



ADELE SCRIPT FOR FINLAND

Dark

Music: YANNI ("Keys to imagination" track 8)

Lights slowly going up

N1: Women. More than a half of the world population are women. But the majority of the literary authors, specially the most known, are men. When they write about women in their works, do they really know what they are talking about? Are their women real? Are their feelings, their worries, their lives.... real?

N2: Women have always been an important topic in society, in culture, in literature....

N1: Can you see it? You have just said it: "a topic". Almost never the author, the protagonist. We have always been the ideal view that men wanted to have of us. Since the dark and closed medieval times till present day.

It was what happened to Jimena, the Cid 'wife, who was never allowed to be a real woman, only her husband's shadow.

N2: Tell us more about that story.

N1: After the Cid's death, in Valencia, Jimena tried to be herself a lady and queen,.... She,... a woman in the middle of a men's world. King Alfonso didn't allow her.

N1: "Rings for a Lady" Antonio Gala. Spain. 1973. A woman legal wish of ruling. Impossible. Ruling is only for men.

Dark slowly

Music "Balansiya" Luis Delgado.

Lights come back.

Jimena: Everything is so unfair. Who could tell me the reasons to live And to suffer (...) But so is my life! My life is this dream! This is the end for me Can anybody explain this to me ? *(sobbing, falls to the floor)*

Alfonso: *(appears restrained and touched)* At the moment, nobody. Nor even me, the king..... All I can do is to give orders. And I will. The troops are to leave Valencia. We return to Toledo. At sunrise you are to be on the way.

Jimena: To leave Valencia....

Alfonso: The Cid also dreamt. Valencia was his dream. Let's wake up! Castilla needs to give up.: it has no strength to continue dreaming.

Jimena: And what about me?

Alfonso: You have been defeated like everybody, Jimena. Like any one that lives, a bit defeated and a bit invincible... There are a hundred soldiers downstairs watching over the Cid's coffin. We are taking it with us. You will accompany it to San Pedro de Cardeña, where so many nights you missed a husband. From now on he will be by your side day and night, so still next to you.... And don't forget that those soldiers guarding the coffin, will also guard during the way the Cid's widow mourning and pain... That will be, at least, what History will say. What you may think, and I know it now, is only your own business.

When the last troop has left, this city will be grimming with flames. As I have been told, the people in this region are very keen on running powder and building beautiful fireworks... The one of this night won't be easy to forget... The dreams, are like the scorpions, to finish with them, it is necessary to burn them to make them burn.

Jimena: Oh my God! Then it is true that nothing has existed before! The promised land is going to be burned... Its memory is going to be eliminated from the Earth...

Alfonso: Paradise always ends lost.

Jimena: Is it true that in Vivar a Cid never was born ? Are you going to erase him? Why do I, then, suffer?

Alfonso: All of us will be erased one day... All of us will be forgotten. Or we will be badly remembered, not like we were, that is even worse. (*Enters Jerónimo*)

Jimena: Will our faces be forgotten, our voices, our way (*turns saying farewell to the room*) to say good bye to the things that were our life... And I thought I wasn't an heroine. Yes I am: this is my poor heroic deed: to be for ever the waste of a hero so that he can continue being a hero... Without Jimena there is no Cid. I am the evidence. I will keep all that shows that everything was true: a rotten corpse and these rings in my right hand.

Jerónimo: In the peace of Cardeña you will find your peace, my daughter, far from so much noise, of so much excitement and so much conquest.

Jimena: In the peace of Cardeña the only thing I will do, will be to wait God to come to explain me the reason of all this. History is knocking the door right now, King Alfonso. Open it wide enough.

Jerónimo: At last, Jimena

Jimena: History will explain this beautiful picture we are: the sobbing widow; the king that recognizes the power of a vassal; the archbishop that gives his blessings and pieces of advice to everybody. Everyting is already as it should be... When in the future they speak about it, perhaps peace and smile fill Spain and men will remember us with gratitude because we made their joy possible. And women will be able to fall in love freely and admire my endless

mourning...But I assure you that , one remote day, somebody, that will also be forgotten, will narrate my sorrow, this small story of myself. It will tell the night in which Valencia was given back to the Moors, JIMENA, next to the Cid's coffin, didn't cry for the dead man, she cried for the death, her own death.... She cried because as she woke up they had taken away everything she owned. Everything except two wedding rings in her right hand and a chain over her heart.

