

SHORT PLAYS  
OF THE PHILIPPINES



EDITED BY JEAN EDADES

# SHORT PLAYS OF THE PHILIPPINES

1958 Edition

EDITED BY

JEAN EDADES

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INCLUDING

ADVICE FOR THE AMATEUR DIRECTOR

By THE EDITOR

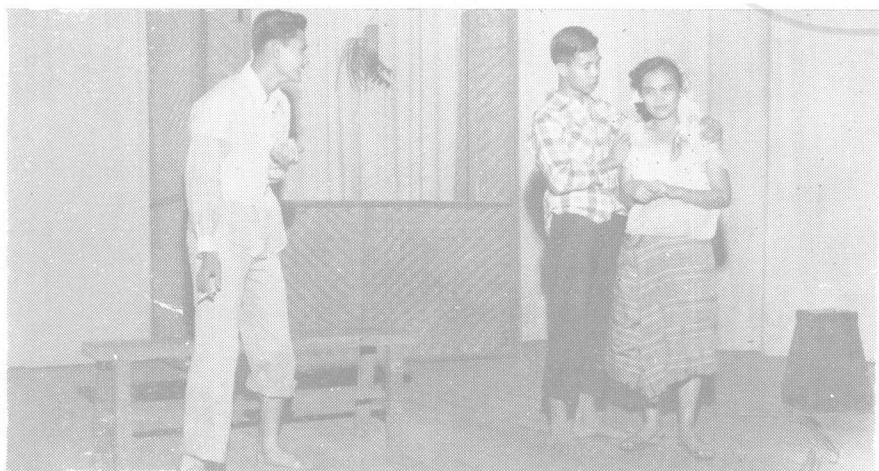
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Arellano University, 1955

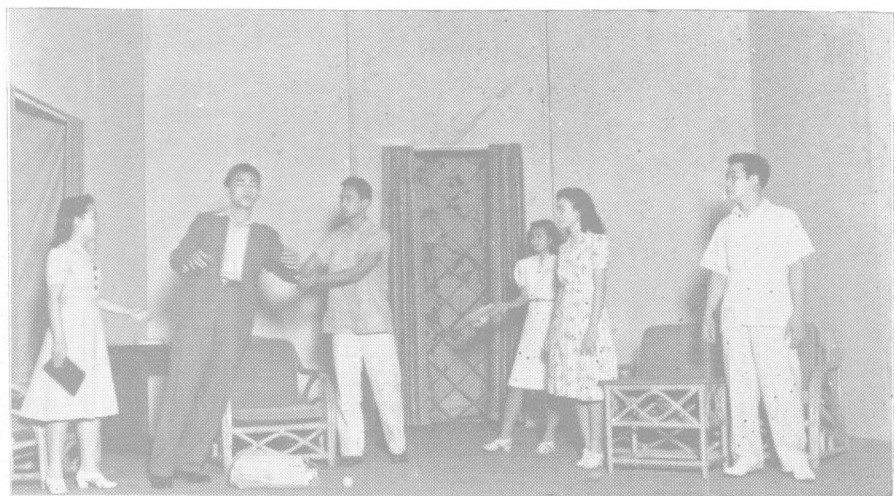
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### CRISTINA GOES BY WITH THE GOATS

*by Rachel Mack*

"I thought of you when I was building the little house."

Mariano Santos, Jose Arcangel, Anita Esteban.



University of the Philippines, 1941

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### HELP WANTED

*by Domingo Nolasco*

"What? Another one! My God! This is too much!" Fe Balagot, Silvestre Bersamin, Louis Alba, Helena Tobias, Emy Yuvienco, Rogelito Nite.



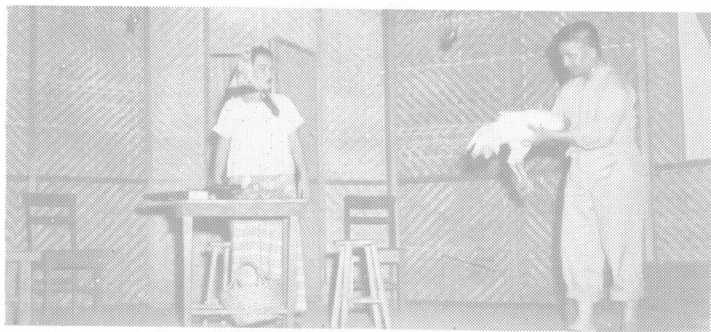
University of the Philippines, 1941

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### EDUCATING JOSEFINA

by Lilia Villa

"Father, did you miss me while I was away?"  
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Arellano University, 1950

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### SA PULA, SA PUTI

by Francisco Rodrigo

Teresa Arzaga Boucher, Jose E. Lukban.  
"Kulas, are you at it again? I thought you had  
sworn off the cockpit."



## FOREWORD

SHORT PLAYS OF THE PHILIPPINES first appeared in 1950 published by the late, much-loved Robert S. Hendry. It comprised fifteen playlets selected from among all the dramatic works by Filipinos that I could gain access to at the time.

The 1950 edition contained eighteen plays, and the present volume reprints them all, besides Isabel Taylor's "The Efficiency Expert," which won Third Prize in the Annual Carlos Palanca One-Act Play Contest for 1957. This hilarious comedy was written too late for inclusion in *More Short Plays of the Philippines*, which appeared in 1957, but fortunately is here made available through the courtesy of Mr. Carlos Palanca, Jr.

I am deeply grateful to the authors of the plays for their kind permission to include their works, and to the following persons whose editorial discernment first brought some of them before the public: Florentino Cayco, editor of *Boy and Girls* and now President of Arellano University; A.V.H. Hartendorp, editor of the *Philippine Magazine*; A. C. Fabian, editor of the Graphic; R. McCulloch Dick, editor of the *Philippines Free Press*; N. V. M. Gonzalez, former editor of the *Evening News Magazine*; Sol H. Gwekoh, editor of *Philippine Plays*; Geronimo Sicam, editor of the *Davao Yearbook* for 1947; and Kerima Polotan Tuvera, editor of the Arellano University *Literary Review* for 1949.

JEAN EDADES

Manila  
June, 1958

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PLAY PRODUCERS

There is only one way to ensure the continued writing of worthwhile Philippine plays, and that is to compensate the authors each time their plays are produced. The rental fee, or royalty, for presenting on a stage or over the air any of the plays contained herein has been set at ₱10.00 per performance for each, with the exception of the three-act "Husband of Mrs. Cruz," for which the royalty is ₱15.00. This rule applies *even if the performance is for charity or some other worthy cause.*

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## EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED IN THE STAGE DIRECTIONS

*Upstage* means the rear of the stage—the part away from the audience, while *downstage* means the portion toward the audience. *Right* and *left* are from the point of view of the actor. *Above* an object means on the upstage side of it, and *below* means on the downstage side.

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# EDUCATING JOSEFINA<sup>1</sup>

a satirical comedy

by

LILIA A. VILLA

## CHARACTERS

INGO .... a farmer

TONIA .... his wife

JOSEFINA .... their daughter

TIME: *The present. About ten o'clock in the morning.*

SCENE: *The main room of a poor Filipino home. Calendars and pictures of prominent Filipinos cut from newspapers are hung or pasted on the walls. A door up right is the entrance to the house. Door left leads to kitchen and bedroom. A window at right. A bench down right. Table left center; below it a bench long enough to seat three persons.*

*As the curtain rises, TONIA, a middle-aged woman, is walking restlessly around the room. INGO, fifty years old, is on right bench smoking a cigar, one of his legs up on the bench.*

TONIA: Pinang ought to be coming now. She said in her letter that she would be here before ten o'clock.

INGO: Have the church-bells rung?

TONIA: Yes. Didn't you hear?

INGO: Then Pinang must be here any moment now. I wonder how the child will look with her short hair. Do you think

she looks like the picture she sent us? You know, I haven't much faith in pictures.

