

THE LAMB

A Story of The Exodus

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ACT ONE

The People

SCENE ONE

VOICE OVER: And... unto the Laodiceans write;...I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and annoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne. Revelation 3: 14-21

Interior - simple adobe hut of a Hebrew slave. We see a woman busy about her home chores. Her movements are weary, disorganized, undirected. She is just moving dirt from one place to another, accomplishing nothing. Her face wears the grey, dejected look of someone who has lost hope. Finally, realizing that nothing is being accomplished, she sits down wearily on a rude bench and bows her head into her hands. Her voice is filled with despair as she speaks.

ANNA: How long, Lord? How long? A dirty, disheveled child has been watching all this time from a corner. Sadly, she goes to her mother and putting her arms around her tries to comfort her.

NAOMI: It's alright, Mama. (The woman looks up into the eyes of her child and forces a weak smile. She nods agreement but it is a lie. Things are not alright and as far as she can see they never will be. But, for the sake of a child, a mother must be brave).

NAOMI: (Taking the crude broom from her mother) I can help, Mother.

ANNA: (Letting her take the broom) Thank you, child. (The child takes the broom and begins to sweep with the unpracticed but energetic movements of youth).

NAOMI: I can help cook the soup too, Mama. I've watched ya lotsa times and I know how.

ANNA: I'm sure you can, dear. But Joanna is coming for dinner and I want it to be special.

NAOMI: Will she come in time to begin Sabbath with us?

ANNA: (Sadly as she thinks of a daughter gone astray) I hope so, child. But ever since she began working for the general's wife she...(She cannot continue and lowers her head)

NAOMI: Why doesn't Joanna love Sabbath any more?

ANNA: I... (The subject is too painful and the woman avoids it). I think she does, child. She's just mixed up right now. She just... (Here she begins to weep)

NAOMI: Why are you always crying, Mama?

ANNA: (Pulling the child close to her and stroking her hair) Mama's just tired, dear.

NAOMI: But you're tired all the time. Why?

ANNA: I suppose its because of the Egyptians. They demand so much from us. So much.

NAOMI: (Pulling away in sudden anger) I hate the Egyptians!

ANNA: (Fearful of being heard) Hush! Child!

NAOMI: (Her anger in no way diminished) All they do is hurt people! They're selfish and mean and I hate them. All of them!

ANNA: They can't help it, child.

NAOMI: Why?

ANNA: It is their God's make them the way they are.

NAOMI: Then why do they serve them?

ANNA: They were trained that way from their cradle.

NAOMI: But why does Joanna serve them?

ANNA: (Alarmed that the child knows) Why?...Whatever makes you think she does?

NAOMI: I heard you and Papa talking in bed.

(The child has unearthed the secret spring whence flows her fatigue and heartache and the woman turns away).

NAOMI: Does Joanna want to be wicked like the Egyptians? Is that why?

ANNA: Mother doesn't want to talk about it right now, dear. Let's just get ready for her visit.

NAOMI: (Obeying but not understanding) Yes, Mama.

ANNA: I'll begin dinner.

(The woman opens the door and looks out with an anxious expression. After a lingering glance, not seeing what she wanted to see she reluctantly shuts the door and leans back against it with lowered head)

NAOMI: Why is Papa late?

ANNA: (Ignoring a question whose answer she fears) Sweep the floor, child.

NAOMI: But its almost Sabbath. Why...

ANNA: (Becoming exasperated and snapping at her) I don't know! (slower) I don't know. (Softer now - almost begging) Please, just sweep the floor and be silent. For Mama's sake, all right?

Silenced by the sharp answer and his mother's plea the child turns to his sweeping. The woman crosses to her simple kitchen and begins cutting leeks and onions into a stewpot. She works silently. The only sounds are the broom, the knife cutting, and miscellaneous village sounds outside. We hear a chariot approach and come to a stop. Then there are approaching footsteps and a knock at the door.

NAOMI: (Eagerly) I'll get it!

(The woman starts to protest but it is too late. The child is already opening the door. The disheveled woman is wiping her hands on her apron as she crosses the room. Her face is alight with eager anticipation as she tries to tuck a wayward strand of hair into place.. She arrives at the door just as it is opened by the little girl).

NAOMI: Look, Mama! It's Joanna!

(Coming to the door and looking out there is an awkward pause as her look of joy turns to one of ill-concealed disappointment).

JOANNA: (From without) Good afternoon, Mother.

ANNA: Joanna.

JOANNA: (Friendly) Well, aren't you going to invite us in?

ANNA: (Stepping back and motioning - her voice without enthusiasm) Come in.

(Enter Joanna who is a lovely girl in the first flush of womanhood. She is dressed in a lovely Egyptian costume with a tasteful touch of makeup and jewelry. The contrast between the colorful girl and her drab mother is stark).

(Joanna turns towards the door and motions to he who remains without until bidden. She smiles and motions him in).

JOANNA: Come, Massat. Meet my family.

(Massat, a young man in his early 20s, enters hesitantly. His manner tells us that this is his first venture into a slave's hut and for one who is accustomed to walking in palaces it is an barely-concealed shock. Massat is well dressed, handsome, and cultured enough to hide his disdain).

JOANNA: Mother, this is Massat. (To Massat she presents her mother - trying not to act ashamed) Massat, my Mother.

MASSAT: (Bowing politely). Most pleased to meet you, Ma'am.

ANNA: (Brusquely) What do you want with us?

JOANNA: (Shocked at her mother's rudeness) Mother!

ANNA: (Unyielding) I said what do you want with us?

MASSAT: (Taken aback by the sudden attack of anger) I uh...

ANNA: Well?

(The older woman continues to stare at him in a way that demands an answer. He, having expected a rather pleasant meeting, has no reply and he desperately wants out. He glances towards the door as if hoping it might magically open and save him).

MASSAT: I uh... I was just bringing your daughter home, Ma'am. (He moves towards the door) Nice to have met you, Ma'am. (He opens the door and exits awkwardly).

(The door shuts gently and we hear hurried footsteps fading. As soon as they have faded to a safe level)..

JOANNA: (Indignantly but still in a stage whisper lest Massat hear) How dare you! (The woman is incensed as she recalls a baby brother sacrificed to the river, a lover beaten to death, and feels the depth of their present degradation).

