

## **The Turn of the Screw**

### **The Journey – “Nearly there”**

GOVERNESS - María Martín

GOVERNESS

Nearly there.

Very soon I shall know, I shall know what's in store  
for me.

Who will greet me? The children ... the children.

Will they be clever? Will they like me?

Poor babies, no father, no mother. But I shall love  
them as I love my own, all my dear ones left at home,  
so far away - and so different.

If things go wrong, what shall I do? Who can I ask,  
with none of my kind to talk to? Only the old  
housekeeper, how will she welcome me? I must not  
write to their guardian, that is the hardest part of all.  
Whatever happens, it is I, I must decide.

A strange world for a stranger's sake. O why did I come?

No! I've said I will do it, and - for him I will.

There's nothing to fear. What could go wrong?

Be brave, be brave. We're nearly there. Very soon I  
shall know. Very soon I shall know.

**The Rape of Lucretia**  
**“Their spinning wheel unwinds dreams”**

FEMALE CHORUS - Annya Pinto

LUCRETIA - Yeraldín León

BIANCA - Paola Leguizamón

LUCIA - Maylin Cruz

FEMALE CHORUS

Their spinning wheel unwinds  
Dreams which desire has spun!  
Turning and turning  
Twisting the shreds of their hearts  
Over and over

LUCRETIA

till in one word all is wound.  
Collatinus! Collatinus!  
Whenever we are made to part  
We live within each other's heart,  
Both waiting, each wanting.

FEMALE CHORUS

Their humming wheel reminds  
Age of its loss of youth;  
Spinning and spinning  
Teasing the fleece of their time,  
Restless, so restless

BIANCA

till like an old ewe I'm shorn  
Of beauty! of beauty!  
Though I have never been a mother,  
Lucretia is my daughter  
When dreaming, when dreaming.

FEMALE CHORUS

Their restless wheel describes  
Woman's delirium;  
Searching and searching  
Seeking the threads of their dreams  
Finding and losing

LUCIA

Till somebody loves her  
from passion or pity.  
Meanwhile the chaste  
Lucretia gives  
Life to her Lucia who lives  
Her shadow and echo.

FEMALE CHORUS

Their little wheel revolves,  
Time spins a fragile thread;  
Turning and turning,  
They spin and then they are spun,  
Endless, so endless

LUCRETIA, BIANCA AND LUCIA

till our fabric's woven  
And our hearts are broken  
Death is woman's final lover  
In whose arms we lie forever  
With our hearts all broken.

LUCRETIA

Listen! I heard a knock. Somebody is at the gate.  
Lucia, run and see; perhaps it is a messenger. Run,  
Lucia!

BIANCA

Come and sit down again my child; it is far too late for a messenger. Besides. Madam has already had two letters from Lord Collinatus to - day.

LUCRETIA

Oh, if it were he come home again! These months we spend apart is time thrown in the grave. Perhaps the war is won or lost. What matters if it's finished?

BIANCA

My child, to hope tempts disappointment.

LUCRETIA

But did you not hear anything?  
Who was it?

LUCIA

There was no one there, Madam.

LUCRETIA

I was sure I heard something.

BIANCA

It was your heart you heard.

LUCRETIA

Yes, it runs after him with steady beat  
Like a lost child with tireless feet.

BIANCA

It is better to desire and not to have than not to desire at all. Have patience, Madam.

LUCRETIA

How cruel men are  
To teach us love!  
They wake us from  
The sleep of youth  
Into the dream of passion,  
Then ride away  
While we still yearn,  
How cruel men are  
To teach us love!

BIANCA

Madam is tired, it is getting very late.

LUCIA

Shall I put these wheels away, Madam?

LUCRETIA

Yes, and then we'll fold this linen.

FEMALE CHORUS

Time treads upon the hands of women. Whatever happens, they must tidy it away. Their fingers punctuate each day with infinite detail, putting this here. that there, and washing all away. Before the marriage they prepare the feast. At birth or death their hands must fold clean linen. Whatever their hearts hold. their hands must fold clean linen. Their frail fingers are love's strong vehicle, and in their routine is a home designed. Home is what man leaves to seek. What is home but women? Time carries men, but time treads upon the tired feet of women.

LUCRETIA

How quiet it is to - night. Even the street is silent.

BIANCA

It is. I can almost hear myself thinking.

LUCRETIA

And what are you thinking?

BIANCA

That it must be men who make the noise.  
And that Madam must be tired and should go to bed  
and leave this linen to Lucia and me.

LUCRETIA

O, I am not tired enough. It is better to do something  
than lie awake and worry. But let us light the candles  
and go to bed.

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**  
**Act 1. "Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius"**

HELENA – Miriam Silva  
DEMETRIUS – Unai de la Rosa  
LYSANDER – Àngel Joan Arévalo  
HERMIA - Paola Leguizamón

HELENA

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS

I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA

O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEMETRIUS

Stay on thy peril, I alone will go.

HELENA

O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,  
Happy is Hermia, whereso'er she lies;  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
Alas, I am as ugly as a bear;  
for beasts that meet me, run away for fear.  
But who is here? Lysander on the ground;  
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound,  
Lysander, if you live, good sire awake, awake.

