

DAYS OF HOPE

Note

Days of Hope, a musical inspired by the dramatic political events in Central Europe at the end of 1989, received its first performance on August 14th 1990 at The Newman Rooms in Oxford. It was revised and produced again at Hampstead Theatre in April 1991, subsequently touring England. During its 6-week run at Hampstead, a large group of the surviving International Brigaders saw the show and met its cast.

It is not a through-composed musical but a play punctuated by songs. Characters do not sing the songs 'to' other characters but to the audience directly, rather in the manner envisaged by Brecht & Weill. The songs do not carry the plot nor integrate with it and they do not develop the characters in the orthodox 'musical' style. There are suggested placing for the songs within the action, but directors should feel free to experiment. Included in this booklet are all the songs from both versions ('90 and '91) of the show, all of which may be used. It is not stipulated who sings which song, though the list below gives guidance. Also listed are points in the play where songs might be inserted.

1. DAYS OF HOPE Sofia & Stanley, full company.
2. BEER, BOMBS AND MARCHING BOYS Maria, the men
3. HARVEST full company
4. SONG OF THE BRIGADES Stanley and company
5. DEMOCRACY Pablo then full company
6. LONG LIVE DEATH Jose and company
7. SCARBOROUGH FAIR Stanley
8. SAY GYPSY SAY the women
9. SONG OF THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEER Stanley
10. MARKET DAY Maria, company
11. GOD SAID TO FRANCO full company
12. IF NOT TODAY full company
13. LORCA Sofia and Teresa
14. ANTONIO Carlos and Teresa as boy
15. DAYS OF HOPE Teresa and Pablo, full company

Days of Hope is scored for two guitars, piano and double bass.

THE CHARACTERS

- Carlos - a fisherman, mid 40s to 50s
- Maria - his wife, a little younger
- Sofia - their daughter, early 20s, the bride
- Stanley - an English volunteer, mid 20s, the bridegroom
- Teresa - Sofia's cousin, early 20s
- Pablo - Teresa's fiancé, late 20s
- Jose - aged 19

For the prologue, the actor playing Carlos portrays Sofia's and Stanley's son in 1989 - a middle-aged man identical to Carlos who lives in Scarborough.

The rest of the piece is set in the yard of a fisherman's cottage by the edge of the sea in Valencia, 1939, in the last month before the end of the Spanish Civil War.

The set, however, does not need to be naturalistic.



KEN WILKINSON'S PROLOGUE

KEN WITH A PINT OF BEER. HE IS A SMARTLY DRESSED NORTHERNER. IT IS FEBRUARY 1989.

To me Mum and Dad! On their golden wedding anniversary! I booked 'em an holiday - package job - place called Olivia - Just north of Benidorm. I was right chuffed to find that hotel - only 5 miles from where me Mum was born. She was born Sofia Christina Ortega Menendez - after she were married though: Sophie Wilkinson. Me Dad married her just three weeks after he met her - said he'd never seen anyone that good looking in his life, not back in Scarborough anyway. When he brought her back though, Mum didn't like Scarborough much, found it a bit blowy. She was always on about going back to Spain - but she didn't dare, not 'til Franco dropped of his twig. Now, when was that? Mum must have been about 60 by then. Well anyway - after he was gone, every year she'd say - "this summer we're going, we really are" - but they never had the money or Mum was ill again or Dad had one of his Labour Party meetings he couldn't miss. Dad and his bloody Labour Party. Course that's why he went out to Spain in the first place. Two years he stuck it, fighting Franco's lot, he must have been ruddy mad. Riskin' his life for a load of Spanish workers - well, that's Dad all over, that is! Still if he hadn't gone out to Spain, he wouldn't have met me Mum and if he hadn't met Mum I wouldn't have been born - what a tragedy! They weren't half surprised when I told them I'd booked the holiday for 'em. They'll be landing about now - all those memories flooding back of their wedding night, Valentines Day it was too, 1939, under the stars of the Mediterranean sky, very nice! Mind you, they never talk about it. Mum tells me about when she was a kid and she's always on about how I look the spitting image of her Dad, Carlos, but the wedding day itself, no she never mentions it. Well, here's to 'em..... Salud!

EXIT KEN

SOFIA AND STANLEY ARE REVEALED DANCING.....



Song: DAYS OF HOPE

If I can dance with you one hour longer
The world wouldn't matter at all
Dancing to tunes generations have danced to before
If we pretend that the music won't finish
We won't have to wake up at all;
Sleeping a long careless sleep in these arms I adore.

We've nothing to lose
We've nothing to fear
We may not be saved
From all trouble here

But while there songs of love
While there are dreams of peace
While there are nights like this
There will be days of hope,
There will be days of hope.

We've nothing to lose
We've nothing to fear
We may not be saved
From all trouble here

But while there are songs of love
While there are dreams of peace
While there are nights like this
There will be days of hope,
There will be days of hope.



Act One

Scene One

STAN: Where are we?

SOFIA: On dry land -

STAN: Perpignon

SOFIA: Drinking in a cafe.

STAN: And now?

SOFIA: On a train, from?

STAN: Toulouse to Paris!

SOFIA: On top of the Eiffel Tower looking down over the whole of France!
And now?

STAN: We're on a boat - across the channel -

SOFIA: To England!

STAN: Where are we now?

SOFIA: Scarborough.

STAN: We made it then?

SOFIA: Of course we made it. And Papa is better, Mama is happy and we have our own house.

STAN: Blimey! Our own house! How did we manage that?

SOFIA: Because we've been working of course, both of us. I speak fluent English, better even than your Spanish and I work in an office for some important company.... Tell me a name.

STAN: I don't know love. For that kind of work you might be better off in a big place like Leeds or Manchester.

SOFIA: 'Leeds' 'Manchester' Which one is the most beautiful?

STAN: Now there's a question. I don't like either myself. For a start, they're neither of 'em by the sea.

SOFIA: But there must be some big town by the sea, somewhere like Valencia or Barcelona.

STAN: Nearest we've got to them is, well, Liverpool or Newcastle, I suppose. But me Mum and Dad won't like us moving away.

SOFIA: Then we'll all stay in Scarborough - I know I'm going to be very happy there! And there'll be some job I can do, I'm sure there will.

STAN: Oh don't worry love; we'll sort it all out when we get there, if we ever do.

SOFIA: Of course we'll get there. You mustn't talk like that.

STAN: No - you're right - let's not talk at all.

(HE KISSES HER)

ENTER TERESA WHO REGISTERS SOME SHOCK
TO SEE THE COUPLE

SOFIA: Teresa! You're here. I was so afraid you wouldn't be able to make it!

TERESA: I just got the message you were back - but what's going on?

SOFIA: I'm married Teresa. This is my husband, Stanley Wilkinson

STAN: Pleased to meet you Teresa.

SOFIA: Don't look so shocked. We couldn't tell you before - Stanley was in the hospital in Benisa where we found Papa.

TERESA: Uncle Carlos is home?

SOFIA: Yes, we brought him home yesterday, today we were married and tonight we are celebrating, but I said there will be no party unless Teresa is with us too.

TERESA: I had no idea. I'm not dressed properly.

SOFIA: It doesn't matter. You're here. That's all I wanted. Stanley, go and tell Mama. Tell her Teresa is here - we can start!

AS STANLEY GOES TOWARDS THE HOUSE

Doesn't he look tall and noble Teresa? And he's clever too.

EXIT STANLEY INTO THE HOUSE

Oh there's so much to tell you.

TERESA: Is Uncle Carlos all right?

SOFIA: Yes, he's much better - a mortar shell hit their trench and Papa was badly wounded in the stomach - but Stanley got him to the hospital and stayed with him the whole time until we arrived. Compared to the others, Papa was very lucky - at least he had a bed - hundreds of them had to lie on the floor with only a coat over them. There was so little morphia left, only the really bad ones got any but Stanley bribed one of the nurses with cigarettes - so Papa was never in too much pain. We had to wait nearly a month before Papa was strong enough to leave, but he's home and I'm sure he's going to recover now.

TERESA: Thank God -

SOFIA: Yes, but Teresa there were wonderful things too. Everyday Stanley and I went round the villages scrounging for food and clean linen for bandages - people were so generous - one old man gave us every sheet he had in the house and Stanley told me all about England and why he came to Spain to fight and all about the time he spent with Papa - oh we talked and talked until I couldn't bear to be away from him for even a minute. Teresa, you can stay can't you?

TERESA: When I got the message - I couldn't tell my father where I was going!

SOFIA: Of course not -

TERESA: And I hate to have to lie to him -

SOFIA: But you did, I hope.

TERESA: Yes I did, God forgive me (LAUGHING) I told him I was going to the convent to help the nuns with the washing up.

SOFIA: Wonderful! So you'll be here for the whole evening.

TERESA: Yes, only Pablo said he'd call by and when he doesn't find me at home, he'll go to the convent and then might go back and tell my father -

SOFIA: Teresa, you must stay! You have to! We're leaving tomorrow, this might be the last time we ever see you.

TERESA: Leaving? What do you mean.

ENTER STANLEY, CARRYING CHAIRS

STAN: Sofia! Your mother says she could do with some help.

SOFIA: I'm coming. We're eating outside Teresa. Isn't it the most beautiful night?

BEFORE SOFIA GOES, ENTER MARIA

MARIA: Sofia, your father is being impossible. I've told him to stay on his bed 'til we're ready but no, he doesn't listen, and he's running around like an idiot dressing himself up.

SOFIA: I'll go to him Mama.

MARIA: He'll burst those stitches and then what will happen?

SOFIA: I'll tell him Mama. EXIT SOFIA

MARIA: Teresa child! You're here! (KISSES HER)
Have you been introduced to Stanley?

TERESA: (WITH EXCITEMENT)
Yes Aunt Maria, but the message said nothing about a wedding.

MARIA: A piece of paper signed by a judge will do nowadays. Oh look at the state of this place - I thought you and your wife were clearing it up.

STAN: Yes I'm sorry - we got distracted. Don't worry I'll have it sorted in no time. You don't really disapprove so much, do you Maria?

MARIA: No Stanley, of course I approve of you - I just wish it could all have been done- properly!

TERESA: Can I go in and see Uncle Carlos?

MARIA: No Teresa, you'd better not. Let Sofia calm him down first. He's like a child he's so excited to be home and it makes me so angry because he need never have left in the first place.

STAN: But Maria, he went to defend his Government -

MARIA: Yes, like all the other poor fools I saw in the hospital - but they never stood a chance Stanley - not against Franco with his army of real soldiers.

Song: Beer, Bombs and Marching Boys

Surrounded by the friendly glow of all his new companions,
In a war a man can feel a sense of pride.
He can share with other soldiers the experience of fighting,
He is braver with his comrades by his side.

I am sure there is excitement in the risks they take together,
Everyone of them has purpose to his life;
They are far away from all responsibilities and cares,
They are not tied down by their children or their wife.

Beer, bombs and marching boys
Fine comrades all!
How can a man resist so great a call?
Beer, bombs and marching boys
Fine comrades all!
How can a man resist so great a call?

Who would envy them the trenches or the God-forsaken battlefields,
The sickness and the scurvy and the lice?
But they didn't have to volunteer, or let it carry on and on,
They didn't have to pay so high a price.

Though they say the fighting's worth it,
That they had to take up arms,
I wonder was it worth a sacrifice so great?
When the armies have retreated,
When the battleground's deserted
Then the only thing remaining is the hate.

Beer, bombs and marching boys
Fine comrades all!
How can a man resist so great a call?
Beer, bombs and marching boys
Fine comrades all!
How can a man resist so great a call?

Beer, bombs and marching boys
Fine comrades we!
How can a man resist his destiny?
Beer, bombs and marching boys:
Fine comrades we!
How can a man resist his destiny?
His destiny?

ENTER CARLOS

CARLOS: Teresa! Teresa, Teresa!

MARIA: Be careful how you go down those stairs!

CARLOS: Yes, yes

MARIA Help him Teresa!

CARLOS: I'm fine I tell you!
(TO TERESA) You see, I told you I'd be back.

TERESA: Uncle Carlos SHE RUNS AND HUGS HIM

MARIA: Your stitches Carlos!

CARLOS: The only damn stitches I'm going to burst are the ones in these trousers. Teresa, it's good to see you again. Have you been keeping well?

TERESA: Yes uncle.

CARLOS: Now - CARLOS WALKS BY HIMSELF, REFUSING HELP FROM TERESA.

MARIA: Be careful -

CARLOS: I've never felt better in my life.

MARIA: The boat's all right! Now come and sit down. Stanley - SHE MOTIONS TO STANLEY WHO BRINGS OUT A CHAIR FOR CARLOS.

CARLOS: AS HE SITS Stanley - look in that basket over there - under the nets - right at the bottom.

STANLEY DIGS OUT A BOTTLE OF WINE

It's still there! That is a bottle of the finest vintage Rioja. Stolen two years ago from the cellar of our holy priest, Father Roman!

MARIA: Carlos! You didn't!

CARLOS: No I didn't steal it myself, Jose took it, and gave it to me before we left for Madrid. I swore I would not let a drop pass

my lips until the fascist rebels had been defeated and our Republic was victorious.

MARIA: Then seeing as you lost, you'd better put it back.

STAN: Oh, it seems a bit of a shame not to drink it though.

CARLOS: Of course we'll drink it. I'll be damned if I'm leaving it here for General Franco. Get it open will you, Stanley, and Sofia! Fetch glasses!

MARIA: Carlos, we're not ready yet.

CARLOS: (SHOUTING) Sofia! What are you doing in there?

MARIA: Please Carlos, be careful! You're going to make yourself ill again.

CARLOS: I'm perfectly all right and don't pour it all Stanley, we'll leave one glass as a tribute to the memory of Jose.

MARIA: Jose. (SCORNFULLY)

CARLOS: That boy saved my life Maria

ENTER SOFIA

SOFIA: Mama - the rice is cooked.

MARIA: I'm coming.

CARLOS: No you're not. Forget the food for a minute. Now you're all here, I want to make a toast. Friends, comrades, on this, the day of my only child's wedding, I propose a toast. A toast to my wife, Maria.

MARIA: Carlos! Don't be an idiot!

CARLOS: Let me finish -

MARIA: If you must make a toast, you should toast the bride.

CARLOS: I will toast the bride, but there would be no bride, if twenty years ago, you, my little flower, had not begged me to marry you.

MARIA: Listen to the oaf! As if I begged you!

SOFIA: He is joking Mama.

MARIA: I'll have you know I had hundreds of suitors.

CARLOS: In that case, my little cactus, if I cannot make the toast to you...

MARIA: What about Don Pepe and Don Benito? Even your father Teresa, he swore he would kill himself if I did not accept him.

SOFIA: But despite the competition, you chose Papa.

MARIA: I was very naive.

CARLOS: And very much in love! You see, she doesn't deny it!

MARIA: Do we have to wait all night for this toast?

STAN: Listen- before we all die of thirst, would you allow me to make a toast?

CARLOS: But of course Comrade -

STAN: I propose a toast to the future -

CARLOS: To the new home you'll take us to in England -

STAN: And to this home - where we'll come back as soon as Spain is free again.

SOFIA: To the future!

ALL: The future!

MARIA: But specially to you child, and your husband ...

CARLOS: We wish you both a hundred years happiness - to Stanley and Sofia Menendez-Wilkinson.

MARIA/
CARLOS/TERESA: Stanley and Sofia Menendez Wil-kinson!

CARLOS: (TO MARIA) What's wrong with you? You're only pretending to drink.

MARIA: How can I drink wine that's been stolen from a church?

CARLOS: Is it the same in England, Stanley, are all the women in love with the priests?

STAN: It's not quite the same. You see, in England they're allowed to marry 'em.

MARIA: Pah! All this nonsense and the table isn't even out. The food will be ruined!

CARLOS: Attend to the table! To your positions comrades! At all costs we must defend our meal, the last food we shall taste that belonged to the workers of Spain!

Song: H A R V E S T
(SONG OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE REPUBLIC)

Harvest on the wide plain
Harvest from the parched earth
See their eternal rhythm
Mile after mile their rhythm

Reapers, maybe thousands,
Stray dogs at the field's edge
Sun, white and unforgiving
Soil that defies a living
Sweat-salted eyes that yearn for shade.

And there were days and days as long as these
And there were days and days as hard as these;

But this was our corn to reap
The profits ours for to keep
No more the landlord to pay
No more his laws to obey
Yes this was our corn to reap
The profits ours for to keep
No more the landlord to pay
No more his laws to obey
Viva la revolucion!

Speeches in the pueblos
Marches in the big towns
Poor men, a wealth of choices
Quiet men, who'd found their voices

Rivals settling old scores
Slogans on the church walls
Brawls led to threats of strangling
Feuds, bribes and bitter wrangling
All say they'll make a perfect world

And there were days and days of long campaigns
And there were days and days of hard campaigns;

But these were our votes to cast
The laws were ours to be passed
No more police chiefs to please
No more the church to appease
Yes these were our votes to cast
The laws were ours to be passed
No more police chiefs to please
No more the church to appease
Viva la revolucion!

Old men, backs bent double
Widows, skin like leather
Young girls, and soldier's mothers,
Young boys with soldier brothers

Harvest, in the dry heat
Harvest in the thick dust
Hands cut to shreds by stubble
Wounds weep, and blisters bubble,
All crave the coolness of the night

And there were days and days as long as these
And there were days and days as hard as these;

But this was our corn to reap
The profits ours for to keep
No more the landlord to pay
No more his laws to obey

Yes this was our corn to reap
The profits ours for to keep
No more the landlord to pay
Nor more his laws to obey
Viva la revolucion
Viva la revolucion
Viva la revolucion!

Scene Two

BY THE END OF HARVEST, THE TABLE IS FULLY SET. CARLOS SHOWS EACH PERSON WHERE TO SIT

CARLOS: Sofia - Stanley - Teresa - Maria - What do you think?

MARIA: I think you shouldn't drink anymore wine on an empty stomach.

CARLOS: Then you'd better fetch us some food.

MARIA: I will !

EXIT MARIA

SOFIA: Papa you sit here and be careful to preserve your strength for tomorrow. We won't manage without you remember.

CARLOS: That's not true. All I'll be good for is sinking the boat if there's a storm.

SOFIA: Rubbish!

CARLOS: But it's a fact. I won't even be able to row.

STAN: But who knows these waters better than you, eh? I'll handle the tiller, do the heavy stuff - you'll just read the compass and tell me which course to steer.

(PUTTING A GLASS OF WINE ASIDE)

CARLOS: There, that's for Jose.

ENTER MARIA WITH TWO SMALL DISHES OF FOOD

STAN: Ah, now here comes what we've all been waiting for!

MARIA: There's only this to begin with.

STAN: It looks wonderful to me.

MARIA: And there's no bread; there hasn't been any flour for months.

CARLOS: LOOKING AT THE DISHES But there is olives with beans and rice with beans And if we are lucky, after this we will savour delights of beans with beans!

MARIA: (SNAPPING FURIOUSLY) What more could I do? So much for your social revolution that can't even organize itself to give food to the people.

SOFIA: Mama, don't worry. You are the best cook in the world.

MARIA: But if it wasn't for this cursed war, I would have provided a feast.

STAN: You have provided a feast.

MARIA: No Stanley, do not mock me. At least when the fascists are here, there will be proper food again.

CARLOS: For them there will be.

STAN: Well, whatever happens, we won't be tasting it. We'll all be sailing to France, so long as fate provides a strong enough wind.

CARLOS: After this meal there'll be wind enough to sail us to Russia.

MARIA GIVES CARLOS A LOOK WHICH PUTS A STOP TO EVERYONE'S LAUGHTER.

MARIA: For the little we have on this table, may the Lord make us truly thankful.

ALL: Amen.

EVERYONE BEGINS TO EAT ENTHUSIASTICALLY EXCEPT CARLOS WHO CAN'T FACE IT, BUT PRETENDS TO EAT. THERE IS, HOWEVER, NO PAUSE BEFORE SOFIA SPEAKS

SOFIA: Mama, please don't look so miserable.

MARIA: I can't help it, when I think of what we planned!

SOFIA: We made those plans when I was a child; this is even better.

MARIA: What do you mean? How can this be better?

SOFIA: But it is! (GETTING UP AND GOING OVER TO MARIA)
So there are no firecrackers exploding all over the sky; there is no band playing for the whole village to dance to. The house isn't filled with the scent of fresh flowers brought home from the market - I remember it all Mama, everything we planned - the bowls of melons, the prawns fresh from the sea sprinkled in lemon juice, the big catch of crayfish and shells Papa was going to provide -

MARIA: If it wasn't for this stupid war!

CARLOS: When will you understand there was no choice but to fight?

MARIA: But we've lost! And now we must leave our home, our country -

SOFIA: But I'm just trying to tell you Mama - even though you would have given me the wedding of my dreams, one thing you could never have given me, but which this dreadful war has brought me - is a husband!

MARIA: But Sofia, you could have had your pick of the young men! They were all after you, even Pablo.

STAN: Pablo. Who's he?

CARLOS: The son of our late grain merchant, Sofia turned him down.

MARIA: It's all right, he's going to marry Teresa now.

CARLOS: What? Is that true?

TERESA: My father intends to marry us after the final victory.

CARLOS: The final victory, so that's how your father's going to celebrate eh, marrying you off to Pablo.

SOFIA: Papa.

MARIA: Take no notice Teresa, at least you can stay in your home, in the village where you were born and don't have to flee to heaven knows where. Thank God Pablo had more sense than to get mixed up in all the fighting.

CARLOS: Do you love Pablo?

TERESA: He's very kind. He's been good to my father.

CARLOS: I didn't ask you that, I asked you if you love him? As for your father..
CARLOS SUDDENLY DOUBLES UP IN PAIN, SOFIA RUSHES TO HIS SIDE.

TERESA: Uncle Carlos.

SOFIA: Are you all right Papa?

CARLOS: I'm fine. It's nothing, nothing at all.

MARIA: Bring some water Teresa.

EXIT TERESA TO FETCH WATER

CARLOS: There's no need to poison me woman.

HE TAKES A GULP OF WINE AND RECOVERS

It's only the effect of so many beans.

MARIA: I don't care. You must eat! Drink too if you must, but for every swig you take, I order you to eat a mouthful of food!

CARLOS: Okay Baby!

STANLEY AND CARLOS BOTH LAUGH

MARIA: Laugh at me, if you like, but eat!

CARLOS OBEYS

STAN: Maria, I wasn't laughing at you. This was a stupid joke among Carlos and the other militiamen in our unit. It was the only English any of 'em knew and when I gave an order to fire, Carlos and the others would shout -

STAN/
CARLOS: Okay Baby!

CARLOS: An then we'd shoot - usually fifty yards wide of the target!

MARIA: And these were the men we hoped to defend us!

STAN: They did improve with practice.

CARLOS: We couldn't really have got much worse.

ENTER TERESA WITH WATER

MARIA: Peasants and foolhardy fishermen! No wonder we lost.

MARIA TAKES THE WATER FROM TERESA AND SLAMS
IT IN FRONT OF CARLOS

STAN: Hang on Maria, Carlos was a brave comrade.

MARIA: No Stanley, you were the brave one to lead an army of men of his intelligence!

STAN: No Maria, I tell you - Carlos

CARLOS: For pity's sake don't try and defend me. She's being kind, if you provoke her - she might start to insult me.

MARIA: STANDING I'm not insulting you Carlos. I just don't see the point of a fisherman, who can't point a gun straight, risking his life for nothing.

STAN: (RISING ANGRILY) But it wasn't for nothing - how can you say that?

CARLOS: STANDING Stanley please. Don't forget we are here to celebrate, not to fight. The fighting is over. And especially please, do not fight with the woman who gave birth to your bride.

STAN: HE GOES OVER TO MARIA
I'm sorry. Please accept my apologies Maria.

CARLOS: PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND MARIA
Of course she does, and I understand too, but I also know there is never any point in arguing. Whoever thinks the mule is the most stubborn beast on earth, has not yet met Maria!

SOFIA: Now Mama, sit down and finish your food. This is my wedding night! I want you all to be happy!

Song: Song of the Brigades

Trains heading southwards across the Pyrenees
Bringing thousands of foreign volunteers:
Frenchman, Hungarians, Yugoslavs and Poles,
They are workers, students, doctors, pioneers.
All are called by the infant cry of freedom,
Courage speeds them on their way,
Courage speeds them on their way.

Some leaving homelands already overrun by the same
Germans, Italians, with nowhere else to go
Carry flames of liberation through the night.
Some are drawn by the dream of revolution,
People cheer them on their way
People cheer them on their way

And the high passes shake to the sound of their singing
And the nations awake to the thoughts they are bringing in their hearts!

Lines trudging northwards across the Pyrenees
Three years later, a stream of refugees
Broken and desolate their eyes full of fear

Since their enemies have brought their knees.
Some escape to another place of freedom,
Others do not know their way
Others do not know their way

Leaving their homeland, their still beloved Spain
This the hardest of all the plains they've stood
All Europe soon, enveloped in a war
Will regret they did not save them while they could.
Some will fly to an other revolution,
Most have lost their way
Most have lost their way

But the high passes still can remember their singing
And the nations will wake to the warnings they're bringing,
But the high passes still can remember their singing
And the nations will wake to the warnings they're bringing to the world.



MARIA: SITTING DOWN When we get to England you shall be married again, properly, in church, and Stanley's mother will make a real wedding feast for you.

SOFIA This is a real feast.

MARIA: No it is not. I'd give you much more but the little that's left, I must save for the boat.

CARLOS: Does that mean, this is it? There's no more food to come?

MARIA: (EXPLODING) The whole village is starving and every day more refugees are pouring in. You should be grateful there is anything at all!

MARIA STORMS OUT TO THE KITCHEN

SOFIA: Mama - (ALMOST IN TEARS) Are we not allowed to have even one day's happiness?

CARLOS: (GENTLY) One day? What are you talking about? You will have a thousand days and a thousand days to follow those.

SOFIA: - But we probably won't make it Papa - in your little fishing boat
-it would be a miracle...

CARLOS: God will look after us.

SOFIA: You said you don't even believe in God anymore.

CARLOS: If He gets us to France, I'll believe in Him!

TERESA: Wouldn't it be safer to stay?

CARLOS: Are you mad?

TERESA: But soon, when it's all over, we will have order again. There will be peace. Everything will be the same as before.

CARLOS: No Teresa, not like before. Don't you know what happens when the fascists come to a republican village?

TERESA: No one will know which side you fought for.

CARLOS: Someone will point the finger.

TERESA: Who? Who would do that? Nobody would!

CARLOS: Not even your father?

TERESA: No, no! He would never do that! You are his brother-in-law! He would never betray you.

CARLOS: Well -

ENTER PABLO

CARLOS: Pablo! We weren't expecting you as well. Welcome!

PABLO: (VERY AWKWARD AND EMBARRASSED) Good evening
I thought .. I might perhaps find Teresa here. I didn't know where she was.

CARLOS: Well, now you know; she's perfectly safe here with us.

TERESA: (AWKWARDLY GETTING UP) Perhaps it's best if I go now Uncle.
I wish you all luck -

CARLOS: You're not going anywhere child, sit down! And you too Pablo.
Join the party and have a glass of wine.

PABLO IS OFFERED THE GLASS RESERVED FOR JOSE

There, that's it, there's nothing to be afraid of here is there? We're all friends and comrades - here Pablo, I drink to your health.

PABLO: And to yours, Senior. PABLO SITS

CARLOS: Thank you, but you must call me Carlos. After all we're almost related now, aren't we? (CASUALLY) You didn't join up then?

PABLO: I'm sorry?

CARLOS: (SMILING) You didn't fight.

PABLO: AWARE THAT CARLOS IS NEEDLING HIM No

CARLOS: No, well, I suppose it's better to fight on no side, than the wrong side, eh Pablo?

SOFIA: Papa - now stop it!

CARLOS: What am I thinking of - I haven't introduced you. I don't believe you've met Sofia's husband, Stanley Wiklin - Wilkinson!

STAN: How do you do. HE OFFERS HIS HAND TO A VERY SHOCKED

PABLO - AS THEY SHAKE HANDS CARLOS SPEAKS -

CARLOS: He's a good communist Pablo. Came all the way from England to fight for us.

PABLO: Thank you for the wine. I will not intrude any longer.
INDICATING TERESA

CARLOS: Now, come on, it's a rare chance for so many of the family to be together. We were just talking about how you're going to be married to my niece. Teresa is very dear to us.

PABLO: And to me Senor. I love her very much.

CARLOS: (WARMLY) I'm glad to hear it. That's how it should be! After all, without love, marriage can make a dreary purgatory of what should be a heavenly sacrament, isn't that right Teresa?

TERESA: Perhaps it would be better if we left now. After all it's getting late and my father might be worried.

SOFIA: No Teresa - I want you to stay. And you too Pablo - whatever our differences, tonight we're forgetting all that. We're celebrating and believing in miracles - aren't we Papa?

CARLOS: (VERY GENUINELY) Yes, that's right. Eat with us Pablo, I myself will fetch you a plate.

SOFIA: I'll get it Papa. CARLOS INSISTS
PABLO RELAXES, TRUSTING CARLOS A LITTLE MORE
ENTER MARIA WITH BOWL OF STEW

MARIA: Pablo!

PABLO: Good evening Senora.

MARIA GIVES THE STEW TO CARLOS WHO CARRIES
IT TO THE TABLE

SOFIA: We've invited Pablo to stay Mama.

MARIA: (SMILING) Of course you have. I'm glad to hear it. You are very welcome Pablo but I am afraid the food is not what it should be.

CARLOS: The food is delicious. Just smell that aroma!

MARIA: TURNING TO CARLOS Are you starting again?

CARLOS (SINCERELY) Little Maria, don't scowl at me. You think I don't

know how hard you've worked to make this feast, but I do know.
Forgive me for offending you before.

MARIA: Sit down Pablo - the little we have, you are welcome to share.

CARLOS GOES TO GET A PLATE AND DOESN'T SEE
THE FOLLOWING -

PABLO: Please Senora, accept this small offering as a contribution to your
meal.

HE GIVE HER A BAG WITH A LOAF OF BREAD INSIDE
BUT NOBODY SEES THIS YET, EXCEPT MARIA

MARIA: (GASPING IN DISBELIEF) Where ever did you get this Pablo?

PABLO: A friend. Please take it.

CARLOS PUTS THE PLATE DOWN FOR PABLO AND PICKS
UP THE BOWL

CARLOS: Now this Sofia, this is what I call a miracle!

MARIA: It is bean stew Carlos.

CARLOS: No it is not, it is much more than that, it is the food of our dreams ...
look I will prove it Sofia HE SPOONS OUT SOME STEW AND
OFFERS IT TO SOFIA tell me now, what do you taste?

SOFIA CLOSSES HER EYES
SOFIA: I taste pork, in a sauce of roasted almonds.

CARLOS: There! You see! Teresa - now it is your turn. What do you taste?

TERESA: It's not pork.

CARLOS: No? What is it then.

TERESA: It's fish - brought in fresh from the sea this morning.

CARLOS: Now Stanley, you try. We will prove to Maria that dreams can come
true...

STAN: It's Yorkshire pudding, swimming in gravy!

SOFIA: What's that?

CARLOS: English delicacy. Now Maria - you taste -

MARIA: I will Carlos, but after you. Close your eyes and tell me your dreams first -

CARLOS: I will! HE CLOSSES HIS EYES AS MARIA REVEALS THE BREAD URGING THE OTHERS TO SUPPRESS THEIR SURPRISE AND NOT MAKE A SOUND, AS SHE TEARS OFF A PIECE

MARIA: Keep them shut tight Carlos - you must rid your mind of all memories of beans.

CARLOS: I'll do that with pleasure!