ANNA: How dare you! They drown our babies! They beat our men bloody and grow rich off our sweat! And you have the gall to fall in love with one of the monsters!

JOANNA: Massat is different!

ANNA: Has he accepted the Living God?

JOANNA: Well... no. Not yet.

ANNA: Then he cannot be different!

JOANNA: He is! He is kind and gentle.

ANNA: Because he is trying to seduce you!

JOANNA: Oh, Mother!

ANNA: Or worse!

JOANNA: Mother. Do you really think you have the only good God in the world?

ANNA: We have the only God period! Anything else is demon worship!

JOANNA: Well then demon worship must have something going for it.

ANNA: No!

JOANNA: Look at reality, Mother. The Egyptians are rich while we are dirt poor. They rule while we slave. They write books while we can't even scratch our names!

ANNA: Listen to your words, daughter. They are rich because they live off of our free labor. We cannot read because they will not allow it!

Joanna is momentarily at a loss for words. Her mother moves into the pause.

ANNA: And do you wish a reminder of Egyptian kindness? Then look!

(Referring to herself as a prime example she pulls up the sleeve of her dress to reveal scars on her arm and back).

JOANNA: (Looking away) I've seen your scars, Mother.

ANNA: These scars are Egyptian work, daughter. The only work they know how to do!

JOANNA: That is slave driver's work. The true Egyptians are cultured and polite; which seems to be more than I can say for you!

ANNA: They sacrifice children to their gods!

JOANNA: I've never seen that!

ANNA: I have! Every Hebrew boy-child in Egypt. Except one.

JOANNA: That law and the Pharaoh that made it are long dead. Its not the way Egypt is today!

ANNA: Its worse today!

JOANNA: No!

(The woman realizes that she is losing more that she is gaining and she turns away from the conflict sad, lonely, and defeated).

ANNA: Oh, Joanna. Joanna, Joanna. Where did we go wrong with you?

JOANNA: (Growing more tender) You didn't go wrong, Mother. I'm working a good job. I'm making friends in high places. And some day... (She gets stars in her eyes as she envisions a better life) some day I'll be somebody.

ANNA: You're becoming an Egyptian!

JOANNA: Because right now, if you want to go anywhere in life, Egyptian is the thing to be.

ANNA: Not if you lose your soul, Joanna.

JOANNA: Mother! The soul is immortal. It's not something you can lose.

ANNA: That's a lie of Satan.

JOANNA: Mother, there is no Satan.

(The woman sees that she is fighting a losing battle and that the only hope is to at least keep Joanna's love).

ANNA: Well, I don't have to agree with you to love you. (Tenderly) And I do love you daughter. You know that, don't you?

JOANNA: Of course I do. And I love you. Here, let me help with dinner.

(The two of them go to the kitchen to work. Even there the furnishings are sparse).

MOTHER: We still have only one knife. The brickyards don't pay very well.

NAOMI: They don't pay at all, Mama.

JOANNA: If you didn't fight for your religion so hard things might go easier for you.

ANNA: (Realizing that to argue is but to antagonize, Anna has given up. At least for the time being.) Maybe you're right. If we could give up the Sabbath and worship the stone idols I'm sure it would go easier for us.

JOANNA: You don't need to go that far. Just compromise where it causes problems. That's all.

ANNA: Many have.

JOANNA: But why won't you?! Why won't Papa? Why do you have to keep fighting a lost war?

ANNA: Because the war isn't lost, Joanna. God is about to deliver his people!

JOANNA: Our people have been hearing that since grandfather was a baby.

ANNA: No! Its happening right now. Even now Aaron is going out into the dessert to meet Moses.

JOANNA: Moses! Are we still building our dreams on Moses?

ANNA: Yes. They should be back among us any day now.

JOANNA: The Egyptians consider him a traitor. If he is foolish enough to come back it will be for his execution.

(Outside, rapidly increasing in volume, is the sound of a chariot and footmen drawing near).

ANNA: To his people, he is a Saviour. The long promised deliverer.

JOANNA: I don't see why you even need a Saviour. There are other ways.

ANNA: Like compromise?

JOANNA: Yes. or perhaps even...

(The sound of horses and chariots has reached its peak and attracted the attention of the women. Suddenly it stops and the older woman's face shows deep concern. She starts towards the door but before she can reach it a heavy foot bashes it open and an Egyptian taskmaster stands at the door. He is large and powerfully built and hold a cat-o-nine-tails in his hand. His name is Dobni).

DOBNI: This where a slave named Baasha lives? (Bay-a-sha)

ANNA: (She nods in fear) Yes.

DOBNI: Then we have a package to deliver.

(He nods to his men outside and Baasha is thrown down at her feet. He is whipped to the bone, bleeding and unconscious. The woman falls upon her husband's still form).

ANNA: Oh no! Oh dear God no! (She continues weeping throughout the next speech)

DOBNI: (Arrogantly, totally without feeling) He refused to work late today. Said his day of prayer begins at sundown. We figured we'd give him something to pray about.

JOANNA: You beast! You...

(A spear tip quickly swung to touch her neck interrupts her words. He glances up and down her body trying to figure out who or what she is).

DOBNI: I don't know who you are, "sweetie". But I answer directly to general Ramsha The Second.

JOANNA: (Surprised) Ramsha?

DOBNI; Yes, Ramsha. Therefore best to keep shut thy pretty mouth.

(After a dramatic pause the spear is slowly taken down. He gives a final sneer and wheels about with a military spin. He pauses to look down at the semi-conscious form of Baasha and his clinging wife. He sneers derisively and exits to leave the little family alone again. The woman looks up at her daughter who is still in shock).

ANNA: And you don't see why we need a Saviour?

JOANNA: He was a beast!

ANNA: A beast who stands in the place of Pharaoh. Here, help me.

(The two women try to lift the groaning, semi-conscious man to a pad. The little girl, who has been silent all this time, joins them and tries to help).

SCENE II

Interior - day. The scene is set in the opulent palace of one of Pharaoh's chief officers.

ELISABAT: You what?!

MASSAT: I love her. I want to marry her.

ELISABAT: Are there no beautiful women in Egypt? that you have to fall in love with a Hebrew slave girl.

MASSAT: You said yourself she was the best helper you've ever had

ELISABAT: Yes! yes! A wonderful helper. But I also have wonderful cows and goats. It is not everything wonderful that I bring into my home.