TONIA: Ingo, you know Pinang is pretty. Anything will look pretty on her. (*Goes above INGO; looks out window.*)

INGO: But bobbed hair, bahl! Bobbed hair is all right for American girls and mestizas. I don't believe it becomes Filipino girls. And Pinang is dark. I

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Boys and Girls* for January, 1939.

don't know what's come over her. She used to be very simple, but now her letters are full of silly ideas.

TONIA: (*Moving left above Ingo and sitting on the other end of his bench*) Let's hope for the best. I'm sure Pinang wouldn't cut her hair unless she was sure she would look better.

INGO: (*With a sigh*) I wish we hadn't sent her to the city.

TONIA: Oh, don't you want to have an educated daughter? This is her third year in the University. The year after next, she will be a pharmacist, and the first in this town. Won't you be proud to be her father? I only hope you don't lose your head when people say, as you pass, "That is the father of Pinang, the *Farmaceutica*." Now, don't you be wishing that we hadn't sent her to the city to study.

INGO: Pinang *must* amount to something. Think how much we are sacrificing for her education.

TONIA: (*Standing*) Don't you worry. Very soon she will have her own drugstore, and we shall live very comfortably.

INGO: Most of our savings have been used up, and all the returns from our farm have gone to pay her expenses. And you and I are living on as little as

we can. In fact, I've given up drinking.

TONIA: Let's sacrifice now, Ingo. We'll have our reward afterwards.

INGO: Don't be cocksure. I've just been thinking that a girl like her won't stay long unmarried. There are many boys in Manila, you know.

(*Noise of a truck outside. Voices.*)

TONIA: (*Running out*) She's here. (*Exit.*)

INGO: Ay, at last! (*Exit.*)

(*More noise. Laughter. TONIA enters with a basket of packages which she puts on the table. JOSEFINA enters next with boxes in her arms. She is nineteen years old, fashionably dressed. INGO enters last, carrying a suitcase. He remains near the door.*)

JOSEFINA: Well, here I am again.

TONIA: (*Indicating table*) Put those boxes here, child. I'm so glad you've come.

JOSEFINA: The same old place. Nothing's been changed.

INGO: (*Putting suitcase down at right*) Aren't you glad to see your old home? You haven't been here for seven months.

JOSEFINA: (*Sitting on left bench*) I'm so tired. Mother, will you give me a glass of water?

TONIA: Yes, yes. (*Exit, left.*)

INGO: (*Puts suitcase on floor, right end of right bench*) What have you brought with you?

JOSEFINA: I went shopping before I came, Father. Oh, what nice things there are in the city. And so cheap too. (*Stands; goes left of table. Ingratiatingly*) Look here, Father, I bought a lovely *barong tagalog* for you. (*Fumbles among packages.*) And for Mother, a sweet, sweet *terno*.

INGO: Your mother and I don't care to be *postura*. You know that. You should not have spent your money.

JOSEFINA: I can save on some other things, Father. Here it is. (*Holds up the barong tagalog.*) Why, it becomes you, Father. It makes you look twenty years younger. (*INGO holds barong tagalog to his shoulders and struts down right. Enter TONIA.*)

INGO: Look what our daughter has brought for me.

TONIA: It's beautiful. You can wear it at the town fiesta next week. Here's your glass of water, Pinang. (*JOSEFINA sits again.*)

JOSEFINA: Mother, will you remember this? Please don't call me Pinang again. I don't like the name. It's awfully provincial. My city friends call me Jo.

TONIA: Dio? Doesn't it sound like the name of a boy?

JOSEFINA: Or you may call me Josephine. (*TONIA stands left of bench and touches JOSEFINA's hair.*)

INGO: (*Putting barong Tagalog on right end of bench*) Diosepin! What *Kadiablohan* is all this?

JOSEFINA: (*Drinks*) How nice and cool the water is. Mother, what are you doing with my hair?

TONIA: How beautifully you fix your hair! How do you do it?

JOSEFINA: Please don't touch it, Mother dear. I just had it fixed in the beauty parlor last night. You mustn't crumple it. It cost me a *peso*.

INGO: Do you spend a peso for somebody to arrange your hair? You think you are a millionaire's daughter, ha?

