work, as they should.

Boss: Ehe-che mum-my!

Widow: Oh, yes, they have to work as they used to I cant keep them, you know if they want to stay, as they say they have to

Boss: Ehaa-kee dad-dy!

Widow: But I can see Im annoying you with my conversation Im sorry, Ill leave you to it see you soon

Painter: I cant believe this place eh but why are you looking at me like that now youre mad at me what is it after all you said it too, its only a small injection God you look awful ok sorry I wont do it again, Giovanni, dont you feel well maybe its the injection Oh my God you are as cold as marblewake up dont do this Giovanni stare like that but what the hell was in that syringe the widow-woman injected you with?

Dummy: I will tell you what was in that syringe.

Painter: Oh, my God the dummy is alive

Dummy: That injection was meant for me

Painter: Yes, yes, I know and I nearly copped it

Dummy: And was it you who took me to the bathroom and dressed me like this, and shaved my moustache?

Painter: Yes, yes, it was me, because at the beginning I thought

Dummy: It doesnt matter I owe you my life, Sirin fact if it wasnt for you, at this moment I would still be sitting on that chair, embalmed.

Painter: Embalmed? Ah, so then you are not the dummy of the dead man.

Dummy: No I was never dead I've been the victim of my wife's jealousy it was she who embalmed me to stop me from going to Morocco.

Painter: To Morocco? The stuffed dummy was going to Morocco?

Dummy: Exactly so! And then that evil woman faked an accident to make everyone believe I had died so she could have me all for herself

Painter: And what could she do with a dummy?

Dummy: You don't know women they are the most selfish men alive but my wife is an absolute monster! Just think, she kept me embalmed for three years!

Painter: Three years? So, now my boss will stay embalmed for three years, too?

Dummy: Don't worry those injections work for a maximum of 48 hours if you don't get another one as my wife used to do every single day

Painter: What can we do? If she comes to give him another injection, we are ruined Giovanni three years stuffed like that were going to starve!

Dummy: Is this his brush?

Painter: Yes, but what do you want to do with it?

Dummy: Very well... pick it up!

Painter: Ah, I understand well make another dummy ah, ah. Giovanni, now I'll have fun I'll draw you a moustache like Giorgios a bitter crease here Ah, ah, how cute you are!

Dummy: We are lucky, in my wardrobe I found this suit jacket, and now, if you don't mind do the same thing to me.

Painter: Short back and sides for the gentleman coming right up, the gentleman is served! Bless you!

Dummy: Bless you!

Painter: Thanks but it wasn't me! It was him

Dummy: Impossible hes embalmed

Painter: He might be embalmed, but it was him Look for yourself see?

Dummy: Do it again Do it again its incredible without knowing it, you have discovered the only cure for this hypnotic sleep

Boss: Aaacchhooo!

Painter: Yes, yes, keep going bless you!

Boss: Thanks you are welcome aacchhooo!

Painter: Wake up come on boss, were nearly there

Boss: Ehwhat happened? I cant move.

Painter: Dont be afraid, boss its just a passing paralysis.

Dummy: Quick, help him to stand upHe has to walk

Painter: Yes, yesbe strong, boss lets go for a walk.

Dummy: No, you stay here and dont move

Painter: Again! If that woman comes back in and decides to embalm me, too of course, you can sneeze and perhaps

Widow: Oh, my God hes waking up. I must give him another injection before he wakes up completely.

Painter: Eh, no this time Im really off. Damn it where can I run to? Giovanni, Im ruined! Ill hide behind here lets hope she wont see me

Boss: Thank you, I feel much better now at least I can move. For a minute I had the impression of being almost embalmed but my partner was here a little while ago and now I cant see him anymore where is he?

Dummy: I dont know I begged him not to move wait, Ill go and see if he has gone that way.

Boss: Yes, yes, go wherever you want, I am not moving from here ohohi

Widow: Damn, I got here too late where has he gone? Oh good there you are!

Painter: No, no I'm here!

Widow: What? Who are you? He's gone! Where are you?

Painter: Here I am but I'm warning you, you're not sticking me again!

Widow: But my dear Giorgio I'm doing it for your own good.

Dummy: Oh, yes! Who are you kidding?!

Widow: Where did you come from?

Dummy: I'm not telling you.

Widow: But but what's going on? Giorgio, please listen to me

Boss: I'm listening to you, my dear over here, I'm listening to you see how I'm listening to you.

Widow: Oh, stop disappearing that way you are driving me crazy

Dummy: It's all your fault, my dear; all the injections you gave me have killed me and now what you see in front of you is not your Giorgio but his heavenly image.

Widow: Oh, no Giorgio it's impossible

Painter: Oh yes, my dear, that's the way it is this time you can really say you are a widow ahahah!

Boss: Ah, ah, you'll have to live with your memories your ghastly memories that will haunt your nights

Painter: Your sleep will be crammed with nightmares.

Widow: No, Giorgio, stop it forgive me, I beg you

All three: It's too late now

Widow: Three Giorgios Noo! This is too much

Boss: She has fainted!

Painter: Shes dead feel how cold she is

Dummy: Oh no, that would be too much... But, what are you doing, come on, old man, show some respect, after all she is still my wife...

Boss: Just as I thought, she injected herself

Painter: Well, we each must have a turn at being dummies.

Dummy: Well donenow Im the one whos going to have fun.

Painter: What if I give her a moustache.

Boss: For Gods sake, no! If she sneezed, that would be the end of it!

Dummy: How can I thank you?

Boss: Well, maybe there is a way

Pinter: What way?

Boss: Since we are three Giorgios and our Giorgio has another three wives

Painter: Of course! Share and share alike!

Dummy: But of course we could

All three (girls): Oh, Giorgio one, two, three?

Sonia: But how is this possibleb efore you were dead, and now you are **three**

Other two girls: Three Giorgios?

Dummy: Dont be alarmed, dear ladies the ways of divine providence are truly infinite!

All three girls: Oh! Giorgio!

Questo copione è stato visto: