

Miss Julie in Utopia

2106200821

**by The Institute for the Art and Practice for Dissent at Home, after August Strindberg
(Preview 20th June 2008 at 6pm, Performance 21st June 2008 at 9pm)**

Miss Julie: Cathy Butterworth

John: Gary Anderson

Tina: Lena Simic

The Preface to Miss Julie in Utopia.

[Spoken by Cathy from the window of the Institute to the audiences at the Front Garden.]

120 years ago this summer in England, an authorised translation of the Communist Manifesto was published with a preface by Engels. The opening goes: 'Workers of the World unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains.'

120 years ago this summer in France, Eugène Pottier wrote words for the song 'The Internationale.' The opening goes: 'Arise you workers from your slumbers, arise you prisoners of want!'

120 years ago this summer in Sweden, August Strindberg wrote Miss Julie - a new kind of naturalistic tragedy that deals with, amongst other things, conflict between the classes.

It's been just 11 years since New Labour came to power - the most right wing government since the Second World War (George Monbiot, Guardian, 20th May 08). Where is the left now? In January this year Liverpool 08 Capital of Culture was officially launched. With Ringo Starr singing on the roof of St Georges Hall. 'Liverpool I left you, but I never let you down'. The Capitalism of Culture celebrates whilst the left, of which Liverpool has played a crucial and difficult role, is terribly let down. Liverpool has become a toy shop for the private property developer and retail entrepreneur. And all this under a labour government (albeit a LibDem council). These are bleak times.

High on the agenda of the Capitalism of Culture is culturally-led social regeneration. A favourite phrase of New Labour is often repeated 'A private-public partnership'. In other words an emptying out of accountable public services into an increasingly unregulated private ownership environment - by definition unaccountable.

In our own way, we are also interested in a private-public partnership. Here in the Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home we are in a private space, owned by a Housing Association, a Charity in fact, publicly accountable, with open board meetings for members and tenants to attend. This room is the third bedroom of the family home. It is not entirely public, not entirely private. This is a reversal, a reinvigoration, a regeneration.

Here, at The Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home, we take pride in, even invite and certainly practice accountability and financial transparency.

The Institute believes that stating a political, ethical or philosophical position, with rigour and integrity, is a productive practice for thinking through current issues. Miss Julie in Utopia is for us, a thinking-through of a political position through the filter of a play that suggests but does not deliver on a political promise.

This play is deeply problematic. Strindberg was a left-winger, who had a demonstration of Dock Workers campaign for a state pension for him on his 63rd birthday, outside his bedroom window in Stockholm. Strindberg was also an insufferable misogynist, a woman-hater, subscribing to ideas about the 'weak dying out' making way for 'the stronger'.

Our strategy to counter this was to rewrite, rewrite, rewrite! Miss Julie and Christina, (now Tina) are accountable to the changes going on in the world around them. Tina is a revolutionary, not compliant fiancée. Miss Julie a radical, a dissenter not the troubled daughter of a repressive father, the Count, the stalwart of the ruling classes. Miss Julie in Utopia is a feminist intervention into a text that has for the past 120 years, in our theatres and classrooms, been oppressing women.

120 years ago saw the seeds of revolution sown in the Communist Manifesto, The Internationale and with some amendments Strindberg's Miss Julie. Now, more than ever, since our right wing

governments let the corporations run amuck, it seems important not just to remember the seeds of revolution but to sow them again, for our time, our place.

In tonight's play we've tried to make that international triangle from 1888, make sense, for us today, 120 years later. Thinking class, claiming history, imagining utopia in England, in Liverpool, on Bright Street, at number 7, in the third bedroom.

The play will begin in five minutes. All the action takes place within the house. Please proceed through the alleyway to the back garden.

Scene 1, announced by Gary: **The servants Tina and John gossip about the aristocrat Miss Julie and her socialist ideas. The Kitchen.**

JOHN Miss Julie's gone mad again tonight.

TINA So you're back again?

JOHN What's she doing dancing like that with the staff? I dropped the count off at the station, and popped into the party to have a look. I saw her leading the dance with the carpenter. Then she saw me, rushed over and demanded that I dance with her. Tonight, she's mad!

