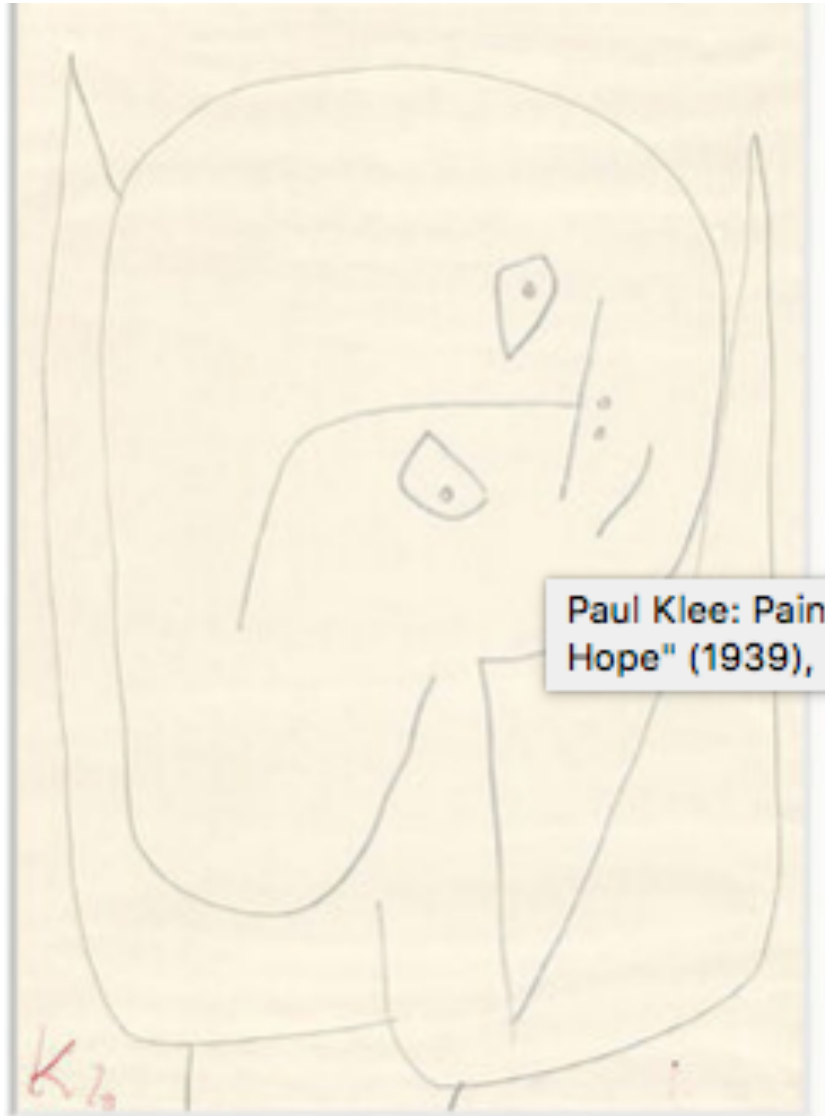


PLAYBILL



BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE
LICEO LIRICALE LUNGOMARE

**THE GREENPOINT CONNECTION
AN ON AND OFF BROADWAY MUSICAL**



Screenplay and mashup lyrics by Madison Damiani
All original material belongs to the Valanga di Vita Co.
for the intentions of the charitable trust

[HTTP://monetinemondiali.neocities.org/Musical.html](http://monetinemondiali.neocities.org/Musical.html)

This is all karaoke with mashup lyrics, original audio tracks are
all available free on youtube, that's where the background
audio for the mashups come from

Thanks...