MASSAT: You are too old fashioned, Mother. I want her to wife and I will have her.

ELISABAT: You are a spoiled brat!

MASSAT: If so, t'was not I who did the spoiling.

ELISABAT: Pah! You are hopeless.

MASSAT: But not helpless. Will you get her for me? or shall I make my own arrangements?

ELISABAT: Does your father know?

(Massat fears his father and his reaction shows that he has been afraid to broach the subject).

ELISABAT: He doesn't, does he.

(Looking down partly ashamed, partly afraid).

MASSAT: No. Not yet.

ELISABAT: Not yet? Then when?

(He pauses a moment and then looks up with hope).

MASSAT: I was hoping that perhaps you might... (His voice trails)

ELISABAT: (Scornfully) Intercede for you? Come, come, dear child. Does not your blood run hot enough for this wench to stop its freezing before your father?

(He looks down, ashamed at his own timidity).

ELISABAT: You're afraid of him, aren't you.

MASSAT: My father, Ramsha The Second, is a great man.

ELISABAT: Yes. The question is (Pausing and looking at him with intense eyes), are you worthy to be his successor?

MASSAT: (Looking up - his pride returning) I am among the best of the young soldiers!

ELISABAT: The land is full of those who are among the best. To be like the great Ramsha... To become Ramsha The Third... That is a bird of an altogether different feather.

MASSAT: I work hard. I will be the best.

ELISABAT: To be the best requires more than hard work. It requires ambition.

MASSAT: I am ambitious!

ELISABAT: It requires self-sacrifice.

MASSAT: I am willing!

ELISABAT: To sacrifice anything?

MASSAT: Yes.

ELISABAT: Anything?!

MASSAT: Yes!

ELISABAT: Good. I trust that there will be no more foolish talk of marriage to a lowly slave girl. Go dress for dinner.

MASSAT: But, Mother.

ELISABAT: No more "but mothers". Ambition must be willing to ride his chariot wheels over anything, // or anyone//, who would stand in the way of his advancement.

MASSAT: But surely there is room for love!

ELISABAT: Not among the great. Pharaohs and generals do not rise to the top because they float. They rise because they have climbed over the drowned.

MASSAT: But...

ELISABAT: No buts. If you insist on marriage to this girl, then know for certain that it is you who will join her in the slime pits! Not she who will join you in the palace. Go dress for dinner.

(Massat is torn between his desires for greatness on one hand and his love for Joanna on the other. He hesitates a moment until his mother's stare beats him down and he turns to exit).

SCENE III

(Interior - morning. The scene is Dobni's home. It is a typical middle class Egyptian home. There is an Egyptian servant waiting at the table. Dobni, when not at work is an everyday type of person. He is a family man and treats his family well although he is capable of severe discipline should it ever be necessary. His wife and son show a certain amount of fear and awe of him because of his evil temper and bent to cruel punishment. At this point the atmosphere is pleasant).

DOBNI: More meat Donai?

DONAI: No, thank you, Father.

DOBNI: Meat makes you strong!

DONAI: Yes-sir.

DOBNI: You want to be strong, don't you?

DONAI: Yes-sir!

DOBNI: Good. (Putting it on the plate for him) Here.

DONAI: But I'm not hungry!

DOBNI: I'll decide that!

MONNAT: The boy had a snack this afternoon, husband. He's not really very hungry.

DOBNI: Sweets, I suppose!

(She knows that he disapproves of her method of child raising and it is a source of contention between them).

MONNAT: Yes.

DOBNI: (Irritated) How's the kid ever going to take my place if you stuff him full of garbage.

MONNAT: Let him enjoy his childhood, Dobni. He'll be a man soon enough.

DOBNI: Not if he doesn't eat right he won't! The Hebrew kids his age are twice as strong as he is! Someday they're liable to take over Egypt.

(The servant has been silently working about the table all this time or standing back waiting for instructions. At the mention of a takeover he shifts his weight and smiles a small but knowing smile. The wife notices).

MONNAT: Raysha?

RAYSHA: Yes Madam?

MONNAT: Why did you smile at that comment?

RAYSHA: Begging your pardon, Ma'am. I don't recall smiling.

MONNAT: Oh yes you did. And I want to know why?

DOBNI: Aw, c'mon, wife. If the guy wants to crack a smile now and then what's so big about that?

MONNAT: He smiled when you mentioned an Hebrew takeover and I want to know why? Sometimes servants catch wind of things long before their masters do.

DOBNI: Hmm. (Turning towards Raysha) Well? What of it? Is there something you know that we don't?

(To lie to the wife is one thing. To lie to the feared Dobni, Egyptian taskmaster, is quite another. He dare not lie but knows that what he will share is sure to bring a storm).

RAYSHA: Uh... I uh...

DOBNI: (Growing very interested) There is something, isn't there.

RAYSHA: Uh... Yes, Master.

DOBNI: Well then? Out with it.

RAYSHA: You may not enjoy this, Master.

DOBNI: Try me. (His manner is threatening - Raysha hesitates still) Come on, Raysha! Talk!

RAYSHA: Well, Sir, the Hebrews, or at least the Hebrew leaders, believe they're going to become a free nation.

DOBNI: What!

RAYSHA: Yes-sir. Moses has come back from exile and has talked to the elders of Israel.

DOBNI: About?

RAYSHA: About their plans for leaving Egypt.

DOBNI: (Growing steadily angrier) Don't those slaves ever learn their lesson?! The last time they talked about the birth of a deliverer all their boy babies were thrown to the river. Now they're at it again fomenting riot and revolution! The fools! (He strikes the table on his last word. Raysha jumps lightly)

RAYSHA: Don't blame me, Master. I'm Egyptian! Like you.

DOBNI: Now I see why Baasha and so many of the others are suddenly demanding permission to observe their Sabbath again. This thing is bigger than I thought. And it has got to be stopped! (Striking table again) Stopped! Do you understand?

MONNAT: Husband, Husband, don't get upset. These unarmed slaves are no threat to Ramsha's military machine. Its the finest army in the world.

DOBNI: I know! I know! But it means trouble any way you look at it. We'll have to put down the rebellion and that means bloodshed and lost work. And all because of that fool

from the dessert and a few wild-eyed rebels from Goshen. Pah! Should ship the whole lot to Africa. Right, Raysha?

RAYSHA: Uh...(He does not want to answer)

DOBNI: Uhhh.... what? Do you know something else?

