

Ioan Miclău:

MITREA THE TWISTED AND THE BRIDE

(COMEDY IN 4 ACTS)

A comedy from Romanian folklore, but from collectivization times.

Characters:

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- 1 - **Mitrea the Twisted** - milker at the cow's farm
- 2 - **Ion Apostoleu** - milker at the cow's farm
- 3 - **Petre Bolovan** - president of villages' agricultural collective.
- 4 - **Catrina Pauta** - agricultural engineer
- 5 - **Tanta Sulfina** - secretary of local communist party
- 6 - **Rita Patrunjel** - agricultural collective member
- 7 - **Gheorghe Prafulescu** - village's militiaman
- 8 - **Sandu Morcovel** - zoo technician at collective's livestock farm
- 9 - **(The wedding)** - a traditional Romanian wedding party
- 10 - **Goanga Mihaita** - car-driver at village's agricultural collective
- 11 - **Firuta the Twisted** - Mitrea the Twisted's wife, and collective's member
- 12 - **Ana Bolovan** - school teacher, and Petre Bolovan's wife.

### ACT 1

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Scenery:

A larger path sided by fruit trees, directed to the collective" stables. On the path is a rough table, with some scattered chairs around. Here, sometimes the collectivists peasants were stopping to have a chat, or simple to have a rest or a cigar. It was afternoon, at the table nobody reached stil, but voices were heard, as a sign that somebody is coming."

SCENE 1

At the table reached Ion Apostoleu, just finished the milking, followed by Mitrea the Twisted. They started to talk with gravity.

MITREA THE TWISTED

“Hey! You hear me ? There is nothing in the world, without the will of God.”

ION APOSTOLEU

“Yes, it is true.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

“Only I am thinking, how our leadership doesn”t know that ?

ION APOSTOLEU

“Well, look, they maybe know to many things because they had good schools, only maybe we don”t understand how the things are going in our collective.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

“Yet, this world is not moving without the God”s knowledge. What believe Sandu Morcovel ? that my wife Firuta should work for nothing, only for pleasure of that agricol collective cooperative ? Why Tanta Sulfina, that goat, has more points and money, because never is sow with a hoe in her hand. You hear me ? only because is here as a secretary ?

ION APOSTOLEU

“Yes, but you see my friend, sometimes is to later when we wake up our brains.

Look, is now president Petre Bolovan ? Is. Is his brother, this idle talk, a member of the communist District board ? Is. So the evil twisted his tail into our village.

Understand you ?”

MITREA THE TWISTED

“Look and you see, how they are stealing and broking families without shame. How the Petre Bolovan gather more and more wheat and con, although he must not to accept bribery, because in theory he told us that we must be equals, collectivists honests. Know you now, where is the collective’s car ?

ION APOSTOLEU

“And..., how are going in the night time, the potatoes to the communists comrades in the city ?

MITREA THE TWISTED

(supporting the talk) “And..., in the night time that hoopoo of Tanta Sulфина, wash the potatoes into river’s water, to not do dirty her fingers the madam from the city, the wife of another communist leader. I pray God, to bring her back to country, from where si was going to city. You heard ? She doesn’t like to make dirty her fingers.”

ION APOSTOLEU

“Do not forget you the Twisted, you said, that and the evil is among us, and he looks only for nasty ideas. What you believe ?”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(sighing) “Bad enough...., but I do not believe that after our efforts and faith, we can not to have a better life. Because, how I can see, everything in that communist theory is going devastating.”

ION APOSTOLEU

(approving) “Yes. The Collective’s leadership must not to leaves place for lies, but even they are lieing so much there uper, at the District’s committee.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(inquisitive) “Well, well, but and there uper, at the superior organs, the lie has its chair?”

ION APOSTOLEU

(mastering the situation) “You, Mitrea the Twisted, you do not be mad. Over our district, is sitting the regional communist committee, then come the central communist committee, over all is sitting comrade Nicolae Ceausescu. Now, the people talk that over he, is sitting his wife.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(moving his head from left side to right side) “It seem to be to intricate such a structure. Anyway, but, who decide what is to be done in our country ?

