

PICCOLO  
TEATRO DI MILANO • TEATRO D'EUROPA

2014 2015  
SETTEMBRE OTTOBRE

Piccolo Teatro Grassi  
from 4 to 14 June 2015

foto Alessandro Fabbri


## Franco Branciaroli Dipartita finale

by Franco Branciaroli  
directed by Franco Branciaroli  
sets by Margherita Palli  
lighting by Gigi Saccomandi  
cast and characters (in anagraphical order):  
Pot Gianrico Tedeschi  
Pol Ugo Pagliai  
Totò Franco Branciaroli  
Il Supino Maurizio Donadoni  
and with Sebastiano Bottari  
a CTB - Teatro Stabile di Brescia /  
Teatro de Gli Incamminati production

performed in Italian, English surtitles by Prescott  
Studio and Montclair State University, NJ, USA  
as part of the project "Translating voices across  
continents"

On the banks of the Tiber in an undefined place and time, remains of humanity await the End. Pol (Ugo Pagliai) sleeps all the time, he dozes in an unmade bed while still managing to order around Pot (Gianrico Tedeschi) who never sleeps and who endures all kinds of harassment, unable to leave him. Perhaps they are in love. Il Supino (Maurizio Donadoni), who believes himself to be Eternal, Immortal, only speaks to Pot – in whispers. Perhaps Pot is the only one who understands him. They are together for necessity and for Destiny. Pol and Pot are frantically looking for an "End", they fearfully desire it, while Il Supino, immobile, considers and reconsiders the meaning of his existence. They are joined by "Death" (Franco Branciaroli), who does not live in the shack they see as a nuclear shelter, and whose irony is not exactly appreciated by Il Supino. Perhaps Death is only looking for a place to sleep. A story, which is more "lunatic" than absurd, of four relics of an imaginary future society which lays bare hope, the true strength of mankind, born from the necessities of nature, from primal needs, but laced with a lightness typical of that which is essential. Following on from Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* in 2006, Franco Branciaroli, this time as playwright, presents *Dipartita Finale*, a pièce which adheres to the same atmosphere of the absurd. «It is a parody, a Western, a drunkards' game on the modern-day human condition – explains Branciaroli –, with three tramps lying in a shack on the banks of a river, perhaps the Tiber, and death, disguised as Totò the Jinx, who goes to visit them with scythe in hand». The surprise ending is three-quarters happy.

May-October 2015

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