SHE PUTS THE BREAD IN HIS MOUTH

MARIA: Now Carlos, what do you taste? QUICKLY HIDING THE BREAD

CARLOS: It's bread! Freshly baked!

EVERYONE, INCLUDING PABLO, LAUGHS

No, but really it is! I taste bread! Bread! But it's true! It's a miracle!

MARIA: No, it isn't Carlos. It's not a miracle at all. (Laughing, not maliciously, but with great excitement) It's bread all right but a *real* loaf of bread that Pablo brought. There now, doesn't that taste better than a dream?

SHE REVEALS THE BREAD, HOLDING IT UP TRIUMPHANTLY

Song: D E M O C R A C Y

PABLO

At last the war is over, we shall live in peace,
We'll build a great new nation on the ruins of the old;
Then we shall see
One Spain, one law, one authority, one discipline.
And brother fighting brother shall be all in our past,
With dignity and honour we will once again be strong;
Then there will be
One Spain, one law, one authority, one discipline.

STAN:

Let's drink a final farewell to the Communist party
For its presence will not be required by the new regime,
The party disbanded, the offices closed,
The books and the pamphlets all put to the torch,
Let's drink to the Reds who were shot through their heads
For democracy!

SOFIA:

We mustn't forget the Anarchists,
All those Union men with high ideals to
Give the people power,
The Basques and the Catalans -
They had a chance to govern themselves -
Some say that they are the pattern for modern democracy.

CARLOS:

No let's drink to the Socialists,
They have been almost forgotten,
But they were the first in the Popular Front
To give land to the workers,
They tried to control all those anarchist thugs,
They tried to make changes,
They tried to prevent all that chaos -
They fought for democracy!

MARIA:

Communists, Anarchists, Socialists, Separatists,
All of them pushing and shoving for power,
All of them trying to fiddle the rest;
Promises, promises, nothing but promises,
All have the answer until they're in charge;
All that talk and fuss for democracy!

TERESA:

Some say the gun is the only thing everyone understands?
Why do there have to be so many arguments?
Some say you can't have democracy.

[One more verse - all singing]

Scene Three

STAN: Now! Let's all eat!

MARIA DISHES OUT THE STEW. THERE IS ONLY A SMALL HELPING EACH

SOFIA: (Very excited) Oh, it looks so delicious - I can't believe it Pablo, it's nearly a year since I last saw bread And you can't have meant to give it to us - so you're very kind. A more selfish man would definitely have kept it for himself.

PABLO: I was intending to give it away anyway.

HE LOOKS AT TERESA SO SHE KNEW HE MEANT IT FOR HER

SOFIA: What? But haven't you missed it?

CARLOS: Maybe you've had some secret supply all along.

PABLO: Of course I haven't. Some friends were in the area, that's all ... they brought it with them ... but I'm the same as you Sofia. Ever since the people threw out Don Martin -

CARLOS: (To Stan) The mill owner - we put him in prison.

PABLO: I'm sorry, but ever since then, no one has had bread to eat.

MARIA: Don't apologize Pablo - the whole village has been in chaos ever since these 'dreamers' decided to try and run it themselves.

CARLOS: What do you expect? How do you think they can manage land business when all they've done all their lives is obey orders and cow-tow to their bosses? It takes more than a day to learn about these things.

MARIA: There's been longer than a day.

CARLOS: Yes and there's been nearly three years of war too - a war that we didn't start!

SOFIA: Mama, Papa, please SHE HANDS OUT THE BREAD
The best wedding present I could ever have wished for!
and in Great Britain we shall eat bread every morning, noon and night.

PABLO: You are leaving for Britain?

SOFIA: Yes, Pablo we are. Mama and Papa are too, we're all going.

PABLO: I'm sorry. I myself would find it very hard to leave Spain.

CARLOS: But you don't have to Pablo. That's your advantage. You've never committed yourself either way -

PABLO: I do not like war.

CARLOS: No, nor do we. That's why we never started one.

SOFIA: Teresa - while I remember, there's a small box of things I want you to keep for me.

MARIA: That might be dangerous love - it's best if Teresa isn't found with anything of yours.

TERESA: I'd be very happy to look after them for you - there wouldn't be any problem.

CARLOS: It's too risky.

TERESA: Why?

CARLOS: Because you might be implicated in having helped us escape.

TERESA: (Laughing) By who though? Who would implicate me?

CARLOS: Just leave it - it doesn't matter. I sometimes wonder if those nuns have ever taught you anything at all.

MARIA: Just eat your food Carlos, and don't be ridiculous. The child is much cleverer than you - for a start she can read and write.

CARLOS: (With great pride) Jose learnt that too, you know. A boy who worked in a bank - he taught him - tried to teach me too - but my brain couldn't hold it. There'd be some action and then woof - everything I'd learnt was gone. But Jose, he remembered it all!

SOFIA: And I'm going to learn in England Papa - then I'll speak and read two languages!

CARLOS: Good for you girl, a shame your mother and me are too long in the tooth. But we'll manage ..

STAN: But in England, you know, we've got evening classes. And they're not for kids. There's plenty of folk that can't read and write in England too.

MARIA: (Shocked) In England? But everyone is so rich in England.

STAN: 'Course they're not. I hope you don't think I'm taking you back to some big castle Maria. Me parents only have a two up, two down, if you can say it like that in Spanish.

MARIA: No -

STAN: Two rooms upstairs and two rooms down.

CARLOS: Just like our house!

MARIA: Then where are we all going to sleep?

STAN: Me Mum and Dad' ll give you and Carlos their room, they' ll sleep in mine and me and Sofia - we' ll keep warm downstairs by the fire.

MARIA: And your sister?

STAN: Oh she' ll go and sleep at me Grans. She often does that anyway.

CARLOS: Oh stop worrying woman. If there's no room I' ll sleep with the Granny too. Now go and wash up your plates.

MARIA: And why don't you come and help me?

CARLOS: (Astonished) Me?

MARIA: Yes, or do all your ideas of democracy, not extend to the kitchen?

TERESA: I' ll help you Aunt Maria.

MARIA: Thank you Teresa.

STAN: So will I if you like.

MARIA: Don't be ridiculous. You enjoy yourself with Sofia. Teresa and I will manage perfectly well

EXIT MARIA AND TERESA

CARLOS: To the young couple, couples I mean! To youth! Pablo, you still look at me as if I was going to bite you.

PABLO: Not at all, Carlos. I'm not afraid of you.

CARLOS: Good, after all, you've won Pablo. Us socialists with all our ideas revolution and equality, we're all finished now.

PABLO: Our country has suffered enough from all this chaos and bloodshed.

Now we'll have peace.

STAN: Don't kid yourself, the killings not going to stop now that Franco's won.

PABLO: He wants to restore order, peace and justice and he wants to defend his country's religion - which is more important than anything. You see, Carlos, you too will soon have pride in Spain, like Franco.

CARLOS: You mean the pride and the arrogance of the sort of people who ran this country before the Republic and who'll be running it again under Franco? People like our local landowner and his steward, my dear brother-in-law Fernando. A country where labourers worked from dawn to dusk for pitiful wages and were sacked on the spot and thrown out to starve if they dared to ask for more money? Where old men and women of 70 or more would collapse with exhaustion and be beaten over the back with Fernando's stick and be told to get back to work or give up the job to someone younger? Fernando should be burning in hell with his master for what he did to the people of this village.

PABLO: How can you say that of one of your own family?

CARLOS: My family! Does it shock you comrade Stanley that such a man should be one of my family? You must understand that his management of the estate made him a wealthy man. To my poor sister such things were important and she married him. Not that she enjoyed the privilege long - it was only a year before she died, God rest her soul, giving birth to Teresa.

PABLO: It was good of you to look after Teresa.

CARLOS: But of course we did - how could Fernando look after a tiny baby? Sofia was just six months, the girls grew up like twins, you couldn't separate them. But Fernando did, when he came and took Teresa away to put her in with the nuns. She was seven years old Pablo, that's all, but to spite me, he broke his daughter's heart.

PABLO: He was concerned that she had a religious upbringing.

CARLOS: No Pablo - he was concerned because I called him a bastard

to his face for the way he treated the peasants that worked for him.

PABLO: They had their revenge.

STAN: What happened to him?

CARLOS: He survived! Vermin like him always do. When the peasants got their freedom, they killed the landowners in the square and then dragged Fernando out and were ready to murder him too with their hoes and sickles but the nuns sent Teresa to run into that blood bath and beg for her father's life. He held her tight in his arms and swore he'd only ever carried out his master's orders, and begged for the sake of his motherless child, but not for himself, that the people spared his life. Three corpses already lay in the square, enough blood had been spilled, they let Fernando go.

ENTER JOSE

JOSE: "Okay baby!" - "how much"

CARLOS: (Joyously) Jose!

JOSE: Carlos!

CARLOS: You bastard! You're still alive!

JOSE: Of course I'm alive. It's beautiful to be alive! Last Thursday I only had 49 scars, but then a sniper singed the back of my leg - so now I have the full 50 and I hope I get 50 more, because I swear for every mark they make on me, I'm going to live another year.

Song: LONG LIVE DEATH

Salud Madrid, Salud Bilbao
The Nation's wounds are open now.

Salud Julian, Salud Miguel,
Salud Carmen, Salud Angel.

And face to face across the lines
Are sons of Spain turned cold by war.

The sound of truth is long since drowned
The fields have turned to barren ground.

We wait and watch their grim advance:
The sons of Franco, groomed from war.

Viva la muerte! The bastards cry,
As if by killing they themselves might never die.
Viva la muerte! To their last breath,
As they march to battle they are singing long live death.

Viva la muerte! They scream at God -
The chant of every fascist execution squad.
Viva la muerte! To their last breath
And in Franco's Spain the valleys echo long live death.

Salud Tomas, Salud Augustin,
Salud Ramon, Salud Valentin.

We wait and watch their grim advance:
The sons of Franco, groomed for war.

Viva la muerte! The bastards cry,
As if by killing they themselves might never die.
Viva la muerte! To their last breath,
As they march to battle they are singing long live death.

Viva la muerte! We hear them still
Lest in their triumph they might flinch before the kill:
Viva la muerte! To their last breath,
Even at their victory masses praying long live death:

For in Franco's Spain the valleys echo long live death.

Scene Four

CARLOS: Drink Jose!

JOSE: Salud! Many thanks.

CARLOS: To you Jose! To you! You were the bugger that stole it. From Father Roman, remember?

JOSE: I was a kid I was a kid!

SOFIA: Are you hungry? Shall I fetch you something to eat?

CARLOS: Yes, get some food for him. EXIT SOFIA

JOSE: It's all right, I'm not so hungry.

CARLOS: Of course you're hungry. Everyone is. And we've got some bread!

JOSE: It's been a long time.

CARLOS: PABLO HAS MOVED AWAY,
KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT BUT WATCHING

Now you can see him for yourself Stanley. A whole year this bastard and me were together before he joined another unit and left me in Madrid.

JOSE: You could have come too Carlos.

CARLOS: I couldn't Jose not just then.

JOSE: So you came home. You went home.

CARLOS: No not at all. Not 'till yesterday.

JOSE: Good man Carlos, I thought you'd chicken out.

CARLOS: I stayed in Madrid, but the more bombs that fell, the more I realised I couldn't go home. If we didn't stop the fascists then, how long would it be before they got to Valencia and did the same to our village, so I joined up again. And I had the good luck to join a unit led by this young Englishman, who is now my son-in-law! Stanley!

STAN: (Warmly) SHAKING HANDS How do you do. Carlos has told me a heck of a lot about you.

JOSE: The government gave up on Madrid two years too early, just like

they're giving up now.

CARLOS: (With resignation)
Ah, but what more can they do? Even Madrid will soon fall.

JOSE: They can fight.

STAN: What with? There's hardly any supplies.

JOSE: There never was, not from your country anyway.

CARLOS: (Laughing) That's true. The guns we had! - enormous, ancient revolvers with sights that stuck out like warts

JOSE: What have we here?

CARLOS: It's Pablo, you know Pablo.

JOSE: Of course I do. Come and say hello Pablo. It's been a long time. Where have you been? How have you been keeping?

PABLO: I've been nowhere, just here, in the village.

JOSE: Hey Carlos, you know what this reminds me of? those tribunals I went to in Madrid. You came to one once didn't you?

CARLOS: (Uncomfortably) Yes .. once I went.

JOSE: Didn't like it though did you? Oh, I found them fascinating. They always let me stay and watch. There'd be three of them Pablo, just like us three, and they'd send in the suspects - all sorts, young, old, rich, poor ... But they all reacted differently - most made excuses, the cowards wept, but a few were proud and never said a word - it was very interesting. Sometimes there'd been a real mistake and they'd let that one go - but if there'd been a bombing raid, they didn't even ask any questions - innocent or guilty - they just sent them all out the back and 'took 'em for a ride'.

CARLOS: Let's forget all now. Have a drink.

JOSE: I used to go out the back and watch that too. I asked them if they'd let me have a go - I would love to have shot one - but they wouldn't said I was too young ... but I wasn't too young to go to the front... Carlos, why do you let this man come to your house?

CARLOS: It's my daughter's wedding....

JOSE: Are you on their side now?

CARLOS: Of course I'm not.

JOSE: You've given up, haven't you?

CARLOS: What more can I do Jose?

JOSE: I've been 'round the village. I have 20 men and there'll be more by the morning. We're going to the hills.

CARLOS: What about my family?

JOSE: The English one can take the girl off with him. You come with us.

CARLOS: Maria won't want to do that.

JOSE: Then let her stay here and stew in her own bad milk.

CARLOS: No Jose ... This is a wedding

JOSE: Have you gone soft in the head? There's a war going on out there and you're sitting here drinking wine with a fascist!

HE THROWS HIS WINE ONTO THE FLOOR

CARLOS: Get out Jose. Go on - get out of here.

JOSE: All right old man; calm down, you're no loss anyway. Look at you - shaking like you used to shake when the planes came over. The worst time was when they caught the four of us out in the open by the river. You remember us falling flat on the ground and those shells exploding all round us. They got Frederico first, didn't they? A direct hit - but then it was Augustin's turn but it wasn't so quick with him; we had to listen to him moaning while they turned their planes around and came to bomb us again - but he was lucky - that time they blew him to bits.

CARLOS: Yes - and then they turned again and came back for us.

JOSE: That's right Carlos.

CARLOS: But I started shaking so much I couldn't stand up and I told you to leave me - clear off and get under cover - but you didn't, did you?

JOSE: Of course I didn't

STANLEY INDICATES TO CARLOS NOT TO CONTINUE BUT
CARLOS INSISTS

CARLOS: (TO STANLEY) No, he dragged me towards the rocks, and still my legs wouldn't move, but you got us there, didn't you? Just as they swept down low firing with their machine gun - you got us there - but not before I shat my pants. I haven't forgotten!

CARLOS CLUTCHES HIS STOMACH IN PAIN

JOSE: (LAUGHING TO STANLEY)
What a foul stink he made. I even had to go and wash out the filthy pants for him in the river.

STAN: He told you get out Jose. Why don't you go?

JOSE: All right. I will leave you all to your celebrations ...
But as you won't be using them, you can give me any guns you have left.

STAN: We haven't got any.

JOSE: I don't believe you ... I'm not leaving 'til you give me what you've got... Come on, old man, you must have something.

STAN: I'm not going to tell you again - just get out of here.

JOSE: And if I don't?

CARLOS: There's a gun under my bed - it's only a pistol.

JOSE: That'll do.

EXIT JOSE

PABLO: Here, drink this Carlos. GIVING HIM HIS OWN WINE

THE THREE MEN LISTEN SILENTLY

JOSE: Salud Maria! Teresa!

SOFIA: Don't you want your food?

JOSE: No - just give me a kiss to wish me good luck?

SOFIA: Of course I will

SHE KISSES HIM

Goodbye Jose. God go with you.

JOSE: I'm sure He will.

Goodbye Carlos, and thank you. I'll use it well, I promise you!

EXIT JOSE.

SOFIA: SEEING CARLOS Are you all right Papa? Don't worry about Jose, he'll look after himself.

CARLOS: Go and get your mother and Teresa. Tell them to come out here - we're going to hear a song.

SOFIA: A song? Which song?

CARLOS: An English song. One that your husband would always sing when he was homesick.

SOFIA: Really?
SHE RUNS INTO THE HOUSE TO FETCH MARIA AND TERESA
Hey! My husband is going to sing - an English song -

STAN: Carlos - I can't.

CARLOS: Please Please

THE WOMEN ALL COME OUT. STANLEY SLOWLY RISES.
AND BEGINS TO SING UNACCOMPANIED - SCARBOROUGH FAIR

AFTER TWO VERSES OR SO CARLOS GOES OVER TO MARIA
AND WHILE STANLEY IS STILL SINGING SAYS;

CARLOS: Maria - dance with me.

MARIA: Oh Carlos - don't be absurd.

CARLOS: Why not? When we were first married, we danced all the time.

MARIA: We'd look idiotic.

CARLOS: Then we'll dance close together, like they do in England, and we won't even see each other. We'll close our eyes and pretend we're young again, that it is our wedding night ...

MARIA: No Carlos - maybe you don't mind playing the fool, but I'm too old for that sort of thing.

THE SONG COMES TO AN END. SOFIA AND MARIA CLAP
ENTHUSIASTICALLY. CARLOS TURNS AWAY FROM MARIA BUT
TERESA HAS OVER HEARD THEIR CONVERSATION AND SEEN THE
EXPRESSION ON CARLOS'S FACE. SHE WANTS TO CHEER HIM UP.

TERESA BEGINS TO SING " SAY GYPSY SAY" :

Say gypsy gypsy say,
Won't you tell me my destiny
I'll pay gypsy gypsy pay you with silver some day

Say gypsy gypsy say
Will I find me a spinning wheel
And sing as I weave away?

Say gypsy gypsy say
Will I find me a fishing boat
And sing as I sail away?

Say gypsy gypsy say
Will I find me a stallion
And sing as I ride away?
Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai

EVERYONE STARTS DANCING. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE MERRIMENT, JUST AT THE POINT CARLOS AND MARIA MIGHT HAVE DANCED TOGETHER, THE SOUND OF THE PLANES IS HEARD. THEY ALL STOP SINGING AND DANCING AND LISTEN.

MARIA: Carlos!

CARLOS: Junkers! German planes.

MARIA: But we've never heard planes in the night before.

STAN: Listen - they're bombing.

MARIA: But why?

THERE IS A SOUND OF BOMBING

STAN: That was only a few miles away.

MARIS: (TO STAN) But you said there was no more resistance, that the soldiers were all disbanding and fleeing to the coast!

STAN: They are Maria.

PABLO: Don't worry. It's only the military targets.

MARIA: But there are no military targets here.

PABLO: (VERY NERVOUS) They're getting closer. They sound like they're

coming here!

MARIA: (TO STAN) No! Not here! You said it would be two days, probably three!

STAN: Their troops must be closer than I thought. Perhaps they'll be here in the morning.

MARIA: Oh Christ have mercy on us! We must get out of there at once then. Teresa - quickly - go home to your father.

TERESA: (TO PABLO) You said it was just propaganda, you said Franco never bombed civilians - that was all Republican lies - you said Franco would protect us!
PABLO CAN'T ANSWER

CARLOS: Do as Maria says - go home! Go on - get out of here - go into your father's cellar and hide. Quickly!

TERESA: Sofia!

CARLOS: There's no time for goodbyes. Just go!

THE SOUND OF THE PLANES GROWS LOUDER.
TERESA RUNS OUT. PABLO FOLLOWS HER
SOFIA: The lights Papa ... They'll see all the lights!

SOFIA RUSHES TO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS BUT BEFORE SHE HAS, CARLOS COLLAPSES ONTO A CHAIR, DOUBLED UP WITH PAIN AND SHAKING

MARIA: Carlos! Carlos! Are you all right?

CARLOS: Yes. ... Just get us out Stanley. Take us to England. Get us out of this cursed country.

SONG: SONG OF THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEER

In London they are sleeping now
Untroubled by the distant sound
Of buses that are depot-bound
A milkfloat on its early round
A choir of cats, a hungry hound
A train comes out from underground.

In London they've decided now
It's better not to intervene
It's better not to cause a scene
To say things that they might not mean
About a place they've never been
To tend instead the village green.

Oh England I do not fight for you
I know, of course, you do not care for me:
A foolish boy, a bloody Red
He must be off his bloody head
Oh England, if all these things were true
I'm still where I must be

In London they're debating now
The nuisance that's becoming Spain
It's in a frightful mess again
Investments have gone down the drain
This civil war's a nagging pain
Like lateness on the morning train.

In London they'll be reading now
That Franco is the better sort
In Fascist schools the Bible's taught
And air-raids are a last resort
They'll do the crossword, read the sport,
And if there's time, the war report.

While diplomats make hollow claims of peace
With promises that no-one's going to keep
The English stumble blindly to their fate
What will it take to wake them from their sleep?

In England men are waking now
Too late, I fear, and disarrayed,
But men who left some simple trade
To give their all to this Brigade
To ships who braved the sea blockade

And never grudged the price they paid

Oh England, I would have died for you
And many more, despite their poverty
Would gladly heed the battle cry
Would take up arms, prepared to die
For England, if you could offer too
To fight for liberty.

Oh England, if you could offer too
To fight for liberty

BLACKOUT. End of Part I.

INTERVAL



Act Two

Song: MARKET DAY

Every week on a Monday the square in the village
Is bursting with market stalls,
There are traders with baskets piled this high
With anything anyone ever could want.
Marisa sells flowers, Anita her linen,
Victoria - garlic and spices,
Isidro has coffee, Dolores has lentils,
Alberto - his nuts at a price.

There are ducks, hens, geese, goats,
Turkeys, rabbits there,
And there's smoked ham, kidneys, sheep's brains, sausages
All on market day
That's our market day.

Every week there are squabbles, there's swearing
And swindling, there's nothing but noise in the square,
Whose fruit is the freshest, whose meat is the leanest,
Whose aubergine's biggest and best,
The gypsies come down from the hills with their trinkets,
And strange-smelling herbs from the woods,
And sometimes, God help us, a girl from Valencia
Offering unmentionable goods.

There are sardines, lobsters, mackerel, anchovies,
Crates of monkfish, swordfish, crayfish, tuna fish
All on market day
That's our market day.

Every week in Guernica, a town in the north,
There's a market on Mondays as well,
There are traders and gypsies and livestock and vegetables,
Crowded, like ours, in the square.
And on one April Monday, the market still busy,
The afternoon sky turned black,
The sun was eclipsed by the swarming of bombers
Beginning their three-hour attack:

There are no stalls, no shops, no stands anywhere.
There are limbs, brains, guts, skulls, corpses everywhere
On that market day.
People burnt, crushed and maimed and butchered
Lying there
There are children writhing, screaming, everywhere
On that market day,

That's their market day

So a thousand people died
While God looked down
And he wept a sea of tears
For the ruined town
For he could not bear to see his children's pain,
And he could not bear to hear the cries of Spain.

Every week on a Monday the square in the village
Is bursting with market stalls,
There are traders with baskets piled this high
With anything anyone ever could want.
Marisa sells flowers, Anita her linen,
Victoria - garlic and spices,
Isidro has coffee, Dolores has lentils,
Alberto - his nuts at a price.

There are ducks, hens, geese, goats,
Turkeys, rabbits there,
And there's smoked ham, kidneys, sheep's brains, sausages
All on market day,
That's our market day
That's our market day

Act Two
Scene One

AFTER 'MARKET DAY', CARLOS, MARIA, STANLEY AND
SOFIA REMAIN ON STAGE

STAN: You'd better tell me what to take.

MARIA: The food's in the kitchen, but I haven't got the water yet - and there are still all the blankets - oh God, there won't be any more planes tonight, will there?

STAN: I don't know - but the sooner we get out of here the better.

MARIA: But if their troops -

CARLOS: (Very angrily)
They're not going to arrive in the middle of the bloody night, are they?

MARIA: (Almost hysterically)
I don't know Carlos. How should I know what they'll do.

CARLOS: Well, shut up then and go and do something useful. Get that water sorted out - go on woman - EXIT MARIA
And you too Sofia, go and help her and for God's sake make sure she doesn't try and pack up the whole bloody house. There's hardly room for the four of us ... HE GETS UP FROM HIS CHAIR ... Jesus - I haven't even looked at the boat - the stupid woman not letting me out of the house - for all I know the damn thing's rotted to pieces or got some gaping hole in its arse ...

CARLOS TRIES TO WALK BUT IS STABBED BY AN INTENSE PAIN IN HIS
GUTS

Christ almighty!

SOFIA AND STANLEY RUSH OVER TO HELP HIM

STAN: Get him a chair

SOFIA GETS HIM A CHAIR AND STANLEY GENTLY EASES HIM
INTO IT. SOFIA FETCHES SOME WINE WHICH CARLOS DRINKS

Listen Carlos, the boat's fine. I looked it over this morning.

SOFIA: Of course it is, Mama wouldn't let anyone touch it.

THE PAIN EASES

CARLOS: (Looking at Stanley and Sofia)
Well I'm glad I'm not you two - so much for YOUR wedding night.

STAN: We'll save that for England. But I tell you Carlos, when my mother organizes the party, I'll make sure of one thing -

CARLOS: No beans -

STAN: Exactly.

CARLOS: Go on Stanley - I'll be all right in a minute - just check the boat again - get it down to the edge of the water - and Sofia, get some warm clothes on - it'll be bloody cold later one.

STAN: You wait 'til you get to Scarborough mate, we'll show ya what's cold.

EXIT STANLEY

AS SOFIA BEGINS TO MOVE, ENTER MARIA FROM THE HOUSE

MARIA: (Urgently) Sofia, where did I put the containers for the water? I can't find them anywhere.

SOFIA: They're out here Mama, I'll bring them in

SOFIA GOES TO PICK UP TWO CONTAINERS

MARIA: No, give them to me. You stay with your father. Why are you still sitting there Carlos? Has anything happened?

CARLOS: (with much irritation)
No, nothing's happened - just let the girl go inside for God's sake - she can't turn up in France dressed like that, can she?

MARIA: Go on then Sofia - take them in.

EXIT SOFIA

MARIA: Are you in pain?

CARLOS: No! I'm all right! Just leave me alone!

ENTER TERESA. SHE RUNS ON, VERY UPSET

MARIA: Teresa! What are you doing here? We told you to go home.

TERESA: I did go home.

CARLOS: Wasn't your father there?

TERESA: Yes, I thought he'd be afraid of the bombs - I thought he'd need me but when he saw me he said "Now Teresa! At last our saviour has heard our prayers!" And he told me to kneel down and thank the Holy Virgin for sending the planes 'Pray Teresa!' He said 'Pray that they land their bombs on all the peasants and Socialists' And on you too Uncle Carlos. He wanted me to pray that a bomb would land on this house and kill the lot of you.

MARIA: How could he say such a thing! How dare he tell you to do that.

TERESA: But I didn't Aunt Maria, I'd never do that! But how? How could he ask me to ?

Optional Song: God said to Franco

God said to Franco "The Reds have burnt my churches,
They've gutted them and thrown their holy relics in the street"
"God," answered Franco, "It isn't just the churches,
They've butchered several thousand priests
And chopped 'em up like meat!"

Give me some Heinkels, Give me Junkers,
Lord, And Messerschmitts,
And I will wage a holy war and blow them all to bits,
Yes I will reinvent crusades and avenge your Jesuits!"

The Pope said to Mussolini "What about these churches?
In Barcelona so I'm told, They've even outlawed Mass!"
Mussolini answered him "It isn't just the churches,
I understand a thousand nuns have perished there, alas!"

"I'll send some Romeos, some Savoias and Fiat tanks,
We need a Reconquista and I'd like some papal thanks,
Yes we will win this jihad with your blessings on our flanks!"

Franco and Mussolini called upon Herr Hitler,
They'd heard he was an expert in annihilating Reds.
"Fuhrer, the problem is that God is on the rampage,
He isn't very happy that his priests have lost their heads."

"Vee vill give you all your need for genocide and violence
Und Gott vill be delighted zat you came to his defence;
I'm sure he'll reimburse me fur mein trouble und expense".

But God said to Franco,
" Like me you should be merciful,
I know they torched some churches
But I wish you'd show restraint. "

Franco reported back,
" Restraint is out of fashion, mate,
I'd really rather wipe them out than end up as a saint. "

Give me some targets, give me women, Lord,
And children too, and in the name of Jesus Christ
I'll show what I can do,
Yes for the Virgin Mary's sake I'll bid them all adieu. "

God reminded Franco:
" The Basques are all good cath' lics,
It seems they're pious Christians
And they've never hurt a priest. "

Franco requested God should stay well clear of politics,
Remarking that the best Basques were ones that were deceased.
" Give me Guernica, it's a tiny and defenceless place,
And I'll let avenging angels scorch its little face.
Yes I'll wage a holy war and purify our race!

TERESA: Please ... I wanted to say this before, but I couldn't, not with Pablo there, and I felt guilty about my father too - but not anymore! Please - Aunt Maria, Uncle Carlos, let me come with you!

MARIA: Teresa! What are you saying?

TERESA: Please - I don't want to stay anymore - please let me come.

MARIA: Do you think we would go, if we had any choice? We'll probably all be killed child. You'd be much safer here. You have nothing to fear Theresa, they're not going to hurt you.

TERESA: But I don't care Aunt Maria, I'm not frightened of them. I've got nobody left if you go. I'm frightened of being alone.

MARIA: What are you talking about? You've got Pablo -

TERESA: Pablo! I don't love Pablo.

MARIA: But he loves you!

TERESA: So what? He loves my father too. You wouldn't leave Sofia, would you? so please don't leave me. Please!

MARIA: (Gently) If I thought Sofia would be safe, I would leave her. But even if we're not killed by the mines they've planted, the sea is dangerous enough. Do you think I want to watch both my children drown?

TERESA: But can't you understand? I would rather die than live here with my father!

MARIA: (Firmly) Then go to the convent Teresa!

TERESA: And say prayers with the nuns to thank God for Franco, is that what you want me to do? Is it Uncle?

CARLOS: No ... But the truth is Teresa - we can't take you - there's no room in the boat. If we did, one of us would have to stay behind.

TERESA: (Very shocked) Yes of course!
Forgive me, I'm just upset to see you go. I wasn't thinking
ENTER SOFIA

SOFIA: Teresa! Has something happened?

TERESA: No, no, not at all .. I ... I only forgot to take your box ... I came back to fetch it.

SOFIA: Oh yes - I'll find it for you. Mama, the containers are full of water now.

MARIA: Good. I'll get the blankets -

MARIA FOLLOWS SOFIA OFF.

TERESA AND CARLOS ARE LEFT ALONE FOR A MOMENT.

TERESA RUNS TO HIM AND HUGS HIM.

TERESA FINALLY FINDS COURAGE TO LOOK AT HIM

TERESA: (Fighting back her tears and smiling) At least there's a chance to say goodbye now.

CARLOS: Yes

TERESA: I didn't mean what I said about Pablo. I know he'll be good to me.

ENTER STANLEY

STAN: Right Captain, what's next? Teresa!

TERESA: I just came to say goodbye.

SHE RUNS INTO THE HOUSE

STAN: What's wrong?

CARLOS: Everything's wrong! What did we do it for Stanley?
What good have we done?

STAN: Oh come on Carlos - I don't have to answer that. Look, if it's anything that Jose bloke was saying - forget it! I don't give a shit how scared you were - we've all been there. It only goes to show how friggin' brave you were to carry on. Now come on mate - we're going to be out of here soon.

Song: IF NOT TODAY

There's an old man with a heavy burden
Climbing up the mountain
He has made this journey many times
He knows the way is steep
He's accustomed to the bitter cold,
The narrow, stony track
But he struggles with the burden
Of the silence he must keep
The silence he must keep

If not today, my soul
Then in the decades that will follow you the day will dawn
Then for your children and your children's children yet unborn

There's a mother with her seven children
Trying to rebuild her home
The man that she depended on was
Shot beside a wall
She's no stranger to such suffering
Nor will she be a martyr
She will patiently await instead
The day the tyrants fall
The day the tyrants fall

If not today, my soul
Then in the decades that will follow you the day will dawn
Then for your children and your children's children yet unborn

They may wait for forty days and nights
Or forty lonely years
They may see the world turned upside down
Before they greet that day
There are messages on cellar walls,
On prison cells and exile's hearts
And whispered here and there the hopes that cannot fade away.
That cannot fade away

If not today, my soul
Then in the decades that will follow you the day will dawn
Then for your children and your children's children yet unborn

Days of anger, days of bitterness
Of armies and of generals
Days of famine, days of vengeance
Are the bridesmaids of the peace
But every act of cruelty
Of hatred or oppression

Sows a natural sense of justice
Only freedom can release
Only freedom can release

If not today, my soul
Then in the decades that will follow you the day will dawn
Then for your children and your children's children yet unborn
For your children and your children's children yet unborn



Scene Two

AFTER *IF NOT TODAY*, ENTER PABLO
PABLO LOOKS VERY SHAKEN AND EMOTIONAL

PABLO: Is Teresa here?

CARLOS: Yes Pablo, she's in the house.

PABLO: Her father ... I think it's best if she goes and stays in the convent ..
Until we're married that is ... Will the troops be here by the
morning?

CARLOS: I should think so.

PABLO: But there won't be any more planes?

CARLOS: I don't know, probably not. They seem to have gone. Calm down
Pablo - have a drink -
HE HANDS PABLO A GLASS OF WINE WHICH HE GULPS DOWN
Like you said before - things will be better soon

PABLO: Yes -

CARLOS: Only Pablo - don't let Teresa see too much -

PABLO: What do you mean?

CARLOS: When they come tomorrow. This is a Republican village and with all
the refugees here as well - don't let her see what they do to them.

PABLO: (His eyes full of terror) No .. No I won't .. I promise.

CARLOS: That's good. She's in the house Pablo - we haven't got much time.

PABLO: Yes - I'll get her ... I'll go and get her now.

EXIT PABLO AS MARIA COMES OUT CARRYING
TWO HEAVY WATER CONTAINERS. PABLO IS TOO
DISTRACTED TO NOTICE HER AND SHE TOO IS
MORE CONCERNED WITH HER STRUGGLES,
CARRYING THE WATER

CARLOS: For God's sake woman, you'll give yourself a hernia. Give those
to me -

MARIA: No Carlos - you can't carry them.

CARLOS: TRYING TO GET THEM OFF HER Give them to me

MARIA: No!

CARLOS: I said give them here.

MARIA: No!

CARLOS: Give them here.

MARIA: Then leave them alone! I don't want you to touch them!

CARLOS: Don't be stupid Maria

MARIA: It's not being stupid!

CARLOS LETS GO

CARLOS: Put them down then!

MARIA STAGGERS ON

MARIA: No, I'm taking them to the boat!

STANLEY ENTERS

STAN: Here Maria, give them to me.

EXIT STANLEY TAKING THEM OFF

CARLOS: Thank God for that! Which field did your father graze in?

MARIA: The same field your mother was born in.

CARLOS: Where are the blankets?

MARIA: Oh I'm sorry! I should have brought them out as well.

CARLOS: Go on, hurry up and get them and where are my boots?

THEY CONTINUE BICKERING AS THEY EXIT

SOFIA ENTERS IN OVERCOAT, BOOTS ETC.
SHE PAUSES SILENTLY LOOKING AT THE TABLE.
ENTER STANLEY

STAN: You look different. In England that's what we call - 'the going away outfit'

SOFIA: SHE HUGS HIM Oh Stanley - I was so looking forward to tonight.

STAN: Me too love! It's not fair, is it?

SOFIA: No, it really isn't! And Mama and Teresa had made the room so beautiful for us -

STAN: Here - give us a kiss.

THEY KISS. TERESA AND PABLO COME OUT OF THE HOUSE AND ARE RATHER EMBARRASSED TO WATCH THE LOVERS WHO DON'T NOTICE THEM AT ALL. PABLO FINALLY CAN'T BEAR IT ANYMORE AND WALKS CONSPICUOUSLY AND NOISILY TO THE TABLE TO GET HIMSELF A DRINK. THE LOVERS PART AND LAUGH. TERESA IS HOLDING THE BOX THAT SOFIA GAVE HER AND IS WEARING A SHAWL THAT ALSO CAME FROM SOFIA.

SOFIA: Oh Teresa - it looks lovely on you.

TERESA: I'll look after it well, I promise.

SOFIA: No, you keep it. It's for you. But you must think of me when you wear it.

TERESA: Of course I will.

SOFIA: SHE TAKES THE FLOWERS OUT OF HER HAIR AND PUTS THEM ON TERESA - they'll only blow away on the boat.

STAN: I'll get the rest of the stuff.

PABLO: Is there anything I can do?

STAN: (Realizing it might be good to leave the girls alone)
Pablo. I'm sure there is
STANLEY AND PABLO EXIT

SOFIA: I wish you were coming with us.

TERESA: No - it's better that I stay.

SOFIA: Is it?

TERESA: Yes.

SOFIA: Do you love Pablo?

TERESA: Not like you love Stanley - not like that but - I don't know. The nuns say the best sort of marriages are those where the couple *grow* to love each other.

SOFIA: (Laughing) What do they know about it?

TERESA: Not much I suppose.

SOFIA: But maybe they're right - really, maybe they are. I hardly know Stanley - who knows what will happen?

TERESA: You'll be happy. Anyone can see that.

SOFIA: You think so? Oh Teresa - if we do make it, we'll find some way of sending word to you - we'll write to the convent.

TERESA: Yes - you must. I'll be there, I'm not going home.

SOFIA: Pray for us! I'm sure God will answer your prayers better than mine. And whatever happens - however long it takes - we will come back one day. Stanley says it won't be long before Britain and the other democracies go to war too. They'll defeat Hitler and when they have, there'll be no more Franco either. The whole of Europe will be free and we'll come home and see you. It won't be long Teresa. Really it won't!

Song: LORCA

Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?
Can you hear us
In the place where you have gone?
Can you hear the songs of gypsies,
Can you smell the deep dark roses?
Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?

Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?
Are wild flowers growing by your unmarked grave?
Are you far from your Granada,
Are you near Andalusia?
Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?

Te vas lejos, muy lejos

Del mar y de la tierra?

Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?
Do you watch the lizard basking in the sun?
And the balustrades and fountains,
As virgin white as jasmine?
Can you hear us
Federico Garcia Lorca?

Te vas lejos, muy lejos
Del mar y de la tierra?

The breeze still says
That you are living
The shadows left a sign upon the walls of Santiago
You are living.
The small white snails
And the mute boy;
The courtyards in the afternoon,
The horses and the wolves
Say you are living.

The sea tells tales
That you are living
The sierras and the dolphins
And the Guadalquivir told me
You are living;
And whispered still
By the virgin brides,
The dark-haired girls, the faithless wives
See clearly in the moon
That you are living.

Te vas lejos, muy lejos
del mar y de la tierra

Te vas lejos, muy lejos
del mar y de la tierra?

del mar y de la tierra?

Scene Three

AFTER THE SONG STANLEY (CARRYING BLANKETS),
MARIA (CARRYING FOOD IN A BOX),
CARLOS (CARRYING HIS COAT AND CHANGED SO HE
REALLY LOOKS LIKE A FISHERMAN) AND PABLO?
ALL ENTER. THEY'RE ALL IN A STATE OF ANXIOUS
EXCITEMENT.

MARIA: Be careful.

CARLOS: Yes. Yes. Just look after your beans.

MARIA: I've forgotten the other pot.

PABLO: I'll fetch it.

STAN: Is that it then? Have we got everything?

MARIA: Yes! I only wish we weren't leaving everything in such a mess.
Teresa, perhaps you wouldn't mind...

CARLOS: Christ woman! What are you talking about?

MARIA: No, of course ... (There is a silence for a moment) ...
Teresa! Goodbye child ..

TERESA: Goodbye Aunt Maria ... (before she gets too emotional) and you
Stanley. I'm very glad you've married Sofia. I'll come and visit you
all in England one day.

PABLO GOES INTO THE HOUSE

STAN: Do that Teresa.

TERESA: I will.

SOFIA RUNS TO TERESA AND KISSES HER

SOFIA: Come on Stanley, Mama ... we'd better go.

MARIA HESITATES FOR A MOMENT BUT DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY SO SHE LEAVES WITH STANLEY AND SOFIA

TERESA: Goodbye Uncle Carlos.

CARLOS: Teresa THEY HUG EACH OTHER.... Come down to the boat
with us - say goodbye there!

TERESA: All right!

CARLOS: Pablo! .. (TO TERESA) .. Go on ... Pablo!

TERESA RUNS OUT

Pablo! Hurry up for God's sake!

PABLO: (From inside the house) I can't find it!

CARLOS: It doesn't matter Pablo -

ENTER JOSE. HE CREEPS IN IN SUCH A WAY THAT SUGGESTS HE'S BEEN WAITING AND HASN'T BEEN SEEN BY THE OTHERS

CARLOS: Pablo - just leave it ...
CARLOS STOPS SUDDENLY AS HE SEES JOSE
Jose
JOSE RAISES A GUN TO POINT IT AT CARLOS
(suddenly terrified) No Jose ... No!

JOSE: Don't worry Carlos, it's not for you. Go on - clear out of it in your boat. I'm only here to settle an old debt.

JOSE RUNS UP INTO THE HOUSE

CARLOS: No Jose! No! Don't do it I tell you ... Pablo!

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A SHOT.

JOSE ENTERS

JOSE: Goodbye Carlos

EXIT JOSE

CARLOS: Oh God

TERESA ENTERS

TERESA: They're waiting ... Uncle Carlos? Are you all right?
Uncle Carlos! ... What's happened? I'll fetch Maria

CARLOS: No! No!

TERESA: Really, I'd better fetch the others -

CARLOS: Just a minute! HE STRUGGLES TO GET HIS COAT OFF
Teresa, take this. Go on, take it! I want you to!

TERESA: (Not understanding). Yes Uncle.

CARLOS: Put it on - you're going in the boat!

TERESA: No! There isn't any room - you said so yourself!

CARLOS: There's plenty of room! I'm not going -

TERESA: But you must! They'll kill you if you stay. You have to go.

CARLOS: My stomach will kill me whatever I do. Why waste a place?

TERESA: But you'll be all right Uncle!

CARLOS: I won't I tell you! I won't!

TERESA: I didn't mean what I said - I'm happy to stay here - really!
Pablo and I will ...

CARLOS: Teresa! There isn't any time left. Just go!

ENTER STANLEY

STAN: Come on Carlos, what's going on?

CARLOS: It's my stomach! I can't go... I want Teresa to go instead.

STAN: Don't be stupid! Your stomach's not that bad... the pain comes and goes - it'll be better in a minute.

CARLOS: No!

STAN: (TO TERESA) Tell the others we're on our way.

TERESA: Yes! SHE RUNS OUT LEAVING THE COAT BEHIND

STAN: Come on Carlos - you're got to pull yourself together - I'm not going without you.

CARLOS: You have to Stanley - I can't go with you,

STAN: Of course you can! I'll bloody drag you, if I have to!

CARLOS: No! No one drags me anywhere! Not anymore!

STAN: All right - only bugger it Carlos, they'll be here in the morning -

I'm not going to leave you, am I?

CARLOS: He came back.

STAN: Who did?

CARLOS: Jose.

STAN: What did he come back for.

CARLOS: To kill Pablo.

STAN: What?

CARLOS: Don't tell anyone - I'm too ill - I'll never make it anyway.

STAN: You will Carlos!

CARLOS: Teresa's got nobody now ... please Stanley, take her!

STAN: She'll be safer here Carlos - she's young.

CARLOS: What do the young care about being safe? They just need something to live for.

STAN: And you Carlos - what do you need? Something to die for?

CARLOS: Yes - please! Let me have that at least.

STANLEY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT AND THEN LEAVES,
CONSENTING TO CARLOS'S WISHES

ENTER TERESA

TERESA: Uncle Carlos -

CARLOS: Go on Teresa - go with them TERESA DOESN'T MOVE
There's nothing left for you here ... don't let them drag me out
and make me die on the boat -

TERESA: Oh Uncle ...

CARLOS: You'd be doing it for me! For me! Do you understand that?

TERESA: Yes Uncle.

CARLOS: Good girl - tell your Aunt and tell her not to bother coming back
saying goodbye - it'll be too hard to do that -

TERESA: I don't think she'll listen.

CARLOS: No - she never does -

TERESA RUNS OUT TAKING THE COAT WITH HER

Dear God, every battle I fought in, we ended up losing. Guadarrane, Saragossa, Gandesa. But this last battle, this one with Maria, you better let me win it, or I swear I'll never pray to you again.

MARIA: (From off stage) Carlos!

CARLOS: (To God) I warn you!

ENTER MARIA

CARLOS PRETENDS TO BE IN GREAT PAIN

CARLOS: Oh God it hurts ... Oh God this is too much ...

MARIA: You're play-acting! I know you are!

CARLOS: Maria! ... How can you say that? ...

CONTINUING TO FEIGN THE AGONY

MARIA: You are! Aren't you Carlos?

CARLOS: Why? Why would I pretend for God's sake?

MARIA: Because you would! Because you'd do it for Teresa, I know you would!... You always have to put everyone else first! - Don't you! Never us though! Never your own family!

CARLOS: You can go!

MARIA: Look what you've done to us! And after all the suffering you've put us through already! There we all are - leaving our home - everything we love - and at the last minute - you don't even come with us! Is this how you repay us for all we've done? Is this the thanks we get?

NOW HIS STOMACH REALLY DOES BEGIN TO HURT. MARIA SEES THAT IT DOES AND BEGINS TO DOUBT HE WAS ACTING BEFORE. SOFIA AND STANLEY ENTER. SOFIA RUSHES OVER TO HIM. MARIA IS PARALYSED BY TERROR

SOFIA: Papa

MARIA: He's play-acting!

SOFIA: No he isn't Mama. Can't you see?

MARIA: Carlos!

CARLOS: Get out of here! Go on - get out for God's sake!

SOFIA: Papa!

CARLOS: (Pushing her away) Out! There's no more time! ... Get out!
All of you!

STANLEY GENTLY PULLS SOFIA AWAY

STAN: Come on, he's right ...
THEY ALL HEAR THE SOUND OF MORE
PLANES APPROACHING
There's no more time ...

MARIA: You're an idiot Carlos! A stupid donkey-brained, ignorant idiot!

STAN: Quickly Maria -

MARIA: Yes! I'm coming!

MARIA, STANLEY AND SOFIA GO

CARLOS IS LEFT ALONE LISTENING TO THE SOUND
OF THE BOMBS. HE BEGINS TO SHAKE.

CARLOS: (To God) Thank you!

Song: ANTONIO

When I was at the front
There was a boy of just thirteen
Who used to bring us bread and goat's cheese
From his father's farm in No-Man's-Lane,
Antonio was his name and he would
Climb up every week
The steep and rocky slope that led to our
Encampment on the mountain side
His journey took him well within
The range of Fascist guns
But still he came, and every week
He told us with the same defiant pride

Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Who else would sing the goats to sleep
Or feed them in the morning?

The weeks went by and soon Antonio
Knew us all by name
And he would beg us for a chance to hold
A soldier's rifle in his hand,
At first we said he couldn't
What if something should go wrong?
He laughed and said you foolish men
You still don't understand.

Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Who else would all the village girls
Have dreams about and cry for?

Before too long he took his place
Alongside all the rest of us
His aim as good as any man's,
And always first to volunteer.
On guard at night he joked and sang
To keep himself awake
And in the pitch dark valley
He would smile at his refrain:

Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Die? I will never die, no I will never die
Who else but me can bring the people
Victory and glory?

When I was at the front
There was a boy of just thirteen
Who used to bring us bread and goat's cheese
From his father's farm in No-Man's-Land.

Then one night while he stood on guard
A sniper shot him down
And as the life drained out of him,
I sat and held his hand

Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Who else will show the people that there's
Something to go on for?

Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Who else can bring the people
Victory and glory?

Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Die? you will never die, no you will never die
Who else but you can bring the people
Victory and glory?



Scene Four

MARIA CALMLY ENTERS CARRYING A BOTTLE OF WINE
CARLOS NEARLY JUMPS WITH FRIGHT AS HE SEES HER

CARLOS: For God's sake woman, what are you doing? Are you trying to kill me before the fascists do? You should already be clear of the coast by now! Is something wrong with the boat?

MARIA: The boat is fine.

CARLOS: Then what in Christ's name are you hanging around here for? Have you forgotten something else?

MARIA: Yes Carlos, I have forgotten something.

CARLOS: And you've come back! Risking all their lives! You say I'm an idiot, but Jesus! What are you?

MARIA: An idiot too Carlos, no better than you.

CARLOS: But what have you forgotten?

MARIA: When a husband asks his wife to dance, she shouldn't refuse. I was wrong Carlos. I shouldn't have done that.

CARLOS: And you've left them out there? While you come back to DANCE with me! Are you mad? You've gone completely crazy!

MARIA: They've gone Carlos. When the moment came, I found I couldn't go either. So we'll finish the celebration together, just you and me.

CARLOS: Maria!

MARIA: It's not every day our daughter gets married. I'm not going to let a few fascist planes stop us from celebrating ... Come on Carlos, show me how they dance in England. Do they really hold each other close?

CARLOS: Yes Maria

MARIA: Come on then, show me!

CARLOS: PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HER
The man puts his arm here and the other one... he puts here, I think.

MUSIC FOR *DAYS OF HOPE* STARTS

MARIA: And the woman?

CARLOS: An, now she put hers here, I think .. or is it ... here?

MARIA: Oh Carlos, don't be so stupid! Of course she'd never put it there!

CARLOS: Oh what does it matter? We'll make our own way of doing it.

MARIA: No Carlos, I want to do it properly!

CARLOS AND MARIA DANCE

Song: DAYS OF HOPE

If I can dance with you one hour longer
The world wouldn't matter at all
Dancing to tunes generations have danced to before
If we pretend that the music won't finish
We won't have to wake up at all;
Sleeping a long careless sleep in these arms I adore.

We've nothing to lose
We've nothing to fear
We many not be saved
From all troubles here

But while there are songs of love
While there are dreams of peace
While there are nights like this
There will be days of hope
There will be days of hope.

We've nothing to lose
We've nothing to fear
We many not be saved
From all troubles here

But while there are songs of love
While there are dreams of peace
While there are nights like this
There will be days of hope
There will be days of hope.

THE END



The Spanish Civil War

The Spanish Civil War lasted from July 1936 until March 1939, and claimed the lives of about half a million people. It began after right-wing army officers staged a coup to overthrow the Popular Front Government, which had been elected in February of that year.

Initially, more than two thirds of the country rallied to support the Republican Government. Its supporters were Democrats of all kinds, Socialists, Communists, Trade Unionists, and Trotskyist Anarchists. The Spanish government was abandoned by every other democracy in Europe, as Britain led a policy of appeasing the Dictators. For two years, though, the Republic had the support of the Communist organised International Brigades. Their members came (in order of numbers) from France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Italy, the USA, Britain, (about 2,000, of whom 500 were killed and 1,200 wounded) Canada, Central Europe and Scandinavia. In addition, many other independent volunteers (such as George Orwell) went to Spain and fought alongside the Spanish in the militia: there may have been 5,000 of these altogether. The USSR and Mexico were the only countries to supply or sell arms to the Spanish Republic.

The 'Nationalists', led by General Franco, comprising Fascists (Falangists) and Monarchists of various kinds, and supported by the Church, were given a huge armoury of modern weapons by their allies Hitler and Mussolini. German squadrons were responsible for many of the most shocking saturation bombing raids on civilian targets, including that on the defenceless village of Guernica in the Basque province of Vizcaya, in April 1937. In all, Hitler sent 50,000 military personnel to help Franco, Mussolini 150,000.

Spain paid a heavy price for Franco's victory. It endured famine, poverty, a terrible bloodbath of revenge executions, and decades of political isolation. The poet Federico Garcia Lorca is perhaps the most famous victim of Fascist murder squads, but an estimated 200,000 people were executed by Franco's victorious legions. Franco was still executing political opponents in the 1960s.

After the fall of Catalonia, the defeated Republicans and hundreds of thousands of refugees tried to escape north through the Pyrenees into France, or by boat from the Mediterranean coast, where they were easy prey to Mussolini's U-boats and the Fascist naval blockade. The refugees who did escape into France were mostly herded into disease-ridden internment camps. Some went on to fight the Nazis elsewhere when the European war broke out months later. After the fall of France, many were handed over by the Vichy Regime to the Gestapo, and hundreds died in Nazi Concentration Camps, including the elderly Largo Cabellero, who had been Spain's Prime Minister.

Franco died on 20th November 1975. Nearly 40 years of Fascism were buried with him and by 1977 King Juan Carlos, backed by an overwhelming consensus of the people, finally created a democracy for all Spaniards.

