



Weather Is Alive!

Il Tempo È Vivo!

An Accompany Publishing Musical Play

CHARACTERS

Galileo, an old scientist

His STUDENTS:

Torricelli

Chiara

Francesca

Maria

Vincenzo

Alfonzo

The PRIMA DONNAS:

Divo

Diva

Divette, their child prodigy

The GELATO MAKERS:

Gelato Maker #1

Gelato Maker #2

Gelato Maker #3

The OPERA MANAGERS:

The Director

The Producer

Monteverdi, the Composer

The OLIVE FARMERS:

Olive Farmer #1

Olive Farmer #2

Olive Farmer #3

The DONTAGOTHERES:

Signore Dontagothere

Signora (Sig.ra) Dontagothere

Mimi Dontagothere

The ROYAL FAMILY:

The Duke of Tuscany

The Duchess of Tuscany

Servitore, their servant



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SCENES

Scene One: The Opera House, 1641, Florence

Songs: *"Where'd The Weather Go?"*

Scene Two: The Olive Market

Scene Three: Galileo's Study

Songs: *"Temperatura"*
"Storm Coming Soon"

Scene Four: The Lab

Scene Five: The Opera House, sunset

Scene Six: The Shelter, night

Songs: *"Il Tempo E Vivo"*
"Watching For The Weather"

Epilogue

SCENE ONE

1641. Florence, Italy. Spring. The Opera House, center of town. The stage is decorated for the big show. Posters reading "Il Tempo E Vivo!" and pictures of the cast are posted in the audience area.

The STUDENTS of Galileo are on stage practicing a scene from the upcoming Opera. In the Opera, The STUDENTS have been given the part of a 'rain cloud'. They are wearing silver costumes, grouped together, shaping their bodies in a way to give the appearance of a rain cloud. They are not happy with the role. They think it's lame.

The DIRECTOR and PRODUCER are sitting nearby on two high chairs, watching The STUDENTS. They are barking orders, also not happy with the way rehearsal is going.

TORRICELLI

[Speaking as a rain cloud] Dust, flying through the air.

VINCENZO

Meets other dust flying through the air.

CHIARA

Then the dusts get wet. Together.

FRANCESCA

We are wet dust.

MARIA

We are a rain cloud.

DIRECTOR

CUT! My darling bambini, why do you torture me with such bad acting?

TORRICELLI

[Dropping the pose] Bad acting?

ALFONZO

This is acting?

CHIARA

This is standing on stage trying to look like a stupid rain cloud.

PRODUCER

This is raining on my parade. I am the producer! I have investors to think about.

DIRECTOR

The Opera opens tomorrow.

PRODUCER

You are not even close to ready.

DIRECTOR

This is what I get for having science students in my show.

FRANCESCA

Well, this is what we get for being in some dumb play.

MARIA

Yeah, what's so great about being in a play?

DIRECTOR

This is not a play. This...is...Opera!!!

THE STUDENTS

Whatever.

PRODUCER

You don't want to be in the Opera? Are you crazy? *[Pointing to the audience]* This will be the first time that Opera will be seen by regular people. All of Italy is coming to watch.

DIRECTOR

I am creating the cutting edge of theater! Don't you want to be part of that?

ALFONZO

Our parents are coming to see us.

VINCENZO

They think we're at the lab, doing science experiments.

CHIARA

I don't want them to see me dressed like this!

DIRECTOR

My darling bambini, your parents need you to be the most amazing rain cloud ever.

FRANCESCA

Maybe we need better costumes.

MARIA

Maybe we should be a rainbow instead of a rain cloud.

DIRECTOR

No, no, no! The rain clouds are crucial to my vision!

PRODUCER

And to my budget!

ALFONZO

I'm just nervous. I don't want to look stupid.

CHIARA

Especially with all those people out there.

FRANCESCA

Well, this Opera is about weather.

MARIA

And we do happen to be science students of Galileo.

DIRECTOR

Ay, still all this talking, and no acting! What happened to my nice little rain cloud?

PRODUCER

Come bambini, be my silver lining.

TORRICELLI

Can we be a blizzard instead? A blizzard is cooler than a rain cloud.

[The GELATO MAKERS trudge onto stage, rolling an empty cream cart. They are sad.]

GELATO MAKER #1

Gelato is also cooler than a rain cloud. Or it would be. If we had any.

GELATO MAKER #2

But there won't be any gelato for tomorrow's opening.

