



## **Portrait of a Young Woman**

By Selena E. Molina

### **Synopsis**

The subject of Italian painter Parmigianino's portrait Antea (also known as Portrait of a Young Woman) has long baffled art scholars. This historical fiction seeks to end that debate.

Antea is much more than paint on the Painter's canvas.

Young Antea is playful and innocent. Old Antea is hardened but admirable. And the Antea caught in his paint, she is the most fascinating of all. As Antea tells her tale, her past, her present, and her future weave together demonstrating the human condition—the changes and challenges we all must endure and the ingrained resentments we cannot shake.

Finally with a voice, Antea has much to say.

### **Named Cast (FP = female presenting, MP = male presenting)**

- Antea (18-25, FP, Mezzo)
- Young Antea (5-12, FP, Soprano)
- Mother (25-40, FP, German accent, Soprano)
- Father (25-40, MP, German accent, Bass)
- Old Antea (50-70, FP, Alto)
- Grandson (5-12, MP, any voice part)
- Daughter in Law (25-40, FP, british accent, Mezzo)
- Son (25-40, MP, british accent, Tenor)
- The Painter (20-35, MP, Italian accent, Tenor)


+ Chorus of Madrigals (all voice parts)

### **Production Plans**

- Staging notes: the stage is segmented into three, one for each timeline: (1) Antea and the Painter use center stage; (2) Young Antea, Mother, and Father use stage left, and (3) Old Antea, Grandson, Daughter in Law, and Son use stage right
- Set
  - Green backdrop across entire stage matching portrait
  - Removable panels for the other timelines
    - Outdoor somewhere in Great Britain for Old Antea
    - Inside a modest soldier's house in Germany for Young Antea
  - Set pieces
    - Chair & easel with canvas for stage center

- Bench for stage right
- Living room chair for stage left
- Movable living portrait pieces
- 16th Century garb (painting was created circa 1525)

SONG LIST			
#	Title	Original	Cast
	Overture	Calata ala Spagnola	
1	Opener	 Das Gläut zu Speyer	All Cast
2	I Am Antea	 "Hayducki" by Mik...	Antea
3	Young Antea's Theme v.1	 Hans Leo Haßler, T...	Madrigals
4	A Mother's Love	 Thomas Morley L...	Antea & Mother
5	Respect Your Father	 Apostrophe au peti...	Father & Old Antea
6	A Father's Burden	 Beatus homo qui i...	Father & Son
7	Raising Our Son	 Orlando di Lasso, ...	Daughter in Law & Son
8	Silent & Still	 "Maria zart, von e...	The Painter
9	Young Antea's Theme v.2	Same as above	Madrigals
10	Trust Not Too Much	 Orlando Gibbons (...)	Mother, Antea, Old Antea, Painter & Father
11	Dance (Painter & Antea)	TBD	N/A (instrumentals only)
12	Young Antea's Theme v.3	Same as above	Madrigals
13	In Your Imagination	 Banchieri   Contra...	Young Antea & Antea with Madrigals
14	A Mother's Note	 J.Wannenmacher - ...	Mother & Antea
15	Young Antea's Theme v.4	Same as above	Madrigals
16	My Painter	 Wir danken dir, O ...	Old Antea

SONG LIST			
#	Title	Original	Cast
17	Pain Sequence	 Monteverdi: Hor c...	All Cast
18	Young Antea's Theme v.5	Same as above	Madrigals
20	I am Antea (reprise)	Same as above	Young Antea, Antea, Old Antea
21	Opener (reprise)	Same as above	All Cast

### OVERTURE/ENTR'ACTE

*(curtain opens on preset portrait, completed, with removable face for Antea, all cast enters admiring the work gossiping and singing about it)*

#### **Opener (original text, sung by all cast)**

*(unnoticed as the song ends, Antea stands behind portrait and replaces face, Antea remains frozen until the music ends; all cast exits as song ends; Antea steps out and the portrait is disbanded, she addresses the audience directly)*

**Antea:** I hear I'm quite famous. Infamous really. Although my master gave me a name, he refused to disclose my true identity. Unaided, the masses still struggle to place me, to fit me neatly in any expected role. In my memorialized state, I appear to some plain, to others extraordinary. As you well see, I don a mix of luxury and commonplace items, odd indeed. (music begins during monologue)

#### **I Am Antea (to Hayducki)**

*They have wondered who I am  
Struggled and pondered of that madame  
My name they know, first at least, yes, I am Antea  
When the people look at me  
Beautiful and solemn I must seem but  
They don't know if I am a lover or betrayer  
Who is she, oh who is she, oh  
I'm not free, oh I'm not free, though  
I am Antea  
I'm captured in his paint,  
Oh I'm captured in his paint*

**Antea:** Trapped in this paint, I see them, I hear they wonder. And I wonder, too. Was I innocent, the ingenue, or a devious and sultry paramour? Was I a person dear to the artist or someone for whom he felt nothing at all? The answers will forever haunt me.

**Young Antea's Theme, v.1 (original lyrics)**

*(the madrigals sing while Young Antea runs in from stage left and hides behind the preset chair)*

**Antea:** I forget much about my youth, of the time before the Painter took so much from me. I was free then.

*(Mother enters stage left gently searching for Young Antea, with Young Antea's winter clothes in hand)*

**Antea:** *(looking lovingly at her)* And my mother. What I wouldn't give to have her wrap me in her arms one more time.

**Mother:** *(calling)* Tea?

*(Young Antea giggles)*

**Antea:** I'm right here, Mother.

**A Mother's Love (to La Girandola)**

**Antea & Mother (fugue)**

*The love she gave me, it will stay*

*The love she gave me will stay*

*Mother's love and daughter's love*

*She loved me and I loved she*

*We gave our love*

*A mother's love*

*Mother, daughter*

*Love your mother*

*Love your daughter*

*(musical interlude, scene plays out of mother getting sick, letters sent between, mimic a rewind to bring mother back to "present")*

*A mother's love*

**Mother:** Oh Tea, please. We must get going. Father says there's no time today for your games.

*(Father enters)*

**Antea:** I have no interest in seeing him. *(Exits)*

**Father:** *(coldly)* Enough.

*(Old Antea enters stage right with Grandson's hand in hers as he cries)*

**Respect Your Father (to Apostrophe au petit Iesu couché dans la creche, one verse)**

**Old Antea (to Grandson) & Father (to Young Antea)**

*Respect your father, and obey him*

*Be seen, not heard*

*Your playfulness is such a burden*

*Be seen, not heard*

*A father's job is to provide*

*Respect your father, you will abide!*

**Old Antea:** You should cherish your father! He only wants what's best for you.

**Grandson:** But he never lets me play! He only cares about house work and my lessons. Oh Grandmother can't I play with you? *(He clutches as her legs and she pushes him away and sits on a nearby preset bench, he follows sheepishly)*

**Father:** Home is a place for order and obedience. No more *(with disdain)* frivolity.

**Mother:** She's only a child, dear.

**Father:** A child run amok. You shall both be outside in five minutes. That's a command. *(exits)*

*(Mother goes to comfort and prepare Young Antea for the event)*

**Old Antea:** You dry your eyes young man. And thank the heavens you never met my father. *(Coldly)* Now go inside and apologize to your father or I'll show you how stern an elder can be. That's a command.

*(Grandson exits stage right, Mother and Young Antea exit stage left)*

**Old Antea:** *(to the sky)* Oh Father, you'd be so proud. Terrifying a child, causing his tears and pain. I expect you quite enjoyed that moment. Rest assured, I did not. I do not wish to cause him pain, to be the one he fears. But I must keep him safe! This world is not like it was in your time. Dangers lurk in all corners and only through a firm hand will he survive.

*(Mother and Father enter stage left)*

**Mother:** Why do you have to be so stern with her? She's growing more terrified of you every day.

**Father:** Gut! She needs to learn to be frightened. I am frightened! Just last week, cousin Wilhelm's little girl went missing. They think she followed a man into the woods. And across town, they found a child's body mutilated in the alleyway. I will not allow our daughter to be next. Even if I have to be the villain, even if she hates me for it. I have to keep her safe!

*(Mother and Father embrace as he holds back his emotion, Mother exits leaving father alone, Son enters with Grandson in hand)*

**A Father's Burden (to Beatus Homo, Lasso)**

***Son (to Grandson) & Father (to audience) (fugue)***

*A father*

*A father's burden*

*Preventative*

*Preventative*

*Defense and shielding*

*Always protecting*

*A father's love*

*It is love*

*It is love*

*A father's love is strong*

*Strong*

*Yes I am always strong*

*Always strong*

*A father's burden*

*Ah*

*Ah*

*Father's burden*

*(Son goes upstage with son, Daughter in law enters approaching Old Antea)*

**Daughter in Law:** I know you mean well but could you try, perhaps, a gentler approach?

**Old Antea:** He needs to toughen up.

**Daughter in Law:** But he's a child.

**Old Antea & Father:** Children need to be taught. (father exits)

**Old Antea:** Do you have any idea how difficult it can be to build a worthwhile life? Of course you don't. You have known nothing untainted by the sheen of privilege and wealth. Why you ever chose to stray so far below your station to wed my son will forever baffle me. But I will not let you raise my grandson unwise to the world around him. He must be prepared!

**Son:** (*rushing to his wife's side*) Mother. Stop this at once! (*takes Daughter in Law into his arms*)

**Daughter in Law:** I'm fine. I know you think little of me. And I am wise enough to know I can never change that.

**Son:** But he is our son. We will raise him as we see fit, Mother.

**Raising Our Son (to Beatus vir qui in sapien morabitur)**

***Son & Daughter in Law***

*Our son*

*Our home*

*Our fam'ly*

*We will raise him*

*Our son, our son*

*Our son*

*Our home*

*Family, fam'ly*

*We will raise him*

*This life*

*Of ours*

*Our family*

*Our son*

*Our son*

*Ah*

*We'll raise our son*

*You and I*

**Son:** Now, mother, if you cannot stay silent and support us, (*struggling*) then, maybe, you should find somewhere else to stay. (*Daughter in Law and Son exit*)

**Old Antea:** *(to audience, increasing in anger; pacing): Stay silent? Stay silent? Stay silent!?*  
*(collapses in frustration back on bench, seethes in anger until next line)*

**The Painter** *(entering and joining in sync, direct Antea to center stage): Stay silent. Stay still.*

**Silent & Still (to Maria Zart, von Elder Art)**

**Painter:**

*Stay silent*

*Stay still*

*Release to my will*

*Your beauty I must capture*

*I'll paint you on canvas, you will live on*

*My art, my muse, my love for you consumes*

*My love, my love, Antea*

*I'll capture you*

*You captivate me*

*Your way, your charm*

*Inspires my art*

*Stay silent*

*Stay still*

*I must capture you*

*My love, my muse*

*Silent and still*

*I, I will capture you*

**The Painter:** I must memorialize everything that you are and everything that you have brought to me. *(positioning her with admiration)* The world simply must see this.

**Antea:** *(flattered)* Me? You wish to paint me? Sir, I really must complete my tasks, the madame surely will not be pleased—

**The Painter:** Never mind her. You are my muse! No more chores for you, no more housework or menial duties. You, my dear *(taking her face in his hands)* are art.

**Antea:** *(trying awkwardly to pose as models may)* Shall I... or maybe, this? Oh, I have never truly thought about how it might look to others if I... *(striking a new pose)* is this what you are wanting?

**The Painter:** *(laughs)*



**Antea:** I knew this was a mistake, please allow me to go ... *(begins to leave)*

**The Painter:** *(stopping her)* No, no, you misunderstand. Your beauty, your unique, captivating beauty comes from your idle moments. I have watched you stay silent as you wait for us to finish our meals or call for your assistance. So pure, untainted, unbothered. You, in your idle place, that is what I wish to capture.

**Young Antea's Theme, v.2 (original lyrics)**

*(the madrigals sing while Young Antea runs in, pursued by Father, lights dim on Parm & Antea, lights up on Old Antea)*

**Father:** Halt! *(Young Antea abides, madrigals stop abruptly)*

**Mother:** *(entering quickly)* I will calm her, dear, please go back to your work.

**Father:** *(to Mother)* This cannot continue. There is no place for such wickedness. *(to Young Antea)* Hear me clearly—

**Father, Antea & Old Antea:** Children must be idle.

**Old Antea:** I am no child. I have paid my silent, idle time, to Father, to the Painter. How dare my own son demand my silence? He shall not have it. *(exits angrily)*

**Mother:** Antea, please go play. *(Father glares)* And do try to keep it down. *(Young Antea exits)* What has you so stressed my dear?

**Father:** We need to prepare her. It's almost time.

**Mother:** *(exasperated)* She's not ready, she's still too young, my dear. Can she not be a child a bit longer?

**Father:** This is all for her!

**Mother:** How? How can you possibly think selling her to that household is best for her?

**Father:** I am not selling my daughter. I am protecting her! Don't you understand? Despite our victory in Italy, the Imperial Army has not been paid. They have abandoned us. This, this life that you enjoy, it cannot sustain. They will come for us. They will take everything we have.

**Mother:** Let them. Let them take it all. All but her!

**Father:** What fanciful thinking! Love will not feed her. Educate her. How do you expect us to provide for her when they take all this away!? (*gentler*) She does not need to know such struggle. In Rome, she can pay her way through housework. And she will be protected.

**Mother:** Protected? What are you not telling me?

**Father:** You needn't worry about it. All is in order.

**Mother:** (*glares, urging him to explain*)

**Father:** (*with a sign*) Alright. The rumblings are growing. The Duke will soon face the consequences of his abuse. I have the numbers to gather the others and ensure that he is brought to justice. I know this is the right thing to do. Please, trust me. But it will be a rough battle, and there will be residuals. She needs to be elsewhere until it is safe.

**Mother:** (*distressed*) Oh, dear...

**Father:** I vow to you: Once this is resolved, we shall march to Rome and I will collect Antea and all the riches within her reach. We will finally have all we need, all we deserve. (*taking her hands*) She will be safe. Dear, my beautiful dear, you have my word.

**Trust Not Too Much (Gibbons, original lyrics)**

**5 part - Mother, Antea, Old Antea (reentering), Painter, Father**

(*all exit except Painter & Antea*)

**The Painter:** How is it that you can stay so still? So unassuming?

**Antea:** I'm told I was a rather rebellious child. But my mother taught me that it is now my place to serve, to tend to the wishes of my masters and to want for nothing.

**The Painter:** (*approaching suggestively*) Do you truly want for nothing?

**Antea:** (*flushed*) I want only to please you.

**Dance - The Painter & Antea dance to instrumentals only, have options, need to pick**

(*The Painter & Antea end in a suggestive embrace & freeze, the lights dim on them; Son enters with Daughter in Law stage right*)

**Daughter in Law:** Your mother speaks of wealth like it's an evil. But you were barely a pauper.

**Son:** We had reserves for sure. But mother rejected anything above that necessary to survive. Bankers would plead for investments, suitors would seek her favor, but she never strayed.

**Daughter in Law:** Was it because of your father? Her love for him?

**Son:** *(scoffs)* There was no love there. She gave him everything, but when the Imperial Army came, he abandoned her.

**Daughter in Law:** I thought he died in the Sack of Rome?

**Son:** That is the tale she tells. The truth is, he fled. The cowardly artist left her behind, knowing she had no one and nowhere to go.

