

# TOYS

drama script by Oana Cristea Grigorescu  
on original poem by Marin Sorescu

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directed by  
Mihnea Chelaru

## **cast**

### **GRANDMA**

Rodica Mandache

### **DAUGHTER**

Nicoleta Lefter

### **BIANCA**

Bianca Chelariu

### **FANTASY HORSE**

Cosmin Șofron

### **PAUL**

Dan Clucinschi

Music by Codrin Lazăr

Sound design by Mihnea Chelaru and Codrin Lazăr

Production assistant Janina Dicu

Editor Oana Cristea Grigorescu

Duration: 6 minutes 53 seconds

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## Synopsis

For *Toys*, a poem by Marin Sorescu, part of the volume of *Don Quixot' s Young Years* (1968), we imagined a realistic situation, complementary to the verses, for taking an overview of life, for facing the loneliness of old days and the yearning for the lost childhood as an emotional counterbalance to death. In our dramatic version of the poem, the diorama of life unfolds in front of Grandma's mind.

*SFX. INTRO*

**BIANCA:** Whoa, whoa, my little colt!!! Gee up!Gee up!

**GRANDMA VO:** We, who are frightfully old, who have no longer slipped over on the ice since the long gone interwar period or, had we accidentally ever slipped over we would have surely ended up in shattering a whole year, one of our stiff and important years made of plaster... We, who are frightfully old...

**BIANCA:** Whoa, whoa!

**GRANDMA VO:** We sometimes realize we miss our toys...

**BIANCA:** Whoa, whoa, gee up! (*she suddenly kiss her Granny*)

**GRANDMA:** Oh!

**BIANCA:** Mum took me horse riding, Granny.

**GRANDMA:** Did she now? And did you enjoy it?

**BIANCA:** Of course I did. They gave me a little white colt, Stelutza. You can't imagine how gentle it was, can you, Granny.

**GRANDMA:** My sweet...

**BIANCA:** I learned how to ride, Granny.

**GRANDMA:** Hmm...

**BIANCA:** I mean it. Don't you believe me?

**GRANDMA:** Oh, yes, I do, I do... And what is this?

**BIANCA:** You mean this ? It's a rocking horse, can't you see? Look, it's got a mane, too.

**GRANDMA:** I see...

**BIANCA:** Mum bought it for me. Look at me, Granny, look at me...trot, my little colt, trot!

**GRANDMA:** Yes I'm looking.

**BIANCA:** Trot, trot, gee up, my little colt!

**GRANDMA:** Trot, trot!

**GRANDMA VO:** I wish I could ride a horse, a wooden rocking horse, and I wish the horse neighed and I could say: ,, Take me somewhere,...

**FANTASY HORSE :** To my Kingdom?

**GRANDMA VO:** ... I don't care where ...

**FANTASY HORSE:** ...the dear departed are waiting for you beyond the gate...

**BIANCA:** Trot, my little colt, gee up!

**FANTASY HORSE:** Come on, be brave, mount!

**GRANDMA VO:** Toys... Sometimes I really do miss them a lot!

**DAUGHTER:** Hey Mum, I'm here!

**GRANDMA :** Yes, dear. Very well!

**BIANCA:** Trot, my little colt, gee up! Speed away!

**DAUGHTER:** Bianca!

**BIANCA:** Look, Mum, I'm riding.

**DAUGHTER:** That's enough, Bianca, come now, pack your things, we're leaving.

**BIANCA:** No, Mum. Please...

**GRANDMA:** Won't you stay just a little longer?

**BIANCA:** Yes. Please.

**DAUGHTER:** Come on Bianca, daddy is outside, waiting in the car.

**BIANCA:** Ok...

**GRANDMA:** Your brother no longer comes to visit me, hmm?

**DAUGHTER:** Paul? He's busy, Mum. I don't know. Come along, Bianca, have you packed everything?

**BIANCA:** Yes, I'm ready.

**DAUGHTER:** Say bye to Granny.

**BIANCA:** Bye, Granny.

**GRANDMA:** Good bye, my dear.

**DAUGHTER:** Do you need anything, Mum?

**GRANDMA:** No, thank you.

**GRANDMA VO:** I have everything I need.

**DAUGHTER:** Bye!

**GRANDMA:** Bye!

**GRANDMA VO:** Toys. That's what I miss. I miss the sheer optimism of a doll's woolen heart... and the three masted boat, that can sail equally well on water and on dry land. Toys... Sometimes I really do miss them a lot!

**PAUL (on answering machine):** Hello, Mum. I'm afraid I won't be able to come and check on you this week... You'll manage, won't you? If there's anything wrong, just give me a call. Bye.

**GRANDMA VO:** I can't even feel sad about it... or cry. I miss crying. Crying my heart out, while gripping the chair leg... for we are very much old and there is nobody older to comfort us.

THE END