ION APOSTOLEU

(very adviser) “My dear ! The proposals come from the down to the top. It is to say, from us, but the decisions shall have to come from up to the down. It means from superior organs, otherwise, what are its there ?

MITREA THE TWISTED

(putting his hand on I.A” s shoulder) “ Yees ? but from which one the “directions” are coming ?

ION APOSTOLEU

(more heated) “Well, here is the break, or what we didn”t understand, and still will hard understand, too. So, look: “at a general meeting of our village” s collectivists, we talk, me and you, that we will be milking more milk on a “ head of cow foddered.” It is to say that together, we made a proposal. It should be going uper to district communist committee, here you know, are added two-three litres milk over our proposals, and then sent it to regional and central communist committee. At any level of leadership the milk on “head of foddered cow” will increase, so the decisions with our duties return down to us. You are now obliged to implement them.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(giving signs of irritation) “But, in such a way, I didn”t make any proposal, I didn”t make, and will never do any decisions. Then, at the general meeting, you know, come Tanta Sulfina, the local

communist party secretary, with a representative from district, with an already done proposal, which we must only to vote, like or not like.”

ION APOSTOLEU

(satisfied) “Yes. Now I can see that you begin to understand, but, still you are not enlightened enough with that ideology.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(jumping from his chair) “Go from here, you the braggart man. How you will be milking more milk, if the cow’s udder has no more milk ? Then milking manually hundred of cows is a hard job, I can not feel my hands, the milking pumps still we haven’t here. It is easy with theories that had debauched your head. Yes, I can see.”

ION APOSTOLEU

(calming down) “Well, I agree with you, but listen about other things; Petre Bolovan and Sandu Morcovel, and others, you know, learnt the communist theory. Yes ? Now, what can do the engineer Catrina Pauta about zootechny activity, when another comrades command, and the records are in their hands. I am milking how much milk will can give the cow, three kg., three and half, but in records they write over twelve, because the president Petre Bolovan said that there must be presented only high results. Otherwise, the district communist committee will do a big criticism to all of us. You see ? there’s the rub.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(laughing) “But, what for there is not told the truth ?”

ION APOSTOLEU

(again adviser) “You, the man ! How believe you that are kept all these high jobs ?

They are there to teach you, not you to teach them. You not forget the old proverb:

“who pay you, for that you must to work.” What can do poor woman Catrina Pauta? With all her university, she and her face shall turn bluish, because she is a mother too, and she has to grow up her children. You see ? We are peasants but we are naturally thinking.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(sad) “Yes ! I see, it is true. And..., when you are thinking at that tractor-driver, the man from that Romp”s family, who was never able to drive his tractor, is now so big communist leader that come now to mock at us here, in our village! What proverb will you find now, to cover that anomaly ?”

ION APOSTOLEU

(irritable) “ Yes, come sometimes such a time, but the God is not sleeping. Jump over the mouse the cat, just when the mouse is more happy.”
You ! look, the zootechnician Sandu Morcovel is coming; we have to change our chat.”

SANDU MORCOVEL

(very happy) “Good evening ! What are you not going to sleep ? Or are you doing again some lies about somebody ? Tomorrow at the dawn you must to stand up, to milk the cows.”

ION APOSTOLEU

(calm) “Yes, we know. Its never remained to be milked. You not be worry of that.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(friendly) “We know our job, comrade Sandu Morcovel. But what should be done with that free-day, which I was asking, to can go at Rita Patrunjel”s wedding ?”

SANDU MORCOVEL

(a bit angry) “ Untill at wedding, is the time eough, you not be worry. Must to talk and with comrade Tanta Sulfina, the local communist party secretary. Bride as bride, but the cows must be milked.”

MITREA THE TWISTED

(get angry) “The cows should be milked, but and the bride must be celebrated.”

ION APOSTOLEU

(intervene) "You don't be worry the Twisted, because comrade Sandu Morcovel will find a possibility for us. Maybe will do a change of shift with others people. Maybe will give a hand and Tanta Sulfina, beyond any doubt, because the bride is her niece."

SANDU MORCOVEL

(calm but insinuating) "You see ? Not for nothing are you called the Twisted, because twisted you are. Should be found a way and for your bride, anyway, without any church too."

MITREA THE TWISTED

(nearly howling) "You thoughtless man, she is not my bride, she is our village's daughter. But, with my wife's five days and ten points waiped by you and passed to Tanta Sulfina, how you will give its back ? Tell quickly to me."

ION APOSTOLEU

(again intervene) "You, my friend, I said before to change our chat. Don't look you for scandal, because we will reach again at militia station, and conciliatory committee."

SANDU MORCOVEL

(came down calm, but a suspicion layed on his conscience; should these men know its relationship with Tanta Sulfina ?)
"Comrade Mitrea the Twisted, you see to much in a black colour everything. Be more patient, and, in the end you would find content, reward, not only about that wedding, but with Firuta's points, too. How many norms are in minus for your wife, all its should be added to her records, and..., "Good night."

MITREA THE TWISTED

(satisfied) "Good night ", to be."

ION APOSTOLEU

(smiling) “Good night.”

Drop the curtain

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SCENE 2

At the same table, on the next morning around of 11 - o'clock, were presents; Petre Bolovan, Catrina Pauta and Gheorghe Prafulescu. They appeared to be in a hurry moment, and didn't stand on the chairs.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(setting straight his rifle on his shoulder) “Comrade president Petre Bolovan, I am going at the traffic control and circulation on roads.”

PETRE BOLOVAN

(with a scowling look) “Keep all eyes on collective”'s car. O.K. ?”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(hitting his military highboots) “At yours orders” Should not escape even a bird.

But, what I reported yesterday in my report, I want to be read by comrade engineer Catrina Pauta, too. We have to decide if it should be sent to court, or should be stopped.”

CATRINA PAUTA

(resolute) “I don't believe that your report present any interest for me. I heard about it, but my job is not just to guard here the women's lovemaking affairs, and their back.”

PETRE BOLOVAN

(haughty and grave) "The problem is very serious. With our communist prestige we can not play, because we must to tell the truth. All the night our militiaman Gheorghe Prafulescu was looking through window into that house. What he saw is clear, we must to act."

CATRINA PAUTA

(calm) "Eventually, you ask Tanta Sulfina's idea, if the case is so grave."

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

"At the moment, we can not alarm the people. The case is very unpleasant, because just the school teachers are humbling our communist theory."

CATRINA PAUTA

(speaking to Petre Bolovan) "Anyway, what is that so grave event done ? Can I know exactly ?"

PETRE BOLOVAN

(with energy) "Yes. One of the teachers, a shameless girl, nicknamed my wife as a "twisted-nose". My wife Ana Bolovan graduated at Gojdu, studied more the youth communist organization theory, and I married her to have and that village a talented teacher. Already she want now to be advanced as a director at our school, and now to lough her some nonentities from Dry Valey ? She never missed a meeting of our local communist organization, she criticize anyone without to look at nobody's face. It means that she is very devoted."

CATRINA PAUTA

(intuitive discovered their personal affairs) "And, what you saw looking in that house, comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu ?"

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(rushed at talk) "How I can see you now, like that I saw inside that two teachers. I am not going to disclose their names, because the law prohibite that at the moment. But they are the enemy to

comrade Petre Bolovan”s wife, because they don”t want her to be director.”

CATRINA PAUTA

(irritated) “And..., you comrade, are sure that you heard propely what they was talking ?”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(getting confused) “I didn”t hear what they were talking about, but by how they were gesticulating with their hands, I understood that the girls were very furious. And.....”

PETRE BOLOVAN

(intervene) “And..., furious they are only on my wife. Anywhere they are, anyone they meet, only about her are talking. Sure, only because see her clever, and can not surpass her at any theory. At the communist meetings only she write the minutes, because she has dictionary, and add others more selected words, because the papers are going to the superior organs, and must not to carry any stupidity what the collectivists peasants are talking at the meeting.”

CATRINA PAUTA

(sighing carefully) “Yes, I know her well. She criticized me too, right or not, but I was not sad about. But, what intention have you now ?”

PETRE BOLOVAN

(very decided) “ Firstly, to invite them to my office, to have a very seriously talk. Secondly, they to do their self-criticism, to declare that would never build traps on my wife”s way, because she have big schooling to be director. If not, we will keep going to the district communiste committee, and anyway, with comrade Tanta Sulfina their pilow should not be soft. They are not even bounded to our village and collective, because they are living in the city. So, now only the militiaman Gheorghe

Prafulescu, must to begin the investigation, and, evrybody will know who the hoopos are.”

CATRINA PAUTA

(asking the militiaman G.P) “You, comrade, are sure that you recognized precise the countenance of these two women who were talking in that house ?”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(plainly) “Yes. Although out was raining, inside the blind from windows closed, I observed very well inside. In fact, can”t be somebody else, because in rent at Clopcea family are only these two young girls. Ah ! I did big mistake telling the owner”s name, already you will know their names. Anyway, should be better to be know, who are the comrades who don”t like Ana Bolovan to be their director.”

PETRE BOLOVAN

(happy) “Yes, yes, to know everyone. Now, you not forget comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu what I said. Keep your eyes on our car-driver Goanga Mihaita. We have many things to be solved.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

“At your orders” I go now to inspect the road, because to many foreign cars are coming, from other districts. About Goanga Mihaita, not be worry, I will catch him, because seem to do to many clandestine transports. (he is going )

PETRE BOLOVAN

(to engineer Catrina Pauta) “I need now to meet the zootechnician Sandu Morcovel.

He is a very striver man, but I don”t understand why he is fighting and confronting anytime with Mitrea the Twisted ?”

CATRINA PAUTA

(paying attention to P.B”s words) “Yes, Sandu Morcovel is a striver man, but even the milker Mitrea the Twisted isn”t a lazy one. In fact, we have lots of problems with our crops, with tractors and combines, the spare

pieces are hard to procure. From straw bales disappear the wire needed to bind it. It is clear that the tractor-drivers sell it for alcohol, but our militiaman Gheorghe Prafulescu don't know anything. He only is looking into houses. I am in doubt that these young teachers are wrong. On the contrary, they need better accommodation, because they teach to read and write, the children from that village. I hope you will not disgrace my opinion, but I believe that in such a way, should be more useful idea."

PETRE BOLOVAN

(with obstinacy) "Yes, yes ! We will live and see. You must not be sure, that I am not knowing what I am talking. The people already talk, that one of the girls was pregnant before to marry. Was only saved marrying quickly. Yes."

CATRINA PAUTA

(laughing) "But she married ? Married. And..., it is her history, we everyone are having our history. But, I can not understand, what we are not looking for our agricultural duties ? The winter, the snow, should be soon over our ungathered crops. We will again bury the ripe corn under tractor's plough, the people run from us, because and we are pregnant by so many lies. O ! my God, protect me, my mouth talk self. My fellow student Nicusor, you know, died by pressed heart. I have children to grow up. I feel shame to the people for my university studies, a shepherd from our zootechny seem to be more happy than me." (the engineer Catrina Pauta wiped her tears)

PETRE BOLOVAN

(seeming satisfied by her sadness) "Ah ! Come on Catrina, come to have a drink at the pub, so we will have to forget these moments. From there we would have to go to inspect, the wheat, the barley, because the harvest's time is near."  
(Both are going to the village's pub.)

SCENE 3

A simple pub of country, with a narrow interior, some tables around, and more outside scattered among the trees. The time was for agricultural work, yet, the pub was full of

people, drinking. At the room's centre stood Sandu Morcovel, talking ardent, explaining something, hitting very often with his finger the file of an exercisebook, where he kept his zootechny records.

#### SANDU MORCOVEL

(standing up, and wiping his forehead by perspiration) "I will cut, I will cut all, and I will not care for that. Norms and points must be equal divided to everyone. Firuta the Twisted is too hungry for norms and points. Comrade Tanta Sulfina take so much criticism from district communist committee, for all of us. Yes. Yes, I cut from there, I cut from here, to do bread for every one, and for comrade Tanta Sulfina.

(looking out, he stopped his speech) "Ah !, come our president, Petre Bolovan, with agronomical engineer Catrina Pauta." (he put quickly his exercisebook into his portofolio with belt)

#### PETRE BOLOVAN

(standing on the pub's threshold) "Well, well, comrades ! So the agricultural campaign is going ?"

#### SANDU MORCOVEL

(rising two fingers to the publican, and talking to Petre Bolovan) "Good day" comrade

Petre Bolovan. Just now we reached here, but our jobs are going well, like on the wheels. Mastica or Turt ? It is nearly lunch time, and make a good appetite."

In that time the publican started to wipe a table, and pulled from around two chairs, prepering all for the new comers.

#### PETRE BOLOVAN

(not paying attention to Sandu Morcovel, he asked direct the publican,)

"Hi, Traian ! For me a glas of brandy, and for comrade engineer Catrina Pauta, a glas of softdrink."

#### CATRINA PAUTA

(smiling) "With the ice, please !"

From the street was heard a strong noise of a car's brakes. There was Goanga Mihaita with collective's car, "Bucegi". He stopped the car at the door of pub, and entered the pub.

GOANGA MIHAITA

(wiping his forehead with his shirt) "Comrade Petre Bolovan, the motor is broken-down."

PETRE BOLOVAN

(trying to appear serious) "Yours motor, or the car's motor ?"

GOANGA MIHAITA

(looking at the people around) "My motor, I will repair quickly with a glass of brandy, but the car's motor, only with two bags of potatoes, otherwise the storehouse

man, can not give that small bearing which I need, because have only one on the shelf. And, it is very hard to procure."

(all the people around started to laugh)

"Or, I will go at the factory from Barlad-city, to bring one."

(the people around continued to laugh more noisily)

PETRE BOLOVAN

(really angry) "Just that we need now. To go and you for a walk, because there is not enough that our expert in commodities is walking for nothing, at the collective's spending." (he calmed down and continued) "But, if at storehouse is a bearing it is good. We will get it somehow, just if we will have to mobilize all the central committees, and agricultural union. (to Catrina Pauta : ) "Am I right, comrade engineer?"

Catrina Pauta inclined her forehead, as a sign of approval.

SANDU MORCOVEL

(ardently) "Comrades ! If you like to listen to me ? I have at our storehouse, from surplus, a drum full of milk, and, with milk Goanga Mihaita will get that small bearing straight out. What you think Goanga, am I right ?"

GOANGA MIHAITA

(resolute) "I flown, give me the milk and I got the bearing already."

PETRE BOLOVAN

(talking slowly to engineer Catrina Pauta, then, with a loud voice to others)

"I do not know anything. I know that our car must to be on the road, to work. That must be clear."

GOANGA MIHAITA

(decided) "It is clear, the work is going well.( with his hand, Goanga Mihaita made a sign to Sandu Morcovel, and said:) "Come on, comrade, because there is not time to be lost." (they took their drinks and go)

Petre Bolovan and Catrina Pauta layed a map on the table, and started to talk about crops, about harvest's time, what is to be done firstly, a.s.o. The people around, just were waiting to get a moment to start and they to present their ideas.

SANDU MORCOVEL

(just reaching out of pub he said to Goanga Mihaita:) "The affairs are going exactly.

See you ? Leaves the milk at Tanta Sulfina's home, because the elections are coming soon, but the milk will help her face at superior organs. So, your idea with that bearing came at a right time. Now, you go to zootechny to take the milk, and pick up and two piglets for you, because I wiped its from register on reazon of mortality.

"Good luck " See you tomorrow."

GOANGA MIHAITA

(in high spirits) "Good luck ", it is clear. I go at zootechny telling to Mitrea the Twisted to give that drum with milk, it is a order from the collective's leadership."

"See you tomorrow."

At the pub continued to be big uproar and fuss. There came a Gypsy with his violin

then from “ Tractors and Machineries Station” came its director Washer, for an inspection . Seeing so many people at pub he halted here among the collectivists, and demonstrated here that he is a good dancer. He ordered Gypsy to play at his violin a folk song, “ardeleana”, so, the director started to dance, the dust only jumped now from the ground, around him.” Then, he invited Catrina Pauta , and, she can not refuze the invitation, because the director appointed tractors and combines for their collectice. Only after getting dark, after the people around getting dranks, Petre Bolovan told to the publican:

PETRE BOLOVAN

(tottering on his legs) “You ! the publican, cclose your pub, for today iis enough.”

Drop the curtain.

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SCENE 4

Gheorghe Prafulescu, the militiaman, is at control on road, but he was looking sometimes more through windows into people’s houses. It was not a nice habit, but he explain it, as part of his duties. Then, it was a rezon to avoid to be sow by cardrivers doing clandestine and illegal transports, etc.”

Suddenly come a car, and Gheorghe Prafulescu stopped it to check-up what is transporting. The car driver being Goanga Mihaita, carrying milk, they came together on scene. Intervene Tanta Sulfina.

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(with energy) “ Tell me, driver, how can you carry milk without certificate and signature ?”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(flattering) “Comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu, I am doing only what I am asked to do, so, I don”t know anything more. But, you look and for yourself to not get headache with this milk, and gain the reputation that you mixt up

the collective”s activities. So, better leave me on my way, because I am in a hurry moment.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(getting irritate and angry) “You, comrade driver, make to me a threat ? It is too much.

Get down the milk, I would give it back to zootechny” storehouse. And..., you got now a fine to pay.”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(rising his voice) “I should not pay anything. Look, now I will have to empty the drum and milk on the ground, and, because you are a bit drunk, I will explain that there was never milk and the drum was empty, eventual with some water only.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(calming down) “Look, comrade Goanga Mihaita, I make papers for you, and I send you to jail. Better be patient, take the milk back to storehouse, if not, I am obliged by law to confiscate the milk, now.”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(biting) “It is not the case for a scandal. You call here our zootechnician Sandu Morcovel, he should do quickly the papers for milk, because it is not to be stealed, it is to be used as a change for something else.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(rushed with his speech.) “It is more grave. It is changing of goods like in the capitalism. You forgot where you are living ? You are a communist ? You will be punished anyway, you have the party”s red card, yes ?”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(hearing some women”s voices out, he look outside and called quickly :)

“Tanta, Tanta Sulfina, come quickly, please, I got into trouble with comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu.”

TANTA SULFINA

(enter on the scene) "What is here comrades ? What are you doing here so much row?"

GOANGA MIHAITA

(jumping to talk) "Look, the comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu, is a bit drank now, and the zootechnician Sandu Morcovel being bounded by so many duties, didn't make a certificate for this milk, which is to obtain some spare pieces for our car. A wretched bearing."

TANTA SULFINA

(with a soft voice) "Yes, I know. Sandu Morcovel, already explained to me that story. You put the milk , where must be put, but with comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu, you must not comment in such a way, because he is doing only his duties, and it is to be appreciated. So, you can go now."

GOANGA MIHAITA

(looking to Gheorghe Prafulescu) "What I said to you before ? Not look for trouble, if you haven't one, and, just with this milk to get a headache ?"

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(indifferent and calm) "Headache got you for yourself, only, your luck was because comrade secretay Tanta Sulfina was around in that time. O.K. ?"

TANTA SULFINA

(with a forged calm) "Yes, just I came from the Clopcea family, together with Ana Bolovan there we are writing a report for the collective's general meeting. These young girls, the teachers living in rent there, are on the holiday for some two weeks, so there is nobody to help us. We just now finished a long chat and a cup of coffee.

Some people tell that drinking coffee, you have not to fall so quickly to sleep, others tell that they sleep more easy drinking a cup of coffee, instead, with a cup of tea made from poppy , the sleep is to long, for that I never use it."

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(knowing her long and nonsense talking he was not bored, but he paid attention and became anxious about what he said to Petre Bolovan, looking into Copcea's house, about these young teachers.)

“And, for how many days are you writing at that report ?”

TANTA SULFINA

(with a very down voice) “Must be done on the required time. In fact, we are writing it, we are reading it, more exactly, the president Petre Bolovan will read the report, but the collectivists like some little stones are sleeping on their chairs. But at the district communist committee, there must be sent a nice report, no ? There all reports are gathered and sent then to the regional committee, then to the central communists organs. Anyway, it is a big responsibility. Oh ! do not forget, comrade Gheorghe Prafulescu, any sort of acts of guilts you make to people, to bring first to my office to study its, to not be done or brought any shade of shame to our communist discipline, we must to select the situations.”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(with boredom) “It is out of any comment.” (and he said to Goanga Mihaita :)

“You can go, but not forget to bring tomorrow at my office the signature for that milk.”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(smiling) “Only if I will can meet zootechnician Sandu Morcovel.” (he started his car and go.)

TANTA SULFINA

(with hysteria) “Looook ! another car. Stop it and check it, where is going ?”

GHEORGHE PRAFULESCU

(making the sign with his hand to stop the car . The coming car, with strong breaks”

noize, stopped with some difficulty, and the car driver came quickly to militiaman and said:) “I am with the “big-boss” from district communist committee, on an inspection in that area, and is looking for Tanta Sulfina.” (Gheorghe Prafulescu run to the car and said :) “Sa traiti !” in same time rising his hand at his cap. “Comrade Tanta Sulfina is here, is just doing her inspection around. I am at my road control duties, too.”

TANTA SULFINA

(smiling, approached the car, entered in the car, and the car started with speed to go to Tanta Sulfina”s home. In the front of her home was waiting Goanga Mihaita and Sandu Morcovel. Getting down from car, Tanta Sulfina said :)

“Hey ! what are you doing here ? Again with that bearing ? Now it is clear, evrything should be done to get it, but we have not permission to get something with bribery. We will find a solution, without to do such ugly things. O.K ? (in that time the car driver oppened a door from his car putting inside the drum with milk brought by Goanga Mihaita. After that, the car started in big speed to return on his way to the city.)

SANDU MORCOVEL

(approaching Tanta Sulfina with a sweetness look, he asked her :) “Can we go, too ?”

TANTA SULFINA

(with a scowling look) “Yes, you can go, was enough for today. Good night.”

(changing her mind, she said again :) “Hey ! I forgot something. Look, maybe should be useful to see a bit early, what we can do for Rita Patrunjel”s wedding ? She is my niece, you know, she is a bit hurry. I not blame her for that, but is better to be done the good things at the right time.”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(smiling) “Should be married, should be married ! she must not to be worry just from now, should be enough time for tears after the wedding.”

SANDU MORCOVEL

(pressing with his leg, Goanga Mihaita” s toe, as a sign to be careful with his talk, said :) The people are chatting nonsenses sometimes. The youth is youth, and is better to shut up your mouth my friend. The girl should take her husband anyway, but if the village”s mouth you can not stop from talking, you are not obliged to believe everything you heard. Anyway, about a wedding you must talk with respect and faithfully, because it is a saint event, just if we are not going very often to church.”

GOANGA MIHAITA

(a bit irritated) “Hey ! You are very smart. What you think, that I didn”t know that ?

The girl will take her husband, O.K. ? In such a way the village”s mouth should stop from any slanders on poor girl.”

TANTA SULFINA

(smiling) “You not start to pricks each other, better go to sleep because tomorrow you must be at your job. I only told to you to do early what must be done for that wedding. You must not to be worry about bride”s needs, there is the groome who to look for. And, it is a good luck for her, that the groome is from a neighbour village, Buciumarii de Sus, she would have possibility to visit us more often, if she will be longing us.”

SANDU MORCOVEL

(laghing ironically) “Isn”t Goanga Mihaita just for nothing a causin for Mitrea the Twisted, because he know to twist the things.” (talking now to G.M) “Only you see, not to leaves any doctor to look at your blood, because you can get some unexpected fortune.” (both bursted into laugh)

TANTA SULFINA

(furiously) “Hey ! You donkies, it is enough, you can go away. With your thinking the girl should never reach to be married.” “Good night.”

Goanga Mihaita and Sandu Morcovel, slowly started to departe telling: “Good night.”

Tanta Sulfina, standing in the night, started to think about day’s events, and said to herself : “All are good. The milk reached at the place, the militiaman is still a friendly bloke to me, my relations among collectivists still are not deteriorated, but, I can not understand, why Mitrea the Twisted appear to be so interested in my niece’s wedding ? Why Goanga Mihaita, being a good friend to Sandu Morcovel, he never appear to have any interests to know about my relation with this zootechnician ?

Something more serious must be here, and I must to find out. If I can see the smock, there must to be a fire. That is.” (she entered her home to sleep)

Drop the curtain

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