



ADELE SCRIPT FOR POLAND

Dark

Music: "Zig Zag" Renè Aubry

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.

N2: Right. This is real life. And there is a so repeated role for women: when they are considered as a way of a solution for the families' financial problems by making them marry a rich man.

N1: Yes! And what is more: a way socially acceptable! Most times against the woman's real wish. That is what happens to doña Francisca in our next play.

N2: Spain. "The Maiden's Consent". Leandro Fernandez de Moratín. 19th Century.

They leave the stage.

Lights fade

Music: "Guitare Bambou" Renè Aubry

Lights come back slowly

(Don Diego is cleaning the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief. Enters Doña Irene)

Doña Irene: Hello Don Diego. It is very hot today.

Don Diego: Yes. It is the hottest day of the year.

Doña Irene: This room is cool, like in the convent. My sister, the nun, didn't want to part with Paquita, but she is very happy with our choice. Sister Trinidad is very happy, and as for sister Bautismo, she has already given you her approval. You remember how she beamed with joy...

Don Diego: It is true. If the only involved party showed the same excitement....

Doña Irene: She is an obedient daughter, and she will never go against the wishes of her mother.

Don Diego: Of all that I'm certain, but ...

Doña Irene: No she couldn't. No sir. A very educated girl, daughter of good parentage, is not capable of behaving in a manner that is less than suitable and due.

Don Diego: So you have already told me.

(Doña Irene leaves)(Enters Doña Francisca)

Don Diego: So, how did you sleep? You don't look like you slept very well.

Doña Francisca: No, not really, I guess. How about you?

Don Diego: Nope. Me neither

Doña Francisca: It was too hot.

Don Diego: look as though you have been crying – are you all right?

Doña Francisca: It is just allergies.

Don Diego: You seem to be unhappy. You could tell me if you were unhappy.

Doña Francisca: It's nothing..... just a bit of nothing I've got nothing.

Don Diego: It's something – you're crying and brooding. Paquita, don't you know I love you?

Doña Francisca: Yes , Sir.

Don Diego: Well, why don't you confide in me? Don't you know I would take pleasure in finding ways to bring you pleasure?

Doña Francisca: I know you would.

Don Diego: Then how, knowing that you have a friend, can you not confide to him what is in your heart?

Doña Francisca: Because it is that same friend that obliges me to keep quiet.

Don Diego: This means that perhaps I am the cause of your sorrow.

Doña Francisca: No, Sir. You have not offended me in any way..... my complaint is with another.

Don Diego: Then, of whom, my child? Come here..... *(Moves closer to her)* Let's talk, at least once, without beating around the bush, without pretending.... Tell me, isn't it true that you on our proposed marriage with some amount of disgust? How much would you wager that if the choice was yours to make, you wouldn't marry me?

Doña Francisca: I wouldn't marry anybody else, either.

Don Diego: So why all this crying? From what depths does this sadness spring, that in such a short time it has changed your countenance to the degree that I hardly recognize you? And this is the way you show you love me?

(Lights slowly rise on the scene. It is nearing dawn)

Doña Francisca: I will marry you, and my mother will be exceedingly happy.

Don Diego: And then what, Paquita?

Doña Francisca: Then...., for the rest of my life, I will be a respectable woman. And it will give my mother pleasure.

Don Diego: And you will reside in a world of misery.

Doña Francisca: I already know that.

Don Diego: See? Here are the fruits of a "proper upbringing"! This is what is called "raising a girl right": teaching her to conceal her most basic passions... That's an upbringing that inspires them with fear, cunning, and the silence of a slave. They are permitted everything except sincerity. In order not to say what they feel, provided that they pretend hating what they really desire most.

Dark slowly

Music: "Guitare Bambou" Renè Aubry

Lights come back.

N1: Women as a way to solve one's problems. A recurring situation.

N2: But sometimes we find women that don't assume that role for them and even go beyond the natural limits.

N1: Our heroine, young Aino, is promised in marriage by her brother in return for a favour.

N2: And again, her mother is pleased with the idea of marrying her to a rich man, even if she loves someone different.

N1: Now in the Finnish epic literature.

N2: Finland. 19th Century. Elias Lönnrot. "Kalevala".

Dark slowly

Music: "Myrskyluodon Maija"

Lights come back.

Scene 1 – Aino

(Aino enters the stage and expresses her happiness and beauty by dancing (00.00-01.38))

Aino: I'm Aino, a character in the Finnish legend "Kalevala". As a result of a manly struggle I became a merchandise, whose opinion didn't matter. Please hear my tragic story.

(Aino exits the stage).

Scene 2 – The fight

(Joukahainen and Väinämöinen meet in a forest. The young Joukahainen comes threatening closer to the old and famous Väinämöinen, who is considered as the Great Wizard.

(Väinämöinen won't give way to the defiant challenger. Joukahainen challenges Väinämöinen to a fight with the purpose of becoming the new master).

Joukahainen: Well, well, well, the Great Wizard Väinämöinen – finally we meet. You have come to an end. Will you allow me to be the new Great Wizard or do I have to dethrone you?