JOSEFINA: Please, Father, you can't expect me to do these ringlets by myself.

INGO: One peso for getting your hair combed! You can save that peso and ask for less money.

You don't know the value of money. You think it grows like mushrooms. By looking at the things you've brought, I can tell where most of the money I've been sending you has gone.

JOSEFINA: Mother, will you give me a fan, please? I'm so warm.

TONIA: Better change your clothes. You'll feel better.

JOSEFINA: Oke-doke. (*Exit, left, with suitcase.*)

INGO: What did she say?

TONIA: That must be German. She told me that she studies German. (*Goes behind table. Begins opening packages.*)

INGO: I hardly recognized her when she came down from the truck. Curled hair, red lips and cheeks like those of an *artista*. And did you notice her nails? I thought at first that they were bleeding.

TONIA: I didn't recognize her at once either. To me she looked funny. But I guess that is how modern girls dress nowadays. I wonder whose pictures these are. (*Holds up framed pictures of Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn.*) They look to be Americans. Maybe they are classmates of hers.

INGO: Didn't I tell you that there are many boys in the city?

TONIA: (*Looking closely at Errol Flynn's picture*) This one looks like my *manong*, Terio. He was a very handsome young man, and he shouldn't have died young. What's this, a doll? (*Holds up a baby doll.*) Pinang's too big to play with dolls. But perhaps she wants to have one anyway. She didn't have any doll before, except the cheap ones I bought at the fair. Ingo, you put your *barong tagalog* away in the *baul* now. You will be very *postura* indeed on the day of the fiesta. Aba! this is a *terno*. I wonder if she intends this for me. How lovely it is. Pinang has good taste. (*Enter Josefina in slacks.*)

JOSEFINA: (*Down left*) So you've opened the packages, Mother. That *terno* is for you. Don't you like it?

INGO: Since when have you been wearing men's pantaloons?

JOSEFINA: (*Crossing TONIA, going up center*) Ha, ha, ha! Of course this is the first time you have seen a girl wear slacks. These are called slacks. Nita's dressmaker made them for me.

INGO: (*Sits down, right.*) And who is this Nita? Another crazy girl like you?

JOSEFINA: Just because you're old-fashioned and provincial,

you think we modern girls are crazy.

INGO: What did you say?

JOSEFINA: There, there, don't get angry. I said Nita is my best friend. Remember why I didn't come home during the semestral vacation? I was a guest at her house. Oh, Father, this is the first time I noticed your hair. It's white. (*Runs her fingers through INGO's hair.*) But I think it's beautiful. I will put the *barong tagalog* in the trunk now, ha, Father?

INGO: Never mind. Tell me why you've brought a doll.

JOSEFINA: It isn't for me. It's for my little godchild, Sela. I'll go to Aling Luisa's by and by and give the doll to Sela. It's a bargain. (*to TONIA*) Imagine, I got it for seven pesos only.

TONIA: Seven pesos!

INGO: Seven pesos only! Jesus! You can't go on spending like this. What a spendthrift your daughter is, Tonia!

TONIA: She is your daughter also. She gets it from your brother, Juan. (*Comes to left of JOSEFINA.*) Remember, child, your uncle Juan died of hunger. At first, he owned a farm much bigger than your father's. He was so free with his money that

he lost everything he had after a few years.

JOSEFINA: Oh, I know when to stop. Besides, that doll is a bargain. It ordinarily costs twelve pesos. (*Sits left of INGO.*) Father, did you miss me while I was away?

INGO: What?

JOSEFINA: You didn't feel sad while your little girl was away? Father, please, may I ask you something?

INGO: What is it?

JOSEFINA: May I have ten pesos?

INGO: Ten pesos. *Susmariose!* What do you think I am, a gold mine? Didn't I send you fifty pesos last month?

JOSEFINA: That was not enough. Nita had to lend me ten pesos out of her own money.

TONIA: You see, that's what comes from buying these bargains of yours.

JOSEFINA: Please, Father. *Sigue na!*

INGO: I have no money.

JOSEFINA: You have, but you just don't want to give me any.