TO THE UNDERGROUND MUSIC SCENE OF NYC
TO ALL THE SMALL RESTAURANTS and Cafes TO ALL NEW
YORK DJs AND ARTISTS AND VENUES INCLUDING BUT NOT
LIMITED TO: Acemo, Ade Kassim, Adrian Rew, AJ Radico, Aldo
Pizza, Alex from Queens, Alison Beshai, Alessandra Sabillon,
Antimateria Sonora with Benfika, Imth Woods and Nueve Vidas,
Antpuke, Archangel, Ayanna Heaven, Le Bain, Barbie and
Paul, Beige, Ben Steidel, Boston Chery, Bottom of the Deck, Brian
Sears, The Bunker, Camille, Captured Tracks, Chalma, Christine
Renee, Cosmo and Jadalareign with Donis, Couple Two Tree, Cry
Blood, Darker than Wax, Dave P, Discakes, Disco Tehran, Divine
Interface, DJ Swisha, DJ Voices, DJ Wawa, Doughnut Plant,
Dreamcastmoe, Dull Tools, Eli Escobar, Extra Anchovies, Felipe,
Fatik, Folarinistired, Forty Deuce, Four Tet, Faulty DL, Georgia, The
Good Room, HD and Friends, Holy Ground, Human Pitch, Image
Man, Jamen, Jemmy, Jedai, Justin Strauss, Justin Miller, Justin van
der Volgen, Jwords, Keisha, Kim Ann Foxman, KP Radio, Kristine
Barilli, Kroba, Kush Jones, Lefto, Leo House, Level party, Lindsey,
LLoyd, Lost Souls Enterprises, Lousy Leo, the LLL Record Club,
Loka, the Lot, Mad Miran, Magick City, Mama Negra with White
Prata and Delcu, Marley, Mickey Perez, Milagrosa, Mike Simonetti,
MOMA ready, Musclecars, Mogollon Sonidero, Monchan, Neon
and Frenz, New Town Radio, NYC Ferry, New York Philharmonic!
Nick Hook, Nicki Siano, Night Mimosa, Nowadays. OJ Bart
Simpson, Osagie, Oscar Romero, Oskar Mann, Padre Pio, Picnique,
Pier Giorgio, Pope Leo, Positive Reality and NY rockers, Public
records, Palto Flatts, Paulie Cakes, Pork Chop, Prince Language,
Queen Nadine, Ray's Original Pizza, Records before Rent, Renata
Do Valle, Roberta's Pizza, Romeo Pizza, Ron Like Hell, Saddest
Angel, Sal Maida, the Sicilian, Sinkane, Spoons of Tahini, Standard
at High Line, Starbucks, Styles upon Styles, Superior Elevation,
Tak, Tiki Disco, Timo Lee, Tommy's Pizza, Tony G, Toribio,
Unscented DJ, Uptown Vinyl Supreme, Viki Solos, Vito and Druzzi,
WTBS, Zephyr Ann,, viki solos, Zia maria, Zol,

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ACT ONE

As our tale begins, the protagonist Milk Dud while doing Spanish homework at Julio's on a rainy Sunday evening and jonesing for milk duds, spies Brooklyn Djs Alston and Joe of Couple Two Tree partying at the Lot Radio on Nassau Avenue. As an online friendship blooms, talk turns to Posty (Post Malone) and a cooler than life scene reminiscent of the movie Step Up Three is imagined, where Alston and Joe roll up to the Lot in Flo Rida's gold ride, showered with confetti.

Wandering around aimlessly in the riverside district of the old mill town, listening to the muscle cars play chicken at the red lights at the intersection, Milk dud begins to dream of herself rolling down Nassau and a night of fun with CTT who have recently gone to Philly for a show but promised to return soon.

As virtual graduation approaches, and she ponders life, her thoughts turn to friends and the escapades they bragged about.

Dud's love for the Sicilian culture quickly rises to defend the misunderstood ways of the old country and the prejudice often unwittingly promoted by stereotypes and popular shows like the Sopranos or El Chapo. Immigrants, whether from Latin America or Southern Europe, give more to the city than native New Yorkers imagine and they need a voice to engage in constructive dialogue and express themselves.

At the end of this act, the old obstacles reassert themselves, and Milk Dud expresses doubts that the hopes and dreams of the city will be realized, despite the efforts of forward thinkers, every human community after all does have its rules.

CAST

GRANA WHEEL (rock me, Chelsea)
(Wagon Wheel by Dylan, Darius, Old Crow)

Heading down south on the megabus line

Missing the taste of that Sicilian wine
Staring down the road and praying I don't see blue lights
Made it down the coast in about a million hours

Hoping for a pizza made with locally sourced flours
and I'll be hoping for Chelsea I can sleep at Leo's tonight

So rock me Chelsea like a Grana wheel

Like a cider made from artisanal peels
Heyyyyy Chelsea rock me
Don't wanna take the ferry in the wind and the rain

Don't wanna get the virus on a transit train
Heyy Chelsea rock me

Bernie knows it's cold up in New England
So he got himself a pair of custom made mittens

He's got to mail some letters, it's time for Joe's thing now

Well north country winters all the snow coming down

Makes it so hard to plan it if you wanna leave town

But I ain't giving up going back to New York for sure

BROOKLYN CORLEONE
(White Iverson by Post Malone)

THE LOT CAN'T EVEN HANDLE ALSTON

(The Club can't even handle me by Flo Rida)

THE ENGEL CONNECTION

(the rainbow connection, the Muppets)

Why are there so many songs about angels /And are they all bonafide?
Angels are visions but only illusions /And there is no paradise
So we've been told and some choose to believe it /