**Daughter in Law:** Her path has been tumultuous.

**Son:** Oh, my love, I know it is irrational, but I cannot be yet another man who abandons her. I will reason with her, I swear. She will be better, you'll see. *(lights dim and they exit quietly)*

*(lights up on Parm & Antea, they break away abruptly and he goes back to painting)*

**The Painter:** What about your father?

**Antea:** My father was a stern and disciplined man.

**The Painter:** Was he military?

**Antea:** Oh no, nothing more than a farmer. When he passed, my mother followed shortly after and I came here to work.

*(lights dim on Parm & Antea)*

**Young Antea's Theme, v.3 (original lyrics)**

*(Mother enters with Young Antea, stage left)*

**Mother:** You must tell them you're an orphan.

**Young Antea:** What's an orphan?

**Mother:** That means me and your father are no longer here to care for you.

**Young Antea:** *(growing emotional)* Where are you going?

**Mother:** Nowhere, my dear. But you must tell your masters that we have passed. Think of it as make believe. You can create whatever stories you'd like about us and then imagine that version of us is no longer here.

**Young Antea:** But you'll still be here, right?

**Mother:** Always. Now what stories would you like to create? How about for your father? Wouldn't it be quite fun if he was a farmer?

**Young Antea:** *(greatly amused)* A farmer!? Father could never be a father.

**Mother:** In your imagination, he can be anything.

**In Your Imagination (to Contrappunto bestiale alla mente)**

*(Mother, Young Antea & Madrigals; Mother takes bass line, Young Antea joins chorus of animals)*

**Mother:**

*Join me in this world of wonder*

*Your imagination, boundless*

*Here you can create your story*

*Be whatever you want to be*

*(Young Antea breaks into laughter and the two embrace and exit; lights up on Parm & Antea)*

**The Painter:** *(frustrated)* We've lost the light. You musn't distract me so much as I work. Then I shall never finish.

**Antea:** I am most sorry, sir.

**The Painter:** *(coldly)* We will resume tomorrow. *(exits)*

*(Antea takes a letter from her pocket, as she silently reads, Mother enters stage left, writing)*

**Mother:** My Dearest Antea - Oh how I hope this letter finds you well. I write with good news, my love. The time for us to reunite is nearing. Your father's battalion has convinced the

dishonorable Duke Charles to lead them toward Rome. Your father will follow your instructions toward the greatest of riches and then he will come for you. You will finally be free of your servitude, and can return home at last.

*(Antea places the letter back in her pocket; Antea & Mother sing)*

**A Mother's Note (to: An Wasserflüssen Babylon)**

***Mother***

*I sent to her a mother's note  
I sent her love in all I wrote  
He'd go there to take her home  
Home without my daughter in it  
It was not home, but he would see fit  
He'd go there to take her home  
To die without a goodbye kiss  
To never learn what I had missed  
I prayed he'd go to bring her home, her home  
I sent to her a mother's note, with love and care I wrote  
I kept from her, by sugarcoat, my illness not of note  
Ooh,  
Ah,  
I filled my note with love, love  
A mother's love  
A mother's note*

***Antea***

*When I received my mother's note  
She sent me love, love  
She wrote he would come and take me home  
Home without my mother in it  
It was not, was not home, was not home  
Soon he'd take me home  
She died without a goodbye kiss  
I never learned what I had missed  
A mother's love stuck in a note  
I'd lost my home  
She sent to me a mother's note  
She gave me love and care, she wrote  
But ah—  
I did not know*

Ooh,  
Ah,  
She gave me love, love  
A mother's love  
A mother's note

**Young Antea's Theme, v.4 (original lyrics)**

*(lights dim on Antea; Mother exits; Young Antea enters skipping)*

**Young Antea:** *(sing song)* Father was a farmer, Mother loved him so, once Father was a goner,  
Mother had to go *(giggles)*

**Father:** *(from off stage)* Halt's maul! *(Young Antea cowers and exits)*

*(The Painter enters and approaches Antea)*

**The Painter:** Let us try this today *(he dresses her with the ferret and earrings from the portrait)*.  
Yes! Yes, that's it. Bellissima! *(he begins painting)*

*(Old Antea enters stage right wearing the same earrings)*

**Old Antea:** *(to audience)* I wear these when I wish to be close to him. All those hours spent posing, I could not help but grow fond of his ways. I learned every line in his face. Every expression he could possibly make. *(The Painter acts out expressions as she speaks of them)* His wide excited eyes, his frown of distaste when his brush betrayed his purpose, his admiration that compelled him to stop in awe. How warm his stare, how fulfilling and intoxicating. It felt like... love. Was it love? To some extent? Sometimes he would become so moved that he would rise to kiss me. *(Parm rises and kisses Antea on the cheek, Old Antea holds her cheek feeling the memory)*. I think of those moments often.