Väinämöinen: You rascal, you think you can replace me, the eternal Great Wizard. It isn't your time yet, if ever. You are full of confidence, but you are not wise enough. You rascal, if you want to live, you leave me alone.

Joukahainen: You – an old man – won't beat me. If you want to live, you'll go and tell everyone that I'm the new Great Wizard.

Väinämöinen: You stubborn young man won't live to see that day.

Joukahainen: It looks like there's only one way out. Only one of us lives when the sun rises.

Väinämöinen: So you stick to your mind and are really challenging me? Are you ready to give up your life?

Joukahainen: All we need is a judge and a witness to prove how the Great Master will be defeated. Seppo Ilmarinen shall be that trusted man. He shall bring us the weapons. He shall be the witness.

(Väinämöinen turns towards the crowd and enchants Ilmarinen to the stage).

Väinämöinen: Ilmarinen – the best blacksmith in the world – come with a solution. Take two weapons with you. Be our judge and witness.

(Ilmarinen comes with two swords).

Ilmarinen: Here I am. With two handmade swords – one for each contestant. The world shall see a fair and a final fight. The world shall see the eternal Great Wizard.

(Ilmarinen hands in the swords and they browse each other. Joukahainen gives the first strike and the battle starts).

(The battle ends with Joukahainen being defeated. Väinämöinen's sword is on his throat. Väinämöinen is ready for a final solution).

Joukahainen: Oh Master, you beat me. You shall be the eternal Great Wizard. Please, have mercy for me and save my life. Forgive my bad deeds and save my life.

Väinämöinen: So, now you beg me for mercy but a while ago you were threatening me and my powers. You said I was old and weak. Why should I save your life? I have no reason for that.

Joukahainen: I'll do anything: I'll worship your name. I'll tell everyone about your greatness and powers. Please, save me!

Väinämöinen: Everyone knows me already. I don't need you for that. Your time has come.

Joukahainen: Please, save me. I'll give you anything.

Väinämöinen: You don't have anything that I want.

Ilmarinen: Väinämöinen, Joukahainen is ready to do anything for you. He has a sister, who is the most beautiful maid in the world. Let him live and he'll give you her hand.

Joukahainen: Yes! Listen to him! You'll get her as a reward if you save me!

Väinämöinen: So you're ready to give her to me. To an old man. So be it! Aino shall be mine and you'll get to live. We will be wedded within a month. She'll be the mother for my children and my housekeeper.

Ilmarinen: Gentlemen, we have an arrangement: Joukahainen gets to live and Väinämöinen marries Aino. It's a fair trade. Give me your weapons.

(Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen exit the stage. Joukahainen stays).

Scene 3

(Aino dances across the stage. Joukahainen doesn't react).

(Aino's mom enters the stage with her neighbour and her daughter. The child carries a doll and starts playing with it on the ground. Joukahainen comes to his mom).

Joukahainen: Mom, I have great and happy news for you. Väinämöinen and Aino will be getting married! I have given her to the Greatest Wizard of all.

Mom: You have given Aino to the Greatest Wizard of all? Son, you have done a wonderful deed and honoured our family. You have given my only daughter to a Master. Our family will live forever in his children.

Neighbour: You're so lucky. You will have the most amazing wedding in the world. The whole world will envy you. God bless you! I'll help you arrange the wedding and I'll invite everyone to celebrate it.

Mom: You can be the maid of honour since you are our best friend. You have a very noble heart.

(Everyone exit the stage).

Scene 4

(The kid plays in the ground. Aino walks past her. She stands up and yells)

Kid: Aino, Aino, Aino congratulation! I heard that you are getting married.

(Aino stops and turns around and starts to speak☺)

Aino: Wait, what did you say? Getting married, and with whom?

Kid: Your brother just told your mom that he had promised your hand to the greatest wizard of all Väinämöinen.

Aino: Oh no! Really?

Kid : Really! I'm so jealous!

(The kid's mom comes).

Mom : Where have you been?! Come! It's dinner time.

(The kid walks with the mom out of the stage. Aino stays on the stage and looks to the audience).

Scene 5 – The drowning

Músic: " MyrskyluodonMaija" 01.39-2.34.

(Aino walks and cries on the stage pondering her life).

Aino: Why me? Oh, why me? Why is this happening to me? Why can't I decide about my own life? Why don't I have a say?

(Aino lays her head down and drowns into the water).

Dark slowly

Músic: "Salento" Renè Aubry

Lights come back.

N1: Bravery, heroism, manfulness – they are words associated with men. But in history there were a lot of women who could be described by these words.

N2: One of them was Irena Sendler, a young Polish woman, who lived during the second world war, ready to risk her own life to help others. Irena Sendler saved 2500 Jewish children.

N1: Poland. 20th century.

Dark slowly

Músic: "Seduction" René Aubry

Lights come back.

(Warsaw- the ghetto. Wall dividing the street. Children and adults in the ghetto. A German soldier walks in front of the wall.)

German soldier: Papiren!

(Sendler shows the papers to the German soldier.)

(Sendler on the street of the ghetto with a Jewish wristband – looks around and ponders.)

Irena: How can we help them? Where to start ...? Save the dying or help those who are still alive?

I bring a piece of bread, a vaccine, some medicine and some clothes.

(She takes off her clothes and gives them away to the people.)

So what? It doesn't make any sense. That's not enough! They will die anyway... The Germans planned it all very well. For the first three years, they've been transporting us, the Poles, to concentration camps. Now they've started taking the Jews, as well. What shall we do? If we could get them out of this nightmare. But there's a death penalty for saving a Jew. Maybe there are some good people who will help save the Jewish children. But how to convince their parents to give their kids away to strangers?

(Sendler leaves the ghetto, outside she meets her friend Stefania, they talk for a while.)

Irena: Could you contact me with the organization that helps the Jews in the ghetto, please?

Stefania: Wait a minute. Let me think it over. Tomorrow you'll go to the house at Żurawia Street. You'll knock on the door three times, then make a pause, knock two times, a pause again, and knock four times... then you'll ask for Trojan. Have you remembered ?

Irena: Yes, I have. Thank you Stef.

Stefania: Remember: if anything bad happened, we had never met, we didn't know each other.

MUSIC

IV

(Sendler goes for a meeting, knocks on the door with a (fixed) code, talks to Trojan)

Trojan: You are to ... ?

Irena: I came to see Trojan.

Trojan: Come in, and you're sister Jolanta, right?

Irena: For some I am Jolanta and for others: Irena Sendler. Now that the Germans have decided to murder the Jews, the only thing we can do is to take *(with a trembling voice)* the children outside the ghetto. I know it's very risky. I'll need trusted Polish families, money and contacts. I know my plan is crazy but there's no other way to save Jews. We must take the children out of the ghetto.

(Trojan is silent, after a short while)

Trojan: You have a plan, we have money. Welcome to Żegota organization.

(They shake hands)

There's no point in waiting any longer. You know, we have no time to spare, you know. Let's start the work then.

MUSIC

V

Sendler walks with her mother, they talk

Irena: Mother, we must save the Jewish children.

Mother: Irenka, but what can we do? Not only do Jews die. Round -ups, deportations and executions of Poles are so common, they are constantly happening every day! Besides, we constantly fear for our own lives.

Irena: What we're doing is not enough... we have to do more. Mum, I must take care of the children.

Mother: But it's extremely dangerous!

Irena: I'll do it anyway.

Mother: I know Irenka, I know you will. Dad would be proud of you.

Irena: To save one Jew you need ten good and brave people. You remember doctor Korczak, don't you? He used to say: "When a child smiles, the whole world smiles. I think that the one who saves one child, saves the world.

VI

(Irena talks to the parents of a Jewish child)

Irena: Listen, my dear, we can save your child.

Jewish Mother: But how? You can see what's happening here.

(The woman cuddles her child)

Irena: We can take your daughter outside the walls, and shelter her with a Polish family, in a safe place.

(The women cries, hugs her daughter, her husband embraces them.)

Jewish Mother: Can you ensure us that she'll survive? Will she know who her parents are?

Irena: I'm sorry but I can guarantee nothing. The decision is yours but it's the only way to stay alive.

Jewish Mother: Can you give us some time to think it over? We must prepare the daughter. Please, do understand us.

Irena: I do but it can be too late tomorrow.

(After a while... Mother gives letters.)

Jewish Mother: There are all her personal data and a short history of our family there. Maybe she'll be able to read it one day, I hope.

The mother grabs her child by the hand.)

Irena : Do you remember what I have told you? Say it again, please.

Jewish girl: I'm not Rachel, I'm Regina.

(Mother hugs her child and says goodbye. Sendler walks the child out of the ghetto. She gives the child to the trusted person. Sendler returns to the ghetto and carries the baby out in the cardboard box. Before she gives the baby sleep pills. She gives the child to the trusted person.

MUSIC

VII

(Sendler and her friend look at the name list)

Irena: Finally, this is the last list with the names. Where should I to hide it?

Friend: But it's a proof for the Germans. If they find it, they'll kill you.

Irena: I can't destroy it. I've promised the children's parents that after the war I'll tell the kids who they are. I must find a place to hide it somewhere. But where?

(She takes the bottle from her handbag and puts the list inside it)

Irena: We've managed to move nearly 2 and a half thousand children out of the ghetto.

Friend: I didn't know there were so many of them!

Irena: There are much too few of them, but we can do nothing more about it. We'll bury the bottle under the apple tree, near your house. Isn't it a great idea?

Friend: Irena, I truly admire you. You're a heroine.

Irena: All I wanted to do was to try and live a humane life. Everybody would act this way. My father used to say: "You have to give your hand to a drowning person. Even if you can't swim, you can still help."

Remember! People may be divided into good and bad ones but the faith, nationality, skin colour, race and views are not important.

Dark slowly

MUSIC: "Seduction" René Aubry

Lights come back.

N1: A real heroine in difficult times.

N2: But let's see now a very different role. Opposite the image of the woman who is only interested on finding a rich man to marry, we sometimes meet a character like Mirandolina, the innkeeper.

N1: A crafty, smart woman who is not seduced with wealth or flatteries. An unusual heroine in the middle of the XVIII century.