Alonso: (Seeing the size the fire is getting) Valencia starts burning. It is time to departure. (They let Jimena leave first. She has a wavering. Jerónimo tries to help her. She shakes him off)

Jimena: Alone! Leave me alone! What I have to do from now on, I can do it alone!

They leave while the lights fade slowly
Música: track 4 from "Hermanas reina y cautiva".
Lights come back

N1: A woman always behind the great man. The wife, the warrior's rest, his honour comfort. When will they be aware that we are free human beings, and not their shadows?

N2: So it has been most times. But only almost. In the ancient Al Andalus, the women that had access to culture and poetry showed freely their feelings.

N1: Poets from ancient Al Andalus. 10th Century. Women expressing freely their feelings

Dark slowly
Música: Egiptian music.
Lights come back.

Actress 1: I have a lover. A lover who does not tenderize
in our loving quarrels.
And, if I abandon him, his pride grows.
He asks me: have you ever seen
A man like me?
I reply: Have you ever seen
A woman like me too?

Música

Actress 1: I swear that I am worthy of the
Heights,
I walk by my path holding my head
Up high.
I let my lover to touch
My cheeks
And I accept the kisses from
any one who wants to give them.

Dark slowly
Música Egiptian music.
Lights come back.

N1: They enjoyed their freedom Maybe. But few women have been free to shout our feeling, to follow our own way.

N2: Right. Society has always had very defined the roles of men and women. The Polish Nobel Prize Wislawa Szymborska described it brilliantly.

Dark slowly.

Músic Vivaldi: Concerto for 4 violins in B minor

Lights come back.

On the stage:

Apartment:

1. *table, telephone, cut-out materials (4ot tle, letters) newspapers, scissors, ready cutouts*
2. *desk, chair, papers on the desk, pens*
3. *Two cartboard (boxes) with vitamins, proteins inscription, a big 4ot tle with „oil „ inscription (hidden under the table)*

(Szymborska sits at the desk (still, there are pieces of paper, pens... Adam (The Idea) enters the room, dressed in white. He begins slowly).

Adam: - I'm ... an idea!

An idea for life ... for a poem ... But whose? About whom?

(Adam looks at Szymborska)

About a woman! Written by a woman ... Szymborska!

(Adam goes toward Szymborska, stands behind her. Szymborska is „alive” , embraces her , moves his finger on a sheet of white paper. Szymborska starts writing. Adam begins to recite – takes brakes. Girls hang illustrations on the string).

Adam: She must be a variety.

Change so that nothing will change.

It's easy, impossible, tough going, worth a shot.

Her eyes are, as required, deep, blue, gray,

dark merry, full of pointless tears.

She sleeps with him as if she's first in line or the only one on earth.

She'll bear him four children, no children, one.

Naive, but gives the best advice.

Weak, but takes on anything.

A screw loose and tough as nails.

Curled up with Jasper or Ladies'Home Journal.

Can't figure out this bolt and builds a bridge.

Young, young as ever, still looking young.

Holds in her hand a baby sparrow with a broken wing,

her own money for some trip far away,

a meat cleaver, a compress, a glass of vodka.
Where's she running, isn't she exhausted.
Not a bit, a little, to death, it doesn't matter.
She must love him, or she's just plain stubborn.
For better, for worse, for heaven's sake.

(Adam leaves).

II .

(The phone rings. Szyborska picks up the phone and speaks to the headphones):

Szyborska: Hello, could you not disturb me for the next two weeks, please? For the time being I'm going to be an artist.

(Szyborska chooses, searches, looks at her works):

Szyborska: This one will be for Ewa, this one for Janek, and let this be for Marysia!

*(She gives away some of them to the audience.
On the screen are displayed cutouts made by Szyborska).*

Szyborska: Here you are / There you go / This one (is) for you

Everyone can be an artist, can't they?

III.

(Szyborska sits at the desk again. She arranges some papers on Her desk. Adam (The Idea) appears, stands in the background. Szyborska creates for a moment. At the moment Bodybuilder enters the stage. (In the background you can hear proper music). The reporters who photograph him come along with him. The assistant enters with a vitamin/protein box, a bottle of oil and a towel. Bodybuilder takes off the dressing gown).

(Szyborska starts to recite)

Szyborska: From scalp to sole, all muscles in slow motion.
The ocean of his torso drips with lotion.
The king of all is he who preens and wrestles
with sinews twisted into monstrous pretzels.
Onstage, he grapples with a grizzly bear
the deadlier for not really being there.
Three unseen panthers are in turn laid low,
Each with one smoothly choreographed blow.
He grunts while showing his poses and paces.
His back alone has twenty different faces.
The mammoth fist he raises as he wins
is tribute to the force of vitamins.

(Bodybuilder and reporters leave the stage)

IV .

(Szyborska's friend enters)

Szyborska's friend: Oh, Wisława, you know? You've just received the Nobel Prize!

(Szyborska makes a gesture (typical of her) sitting at the desk. She stands up. (on the screen: video from the Nobel Prize ceremony). The King and Queen come out from behind the scenes. Szyborska approaches them and collects a medal).

King: Congratulations on your award! I am deeply impressed on your achievements in poetry.
Szyborska: Thank you, Your Majesty.

(The King and Queen leave the stage).

Szyborska: *(surprised)* The Nobel Prize? My poems were not created to be rewarded. They were meant to be for you, the readers! Mind you, I hate reading them on my own!
Play with me, won't you?

V .

(Szyborska chooses people from the audience, distributes parts of the poem. Common recitation)

Nothing can ever happen twice.
In consequence, the sorry fact is
that we arrive here improvised
and leave without the chance to practice.
Even if there is no one dumber,
if you're the planet's biggest dunce,
you can't repeat the class in summer:
this course is only offered once.
No day copies yesterday,
no two nights will teach what bliss is
in precisely the same way,
with precisely the same kisses.
One day, perhaps some idle tongue
mentions your name by accident:
I feel as if a rose were flung
into the room, all hue and scent.
The next day, though you're here with me,
I can't help looking at the clock:
A rose? A rose? What could that be?
Is it a flower or a rock?

Why do we treat the fleeting day
with so much needless fear and sorrow?
It's in its nature not to stay:
Today is always gone tomorrow.
With smiles and kisses, we prefer
to seek accord beneath our star,
although we're different (we concur)
just as two drops of water are.

(Adam appears):

Adam: Wisława, it's getting a bit too lyrically ... Hello! Let's bring some energy in here! Energy, Energy!

(Szymon sings "Nothing twice".

On the screen: music video made by Hania, Natalia and Nicola).

Dark slowly.

Lights come back.

N1: Yes. Rarely we have been able to be ourselves. By ourselves. That way. Pure women with no more ornament. We are either idealized or damned.

N2: Rarely, I agree, we have taken control in a world of men. But some women foughted, almost without being seen, as authentic heroines.

N2: Finland. First half of the 20th century. Tove Jansson and her literary family: The Moomins.

Slowly dark.

Music: Alquibla track 1

Lights come back.

(Tove enters the stage and states the prologue)

Tove: -Hi, everyone! Welcome. I'm Tove Jansson and I'm the creator of the Moomins. The Moomins are fantasy characters that live in Moominvalley. I have written a lot of stories about their life. They are supposed to teach us great lessons about relationships and life. Moominmamma is. She is based on my mother. Moominmamma is a very warm and kind-hearted character. She is very motherly and loving. In this play I wanna highlight the fact that even though she isn't always in the centre of the attention she is very important. We can learn much from her. This play is one version of one episode of the Moomins. Let's go!

(The Moomin theme song starts to play. The props are being set on the stage.)

SCENE 1:

Narrator: -Tiuhti and Viuhti have run away from The Groke to Moominhouse. The Groke freezes everything that she touches. Let's see what happens.

SCENE 2:

(Moomintroll comes dazed for breakfast. Moominmamma is cooking)

Moominmamma: -Good morning Moomintroll. Why are you up so early? Did I wake you up?

Moomintroll: -Good morning Mamma. I woke up to a nightmare about the Groke.

(Other characters enter the stage)

Moominpappa: - I just talked to Tiuhti and Viuhti. They want their breakfast in bed, and they won't tell me anything. Mamma you should go and give them their breakfast, if they talk to someone they will talk to you.

Moominmamma: -All right then, I'll try.

(Everyone leaves the stage, Mamma with a tray)

SCENE 3:

(Moomintroll walks towards Snork Maiden and Little M).

Snork Maiden: -We were just on our way to the Moominhouse. Oh Moomintroll I have a gift for you. It's the most beautiful seashell.

Moomintroll: - Oh thank you!

(They hug)

Little My: -Okay lovebirds, we should get going.

(They leave the stage)

SCENE 4:

(Everyone gathers to wait for Moominmamma. Mamma enters the stage with an empty tray)

Moominpappa: - So Mamma what did they say?

Little My: -Or did you get anything out of them? I can go and try if they would tell me.

Moominmamma: -The Groke is after their bag, not them.

Little My: -They must have stolen the bag.

Moominmamma: -That is something they didn't tell me when I asked about it.

Moominpappa: -That goes just too far.

Moomintroll: -Snork Maiden, maybe you should go and talk to them.

Snork Maiden: -I guess we are going for walk then.

(Everyone leaves the stage)

SCENE 5:

(Snork Maiden, Tiuhti ja Viuhti walk across the stage. Moominpappa, Moomintroll ja Little My peek behind the prop)

Little My: -There they go!

Moomintroll: -Shhh.

Little My: -You shut up.

(Everyone returns back to the Moominhouse. Tiuhti ja Viuhti go to their room giggling)

Snork Maiden: -They didn't tell me much, but now they trust me.

Little My *(is disappointed and snarls)*: -That wasn't a surprise.

Snork Maiden: -First of all, the bag seems to be theirs, but what's inside the bag belongs to the Groke and that is the problem.

Moomintroll: -What a shame, but what's inside it then?

Snork Maiden: -I don't know that, but they said it's the most beautiful thing on Earth.

Moominpappa: -I think the Groke just wants her belongings back.

Moomintroll: -I'm just wondering how such an ugly Groke can have something so beautiful. Maybe she's a thief?

Moominmamma: -That's the problem. But if the content of the bag belongs to the Groke, it's unfair to push her away when she's coming here.

Moomintroll: -What do we do now? If the Groke comes here, everything freezes.

Snork Maiden: -I don't know about you but I'm going to Snork's [my brother's] house before that.

Little My: -We are leaving too, come Moomintroll.

Moominmamma: -Don't worry. I have a plan.

Moominpappa: -What plan?

Moominmamma: -You'll see Pappa dear.

SCENE 6:

(Tiuhti and Viuhti run through the stage)

Tiuhti: -Help! The Groke is coming!

(Moomintroll, Moominpappa and Little My jump to the stage with rolling pins)

Everyone: -Groke, we are ready!

(Mamma walks to the stage. The Groke stands still in front of the Moomins)

Moominmamma: -Hey Groke, we just want to talk to you. We know you came here to get what Tiuhti and Viuhti stole from you.

Moominpappa: -Could you just give the content of the bag to Tiuhti and Viuhti?

(The Groke shakes her head)

Moominmamma: - I have a hand bag full of beautiful items, would you do a trade with me?

(Mamma steps closer to the Groke. She takes two necklaces from her handbag)

Moominmamma: -Aren't these beautiful jewelries?

(The Groke shakes her head and snarls. Mamma takes a seashell out of her handbag)

Moominmamma: -What about this?

(The Groke nods)

Moominmamma: -Actually this is not mine. Moomintroll can I give this to the Groke?

(The Groke grabs the seashell)

Moominpappa: -You got what you wanted. Now don't ever return to the Moominvalley.

(The Groke turns around and leaves the stage)

Moomintroll: -It was close, luckily it's over.

Moominpappa: -Mamma, you're amazing.

(Pappa puts his hand on Mamma's shoulder)

(Everyone leaves the stage)

Slowly dark.

Music: The Moomin theme song starts playing

Lights come back.

N1: It sounds familiar. Women are usually the real head of their families. The stronger character in a dangerous world.

N2: Austria. Last months of World War II. "Fly Away Home". Christine Nöstlinger

Dark slowly.

MUSIC: Edvard Grieg "last spring"

Lights come back.

Narrator: this is a true story that happened to the author, Christl, whose father was a soldier in Hitler's Army during World War II 74 years ago.

At that time, small children in Austria sang the rhyme

Choir : *(Liam, Laura, Miri, Dana, Ella, Fiona)*

"Maybug, fly away home!

Father has gone off to war..."

Narrator: Today small children still sing the same rhyme but they don't know any more what it means.

Narrator: The main characters in the play are: Christel, an eight-year-old girl, Christl's older sister, Christl's mother, Christl's grandmother, Christl's father, Frau Braun senior, Frau Braun junior, Gerald (Frau Braun junior's son), The Major; Cohn, the cook.

Scene 1/part 1

Narrator: The first part of the scene is set in Christl's grandmother's kitchen. Grandmother is hard of hearing. They are sitting in the kitchen and Grandma is peeling potatoes.

Grandmother: Before the war, I used to throw rotten, muddy potatoes like these into the greengrocer's face.

Christl: I know, grandma, things were very different when father was not at war.

Grandmother: The Russians were far from Vienna and school was not closed every other day because of air raids.

Christl: Grandma, imagine, we have pupils from other primary schools in our school now because their own building has been bombed.

(Warning announcement and military music)

"Enemy aircraft are approaching"

Narrator:

Being hard of hearing, Grandma does not catch the radio announcement.

Christl(*very loud*): The planes are coming!!!!!!

Grandmother: Down to the cellar, quick!! Run!!

(The second part of the scene is set in an air raid shelter. Christl, her grandmother, her mother, her sister and Mrs Braun, a neighbour, are hiding in the cellar of their block of flats. American planes are attacking Vienna, dropping bombs on the city. One can hear the sound of bombs falling).

Scene 1 /part 2

Christl's Grandmother: The bombs are really close this time! And it's all Hitler's fault! The man is crazy!

Christl: Stop talking like that, grandma! That's dangerous. You never know who is listening.

Grandmother: I don't care. Hitler is a crazy man. It's all his fault.

Mrs Braun: The situation is getting more dangerous every day and I am not really needed here anymore. I have decided to leave the city and go to my farm in the Tyrol. Life is much safer there. Mrs. Göth, I have a summer villa in Neuwaldegg. If you want to, you can use it.

You have two young children and they would be much safer there than they are in Vienna.

You would do me a favour if you stayed in the villa and looked after it while I am in the Tyrol.

But please, do not touch the antique furniture, don't step on the carpets, wash the shutters, water the vegetables, and don't ruin the wooden floor.

MrsGöth, Christl's mother: Thank you very much for the offer. Our flat has been destroyed and I will gladly accept your offer. It's very kind of you to let us stay in your villa.

Christl (*whispers to her grandmother*): She is an old Nazi, she treats mother like a servant. Mother should not be so kind to her.

Christl's sister: Grandma, I'm scared!

Grandmother: Don't worry. The planes are gone! Listen, it's quiet again. Let's go back upstairs.

Scene 2

Narrator : Christl, her sister and her mother are in the villa in Neuwaldegg. Christl's father has joined them. He has to hide as he has left the Army without permission. Grandmother has refused to leave Vienna and therefore she and grandfather are still in Vienna, waiting for the end of the war there.

Christl: Mom, there is a car outside! Do you think it's the Russians already?

MrsGöth: No, the car belongs to Mrs Braun's daughter-in-law. I wonder what she wants here.

(Christl opens the door. She sees Mrs Braun's daughter-in-law with her son, Gerald.)

MrsGöth: Good afternoon.

Mrs Braun (junior): You are probably wondering what has brought us here. Well, there are no trains or cars anymore that could have taken us to my mother-in-law in the Tyrol. Our flat in Vienna has become uninhabitable, that's why we decided to move into the villa here in Neuwaldegg. By the way, these are my children Gerald and Hildegard.

Christl: Gerald, would you like to explore the garden with me?

Gerald: Yes, sure.

Narrator : Christl and Gerald walk along the fence. They see the neighbour's daughter whom Christl always calls "the Angel".

Christl: The Angel wears a different dress every day and she has matching ribbons in her hair. She is really stupid and really arrogant. All I have is a silly old dress that does not fit! And look at her doll's pram!

Christlshouts at the Angel: Silly cow! My doll's pram is much prettier than yours!

Gerald also shouts: Silly cow!

Narrator: The two children run back to the house. They see their other neighbour and his wife leave in their car. They are fleeing from the Russians as they are Nazis.

Christl: Let's go into their house! I'm sure they have left something behind that we can use.

Gerald: Do you know how to get into the house?

Christl: No, I don't, but we can always break the glass to get into the house.

Gerald: Okay, let's do that.

Narrator: The children get into the kitchen. There they find a cupboard with lots of preserved food.

Christl: Look at all the food! There is apricot jam and cherry compote. And here! That's preserved meat! And we had nothing but potatoes for months!! Let's take the food home. I guess the forest manager and his wife are not coming back and therefore taking it is not stealing.

Gerald: Yes, let's take the food home.

Narrator: The children take the food home.

MrsGöth: Look at all the great food! And we had nothing but potatoes, nothing but potatoes for months. It's a shame!

