



## Desdemona Production Script

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## DESDEMONA

June 8, 2011 - Production script

1.

DESDEMONA

My name is Desdemona. The word, Desdemona, means misery. It means ill fated. It means doomed. Perhaps my parents believed or imagined or knew my fortune at the moment of my birth. Perhaps being born a girl gave them all they needed to know of what my life would be like. That it would be subject to the whims of my elders and the control of men. Certainly that was the standard, no, the obligation of females in Venice when I was a girl. Men made the rules; women followed them. A step away was doom, indeed, and misery without relief. My parents, keenly aware and approving of that system, could anticipate the future of a girl child accurately.

They were wrong. They knew the system, but they did not know me.

I am not the meaning of a name I did not choose.

Bianca?  
~~overhearing~~  
~~consp. with~~  
~~another~~  
 hearing Kokoa's  
 music - his friends  
 to it.



[Song: *Desdemona*]

Mouso ni kolow déyé moussoya kè kolangolow yé  
 O kô ouhi...  
 E ma don wa moussoya tè kolangolow yé sa

Ka tchè bila tchè tô ou gnè fô woloba niouman  
 Ka tchè bila tchè tô ou ni san tchè fô fouroumousso niouman

Dou baou nia bâ mousso mousso  
 Dou baou tchi bâ mousso  
 Gua baou nia bâ mousso mousso  
 Gua baou fara ba mousso

Mâ bissé kola mousso bissé kola  
 Mâ tissé kola mousso bissé kola

Ouhoun ouhoun é Mona  
 Walahi mona

Ouhoun hounhoun Desdemona (text starts)  
 Ouhoun hounhoun é Mona

Walahi mona  
 Ouhoun hounhoun Desdemona

Moussoni kolow déyé moussoya kè bassi yé  
 Hali no toun kèra tchèbakôrô yé o tè korôdilan fêê

Ouhoun hounhoun é Mona  
 Ouhoun mona

Ouhoun hounhoun Desdemona

DESDEMONA:

I exist in between, now: between being killed and being un-dead; between life on earth and life beyond it; between all time, which has no be-

ginning and no end, and all space which is both a seedling as well as the sun it yearns for. All that is available to me.

I join the underwater women; stroll with them in dark light, listen to their music in the spangled deep. Colors down there are more violent than any produced by the sun. I live in the roots and heads of trees. I rise in art, in masks, in figures, in drumbeat, in fire. I exist in places where I can speak, at last, words that in earth life were sealed or twisted into the language of obedience. Yes, my Lord. By your leave, Sir

Mouso ya ti kôrôgolow yé  
 Moussowu dé bi yatimèwu bangué yatimèwu ladow  
 Moussowu dé bi banabatowu ou bangué ka banaba tô ou ladow  
 Ka banabatôwu bangué ka banabatôwu ladow  
 Ka kodonnawu bangué ka kodonnawu ladow  
 Ka sétikiowu bangué ka sétikiw ladowu  
 Mousoya ti kôrôgolow yé  
 I kana mousoya kè korônôkôlén yé

Ouhoun hounhoun é Mona  
 Ouhoun hounhoun Desdemon

An ka an ga tokoda moussow wélé  
 An ka an ga bougouda moussowu wélé  
 Kou ni gwaba dow, ou ni djiba ta  
 Kou ni sènèba kè, ou ni dén ba doni  
 Ou ni tchè ladow ni dén ladow ni dougou ladow, tchi gwêlin kè

Dou ti nia moussowu kô  
 Gwaba ti nia mousow kô  
 Doukou ti nia mousoou kô

Ouhoun hounhoun é Mona  
 Ouhoun hounhoun Desdemon

Walahi Mona  
 Moussowu Mona  
 Ehé Mona

Ouhoun hounhoun é Mona



Did you imagine me as a wisp of a girl? A coddled doll who fell in love with a handsome warrior who rode off with her under his arm? Is it your final summation of me that I was a foolish naïf who surrendered to her husband's brutality because she had no choice? Nothing could be more false.

It is true my earth life held sorrow. Yet none of it, not one moment was "misery." Difficulty, yes. Confusion, yes. Error in judgment, yes. Murder, yes. But it was my life and, right or wrong, my life was shaped by my own choices and it was mine.

2.

My mother was a lady of virtue whose practice and observation of manners were flawless. She taught me how to handle myself at table, how to be courteous in speech, when and how to drop my eyes, smile, curtsy. As was the custom, she did not tolerate

dispute from a child, nor involve herself in what could be called my interior life. There were strict rules of deportment, solutions for every problem a young girl could have. And there was sensible

punishment designed for each impropriety. Constraint was the theme of behavior. Duty was its plot.

I remember once splashing barefoot in our pond, pretending I was one of the swans that swam there. My slippers were tossed away; the hem of my dress wet. My unleashed laughter was long and loud. The unseemliness of such behavior in a girl of less than one

decade brought my mother's attention. Too old, she scolded, for such carelessness. To emphasize the point, my slippers were taken away and I remained barefoot for ten days. It was a small thing, embarrassing, inconvenient, but definitely clarifying. It meant my desires, my imagination must remain hidden. It was as though a dark heavy curtain enclosed me. Yet wrapping that curtain over my willfulness served to strengthen it.

My solace in those early days lay with my nurse, Barbary. She alone encouraged a slit in that curtain. Barbary alone conspired with me to let



my imagination run free. She told me stories of other lives, other countries. Places where gods speak in thundering silence and mimic human faces and forms. Where nature is not a crafted, pretty thing, but wild, sacred and instructive. Unlike the staid, unbending women of my country, she moved with the fluid grace I saw only in swans and the fronds of willow trees. To hear Barbary sing was to

wonder at the mediocrity of flutes and pipes. She was more alive than anyone I knew and more loving. She tended me as though she were my birth mother: braided my hair, dressed me, comforted me when I was ill and danced with me when I recovered. I loved her. Her heart, so wide, seemed to hold the entire world in awe and to savor its every delight.

Yet that same heart, wide as it was, proved vulnerable. When I needed her most, she stumbled under the spell of her lover. He forsook her and turned her ecstasy into ash. Eyes pooled with tears, she sang her loss of him, of love, and life.

### M'BIFO

A toun bèn kônô miri djoukou o bè bana  
Kéléna hami djoukou ni o bè bana



A toun bèn kônô hami djoukou ni o bè bana  
 Kamanagouan miri djoukou o bè bana  
 Atoun bèn kônô fourou koun yé djiki déyé

M'bèn kanougnon fo  
 Ka n'fourougnon fo  
 Né toun ma lawili ni ma  
 Ah n'kanou, né yafara

Ah latikèman nôkon, latikè man nôkon dounia  
 Oh latikè man nôkon, latikè man nôkon éh dounia  
 Na diara môkô mî'n na  
 Alla ni môkô tikiya ni tôkô tikiya  
 Na doun goyara môkô mi na fènè  
 Alla ni môkô tan ya ni tôkôtan ya sabou  
 Oh fourou djoukou magni  
 Fourou djoukou magni

M'bèn kanougnon fo chéri chéri  
 Ka'n fourougnon fo ka barika da  
 Fourou koun yé djiki mî'n yé  
 No minan ma fa  
 No minan ma fa  
 Né yafara

Fourou ma wili kéléna miri ma  
 Fourou koun tè gnon tôgnon yé  
 Fourou koun tè gnon landiaba yé  
 Lowlo'n

M'bè kônôrô miri

Lowlo'n

Né dé bi môrô môrô

A toun bèn kônô fourou koun dé yé gnon dèmè yé



A toun bèn kônô fourou koun dé yé gnon bonia yé  
Néma la wili ni ma

N'ga koun tè dianiè la, nîn na kanou ti famou  
Né yafari ma, né yafara  
Houn né yafara, oh né yafarima

Oh né yafara  
Oh né yafara

Oh n'kanou, n'kanou né yafarima

Oh né yafara  
Oh né yafara

Oh...oh...oh...

Oh né yafara  
Oh né yafara

DESDEMONA:

Her spacious heart drained and sere, Barbary died. I mourned her so deeply, it trembled me. And yet, even in grief I questioned: were we women so frail in the wake of men who swore they cherished us? Was a lover's betrayal more lethal than betrayal of oneself? I did not know the answers so I determined to be otherwise. I determined to search most carefully for the truth of a lover before committing my own fidelity. That determination was a blow to my father, Senator Brabantio. His sole in-

terest in me as I grew into womanhood was making certain I was transferred, profitably and securely, into the hands of another man.