GELATO MAKER #3

We can't get the cream to form.

GELATO MAKER #1

Something's not right in the air.

GELATO MAKER #2

The air is too dry.

GELATO MAKER #3

[Feeling the air] Not enough...moisture?

GELATO MAKER #1

No moisture.

GELATO MAKER #2

We can't make the cream without moisture.

GELATO MAKER #3

Blame it on the weather.

GELATO MAKER #1

Or maybe the lack of weather.

PRODUCER

Mama mia! Without gelato, there will be nothing to sell during intermission!

GELATO MAKER #1

It could always be worse.

GELATO MAKER #2

[Pointing to The STUDENTS] True. We could be dressed like them.

PRODUCER

Ay! I am ruined!

[MONTEVERDI, The Composer, struts on, dressed in a slick Italian designer suit and wearing shades. MONTEVERDI is calm and in control.]

MONTEVERDI

Ciao mi artisti. Sorry I'm late. I was composing my thoughts. And I have a lot of thoughts.

DIRECTOR

S'okay, Monteverdi. We were just about to take a break.

PRODUCER

We've got no clouds on stage and no gelato off stage. What am I going to do?

MONTEVERDI

[Seeing The STUDENTS] What are they supposed to be?

THE STUDENTS

Rain clouds.

MONTEVERDI

Well don't look so cirrus.

[EVERYONE groans at this terrible joke.]

PRODUCER

Stick to writing music, Monteverdi.

MONTEVERDI

Speaking of which, I finally finished the overture.

DIRECTOR

What do you mean, "finally?" The opera opens tomorrow!

PRODUCER

I am so ruined!

MONTEVERDI

Wait until you hear it. The sky's the limit on this one!

 **SONG: "WHERE'D THE WEATHER GO?"**

Woke up in a state of calm
Where did all the weather go?
Found out that the wind was gone
Where did all the weather go?

Where'd the weather go?
Where'd the weather go?

Dried up and then disappeared
Where did all the weather go?
No sign of the atmosphere
Where did all the weather go?

Where'd the weather go?
Where'd the weather go?

Somewhere deep
In the skyline
Temperature went away

[INSTRUMENT SOLO]

Where'd the weather go?
Where'd the weather go?
Where'd the weather go?
Where'd the weather go?

GELATO MAKER #1

That was great!

GELATO MAKER #2

Maybe people will forget that there's no gelato.

[The PRIMA DONNAS enter. DIVO and DIVA are escorting young DIVETTE, the young child singer, who is croaking, holding hands to the throat.]

DIRECTOR

Ay, who needs gelato when we've got the Prima Donnas, the most famous singers in all of Italy!

PRODUCER

[Cheering up] What am I worrying for? The show is going to be a hit for sure.

DIVO

Hush, young Divette.

DIVA

Don't speak. Save what's left of your voice.

DIVO

Divette's voice is almost gone.

DIRECTOR & PRODUCER

Gone!?!

DIVA

Divette cannot sing with these quick temperature changes.

PRODUCER

But you three are the stars of the opera!

DIVO

When the temperature drops, the voices go shut.

DIVETTE

[Croaking] Must...have...something...cool...

DIVO

Diva, fetch some gelato for Divette.

DIVA

[To DIVETTE] Gelato will soothe your throat.

GELATO MAKER #1

Sorry Prima Donnas. There's no gelato.

GELATO MAKER #2

Not without humidity.

DIVO

Oh no!

DIVA

Monteverdi, maestro, what should we do?

MONTEVERDI

No problema, mi artisti. Like they say, if you don't like the weather, wait five minutes.

PRODUCER

Every five minutes I lose thousands of lira!

CHIARA

This is like art imitating life imitating art, don't you think?

FRANCESCA

Or something.

MARIA

Totally weird.

VINCENZO

Let's go back to Galileo's lab and figure out what's going on.

DIRECTOR

Sure! My rain clouds are leaving me!

PRODUCER

When science gives up on art, I might as well go back to fishing.

[Blackout. End of Scene.]

SCENE TWO

The Olive Market. Outside. The sky is dark, the air is still, an eerie feeling that something is not right. The OLIVE FARMERS move their olive stall, olive jars and withering olive branches onto stage.

The STUDENTS enter, look all around, inspecting the sky. They are giving lots of attention to the atmosphere, touching the air and space in front of them.

TORRICELLI

[Surprised] Look at the sky.

VINCENZO

It's all green.