Scene 3

Narrator: Mrs Göth, her husband, their children, Mrs Braun and her children are preparing for the arrival of the Russians. They are a bit scared as they have heard that the Russians are dangerous and that many women were raped. Christl does not believe that the Russians are as dangerous as people say.

Before the Russians arrive, the two families manage to get supplies from a former Nazi club house: beans, pasta, dried soup, flour and other things.

MrsGöth decides to burn her husband's Army uniform before the Russians come.

Then the Russians come and the villa becomes their headquarters.

MrsGöth talks to her husband: Here comes the Major. I hope he believes our story that you were too ill to be a soldier.

MrGöth: I'm sure they'll believe me when they see my legs. They look awful!

Major enters the room. He addresses Christl's father: You too young! You soldier! You were soldier.

Narrator: MrGöth shows the Major his legs. They look awful.

Major: I believe you. Take this for your legs.

Narrator: Then Cohn, the cook, arrives. He is quite short and looks quite strange. Christl and Cohn become friends.

Cohn: Hello! I will be cook here.

Christl: Hello! Where are you from?

Cohn: I'm from Leningrad. I'm good tailor but people poor. I never got chance to make new trousers and jackets. I only repaired clothes. I long time not been to Leningrad. I had pretty girlfriend. She probably now married to other man. Never mind, never mind lady!

Christl: What are you going to cook today? About some roast pork?

Cohn: Good idea. But I don't know if I have pork. Never mind, never mind, lady.

Narrator: Christl likes being around Cohn. She spends a lot of time in his company and tells him fantasy stories about her grandmother. One day a Russian sergeant, who is really drunk, ruins Cohn's glasses. Cohn has to go to Vienna to get new glasses. He uses his horse and cart to get there. As Christl wants to see her grandparents again, she hides on the cart. On the way Cohn detects her and he's really angry. But he takes her to her grandparents. They knock.

Christl: Grandfather, it's me! Please, open the door!

Grandfather: Grandmother says there is a Russian soldier. She is scared!

Christl: Yes, there is a Russian soldier, he brought me here. He is my friend.

(Grandfather opens the door. Christl and Cohn enter).

Grandmother: Christl, you are back! Oh, what a wonderful surprise. I didn't believe I would see you again! I'm so happy!

Cohn to Christl: This is your grandmother? The one you said is never scared? She look different from your description! Much smaller! Never mind, lady, I have to leave to get my glasses.

Narrator: Christl spends time with her grandparents and waits for Cohn to pick her up again. But he doesn't show up. The next day Christl's father shows up to take Christl back to Neuwaldegg. Cohn got arrested when he got lost in Vienna.

Scene 4

Narrator: The family is back in Neuwaldegg. MrsGöth talks to the Major

MrsGöth: There are rumours that you will all leave soon.

Major: Yes, we will have to leave soon. There is going to be big fare-well party tonight but new soldiers will come and take over.

Narrator: the major leaves and MrsGöth talks to Christl.

Christl: I will miss the Russians, especially Cohn.

MrsGöth: Well, we will have to leave the villa too. We will go back to Vienna now that the war is over.

Christl: I want to stay here! I don't want to leave.

MrsGöth: Well, Mrs Braun senior will want her villa back, I guess. We can't stay here forever.
Or do you want to buy the villa from her?

Christl: I can't buy anything, I don't have any money!

Narrator: Christl storms out of the room, she is angry. Over the next few days the family packs up their belongings and a fat old woman comes with a horse and cart to take them all back to Vienna.

MrsGöth: Christl, take a last look at everything! We are probably not coming back again.

Narrator: Christl just closed her eyes.

Lights fade slowly

Música: Edvard Grieg "last spring"

Lights come back

N1: A lesson of dignity and humanity. Do men like it or not, society is based on women.

N2: On women really?, or perhaps her role as a wife or a mother?

N1: It is not bad being a wife or a mother

N2: It is if you are not the one who chooses your destiny.. Sometimes the obsession for becoming a mother may be the society imposition.

N1: Spain. Federico García Lorca. 1934. "Yerma" The obsession for becoming a mother.

Lights slowly

Música: "Allegro" René Aubry

Lights come back.

A dancer enters the stage

(When the dancer finishes Yerma and the Old woman enter the stage)

Yerma: Good morning!

Old woman: Good morning to a beautiful girl! Where are you going?

Yerma: I've just come from taking dinner to my husband who's working in the olive groves.

Old woman: Have you been married for a long?

Yerma: Three years.

Old woman: and, do you have any children?

Yerma: No

Old woman: Bah! You'll have them

Yerma: Do you think so?

Old woman: Well, why not?

I have just taken my husband his food too. He's old but he still has to work. I have nine children, like nine golden suns, but since not one of them is a girl, here you have me going from one side to another.

Yerma: I'd like yo ask you a question.

Old woman: Let's see

(She looks at her)

I know what you are going to ask me. And there is not a word you can say about those things.

(She rises)

Yerma: *(Holding her)* But, why not? Hearing you talk has given me confidence. For some time I've been wanting to talk about it with an older woman, because I want to find out. Yes, you can tell me.

Old woman: Tell you what?

Yerma: *(Lowering her voice)* What you already know. Why am I childless? Must I be left in the prime of my life taking care of little birds, or putting up tiny pleated curtains at my little windows? No. You've got to tell me what to do, for I'll do anything you tell me, even to sticking needles in the weakest part of my eyes.

Old woman: Me, tell you? I don't know anything about it. I laid down face up and began to sing. Children came like water. Oh, who can say this body we've got isn't beautiful? You take a step and at the end of the street a horse whinnes. Leave me alone, girl; don't make me talk.

Yerma: My husband is something else. My father gave him to me and I took him. With happiness. That's the plain truth. From the the first day I was engaged to him I thought about.... Our children. And I could see myself in his eyes. Yes, but it was to see myself reflected very small, very manageable, as if I were my own daughter.

Old woman: It was just the opposite with me. Maybe that's why you haven't had a child yet. Men have got to give us pleasure, girl. They got to take down our hair and let us drink water out of their mouths. So runs the world.

Yerma: Your world, but not mine. I think about a lot of things, a lot, and I'm sure that the things I think about will come true in my son. I gave myself aver to my husband for his sake, and I go on giving to see if he'll be born, but never just for pleasure.

Old woman: And the only result is ... you are empty.

Yerma: No, not empty, because I'm filling up with hate. Tell me; is it my fault? In a man do you have to look for only the man, nothing more? Then, what are you going to think when he lets you lie in bed, looking at the ceiling with sad eyes, and he turns over and goes to sleep? Should I go on thinking of him or what can come shining out of my breast? I don't know; but you tell me, out of charity! *(She kneels)*

Lights slowly fade away

Music: "Allegro" René Aubry

Lights come back.

N1: Does it exist the perfect woman? Along the times, writers have showed us their ideal woman. From the perfect beauty, with nothing else inside, to the woman with a strong personality, who wants to live her life freely.

N2: Italy, Dante Alighieri, The Divine Comedy.

Lights slowly

Música: "A medieval walk" sweet flute

Lights come back.

MINSTREL : *Midway upon the journey of your life it will certainly happen you'll read a book called Divine Comedy written by an Italian poet, Dante Alighieri. In that poem, he expresses his exalted and spiritual love for Beatrice, who is his guide through *Paradiso*.*

When Dante met Beatrice at the age of 9 it was love at first sight uhm, sorry, at first sight!

The pair has been acquainted for years, but Dante's love for Beatrice was "courtly" and unrequited. Courtly love was very formal, sometimes secret, expressing a highly respectful form of admiration for another person.

Music - "Sister Moon" (Sting) played by a boy with his flute.

MARTA sings the refrain.

*Sister moon will be my guide
In your blue blue shadows I would hide
All good people asleep tonight
I'm all by myself in your silver light
I would gaze at your face the whole night through
I'd go out of my mind but for you
I'd go out of my mind but for you
Ballet - showing us the rules of courtly love (Sting)*

SCENE 1 : DANTE & BEATRICE : *It was love at first sight.....*

Dante: My name's Dante and I'm writing my "Vita Nova", a book where I praise the beauty and goodness of my beloved Beatrice

Dante: Well, let's hope she likes it!

Beatrice: Dante! Dante!

DANTE: Beatrice!

BEATRICE: Did you make it?

DANTE: I made it!

BEATRICE: All of it?

DANTE: All of it! All, all, I finished it.

BEATRICE: And tell me, what is it like, huh?

DANTE: Beautiful, I would say ...

BEATRICE: Oh, let's hear it!

DANTE: Shall I go? OK, I go.

BEATRICE: Go!

DANTE: *"So gentle and so honest it seems ..."*

BEATRICE: Stop!

DANTE: Stop?

BEATRICE: "seems"?

DANTE: "seems",

BEATRICE: Excuse me, why "seems"?