TINA And has been since her engagement was broken off.

JOHN What a mix up that was! Y'know that man of hers was so rich he had titles coming out of his ears. They say his family are the wealthiest in the city. It's strange anyway, that Miss Julie would rather stay at home with the servants--don't you think?--than go with her father to see family!

TINA Oh, I think she's got other stuff to do, not to mention feeling embarrassed about the break-up with her intended.

JOHN Do you know how it happened, Tina? I was there y'know. Nobody saw me.

TINA Oh, were you?

JOHN They were in the stable-yard and Miss Julie was educating him, as she called it. Do you know what that meant? She'd make him repeat a promise to renounce all future claims to wealth once they were married, that together they would turn the world upside down.

TINA Turn the world upside down? Interesting!

JOHN When he asked her if she was out of her mind she cut him with a crack of the horsewhip. He took it from her, broke it in two and left.

TINA So that's the way it happened! You don't say!

JOHN Yes, that's how it happened. What's that you're cooking?

TINA Oh, just some generic stew.

[JOHN and TINA improvise Croatian dialogue]

JOHN This is better than usual!

TINA [TINA takes a can of beer from fridge.]

TINA Pivica

JOHN Beer-on Midsummer Eve? No, I'll take something better. [takes out a hidden bottle of wine] Get me a proper wine glass, please. Do you want some?

TINA I don't drink.

JOHN Good, very nice.

TINA Heaven preserve her that gets you for a husband, Mr. Fusspot!

JOHN You'd be glad enough to get a good man like me. And it hasn't done you any harm that they call me your intended. D'you know what the difference is between this wine and Miss Julie?

TINA No.

JOHN Miss Julie is lacking in refinement. She's gorgeous, such shoulders...

TINA Oh, here we go again. Miss Julie this, Miss Julie that.

JOHN But she is better looking than you. And then the way she dances!

TINA Won't you dance with me when I'm done?

JOHN Of course I will.

TINA Do you promise?

JOHN Promise? When I say I'll do a thing, I'll do it. That stew's not bad at all though.

TINA You can thank Miss Julie, she paid for it, organised it especially.

Scene 2, announced by Cathy: **Miss Julie takes John to the people's party. The Kitchen.**

[Julie enters, humming the Internationale and goes over to TINA. JOHN hides wine]

JULIE Well, is it done yet?

TINA Just a bit longer.

JOHN The ladies are having secrets, I believe.

JULIE Oy, Mr. Pry!

JOHN [With polite impudence] Is it some kind of witches' broth the ladies are cooking on Midsummer Eve--something to tell fortunes or lovers by?

JULIE [Sharply] If you can see that, you'll have good eyes. Indeed!

Come and dance with me now, John

JOHN [Hesitatingly] I don't wish to be impolite, but I had promised to dance with Tina this time.

JULIE Well, she can get somebody else--can't you, Tina? Won't you let me borrow John from you?

TINA That isn't for me to say. When Miss Julie is so gracious, it isn't for him to say no. You just go along, and be thankful for the honour, too!

JOHN Frankly speaking, but not wishing to offend in any way, I cannot help wondering if it's wise for Miss Julie to dance twice in succession with the same partner, especially as the people here are not slow in throwing out hints--

JULIE [Flaring up] What is that? What kind of hints? What do you mean?

JOHN [Submissively] As you don't want to understand, I have to speak more plainly. It doesn't look well to prefer one servant over others who are expecting to be honoured in the same unusual way--

JULIE Prefer! What ideas! I'm surprised! I, the mistress of the house, deign to honour this dance with my presence, and when it so happens that I actually want to dance, I want to dance with one who knows how to lead, so that I am not made ridiculous.

JOHN As you command, Miss Julie! I am at your service!

JULIE [Softened] Don't take it as a command. To-night we are equals and all rank should be forgotten. Now give me your arm. Don't be afraid, Tina! I'll return your intended to you!

[MISS JULIE and leads JOHN out.]

Scene 3, announced by Lena: **TINA gives out tools for the Revolution. The Institute.** Please follow me upstairs to the Institute.

[**TINA** takes the audience up to the Institute for the Art and Practice of Dissent at Home. Inside, working away, is a man, BB. **TINA** goes to the filing cabinet and takes out a box. There are lots of screwdrivers inside the box. Tina hands them out to the audience.]

TINA [to each audience member] Please take one. Keep it safe till later.

Scene 4, announced by Lena: **Miss Julie and John flirt with each others' class. The Back Room.**

Please follow me downstairs.

JOHN [Enters alone] Mad, that's what she is! The way she dances!

What do you think, Tina?

TINA Oh, she has her time now, but ours is to come. But are you going to dance with me now?

JOHN You are not mad at me because I disappointed you?

TINA No!--Not for a little thing like that. And also, I know my place--

JOHN You are a sensible girl, Tina. I think you'll make a good wife.

JULIE [Enters] Yes, you are a fine partner running away from your lady!

JOHN On the contrary, Miss Julie. I have, as you see, looked up the one I deserted.

JULIE Do you know, there is nobody that dances like you! But why are you wearing a shirt and tie on an evening like this? Change at once!

JOHN Then I must ask your ladyship to step outside.

JULIE Are you bashful on my account? Just to change? Why don't you go into your own room and come back again? Or, you can stay right here, and I'll turn my back on you.

JULIE [To TINA] Are you and John engaged, that he's so familiar with you?

TINA Engaged? Well, in a way. We don't call it that, but...

JULIE Don't call it that?

TINA Well, Miss Julie, you have had a fellow of your own, and--

JULIE We were really engaged--

TINA But it didn't come to anything just the same. [TINA exits]

JULIE Tres gentil, Monsieur John! Tres gentil!

JOHN [struggles with French] Tous voulez plaisanter, Madame!

JULIE Et vous voulez parler francais! Where did you learn it?

JOHN Lake Como, I worked in one of the big hotels there.

JULIE But you look charming!

JOHN You flatter me.

JULIE [Offended] Flatter - you!

JOHN My natural modesty does not allow me to believe that you could be paying genuine compliments to one like me, and so I dare to assume that you are exaggerating, or, as we call it, flattering.

JULIE Where did you learn to use your words like that? You must have been to the theatre a great deal?

JOHN I have been to a lot of places.

JULIE But you were born in this area?

JOHN My father was a cotter just near here. I can recall seeing you as a child, although you, of course, didn't notice me.

JULIE No, really!

JOHN Yes, and I remember one time in particular--but of that I can't speak.

JULIE Oh, yes, do! Why?

JOHN No, really, I cannot do it now. Another time, perhaps.

JULIE Another time is no time. Is it as bad as that?

JOHN It isn't bad

[Pause during which they study each other.]

JULIE Why don't you sit down?

JOHN It wouldn't be proper in your presence.

JULIE But if I order you to do it?

JOHN If you order me to do it, then I'll obey.

JULIE Sit down, then! But wait can you give me something to drink?

JOHN I don't know what we have. Nothing but beer I think.

JULIE And you call that nothing? My taste is very simple that I prefer it to wine.

JOHN [exits and re-enters with beer] Allow me!

JULIE [Taking the tin of beer and leaving JOHN holding the glass] Thank you. Don't you want some yourself?

JOHN I don't care very much for beer, but if it is a command.

JULIE Command? I should think a polite gentleman might keep his lady company.

JOHN Yes, that's the way it should be.

JULIE Drink my health now!

JOHN [Kneels with mock solemnity and raises his glass] To the health of my lady!

JULIE Bravo!--And now you must also kiss my shoe in order to get it just right.

[JOHN takes hold of her boot and kisses it]

JULIE Excellent! You should have been on the stage.

JOHN This won't do any longer, Miss Julie. Somebody might see us.

JULIE What would that matter?

JOHN Oh, it would set the people talking, that's all! And if you only knew how their tongues were wagging back there a while ago

JULIE What did they have to say? Tell me--Sit down now!

JOHN [Sits down] I don't want to hurt you, but they were using expressions--which cast reflections of a kind that--oh, you know it yourself! You are not a child, and when a lady is seen alone with a man, drinking--no matter if he's only a servant--and at night- then--

JULIE Then what? And besides, we are not alone. Isn't Tina with us?

JOHN Well, yes

JULIE Then I'll call her.....Tina.....Tina

JOHN Miss Julie.

JULIE Come now and pick some lilacs with me.

JOHN With you, Miss Julie?

JULIE With me!

JOHN But it won't do! Absolutely not!

JULIE I can't understand what you are thinking of. You couldn't possibly imagine--

JOHN No, not I, but the people.

JULIE What? That I am fond of the valet?

JOHN I am not conceited, but such things have happened--and to the people nothing is sacred.

JULIE You are an aristocrat, I think.

JOHN Yes, I am.

JULIE And I am stepping down--

JOHN Take my advice, Miss Julie, don't step down. Nobody will believe you did it on purpose. The people will always say that you fell.

JULIE I think better of the people than you do. Come and see if I am not right. Come along!

[She looks at him]

JOHN If you'll forgive me for saying so, Miss Julie, you have strange ideas about the people.

JULIE I dream the people are coming. I stand waiting to greet them, dressed as one of them, my fine clothes swapped for uniform, my shoes for boots. I hear the murmur of their song as they approach. Delighted, I try singing along. Then it occurs to me I haven't learnt the words. As they come closer I can make out a fine young man of noble birth. He is leading them. He wants me to join in the singing. He mouths the words to me clearly and distinctly, but I still can't make them out. As they file past I try to join them. But the ranks close before me. I can't get in. They move on together as one, their song fading as they march away. I am left behind.

JOHN In my dream there are hundreds upon hundreds of people. I'm trapped in the middle and can't move, I can hardly breathe. The crowd is marching away. Singing in unison, under their breaths as though hypnotised. To one side a young man is waving the singers on. As we file past I can see that the man has a cut across his cheek, and his coat is dirty and worn thin. As we march away it is clear that the young man is not waving the people on, but warning them. I turn my head and meet his gaze. He mouths something to me, I can't make it out. I march with the others, resigned to fight for a cause I don't believe in with the people, whom I despise.

JULIE Here I am chattering to you about dreams! Come along! Only into the garden!

JOHN Miss Julie

JULIE Yes, Monsieur John.

JOHN .All right, but blame nobody but yourself!

JULIE For what?

JOHN For what? Don't you know that it is dangerous to play with fire?

JULIE Not for me. I am insured.

JOHN No, you are not. And even if you were, there are forces to be counted with.

JULIE That's you, I suppose?

JOHN Yes. Not because I am I, but because I am a man of--

JULIE Of handsome appearance--what an incredible conceit! A Don Juan, perhaps, yes I think you are a Don Juan!

JOHN Do you?

JULIE I fear it almost.

[JOHN goes boldly up to her and takes her around the waist in order to kiss her.]

Scene 5, announced by Cathy: **Miss Julie and John try to become equals. The Hallway.**

JULIE Put the boots away.

JOHN No, the count needs them ready tomorrow. It's my work which I am bound to do. But I have not undertaken to be your playmate. It's something I can never become. I'm too good for it.

JULIE You're proud!

JOHN In some ways, in others not.

JULIE Have you ever been in love?

JOHN We don't use that word. But I have been fond of a lot of girls, and once I was taken sick because I couldn't have the one I wanted: sick, you know, like those princes in the Arabian Nights who cannot eat or drink for sheer love.

JULIE Who was it?

[JOHN remains silent.]

JULIE Who was it?

JOHN You cannot make me tell you.

JULIE If I ask you as an equal, ask you as--a friend: who was it?

JOHN It was you.

JULIE How funny!

JOHN Do you know how the world looks from below - no you don't.

JULIE I know it is a dreadful misfortune to be poor.

JOHN Oh, Miss Julie!--A dog may lie on her ladyship's sofa; a horse may have his nose patted by the young lady's hand, but a servant - oh well, now and again you meet one who makes a way for himself in the world, but how often does that happen? Of course, there was not the least hope of winning you - but you symbolised the hopelessness of trying to get out of the class into which I was born.

JULIE You speak well, you know! Did you ever go to school?

JOHN A little, but I have listened to the talk of better-class people, and from that I have learned most of all.

JULIE Do you stand around and listen to what we are saying?

JOHN Of course! And I have heard a lot, too, there was one time in particular. In the stables. I heard you, Miss Julie.

JULIE Oh! What was it you heard then?

JOHN Well, I wouldn't repeat it. But I was rather surprised, and I couldn't understand where you had learned all those curious notions. One kind of person educating another...

JULIE [Rising] Stop! I don't want to hear any more!

JOHN Well, then I ask permission to go to bed.

JULIE [Gently] Go to bed on Midsummer Eve?

JOHN Yes, dancing with that mob out there holds really no attraction for me.

JULIE But I want to watch the sunrise!

JOHN Is that wise?

JULIE It sounds as if you were afraid of your reputation.

JOHN Why not? I am trying to get on in the world. And I feel myself under a certain obligation to Tina.

JULIE So it's Tina now?

JOHN Yes, but my obligations are also to you. Take my advice and go to bed!

JULIE Am I to obey you?

JOHN For once and for your own sake! The night is far gone. Sleepiness makes us drunk, and the head grows hot. Go to bed! And besides--if I am not mistaken - Tina will have sent the people to look for me. If they find us here, you're lost.

[The 'Internationale' is heard]

JULIE I know the people, and I love them, just as they love me. Let them come, and you'll see.

JOHN No, Miss Julie, they don't love you. They take your food and spit at you. Believe me. Listen to me--can't you hear what they are singing?--No, don't pay any attention to it!

JULIE [Listening] What is it they are singing? I know the song...

JOHN You may think you know it. It's about people like me. It's a lie, I've got nothing to do with it or with them. Miss Julie, let's get away!

JULIE Get away? Where to?

JOHN You can trust me, for I am your true friend.

JULIE But what if they should look for you in there!

JOHN I shall bolt the door. And if they try to open it, I'll shoot!

JULIE [Meaningly] And you promise me--?

JOHN I swear!

Scene 6, announced by Lena: **The Revolution.** Please help with taking downstairs doors off and wrapping red banner round the House. Make sure all the lights are switched on.

[The collaborators take all the downstairs doors off the hinges and invite the audience to join them. They wrap the entire house with a red banner. All the lights are switched on.]

Scene 7, announced by Gary: **Julie and John need to escape the Revolution. The Front Room.**

JOHN [sitting on the bed] There you see! And you heard, didn't you? Do you think it possible to stay here?

JULIE No, I don't think so. But what are we to do?

JOHN Run away, get away from here.

JULIE But then what?

JOHN I'll start a hotel, at Lake Como, everything first class, including the customers.

JULIE Hotel?

JOHN That's the life, I tell you! Constantly new faces and new languages. Never a minute free. No trouble about what to do--for the work is calling to be done.

JULIE What about me?

JOHN The mistress of everything. With your looks, your class, your privileges, success will be assured! Three days to reach Como. Three days!

JULIE Do you love me? Tell me that you love me.

JOHN I should like to but I don't dare. Not in this house. Do you doubt me, Miss Julie?

JULIE Miss? Call me Julie. There can be no barriers anymore. Call me Julie!

JOHN I can't! There will be barriers between us as long as we stay in this house--there is the past, and there is the count. I've never met anyone I respected more. To-day I am a valet, but next year I'll be a hotel owner.

I may even end my days as a count. The title of count can be had for cash, and so you'll be a countess after all. My countess!

JULIE What do I care about all that! Tell me that you love me: otherwise--yes, what is this otherwise?

JOHN I will tell you so a thousand times--later. But not here. And above all, no sentimentality, or everything will be lost.

JULIE Have you then no feelings at all?

JOHN I? No one is more full of feeling than I am. But I know how to control myself.

JULIE A while ago you kissed my shoe--and now!

JOHN Yes, that was then. Now we have other things to think of.

JULIE Don't speak harshly to me!

JOHN No, but sensibly. What do you think of my plans for the future?

JULIE They seem acceptable, on the whole. But there is one question: a big undertaking of that kind will require a big capital. Have you got it?

JOHN Of course! I have my expert knowledge, my experience, my familiarity with several languages. That's the very best kind of capital.

JULIE But it won't even buy you a train ticket.