INGO: (*Raising his voice*) I have no money, I tell you.

JOSEFINA: (*Sits weeping*) Nita will call me *balasubas* if I



don't pay her. (*Stands.*) And she won't be my friend any more. I'll lose all my friends. (*No answer. She weeps louder.*) Yes, you want me to lose all my friends. You don't love me any more. (*Wails like any spoiled child. INGO stands.*)

TONIA: Hush, Pinang.

JOSEFINA: How many times must I tell you not to call me Pinang?

TONIA: Diosepin. Your father will give you the money as soon as he gets it. Stop crying.

INGO: Leave her alone, Tonia. The girl's getting spoiled because you pet her too much. Go and cook the rice.

TONIA: All right. (*Exit. INGO follows her to see if she is out of hearing. Comes to left of JOSEFINA.*)

INGO: How much do you want?

JOSEFINA: (*Stops sobbing.*) Ten pesos only.

INGO: It's fortunate that Kadio paid his debt this morning. Here, it's exactly ten pesos.

JOSEFINA: (*Jumping up*) I said you had the money.

INGO: But not a word to your mother, or I take it back.

JOSEFINA: (*Laughing*) You're

the best father on earth. (*Kisses him on the cheek.*)

INGO: (*Wiping his cheek*) Never mind. (*Crosses JOSEFINA; sits down right. Begins chewing buyo. Enter TONIA.*)

TONIA: You must go out and buy a box of matches, Ingo.

JOSEFINA: Mother, you'll help me take down those ugly pictures on the walls. They are simply unbearable.

TONIA: What's wrong with them? (*Points to pictures on left wall.*) President Quezon is good-looking enough, and so is Osmeña.

JOSEFINA: But civilized people don't cut pictures from newspapers and paste them on walls. I have some new pictures with me. (*Holds up some pictures.*) This is Robert Taylor. This one is Errol Flynn.

INGO: (*Stands*) Your classmates?

JOSEFINA: (*Laughing*) Of course not. They are actors from Hollywood. Robert Taylor—can he make love! Erroll Flynn—I could die for him!

INGO: (*Spitting out of the window*) Pueh!

JOSEFINA: And this is Nita. (*Sits middle of left bench.*) She

looks very much like Betty Grable. But of course you don't know who she is. This is Nita's brother, Dick.

TONIA: What is his name?  
(*Comes and sits left of JOSEFINA.*)

JOSEFINA: Dick.

TONIA: Dik! Dik-dik! What a funny name.

JOSEFINA: Oh, you people! You should see Nita's house. (*INGO comes and sits right of JOSEFINA.*) It's like a little palace. When I stayed at her house, I had a nice room to myself, and a maid too. Nita's mother is beautiful and kind. She has plenty of jewels. She doesn't work. What white, smooth hands she has! And her brother, he's so dashing and handsome. I wish we were as rich as they.

TONIA: Wait till you finish your studies and become a pharmacist. We'll have a better life then.

JOSEFINA: I don't want to study any more. I'm getting thin.

INGO: How can you have a profession if you don't study first? And you want to live as rich people do.

JOSEFINA: Yes, I like high life. (*Stands ecstatically. Walks*

*down right.*) I'd like to live in the city, in a big, elegant house, with jewels, servants, friends—

TONIA: (*Stands. Crosses over to JOSEFINA.*) Remember that we are only poor country folks. We must be satisfied with our lot.

JOSEFINA: I'll have those things soon.

INGO: How?

JOSEFINA: (*Crosses TONIA to up center, between parents.*) Do you want to know? Well, I might as well tell you now that next month I'll be married to Dick, Nita's brother.

TONIA: (*Sinks on right bench.*) Are you out of your mind?

INGO: Do you realize what you said, Josefina?

JOSEFINA: What's wrong about my getting married? You two got married, didn't you?

TONIA: My God!

INGO: What about your studies? Don't you realize how much we have done to keep you in the University?

JOSEFINA: My studies? I've stopped studying since last month. Nita's brother is rich. There's no need for me to have a profession any more.

INGO: (*Stands.*) Why didn't you tell me that before? I could