

# ANALIESE

by  
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## **CHARACTERS**

THE TOUCAN: Large tropical bird (can be played by a child)

ANALIESE: Girl 14-15 years old

PEACOCK: Tropical bird (non-speaking)

CHRISTIAN: Boy 16-17 years old

NINA IVERSEN: 30 year old Famous Actress

HENNER: Man (non-speaking)

SERVANT GIRL: (non speaking)

JARL: Teenage boy

PETER: Teenage boy

ERIK: Teenage boy

YOUNG GIRL SPIRITUAL WARRIOR: 10 years old

YOUNG BOY SPIRITUAL WARRIOR: 10-11 years old

HANS: Spiritual Warrior Boy age 18

SIGRUN: Robber girl 17 years old

CARL: 20 year old Painter

DANCERS: Adult, (non-speaking)

## **TIME AND PLACE**

All action takes place in Odense, the North Beach of Funen, and in the northern regions of Jutland, Denmark in 1898.

SCENE I

*Stage is empty except for a wooden boat with oars center stage. ANALIESE is rowing with great effort facing the prow. A large TOUCAN sits on the stern. ANALIESE is not aware of the bird.*

ANALIESE

*(Exhausted.)*

Skagen. Skagen. I must reach Skagen.

*(She rows more. Her hands hurt. She looks at her hands.)*

Blood.

*(She pulls the sleeves over her hands and keeps rowing.)*

I must reach Skagen.

*(Sings to herself breathing hard.)*

“The water is wide, I cannot cross over  
And neither have I wings to fly. . .”

God help me.

Right hand, left hand, right hand, left hand, right hand, left. . . I can’t do it. I can’t. To  
have come so far. . . so far. It isn’t fair. God on High, hear me. . .

*(She stops completely winded and scans her surroundings. She sees THE TOUCAN.)*

What? I have lost my mind entirely. What are you doing here? I must be seeing things.

*(She starts to rise to touch THE TOUCAN to see if it’s real, but the bird opens its wings and flaps as if it is about to fly off. ANALIESE sits down very slowly.)*

ANALIESE

Don’t leave.

*(The bird sees that ANALIESE is staying put and settles itself down again.)*

ANALIESE

How did you get here, you poor thing? Did you escape? Do you remember me? I saw  
you in the Aviary. You’re a Toucan. You come from the jungle. It seems like years and  
years ago I saw you, but it was only months, wasn’t it? Could it have been only months  
ago? That was the last time I saw Christian too. Oh Toucan, it’s cold. What a mistake  
we’ve made. So far from home. This is no place to be free.

*(Sadly.)*

Christian.

*(Angry, calling.)*

Chriiiss-tiaan! Where are you when I need you? Christian! If only you hadn’t met that  
horrid woman.

SCENE II

*ANALIESE steps out of the boat. She is in an aviary in winter. Lots of light, bird calls and songs heard. A peacock struts on one wooden cube. A Toucan sits preening its feathers on another cube of a different height. ANALIESE is followed by Christian. They both carry heavy winter coats.*

ANALIESE

Christian it's so hot. It's like summer. It's wonderful. Here!

*(She hands Christian her coat.)*

I knew it would be like this. Look—oh there's a peacock. Doesn't it look like a prince? Doesn't he look like he has hundreds of eyes on his tail?

*(She tries to pet it, but it scurries away. She goes to the peacock which cocks its head at her. She copies his movements.)*

Pretty boy. Hello. Hello.

*(The peacock goes to nip her and she jumps back.)*

You mean old thing.

CHRISTIAN

*(Is over by the Toucan who regards him solemnly.)*

Analiese. Come over here. Look at this bird. What a lordly fellow. I wonder what he is.

ANALIESE

His beak's bigger than his body. If he tried to fly he'd fall over on his face.

CHRISTIAN

I really don't think so, Analiese.

ANALIESE

I know that. I'm not such a child as you think. Christian—this is the best. I'm so glad you brought me.

CHRISTIAN

Just be glad your Grandmother's a good cook and I like to stay on her good side.

ANALIESE

You brought me because you like me.

CHRISTIAN

Who could like a scrawny little chicken like you?

ANALIESE

You used to beg me to marry you every two weeks.

CHRISTIAN

What was I, three years old?

ANALIESE

No. Six.

CHRISTIAN

Here take your coat. I've got my own to carry.

*(He goes off to look at the other birds.)*

ANALIESE

You were nicer as a little boy, I'll tell you that.

*(A fine LADY in furs enters with a GENTLEMAN and a MAID she hands her furs to without looking.)*

NINA

*(Goes to THE TOUCAN. Addresses the GENTLEMAN.)*

Henner—there's a Toucan. Poor thing so far from home and caught in our endless Danish Winter. Do you miss the jungle my pretty one? Flying free in the tree tops with your monkey friends chattering about?

*(To anyone who's listening.)*

He's sacrificed so much to bring us beauty. It's almost like being an actress.

ANALIESE

But there's a difference, Ma'am.

NINA

Excuse me?

ANALIESE

*(Curtseys.)*

The bird was captured. He had no choice whether he should bring us beauty or not.

NINA

Artists have no choice either, my dear.

*(To HENNER.)*

Who is this girl? She's very bold.

*(ANALIESE curtsies. NINA moves off. She appraises CHRISTIAN. Two teenage friends rush in and surprise CHRISTIAN. One punches him in the arm.)*

CHRISTIAN

Hey!