JOHN That's why I am looking for a backer to advance the necessary cash.

JULIE Where could you get one all of a sudden?

JOHN It's for you to find him if you want to become my partner.

JULIE I cannot do it, and I have nothing myself. [Pause.]

JOHN Well then, that's all off.

JULIE And....

JOHN Everything remains as before.

JULIE No, we need to get away from here, from all of this. Do you think I am going to stay under this roof now? Do you think I can look my father in the face after this?

[JOHN gets the wine]

JULIE Where did you get that wine?

JOHN In the cellar.

JULIE My father's finest!

JOHN Well, isn't it good enough for the son-in-law?

JULIE And I am drinking beer!

JOHN It shows merely that I have better taste than you.

JULIE Thief!

JOHN Are you going to tell on me?

JULIE So that's the sort you are ... Give me some wine.

JULIE You have told me about your life. Now I must tell you about mine.

JOHN Miss Juilie, please...

JULIE ...are you not my friend?

JOHN Yes, at times--but you can't rely on me.

JULIE You only talk like that--and besides, my secrets are known to everybody. You see, my mother was not of noble birth, but came of quite plain people. She was brought up in the ideas of her time about equality and woman's independence. And she had a decided aversion to marriage. I came into the world--against my mother's wish, I have come to think. Then my mother wanted to bring me up in a particular fashion. I was to learn everything that a boy is taught, so that I might prove that a woman is just as good as a man. I was even taught about economics. In the end my father rebelled, and everything was changed to suit his own ideas. Then came the big fire, of which you have heard. The house, the stable, and the barn were burned down, all under suspicious circumstances. The disaster occurred the day after our insurance expired. We were without a roof over our heads and had to sleep in the carriages. My father didn't know where to get money for the rebuilding of the house. Then my mother suggested that he try to borrow from a childhood friend of hers, a chief carpenter living not far from here. My father got the loan. And so the house was built up again. [Drinks again] Do you know who set fire to the house?

JOHN Her ladyship, your mother!

JULIE Do you know who the Carpenter was?

JOHN Your mother's lover?

JULIE Do you know to whom the money belonged?

JOHN No, I don't know.

JULIE To my mother. She possessed a small fortune of her own which she did not want to leave in my father's control, so she invested it with--her friend.

JOHN Who kept it.

JULIE Exactly! All this came to my father's knowledge.

And that was my mother's revenge. So, let us go. Go abroad, to Lake Como, a couple of days, a week, as long as enjoyment is possible. And then come back.

JOHN Come back? No, it's much better to stay there and start a hotel. We wouldn't need much to start with. Listen, Lake Como is a good place for tourists. It has a lot of villas that can be rented to couples, and that's a profitable business--do you know why? Because they take a lease for six months--and then they leave after three weeks. Do you know why? Because they quarrel. But the rent has to be paid just the same. And then you can rent the house again. And that way it goes on and on and on all the time.

JULIE You wouldn't want to come back with me?

JOHN I wouldn't want to come back at all. Miss Julie, escape means escape. We could never come back!

JULIE But I must return. I can't just pick up and leave forever. Things are happening. It's no use pretending that things aren't happening, because they are!

JOHN All that is happening around us now will soon blow over. But what has happened between you and me is a different matter. We cannot stay here and keep quiet. We cannot leave and then return. It is not as if nobody knows anything.

JULIE But I don't have the money to stay there. You know my family history. Only to go and then come back when things have, as you say, blown over.

JOHN Miss Julie, we need to be rational. You say you have nothing. No money. You want to turn the world upside down? I like the word the right way round, but now I'll give you orders. Go to your father's safe and get money!

JULIE You mean steal it? And then will you come with me?

JOHN [ambivalent] At once!

[JULIE goes out.]

Scene 8, announced by Lena: **Tina calls Julie and John to the Party. The Front Room.**

TINA Oh my God, how the place looks! What have you been up to anyhow?

JOHN Have you been sleeping so soundly that you heard nothing? And dressed for the meeting already?

TINA Yes, didn't you promise to come with me to-day?

JOHN [Sleepily] What's the text to-day?

TINA A newly translated Manifesto of the Communists.