RAYSHA: Well, a few things more, yes This could be more serious than first meets the eye.

DOBNI: Meaning what?

RAYSHA: Moses assured them that their God would fight for them.

DOBNI: Aw, now I've heard it all. And what proof did he offer?

RAYSHA: Well, first he threw down his staff // and it became a snake. (Dobni stands taller-his face showing intense interest and concern) Then he picked it up, by the tail, and it became a rod again. After that he put his hand into his robe. When he brought it out it was turned white as snow.

DOBNI: Leprosy?

RAYSHA: That's right, Master; full of leprosy. Then he put it back in and brought it out clean.

DOBNI: This is crazy! Absolutely crazy!

RAYSHA: Yes-sir.

DOBNI: Did he do anything else?

RAYSHA: He took some water from the river and poured it upon the ground.

DOBNI: And?

RAYSHA: It turned to blood.

DOBNI: What!

RAYSHA: It turned to blood.

DOBNI: Oh, great! So what next?

RAYSHA: Today Moses goes to meet Pharaoh.

DOBNI: Good. He'll execute the traitor and we'll have done with all of this stupidity. But as for me, I've got my work cut out to crush this rebellion before it gets out of hand.

Donai!

DONAI: Father?

DOBNI: My whip.

DONAI: Yes-sir. // Here you are, Father.

(Dobni snaps the whip out of his son's hand and then holds it in Raysha's fearful face).

DOBNI: I hope you're not getting any ideas from this, slave boy.

RAYSHA: Oh, absolutely not, Master. Not Raysha. Raysha is as happy as a fish in the pond.

DOBNI: Good. If you know what's good for you you'll stay that way. See you all tonight, // unless I have to work overtime on this stupid rebellion. (Exit)

DONAI: Raysha?

RAYSHA: Yes, Master Donai?

DONAI: Fish in the pond aren't happy. They're going to get eaten.

RAYSHA: Oh? (He exits leaving mother and son puzzled)

SCENE IV

Ramsha's home. Enter Massat and Nebat, swords in hand, both breathing hard. Ramsha II, who is still looking out the window with his hands clasped behind him, speaks.

RAMSHA: I was observing your practice.

NEBAT: How'd we do today, Father?

RAMSHA: (Turning about) You two couldn't beat an unarmed Hebrew slave girl! They are both taken aback, having expected at least a small compliment.

RAMSHA: Neither of you! You, Nebat! You opened yourself up for a vital wound four times in the last bout. In a real battle with real opponents you are buzzard bait.

NEBAT: Four times? When?

RAMSHA: You don't even know?

NEBAT: No.

RAMSHA: (To Massat) Do you?

MASSAT: I'm afraid I didn't see any opening, to speak of. (Enter Elisabat behind Ramsha)

RAMSHA: Pah! The only thing worse than leaving yourself open is missing an opening in your enemy! And for me the only thing worse than having such dimwits in my army is having said dimwits for my sons! Sometimes I wonder if your mother...//

ELISABAT: If their mother what?

RAMSHA: (Covering up) Uh... If their mother is the one who taught these buffoons how to fight.

ELISABAT: (Smiling wryly) Very good.

NEBAT: We know how to fight, Father.

RAMSHA: Pah! You fight like women! You're gentle like a women! You'll be lucky if either of you ever make lieutenant!

MASSAT: I think you're wrong, sir. I have great ambitions.

RAMSHA: Well then that makes you just like all the other boys in this man's army.

MASSAT: My ambition is greater than that, sir.

RAMSHA: Well good. You'll soon get a chance to demonstrate that..

MASSAT: Does that mean war? Sir?

RAMSHA: No. Not war. Just an uprising among the slaves. But at least it'll give you beginners a chance to shed blood without danger to yourselves.

MASSAT: The Israelites are in revolt!?

RAMSHA: You look alarmed.

MASSAT: Oh...uh, no sir. Just surprised.

RAMSHA: Or, perhaps afraid? But don't worry. They haven't a sword among the lot. But even so, try to get serious.(He turns to exit . The two soldiers in training look at each other).

NEBAT: I don't think we'll ever satisfy him.

MASSAT: I do.

ELISABAT: Don't count on it.

MASSAT: Why not?

ELISABAT: He learned warfare from Moses before he went into exile.

NEBAT: And he expects us to match that?

ELISABAT: You got it soldier boy. (Exiting) Go clean up for supper.

ACT TWO

The Plagues

SCENE I

Interior - day. The scene is in the home of Ramsha II. Joanna is working about the house when Massat enters.

Massat: (Cheerily) Hello.

JOANNA: Massat!

MASSAT: I've come to keep you company.

JOANNA: We mustn't be caught talking like this, Massat. T'is too dangerous.

MASSAT: Nah. My mother wears so much jewelry you can hear her half way down the hall.

JOANNA: Does she know? About us, I mean.

MASSAT: I tried to tell her.

JOANNA: And? (He looks down) She won't hear of it, will she.

MASSAT: (He nods his head no) But we'll find a way. // Somehow.

JOANNA: (Discouraged) I can't see how, dear Massat. Your mother could not bear to have her slave girl become her daughter-in-law. And certainly you could not leave all of this (looking about at all the riches) to become one of us. Even if my father would permit it.

MASSAT: Oh, I hate it! Why can't they just leave us alone? What does color or race or religion have to do with anything important?

JOANNA: Whatever it is, beloved, it is too big for us to conquer. Especially now that...

MASSAT: Now that your prophet has turned the river to blood?

JOANNA: I was going to say now that our countries are at war.

MASSAT: Its not war!

JOANNA: Is it not war when they beat our brothers and fathers for not being able to do the impossible?

MASSAT: They never should have asked for their Sabbath day off. It made Pharaoh think they had time on their hands. People with spare time have time to plot rebellion. That's why he told them to find their own straw and still make the same number of bricks.

JOANNA: It's impossible.

(Near this point begin to bring up the sound effects of frogs. Begin with a solitary frog softly and very gradually bring up the number and volume. The audience should never be able to tell when the frogs begin to sound).

MASSAT: That's still no reason for Moses and Aaron to attack the river god like they did.

JOANNA: Is not the great river god strong enough to care for himself?

MASSAT: Hmmm. Apparently not. (Laughing a bit) You should have heard my mother scream when she came in for her bath.