**My Painter (to Wir danken dir, o Gottes Lamm)**

**Old Antea:**

*My Painter, dear, felt dear to me  
He filled my cup with all he could see  
He saw me as some beauty  
I— betrayed  
He betrayed  
We betrayed  
My painter  
My dear*

*My dear*

*(Old Antea exits with grief, the Painter returns to painting)*

**The Painter:** I am nearly finished now.

**Antea:** And you are satisfied?

**The Painter:** Most satisfied.

**Antea:** What shall you do then? Once you've finished?

**The Painter:** Uncle has arranged for us to paint the church of San Salvatore in Lauro. And then, well, I must turn to what moves me.

**Antea:** Your next muse?

**The Painter:** Why, yes, the work mustn't become stale. *(proudly)* It is complete. I need my sealant. *(The Painter exits)*

*(Antea pulls a letter from her pocket, Father enters as she reads silently)*

**Father:** Daughter. We are nearing Rome. We shall be there on the sixth sunrise of May. Once we have breached the walls and I have secured sufficient bounty, I will come for you as I promised your mother I would. *(Pauses with grief, then collects and delivers sternly)* I expect you to be ready. Father.

*(The Painter enters before Antea can return the letter to her pocket)*

**The Painter:** What do you have there?

**Antea:** Oh nothing *(turning away and trying to put the letter away)*

**The Painter:** Who would be writing you letters? You have no family. *(growing jealous)* Is it a man? Have you been giving yourself to another man while I allow you to lay in my bed?! *(moving toward her aggressively)*

**Antea:** Of course not. It is but a scrap of parchment. Please.

*(The Painter rips the letter from her hands and reads it, furious)*

**The Painter:** What is this? You are no orphan! You are... and your father is... a German? An Imperial soldier!? What treachery is this?!

**Antea:** Please, I never meant to hurt you. And my father surely never would.

**The Painter:** The Imperial troops care for no one. If they are truly coming to Rome, they are coming to pillage and slaughter!

**Antea:** They are not! They are coming for what we are owed. For the riches that your kin horde and lord over the rest of us.

**Pain Sequence (to Or Che'l ciel et la terra e'l vento tace) (original lyrics sung by All Cast)**

*(while all sing, Antea & Painter fight & he packs up to leave, Father grieves at Mother's grave while Mother looks on angelically, Old Antea argues with Son and Daughter in Law, Young Antea & Grandson look on and try to cope, will be choreographed, by the end Father & Young Antea exit, Daughter in Law exits, Painter & Antea freeze in dispute)*

**Old Antea:** She thinks her wealth grants her some privilege, to live a life of leisure. She does not know of hard work or struggle. Yet she pities us! Can't you see that she thinks we are beneath her?

**Son:** She certainly does not. She is my wife and the mother of my son. You cannot continue to speak of her that way, mother. I will not allow it.

**Old Antea:** Allow it? When did you start speaking to your mother that way?

**Son:** I am the man of the house now, mother. If you are to stay in my home you must abide.

*(Old Antea and Son sit together on the bench, lights up on Parm & Antea)*

**The Painter:** For the entirety, you were nothing more than a covert enemy, plotting against our solitude. Lying with every breath!

**Antea:** It was not all lies. Every moment with us was true. I love you!

**The Painter:** Love? *(scoffs)* You forget your place. This *(displays painting)*, this is the only value you held. And now it's mine. You are nothing. *(exits, Antea crumbles as light fades around her, lights up on Old Antea and Son).*



**Son:** Mother, please. You know I love you. And I want you in our life. But my wife and my son must come first. Can you not understand that?