3.

With my father's invitations, and according to his paternal duty, I was courted by many men. They came into my father's house with empty ornate boxes designed to hold coins of dowry gold, or deeds of property. They glanced at me and locked their glistening eyes on my father's.

Showing their teeth in doting smiles they slid in soft shoes on our marble floor. One by one they came in velvet and fur-trimmed silk, prettified hats stitched with silver thread. Each one, whether a stuttering boy or an aged widower, was eager for a chatelaine weighted with riches. I was thought beautiful, but if I were not, even if I were

a giantess, a miniature or a horse-faced shrew, suitors cruising for a bride would have sought my hand. Those already wealthy ranked me with other virgins on their menu. Those in desperate straights needed no evaluation.



My father instructed me on the virtues of each offer and when I first refused he thought me fastidious. With my next refusal, he chastised me as stubborn; finally, as the refusals continued, as an embarrassment: a single female of a certain age, un-nunned, sitting at his sumptuous table instead of fasting in a convent.

I had reached the cusp of un-marriage-ability—that lightless abyss into which a family can fall—burdened by an eating mouth, tied to a poor unseeded womb, disconnected from the chain that the clan pays out to increase its length and its profit.

Yet my flaw was more serious than pride. It was revolt. I yearned for talk, for meaning, for winds from a wider world. Seas beyond canals, populations living other ways, speaking languages of music and roar, beasts and gods un-imagined within these walls. I longed for adventure out there, yes, but inside as well. Adventure in my mind no less than in my heart.

## 4.

One evening I veiled my surliness and attended another of my father's endless banquets.

Not yet recovered from Barbary's death, I sat mute among the guests. Bountifully fed, they began to dance—partnered, formal, predictably flirtatious. Hoping to exit the mockery, I stood and moved toward my father to ask to be excused. Among those hud-

dled around his chair was this mass of a man. Tree tall. Glittering in metal and red wool. A commander's helmet under his arm. As I approached, he turned to let me pass. I saw a glint of brass in his eyes identical to the light in Barbary's eyes. I looked away, but not before his smile summoned my own. I don't remember what I murmured to my father to explain my approach. I was introduced to the Commander; he kissed my hand, held it and requested a dance. 'By your leave, Senator Brabantio?' In accented language his voice underscored the kiss.

We danced together, moving in such harmony it was as though we had known each other all our lives.



## OTHELLO

Ko né kokadi i yé  
 Ko i bè né fè  
 Koné gnon ma da  
 Né bè moun fô  
 Môkô tè diya bè yé

Alla nô lé, Alla nô lé, Alla nô lé  
 Alou ni woula la ah  
 Alla nô lé, Alla nô lé, aha ah  
 Alou ni woula

I benba kônonton djè la ka ou la sarakabô  
 O bè la doua djabili ma  
 Ounhoun houn tognalé nîn dî

I benba kônonton djè la ka ou la sarakabô  
 O bè la doua djabili ma  
 Houn tognalé nîn dî

Othello, oh Othello  
 Othello, oh Othello  
 Kani bila i doussou fè n'diyagnèba  
 Mô mandy la kèlè magni  
 Aha, ounhoun ounhoun éh

Tutiribabouba tastapu tirabapa  
 Tuturibabouba pa  
 papa tituribaboutétérétibaboubapa papa  
 Tastastiratudada tiratuda datiradatudada  
 Bapa ounhoun ounhoun éh

Ou ou ou  
 Ou ou ou

Ou ou ou

Mâ yé tan bô, mâ yé moukan bô  
 Mâ mana kèchè bô dounia so né ko i kélénké  
 I kélén, ounhoun diyagnè dé yo kè  
 Onhon i kadîn yé dé  
 Kanan la maloya  
 Kana né ta ni tikèson nia yé  
 Kanan malo n'djoukoulamâ yé  
 I madon Othello  
 Kani bila i doussou fè Othello  
 Mô mandy la kèlè magnîn  
 Massa lén nô i diya gné  
 Kana son doussou ma.....