JOANNA: You should have seen her face.

MASSAT: Oh, that's right. You were there.

JOANNA: Ummm Hmmm.

MASSAT: I wish this mess were over. We have to ration what little water we get from the wells along the river and every creek, pool, pot and puddle in Egypt stinks to high heaven.

JOANNA: And with no baths for 7 days the dead fish aren't the only ones.

MASSAT: The whole thing is pretty impressive all right. Pretty impressive indeed.

JOANNA: You know, Massat. After spending so much time talking to you I was beginning to think that my parent's God was just a tribal legend, like your gods. But now, with one word from His prophet, He has all but brought mighty Egypt to a standstill. I'm beginning to reconsider some of my thinking.

MASSAT: If you return to the God of your fathers it could make it hard on us, you know.

JOANNA: Not if you come with me.

MASSAT: I could never do that, unless...

JOANNA: Unless what?

MASSAT: Unless I had proof.

JOANNA: My papa says that God never gives proof. Only evidence.

MASSAT: (He pauses a moment to think about the thought) Only evidence. Hmm.

JOANNA: Massat?

MASSAT: Hmm?

JOANNA: My father says things are going to get worse here in Egypt. There will be great hardship, perhaps even death.

MASSAT: What are you getting to?

JOANNA: My father tells me that our people are going to walk out of Egypt as a free nation. If we do, would you consider joining us?

Massat had never considered the idea before. He looks down, then up and around at the luxurious surroundings. His mind races to his ambitions to be a great general. Then his mind and his eyes come to rest on the girl he loves. He is a man torn.

JOANNA: I know it is a new idea to you, Massat. I had always thought we would be Egyptians. But since Moses came, things are different. I don't think Egypt has a future anymore.

MASSAT: (The thought of Egypt in decline is almost an insult to him) Do you know what you're saying?

JOANNA: Yes.

(In the background, growing louder is the sound of slippered feet and the tinkle of much costume jewelry. The sounds of frogs, heretofore few and soft in the background is becoming louder).

MASSAT: Here comes my mother. I'll talk to you later. (Exit)

ELISABAT: (Enter Elisabat - she is angry) Joanna!

JOANNA: Yes, mistress?

ELISABAT: There are frogs in my kitchen!

JOANNA: Frogs, Ma'am?

ELISABAT: Don't act as if you know nothing about it! Is this another one of your prophets jokes or something?

JOANNA: No, Ma'am. Or, at least if it is, I don't know anything about it.

ELISABAT: Sick! Sick, sick, sick!! You Hebrews and your God are sick! First blood in every pot and pan in the house and now frogs everywhere. What next?

JOANNA: I don't know, Ma'am. If Pharaoh would let my people go into the wilderness to worship there would be no more problems.

ELISABAT: Well that would suit me fine! Just fine! But this Pharaoh's the hardest headed mule of a man we've ever known. He'll never let them go.

JOANNA: Yes'm.

MASSAT: Now get into the kitchen and help the cook keep the frogs out of the bread dough!

JOANNA: Yes Ma'am.

SCENE II

Interior - day. The scene is set in Dobni's home. Everyone is holding fragrant flowers or bay leaves up to their nose. Enter Raysha with food. He either wears or holds a kerchief to his nose.

RAYSHA Your supper, Master.

DOBNI: (Groans) Ohhhh. Who can think of eating at a time like this.

RAYSHA Well, I must comment that it is at least better than having them forever leaping all about the table. Wouldn't you agree?

DOBNI: Oh, I don't know. At least we could close the doors and catch them all up and put them outside. Now that they're all dead how can we stop the smell from coming in. (Enter young son) Donai! Shut the door! The stench is bad enough without you letting more of it in!

DONAI: Yes Papa. (He shuts the door - He is wearing a kerchief over his nose and has a toy spear in his hand)

MONNAT: Donai?

DONAI: Yes, Mama?

MONNAT: What is that all over the end of your stick?

DONAI: (He is trapped in a bad situation) Oh, nothing,

MONNAT: Bring the nothing here.

DONAI: (Donai reluctantly obeys). Yes'm.

MONNAT: Yuuchh! Is that a dead frog, Donai?

DONAI: Uh... Yes, Ma'am.

DOBNI: What've you been doing, kid? Spearing dead frogs?

DONAI: I was just throwing my spear into that ole pile of dead frogs that Raysha raked up.

MONNAT: Son! You can't throw a spear at our gods like that.

DONAI: They're all dead anyway.

MONNAT: Still. What will Heqa do to us.

DONAI: I don't like the frog god. If she's gonna put her children into our bread and soup and beds and under my shoes when I walk then I don't like her.

MONNAT: Son! You mustn't speak that way against the gods. They will curse you.

DONAI: If they do will it be any worse than this?

MONNAT: (Standing in anger) Donai! Stop this foolishness before we are all destroyed!

DONAI: Yes, Mama.

DOBNI: Throw that stinking spear outside and come to dinner.

DONAI: I can't eat Papa. All that froggy stink makes my stomach yucky when I see food.

DOBNI: All right. Get outta here.

MONNAT: And don't do anything more to make the gods mad! (Dobni snickers at the thought. Exit Donai) Foolish child! He's liable to get us all in trouble with the gods!

DOBNI: Pah!

MONNAT: It's true!

DOBNI: Sure. Pass the garlic. (Monnat does) Any word from the palace?

MONNAT: Nothing good.

DOBNI: Now what?

MONNAT: You know how Pharaoh promised to free the Hebrews if the frogs were taken away?

DOBNI: Oh no. He changed his mind didn't he.

MONNAT: (Nodding) Umm Hmm.

DOBNI: So what's next?

MONNAT: Lice.

DOBNI: Oh no! First we have to dig for water and ration it. Then there's frogs in our beds, and baths, and bread and soup. Now lice! What's it going to take for that idiot to see that their magic is better than ours?

MONNAT: (Frightened). Husband. He is the child of the sun god!

DOBNI: Well when's he going to start acting like it.

MONNAT: What do you expect of him?

DOBNI: (Dobni may stand and pace about like a caged tiger during this speech) Well for one thing, if he's such a big-time sun-god I'd like to see him work a few miracles of his own. I mean if he's really what he says he is why can't he kill his own frogs? Or turn them into butterflies. But no! He's got to kiss Moses' toe to get them killed! And then he has the gall to lie to them and invite yet another plague.

