

(Gloria takes the bouquet out of the vase.)

GLORIA: So it's going to be "So long, Gloria. Thanks for everything. Take care . . ." *(She tears the paper off the bouquet.)* Daisies and cornflowers . . . daisies and cornflowers . . . Just like Midsummer Eve. You were five, and we were picking flowers to make garlands. Up in the house they were getting ready for the big party. And we were waiting. Your dress was still spotless . . . I braided two garlands.

JULIA: Three . . . You always forget Charlie . . .

GLORIA: . . . and I thought . . . freeze this moment. Let her remember it. Julia and Gloria together on a meadow on Midsummer Eve . . .

(Julia grabs the bouquet brusquely from Gloria and carefully rewraps it.)

JULIA: These are to Emma from Gustav.

GLORIA: I even ironed your dress. *(Pause.)* Gustav? Isn't he dead?

JULIA: You should see Emma when she gets flowers . . .

GLORIA: How the hell can Gustav send flowers to Emma when he's dead?

JULIA: She blushes . . . and smells every flower . . .

GLORIA: Julia!

JULIA: You just don't want me to move away from home.

GLORIA: Crap!

JULIA: We all take turns buying flowers for Emma, from Gustav.

GLORIA: You're letting poor Emma live a lie. Just to get her apartment.

JULIA: I'm keeping a human being alive . . . and getting my own life . . .

GLORIA: And you haven't had one here . . . ?

JULIA: Yeah . . .

GLORIA: Have I stood in your way?

JULIA: . . . no . . .

GLORIA: What are you *really* saying?

JULIA: Just what I said . . . that you never stood in my way . . .

GLORIA: You don't sound especially convincing . . . *(She crosses to Julia, who pulls away and goes out into the hall.)*

The House of Bernarda Alba

By Federico García Lorca;
Translated by James Graham-Lujan and Richard L. O'Connell

Adela, early twenties; Martirio, late twenties

Set in rural Castile, Spain, this dark tragedy opens just after the death of Bernarda Alba's second husband. Bernarda, who rules her house and her five daughters with an iron hand, declares that the family will go into secluded mourning for eight years. She suppresses all emotion and forbids her daughters to associate with the young men of the village. The eldest daughter is already engaged to be married to Pepe, one of the villagers, but, when the third daughter, Martirio, who also loves the man, discovers that her youngest sister, Adela, has been paying visits to the young man, she tells Bernarda. Bernarda attempts to shoot Pepe but fails; however, she tells Adela that she has killed him. Upon hearing this news, Adela hangs herself. Bernarda, unyielding to the end, proclaims that her daughter died a virgin.

In this scene, Martirio admonishes Adela to stay away from Pepe.



MARTIRIO: *(In a low voice.)* Adela!

(Pause. She advances to the door. Then, calling,) Adela!
(Adela enters. Her hair is disarranged.)

ADELA: And what are you looking for me for?

MARTIRIO: Keep away from him.

ADELA: Who are you to tell me that?

MARTIRIO: That's no place for a decent woman.

ADELA: How you wish *you'd* been there!

MARTIRIO: *(Shouting.)* This is the moment for me to speak. This can't go on.

ADELA: This is just the beginning. I've had strength enough to push myself forward – the spirit and looks you lack. I've seen death under this roof, and gone out to look for what was mine, what belonged to me.

MARTIRIO: That soulless man came for another woman. You pushed yourself in front of him.

ADELA: He came for the money, but his eyes were always on me.

MARTIRIO: I won't allow you to snatch him away. He'll marry Angustias.

ADELA: You know better than I he doesn't love her.

MARTIRIO: I know.

ADELA: You know because you've seen – he loves me, me!

MARTIRIO: (*Desperately.*) Yes.

ADELA: (*Close before her.*) He loves me, *me!* He loves me, *me!*

MARTIRIO: Stick me with a knife if you like, but don't tell me that again.

ADELA: That's why you're trying to fix it so I won't go away with him. It makes no difference to you if he puts his arms around a woman he doesn't love. Nor does it to me. He could be a hundred years with Angustias, but for him to have his arms around me seems terrible to you – because you too love him! You love him!

MARTIRIO: (*Dramatically.*) Yes! Let me say it without hiding my head. Yes! My breast's bitter, bursting like a pomegranate. I love him!

ADELA: (*Impulsively, hugging her.*) Martirio, Martirio, I'm not to blame!

MARTIRIO: Don't put your arms around me! Don't try to smooth it over. My blood's no longer yours, and even though I try to think of you as a sister, I see you as just another woman. (*She pushes her away.*)

ADELA: There's no way out here. Whoever has to drown – let her drown. Pepe is mine. He'll carry me to the rushes along the river bank . . .

MARTIRIO: He won't!

ADELA: I can't stand this horrible house after the taste of his mouth. I'll be what he wants me to be. Everybody in the village against me, burning me with fiery fingers; pursued by those who claim they're decent, and I'll wear, before them all, the crown of thorns that belongs to the mistress of a married man.

MARTIRIO: Hush!

ADELA: Yes, yes. (*In a low voice.*) Let's go to bed. Let's let him

marry Angustias. I don't care any more, but I'll go off alone to a little house where he'll come to see me whenever he wants, whenever he feels like it.

MARTIRIO: That'll never happen! Not while I have a drop of blood left in my body.

ADELA: Not just weak you, but a wild horse I could force to his knees with just the strength of my little finger.

MARTIRIO: Don't raise that voice of yours to me. It irritates me. I have a heart full of a force so evil that, without my wanting to be, I'm drowned by it.

ADELA: You show us the way to love our sisters. God must have meant to leave me alone in the midst of darkness, because I can see you as I've never seen you before.

(*A whistle is heard and Adela runs toward the door, but Martirio gets in front of her.*)

MARTIRIO: Where are you going?

ADELA: Get away from that door!

MARTIRIO: Get by me if you can!

ADELA: Get away!

(*They struggle.*)

MARTIRIO: (*Shouts.*) Mother! Mother!

ADELA: Let me go!