

Pedro Courts Maria

By Caroline Feller Bauer

Cast: Storytellers, Pedro, Mother, Maria

Sets: Pedro's house, Maria's garden, the road between the two houses

Storyteller: Pedro's mother was worried about her son.

Mother: Pedro, my son, you need to get married.

Pedro: Oh, Mother, who would marry me?

Mother: How about Maria? She is often sitting at home.

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went looking for Maria. She was on her way to church.

Pedro: Maria. Maria. How do you do? Why are you always sitting at home?

Maria: Pedro. Pedro. What are you saying? As you see, I am not sitting at home. I'm on my way to church.

Storyteller: Pedro went home.

Mother: How did you get along with Maria?

Pedro: Badly. Very badly. She was on her way to church and I asked her why she was always sitting at home.

Mother: Oh, Pedro. You should have said, "Would you like to go dancing?"

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went looking for Maria. Her father had died and she was sitting by his coffin.

Pedro: Maria, Maria. How do you do? Would you like to go dancing?

Maria: Pedro, Pedro. What are you saying? Can't you see my father has just died?

Storyteller: Pedro went home.

Mother: How did you get along with Maria?

Pedro: Badly. Very badly. She was sitting by her father's coffin and I asked her to go dancing.

Mother: Oh, Pedro. You should have said, "May he go to heaven."

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went looking for Maria. She had just killed a pig.

Pedro: Maria, Maria. How are you? Ah, you have killed a pig. May he go to heaven.

Maria: Pedro. Pedro. What are you saying? You want my pig to go to heaven?

Storyteller: Pedro went home.

Mother: How did you get along with Maria?

Pedro: Badly. Very badly. She had just killed a pig and I said, "May it go to heaven."

Mother: Oh, Pedro. You should have said, "May you have many more and may they grow fat."

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went looking for Maria. She was sitting in the sun touching a pimple on her chin.

Pedro: Maria, Maria. How are you? I see you have a pimple on your chin. May it grow fat and may you have many more.

Maria: Pedro. Pedro. What are you saying? You want me to have more pimples?

Storyteller: Pedro went home.

Mother: How did you get along with Maria?

Pedro: Badly. Very badly. I wished that her pimple would grow big and fat.

Mother: Oh, Pedro, you should have said, "May it dry up and die."

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went looking for Maria. She was in the yard watering a rosebush.

Pedro: Maria. Maria. How are you? I see you have a rosebush. May it dry up and die.

Maria: Pedro. Pedro. What are you saying? You want my rosebush to die?

Storyteller: Pedro went home.

Mother: How did you get along with Maria?

Pedro: Badly. Very badly. I wished that her rosebush would dry up and die.

Mother: Oh, Pedro, you should have said, "May it grow roots and live a thousand years."

Storyteller: On Sunday Pedro went to visit Maria. She was in the yard with a thorn stuck in the palm of her hand.

Pedro: Maria. Maria. How are you? I see you have a thorn stuck in your palm. May it grow roots and live a thousand years.

Maria: Pedro. Pedro, what are you saying? You want this thorn to grow roots. You want my rosebush to dry up and die. You want my pimple to grow fat. You want my pig to go to heaven. You want to go dancing when my father has died. You ask me why I am at home when I am on my way to church. What do you really want?

Pedro: Maria. Maria. Will you marry me?

Storyteller: (to the audience) What do you think Maria said? You are right. She said yes, of course. Wouldn't you?