MONNAT: Husband! Be careful how you speak against our god!

DOBNI: If he's god then I invite him to smite me dead right now!

RAYSHA Master! No!

(Everyone stands still and silent for a long tense pause. Gradually the tension eases. Raysha gets a puzzled look on his face and then scratches his leg - Monnat looks at him slightly puzzled and then gets a horrified look on her face as she feels some creepy crawlies making progress up her leg).

MONNAT: Oh no! (Ad lib womanly comments about lice)

DOBNI: What's wrong with you idiots?

RAYSHA I believe it's a somewhat substantial gathering of lice.

DOBNI: Lice!?

RAYSHA Just like Moses said. Lice like the dust of the earth.

DOBNI: (Dobni feels some starting up his leg. He looks down) All right. Time for another test! Hey Pharaoh! Big shiny sun-god! Pontifus Maximus! If you're who you say you are I'd like you to stop these lice before they get to my knee!

He stands there and you can tell he is enduring the feeling of lice crawling up his leg.

Finally they crawl past his knee and he begins to scratch his leg.

DOBNI: I knew you couldn't do it. Fraud!!

(Raysha and Monnat look at him as if he had committed suicide but nothing happens. They freeze as the lights go down).

SCENE III

Interior - day. The scene is Baasha's humble cottage. They are expecting a visit from their daughter. Baasha is a calm and quiet man who truly knows his God. While avoiding any conflict if possible, he will die for what he believes in. He is still very weak from his beating.

BAASHA: Anna.

ANNA: Husband.

BAASHA: Help me sit up, please.

ANNA: Are you sure you are strong enough Baasha?

BAASHA: I'll be fine, wife. Give me a hand.

(She helps him sit up on his mat and props a mat or pillow behind him to help keep him up).

BAASHA: I can't greet my oldest daughter lying down can I?

ANNA: Sometimes I wonder if she's even our daughter any more, Baasha.

BAASHA: Now, now, wife. You must not be talking discouragement that way. Don't you remember how we dedicated her to the Lord when she was born?

ANNA: I remember.

BAASHA: And how she used to love to sing songs about Canaan land?

ANNA: But she's changed, husband. Now she has eyes only for that young soldier.

BAASHA: Do you really think so, Mama? Even after all the miracles God has wrought upon the Egyptians.

ANNA: And on us. We too had blood in our cisterns, and frogs to walk on, and lice like the dust of the ground! What good to be God's people?

BAASHA: Sometimes, wife, God has to get our attention.

ANNA: What do you mean?

BAASHA: We've been too relaxed. We looked on the food and music and pleasures of Egypt, and by n' by they started looking pretty good compared to what we had.

(The woman realizes that what is being said is true and yet doesn't feel that they really did anything wrong).

ANNA: But, husband. We never went to their festivals, or spent time with Egyptian families.

BAASHA: No. But children watch our eyes, Mama. They saw what our eyes were thinking and their eyes followed after.

(The woman looks down. What he has been saying is true).

BAASHA: And what the eyes behold the heart becomes.

ANNA: What you say is right, Husband. I have hated our life. Down deep in my heart. I have wanted to be an Egyptian But I didn't think anyone knew.

BAASHA: We can't fool children, Mama. Not children.

ANNA: But what to do now. I realize that the gods of the Egyptians are nothing. I realize that the life of the Egyptians does bring disease and broken hearts. But how can we save Joanna?

BAASHA: Joanna is God's job, not ours. We just have to be right with God ourselves. That way, when God makes His move, she'll have a safe place to come to.

ANNA: It's hard, Baasha. I hate the Egyptians. I hate our life. I hate myself. And more than anything I hate the man who did this to you.

BAASHA: Dobni knows no better. To him a Hebrew slave is just another apple tree to be pruned, or a cow to be herded.

ANNA: We're human beings! God's children!

BAASHA: But we alone, of all mankind, understand that. And that is why we cannot hate. Not even such a one as Dobni.

ANNA: But I do hate! My heart is as hard as stone! I don't know how to change it and sometimes I don't even want to. And yet, I know that if I don't...

BAASHA: God, who can turn Joanna's heart towards home, can also melt yours heart. Let us pray, wife. (She nods, they bow their heads. As he lifts his hand to pray - there is a knock-He finishes hurriedly) Oh, God. You know our prayer. Hear the cry of our hearts we pray.

(The woman gets up to go to the door. She opens it and Joanna hurries in shooing away the last fly or two before entering).

JOANNA: Pesky creatures!

ANNA: What creatures?

JOANNA: Haven't you heard?

ANNA: Heard what?

JOANNA: About the new plague.

ANNA: No. There's been no plague since the lice.

JOANNA: No flies?

ANNA: No.

JOANNA: Hmm. Its a miracle. Egypt is plagued again.

NAOMI:: Plagued with what, Sissy?

JOANNA: Flies.

NAOMI:: Flies?!

JOANNA: Yes, flies! Big venomous monsters that are biting man and beast and driving everyone absolutely crazy. There are whole herds of cattle running from one end of their pasture to the other trying to escape. Some have died from heat exhaustion.

ANNA: Poor creatures.

JOANNA: And its no better for the people. Little children have bites all over them and... oh, Mama! What's going on? Why all this misery and suffering?

ANNA: I don't understand it either, daughter. You'd better ask your father.

(Joanna looks past her mother to her father. She sees that he is better and her heart is relieved. She goes to him and gives him a hug).

JOANNA: Oh, Papa. I'm so glad you're better.

BAASHA: I'm glad to be better, daughter. I can almost sit up by myself now.

(Suddenly the door smashes in and the huge hulk of Dobni dominates the doorway).

DOBNI: You about ready to go to work, slave man?

ANNA: Surely you can see by his looks that the man is in no condition to go to work.

DOBNI: I don't care how he looks. He could at least count of the bricks. Since Moses came to give you all your Sabbaths off production has fallen off.

ANNA: Because you give us no straw anymore.

DOBNI: I don't make the rules, lady. You going to get up, Baasha? Or do I have to do a little artwork on your back?

ANNA: Give him one more day. Just one...

(Dobni pushes the lady aside and starts to grab Baasha. The woman tries to stop him).

ANNA: You beast! You evil ...

(She is thrown to the side by the powerful man and he again turns his attention to Baasha).