LYSANDER

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
Transparent Helena, Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HELENA

Do not say so Lysander, say not so:  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what  
though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER

Content with Hermia? No, I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love;  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth you do)  
In such disdainful manner, me to woo.  
But fare you well; perforce I must confess,  
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.

LYSANDER

She sees not Hermia: Hermia sleep thou there,  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near;  
And all my powers address your love and might,  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

HERMIA (waking)

Help me Lysander, what a dream was here.,  
Lysander look, how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.



Lysander, what remov'd? Lysander, Lord,  
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound; no word?  
Alack where are you? Speak and if you hear:  
Speak of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.  
Lysander, Lord ...

**The Turn of the Screw**  
**The Window- "Ah! My dear!"**

GOVERNESS – María Martín  
MRS GROSE - Yeraldín León

MRS GROSE

Ah! My dear! You look so white and queer. What's happened?

GOVERNESS

I have been frightened.

MRS. GROSE

What was it?

GOVERNESS

A man looked through the window, a strange man.  
But I saw him before, on the tower.

MRS GROSE

No one from the village?

GOVERNESS

No.

MRS GROSE

A gentleman then?

GOVERNESS

No! Indeed no!

MRS GROSE

What was he like?

GOVERNESS

His hair was red, close-curling, a long, pale face, small eyes. His look was sharp, fixed and strange. He was tall, clean-shaven, yes, even handsome.

But a horror!

MRS GROSE

Quint! Peter Quint!

Dear God, is there no end to his dreadful ways?

GOVERNESS

Peter Quint - who is that?

Tell me, Mrs. Grose! Do you know him then?

MRS GROSE

Dear God!

GOVERNESS

Mrs. Grose, what has happened here, in this house?

MRS GROSE

Quint, Peter Quint, the master's valet. Left here in charge.

It was not for me to say, miss, no indeed, I had only to see the house. But I saw things elsewhere I did not like. When Quint was free with everyone - with little Master Miles

GOVERNESS

Miles!

MRS GROSE

Hours they spent together. Yes, miss, he made free with

her too - with lovely Miss Jessel, governess to those  
pets, those angels, those innocent babes - and she  
a lady, so far above him.

Dear God! Is there no end!

But he had ways to twist them round his little finger.

He liked them pretty, I can tell you, miss - and he had  
his will, morning and night.

GOVERNESS

But why did you not tell your master? Write to him?  
Send for him to come?

MRS GROSE

I dursn't. He never liked worries. 'Twas not my place.

They were not in my charge. Quint was too clever.

I feared him - feared what he could do.

No, Mr. Quint, I did not like your ways!

And then she went. She couldn't stay. not then.

She went away to die.

GOVERNESS

To die? And Quint?

MRS GROSE

He died too.

GOVERNESS

Died?

MRS GROSE

Fell on the icy road - struck his head, lay there  
till morning, dead!

Dear God, is there no end to his dreadful ways?

GOVERNESS

I know nothing of these things. Is this sheltered place the wicked world where things unspoken of can be?

MRS GROSE

Dear God!

GOVERNESS

Only this much I know; things have been done here that are not good, and have left a taste behind them. That man: impudent, spoiled, depraved.

Mrs. Grose, I am afraid, not for me, for Miles. He came to look for Miles, I'm sure of that, and he will come again.

MRS GROSE

I don't understand.

GOVERNESS

But I see it now, I must protect the children, I must guard their quiet, and their guardian's too. See what I see, know what I know, that they may see and know nothing.

MRS GROSE

Lord, Miss! Don't understand a word of what you say. But I'll stand by you, Lord, Miss, indeed I will.

**Peter Grimes**  
**“From the gutter”**

NIECES – Maylín Cruz, Miriam Silva

AUNTY – Yeraldin León

ELLEN ORFORD – Annya Pinto

NIECES

From the gutter, why should we  
Trouble at their ribaldries?

AUNTIE

And shall we be ashamed  
because We comfort men from  
ugliness?

ALL

Do we smile or do we weep  
Or wait quietly till they sleep?

AUNTIE

When in storm they shelter here  
And we soothe their fears away

NIECES

We know they'll whistle their good-byes  
Next fine day and put to sea.

ELLEN

On the manly calendar  
We only mark heroic days.

ALL

Do we smile or do we weep  
Or wait quietly till they sleep?

ELLEN

They are children when they weep  
We are mothers when they strive  
Schooling our own hearts to keep  
The bitter treasure of their love.

ALL

Do we smile or do we weep  
Or wait quietly till they sleep?

## **A Midsummer Night's Dream**

### **Act 3. "Helena! Hermia! Demetrius! Lysander!"**

DEMETRIUS – Unai de la Rosa

LYSANDER – Àngel Joan Arévalo

HELENA – Miriam Silva

HERMIA – Paola Leguizamón

DEMETRIUS

Helena!

LYSANDER

Hermia!

HELENA

Demetrius!

HERMIA

Lysander!

LYSANDER

Are you sure that we are awake? It seems to me  
That we yet sleep, we dream.

HERMIA

Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When everything seems double.

DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable,  
Like far - off mountains turned into clouds.

HELENA So methinks



#### ALL FOUR LOVERS

And I have found (Demetrius, Lysander, sweet Hermia, fair  
Helena) like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

Why then we are awake; let's go,

And by the way let us recount our dreams.