FRANCESCA

And still.

MARIA

As if there was no sky at all.

ALFONZO

The sun is missing.

TORRICELLI

The sun can't be missing! We'd all freeze to death.

FRANCESCA

Are you sure it's daytime?

MARIA

It's so dark and quiet.

[EVERYONE looks worried.]

TORRICELLI

Okay, everybody look around. Do you see any weather?

VINCENZO

What does the weather look like?

CHIARA

The weather isn't a shape, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

Well, how can I look for it then?

FRANCESCA

Vincenzo's right. It is hard to see the weather.

MARIA

It's hard to see air and sunlight. The weather is usually all around us, and we take it for granted.

TORRICELLI

Lick your fingertip and hold it out in front of you. Like this. Then you can feel the wind.

[TORRICELLI demonstrates. EVERYONE else follows.]

ALFONZO

I can't feel any wind.

VINCENZO

No wind whatsoever.

FRANCESCA

This is ssssoooooo freaky.

ALFONZO

It sure feels like the weather has disappeared.

CHIARA

Maybe it's gone inside.

FRANCESCA

Weather only happens outside, silly.

MARIA

No, it doesn't. When my mother boils water for soup, the steam collects on the inside of the lid. When I take off the lid the water drips down and it looks like it's raining.

VINCENZO

See?

CHIARA

Toricelli, maybe it's time to unveil our secret invention.

ALFONZO

We can use it to figure this whole thing out.

TORRICELLI

Maybe. But first, I'm hungry.

[The STUDENTS see the OLIVE FARMERS. The OLIVE FARMERS have several empty olive jars on display.]

THE STUDENTS

Olives!

OLIVE FARMER #1

Ciao studenti! Welcome to the olive market!

OLIVE FARMER #2

The biggest, most famous olive market in the world!

OLIVE FARMER #3

You look like you need some olives.

OLIVE FARMER #1

We still have a couple juicy ones.

OLIVE FARMER #2

Pay no attention to the other sellers.

OLIVE FARMER #3

Our olives are the best in all of Italy!

[The STUDENTS look around at an empty olive market.]

VINCENZO

Looks like yours are the only olives in Italy.

ALFONZO

[Picking up a jar] There are no olives.

OLIVE FARMER #1

It's been a bad season.

OLIVE FARMER #2

No rain.

OLIVE FARMER #3

The farmer relies on two things: good weather.

OLIVE FARMER #1

We've had neither.

OLIVE FARMER #2

Branches are withered.

OLIVE FARMER #3

Shriveled.

[The OLIVE FARMERS suddenly break into a weird rain dance and chant.]

OLIVE FARMER #1

Send us one rain cloud!

OLIVE FARMER #2

Oh, send us one rain cloud!

OLIVE FARMER #3

C'mon, rain!

FRANCESCA

Actually, we are a rain cloud.

ALFONZO

In the Opera.

OLIVE FARMER #1

[Stopping the dance] What?!?!

OLIVE FARMER #2

You're in the Opera?

THE OLIVE FARMERS

[Impressed] Whhhhooooaaaa.

OLIVE FARMER #1

Rain cloud is a heavy role. You know how heavy rain clouds are?

OLIVE FARMER #2

They look light as air, but actually weigh thousands of pounds.

OLIVE FARMER #3

How did you get a part in the Opera?

ALFONZO

We won a battle of the bands contest.

CHIARA

It was supposed to be a joke, you know, scientists playing music.

FRANCESCA

The judges thought I took a raging coronet solo.

MARIA

They awarded us this lame rain cloud part in the Opera.

OLIVE FARMER #1

Did you meet the Prima Donnas?

OLIVE FARMER #2

What are they like?

VINCENZO

Right now the Prima Donnas are, like, Prima Gonners.

ALFONZO

They've lost their voices because of the changes in temperature.

CHIARA

We think the weather has disappeared.

OLIVE FARMERS

Disappeared!?!?

OLIVE FARMER #1

Too bad for you.

OLIVE FARMER #2

If the weather is really missing, then spring will last forever.

OLIVE FARMER #3

And without summer...

THE STUDENTS

[Realizing] NO SUMMER VACATION!

TORRICELLI

School will never end.

VINCENZO

This is getting worse.

CHIARA

When it rains it pours.

FRANCESCA

We need to talk to Galileo right now.

MARIA

Olive Farmers, come with us!

[EVERYBODY leaves the stage in a hurry.]

[End of Scene.]