BAASHA: Wife! (Everyone freezes at his authoritative manner) Let the man alone. He only does his duty.

DOBNI: You're a wise man, Baasha.

BAASHA: The question is, friend Dobni, are you?

DOBNI: What's that supposed to mean?

BAASHA: I see bites on your arms and back, friend. What be they?

DOBNI: What's it to you?

BAASHA: They're fly bites, aren't they.

DOBNI: So what if they are?

BAASHA: Do you think our God is going to stop at flies? (Dobni's face reflects puzzlement and superstitious fear) Egypt is being punished for its evil treatment of the Hebrews. Are you so bold as to add to your sins and invite upon your person God's greater wrath?

DOBNI: So what am I supposed to do? Get beaten myself?

BAASHA: It would be better than inviting upon yourself more than your share of what is to come.

DOBNI: And what is that?

BAASHA: I only know that there are worse things in life than frogs and lice and flies.

DOBNI: You still haven't told me what I'm supposed to do.

BAASHA: Turn from your evil ways and join us.

DOBNI: (He spits out the words) Pah! Do you expect me to abandon the greatest nation on earth and become a slave because of a few flies!

BAASHA: No, friend Dobni. But I do expect that you will be intelligent enough to be gentle until you know it is safe to be otherwise.

DOBNI: I have quotas to meet.

BAASHA: You also have a life to save.

DOBNI: (Angered he raises his whip to strike) Why you...

(Baasha does not flinch but looks Dobni straight in the eye. The women are tense with fear. After a long pause Dobni resigns in ill-disguised defeat).

DOBNI: Tomorrow will be soon enough to put this dog back to work.

(He whirls on his heel and exits. Everyone shows visible relief at his leaving. Joanna kneels beside her father and hugs him again).

JOANNA: Oh, Papa. I thought he would kill you.

BAASHA: No, Joanna. Our God has revealed Himself and now it is they who begin to be afraid of us. (He notices bites on her neck) You have been bitten.

JOANNA: Every one has. The flies came like a cloud. Not even Pharaoh has escaped.

BAASHA: Stay home, Joanna. There are worse things to come upon Egypt. You might be killed.

JOANNA: Do you really think so, father?

BAASHA: Yes. Moses has told us so. Fire, hail, diseases, darkness, even death await you in Egypt. Come back to your people, Daughter. Come back to where you are loved.

JOANNA: Oh, Papa. I am so confused. My mind tells me that you are right. I know the God of our fathers is the only true God now. And I want to serve Him. But my heart, my feelings; they are with Massat! And I? I am torn in pieces.

BAASHA: Does he see yet that his gods are no God at all?

JOANNA: Yes. I think so.

BAASHA: Then bring him here. Let me speak to him.

ANNA: You're not thinking of approving this marriage, are you, Baasha?

BAASHA: I am thinking of doing God's will.

ANNA: He is a heathen.

BAASHA: Heathen is a state of the heart! A state of heart which we have all known from time to time. (She is silenced)

BAASHA: Will you bring him, Joanna?

JOANNA: I shall try.

BAASHA: And if he will not come, will you listen to God's voice over your heart?

JOANNA: I... I want to. But I don't know if I can.

BAASHA: Will you pray about it?

JOANNA: (She hesitates, then nods her head) Yes.

BAASHA: Good. To pray well is a battle half won. And now, your wonderful mother has prepared a meal for us. Let us remember old times when we used to sing the songs of Canaan.

JOANNA: Yes.

NAOMI: I'm glad you're home, Joanna.

JOANNA: I'm happy to be home, little sister.

SCENE IV

The home of Massat, Elisabat, Ramsha, and Nebat, Massat's older brother. All but Massat are seated in the living room. All have boils visible on faces and arms and each sits or stands in a position designed to minimize the pain of other unseen boils. Enter Massat.

MASSAT: You called for me, Father?

RAMSHA: Yes. I have called you and your brother together to help your mother and I make a decision. Sit down.

MASSAT: Yes-sir. (He starts to sit - remembers a poorly positioned boil) Uh, I'd rather stand, Father.

RAMSHA: Boys, we are under attack by the Hebrew God. I need not remind you about the recent horrors of the lice, the flies, and the terrible disease that has all but destroyed the livestock of Egypt.

Nebat: These curses are destroying our nation. Why does not the lord god Pharaoh send the wretched slaves away and be done with this?

MASSAT: Because to do so would be to admit that he is not god.

ELISABAT: Massat!

MASSAT: It's true!

ELISABAT: How do you know?

MASSAT: I have been to the land of Goshen. As soon as I entered Hebrew territory the flies left me. It was the same with the plague of the murrain. Not so much as one lamb or cow of the Hebrews died while our flocks and herds were devastated.

NEBAT: It is also true with these boils. (They all grimace and move awkwardly with the pain) There is not a Hebrew in the land with one boil. The Hebrew God is God!

ELISABAT: Blasphemy!

NEBAT: No! Truth!

RAMSHA: Stop! Stop! I did not call you together to discuss religion.

ELISABAT: Then what?

RAMSHA: You notice that our boils have begun to go away.

All: (Ad lib agreement).

RAMSHA: This is in response to Pharaoh's promise of freedom to the Hebrews.

MASSAT: Finally.

RAMSHA: But, // but! Pharaoh has once again changed his mind! (The two boys groan - ad lib)

NEBAT: Oh no! Does he intend to keep on with this until we are all dead men?

MASSAT: Why not? He doesn't care about us?

ELISABAT: Pharaoh did right!

NEBAT: He lied, Mom!

ELISABAT: Faith need not be kept with slaves!

RAMSHA: Silence! Right or wrong the facts are that Pharaoh has changed his mind, again! In response Moses told him that there will come a storm over Egypt.

(The boys groan. - Ad lib).

RAMSHA: A storm such as we have never seen. Supposedly it will be a storm of hail and fire and thunder.

ELISABAT: (Sarcastically) Hail?! In Egypt?

MASSAT: Everything else Moses said has come to pass. Why not hail?

ELISABAT: Because frogs and lice and flies are natural plagues that can happen anytime.

NEBAT: Not like we've had!

MASSAT: And why do the plagues stop just at the border of Goshen?

ELISABAT: It is all a miserable coincidence.

MASSAT: It's not coincidence, mother. It the finger of the true God.