JOHN [with irony] Sounds riveting.

TINA Well, what has been keeping you up all night? You look terrible.

JOHN I have been sitting here talking with Miss Julie.

TINA So you've been drinking with Miss Julie?

JOHN Yes.

TINA And have you been fucking with Miss Julie?

JOHN Yes.

TINA I don't want to stay in a house with people for whom it is impossible to have any respect.

JOHN Why should you have any respect for them? Isn't that your whole point?

TINA Not for them, for you. And you who are so clever can't tell that! But I won't stay here much longer. Come October I'm leaving here.

JOHN And then?

TINA Well, as we've come to talk of that now, perhaps it would be just as well if you looked for something.

JOHN Well, what could I look for?

TINA You could get a job in our government bureau.

JOHN Ma necu! Sto ti mislis! Nisam ja takav tip

TINA Znamo mi tocno da si ti jedan mali obicni kapitalisticki tip!

JOHN A ti si komunistkinja, jel' da?

TINA Oh, I think I can hear something. Is that the count? The count has come back.

JOHN The count? No, it's not possible, he'd have rung for me.

JULIE [Enters into doorframe] Now I am ready. I have the money.

JOHN Enough?

TINA Where are you two going? If you're planning to get him away with you, we'll put a stop to that!

JULIE Listen to me. I cannot stay here, and John cannot stay here--and so we must leave.

TINA Hm, hm!

JULIE I can't stay here. John can't stay here. We're going to start a hotel. Lake Como. We can rent villas to tourists and they will pay for six months when really they only stay for three. Then we'll rent it out again and again. It takes three days to get to Lake Como. Constantly new faces, new languages.

TINA Tell me, Miss Julie, do you believe in all that yourself?

JULIE Do I believe in it myself?

TINA Yes.

JULIE I don't know. I don't know what to believe anymore.

TINA Are you coming with me?

JOHN No. You can go by yourself.

TINA Yes, I'll do that comrades.

JULIE Do you believe that, Tina?

TINA [exits] It is my living belief, as sure as I stand here, in sisterhood and solidarity.

[Julie exits after Tina. John is left alone in the front room]

JOHN The count is returning, the count is returning, the count is returning.

Scene 9, announced by Gary: **Julie and John fail to become equals. The upstairs landing.**

JOHN The count is back. It is John, your lordship! Yes, your lordship!

[Listening] Yes, your lordship! At once! [Listening] In a minute, your lordship! [Listening] Yes, yes! In half an hour!...I'll clean up sir. [At the bottom of the stairs]

It's over Miss Julie. This little adventure of yours. Your father is back. It's over. I'm to clean up.

JULIE He mustn't know I played a part in this.

JOHN As you know, it is my duty to inform him.

JULIE You can escape. You can be the hotel owner, the entrepreneur.

JOHN But not now. The count has returned.

JULIE But we can escape.

JOHN My only real escape Miss Julie, is to serve your father. Your only escape is to run away.

JULIE But there's another possibility. Another world.

JOHN You'd desert your people, your father, your privileges?

JULIE My father puts the protection of our privileges above all other concerns. He is prepared to do anything to defend our way of life.

JOHN And I to follow him, Miss Julie.

JULIE For the last time, I'm not Miss Julie.

JOHN I'll join the count's ranks. Together, we'll fight. The count - with me at his side.

JULIE Cleaning the blood off his boots. My father would never see you as anything other than his lackey. He sees you the way you see the others in his service. Not as equals.

JOHN I can't do anything else. I won't join Tina. I spent the first half of my life trying to get out of the class into which I was born. I refuse to spend the second half of it trying to get back in.

JULIE I'll go back to my father and return the money I stole.

JOHN You can't, not after what's happened. The Count would do anything to preserve the privileges of his class - you said so yourself. I doubt a daughter like you would be welcome. Neither there nor here. As they file past you try to join them but the ranks close before you, you can't get in.

JULIE And you, trapped in the middle of hundreds and hundreds of people, you can't move, you can hardly breathe. But the people march on.

Postscript, announced by Lena, as she opens the door of the Institute: **Generic stew, red red wine and revolutionary soundtrack. The Institute.**