JARL

So, you coming sledding or not? We've been waiting for hours.

PETER

You should have seen Jarl acting like an idiot.

JARL

I was not.

PETER

Stupid bugger almost got killed. Hitched his sled to a very dashing sleigh and was whipped under its runners.

JARL

I planned that. The sleigh was damn fast and I skidded out again.

PETER

You planned that?!  
(To CHRISTIAN.)  
So?

CHRISTIAN

Analiese. . .

ANALIESE

I can't believe you're leaving. Don't you want to see the birds?

PETER

Birds are for babies.

JARL

(Poking him.)  
I wouldn't be so quick to say that. Look who else is here.

PETER

God in Heaven. Isn't that Nina Iversen, the actress?

JARL

It's her or an angel.

ANALIESE

She is beautiful.

CHRISTIAN

Very.

JARL

They say the King was her lover.

CHRISTIAN

Not the King of Denmark?

JARL

No. Sweden. He wasn't the only one either. There were many.

PETER

Ooo-la-la, the things she must know.

JARL

We have to meet her.

*(He takes a flower.)*

I have just the thing. How do I look?

PETER

*(Grabs the flower and offers it to Christian.)*

You're too ugly. Here, Christian. You give it to her. I dare you.

CHRISTIAN

Why don't you do it if you're so keen?

JARL

You look older. You're taller. Go on don't be a bloody coward.

PETER

Or will your little "wife" get mad?

CHRISTIAN

She's not my wife.

*(He takes the flower and goes to NINA.)*

ANALIESE

I don't care. Go make a fool of yourself!

*(Says to THE TOUCAN.)*

Boys are so stupid. If you tease them enough you can make them do anything. They'll jump off a cliff to prove what little men they are.

PETER

And what will girls do—cry?

*(ANALIESE walks away. Now that CHRISTIAN is next to NINA he is very nervous. NINA is facing away. He clears his throat and gives a little stiff bow.)*

NINA

*(Turns towards him, but addresses HENNER.)*  
Ah, the young man with the golden skin.

CHRISTIAN

You're Miss Nina Iversen, the actress?

NINA

I am. And you?

CHRISTIAN

*(Bowing again.)*  
Christian Pyndt, Ma'am.

NINA

And that flower you're clutching in your hand, might that be for me?

CHRISTIAN

How idiotic.

*(He gives it to her.)*  
Yes of course it's for you.

NINA

A white rose. Mmmmmm, it's perfect. Look Henner, a white rose, wouldn't you know?

CHRISTIAN

What?

NINA

White roses are my favorite.

CHRISTIAN

No. You're making fun of me.

NINA

You're a lovely boy and this is a lovely gesture.

CHRISTIAN

Then I've offended you somehow.

NINA

No. You've brought back a rush of memories, that's all.

CHRISTIAN

Not very good ones I'm afraid. You don't seem pleased.



NINA

Now, I've made you feel badly. I am sorry. It's just—well I'll confide in you a little bit because you're so forward and so dear.

*(She takes him by the arm and takes him aside.)*

A gentleman I was very much in love with used to fill my rooms with white roses after every performance at the Royal Theater. You can't imagine how many he sent or how their fragrance used to float through my life in those days as if it were the air itself. I can't smell the white rose without thinking of him.

CHRISTIAN

I see. Then I must apologize.

NINA

Apologize? But why?

CHRISTIAN

One rose can hardly be worth your while.

NINA

No, no, no. I love the rose. I haven't had a single white rose since my friend left. So actually, yours is very precious.

*(CHRISTIAN is pleased and doesn't know where to look.)*

NINA

You said your name was. . .

CHRISTIAN

Christian Pyndt, Ma'am.

NINA

Christian. Here's my card. And this is where I stay when I'm in town. Unfortunately, I'm leaving tonight or I would invite you up for tea.

CHRISTIAN

I should love to come for tea and you should tell me more about your life.

NINA

Yes, we should have a splendid talk. But I'm afraid I must go North.

CHRISTIAN

North? In Winter?

NINA

Yes as far North as I can—almost to Skagen. I have an estate. I call it the Ice Palace. It's so austere and white in Winter—so deserted. I love to feel the stripping down of conventional time. I love. . . oh you cannot guess how the living of this life any life involves great and private pain which we share with no one. But the Ice Palace—the pain trails away. It's not so quiet there or so removed that you can't hear yourself think, or what you would even wish to—but you can hear your heart beat. You're too young to have your store of pain yet. I hope you never do. What you would like are the falcons and the sea eagles and the polar bears and whales!

CHRISTIAN

Absolutely! I'd love to hunt a whale or a bear! Are there wolves?

NINA

Oh yes.

CHRISTIAN

You're so right to go North. No one else ever thinks of it.

NINA

I have an idea. What are you doing now?

CHRISTIAN

This afternoon?

NINA

Yes.

CHRISTIAN

I'm going sledding. Why?

NINA

You go with the boys in the square outside?

CHRISTIAN

Yes we hitch our sleds to the fastest ride. Why?

NINA

*(Looks at HENNER and smiles.)*

I think I'll bring my sleigh by so I can wave to you. I'll throw you a kiss and embarrass you in front of your friends.

*(She laughs, takes HENNER's arm and they exit.)*

CHRISTIAN

Oh God. I'll die.

*(PETER and JARL rush up.)*