N2: Italy. Carlo Goldoni: "La Locandiera"

Dark slowly

Music: "Lungomare" Renè Aubry

Lights come back.

(The scene is placed in Florence in the Inn of Mirandolina)

ACT 1, Scene I

(The public room of the hotel. Mirandolina, the Marquis of Forlipopoli and the Count D'Albafiorita.)

Narrator: Hi everybody! I'd like to introduce you to our Mistress of the Inn. She is the innkeeper, but everybody here in Florence knows her as Mirandolina. Look at her! She's so beautiful! Look at her hair, her eyes (*Mirandolina looks at herself at the mirror*) Every man falls in love with her (*boasting and addressing to the audience*) If you listen carefully to our story, you will see that men cannot resist her! (*she smiles*)

(Enter the Count and the Marquis)

Narrator: Look! There are two noblemen in the inn who are fighting for the attention of Mirandolina, the Count D'Albafiorita and the Marquis of Forlipopoli. Who will manage to conquer her? Let's see what's going on!

Marquis: There is quite a distinction between you and me.

Count. But why? My money is as good as yours.

Marquis: I know that, for sure! The mistress of the inn is very interested in me, it's because I deserve more than you.

Count. For what reason?

Marquis: I am the Marquis of Forlipopoli (*boasting*)

Count: And I the Count D'Albafiorita. (*boasting*)

Marquis: Yes, Count, of a purchased county. (*laughter*)

Count: I purchased my County when you sold your Marquisate. You speak with over much boldness

Marquis: I am in this inn because I love its mistress. All know it and all ought to respect that young beautiful woman..

Count: Oh, that's a good one! But you want to keep me away from Mirandolina. Why do you think I'm in Florence? Why do you think I'm in this particular hotel?

Marquis: Not my business, my dear! I am who I am. Mirandolina needs my protection, I am a nobleman!.

Count: Mirandolina needs money, but not protection, and, I am a very rich merchant!

Marquis: Money?That's not lacking.

Count: I spend ten shilling a day, Marquis, and I'm always giving her gifts.

(Enter Angelica, Mirandolina's maid)

Angelica. At your service, Sir.

Marquis: Sir? Who taught you your manner?

Angelica: Pardon me.

Count: Tell me: how is your mistress?

Angelica: She is very well, your lordship.

Mar: Is she up yet?

Angelica. Yes, your lordship.

Marquis: Foolish girl!

Angelica: Why, your lordship?

Marquis: Don't lordship me!

Angelica: It's the title I gave to the other gentleman too

Marquis: There is some distinction between him and me. Tell your mistress to come to my room; that I want to speak with her.

Angelica: Yes, your excellency.

Angelica: As you wish your excellency.

Count: Do you want to see the difference between the Marquis and me?

Marquis: What do you mean?

Count: See here. I'm giving you ten shilling. Make him give you the same.

Angelica: Thanks, your lordship. *(to the Count)* Your excellency...*(to the Marquis)*
(....)

(Aside) Played out! Outside of your own country you don't have to have titles to be esteemed, you have to have money *(Exit Angelica)*

Music: (Diamonds are a girl's best friends) dancing!
(....)

(Enter the Cavaliere di Ripafratta)

Cavaliere Friends, what's all this noise about?

Count. There's a dispute.

Cavaliere: So, what is the point?

Marquis: we are trying to catch the attention of Mirandolina. She is the object of our interest.

Count. The Marquis loves our hostess here, and I love her, more than him. (...) Does the question seem ridiculous to you?

Marquis. You must know with what great difficulty I have been protecting her.

Count. He protects her, and I spend the money (To cavalier)

Cavaliere. A woman changes you, a woman upsets you? A woman? I have never loved women, because a woman is an unbearable infirmity for man.

Count. Infirmity? Our beloved Mirandolina can never be an infirmity! The Mistress of our Inn is truly an adorable person.

Marquis and Count: And we love her! (*sigh*)

ACT II

In the inn, Cavaliere's room

(Cavaliere di Ripafratta, Mirandolina)

Cavaliere: The Count went for lunch? (*Drinks.*)

Narrator: There, the Cavaliere di Ripafratta is the only man who resists Mirandolina's charms. He is said to hate women. But he will change his mind! Mirandolina decides to get her revenge by making the Cavaliere fall in love with her. Mirandolina goes to his room and tries to win him over with her tactics. She takes him a delicious Italian dish: tagliatelle with ragout! He felt flattered and got more relaxed around her. (*smiles*)

(Cavaliere's room. Enter Mirandolina with a plate in her hand. Angelica follows her)

Mirandolina . May I come in?

Cavaliere Who is here?

Mirandolina . At your service. Let me have the honor of putting it on the table with my own hands. (Puts the food on the table)

Cavaliere That isn't your duty

Mirandolina . Oh sir, who am I; some fine lady? I am the servant here.

Cavaliere. (What humility! teasing) What dish is that?

Mirandolina . It is a little ragout I made with my own hands

Cavaliere. It will be good. If you have made it, it must be good

Mirandolina . You are kind, sir.

Cavaliere. Gladly. At once. (*He tastes it*) Delicious.

Mirandolina . These hands know how to make some fine things.

Cavaliere. I would like something to drink. Give me some Burgundy.

Mirandolina . Oh, sir Cavalier, (*Sighing*)

Cavaliere. What's the matter? Why these sighs? (*Changing his tone*)

Mirandolina . Nothing serious

Cavaliere. This wine is delicious

Mirandolina . Burgundy is my passion

Cavaliere. Don't you want a little glass?

Mirandolina: I accept your politeness I shall drink to your beauty.

(Mirandolina with the cup in one hand makes a pretence of being ill at ease and does not know what to do with the bread and wine)

Mirandolina: I don't deserve so much, sir

Cavaliere. Come, come we are alone. Please sit with me!

Mirandolina . If the Count and the Marquis should know, poor me!

Cavaliere. Why?

Mirandolina . A hundred times they have invited, and I have never wanted to do it

Cavaliere. Listen. I want to say something true, very true.

Mirandolina. I will listen gladly.

Cavaliere: and you are the first lady who is making me losing my peace of mind

Mirandolina: you confuse me, and I do not wish to be attracted by a man who doesn't like women

Cavaliere: More wine

Mirandolina: And a toast to good friends

Cavaliere: The Marquis will be jealous. The poor Marquis is out of mind. You are the reason

Mirandolina: Am I the reason?

Cavaliere: Yes, you are... (*with anxiety*)

Mirandolina: Forgive me. (*she gets up*)

Cavaliere: Stay. Let's drink some more wine

Mirandolina: I will make a toast, and then I will go. As my grandmother taught me. *To Bacchus and love (exit)*

Narrator: The Cavaliere is a bit confused. He can't understand what was happening to him so he decided to go away for some time. Mirandolina faked, with some tears, that she was sad because of his departure and she even pretends to fade to prove that the knight has broken her heart! A perfect actress!

Cavaliere (*aside*): I cannot stay longer. I will have to quit.

(*Fabrizius arrives*)

Cavaliere: Have you prepared my bill?

Fabrizius: Our mistress is doing it.

Cavaliere: Be sure that luggage is ready in two hours.

Fabrizius: Are you leaving?

Cavaliere: I am. Women, you hurt us, even in the best.

(*enter Mirandolina*)

Mirandolina: Sir. (*Sad*)

Cavaliere: Yes?

Mirandolina: your bill, here to serve you. (*sad.- she dries tears with her apron*)

Cavaliere: You cry?

Mirandolina: Only smoke.

Cavaliere: Smoke? Stop now. It is because of me and the inconvenience I give you?

Mirandolina: I would suffer for that, willingly (*silent, faints on a chair*)

Cavaliere: Mirandolina. Ahimè! Mirandolina. (*aside*) Is she in love with me? Am I in love with her? Dear Mirandolina...me...a woman is dear to me (*scared*) I must help her (*exit*)

Mirandolina: We have arms, but faint is the safest. Come, come (*as before, pretending to be faints*)

Cavaliere: (Comes back with some water.): I am back...she loves me, I am sure. (He pours water)I am here, I shall not leave, my dear

Narrator: I am sure about Mirandolina's thoughts: men resemble one to the other. One tear, and they are drown.

ACT III

In the inn, laundry room

Narrator: When Mirandolina realizes that she has gone too far, she tells everybody that she will fulfill her father's wishes for her, that is to marry Fabricius. She has reached both her goals, to get married and thus getting protection and respectability, and at the same time to preserve her freedom by marrying the humble and good Fabricius.

Mirandolina, Fabricius.

Mirandolina: I have to iron the laundry. Ehi, Fabricius.

Fabricius: Madam.

Mirandolina: Will you bring me my iron?

Fabricius: Yes my lady. (*very serious*)

Mirandolina: I am bothering you.

Fabricius: No my lady.I have to obey you...You are my mistress. I would carry water with my ears for you. But it in vain.

Mirandolina: In vain?

Fabricius: Because you do not attention poor men. You like *noblesse*

Mirandolina: Poor you, I cannot talk.

Fabricius: I have seen you, in action, teasing the Cavaliere.

Mirandolina: We shall finish now. (*aside*) The more we love them, the worse it is...

Fabricius: What did you say? I don't understand one moment she is tender, one moment she is strong (*Exit*)

Mirandolina: (*aside*) The Cavaliere is well done! But it was not for interests that I was playing with him. I just wanted to show him the force of women who are not venal. And Fabricius, something in my mind....

Cavaliere and Count enter

Cavaliere: Mirandolina, you didn't accept my gifts.

Mirandolina: I could not

Cavaliere: I know there is a reason. I have seen you, looking at your servant Fabricius with charming eyes. You are in love with him

Mirandolina: I am not

Cavaliere: And I have a feeling for you. I am jealous of Fabricius

Fabricius: Have you called my name?

Cavaliere: I have not. Mirandolina, who do you want to love?

Mirandolina: The one who my father has chosen for me

Fabricius: Is it me by any chance? *(To Mirandolina)*

Mirandolina: Yes, my beloved. I choose you to be my husband.