I know the shine we can't see
Someday we'll find it, the Engel connection

Eucatastrophe, Edith Stein, Empathy*

Who said that every wish Would be heard and answered

When wished on the Uriel Star?
Engelblau thought of it and Milk dud believed it
It's not so very far

It's so amazing that God just keeps hazing
Have you been half asleep and heard angel voices

I've heard them calling my name
Is this the sweet smell of sugary smoothies

The voice might be one and the same
I've heard it too many times to ignore it There's something he wants to tell me

*The references are philosophical, to:

Eucatastrophe, the philosophy of JRR Tolkien

Empathy, the philosophy of Edith Stein

A NASSAU

(LA BAMBAMBA by Ritchie Valenzuela)

Para tornar a Nassau

Se necesita una bolsa de plata

Una bolsa de plata, papas y bistec

Yo no soy pandillero, canto asan *

BOOST THAT LAMBO

(OPUS 17 by Frankie Valle)

I can see there ain't no room for me
This Mustang wasn't never meant for 23

What good is all our pride? I think the engine died

We got to trick a ride, we got to boost that Lambo

Alston's tight and Joe is out of sight

We listen to it every ff Sunday night
And then if Joe was late, we wouldn't hesitate

he ain't no extra freight
We just got to boost that Lambo

Couple Two's all into soul and blues
and if you bet against 'em babe you're gonna lose

They're getting in the groove, you gotta watch em move,

they ain't got jack to prove

BENSONHURST LAUREATES

(You make me feel like dancing by Leo Sayer)

There ain't no safe you ain't cracking
You never needed no key
Your cell phone never had no tracking

You're a gangster casing out the cyber streets
Big Al's so proud of you
he told me that you're almost through
You boost that new Bugatti and you're gonna get an "A"

You boost that new Bugatti and you graduate today

Quarter to four in the morning
Those cops ain't tired NO NO
They're high on sugar from the doughnuts yea

And they don't want to go home
But you're up with the pros
You jack it right out from under their nose

REFRAIN

My lawyer filed a motion
to get reasonable doubt in the door
You want a transfer of venue, you gotta gimme some more
Your honor may I say the criminal just drove away

SHOES

(cruise, by FGL and Nellie)

Harris you a song you make me wanna burn down Bleeker
Street in SHOOOES

down a back road blowing by every little Escalade punk and his
high class booooooze

In this fantasy Bugatti with a six shift

We gonna catch up with the river cause we killin it COME ON

well you're an angelic lotter wish I was an otter I could smell it
clear across all this East River water

LOT RADIO USA/SOUL IN THIS CITY

Party in the USA by Miley Cyrus,

The Motown Song by Rod Stuart and the Temptations

Hop off the plane at JFK and I'm back in the 'hood again Welcome to the land of Bensonhurst, whoo! Will I still fit in?
I get out of the pod here I am for the first time Look to my right and I see a girl power sign*
This is all so crazy, everybody seems so hazy
My tummy's turnin' and I'm feeling kinda homesick

Too much pizza and I'm nervous

That's when the taxi man turns on the radio
And the Frankie song** is on, (2x)
So I put my hands up, they're playin' my song
The butterflies fly away
Im nodding my head like yeah, moving my hips like yeah I put my hands up, they're playing my song
And I know I'm gonna be ok Yeahhhh LOT RADIO USA

Get to the club in my boosted Bugatti,

everybody's looking at me now
That ride is sick, it's chopped, it's tricked,
it's gotta be from out of town
So hard with the mob not around me, it's def. not a Corleone party

So why'd I leave the borghetto? I guess I never got the memo

**The Frankie song refers to Vax, not to a song called Relax *The reference is to pod hotels(where the author never actually stayed)
And to a sign that once appeared near the Lot radio on Nassau Ave, Brooklyn

WINE FLOWS

(WHERE MY GODFATHER GOES)

Love Grows where Rosemary goes By Edison Lighthouse

They call it dirty money, his tax returns are funny

I'll chalk it up to jealousy
Because wine flows where my godfather goes

And all of his shows are free

Gringos say he's lazy, his lawyers say he's lazy

It's cause he comes from Sicily

Because wine flows where my godfather goes

And all of his shows are free

There's something about the way that he shines
when he's singing his lines he's an angel of grace

A secret that nobody can tell

is he locked in a cell or is he down at the place?

Call him a good fella but I just wanna tell ya That I love the family

ESTOY HACIENDO PLACAS

(Me Estoy Volviendo Loco by Daniel Agostino)

ICE AGENT: Un aire de Gabuzzo* te quieres dar
Y lo único que logras es hacerte arrestar Quisas que llegue el
dia en que te quiero liberar

No tienes ni siquiera papeles de aqui' ni de alla'
Y tampoco te das cuenta la frontera donde está

Juegas tanto con las leyes,! que tristeza que me da'!