**Old Antea:** *(after a moment of deliberation)* Of course, son. You are a good man and I know you will live your oath, as good men do. *(Sighing)* She is far from what I would have picked for you... *(son grimaces)* But that is the last I will say about it. You have my word.

**Son:** *(relieved)* Come, let us go back inside.

**Old Antea:** I will be right there.

**Young Antea's Theme, v.5 (original lyrics)**

*(as Son exits, Young Antea enters, packed bag in hand)*

**Mother:** *(from offstage)* Come, Antea, it's time to go.

**Young Antea:** *(shouting off stage)* Coming! *(to audience)* Hi, I'm Antea. I have the most wonderful mother in the world.

**Father:** *(from offstage)* Schnell!

**Young Antea:** That's my father, bleh! I'm a lady now, so my parents say it is time for me to work. I am off to Rome, where I will take care of a house for artists. *(dreamily)* There, I can play make believe and pretend my father was a farmer *(giggles, animal noise from off stage)*. I'll remember my mother as she is. She is already perfect. I will miss her the most. *(freezes)*

**Son:** *(from offstage)* Mother?

**Old Antea:** I'll be right there. *(to audience)* That's my son. He has grown into an admirable man. Firm, yet kind. Confident, yet self-aware. Sometimes I see so clearly his father's determination running through him. But he will do better. He must.

**Grandson:** *(from offstage)* Grandmother, come play!

**Old Antea:** *(unintentionally harsh)* In a minute. *(checking herself, adding kindly)* Dear. *(to audience)* That's my grandson. He has the most wild spirit. My mother used to say the same about me. Somewhere along the way, though, I changed. I had to. I cannot imagine what would have become of me, of us, if I did not... But my son is right, my father's coldness ran through me, a dormant genetic defect, no doubt. I will be better. Like my mother.

**Mother, Son & Grandson:** *(from offstage, with love)* Come, Antea/Grandmom, we're waiting for you.

*(Old Antea & Young Antea look to the voices and freeze with a smile)*

**Antea:** *(from the ground, rising naturally as she speaks)* No one called for me. The Painter walked out that door and fled from the war without a second thought. I waited for my father, broken and incomplete. Eventually, I found his body pierced by the sword of a Swiss Guard. For a moment, I almost felt... but then I saw his expression. Even in death, he reeked of contempt. For me, for this world. That was my father. Do you want to know how he told me of my mother's passing? *(pulls note from her pocket, Father enters devastated, having difficulty writing, Antea reads coldly)* "Your Mother is dead." *(Father exits)* That's it, that's all he wrote. I wanted to stomp on his body, punish him for the life he brought me. But I knew it would have pained my mother. I paid my respects and then, I gathered all I could and fled for a new life, for me, *(holding her stomach)* for us. I left so much behind. Captured, caught, in his paint, suffocated by his sealant. He called it "Antea: Portrait of a Young Woman."

**I am Antea, reprise (to Hayducki)**

**Antea, Old Antea & Young Antea:**

*They have wondered who I am*

*Struggled and pondered of that madame*

*My name they know, first at least, yes, I am Antea*

**Antea:**

*When the people look at me*

*Beautiful and solemn I must seem but*

*They don't know if I am a lover or betrayer*

*(verse repeats)*

**Young Antea:**

*When my father looked at my*

*Wild and crazy I did seem but*

*Mother knew who I was a silly little player*

*(verse repeats)*

**Old Antea:**

*Now my son, he cares for me*

*Wild and crazy his son will be but*

*Still I know, I know me, I am Antea*

**All:**

*Who is she, oh who is she, oh*

*I'm not free, oh I'm not free, though*

*I am Antea*

*I'm captured in his paint,*

*Oh I'm captured in his paint*

*(Anteas embrace, Old Antea & Young Antea encase Antea again the portrait, all cast enters and sings)*

**Opener, reprise (original text, sung by all cast)**

*(As song ends, Antea stands behind portrait and replaces face, Antea remains frozen until the music ends; Antea steps out and the portrait is disbanded, she addresses the audience directly)*

*(all cast leave Antea, again, trapped in the living portrait, after a few moments frozen, curtain closes)*

**THE END**