Mirandolina: Sirs, now I get married but I do not want any gift. I have been fooling around, I was a foolish. But I shall be no more. Fabricius, I will always love you.

Music "Perfect" Ed Sheeran

Dark slowly

Lights come back.

N2: Sometimes we, the women, have managed to fight a jealous and possessive husband and come out well.

N1: That's true. Look at Belisa, a lively young woman, married to an elder husband because of the advice of her ambitious mother and how she manages to sleep with her husband and her five lovers during the wedding night.

N2: "The Love of don Perlimplín and Belisa in the Garden " Federico García Lorca. Spain. 20th Century.

N1: It's the wedding night!

Dark slowly

Music "Chaloupée: Renè Aubry"

Lights come back

A **dancer** enters

Dark slowly

Music "Chaloupée: Renè Aubry"

Lights come back

*Perlimplin's bedroom.
Wedding night.*

Marcolfa: Good night.

Perlimplin: Good-bye, Marcolfa.

(Marcolfa exits. Perlimplin looks at the backstage and talks in a loud voice to Belisa)

Perlimplin: Belisa, with so much lace you are like a wave. It frightens me as the sea frightened me as a child. Since you came from the church my house has been full of secret whispers, and the water boils by itself in the glasses !! *(He tiptoes and goes out of the scene)*

(Belisa talks from out of the scene)

Belisa: Oh Perlimplin! Where are you?

(Belisa appears in a grand nightgown full of laces. Her hair down and her arms bare)

Belisa: The maid perfumed the room with thyme and not with the mint I asked for. *(Goes to the bed)* She didn't make the bed with Marcolfa's fine linen sheets either...

(Music: track 08bis from seconds 0:25 to 0:45)

Oh! Whoever looks for me with longing will find me! My thirst will never die. It's like the endless thirst of the stone animals that spit the water in the fountains. *(She listens to the music)* Oh! What music! Like the hot feathers of swans! Is it me or the music?

(The music stops and five whistles are heard)

Belisa: There are five!

(Perlimplin appears)

Perlimplin: Am I bothering you?

Belisa: How could you bother me?

Perlimplin: Are you.... sleepy?

Belisa: *(ironically)* Sleepy?

Perlimplin: *(Rubbing and blowing on hands)* The night's become little chilly.

Belisa: *(Seductively)* Perlimplin.

Perlimplin: *(Trembling)* What do you want?

Belisa: It's a sweet name, "Perlimplin".

Perlimplin: Yours is sweeter, Belisa

Belisa: (*Laughing*) Oh, thank you!

Perlimplín: I want to tell you something.

Belisa: What is it?

Perlimplín: I've realized it a little late.... but...

Belisa: Tell me

Perlimplín: Belisa... I love you.

Belisa: Oh, my little gentleman!..., that's your duty!

Perlimplín: Yes?

Belisa: Yes

Perlimplín: But, why "yes"?

Belisa: (*Sweetly*) Well, because "yes".

Perlimplín: No

Belisa: Perlimplín!

Perlimplín: No, Belisa: before we were married, I didn't love you.

Belisa: What are you saying?

Perlimplín: I married you... I don't know why... but not for love. I couldn't imagine your body until I peeked through the keyhole as you were being dressed for the wedding. It was then when I felt my love. Then! Like the sting of a dagger in my throat.

Belisa: (*Intrigued*) But what about the other women?

Perlimplín: What other women?

Belisa: The ones you knew before me

Perlimplín: But, are there other women?

Belisa: You amaze me

Perlimplín: I am the first to be amazed. (*Five whistles are heard*) What's that?

Belisa: The clock

Perlimplín: Is it five?

Belisa: Bedtime

Perlimplín: May I have your permission to take my jacket off?

Belisa: Of course. *(Yawning)* My little husband... And turn the lights out if you please.

Perlimplín: *(Turning the lights out. In a soft voice)* Belisa

Belisa: *(In a loud voice)* What, my little boy?

Perlimplín: *(In a soft voice)* I have turned out the light.

Belisa: *(Teasingly)* I can see that

Perlimplín: *(In a much softer voice)* Belisa...

Belisa: *(In a loud voice)* What, dear?

Perlimplín: I adore you

(Five much louder whistles are heard)

*Long dark. Silence
Lights come back*

(Perlimplín is on the bed fully dressed. He has a large set of horns on his head. Belisa is lying beside him half naked)

Perlimplín: *(Desperate)* ! Belisa! Talk to me!

Belisa: *(Pretending to wake up)* Perlimplíny, what do you want?

Perlimplín: Tell me now!

Belisa: What do you want me to tell you? I fell asleep before you did.

(Perlimplín gets out of bed. He is still wearing his jacket)

Perlimplín: Why are the balconies open?

Belisa: Because... last night the wind blew like never before.

Perlimplín: Why do all five balconies have ladders down to ground?

Belisa: Because... that's the custom in my mother's country

Perlimplín: And whose five hats are those? The ones I see under the balconies?

Belisa: *(Jumping out of bed)* They belong to the drunks that come and go, Perlimplíny! My love!

(Perlimplín looks at her fascinated and with love)

Perlimplín: Belisa! Belisa! And why not? You explain it all very well. I believe you! Why would it be any other way?

Belisa: *(Sweetly)* I am not a little liar.

Perlimplín: And each minute I love you more!

Belisa: That's how I like it.

Perlimplín: For the first time in my life I am happy! *(He pulls her close and hugs her but after a moment he pulls her away sharply)*

Belisa, who's been kissing you? Don't lie. I know it!

Belisa: *(Tying back her hair)* I already know that you know it. You are so silly! *(In a soft voice)* You! You've been kissing me!

Perlimplín: Yes! I've been kissing you...but...if you had been kissed by anyone else... if someone kissed you... Do you love me?

Belisa: *(Lifting her naked arm to her)* Yes, my little Perlimpliny.

(Belisa exhausted falls into the pillows)

Perlimplín: Belisa, are you asleep?

Belisa: *(Dreamily)* Yes

(Perlimplín, tiptoeing about covers her in a blanket and sits on the bed)

Lights fade slowly

Music: "Chaloupée" Renè Aubry

Lights come back

N1: You see: in a marriage imposed by a pretender society, the only way of freedom for an unhappy woman is the sleep that sometimes drives to infidelity.

N2: And we should blame that infidelity on traditions, costumes, those parents who insist on ignoring their daughters.

N1: For centuries women role was just getting married, having children and managing the household.

N2: Yes, but sometimes an independent woman, with a strong character broke every cliché.

N1: Let's see what happens to Salome. Austria, Johann Nestroy, 19th Century:

Lights fade slowly

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Lights come back

Narrator: You are probably wondering who I am. I am Johann Nestroy, the Viennese Shakespeare. I lived at the beginning of the 19th century. At that time people believed that a woman's role was to get married, have children and manage the household. Education for women was not regarded as extremely important. Working class women just learned to read

and write a bit, the education of upper class women focused on art, literature, the art of conversation, and managing a household.

Good looks were very important, too, as women's aim was to find a husband befitting their own social status, to marry within their own social class.

The play is also about red hair which was unacceptable for both men and women. Redheads were regarded as unreliable, untrustworthy, and sometimes even violent.

In this play you will see different types of women: Salome who is being discriminated and mocked because of her red hair and her low social status. But she is skillful and hard-working, an independent woman with a good character.

The three widows, Flora, Constantia and Frau von Cypressenburg on the other hand, are shallow and superficial, all they want is a wealthy and good-looking husband.

But see for yourselves.

Scene 1

(The scene takes place in the main square of a little village. A few girls and boys appear on the stage, they are singing and dancing happily. Then Salome appears.)

A boy: What is she doing here? She's just a goose girl! And look at her red hair! She should be ashamed!

A girl *[to the boys]*: She probably wants to set your hearts on fire.

(Everybody laughs. Then they all shout Salome's name.)

Boys and girls: Salome, Salome, red-haired Salome!

Salome: You all seem to be having a lot of fun. Are you on your way to the dance? Would you mind if I came with you?

A boy: Well, everyone can go there. But there's always the danger of a fire. Just look at your hair! A few days ago you passed by a barn with your geese and shortly afterwards it went up in flames. Do you believe it was just a coincidence?

(Salome looks sad. The boys and girls push her.)

A boy: Well, if she goes to the dance, maybe she can dance with her.

Others: Are you crazy? A good-looking boy like you can definitely find a better girl to dance with.

(They all leave, except for Salome.)

Salome: Why do they always bully me and make fun of me? I'm a goose girl. There's nothing wrong with that, I know that I'm not very educated but I have to make a living.

I'm a red head, too. But red is a wonderful colour. The most beautiful flowers are red. /Salome shouts *angrily*]: Roses are red!!In the morning when the sun rises it's red. If people hate red they don't know what's beautiful!

But that doesn't help me. I'll never find anyone who will go to the dance with me. I'll go back to my geese. They don't care that I'm not educated and that I have red hair.

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Scene 2

(Titus Firefox enters the stage. He is furious. Somebody treated him badly because of his red hair.)

Titus: I don't know why people don't like red hair. It's simply not true that red heads are untrustworthy, unreliable, and even malicious. What people do and how they act has nothing to do with the colour of their hair! People are stupid, they judge others by their appearance.

Scene 3

(Salome comes along with her geese. Titus and Salome meet.)

Salome: *(whispers)* Look at that handsome young man! And he has red hair, just like me!

Titus *(to himself)*: I wonder if she will call me beetroot like all the others.

Titus*(turns to Salome)*: Hello, beautiful girl. Who are you?

Salome: Do you mean me? I'm poor Salome who looks after the geese. May I ask who you are?

Titus: I'm Titus.

Salome: What a beautiful name! Do you have family?

Titus: Well, my father and mother are dead but I have some relatives. But they want nothing to do with me because of my red hair. They think that a red head can't be trusted.

Salome: That's horrible!! I know how that feels.

Titus: Because of my red hair I haven't been able to find a wife, friends or a job. People are stupid.

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Scene 4

Flora: *(in her kitchen)* My husband has been dead for some time and he has left me this nursery. The work is too much for a woman. I need a new gardener. And maybe a new husband too. A woman shouldn't be alone.

Titus : I have has just saved a man whose carriage horses got out of control. As a thank-you gift the man has given me a black wig. Well, I think this black wig is going to change my life. Let's try it out.

(Titus goes to Flora Baumscheer, the gardener's widow who is looking for a gardener.)

Titus [*with his black wig*]: I heard you are looking for a gardener. I know a lot about people, so I also know a lot about plants. They are not that different.

Flora [*looks at Titus and talks to him in a flirtatious way*]: You seem to be a bright young man and your black hair is quite attractive! I think I'll hire you.

Titus (*to himself*): The wig is working!!

Flora: I will not just hire you as a simple gardener, I will make you head gardener. You will be in charge and you will give orders to the others.

Titus: I don't know how to thank you!

Flora: But you will need different clothes. I still have my deceased husband's wedding suit. See if it fits.

(Titus leaves to change into the suit.)

Flora: Well, I may find a second husband sooner than I thought I would. Sooner than Frau Cypressenburg's lady-in-waiting who always looks down on me and makes fun of me. Just because she has an affair with that hairdresser!

(Constantia, the lady-in-waiting enters. She addresses Flora in a very arrogant way.)

Constantia: The lady is expecting guests this afternoon. She expects you to deliver fresh fruit.

Flora: I have just hired a new head gardener. I would like to introduce him to Frau von Cypressenburg. Well, he may soon be more than the head gardener. I may even marry him!

Constantia [*is obviously shocked*]: I can't imagine why Frau von Cypressenburg would want to get to know your new gardener. [*she leaves quickly*]

(Titus appears dressed in his new clothes. At that moment Constantia comes back. She sees Titus and is immediately attracted to him. Titus believes Constantia is Frau von Cypressenburg and treats her accordingly. Flora looks really angry and jealous.)

Titus [*to Flora*]: Why didn't you tell me her ladyship was here? [*Towards Constantia*]: I'm really sorry I didn't greet you before. My sincerest apologies!

Constantia: No, no I'm not her ladyship. I'm just her lady-in-waiting.

Titus: But the way you walk and talk is just what one would expect from a lady.

Constantia: Oh, you flatter me. Thank you.

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Scene 5

(Titus accompanies Constantia to Frau von Cypressenburg's Mansion. Titus and Constantia are in one of the guest rooms. Suddenly Salome appears.)

Salome: I'm looking for a red-haired man. He is supposed to be here. Some people are looking for him.

Constantia: We don't have any red-haired men here. Frau von Cypressenburg and I can't stand red heads.

(Salome sees Titus with his black wig and almost faints. When she recovers she leaves without revealing Titus's secret.)

(The hairdresser, who is Constantia's lover and the man Titus saved, enters. He sees Titus and Constantia standing together.)

Hairdresser *[to Titus in a conspiratory voice]:* I just want to tell you that Constantia and I are about to get married. If you do not leave her alone, I will reveal your secret. Just be careful.

Titus: Don't worry. I just want to use Constantia's good relationship to Frau von Cypressenburg to secure myself a good job.

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Scene 6

(Titus is sitting in an armchair, napping. The hairdresser comes in. He hears Titus mutter Constantia's name. He is jealous and takes off Titus's black wig. Titus has red hair again. When Titus wakes up and looks in the mirror he is shocked. He tries to find another wig in a closet. He finds a blond wig and puts it on. Frau von Cypressenburg enters.)

Frau von Cypressenburg *[to herself]:* I think it's a bit daring of Flora to hire a new hunter without asking me for permission first. After all, I'm the lady of the Mansion and she works for me. Where is this Titus she mentioned?

(Titus shows himself. He is wearing a blond wig.)

Titus: Here I am.

Frau von Cypressenburg: And you do not have black hair like Constantia said. You have blond hair. It's very attractive. I like it. Well, you seem to be quite agreeable. I think I will hire you as my secretary.

Titus: Thank you very much Frau von Cypressenburg. That's very kind of you.

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Scene 7

(There is a dinner party taking place. Flora, Constantia, and Titus are present too. Flora and Constantia realize that something is wrong with Titus as he now has blond instead of black hair.)

Titus *[takes off his blond wig]:* Yes, this is just a wig. In reality I'm a red head.

(Titus leaves.)

(Titus and Salome meet in the garden. Constantia and Flora and Frau von Cypressenburg join them.)

Titus: My uncle has promised to give me some money, so I can start a business. And now that it's clear that these ladies would only accept my red hair if I had money, there is no way I would marry any of them. I will marry the woman who has always stood by me and been kind to me – Salome.

Salome: Are you serious? Do you really want to give up everything these women have to offer to marry me?

Titus: Yes, I am serious. Red-heads are rare, that's why they are special. And you and I will make sure there are more red-heads in the future.

They leave while the lights fade slowly

Music: "In the Mood for Love" - Shigeru Umebayashi

Lights come back

N2: Did you notice the difference? The traditional role for women, most times so assumed by women themselves, in front of an independent, skillful and hard working woman.

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: "I'm not your toy" Netta

Lights come back.

Greetings