

Kelly's opening prologue Ms Julie:

Preset:

Table in TOS position (on 1:30 vom)

Chairs in 10:30 and 4:30 vom position chair backs facing vom (*repetition on post fuck ballet, cigar smoking position*)

Kelly preset with her shoes off and untied and apron probably over her shoulder

The prologue is in 4 parts A,B, C, and D. With a sound tone that runs starting at house opening. **Sound Cue .5** (*The tones are spaced 1 minute apart so Kelly can clock her on stage timing*).

At fifteen till curtain (*tone number 15*)

Prologue part A:

Time 2:00

Kelly opens the trap quietly with no slam. Place shoes on the deck and exit the trap (leaves trap open). X's to the table and sits in her pantomime position. Puts on her shoes and ties them. Notices the smudge on the left shoe. Hops off table, puts apron on. X's back to the trap while surveying the room. Goes back into the trap (*leaves door open*).

Waits in Trap 2:00

Prologue part B:

Time 2:00

Kelly's exits the trap crosses to the 10:30 vom. Stands for 3 minutes looking over the chair out into the house. Turns and walks back to the trap and exits.

Waits in Trap 1:00

Prologue part C:

Time 3:00

Kelly exits the trap sits in Jeans chair at 4:30 vom. Crosses legs and waits. Gets up, crosses to Julie's chair in the 10:30 vom. Drags chair in Julie's repetition and positions it in Christine's chair position for TOS. Exits the Trap.

Waits in Trap 1:00. While in trap loads apron with fruit, gets towel

Prologue part D:

Time 3:00

Exits the trap and moves Jean's chair from the 4:30 vom to his TOS table position (*out*). Slides the chair in. Slides chair back out. Does simple repetition of eye moment. Crosses to the trap lays down reaches head first into it and pulls out a duplicate of the coat Jean will enter in, but dusty, maybe a little ratty, patch on the elbow?. Will dust off coat. **(Sound Q .7 Rolls and plays out....crowd sound)**. Crosses back to the table and begins to sew on the coat.

At places when we are ready to go. **Sound Cue .8 rolls** (*final dream state sound cue*). Kelly knows she has 30 seconds to do her sleep thing. On her final nod off **Sound Cue 1 rolls** (*ding*) which bumps out all sound, lights, and presets. After she wakes **Sound Cue 2 rolls** (*background fx and fiddle*) she will cross to the trap place coat in and retrieve the frying pan with a thud to the deck. Enter the trap do the dishes load up. Exit the trap set the table. Cross back to the pan. Look to the 10:30 vom. Scrape Pan 3 times. Dose off. **Sound Cue 3 Rolls** and Jefferson enters

Christine is at the table mending. Music, laughter and voices. She falls asleep. Sound/Houselights out. She gasps and awakens. She cuts the thread with her teeth and walks to the 4:30 trap with the jacket. Jacket goes into the trap. Christine walks to the table and wipes it clean. She returns to the trap to retrieve a bowl, lilacs, a bottle of beer, a plate and a knife and fork. She sets the table and pulls three apples out of her apron. She places the apples in the bowl. She walks to the frying pan by the 4:30 trap and cooks her veal. She falls asleep again. Jean enters with the music and clapping - carrying the Count's boots. Boxing bells ding twice.

JEAN. Miss Julie is wild again tonight: completely wild!

CHRISTINE. He's back is he?

Jean. I took the Count to the station, then on my way back I passed the barn, so I went in for a dance. And there she was: Miss Julie leading the dance with the gamekeeper. But the moment she sees me she rushes straight into my arms and asks me to dance the ladies' waltz with her. The way she waltzed and waltzed...I have never seen anything like it. She's wild!

CHRISTINE. Always has been. She's been worse than ever though, since the engagement was broken off.

JEAN. Yes, what was all that about? He was a good catch even though he had no money. Ah! These people, they deserve each other. Anyway it's strange, isn't it, that Miss Julie prefers to stay at home with the servants on Midsummer's Eve rather than go with her father to visit their folk.

CHRISTINE. She's probably too embarrassed to be seen after that upheaval with her young man.

JEAN. Probably. But he stood up for himself. Do you want to know how it happened, Christine? You see I actually saw what happened.

CHRISTINE. No, you saw it?

JEAN. Yes, I saw it. They were in the stable yard one afternoon and Miss Julie was 'training' him, as she called it. Do you know how? She made him jump over her riding whip like a dog. Twice he jumped and twice she lashed him but the third time he grabbed the whip out of her hand and broke it. Then he vanished into thin air.

CHRISTINE. Is that what happened? I don't believe it.

JEAN. That's what happened. *(laughter)* So what's for tea tonight, Christine?

CHRISTINE. Oh, only a piece of kidney that I cut out of the roast veal.

JEAN. Lovely! Delicieux! But you could have warmed the plate.

CHRISTINE. He is more particular than the Count himself, once he starts.

JEAN. Don't pull my hair, you know how sensitive I am.

CHRISTINE. There, there. He knows it's only love.

Jean eats and Christine hands Jean a bottle of beer.

JEAN. Beer, on Midsummer's Eve? No thanks! I can do better than that. *(Magically pulls out a bottle of red wine with yellow sealing wax.)* See that yellow wax! Now give me a glass! A wine glass, you see, you drink this 'pur'!

CHRISTINE. *(returns to stove/4:30 trap and out the abortion brew).* God help the woman who gets you for a husband. You're so fussy.

JEAN. Don't you talk, you'd be over the moon to get a fine man like me. It hasn't done you any harm being called my fiancée. *(He tastes the wine.)* Good! Very good! Only not quite 'chambre' enough. *(He warms the glass with his hands.)* We bought this in Dijon. It must have cost a month's wages, even without the bottle; and then the duty on top of that. What are you cooking now? It smells

evil.

CHRISTINE. Oh, some God-forsaken stinking rotten mess that Miss Julie wants for Diana.

JEAN. You should express yourself with more dignity Christine. But why does Miss Julie need that for her bitch on Midsummer's Eve? Is she sick, or what?

CHRISTINE. She's sick all right. When she was on heat, she sneaked off with the gatekeeper's dog. Miss Julie is furious, and now we have to abort the pups.

JEAN. Miss Julie is so stuck up in some ways, but then in other ways...Just like her mother, God rest her soul. The Countess was most at home in the kitchen and the cowshed, but a one-horse carriage wasn't good enough for her. She went around with filthy cuffs but she had to have the coat of arms on every button. As for Miss Julie, she doesn't take any care of herself or her reputation. *(Whispering and fuck ballet music)* She somehow lacks 'finesse'.

Just now, when she was dancing in the barn, she grabbed the gamekeeper away from Anna and made him dance with her. We'd never do that. But that's what happens when the gentry try to mix with the common people, they become really common. But Miss Julie is grand! Magnificent! Ah! Those shoulders! and....AH...

CHRISTINE. Calm down! I've heard what Clara says, and she dresses her!

JEAN. Clara! You women are all jealous of each other. I have been out riding with her...and the way she dances!

CHRISTINE. All right, all right. Does he want to dance with me, when I'm ready...?

JEAN. Yes. Of course I want to!

CHRISTINE. Will he promise me that?

JEAN. Promise? When I say I'll do it, I do it! Now the time has come to thank you for the meal. That was very tasty. *(Laughing, techno music & clapping).*
(Boxing bell dings once).

MISS JULIE. *(enters the ring, speaking outwards).* I'll be back! Just carry on!

Jean and Christine toss the bottle into the 4:30 trap and stands up respectfully. Miss Julie comes in and crosses to Christine. (Boxing bell rings once).

Well, have you done it?

Christine makes a sign that Jean is present.

JEAN. (*gallantly*) Have the ladies got secrets I shouldn't hear?

MISS JULIE. (*slaps him in the face with her handkerchief*). Don't be nosy.

JEAN. Ah, what a lovely smell of violets.

MISS JULIE. (*coquettishly*) The impudence! So you know about perfumes as well, do you? You certainly know how to dance...Now, don't look! Go away!

JEAN. Are the ladies concocting some witches' brew for Midsummer's Eve? Something you'll drink under a lucky star to catch a glimpse of the man you'll marry.

MISS JULIE. You'd need sharp eyes to see him. (*To Christine*) Bottle it and cork it well! Now come and dance a schottische with me Jean.

JEAN. I don't want to be rude to anyone but I had promised this dance to Christine.

MISS JULIE. Well, she can have someone else; can't you Christine? Won't you lend me Jean?

CHRISTINE. That's not up to me; if Miss Julie asks him to dance, he shouldn't refuse. (*To Jean*) Just go along and be grateful for the honour.

JEAN. To be honest, and not wishing to offend, I really wonder if it would be wise for Miss Julie to dance with the same partner twice in a row, (*whispering*) especially since the people here are not slow at drawing conclusions...

MISS JULIE. What conclusions? What do you mean?

JEAN. If you don't want to understand, Miss Julie, I shall have to spell it out. It

doesn't look good to single out one of your servants and favour him above the others. They all expect to be treated the same...

MISS JULIE. Favour! How can you even think it! I am amazed! I, the mistress of the house, honour the servant's ball with my presence and when I want to dance, I want to dance with someone who can lead, so I don't look ridiculous!

JEAN. At your command, Miss Julie! I'm at your service!

MISS JULIE. *(softly)* Don't take it as a command. Tonight we're all celebrating. All of us together. Let's forget about rank. Now give me your arm. Don't worry, Christine, I won't take your fiancé away from you!

Jean offers his arm and leads Miss Julie out. (Techno exit music and cheering).

Pantomime

Christine alone. Finishes the abortion brew and puts it in the 4:30 trap.

She clears the table after Jean, washes & dries the silverware and plate and places them in the 4:30 trap. Then she takes off the kitchen apron and puts it in the 4:30 trap, She crosses to the table jumps up and unties her right shoelace.

Christine crosses to the 10:30 trap and takes out a small mirror, lilac jar, candle , matches and hairpin on a tray and places it on the table; she lights a candle and heats a hair-pin with which she curls her hair on her forehead.

She goes to the doorway and listens. Then she returns to the table. She finds Miss Julie's handkerchief, which was left behind, she picks it up and smells it; drops it; spins on it and picks it back up; then she lays it out, as if in thought. She stretches it, smooths it and folds it into four parts and tucks it into her blouse. (Techno music for Jean's entrance and two boxing bells ding).

JEAN. *(enters alone)* She really is wild. The way she dances! And the people stand there sneering at her behind her back. Can you believe it, Christine?

CHRISTINE. Poor thing. She's always a bit strange, when she's got her period. *(blows out candle). (Intimately.)* But won't he come and dance with me now?

JEAN. You're not angry with me for letting you down, are you?

CHRISTINE. No! A little thing that doesn't worry me. He knows that. Besides, I know my place...

JEAN. *(Puts his hand round her)* You are a sensible girl, Christine, you'll make a good wife... *(They kiss and Miss Julie enter with techno music)*

MISS JULIE. *(comes in. She's unpleasantly surprised: she speaks with forced gaiety).* Very gracious running away from your partner like that!

JEAN. On the contrary, Miss Julie, I ran back to the partner I left behind.

MISS JULIE. You dance like no one else do you know that? But why do you wear livery on Midsummer's Eve? Take it off at once!

JEAN. Then I must ask her ladyship to leave the kitchen for a moment because my black coat is over here. *(He points).*

MISS JULIE. Are you embarrassed in front of me? Just to change a coat? Go into your room, then, and change there! Or stay here and I'll turn my back.

JEAN. With your permission, my lady! *(Goes into the 4:30 trap: he changes his coat.)*

MISS JULIE. *(To Christine).* Christine, are you actually engaged to Jean? He is very familiar with you.

CHRISTINE. Engaged? Yes, if you like, that's what we call it.

MISS JULIE. Call it?

CHRISTINE. Well, Miss Julie herself was engaged once and...

MISS JULIE. Yes, but we were properly engaged...

CHRISTINE. Nothing came of it, though.

Jean comes in wearing a different coat.

MISS JULIE. Tres gentil, Monsieur Jean, tres gentil!

JEAN. Vous voulez plaisanter, Madame.

MISS JULIE. Et vous voulez parler francais. Where did you learn that?

JEAN. In Switzerland, when I was the wine waiter: the 'sommelier' in one of the biggest hotels in Luzern.

MISS JULIE. You really look like a gentleman in that hunting jacket. Charmant!
(She sits down at the table.)

JEAN. Forgive me, but that sounds patronising.

MISS JULIE. *(hurt)*. Patronising?

JEAN. My natural modesty forbids me to believe that you would pay genuine compliments to someone in my position. I therefore have allowed myself to assume that you were flattering me or, to be more correct, were patronising me.

MISS JULIE. Where did you learn to speak like that? You must have been to the theatre.

JEAN. I've been to many theatres - here and abroad.

MISS JULIE. But you were born in this area, weren't you?

JEAN. My father was a hired labourer on the Attorney's estate next door. I used to see you as a child, you didn't notice me though.

MISS JULIE. No, really.

JEAN. Yes, really. And I remember in particular once...no, I don't want to talk about that.

MISS JULIE. Oh! Tell me! Please? Just this once.

JEAN. No, I really don't want to now! Another time perhaps...

MISS JULIE. Another time may never come. Why is it so dangerous now?

JEAN. It isn't dangerous. I just don't want to, that's all. Look at that one! *(He points at Christine who has fallen asleep.)*

MISS JULIE. She'll make a good wife, that one! Does she snore as well?

JEAN. She doesn't snore, but she talks in her sleep.

MISS JULIE. How do you know she talks in her sleep?

JEAN. I've heard it.

Pause, during which they look at each other.

MISS JULIE. Why don't you sit down?

JEAN. I couldn't allow myself to sit down in your presence.

MISS JULIE. But if I command you to?

JEAN. Then I'll obey.

MISS JULIE. Sit down then. No, wait. Could you give me something to drink first?

JEAN. I don't know what there is. Only beer, I think.

MISS JULIE. What do you mean, 'only beer'? My taste is very simple, I prefer it to wine.

Jean takes a bottle of beer from the 4:30 trap. He takes a glass and a plate out of the trap as well and serves her.

JEAN. Please, allow me.

MISS JULIE. Thank you. Won't you have a drink?

JEAN. I'm not so fond of beer myself, but if Miss Julie commands me to drink it.

MISS JULIE. Commands? Surely a gentleman should keep his lady company?

JEAN. Yes, he should.

MISS JULIE. Drink to my health then.

Jean hesitates.

I really believe the big boy is shy.

Jean kneels down with mock gallantry and raises his glass.

JEAN. Your good health, Ma'am.

MISS JULIE. And now: kiss my shoe!

Jean hesitates but then boldly seizes her foot, which he kisses lightly. (The boxing bell rings once).

MISS JULIE. Excellent! I can see you've been to the theatre.

JEAN. Please let's stop this, Miss Julie, someone might come in and see us.

MISS JULIE. Does it matter?

JEAN. People would talk. It's as simple as that. If only you knew how their tongues were wagging up there just now.

MISS JULIE. What were they saying then? Tell me. Sit down.

JEAN. *(sits).* I don't want to hurt you, but they were insinuating...well, you can guess! You are not a child. When people see a lady late at night, drinking alone with a man - even though he is a servant - then...

MISS JULIE. Then what? Anyway, we are not alone. Christine is here.

JEAN. Sleeping.

MISS JULIE. Then I'll wake her up. (*She gets up*). Christine are you asleep?

CHRISTINE. (*in her sleep*). Bla bla bla bla.

MISS JULIE. Christine! God, I wish I could sleep like that.

CHRISTINE. (*in her sleep*). The Count's boots have been polished - put the coffee on - at once, at once, at once, ha ha pah!

MISS JULIE. (*takes her by the nose*). Wake up!

JEAN. Leave her alone.

MISS JULIE. (*sharply*) What?

JEAN. Some people slave over a hot stove all day long. Some people are tired at the end of the day. Sleep should be respected.

MISS JULIE. (*changes her tone*). That's... you're right. (*she stretches her hand to Jean*). Now come outside and pick some lilacs for me.

JEAN. With her Ladyship?

MISS JULIE. With me!

JEAN. Impossible! Absolutely not!

MISS JULIE. What do you mean? Surely you don't imagine...

JEAN. No, not me, but them -

MISS JULIE. What? That I am in love with the footman?

JEAN. I am not a conceited man but things like that do happen and nothing is sacred to them.

MISS JULIE. You feel quite above them, don't you?

JEAN. I am quite above them.

MISS JULIE. I can come down and...

JEAN. Don't come down Miss Julie, take my advice. No one will believe that you came down out of your own free will; the people will always say that you fell down.

MISS JULIE. I have more faith in the people than you do. Come and see. Come.

(She fixes him with her eyes - like a hawk fixes his prey.)

JEAN. You are strange. D'you know that?

MISS JULIE. Maybe! But so are you! Anyway everything is strange. Life, human beings, everything is a mess that's floating, floating across the water until it sinks, sinks! I have a recurring dream from time to time: I'm on top of a pillar. I'm sitting there, and I see no possible way of getting down. I feel dizzy when I look down but I know I must get down. I haven't got the courage to throw myself. I can't hold on. I long to be able to just fall but I don't fall. I know I won't have any peace until I'm down, no rest until I'm down, down to the ground. I also know that once I am down I'll want the ground to open and for me to sink, sink....Have you ever felt anything like that?

JEAN. No. I dream that I am lying underneath a tall tree in a dark forest. I want to get up to the top and look around me across the bright landscape where the sun shines. I want to plunder the bird's nest up there with the golden eggs. I climb and climb but the trunk is so thick and slippery and it's so far to the first branch. I know that if I could only reach that first branch I could climb up to the top step by step. I haven't reached it yet but I will reach it, well, in my dreams.

MISS JULIE. Here we are chatting about dreams. *(Techno music)* Come. Let's go. Just into the park.

(She offers her arm and they go).

JEAN. If we sleep on nine midsummer flowers tonight, our dreams will come true, Miss Julie.

(They turn to go. Jean holds his hand over one eye).

MISS JULIE. What have you got in your eye?

JEAN. Oh, it's nothing. Only a bit of dirt, it'll be gone in a minute.

MISS JULIE. My sleeve must have brushed against you: sit down. Let me help you.

(She takes him by the arm and sits him down. She takes hold of his head and leans it backwards; with the corner of her handkerchief she tries to remove the piece of dirt.)

MISS JULIE. Sit still now; quite still. *(She slaps his hand.)* There, listen to me. *(Pause.)* I really believe he's trembling, the big strong boy. *(She feels his upper arm.)* With arms like that.

JEAN. Miss Julie!

(Christine has woken up, she goes, drowsy with sleep, down the 10:30 trap).

MISS JULIE. Yes, Monsieur Jean.

JEAN. Attention. Je ne suis qu'un homme!

MISS JULIE. Will you sit still? There! Gone! Now kiss my hand and thank me.

JEAN. Miss Julie. Listen to me. Christine has gone to bed, now will you listen to me.

MISS JULIE. Kiss my hand first.

JEAN. Listen to me.

MISS JULIE. Kiss my hand first.

JEAN. All right, but you'll only have yourself to blame.

MISS JULIE. For what?

JEAN. For what? You are not a child any more, you're 25. Don't you know it's dangerous to play with fire?

MISS JULIE. Not for me, I'm insured.

JEAN. (*boldly*). No, you're not. And even if you were there are other people who might catch fire.

MISS JULIE. Meaning you?

JEAN. Yes, but not just because it's me but because I am a man and young.

MISS JULIE. And handsome. You're so conceited. I suppose you think you're irresistible, don't you? Well I think you're all talk. I think you haven't got it in you.

JEAN. Do you think so?

MISS JULIE. I suspect so.

Jean moves forwards intending to seize her round the waist and kiss her. Miss Julie slaps his face.

MISS JULIE. Stop it. (*Bell Ring*)

JEAN. Are you serious or are you joking?

MISS JULIE. Serious.

JEAN. Then you were serious a moment ago as well! You play too seriously; it's dangerous. I'm tired of playing. If you'll excuse me I'll get back to my work. The Count's boots have to be polished and it's gone midnight.

MISS JULIE. Put the boots away!

JEAN. No, it's part of my job and I respect it. It's not my job to be your playmate though, and I never will be. I have too much self-respect.

MISS JULIE. Too much pride.

JEAN. In some ways, in other not.

MISS JULIE. Have you ever been in love?

JEAN. We don't use that expression, but I have loved. Once I fell ill because I couldn't get the girl I wanted. Like the princes in the 'Arabian Nights' who were so lovesick they couldn't eat or drink.

MISS JULIE. Who was she?

Jean doesn't reply.

Who was she?

JEAN. You can't force me to tell you that.

MISS JULIE. But if I ask you as an equal as a - friend! Who was she?

JEAN. It was you!

MISS JULIE. (*sits down*). Extraordinary!

JEAN. Yes, ridiculous! You see, that was the story I didn't want to tell you, but I will now. Do you know what the world looks like down here? No, you don't see. Because you see the world from up there - hovering like great hawks, high above us. What's it like? I've never flown with the hawks. I lived in a hovel with seven brothers and sisters and a pig, out in the grey fields, bleak, no trees. But from our window I could see the wall of the Count's park with apple trees rising high above it. It was paradise: evil angels with flaming swords stood there watching over this Garden of Eden. Even so, like other boys, I managed to get in and find the forbidden fruit. Now you despise me, don't you?

MISS JULIE. All boys steal apples.

JEAN. You can say that, but you still despise me. One day I went into the garden with my mother to weed the onion beds. Do you remember next to your kitchen garden there was a Turkish Pavilion shaded by jasmine trees and overgrown with honeysuckle? It was the most beautiful building I'd ever seen. I had no idea it was a toilet. I couldn't understand why people went in and quite soon afterwards came out again!

I looked in: the walls were covered with pictures of kings and emperors. Red curtains with tassels were drawn across the windows. I had never been inside the big house. I'd never seen anything except the church. But your toilet was more beautiful than anywhere I'd ever been.

From then onwards, whenever my thoughts wandered, they always returned there. I had an overwhelming desire to experience the full joy of relieving myself there in splendour...

One day I slipped inside, I stood there in silence and marveled. Then I heard someone coming. I couldn't leave by the door, I couldn't open the window. There was only one way out, and I had no choice but to take it. Yes, through the shit. Once I was out I started running; through a raspberry hedge, across a strawberry field, until at last I ended up on the rose terrace. There I caught sight of a pink dress and a pair of white stockings, it was you.

I hid under a pile of weeds. Just imagine lying filthy and stinking underneath sharp thistles and rotting earth. I watched you walking among the roses and I thought: if it's true that a thief can sit with the angels in paradise, then why isn't a labourer's son here on God's earth allowed to play in the garden with the Count's beautiful daughter.

MISS JULIE. Do you think that all poor children would have felt the same as you?

JEAN. *(he first hesitates, then with conviction).* If all poor - yes, of course. Of course!

MISS JULIE. It must be terrible to be poor.

JEAN. Ah! A dog may lie on the Countess's sofa, a horse may be caressed by a young lady's hand, but a servant - yes, I know the odd individual has got it in him to make it in this world, but how often does that happen? Anyway, do you know what I did then? I dived into the mill stream with my clothes on. But they found me, dragged me out and....beat me. *(Vaudeville Music begins)* The following Sunday when father and everyone in the house went to see my grandmother, I arranged it so I could stay at home. I scrubbed myself with soap and warm water put on my best clothes and went to church where I knew I would see you. I saw you and went home determined to die. But I wanted to die beautifully and pleasantly without pain. Then I remembered that it was

dangerous to sleep under an elder bush. We had a big one that was just in bloom. I stripped it of all its flowers, a huge bunch, and made a bed in the oat-bin. Have you ever noticed how smooth oats are, like human skin, so soft to touch....Anyway, I shut the lid and fell asleep with the flowers in my arms. When I woke up I was very ill. But not dead, as you can see. What did I want? I don't know! There was no chance of winning you of course, but seeing you there that Sunday made me realise how utterly hopeless it was: it would never be possible to rise out of the class I was born in.

MISS JULIE. You certainly know how to tell a story. Did you ever go to school?

JEAN. Hardly. But I have read a lot of novels and I have been to the theatre. Also I have heard the gentry talk and that's where I learnt most!

MISS JULIE. Do you stand around listening to what we say?

JEAN. Of course and I've heard a lot too! Driving the carriage or rowing the boat! Once I heard Miss Julie and a lady friend...

MISS JULIE. Oh! What did you hear?

JEAN. Well, I wouldn't like to say: but I was rather surprised. I couldn't understand where you learned all those words. Perhaps deep down there isn't as big a difference as we think between you and us.

MISS JULIE. How dare you! At least we don't behave the way you do when we are engaged.

JEAN. (*stares at her*). Are you sure? Don't play the innocent with me, Miss Julie...

MISS JULIE. The man I gave my love to was a bastard.

JEAN. They all say that - afterwards.

MISS JULIE. All?

JEAN. I assume all. I have heard it often enough.

MISS JULIE. When?

JEAN. Well, the last time I heard it...

MISS JULIE. Shut up! I don't want to hear any more.

JEAN. Nor did she. It's remarkable. Well, in that case I ask your permission to go to bed.

MISS JULIE. Go to bed on Midsummer's Eve!

JEAN. Yes! Dancing with that lot up there really doesn't appeal to me.

MISS JULIE. Get the key to the boat-house and row me out on the lake; I want to see the sunrise!

Music begins.

JEAN. Are you sure?

MISS JULIE. It sounds as if you're worried about your reputation.

JEAN. Why not? I would rather not be a laughing stock, I would rather not get sacked without a reference, just when I'm beginning to establish myself. And I think I have a certain duty towards Christine.

MISS JULIE. I see, it's Christine now.

JEAN. Yes, but it's you as well. Take my advice: go upstairs and go to bed.

MISS JULIE. Should I obey you?

JEAN. For once, for your own sake. I beg you. It's the middle of the night, lack of sleep makes you drunk and hot-headed. Go to bed. Shsht listen...I think they're coming this way to look for me. If they find us here together you're done for.

The Chorus approach, singing.

CHORUS.

Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra.
One young girl in a big dark wood,
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra.
Met a boy she never should,
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra
Oh lay me on the grass so soft,
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra.
So her mmm mmm mmm she lost.

Oh thank you dear but I must go,
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra.
Another loves me now, oh.
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra. Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra.
Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra. Tridiridi-ralla, tridiridi-ra

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

JEAN. No, Miss Julie, they don't love you. They eat your food but behind your back they spit at you. Believe me. Listen to them, just listen to what they're singing. No, don't listen.

MISS JULIE. (*listens*). What are they singing?

JEAN. It's a filthy song about you and me.

MISS JULIE. That's vile! How dare they! Cowards!

JEAN. That's what they're like. And it's no use trying to fight them, you can only try to escape them.

MISS JULIE. Escape them? But how? We can't get out and we can't go into Christine's room.

JEAN. So, into my room then? Forget about conventions. You can trust me. Truly. I'm your friend and I respect you.

MISS JULIE. But suppose - suppose they look for you in there?

JEAN. I'll bolt the door, and if they try to break in I'll shoot. - Come. (*On his*

knees.) Come.

MISS JULIE. You promise me...

JEAN. I swear.

Miss Julie hurriedly exits 4:30 trap. Jean follows her.

Christine enters 10:30 trap with tea cup and saucer.

BALLET

Three bell rings.

"Let's get ready to rumble."

Techno music begins.

Bell rings.

Slower techno music.

Christine exits 10:30 trap.

Miss Julie enters 4:30 trap alone. She sees the devastation in the kitchen. She looks lost and desperate.

JEAN. *(enters agitated).* There you see. And you heard. Do you think it's possible to stay here now?

MISS JULIE. No. I don't think so. But what can we do?

JEAN. Escape from here.

MISS JULIE. Escape yes, but where to?

JEAN. To Switzerland, the Italian lakes - have you ever been there?

MISS JULIE. No. Is it beautiful there?

JEAN. Eternal summer: laurels - orange trees...

MISS JULIE. But what do we do there?

JEAN. I'll set up a hotel. First-class service for first-class customers.

MISS JULIE. A hotel?

JEAN. That's living, believe me: new faces all the time, new languages, no time to brood or worry, too busy to be bored; bells ringing night and day, trains whistling, coaches coming and going; while the money keeps rolling in. That's living.

MISS JULIE. Yes, for you. But what about me?

JEAN. You'll be the mistress of the house; the jewel in the crown. With your looks and your class! A guaranteed success. Wonderful! You'll sit like a queen behind the counter, pressing the electric bell to summon your slaves; the guests will file past your throne and humbly settle their debts - you've no idea how embarrassed people are when it comes to paying. I'll fiddle the bills and you'll cover up with your sweetest smile. Let's get away from here - *(He takes a timetable from his pocket.)* at once! On the next train! We'll be in Malmo by 6.30; Hamburg 8.40 tomorrow morning. Frankfurt and Basle, one day and on to Como by the Gothard line umm, let's see, three days. Three days!

MISS JULIE. That's all very well but Jean - you must give me courage. Say that you love me. Hold me.

JEAN. I want to - but I daren't. Not in this house any more. I love you Miss Julie, I do, how can you doubt it?

MISS JULIE. Julie - say Julie. There are no barriers between us any more. Say Julie.

JEAN. *(tormented).* I can't. There will always be barriers between us as long as we're in this house. *(Jean slams 4:30 trap)* There is the past; there is the Count. I respect him more than anyone else I've ever known. Just seeing his gloves on a chair makes me feel small. Just hearing that bell up there makes me jump like a frightened horse. Seeing his boots standing there, so straight and cocksure, makes me want to grovel. *(He kicks the boots.)* Superstitions, prejudices that have been crammed into our brains from the day we were born. Well, let's get rid of them! Come to another country with me, a republic where they'll grovel for me in my porter's livery. I wasn't born to grovel. I've got substance, I've got character. Just let me get hold of that first branch and you'll see me climb step by step! Today I'm a footman, next year I'll be a hotel owner. In ten years' time I'll

belong to the landed gentry, travel to Romania, get myself decorated and then I might - just might - end up as a count.

MISS JULIE. That sounds wonderful...

JEAN. In Romania you can buy the title of count, so you'll be a countess after all! My countess!

MISS JULIE. I don't care about any of that. That's what I'm leaving behind. Say that you love me, otherwise - yes, otherwise what am I?

JEAN. I shall say it a thousand times - later - only not here. Please, we mustn't get emotional otherwise I'll lose everything. We must discuss this business calmly, like sensible people. (*He takes a cigar, cuts it and lights it.*) So you sit over there and I'll sit over here and we'll talk as if nothing had happened.

MISS JULIE. Oh my God. Have you no feelings?

JEAN. Me? (*Jean lights match*) I'm bursting with feelings, but I can control them.

MISS JULIE. A little while ago you kissed my shoe -

JEAN. Yes, but that was a little while ago, now we have other things to think about.

MISS JULIE. Don't be so harsh.

JEAN. Not harsh - sensible. We've made fools of ourselves once let's not do it again. The Count may be here any moment now and before he comes we must decide what we are going to do with our lives. What do you think of my plans for our future, do you approve of them?

MISS JULIE. They seem fine. Just answer me this: such big ideas need a lot of resources, have you got them?

JEAN. (*chews his cigar*). Me? Of course I have. I have my professional skills, my immense experience, my knowledge of languages. That's capital enough, wouldn't you say?

MISS JULIE. But that doesn't buy you a train ticket.

JEAN. Exactly. That's why I am looking for a partner who can advance me the money.

MISS JULIE. Where are you going to find one at such short notice?

JEAN. You'll have to find one if you want to come into business with me.

MISS JULIE. How could I? I haven't any money of my own.

Pause.

JEAN. Then the whole thing's off.

MISS JULIE. And...

JEAN. We're back to square one. *(Boxing bells rings 5 times).*

MISS JULIE. Do you really think I'm going to stay under this roof as your whore? With those people pointing their greasy fingers at me; do you really think that I can face my father after this? No! Take me away from here. The shame, the humiliation. Oh God, what have I done?

She weeps.

JEAN. Please, not that old tune again. What have you done? The same as plenty of others before you.

MISS JULIE. *(screams convulsively).* And now you despise me. I'm falling. I'm falling.

JEAN. Fall down to me and I'll lift you up!

MISS JULIE. What on earth drew me to you? Because I'm weak and you're strong? Because I'm falling and you're rising? Was that it? Or was it love? Is this love? Do you know what love is?

JEAN. Me? Yes, I should say so. D'you think I've never had a fuck before?

MISS JULIE. The language you use - and the thoughts you think!

JEAN. That's what we learn where I come from. That's what I am! Now calm down and don't act the lady with me because now we are as bad as each other. (*Boxing bell rings twice*). There, there, my little girl, come here and I'll give you a glass of wine.

He opens the 4:30 trap and takes out the wine bottle: he fills two glasses.

MISS JULIE. Where did you get that wine from?

JEAN. The cellar.

MISS JULIE. My father's Burgundy.

JEAN. Isn't it good enough for the son-in-law?

MISS JULIE. And I drink beer. Me!

JEAN. That only goes to show that your taste is inferior to mine.

MISS JULIE. Thief!

JEAN. Are you going to tell on me?

MISS JULIE. I'm an accomplice to a thief. Was I drunk? Was I dreaming? Midsummer's Night. The night of innocent fun. . .

JEAN. Innocent. . . ?

MISS JULIE. (*paces up and down*). Is there anyone on this earth as miserable as I am now.

JEAN. Why? You got what you wanted. Think of Christine in there. Don't you think she's got feelings too.

MISS JULIE. I did a little while ago, but now I don't any longer. Servants are servants.

JEAN. And whores are whores!

MISS JULIE. Oh, my God, end my miserable life. Get me out of this filth. I'm sinking. Save me. Save me.

JEAN. I do feel sorry for you. When I lay in the onion bed and saw you in the rose garden . . . I might as well tell you the truth . . . I had the same dirty thoughts all little boys have.

MISS JULIE. But you wanted to die for me?

JEAN. In the oat-bin? That was just talk!

MISS JULIE. Where you lying?

JEAN. (*begins to get sleepy*). More or less, I think I read the story in a paper. It was about chimney sweep who went to sleep in a wood-chest with a bunch of elderflowers because he had refused to pay maintenance for his illegitimate child.

MISS JULIE. So, that's what you're like . . .

JEAN. Well I had to think up some juicy story. That's what turns women on.

MISS JULIE. Bastard.

JEAN. Merde. (*Boxing bell rings 5 times*).

MISS JULIE. So now you've flown with the hawks. . .

JEAN. Not exactly flown.

MISS JULIE. And I was to be the first branch. . .

JEAN. But the branch was rotten. . .

MISS JULIE. I was to be a hotel sign. . .

JEAN. And I the hotel.

MISS JULIE. I was to sit behind your counter, attract your customers, fiddle your bills. . .

JEAN. No, I was going to do that myself. . .

MISS JULIE. Your very soul stinks!

JEAN. Wash it then!

MISS JULIE. Servant, footman, stand up when I speak!

JEAN. Servant's slut, footman's whore, shut your mouth and get out of here. I stink? How dare you! Not one of us has ever behaved as common as you have tonight. Do you think Julie, that any housemaid would have thrown herself at a man, like you? Have you, Julie, ever seen a girl of my class offer herself as blatantly as you have? I've only seen it among animals and prostitutes!

MISS JULIE. (*shattered*). That's right: hit me, trample on me, I don't deserve any better. I'm worthless, but help me! Help me out of this.

JEAN. To be honest, I'm quite impressed with the part I've played in this seduction. But do you really think that a man in my position would have dared to even wink at you unless invited to? I'm still shocked. . .

MISS JULIE. And proud. . .

JEAN. Why not? Although I must confess that the conquest was a little too easy for it to be really exciting.

MISS JULIE. Go on! Kick me, kick me.

JEAN. No, forgive me for what I've just said. I don't kick a dog when he's down, let alone a woman. I can't deny though that I'm glad I've discovered that it was only tinsel that dazzled our humble eyes; that the hawk's back was as grey as its front; that the cheeks were soft and pale only because of powder; that the polished fingernails had black edges and that the perfumed handkerchief was dirty. On the other hand, it hurts to realise that what I was striving for wasn't something more noble, something more substantial. It hurts seeing you sink so low, far lower than your kitchen-slut. An autumn flower beaten by wind and rain then trampled and reduced to mud.

MISS JULIE. You talk as if you had already risen above me.

JEAN. And so I have: (*Boxing bell rings twice*). I could make you a countess you could never make me a count.

MISS JULIE. But I'm a child of noble birth, that's more than you could ever be!

JEAN. That's true, but my children could . . .

MISS JULIE. But you're a thief, and I'm not.

JEAN. There are worse things than being a thief. Much worse! Besides, when I serve in a house I regard myself in a certain way, a member of the family, a child of the house. And you don't call it theft when a child picks a berry from a bush heavy with fruit! (*His passion awakens again.*) Miss Julie, you are a glorious woman, far too good for the likes of me! You had too much to drink; lost your head and made a mistake and now you're trying to justify it all by fooling yourself that you love me. You don't. You may be physically attracted to me, but in that case your love is no better than mine. I could never be satisfied with just being your animal, and I know I could never make you love me.

MISS JULIE. Are you sure of that?

JEAN. You mean. . . there might be a chance? Yes, I could love you: you are beautiful, so fine, (*He approaches her and takes her hand.*) educated, lovable, when you want to be, and the passions you've aroused in me will probably never die. (*He puts his arm around her waist.*) You are like mulled wine with strong spices, a kiss from you . . . (*He tries to lead her out, but she slowly pulls herself away.*)

MISS JULIE. Let me go, you won't win me like that. (*Boxing bell dings once*).

JEAN. How, then? Not like that! Not with caresses and fine speeches, not with showing concern for the future, saving you from degradation. How then?

MISS JULIE. How? I don't know how. I have no idea. You are lower than a sewer rat. I loathe you. But I can't escape from you.

JEAN. Escape with me.

MISS JULIE. (*straightens herself*). Escape? Yes we must escape. But I'm so tired. Give me a glass of wine.

(Jean pours her some wine.)

But we must talk first. We still have a little time. *(She drinks some wine then holds out her glass for more.)*

JEAN. Don't drink like that! You'll get drunk.

MISS JULIE. So what -

JEAN. So what? It's common - what were you going to say just now?

MISS JULIE. Before we go away together, I must talk. You have told me about your life, now I want to tell you about mine.

JEAN. Just a minute. Think it over before you tell me your deepest secrets. You may regret it afterwards.

MISS JULIE. Aren't you my friend?

JEAN. Yes, sometimes. But don't rely on me.

MISS JULIE. You don't mean that? Anyway everyone knows my secrets. You see, my mother was a commoner by birth, from a very simple background. Even as a young girl she passionately believed in equality and freedom for women and struggled for it. She had an aversion to marriage. So when she met my father and he proposed to her, she told him she couldn't be his wife but he could be her lover. First, my father resisted because he wanted the woman he loved to be respected the same way he was. But he adored her, so he gave in and accepted her conditions. According to my father's circle my parents were living in sin, so they were rejected and confined to their domestic life. Then I came into the world against my mother's wishes as far as I can make out. I was allowed to run wild, I was taught everything boys are taught. I was to be the living proof that a woman is as good as a man. I wore boys' clothes, learned how to groom, how to harness, how to shoot, even how to slaughter. That was horrible. In the estate the men were given the women's tasks and the women the men's until in the end the whole place fell apart and we became the laughing stock of the area. Then, finally, my father woke up from his enchantment. He took charge and changed everything back to how he wanted it. My parents were quietly married. That is when my mother fell ill. I don't know what she suffered from but she

kept having terrible cramps. For days she used to hide in the attic or in the garden and sometimes she used to stay out all night. It was on one of those nights that the big fire broke out and burned down everything: the house, the stables and the cowshed. The circumstances were very suspicious. It looked like arson because it happened the very day after the insurance had expired.

(She fills the glass and drinks.)

JEAN. Don't drink any more!

MISS JULIE. What does it matter! We were left penniless and had to sleep in the carriages. My father had no idea where to find the money to rebuild the estate, because he had lost all his friends and contacts. Then, out of the blue, mother advised him to try and borrow from a childhood friend of hers, a brick manufacturer from the neighbourhood. Father got the loan, but to his surprise, free of interest. He didn't know why that was but he accepted it. And so the estate was rebuilt.

She drinks again.

Do you know who burnt the estate down?

JEAN. You lady mother.

MISS JULIE. Do you know who the brick manufacturer was?

JEAN. Your mother's lover.

MISS JULIE. Do you know whose money it was?

JEAN. No I don't.

MISS JULIE. My mother's!

JEAN. In other words the Count's: unless they'd made a marriage settlement.

MISS JULIE. No, there was no marriage settlement. My mother had a small inheritance, which she didn't want my father to control, so she had deposited it with her friend.

JEAN. Who held on to it.

MISS JULIE. Exactly! All this my father found out. But how could he go to court and publicly expose my mother? How could he pay his wife's lover back? He had no money! How could he prove that he shouldn't pay it back at all since it was his own wife's money? All this almost drove him to suicide. There were rumours that he had tried to shoot himself but failed. He pulled through in the end and made my mother suffer for what she'd done until the day she died. Those were 5 dreadful years. I loved my father, but I sided with my mother because I didn't know the circumstances. She taught me to hate men. I swore to her I'd never be a slave to any man.

JEAN. So you got engaged to the Police Commissioner.

MISS JULIE. Exactly. So he could be my slave.

JEAN. But he didn't want to, did he?

MISS JULIE. He did well enough, but I didn't let him. I got bored with him.

JEAN. I saw what happened in the stable yard.

MISS JULIE. What did you see?

JEAN. How he broke it off.

MISS JULIE. That's a lie! I was the one who broke it off. Has he said he did? The liar.

JEAN. I'm sure he wasn't a liar. You hate men, don't you Miss Julie?

MISS JULIE. Yes, most of the time. But sometimes, when I'm weak. . . Oh God.

JEAN. You hate me too, don't you?

MISS JULIE. Utterly. I would like to have you slaughtered like an animal.

JEAN. 'The verdict is guilty. The penalty for bestiality is two years penal servitude and the animal is to be slaughtered.' Isn't that so?

MISS JULIE. Exactly.

JEAN. But there is no prosecutor and no animal. So what do we do now?

MISS JULIE. We escape.

JEAN. And torment each other to death elsewhere?

MISS JULIE. No! Enjoy ourselves for two days. . . eight days. . . however long enjoyment lasts and then . . . die.

JEAN. Die? How stupid! I'd rather set up a hotel.

MISS JULIE. On Lake Como, where the sun always shines, where the laurels are green at Christmas time and the oranges glow. . .

JEAN. It always rains on Lake Como and I never saw any oranges there - except in the greengrocer's shop. But it's the perfect place for letting out villas to loving couples because they lease the places for six months and then leave after three weeks.

MISS JULIE. Why after three weeks?

JEAN. They quarrel of course. But the rent has to be paid all the same. And then you let it out again and so it goes on and on and on. For love makes the world go round, even if it doesn't last.

MISS JULIE. You don't want to die with me?

JEAN. I don't want to die at all. I like living, and I think suicide is a mortal sin.

MISS JULIE. You believe in God? You!

JEAN. Yes, of course I do! And I go to church every second Sunday! - To be honest, I'm tired of all this now. I'm going to bed.

Jean exits into 4:30 trap.

MISS JULIE. Ah, and you think I'm just going to leave it at that. Don't you think that a man owes something to a woman he has disgraced?

JEAN. (*throws a coin onto the stage*) There you are! I don't want to owe you a thing.

MISS JULIE. (*pretending not to notice the insult*). Do you know that according to the law you . . .

JEAN. There is no law against a woman seducing a man! Lucky for you!

MISS JULIE. Can you see what else we can do except go away, get married and separate?

JEAN. And what if I refuse to take on such a bad match?

MISS JULIE. Bad match. . . ?

JEAN. Yes, for me. I'm from better stock than you. I have no arsonists in my family.

MISS JULIE. How can you prove that?

JEAN. How can you prove otherwise? You see we have no records except criminal records! But I've been studying your pedigree. Your first recorded forefather was a miller, who got his title by letting the king sleep with his wife one night during the Danish war. Now I haven't got a foregather like that. I haven't got noble forefathers at all. But I could have truly noble offspring.

MISS JULIE. This is what I get for opening my heart to someone like you, for exposing my family's honour. . .

JEAN. Dishonour! I tried to warn you: too much drink leads to too much talk.

MISS JULIE. Oh God, I regret what I've done! God I regret it. If only you loved me at least.

JEAN. For the last time - what do you want? Should I cry? Should I jump over your whip? Should I kiss you, lure you to Lake Como? . . . and then what? What should I do? What do you want? I've had enough of this. It's always the same when you poke your nose into a woman's affairs, Miss Julie. I can see you're unhappy, I know you're suffering, but I can't understand you. We don't think

the same way you lot do - we don't hate the way you do. We treat love as a game - when we have some time off from work, but we don't have all day and all night like you do. I think you are sick. Your mother was disturbed: with her fanatical beliefs, beliefs that are spreading everywhere now like some sort of religious mania.

MISS JULIE. Be good to me. At least treat me like a human being.

JEAN. I wish you would act like one. You spit at me, but you don't let me wipe it off on you!

MISS JULIE. Help me, help me! Just tell me what to do. Where to go.

JEAN. In the name of Jesus, if only I knew myself.

MISS JULIE. I've been out of my mind, I know I have, I know. But is there no way out?

JEAN. Stay here, and keep calm. Nobody knows anything.

MISS JULIE. Impossible. Those people know and Christine knows.

JEAN. They don't know. Anyway they would never believe it.

MISS JULIE. But - it could happen again.

JEAN. That's true.

Music begins.

MISS JULIE. And...if I become pregnant?

JEAN. (*pause*). You must get away. At once! I can't come with you, that would finish us both off. You must go alone - abroad - anywhere.

MISS JULIE. Alone? Where? I can't!

JEAN. You must. Now, before the Count returns. If you stay you know what'll happen. We've done it once - we'll do it again. We'll become more and more reckless until the end we'll be caught out. So go away. Then write to the Count and confess all this, except that it was me. He'll never guess that. And I doubt

he'll be too keen to find out.

MISS JULIE. I'll go away, if you come with me.

JEAN. Are you out of your mind, woman? Miss Julie eloping with the footman. It would be all over the papers in no time. That really would finish the Count off.

MISS JULIE. I can't go. I can't stay. Help me! I'm so tired, so desperately tired! Give me orders! Get me going! I can't think anymore.

JEAN. Now you see what miserable creatures you lot really are. Why do you all strut around and put on airs as if you were the Lords of Creation! All right, I'll give you orders: go upstairs and get dressed. Get some money for the journey and then come down again.

MISS JULIE. *(half whispers).* Come up with me.

JEAN. To your room? Now you're going out of your mind again. *(Hesitates for a moment.)* No. Go. At once.

Takes her hand leads her out

MISS JULIE. *(as she goes).* Speak kindly to me, Jean.

JEAN. An order always sounds unkind. Now you know. Now you know!

Jean alone; heaves a sign of relief; puts the coin in his pocket; takes out a notebook and pencil; counts aloud now and then; dumb mime. Then Christine comes in from 10:30 trap dressed for church; she has a shirt front and white tie in her hand.

CHRISTINE. Lord Jesus, what a mess! What on earth have you been up to?

JEAN. Oh Miss Julie dragged everybody from the party in here. You must have slept well. Didn't you hear anything?

CHRISTINE. I slept like a log!

JEAN. Already dressed for church?

CHRISTINE. Y-e-e-s. He promised to go to communion with me today!

JEAN. Of course, that's right. And you've got my things. Come on then.

He sits down and Christine begins to dress him.

Pause.

(Sleepily.) What's the lesson today?

CHRISTINE. John the Baptist having his head cut off I expect.

JEAN. That's bound to take an awful long time. Ouch, you're strangling me! Oh I'm so tired, so desperately tired.

CHRISTINE. Well, what's he been up to all night? He looks quite green in the face.

JEAN. I have been sitting here talking to Miss Julie.

CHRISTINE. That one doesn't know what's proper.

Pause.

JEAN. Christine.

CHRISTINE. Ye-e-s.

JEAN. Isn't it strange though, when you think about it. Her!

CHRISTINE. What's strange?

JEAN. Everything is strange. . .

Pause. Christine looks at the used glass by the chair.

CHRISTINE. Have you been drinking together as well?

JEAN. Yes!

CHRISTINE. You should be ashamed of yourself. Look me straight in the face.

JEAN. Yes.

CHRISTINE. Have you . . . ? No. It's not possible. It's not possible.

JEAN. (*after a moment of consideration*). Yes, it is.

CHRISTINE. Ugh! I would never have believed it. Never. Shame on you. Shame!

JEAN. You aren't jealous of her, are you?

CHRISTINE. No, not of her. If it had been Clara or Sophie, then I would have scratched your eyes out. I don't know why but that's how I feel. No, it's disgusting.

JEAN. Are you angry with her then?

CHRISTINE. Not with her, with you! That was an evil thing to do - evil. Poor girl. No, really, I don't want to stay in this house any longer; where you can't respect your betters.

JEAN. Why should you respect them?

CHRISTINE. You're so crafty, you tell me! You wouldn't want to work for people who aren't respectable would you? I think it's degrading.

JEAN. I suppose not, but it's a comfort to know that actually they aren't any better than us.

CHRISTINE. If they aren't any better than us, what's the point in striving to better ourselves. And think of the Count. Think of the sorrow he's had in his time. Lord Jesus! No, I don't want to stay in this house any more. And with someone like you. If it had been the Police Commissioner; if it had been someone more. . .

JEAN. What are you saying exactly?

CHRISTINE. I know, you're all right in your way, but there's a difference between them and us. No, I'll never be able to forget this.

She's always been so proud, so harsh with men. I would never have thought she'd go and throw herself away like that. And to you! She almost had her bitch shot because she was running after the gatekeeper's dog! I can't believe it! No, I don't want to stay any longer. At the end of this year I'm off.

JEAN. And then?

CHRISTINE. Well, since we're discussing it, it's time you started looking around for something else, as we're going to get married.

JEAN. And what exactly should I be looking around for? I can't get a position like this, once I'm married.

CHRISTINE. No, of course not! But maybe you could get a job as a caretaker or a porter in some Government building. Civil Service pay is meagre but at least you're secure and the wife and children get a pension. . . .

JEAN. I've no intention of dying for my wife and children just yet. I've got more ambition than that.

CHRISTINE. I know about his ambitions. Oh yes. But what about his responsibilities!? What about them!?

JEAN. Don't provoke me! Don't talk to me about responsibilities! I know what I've got to do anyway. *(Listening to what's happening outside.)* But we've got plenty of time to think about this later - go and get yourself ready and we'll go to church.

CHRISTINE. Who's walking around up there?

JEAN. I've no idea, unless it's Clara!

CHRISTINE. It can't be the Count, can it? *(Music begins)* No, we would have heard him.

JEAN. *(scared)* The Count? No, I'm sure it isn't. He would have rung.

CHRISTINE. *(goes).* God help us! I've never seen the like of this.

The sun has now risen and shines over the treetops in the park; the light moves gradually,

until it falls obliquely in through the window. Jean stands on top of the table.

Christine exits 10:30 trap.

Miss Julie comes in dressed for traveling, She has a small birdcage covered with a towel. She places it on the edge of the stage.

MISS JULIE. I'm ready.

JEAN. Shht! Christine's awake.

MISS JULIE. (*very nervous*). Does she suspect anything?

JEAN. No, nothing at all. Oh my God, what do you look like?

MISS JULIE. Why? What do I look like?

JEAN. You look like death, and, forgive me, your face is dirty.

MISS JULIE. Let me wash it then. Give me a towel. The sun is rising!

JEAN. Drives the demons away.

MISS JULIE. Yes, the demons were certainly out tonight. But Jean, listen. Come with me. I've got the money now.

JEAN. Enough?

MISS JULIE. Enough to begin with. Come with me. (*Music beings*) I can't travel alone today. Not on Midsummer's Day, in a stifling train packed with masses of people gaping at me; stopping at every station when you want to keep moving. No, I can't, I can't. And then the memories. . . childhood memories of midsummer days: the church decorated with birch leaves and lilac. The big table laid for lunch with family and friends, the afternoons in the park, dancing, music, flowers and games. You can't escape those memories. They follow you wherever you go; and so do guilt and conscience. . .

JEAN. I'll come with you. But we must go now, immediately, before it is too late. At once!

MISS JULIE. Get dressed then. *(She takes the birdcage.)*

JEAN. No luggage, though. That would give us away.

MISS JULIE. No, nothing at all. Only some hand-luggage.

JEAN. *(has taken his hat).* What have you got there? What is it?

MISS JULIE. Only my greenfinch. I don't want to leave her behind.

JEAN. That's all we need. Dragging a birdcage along! You're quite out of your mind. Put that cage down.

MISS JULIE. It's the only thing I'm taking. The only living thing that loves me since my dog betrayed me. Don't be cruel. Let me take her with me.

JEAN. I said put that cage down - and don't talk so loud - Christine will hear us.

MISS JULIE. No, I'm not leaving her with strangers. I'd rather you killed her instead.

JEAN. Give it to me then, and I'll wring its neck.

MISS JULIE. All right but don't hurt her. Don't. . . no, I can't.

JEAN. Give it to me; I can.

MISS JULIE. *(takes the bird out of the cage and kisses it).* Oh my little Serine, are you going to die and leave your mistress?

JEAN. Please don't make a scene. It's for your own sake - for your own good! Quickly!

He snatches the bird from her, carries it to the chopping block and takes the kitchen axe. Miss Julie turns away.

You should have learnt how to slaughter properly, *(He chops.)* then you wouldn't faint at the sight of a drop of blood.

Music stops.

MISS JULIE. (*screams*) Slaughter me too! Slaughter me! You just killed an innocent animal without blinking an eyelid! Oh, I hate and despise you; there's blood between us. I curse the moment I set eyes on you. I curse the moment I was conceived in my mother's womb.

JEAN. What's the use of cursing? Let's go!

Miss Julie goes to the chopping block as if drawn there against her will.

MISS JULIE. No, I will not go yet; I can't. . . I have to see . . . Shhht! Listen!

She listens to what's happening outside but keeps her eyes fixed on the block and the axe.

. . . . I thought I heard the carriage . . . You think I can't stand the sight of blood, don't you? You think I'm so weak, don't you? (*Music*) I tell you I'd love to see your blood and brains on the chopping block. I'd love to see the whole of your sex swimming in a lake of blood. I'd drink from your skull, wash my feet in your rib cage and devour your heart, in one mouthful. You think I'm weak; you think I love you because my womb desired your seed; you think I want to carry your offspring under my heart and nourish it with my blood - bear your child and take your name? I've never heard your surname - I suppose you haven't got one. I'd become Lady Footman, or Madam Shithouse! You dog, who wears my collar, you labourer's son who wears my coat of arms on your buttons. Am I to share you with my cook? Am I to be the rival of the kitchen slut? Do you think I'm a coward and want to escape! No, I'm staying! Let the clouds burst. My father will come home. He'll find the desk broken into, his money gone. He'll ring - that bell. Twice for the footman, and he'll send for the police. Then I'll tell everything, everything! Oh, it will be a relief to end it all, if only it would be the end. It will kill my father and that'll be the end of all of us - there will be peace and calm - eternal rest! And the coat of arms will be broken over the coffin. The Count's long line will have come to an end. But the footman's line will continue in an orphanage, win laurels in the gutter and end up in prison.

JEAN. That's your royal blood talking now! Bravo, Miss Julie, just sweep the miller under the carpet.

Christine comes in from 10:30 trap dressed for church with a hymn-book in her hand. Miss Julie hurries towards her and falls into her arms as if to seek protection.

MISS JULIE. Help me Christine! Save me from this man!

CHRISTINE. What kind of spectacle is this on a Sunday morning! (*She looks at the chopping block.*) And what a mess you've made here! What's all this about? And why are you in such a state?

MISS JULIE. Help me Christine! Save me from this man!

CHRISTINE. What kind of spectacle is this on a Sunday morning! (*She looks at the chopping block.*) And what a mess you've made here! What's all this about? And why are you in such a state?

MISS JULIE. Christine! You're a woman, you're my friend. Don't trust this bastard!

JEAN. While the ladies discuss the matter I'll go and shave.

He slips out in 4:30 trap.

MISS JULIE. I know you'll understand me; I know you'll listen to me.

CHRISTINE. No, I certainly don't understand this kind of behaviour. And where are you going dressed for traveling like that and he had his hat on - (*Confused*) What? What?

MISS JULIE. Listen to me, Christine, listen and I'll tell you everything. . .

CHRISTINE. I don't want to know. . .

MISS JULIE. You must listen to me. . .

CHRISTINE. Depends what it's about. If it's about your silliness with Jean - I don't want to know. That's between you and him. But if you're thinking of tricking him into running away - I'll soon put a stop to that.

MISS JULIE. (*extremely nervous*). Try and be calm, Christine, and listen to me. I can't stay here and Jean can't stay here. That's why we must go. . .

CHRISTINE. Hm, hm!

MISS JULIE. No, listen, I've just had an idea - what if all three of us go - abroad - to Switzerland and set up a hotel together. I've got money you see, and Jean and I could be the managers and you, I thought you could be in charge of the kitchens. Won't that be good!? - Say yes. Come with us, that'll settle everything. Please say yes!

She embraces Christine and pats her.

CHRISTINE. (*cold and pensive*). Hm, hm!

MISS JULIE. (*presto tempo*). You've never traveled, Christine, you should get out and see the world - you can't imagine what fun it is to travel by train, new people all the time, new countries - and when we get to Hamburg, we'll stop off to visit the Zoo, you'll like that. We'll go to the theatre and to the opera - then, when we get to Munich, we'll visit the museums, all the great painters are there, as you know, Rubens and Raphael. You've heard of Munich haven't you where King Ludwig lived? Yes, the King who went mad. We'll go and see his castles. You know, they are still there just like in the fairy-tales - and from there it's not far to Switzerland - with the Alps, just imagine the Alps with snow on them in the middle of summer . . . where the sun always shines, where the laurels are green at Christmas time, where the oranges glow . . .

Jean is seen whetting his razor on a strap, which he holds by his teeth and left hand; he listens to the conversation and nods in agreement now and then.

We'll set up a hotel there - and I'll sit behind the counter while Jean welcomes the customers - I'll do the shopping and write the letters. We'll have such a busy life, you'll see - trains whistling, coaches coming and going, bells ringing in the apartment and in the restaurant. And I'll write out the bills - and fiddle them. You've no idea how embarrassed people are when it comes to paying. And you will be the head waitress. You won't have to slave over a hot stove yourself, of course; no, you'll be nicely dressed, talking to the guests and you with your looks, no I'm not flattering you, you'll be . . . able to make a good catch yourself one day - a rich Englishman - English people are such an easy (Slow down.) catch . . . and then we'll be rich and build ourselves a villa on Lake Como - it does sometimes rain there a little, of course - but - (*She goes numb.*) the sun mostly shine sometimes as well - although it looks dark - and then - or else we can go back home again - and return . . . here-or somewhere else -

CHRISTINE. Now listen. Does Miss Julie herself believe in all this?

MISS JULIE. Do I believe in it myself?

CHRISTINE. Do you?

MISS JULIE. I don't know; I don't believe in anything anymore.

Nothing. Nothing at all.

She sits down on floor.

CHRISTINE. (*turns to the right where Jean is standing*). So he was planning to escape.

JEAN. (*puts the razor down on the 4:30 trap lid*). Escape? That's going a bit too far. You heard Miss Julie's plan, and although she's tired now from staying up all night, that plan is not such a bad one.

CHRISTINE. Now listen you! Was I supposed to be the cook for that. . .

JEAN. (*sharply*). Be so good as to use decent language in front of your mistress.

CHRISTINE. Mistress!

JEAN. Yes!

CHRISTINE. Ah! Listen to him!

JEAN. Yes, you listen to me, a little less talking won't do you any harm. Miss Julie is your superior and for the same reason that you despise her, you should despise yourself.

CHRISTINE. At least I've always had enough self respect not to . . .

JEAN. To despise others!

CHRISTINE. . . . no, not to degrade myself. No one can say that I've been messing around with the groom or the pig-keeper! No one could say that.

JEAN. Yes, you managed to get yourself a decent man, you were lucky.

CHRISTINE. A very decent man, who sells oats from the Count's stable. . .

JEAN. You can talk, you take a percentage on the groceries and you let the butcher bribe you!

CHRISTINE. What are you talking about?

JEAN. And now you can't respect your mistress anymore. You! You! You!

CHRISTINE. Are you coming to church with me or not? You could do with a good sermon after what you've been up to.

JEAN. No, I'm not going to church today. You go alone and confess what you've been up to.

CHRISTINE. All right, I will. And I'll come home with enough forgiveness for both of us. The Saviour has suffered and died on the cross for all our sins and if we come to him with faith and repentance he'll take all our sins upon himself.

MISS JULIE. Do you believe that, Christine?

MISS JULIE. Oh, if only I had your faith. Oh, if. . .

MISS JULIE. Who does receive it then?

CHRISTINE. God moves in mysterious ways, Miss Julie. God doesn't favour anyone, but the last shall be the first.

MISS JULIE. But then He does favour - He favours the last.

CHRISTINE. (*continues*). And it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. See that's how it is, Miss Julie. But I'm going now, alone. On my way I'll tell the stable-boy not to hand over any horses, just in case anyone should want to leave before the Count comes home. Goodbye.

JEAN. Damn her. Witch! And all because of that bloody greenfinch!

MISS JULIE. Forget about the greenfinch. Do you see a way out of this? An end to this?

JEAN. (*thinks*). No.

MISS JULIE. What would you do in my place?

JEAN. In your place? Let's see. If I were an aristocrat, a woman, who'd fallen. . . I don't know - yes I do know.

MISS JULIE. (*takes a razor and makes a gesture*). Like this?

MISS JULIE. Because you're a man and I'm a woman? What difference does that make?

JEAN. The same difference as between any man and any woman.

MISS JULIE. (*knife in hand*). I want to. But I can't do it. My father couldn't do it either when he should have.

JEAN. No, he was right not to. He had to take revenge first.

MISS JULIE. But now my mother has had the last laugh, through me!

JEAN. But I thought you loved your father, Miss Julie?

MISS JULIE. My love for him was without bounds - but I hated him too. I must have done without knowing it. He taught me to despise my own sex - he made me half woman half man. Who's to blame for what has happened? My father? My mother? Myself? Myself? I haven't got a self. I haven't a thought that isn't my father's, not a feeling that isn't my mother's, and even the idea that all people can be equal I got from my fiancé and I called him pathetic because of it. So how can this self be to blame? Pass the blame on to Jesus as Christine does - no, I'm too proud for that thanks to my father. As for the rich man going to heaven, that's a lie. Anyway Christine with her savings in the bank wouldn't get in there either! Who's to blame? Who's responsible? Who cares? In the end I have to take the responsibility and bear the consequences.

JEAN. Yes but. . .

The bell rings twice (long rings). Miss Julie jumps up, Jean changes his coat.

JEAN. The Count is back - what if Christine. . .?

He goes to the speaking tube; taps it and listens.

MISS JULIE. Has he opened his desk?

JEAN. It's Jean! Your Grace! (*Listens.*) Yes, your Grace! (*Listens.*) Immediately, your Grace! (*Listens.*) Very good! In half an hour!

MISS JULIE. (*extremely anxious*). What did he say? My God! What did he say?

JEAN. He wants his boots and his coffee in half an hour.

MISS JULIE. So, in half an hour. - Oh, I'm so tired; I have no strength for anything, no will to repent, to escape, to stay, no will to live, no will to die. Help me. Order me and I'll obey like a dog. Do me this last service, save my honour, save his name. I know I should have the willpower to . . . but I haven't. You will me, you order me to do it.

JEAN. I don't know - but now I can't either. I don't understand - it's just as if this coat stops me from giving you orders - and now, since the Count spoke to me - I, I can't explain it properly but - ah, it's that damned servant in me! I really think that if the Count came down now - and ordered me to cut my throat, I'd do it on the spot.

MISS JULIE. Then pretend you're him and I'm you! You acted so well when you were on your knees - you were a real aristocrat - or why don't you hypnotise me? Have you ever seen a hypnotist on stage?

Jean nods.

He tells his volunteer: 'take a broom'; he takes it; he tells him: 'sweep' and he sweeps.

JEAN. But the volunteer has to be in a trance.

MISS JULIE. I already am. There's smoke all around me, you're like an iron

stove, a man dressed in black with a tall hat and your eyes shine like coals when the fire dies down and your face is white like ash.

The sunlight has now reached the floor and shines on Jean.

It's so warm, it feels good.

She rubs her hands as if she were warming them before a fire.

So light, so peaceful.

JEAN. *(takes the razor and places it in her hand).* Here's the broom. Go now while it's light - out into the barn and . . . *(He whispers in her ear.)*

MISS JULIE *(awake).* Thank you. Now I'm going to my rest. But tell me - that the first may also receive the gift of Grace. Say it, even if you don't believe it.

JEAN. The first? No I can't - but wait - Miss Julie - You're not one of the first any more. You belong to the last.

MISS JULIE. That's true. I belong to the very last - I am the last! Oh! But now I can't go - tell me once more I should go.

JEAN. No, now I can't either. I can't.

MISS JULIE. And the first shall be the last.

JEAN. Don't think. Don't think. You drain all my strength and make me a coward. What, I thought the bell moved. No. Shall we put a piece of paper on it? . . . To be afraid of a bell! But it's not just a bell. Someone sits behind it - a hand moves it and something else moves the hand. Just cover your ears - cover your ears. But then he'll ring even louder. He'll just ring until someone answers - and then it'll be too late, and then the police will come - and then. . .

Two rings on the bell (long rings),

Jean cringes, then straightens himself up.

It's terrible. But there's no other way. Go.

Miss Julie walks out through the door.

Black out.