DANTE: Seems, seems, the verb to seem, one sees you on the street, says oh look, she seems honest ...

BEATRICE: Oh no, I would like to point out that I do not "seem" honest, I AM honest!

DANTE: And well I know, Beatrice, I know, I know too well that you're honest. But ...

BEATRICE: no buts! You must change it!

DANTE: So, what shall I write?

BEATRICE: Then, "*so gentle and so honest she is*"

DANTE: Oh, do I have to correct? but wait, after "she is" there is no rhymes!

BEATRICE: You and your rhymes! You know rhymes are old things!

DANTE: ok as you like it!

BEATRICE: come on what's next?

DANTE: "*So gentle and so honest she is my lady when she greets others...*"

BEATRICE: I don't greet others ..What kind of girl do you think I'm??

DANTE: Sorry! it's a terrible misunderstanding! but let me go on: "*So gentle and so honest she is my lady when she greets others..that every tongue becomes, trembling, tied,*"

BEATRICE: that every tongue ... that every tongue ... but are you kidding me?

DANTE: But what did you think? Let me finish the line: "*So gentle and so honest she is my lady when she greets others..that every tongue becomes, trembling, tied, and the eyes do not dare upon her to look*". So, what do you think of it now?

BEATRICE: Dante be careful! I don't want to appear like a "Barbie girl". I'm a strong woman, I've got a great personality, I'm modern and independent and remember I always expresses my point of view!

SCENE 2 :

BEATRICE: Look at that girl! She's Petrarch's idealized and idolized mistress named Laura.

LAURA: Hi everybody My name's Laura and I'm extremely beautiful! I've got blond hair, gentle features, my body is slim and smooth.....

(Dante looks at her with great pleasure)

BEATRICE: But what are you doing now?

DANTE: I'm just looking at her!

BEATRICE: She looks like a top model!

LAURA: oh yes! I'm exactly how Petrarca described me:

I used to let my golden hair fly free. My eyes were brighter than the radiant west. I did not walk in any mortal way, but with angelic progress; when I spoke, Unearthly voices sang in unison. I seemed divine!

DANTE: oh yes! You are divine!

BEATRICE: Don't be shallow! Look at me now! She's a silly doll without intelligence! Nothing compared to me! My thoughts are deep and my personality is strong!

DANTE: Yes I know it ... but Laura is extremely beautiful!

BEATRICE: What? Beauty and goodness are not the only virtues women should have!

SCENE 3 :

MARTA: In the future there'll be a writer called Shakespeare which is contrary to Petrarch's conception of female role.

Shakespeare: is reading his sonnet 130 :

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

MARTA: As you can see, Shakespeare reverses the conventions of Petrarchan love and presents his dark lady as an imperfect woman.

DARK LADY : My eyes are "nothing like the sun," my lips are less red than coral; compared to white snow, my breasts are dun-coloured, and my hair is like black wires on my head.

CONCLUSION

MINSTREL: Do you think that Beatrice and Laura are perfect women? I don't think so because women are imperfect, marvellous creatures, often mysterious, interesting, and unusual! They have a strong character and personality and they live their lives with patience, integrity, passion and love.

Lights slowly fade away

Músic: "paseo medieval flauta dulce"

Lights come back.

N1: Do not brood about it any more. We have been the warrior's rest, his honor warehouse, flesh and spirit, heaven and hell...

N2: In a world ruled by men we have set out on a way with no possible return, a way full of hope.

N1: We are the owners of our future. Doors have been open. Just to go through them from freedom.

(The chorus has entered the stage and is situated at the back of N1 and N2)

N1: Spain. Agustín García Calvo. 1926 "I want you free"

(Music sounding far and rising: Vangelis "Conquest of Paradise")

F = Finnish actors
N= Narrator (Spanish actors)
A= Austrian actors
I= Italian actors
P= Polish actors

F1 I want you free,
F2 Like a stream skipping about
From crag to crag.

N1 But not mine.

A1 Grand I want you,
A2 Like scrubland bursting
With spring.

N2 But not mine.

I1 Tasty I want you,
I2 Like bread oblivious of
its good dough.

N1 But not mine.

P1 I want you slender,
P2 Like a poplar stretching
itself against the sky.

N2 But not mine.

S1 White I want you,
S2 Like orange blossom
Dotting the ground.

N1 + N2 Not mine, though.
Not mine, nor God's,
Nor anybody's

CHORUS Not even yours.

Lights off.
Loud music
Lights come back.

Greetings