ELISABAT: You speak blasphemy. If you were not my son I would hand you over to the priests that they might reconstruct your bent mind.

RAMSHA: Silence. We have a decision to make. (They quiet down) Moses has told us that there is a hailstorm coming that will destroy our trees, our crops and what remains of our cattle.

(The boys groan. Elisabat fastens an angry eye on them which cuts short their reaction).

RAMSHA: As we were leaving the presence of Pharaoh several of the princes of the realm said they were going to bring the remnants of their herds under shelter until the storm is past.

ELISABAT: Are you suggesting that we do the same?

RAMSHA: That is what we are here to decide.

MASSAT: Of course we'll bring them in!

NEBAT: I agree.

ELISABAT: And just where do you think we'll put all of the lovely little beasties? We haven't any barns to speak of. The only other choices are the slaves quarters and even that would only protect a few.

NEBAT: That's better than nothing.

MASSAT: I agree.

RAMSHA: There is one other place where we could put many of our remaining cattle.

ELISABAT: Husband, what are you talking about? (She sees what he is thinking)...you're not thinking of our home are you? // Are you?!

RAMSHA: I'm only bringing the subject up for your discussion, My Dear. If we think that Moses` threat may come to pass it may behoove us to take action.

ELISABAT: I will not have filthy, fly-bitten, cattle with boils all over them here in our palace.

MASSAT: (Sarcastically) Why not, mother? These be our gods.

NEBAT: And they're no more fly-bitten or boil ridden than we are.

ELISABAT: One thing to worship them. Quite another to have them destroying our home! No!!

RAMSHA: Well, it seems that your mother has cast her vote. What do you boys think?

NEBAT: I say why take a chance.

ELISABAT: Can you imagine the filthy mess we'll have in his house?

NEBAT: The slaves will clean up the mess.

ELISABAT: Absolutely not!

RAMSHA: Massat?

MASSAT: It is no threat, father. If Moses said we're going to have hail the size of peaches, then the only question is whether we want to save our herds or not.

ELISABAT: You only believe that way because you're in love with that wretched little slave girl!

(Ramsha comes to stiff attention and looks toward his son with angry disbelief).

RAMSHA: What wretched little slave girl?

(Massat is trapped! He has dreaded this moment even under the best of circumstances. He says nothing).

ELISABAT: Well? Aren't you going to rise to the occasion and defend your dearly beloved?

RAMSHA: (Incredulous) You are in love?! With a slave girl?!

MASSAT: (Gathering courage) Yes, father. With a talented and beautiful...

RAMSHA: (Insistent) Slave girl?

MASSAT: She could be a princess.

RAMSHA: A Hebrew slave girl?

MASSAT: Yes!

RAMSHA: Are you telling me that from among those dogs you have found one better than all the beauties of Egypt?!

MASSAT: Not necessarily better, father. Just different.

RAMSHA: Is this serious? Or is she just someone to meet behind the woodshed when you have nothing better to do?

MASSAT: I have never met her behind the woodshed.

ELISABAT: Why should he when they can hide in any room in the palace?

MASSAT: She's not that kind of girl, Mother. That's why I'm attracted to her. She's not one to be touched by just any one.

ELISABAT: Who then?

MASSAT: Her husband. And none else.

NEBAT: Sounds like a bore to me.

MASSAT: No. She is anything but boring. She can actually talk about things that matter.

RAMSHA: What things?

MASSAT: Things like religion, and the meaning of life, and the reason for beauty and art and music. She has class.

RAMSHA: And, suppose we grant that this slave has escaped from the mindless stupidity of her people? What next?

MASSAT: I want to make her one of us.

RAMSHA: By marriage?

MASSAT: Yes.

RAMSHA: And mingle the royal blood with swine!?

MASSAT: She is human, the same as we!

RAMSHA: Have you lost your mind?

MASSAT: No!

RAMSHA: We are Egyptian! Members of the master race! To admit one of them into our bloodline would put a stain upon our name that could never be erased.

MASSAT: There is no master race, Father! God has made us all of one blood, equal before him.

RAMSHA: There is no God! We have made ourselves. Over the eons we have pulled ourselves up from the slime of the Nile until now, we, we of the royal blood of Egypt, stand at the apex of the pyramid. And would you dare to take us back down?!

MASSAT: It is not down! It is...

RAMSHA: It is down!! It is no wonder that you fight like a woman. It is no wonder that your ambition is so weak! Now I understand why you are no longer able to torture an enemy soldier. Your blood has been turned to water just by being around her!

MASSAT: A person doesn't have to hurt people to prove himself a man!

RAMSHA: I don't know what world you're trying to live in, Massat. But this world is symbolized by that pyramid that we worship every morning. At the top is the gold cap, symbolizing royalty. Below that, is alabaster, symbolizing the common people. And under it all are stones. Ugly, dirty, misshapen stones. These are our cattle and slaves. If you are not willing to step on them then you are doomed to become one of them.

MASSAT: No.

RAMSHA: Yes! And either you cleanse your mind of this filth or you go down to become part of it. Break it off now! Or leave my home // and my heart - forever. Now get out of here. All of you. (They begin to exit)

Nebat: Father?

RAMSHA: What!

NEBAT: What about the cattle?

ELISABAT: We will not soil our palace out of superstitious fear of a Hebrew slave!

NEBAT: Father?

RAMSHA: (After a tense moment while pride does battle with reason) We will leave the cattle in the fields!

NEBAT: (Massat and Nebat exchange ominous and knowing glances before their exit)
Yes, Father.

ELISABAT: Oh, Massat.

MASSAT: Mother?

ELISABAT: To help you make the right decision I will be dismissing Joanna from my service.

MASSAT: (He bows in helpless resignation) Yes, Mother.

SCENE V

Joanna is leaving the palace of Ramsha with a bundle of belongings.

Elisabat shouts a parting insult after her.

ELISABAT: And when Pharaoh sends his army against your people may you be the first to fall. (She looks after Joanna for a brief moment and then turns abruptly and goes back into her home).

(Joanna turns sadly away, hitches up her bundle to be more comfortable and begins to walk. From the other side of the stage there is a whisper).

MASSAT: Joanna.

JOANNA: Massat! (He approaches her. Her shyness keeps him from any physical affection but we can see that the bond between them is strong)

MASSAT: It is difficult to say goodbye.

JOANNA: Then don't say it. Come with me. . . .

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE