

**THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH  
OF THE SUPREME EMPEROR  
OF CHINA  
AND OTHERS 10 MINUTES PLAYS**

**BY DOC COMPARATO**

**JARDIM BOTÂNICO – RIO DE JANEIRO, 2015**

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Original ten minutes play

## **THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF SUPREME EMPEROR OF CHINA**

By Doc Comparato

### **Summary:**

Two thousand years before Christ, the Emperor Chin, who created the Chinese empire, runs their land to realize his achievements and experience the elixir created by an alchemist.

### **Characters:**

**1 - Emperor of China**, a proud, authoritarian and merciless man with his vassals. He dresses richly and because has suffered attack, he lives prisoner of his own safety. He is considered a God. It's fake. Behind beautiful words can come great evils.

**2 - The Alchemist**, a wise and kind man who is aware of his discovery, but is afraid of the consequences due to the character of the Emperor.

**3 - The daughter of Alchemist**, young and beautiful, she protects your father, but she is afraid of the inhuman attitude of the Emperor. She tries to please him.

**Note:** Even though inspired by real events, this theater text is entirely fictional.

## THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF SUPREME EMPEROR OF CHINA

### EXT - MASTER'S HOUSE - DAY

We see the master and his daughter. We also see a red window in Chinese style, some bamboos, a table with objects and utensils of that time.

There are also two Chinese lanterns. We are in China. 2000 years before Christ.

On stage are The Master Alchemist and his young daughter.

MASTER

Before him there was no China. Were several kingdoms and principalities always at war. He united all and built an empire. As the philosopher Sun Lee said: the Emperor conquered the entire territory as if it were a trophy before the fears of his enemies became real.

DAUGHTER

Surely the Emperor is a great general and knows the art of humiliating and exterminating their enemies as if they were ants. Without mercy or clemency.

MASTER

Please, dear daughter, shut up. In this empire until the bamboo leaves have ears. We only have the right to cheer the victories of the Emperor. Stay alert. A small mistake can be fatal. He created...

At that moment we heard a strong trampling of horses.

Silence.

DAUGHTER

Thirty-six.

MASTER

The Supreme Emperor created an empire whose size is five continents together. His army is so powerful that can attack with four sides simultaneously and always at the right moment.

DAUGHTER

Did you hear what I said? Thirty-six.

MASTER

I'm not deaf daughter.

At that moment we heard a new and strong throng of horses.

Silence.

DAUGHTER

But it seems that the entire Court is coming here. It's endless the number of carriages...

We hear another throng of horses.

DAUGHTER

Thirty-seven.

MASTER

You never know what coach he will be. After the assassination attempt he suffered, the Emperor became the most reclusive person in the world.

DAUGHTER

The father should never have written that letter, describing your discovery and causing all this turmoil in our lives.

MASTER

But who would suppose that the Emperor would visit me in person? Here, in my house, in the garbage of the empire!

We listen undefined voices, slamming doors and the neighing of horses.

DAUGHTER

Father, we will not leave here alive. He will order his soldiers to kill us here in our own home. Remember... The magnificent Emperor killed the teacher of fire, the engineer of the big wall and the builder of dams.

MASTER

Shut up daughter.

We heard a drum roll. A huge box lights.

MASTER (cont'd)

It is him: The Emperor of all the Chinas.

DAUGHTER

For all ancestors, I beg clemency... It is the Lord of all universes in our backyard.

Moments. The box opens slowly and shines in the figure of a man richly ornamented with pearls, precious silks and embroideries. The vision should be impactful.

Master and her daughter lie on the ground as a sign of respect and they don't look at the majestic figure of The Emperor that comes slowly from inside the box.

EMPEROR

Even the drivers of coaches know which one I'm going to. I'm practically an invisible man. Remember: I am the son of the upper cosmos and the inner universe. I have the mission of being immortal and draw a perfect reality.

MASTER / DAUGHTER

Venerable Emperor, Lord of heaven and earth.  
We are honored by your visit.

EMPEROR

I am the Lord of earth, but still I am not the Lord of heavens. The upper universe is a place I have not won. I unified all the lands of China, ordered to build a wall with the blood, bones and flesh of the barbarians of the frontiers. And I decided the issue of Empire's borders. No one enters and nobody leaves without my permission.

MASTER

With your extraordinary knowledge and power you solved all the problems of our people. We will be forever grateful.

EMPEROR

Stand up.

The Master and the daughter stand up.

EMPEROR (cont'd)

But the way to reach the magnitude of my Empire was very simple. I called the wise men of my domains, because I'm also a very wise man. And due to this fact I mastered the land with huge walls, rivers with dam and the fire...

At this moment the Emperor throws a powder on the floor, causing a small explosion followed by smoke.

The Emperor laugh while the Master and his daughter are frightened.

EMPEROR

This is gunpowder, or if you prefer, you can call of fireworks. It is not stunning?

MASTER

That's magnificent!

DAUGHTER

We prepare for the Emperor our most sophisticated, laborious and delicious food. However, we are not rich people, but within our simplicity we try to do the best to feed such a distinguished figure.

The Master gets closer to the table and points to the Chinese dishes full of colorful and undefined food.

MASTER

It's always good to remember that your Majesty is not in Court, but in the house of a humble alchemist.

DAUGHTER

To begin, I have prepared a broth of fresh fruits of the forest with chopped mushrooms that have emerged in the first ray of morning sun.

EMPEROR

We rarely see this kind of food in the imperial banquets in Beijing. It's really a countryside and exotic food.

Master points to another food on the table.

MASTER

Here we have eggs of smaller birds of the forest, boiled, peeled and wrapped in different vegetables. So each little egg has a different color than the other. Of course, it depends on the vegetable. And the taste of each one is quite different, because it was buried in the earth for three days. And so they were cooked. It is an extraordinary dish.

EMPEROR

Yeah... The famous eggs that have been cooked for three days under the ground.

DAUGHTER

And from the river came these red fish without bones that have been cooked immersed in an aromatic, energizing syrup and seasoned with fresh herbs.

EMPEROR

And what is that?

MASTER

Duck meat. The chest was illuminated by the moonlight at night. And at dawn, they were lightly fried with various types of poppy leaves.

EMPEROR

Yes, the famous friendliness of the Chinese people.

The Emperor points to a plate on the table.

EMPEROR (cont'd)

And that should be the roast pork with vegetables.

DAUGHTER

Of course. A traditional food, it brings good fortune.

MASTER

We also have tea. Various types of tea. Some are so special 'cause we can find the leaves only here in this region.

The Emperor raises his arm.

EMPEROR

Enough! I did not come here to eat or drink. For this I have cooks and servants. Maybe you want to poison me.

MASTER

No! No, supreme Emperor! We even think that possibility. It would be outrageous to our family and ancestors.

DAUGHTER

We are your most loyal vassals and it is an honor to receive his imperial and magnificent presence in our humble home.

The emperor gives a great laugh.

DAUGHTER (cont'd)

If you allow me glorious Emperor, what do you search in my father's house, since you dominated the earth, fire and water?

The Emperor laughs again.

EMPEROR

The purpose of my visit is to know the best invention ever produced by the mind and your father's intelligence. Unfortunately he does not know what he found. But I know. I realized immediately when I read the message the specific reason of this strange liquid.

MASTER

My Emperor, as an alchemist, it's true that I composed a new substance, but I did not discover the specific function of this liquid yet.

DAUGHTER

(Speaks softly)

Father, he'll kill us.

MASTER

(Speaks softly)

Be quiet.

EMPEROR

But what good would this discovery? There is not solid, not liquid, it is a impossible substance to handle. However, if we touch it, it turns into thousands of small particles and is then able to join again and have otherwise. Its chemical composition is rare and unique.

DAUGHTER / MASTER

We do not know, supreme Emperor.

EMPEROR

But I know what it's for. I got an inspiration from heaven, and I found out. So I came here. Bring this strange liquid immediately. Let me see.

They bring a tray of liquid mercury. The silvery liquid dances in the tray.

The Emperor puts his finger in and touches the mercury. Laughs and shows great happiness.

EMPEROR (cont'd)

Magnificent. A divine substance. Unprecedented. I searched it for years. This liquid is heavier than the blood and it's the one that will take me to another life. This is the metallic blood! My burial chamber was built at a secret location. I ordered the construction of hundreds of armed soldiers made of land, horses, terracotta foods, underground pyramids, clothes, a full Court. A universe that will keep me in another world. It will be my heaven after death! But it lacked the cosmic fluid like blood to irrigate my veins. A liquid that was neither blood nor water and provide me life in eternity: immortality! And here it is: the sap of eternity!

DAUGHTER

Father... Maybe what will happen is the opposite of what we thought.

MASTER

Lord Emperor, Master of the universe...

EMPEROR

Do not argue with me! I am the image and likeness of God. I know perfectly what I say, what I want and where I'm going to. I want to be immortal.

MASTER

Emperor Lord, I pray you do not drink this infusion of mercury.

The emperor gives a great laugh.

EMPEROR

What ironic situation! I came here just to eat and drink this silvery substance and you offer me eggs, birds, fishes and ducks. Honestly...

Emperor takes the tray next to the mouth, but he does not drink. Moments. He remembers something.

EMPEROR

I command you to put me in the imperial coach thirty-seven, and call the driver immediately. He will take me to the underground pyramid in Beijing. Now I am sure that I will be immortal.

Moments. He drinks. Moments. The eyes are bulging, blood flows through the mouth, arms and legs stiffen and do not move and finally he breathes breathless. He sighs and drops dead.

## DAUGHTER

His eyes were bulging, the bleeding was so intense that the blood ran from his mouth. His limbs were stiff and twisted and he did not have time to ask for help... The breath was puffy and over. A horror picture, Dad. Why did not you tell the Emperor that when he fed our dog with mercury, the animal died without giving a bark? This substance is pure poison.

## MASTER

Because if he knew about the dog he would have killed us. We owe our life to the dream of immortality of the Supreme Emperor. What a pretentious idea! Thanks to the illusion of immortality we are alive.

The daughter and the Master put the body of the Emperor inside the box and close the door. Moments. Rataplan.

Lights fading slowly.

And then we see the illuminated figure of a Chinese warrior made of terracotta.

THE END.

Original ten minutes play

## **THE POWER OF NOTHING**

By Doc Comparato

### **Summary:**

The sister of an artist turns to the high court of Venice around the year 1500 to ask for mercy for a pretense crime committed by her brother Francisco, artist.

### **Characters:**

**1 – Woman in black**, sister of the artist. Inexperienced young lady, crybaby, trying to convince the judges on her brother's innocence. Though of fragile appearance , she argues on a par with the Senator Judges.

**2 - Senator 1**, Judge, aristocratic man. Conservative and a rigorous observer of the law. In truth , he defends his own interests. .

**3 - Senator 2**, Judge, aristocratic man. Conservative. Bad character. Defends the *status quo* of the Republic of Venice.

**Note:** Even though inspired by real events, this theater text is entirely fictional.

## THE POWER OF NOTHING

### INT. AUDIENCE ROOM. VENICE - DAY

We are in Venice, around 1500 AC, in the court of judgment. Who judges are two senators appointed by the court of Venice. The local government consists of a Duke called Doge and helped by a group of senators.

A young lady dressed in black is crying. She wears a black veil. Moments. While two senators dressed in black and wearing large silver necklaces go up and sit on two very high chairs that are in front of a tall table. There are some books on the table.

We see a big shell or banner of the Medieval Venetian Republic behind of the senators.

SENATOR 1

But we have not even begun the trial, and this young lady is already crying.

SENATOR 2

Silence! The court has not even started its work and you're desperate. Please, young lady, restrain yourself! Your crying is too high.

WOMAN IN BLACK

Honorable senators, maximum figures from Venice I beg for mercy. I ask for clemency, piety, mercy ... He does not deserve to be arrested. Please release my brother from the dungeons.

SENATOR 1

Understand! This court is very civilized and above all is pious.

Senator 1 takes a huge silver bell and shakes.

SENATOR 2

This infinitesimal trial is open. We are in the holy year of five hundred eighteen thousand, in the Most Serene Republic of Venice ruled by His Excellency the Doge the supreme authority of this great country. Known as the Duke.

Senator 2 puts some sheets of paper on the table.

SENATOR 1

As the young lady can see, the file regarding your brother is quite small. I would say it has no legal importance.

SENATOR 2

I would say that the problem is related to an absurd situation occurs with the people of Venice.

WOMAN IN BLACK

I beg your pardon.

SENATOR 1

The situation is like an orbit around the books. Again, again, and again! The same problem.

WOMAN IN BLACK

So your most excellent senators understand what happened?

SENATOR 2

Dear colleague Senator, there are more publishers working in Venice than brothels. See how far we get... All because of Gutenberg and his devilish movable type machine, which published piles of books. The real culture disappeared.

WOMAN IN BLACK

What the magnificent senator is trying to say?

SENATOR 1

The books are born as if they were a litter of rats. The machine works day and night. It is an uncontrollable proliferation.

WOMAN IN BLACK

I thought the senators had understood that books are a necessary good.

A young lady dressed in black begins to cry again.

SENATOR 2

Why this woman don't stop crying?

SENATOR 1

She did not understand until now what is a book. Her brother is arrested and she is losing time. Besides liars...

SENATOR 2

What these authors think are they? By chance does she know her rights? The knowledge is public. And if there is such a thing called knowledge... It should be public.

SENATOR 1

We do not pay right to God that wrote the Bible, why do we pay something to your brother?

WOMAN IN BLACK

My brother claims the right of creation.

SENATOR 1

Creation is a divine gift given by God which is not paid.

SENATOR 2

It is pure inspiration. And if you continue this absurd and heretical line of thought we will not get some kind of understanding.

SENATOR 1

Besides the books are full of lies.

Senator 2 picks up a book.

SENATOR 2

See this book. The title is "Utopia" and this work describes an imaginary place, without money or private property, the author is concerned with the collective happiness and a public organization of the agricultural production and all of this without a religious foundation. Of course he is an English author.

Senator 1 pushes the book aside.

SENATOR 1

My friend, close this book. There are worse books.

WOMAN IN BLACK

I don't understand. We are here to release my brother.

Senator 1 takes another book, opens and reads part of the text.

SENATOR 1

And this crazy writer who describes the future? He wrote that there will be giant mushrooms that spit fire and kill humans... (Reading) Birds of metal will fly in the skies: metal fish will swim in the bottom of the sea; it is the beginning of the end. (PAUSE) Multitudes will perish in hunger, sickness and injustice walking without direction... (PAUSE) The Arabs will invade Europe with their black oil and the world will change. Generals will make themselves kings and corrupt kings will sell their people for gold. (PAUSE) The people. The people will be forbidden to acclaim their own king. And the last Pope will be called Peter II and will be the end... The apocalypse.

SENATOR 2

This is terrible. It's a big lie.

Senator 1 closes the book.

SENATOR 1

He is a French author and he wrote these lines. Does this man think he is a prophet?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Why do the senators believe that the books tell lies?

SENATOR 2

Because the monks who copied manuscripts were saints.

Senator 1 takes a huge silver bell and shakes.

SENATOR 1

The press is a whore who should be banned. And your brother just created one kind of letters that he called italic. If it were a painting... a jewel... But a family of letter? Who in Venice wants to know who created a variation for a typeface?

WOMAN IN BLACK

All publishers, including your publishing company. It is a narrow, slender, beautiful, practical letter, besides being beautiful... It is an artistic creation.

SENATOR 2

Ah! Artistic creation? The book brings the title, the name of the publisher and banker who risked their money in this business venture. The rest is superfluous that does not interest the reader. Listen: neither the author nor the artists who worked on the creation of the book. It is the law here in Venice.

Senator 1 shows an official document.

SENATOR 1

After all the young lady came here to discuss with senators of Venice? What a petulance requiring money for creating the design and authorship of these little letters?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Little letters not. A whole alphabet.

Senator 2 takes a huge silver bell and shakes.

SENATOR 2

Silence! The young lady came here to sign a document that apologizes for the audacity of your brother who believes to be paid by his artistic creation!

SENATOR 1

No tears... You come here and sign this document of forgiveness. And then he will be released.

Woman in black approaches. And the Senator 1 from the high of the table delivers for her a document and a pen. She holds the pen and looks at the document. She hesitates.

BLACK WOMAN

One day it will end.

SENATOR 1

It's better you go back crying or sign this document. Because in Venice we are quite complacent. If it was in another place of the Italian Peninsula, your brother was already dead... Does you will sign or not?

SENATOR 2

She does not know what to do. But remember... who leads your world are the senators and the Duke.

## WOMAN IN BLACK

Do the most excellent senators know what I read about the Duke? The great Duke ...He has an egg head. Rotten. No hair. The cheeks are pale. The eyes are so teeny wrinkled that they seem an ass hole surrounded by chicken feet. He is almost blind. He stinks. Has a pig neck. The palate is full of holes. Black holes, like a moldy cheese. The nose looks like a carrot. He has donkey ears. A pigeon breast with cow's teats. So they read and comment that he has the back of a chair and the teeny chick... A belly like a frog. A wooden leg and a pork knuckle. It's lame, the great Duke. His foot has foot odor. His skin smell is like a spoiled lettuce. Ah!And he has legs of a twist chair. A monster.

## SENATOR 2

This is unprecedented! I never heard it in a court.

## SENATOR 1

It is an irreparable injury.

## SENATOR 2

Who did tell you that? Or rather, from where did you took so much fantasy?

## WOMAN IN BLACK

From a book. Written in Gothic lettering. Published by an editor... What the name of the publish house? The owner of it is a judge and senator who is here. Which of you published this book?

## SENATOR 1

Do not say the name. We do not go forward in this matter. The problem here is the creation and the artistic right. All these books will be burned.

SENATOR 2

Oh my God! I do not control my own business!

SENATOR 1

Exactly, Senator. All these books must be burned. Because the supreme figure of the Duke is at stake.

SENATOR 2

No. We are at stake. Say something about the Duke...

SENATOR 1

Everybody knows that the great Duke is a beautiful, gorgeous, intelligent man always mounted on his white horse, with a blue plume at the top of his hat.

SENATOR 2

That's it. And that's all... Young lady, you will sign or not sign the request for forgiveness and denying the authorship of your brother Francisco?

WOMAN IN BLACK

I am in doubt.

SENATOR 2

We have no doubts.

SENATOR 1

Our benevolence came to an end.

SENATOR 2

And now, if you not sign, you go to jail for offending the higher authority of Venice. Just like your brother.

Moments. Woman in black sign the document.

WOMAN IN BLACK

It's done. Release my brother and let us go in peace.

Senator 2 takes a huge silver bell and shakes.

SENATOR 1

The trial is finished. Your brother will be released immediately.

Light on a large glass jar covered by a cloth, where you see a severed right hand immersed in a transparent liquid. Black woman screams and cries.

SENATOR 2

However, some punishment your brother had to suffer.

SENATOR 1

It was a tragic accident that occurred in the dungeon.

Woman in black approaches the glass and slowly lifts the cloth. She shrieks and starts crying.

WOMAN IN BLACK

No! Oh my God! This is not possible!

SENATOR 1

Thankfully was not the neck.

WOMAN IN BLACK

My brother did not deserve this. He is only a dreamer artist...

SENATOR 2

Artists are very unstable and he could again make the same type of crime. For example, invent a new letter font.

The young lady takes the glass cloth and then we see the right hand of his brother floating in a clear fluid. His right hand was severed. The image is striking.

WOMAN IN BLACK

You cut off the right hand of my brother. He can never draw again...

SENATOR 2

A terrible accident that proves the authorship of creation should not be paid.

SENATOR 1

Artists are like birds that can fly like no other. But always end up trapped in the cage of power.

Senators start laughing.

Lights extinguishes slowly.

The hand inside the glass lights. The young lady cries.

**THE END.**

Original ten minutes play

## **THE MORTAL SIN**

By Doc Comparato

### **Summary:**

A Bishop at the Vatican between 1800 and 1900 should appreciate the offer of a million dollar donation from a Brazilian faithful to the Church whose counterpart would be a century of daily masses for the soul of the giver. To better study the process requesting the assistance of a banished priest who served in Brazil. The Bishop has a nun as servant and assistant. The action takes place at the time arises a succession of opportunity in the Vatican, but the Monsignor has threatened the health and power as act up the case. In the surprise ending, we find the reason.

### **Characters:**

1 - Monsignor young pedant, refined, authoritarian, is led by pride to become everything that abhors.

2 - Priest banned, sincere priest, honest and intelligent, the question of the Bishop and the Church positions. After mission in Brazil, he was banned from the highest levels of the Vatican. Befriends the Monsignor.

3 - Nun, young, helpful, attentive and helpful. Apparently defending Monsignor tooth and nail. Turns out another side of his personality. Falsehood.

**Note:** This text theater, even though inspired by real events, it is entirely fictional.

## THE MORTAL SIN

### 01. INTERIOR. OFFICE OF MONSIGNOR. ROME. DAY. 1850.

Fade in.

We are in the office of the Monsignor at the Vatican. We see a table and beside a large crucifix with the image of Jesus Christ crucified. A nun arranges a tray on the table, while chatting with a priest who walks by the site.

NUN

Monsignor does not like to repeat food. What he eat for lunch, he doesn't repeats for dinner. His food must always, always be fresh. He is an exquisite being. Follows all the rules. And he is very dear here in the Vatican. I sense that he will be a bishop.

PRIEST

Thank you, sister, for the relevant and irrelevant information.

NUN

Why irrelevant, brother? Because I said refined? Follow all laws? Are you insinuating that I'm stupid? But I am not. I do not live in the House for banned priests, retired and forgotten. I serve at the heart of the Vatican, in the Episcopal wing, priest. In the holy year of 1850. A time of joy for the Church.

PRIEST

So a little humility might do you well ... In the House for banned priests, we don't have sisters to help us, as you know, or better, we have a few sisters. Humble, poor and selfless. Effectively is no place for you, who is only accustomed to gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Enter the Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR

The Lord is with you!

BOTH

And also with you, Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR

I had a splendid meeting with Cardinal Pardelene. As you may know, he should take the Holy Office. Without the Holy Office, the Church does not work. The Inquisition keep the man arrested to the morals.

PRIEST

Any moral. Both false or true.

MONSIGNOR

Two moral? In the Church of Christ there is only one moral. Invisible and present: it is faith. There is no conflict or mystery in faith. And in faith there is only one moral: the law of Holy Mother Church. Is dictated by the Holy Office, whose chief inquisitor will Pardelene Cardinal, with whom I had a splendid meeting.

NUN

Your lunch is exemplary. A green salad, a light pasta "al pesto", then a vegetable with potatoes and roast lamb. A lemon tart. Wine...

MONSIGNOR

I lost my appetite, sister. Incidentally, is repeating the pasta "al pesto" several times...

Nun grabs the tray and exits.

PRIEST

This sister had not the slightest respect for me. Nothing. None.

MONSIGNOR

Perhaps the Reverend has not given respect.

PRIEST

Monsignor, I'm already tired of hearing ready phrases. So far, I do not know why I was banned by the Church hierarchy. I do not know ... I really don't know. Every day I know more cases of people who are banned and swallowed from Church, from life. I wonder why people have no explanation. It is God's plan? It is a punishment from God? Or isn't a punishment from the Church? It is a proof? ... I was not invited to the Mass of Cardinal. Afterwards I was taken from my post in the Vatican, and I was sent to Brazil. Then I returned, but I had no function, so I was being subtly absorbed by the College of Retirees and banned. A wasteland where nothing happens. Despite all my work, titles, positions

and contacts. The rings are gone ...  
Perhaps this nun is filled with reason.  
I do not get respect.

MONSIGNOR

But you spoke truths in public. Made  
sarcastic remarks. Questioned. With  
a glance seemed to dissect the  
character of the other. This can be  
very threatening.

PRIEST

Perhaps, it may seem silly, childlike  
defense... But I think I was banned  
for being naive. Others have done  
worse things and are currently up to  
bishops and cardinals.

MONSIGNOR

... I need you because I have to give  
my opinion on a certain process from  
Brazil that will be signed later by His  
Holiness the Pope, I need someone  
to tell me about Brazil. So give me  
some kind of information about this  
far away land... I'm giving you an  
activity, rather than keep asking why  
you was banished.

PRIEST

Please explain to me: What dictates  
the process about Brazil?

MONSIGNOR

This man, Mr. Joaquim José... Mr.  
Silva. No matter, it's here in the  
document. He bought a million  
Masses in memory of his soul. In fact  
he wants to buy a century of masses,  
every day a mass. To pay in gold.  
Advance, of course. He owns all the  
gold mines in the province of São  
Paulo to the Central Forest. These  
lands are so rich like that? Can  
anyone owning all these gold mines?

PRIEST

The lands are very rich and are distributed in monopolies. A few families dominate the entire country. A man owns gold mines, another owns the coffee plantations, another diamonds. And the question is: And the Catholic Church will fulfill a hundred years of daily masses? It is a long tract.

Monsignor reading the paper.

MONSIGNOR

"In the province of São Paulo, in the Church of Our Lady of All Saints Centre, at five o'clock in the morning, except on holidays and Sundays at the main altar"... The church will fulfill. The church has several centuries of existence, is the oldest enterprise in the world and always accomplished all the promises.

PRIEST

Are you sure?

Enters the nun.

NUN

Sorry to interrupt, Monsignor. Cardinal Pardelene urgent mail. It's an invitation.

MONSIGNOR

Open and read.

NUN

The Cardinal is inviting Monsignor for the evening procession will towards Saint Benedict square. Monsignor will walk beside him. Christ, what glory! It's a very honorable position.

Monsignor gives a groan. Puts his hand on his leg.

MONSIGNOR

A sudden leg pain. I gotta sit down.  
My God what is this?

Fade out.

## **02. INTERIOR. OFFICE OF MONSIGNOR. ROME. AFTERNOON. 1850.**

Fade in.

Monsignor is sitting in a chair with a cane. The nun and the priest are present. The image of Jesus Christ crucified on the crucifix was removed. Now it was replaced by one white cloth.

MONSIGNOR

Could not have gone for the procession from Cardinal was a significant lack. This will hurt me in the Vatican hierarchy.

NUN

Was not your fault Monsignor, it was the leg's problem.

MONSIGNOR

Who was in my place?

NUN

Monsignor Telmo.

MONSIGNOR

That Spanish disgusting spitting on people while talking. Liar and cunning! He wants to be a bishop and knows nothing of Theology.

PRIEST

Monsignor asked Christ if it was a punishment? May have been a revelation, a sign.

NUN

Christ would never punish Monsignor! The Holy Spirit would not allow. I'll get there a little more ointment.

Nun leaves.

PRIEST

The sister treats you Monsignor in a very special way... Is there anything that I can't know?

MONSIGNOR

Do not be evil. What do you mean? What are you implying? One trick of the devil. Soon my leg will be fine and I personally take the report to the pope for approval. A century for the Church of Christ is nothing. Receive the fortunes of these mines, the gold and we'll take the word of a century that will be daily Masses for the soul of the deceased Silva.

PRIEST

I'm not implying anything. I'm just stating. How can we make sure that this man in a century will have daily masses in the province of São Paulo in memory of his soul? The future is unpredictable, even for the Catholic Church, the oldest business on earth, we can't give assurance even about our own lives.

MONSIGNOR

The Church is infallible in faith, religion and morality, this is guaranteed. And this is a Catholic dogma. All religions have their dogmas. Mysteries of every creed are to be followed without question. And for all this I will be a bishop and you became banned. Come on, sign it. Sign. I did all the calculations and I managed to get twenty-five years. Now we'll just celebrate seventy-five years on the main altar. The other may be on side altars and some I suppressed by canonical reasons.

The priest takes the pen and signs.

PRIEST

I have no doubt. The Monsignor will be a bishop.

At that moment the Monsignor stands up and puts his hand on the other leg.

MONSIGNOR

Ow... ow... My other leg. I can't stand with the cane, my other leg is also hurting.

Enters the nun with the ointment.

NUN

It is a... courier has arrived from Brazil that was already opened by the papacy. Already know the news? Mr. Silva died... I brought the ointment... What is happening?

Fade out.

### **03. INTERIOR. OFFICE OF MONSIGNOR. ROME. NIGHT. 1850.**

Fade in.

The conversation with Monsignor Priest that stands on two canes. The white cloth has disappeared and the crucifix appears empty, it is only a cross.

MONSIGNOR

They want me to use crutches. I do not want crutches. I prefer to walk with two canes. These doctors do not know anything. An unknown disease that attacks the nerves and the spine, which immobilizes the leg muscles. They should know. What is this disease?

PRIEST

And the effects are started. You did not take the case to the Pope and they sent Don Telmo.

MONSIGNOR

Everything that comes out of your mouth smelling of sulfur. It seems Satan himself.

PRIEST

But Monsignor hates Don Telmo.  
Want him dead. The foul calls.  
However you are not jealous of Don  
Telmo. Curious feeling envy, so  
impetuous as punishment.

MONSIGNOR

It's true. I hate Monsignor  
Telmo. But I do not envy him.

PRIEST

Because you don't want to be him. Do  
not want to own one mediocre figure.  
That have bad breath, that mouth,  
that look of ox... that ignorance... And  
then ask yourself: how can I hate  
such a disgusting thing? And so no  
one is jealous of him. This is a big  
advantage over other human beings, I  
suppose. He is hated, but no one  
feels jealous of him because it is itself  
a punishment of nature.

MONSIGNOR

In other words, the banished is son of  
jealousy and hatred.

PRIEST

Yes, the clergy hates Don Telmo and  
envy Monsignor.

Enters the nun.

NUN

Sorry to interrupt. Vatican released  
the list of future bishops...  
Unfortunately Monsignor is not  
contemplated.

PRIEST

And Don Telmo?

NUN

It is one of the first names on the list. Incidentally, he sent this recollection estimates and wish that you get better.

Nun delivers to the Monsignor a cane.

NUN (Cont'd)

He said to walk, in some cases like yours, three canes are much more comfortable than two canes.

MONSIGNOR

That itchy dog! I want to impale him with a cane, from ass to the mouth.

NUN

Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR

Please just. Just ... There is no reason for this. I lost my control.

NUN

Don Telmo also sent a new number of Mr. Silva's masses to the Pope. He took twenty-five year process. Will now only fifty years of daily masses.

Fade out.

#### **04. INTERIOR. OFFICE OF MONSIGNOR. ROME. DAY. 1850.**

Fade in.

Monsignor with four canes, two on each side. There is no cross. Monsignor looks like a spider. The nun gives the pen for the Monsignor signs the processes.

NUN

Processes that are old deserve your signature. Other accompaniments are petitions. And some are closing management.

Monsignor signs. Suddenly stops and holding the pen.

MONSIGNOR

But this is the petition Da Silva... What happened? He will not have fifty years of Masses?

NUN

Pity, Monsignor. The church will come down and will build another church, much broader. I think it will be a cathedral. In this case, the Pope instead of the masses, decide to put a plate in a lateral corridor.

The priest enters pushing a wheelchair.

PRIEST

And the money will be returned to the family?

NUN

He had no family.

PRIEST

Rare case. Mr. Silva was the only one who I met that was banished after death.

MONSIGNOR

A commemorative plate. No more masses. All resolved. A marble plate solidifies the desire of a faithful servant of the Lord... In place of a million masses, a marble plate. A fair exchange.

NUN

Don Telmo will come to your office. And Monsignor will live in the House of Banned Priests, Retired and Forgotten...

Monsignor sit on the wheelchair and the nun takes all the canes.

MONSIGNOR

Once you fall into the void, you can never exit.

The nun leaves with the canes.

The Bishop in his wheelchair and the priest drives him.

MONSIGNOR

I will write a letter apologizing for the Pope.

PRIEST

Forgiveness for what? ... We know that faith moves mountains. But as someone said the other day: Envy carries entire mountains.

Lights fall.

Focus on the nun holding a lighted candle.

## NUN

I am the sister Angelica Pardelene. From Pardelene Cardinal family. We have a lot of power in the Vatican so I can be nosy. And my uncle choose Don Telmo to serve him ... I have in my region some sort of mushrooms that is used as dry powder. It's very powerful. If you used day by day mix in the food, poisoning your nerves, mainly the leg nerves.

She smiles and then blow the candle.

Black out.

**THE END.**