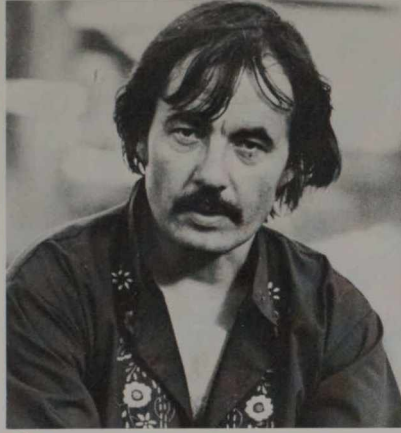
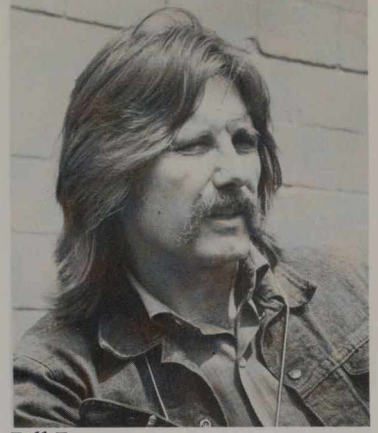




Michel Tremblay



George Ryga



Bill Fruet

(Indian catches him by arm and rolls him to fall face down in the dust. Indian pounces on him.)

INDIAN: What you call man who has lost his soul?

AGENT: I don't know. Let go of me!

INDIAN: We have name for man like that! You know the name?

AGENT: No, I don't. You're breaking my arm!

INDIAN: We call man like that sementos. Remember that name . . . for you are sementos!

AGENT: Please, fella — leave me alone! I never hurt you that I know of . . .

INDIAN: Sure.

(Releases Agent, who rises to his feet, dusty and dishevelled.)

AGENT: I want to tell you something . . . I want you to get this straight, because every man has to make up his mind about some things, and I've made mine up now! This has gone far enough. If this is a joke, then you've had your laughs. One way or another, I'm going to get away from you. And when I do, I'm turning you in to the police. You belong in jail!

INDIAN: (Laughs) Mebbe you are man. We been in jail a long time now, sementos . . .

Wedding In White

WILLIAM FRUET, born in Lethbridge, Alberta, was an actor in Canada and in Hollywood before he began writing. His play *Wedding in White*, first produced in Toronto, became, in critic Judith Crist's opinion, one of the ten best films of the year. It will be part of the American Film Institute's Canadian Film Festival at Washington's Kennedy Center two-week Bicentennial Celebration.

The play's special quality is its realism — a realism both Canadian and universal. It depicts the vulnerability of the poor with unsentimental accuracy. There is much to be despised in the lives portrayed but only the shallow-minded would despise the people. It was inspired by life as observed by the playwright when he was ten years old.

"This young girl was wheeling a baby buggy down the street and this very old man was with her. I knew it was not her father or grandfather. I knew it was her husband just by the way he walked with her and I knew there was a tremendous imbalance. Years later I brought it up

to my mother and she revealed the whole story to me." The story was that a girl who had been raped by a soldier was forced into a marriage with an old man, a friend of the family, to preserve the family's reputation.

The father clings to an imaginary respectability as if it were a fig leaf and he a naked virgin. The son and the son's Army pal — the rapist — are worthless not because they refuse to achieve something of value but because there is nothing of value which they could realistically achieve.

The scene in which the father and the 60-year-old bridegroom arrange the marriage gives the flavour of the play:

SANDY: Maybe you can find her a husband somewhere . . . aye that's what you gotta do Jimmie.

JIM: Bahhh! Who the hell would want her now?

SANDY: If I was younger I sure as hell would! She's a fine looking girl. (Snaps his fingers.) I'd marry her like that!