IMMIGRANT: Estoy haciendo placas a tu gusto, tantas placas

A mi me da la gana de arrancar de esta prisión
Me has hecho de mi vida un infierno de cadenas
Y la única esperanza es tocar discos at the Lot
Estoy haciendo placas a tu gusto tantas placas
Pero si no me sueltes no se que va a ser de mi
Me encierras en la celda más oscura de este carcel

Y lamento aquel dia que conoci a the police

*The reference is to the fictional "Gabuzzo Brothers"
popularized by comedian Richard Pryor.

CANDY ISN'T CASUAL

(Don't want to talk about it by Rod Stewart)

I can tell by your lips
that you prolly been eatin' cherries forever
Sno' cap stars in the skies
and you wanted to have some for dinner
'Cause we don't know how to talk about it

The stuff inside our hearts

That kind of candy isn't licorice baby

cuz if you crunch it then you listen

It's too hard, woo it's hard

If we stand here making jokes

would the laughter ease the suffering in our hearts

Let me dry your tears, let us try to speak more clear

if your heart is tryin' to cry

you should prolly look your soul in the mirror

CRAZY CHRISTMAS (Last Christmas by WHAM!)

November is a time to die***
a time for ditching but the moon was in the sky
I'm the haze king do you recognize me
Hey, my boat is tipping so please don't capsize me
Happy Christmas, do I have your attention
I'm calling you from a mystical dimension
I don't know just how long I've been
Knocking at your door, so would you please let me in!

Crazy Christmas you hazed out my heart
And the very next day you told me to pray
This year I'm trying to hear I'm trying to pay attention

I'm acting cool and I'm stunting wise
I'm trying to move but I feel hypnotized
All I wanted was something to rely on
Me, I'm trying find a way back to Zion*
A Fabuzzo on the cover of a Vanity Fair**
It turned into sugar and the smell was everywhere

OOOO

*the reference is to paradise or "zion" as the rastas call it

**The reference is to a fictitious magazine, Vanity Plate Fabuzzo,
featuring images of license plates or "placas" made by the
cumbiaman and articles about Fabuzzi or famous Gabuzzi

***the reference is to all souls, Dia de los Muertos etc

ITS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW

(eponymous song by Cornelius Brothers and sister Rose)

Well, I went to do a show for that Francois Vaxelaire

And he told me, there's a family called the Gabuzzos

and they are everywhere

They will mess you up and they will leave you in misery

But they just offered me 50 Gs to whack that couple two tree

And I'm telling you It's too late to turn back now
I believe I believe I believe I just joined the mob

I believe I believe I just joined the Gabuzzos

I find myself scoping out the booth at least 10 times a day

And y' know- it's so unusual for me to whack a boss this way

I could do it tonight
because they're both gonna be on the mic
I try so hard to tell myself

that this career choice can't be right But i'm telling ya

REFRAIN

Now, I wouldn't mind it if I knew that they had my back too

But I hate to think I'm going to jail alone

And there is nothing that I can do

EVERY MOB HAS GOT ITS RULES

(Everybody Plays the Fool by the Main Ingredient)

So you say you wanna be the alpha dog

You sit around bragging about your credentials

You say you not even afraid of dying?

well, before you become a bodyguard for cash

Dig this:

Every mob has got its rules, all the time..

the crazy gringos and the gabagools, listen baby

they may cajole you, they may be cruel, but I aint lying

Telling the truth is never an easy thing to do
Cuz there's no guarantee that the power you challenge

Ain't gonna whack youu
OOOo human eyes so rarely see a hidden criminal reality
Vendetta runs deeper than any ocean
But hitmen kill with no emoooooooootion

And every mob has got its rules, all the time

The crazy gringos and the gabagools listen, baby

They may cajole you or they may be cruel But I ain't lying

COME ON, LLOYDSKI

(come on, Eileen by Dexys Midnight Runners)

Francois Vaxelaire

Had a dream about the radio

but he could not do it solo

The friars cried

they wanted soul and who could blame them

Hey Lloyd, you LLOYD You are my best friend forever

Come on LLOYDSKI, Come ON Come with me And together

we'll change the frequency O Lloyd you're the best,

I heard from the rest at the Tiki

So Come On Lloydski!

These people round here

Wear beaten down eyes

Sunk in smoke dried faces

So resigned to higher rent rates But not us no not us

We are so damn hipster clever 112211222

And we can change the streets forever

Come on LLOYDSKI Ta loo rye aye Come on Lloydski, 22,

My dream has grown but I'm all alone OO Lloydski

These things we can do to Show the barrio how we feel