Othello  
 Oh Othello

Ah ah ah ah.....

Môkô ni diyagnè môkô tè kèlè la

Houn.....

Othello  
 Oh Othello  
 Môkô ni diyagnè môkô tè kèlè la

I kèlè mandîn yé n'diyagnè mô  
 I kèlè mandîn yé fé féou

Othello  
 Oh Othello

Oh ooo.....

Môkô ni diyagnè môkô tè kèlè la



OTHELLO

Come to me Desdemona. Here on this bed let us make a world.

DESDEMONA

You will teach me?

OTHELLO

If you know how to laugh you will not need lessons. Desire is  
nature's purest gift.

DESDEMONA

And what is in this world we will make?

OTHELLO

Singing children watching men like me, warriors needing love, put down  
their swords to dance.

DESDEMONA

And women?

OTHELLO

Like you. With eyes than cannot hide the mind's sharp intelligence; a  
throat demanding my lips; shoulders inviting caresses; strawberry nipples  
hiding a bold and loving heart.

DESDEMONA

And laughter is our teacher?

OTHELLO

And our flesh is its lesson.

DESDEMONA

Then let my flesh be re-born through yours.



OTHELLO

Having captured glee, we melt and become one.

DESDEMONA

I adore you.

OTHELLO

I love you. Turn away old world, while my love and I create a new one.

Two women approach each other. One is dressed in simple cloth, the other in a sumptuous gown. They both have white hair and carry a torch.

M. BRABANTIO:

'Who are you?'

SOUN:

'My name is Soun, and you?'

M. BRABANTIO:

'I was Madam Brabantio in life.'

SOUN:

'What brings you to this dark place?'

M. BRABANTIO:

'I feel comfortable here. It suits me since I lost my daughter. And you?

What brings you here?'



SOUN:

'The same. I lost my son.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Who was he?'

SOUN:

'A brave Commander named Othello.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Oh, no. Not he who murdered my daughter?'

SOUN:

'Desdemona?'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Yes.'

SOUN:

'Are we enemies then?'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Of course. Our vengeance is more molten than our sorrow.'

SOUN:

'Yet, we have much to share. Clever, violent Othello.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Headstrong, passionate Desdemona.'

SOUN:

'Both died in and for love.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Miserable. I prayed to Mother Mary for help when your son  
slaughtered my daughter.'

SOUN:



'A waste. I spoke to my gods for guidance when, in remorse, my son responded with suicide.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'Here are their graves. Let us kneel.'

SOUN:

'Not yet. I come from a land wildly different from yours. A desert land pierced by forests of palm. There we obey nature and look to it for the language of the gods. We keep close the traditions they have taught us. One is our way of cleansing, of diluting the poisons life forces us to swallow.'

M. BRABANTIO:

'And what is that way?'

SOUN:

'An altar. We build an altar to the spirits who are waiting to console us.'

DONGORI

Dongori la  
N'djoua do na dongori la ha

Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Dongori la  
N'djoua do na dongori la ha  
Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Dongori kôniô fini kèra soudow fini yé hé  
Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Dongori kôniô djama kèra soudow djama yé hé  
Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Dongori Kôniô doumouni kèra soudow doumouni yé é  
Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Ko né ka kokadjè  
Ko né ka nisôdiya  
Ko né ka télénka bara  
Ko né ka dimi ba mouniou  
Ko né dé mousso mousso  
Dongori iii hi i n'gôni bô bali

Dongori la  
N'djoua do na dongori la ha  
Dongori yé  
Dongori yé n'gôni bô bali

Dongôri  
Dôwu bê minè ka ti dowgodo  
Dongori  
Dôwu bê ti ka fa

Dongori  
Mousso ti djon yé dé éh !  
Dongori  
Fourou ti djonya yé ah !

Dongori  
Fourou dé nion bonia ah !  
Dongori m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bora

Dongorila  
Ko né bôra dongori la



Dongorila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Ko fourou,  
M'bê fourou

Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Gnouan lamè,  
M'bê fourou

Tilila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Gnouan bonia  
M'bê fourou

Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Dongori m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Mama yafama  
Djoniala m'bôra

Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Dongori m'bora  
Aha aaa ha m'bora

Baba yafama  
Tilila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Ko fourou,  
M'bê fourou

Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Gnouan lamè,  
M'bê fourou

Tilila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Gnouan bonia

M'bê fourou

Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Dongori m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Mama yafama  
Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Baba yafama  
Tilila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Mama yafama  
Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

Baba yafama  
Tilila m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra  
Mama yafama  
Djoniala m'bôra  
Aha aaa ha m'bôra

6

Who could have thought a military commander, trained to let blood,  
would be more, could be more, than a brutal arm educated solely to kill?

I knew. How did I know?

We sat on a stone bench under an arch. I remember the well of softness  
in his eyes.

And this is what he told:



OTHELLO:

"As an orphan child a root woman adopted me as her son and sheltered me from slavers. I trailed her in forests and over sere as she searched for medicinal plants, roots, and flowers. She taught me some of her science. How to breathe when there is no air.

Where water hid in cactus and certain vines. She worshipped the natural world and encouraged me to rehearse certain songs to divine its power.

Yet soon I was captured by Syrians. I lived with the camels and oxen and was treated the same. I ate what I could find. It was a happy day for me to be sold into an army where food was regular and clothes respectable. There I learned quickly the art of arms and the strength of command. In my first battle, I pointed my childish anger with a daring completely strange to me. I was happy, breathless and hungry for more violent encounters. Only as a soldier could I excel and turn the loneliness inside into exhilaration."

*[Song: Kemeh Bourama – instrumental intro]*

*Over music:*

And this is what he told:

OTHELLO:

"Our ship, upon an onslaught from land, sank. I alone was able to swim ashore. As I crawled along the beach I saw no enemy waiting on a ridge above the white sand. But I had heard the people of this place were invisible. Others said they were not invisible—they were chameleons able to assume the shades they inhabited. They could be detected only by their smell which meant in order to encounter their odor, one had to get close enough to be killed. I chose not to discover which was true: invisibility or camouflage. I knew there were tunnels in the sea. If you walk the beach and listen carefully you can hear the wind's music sighing from a certain kind of rock or swirl of sand. They signal an opening. Enter and a corridor of light shines in front of you, a hallway as dry as the Sahara, cool as the Himalayas. I waited in the light of that sea tunnel three days until the enemy believed me dead."

*[Song: Kemeh Bourama - chorus]*



*La bataille atteint son comble.*

And this is what he told:

OTHELLO:

"There is an island surrounded by a lavender ocean where fish leap into your boat, or you can reach into the waves and catch them in your hand; where trees bear fruit year round; where birds speak as humans; where the islanders have no heads and their faces are settled in their chests.

Once, desperate for food and water, I was cast upon their shores. Although they laughed at my deformity, at the hilarity of my own head rising awkwardly and vulnerably above my shoulders, they were generous.

They fed me and tended to my needs. All human attributes were theirs except for one: they could not sing for they had no throats. When I sang for them the songs

the root woman had taught me, they crowded about. Tears rolled down to their waists as they wept their pleasure. It was difficult to sail away, so awed was I by their civilization."

*[Song: Kemeh Bourama – chorus-Refrain]*

And this is what he told:

OTHELLO:

"There are armies of women who kill men in battles so fierce the moon itself hides from the ribbons of shed blood. They cut off their right breasts to ease the arrow shots of their long bows to lethal precision. For this they are called No-Breast or A-Mazon and must remain virgins until after the first time they kill a man. With male

blood they stain their hair and with his bone they sharpen their arrow-heads. Whole regiments fall before them. They rule wooded nations and desert kingdoms. Waters and precious stones have their names. I have seen them and marveled at their war skills."

[Song: Kemeh Bourama, cont'd – improvised by Rokia]

*Que la volonté du fils de kémè soit faite.*

*Maître de la guerre,*



*Que ta volonté soit faite.*

*Belle Saran,*

*Toi, dont la dot a coûté dix fermes entières*

*De puissants taureaux et de vaches laitières*

*Toi dont les mimiques et caprices de femme*

*Perturbent les sens du fils de Kémè,*

*Que Saran se vête de la Robe des veuves*

*Le bleu des veuves lui irait si bien !*

*Que soit célébrée la dernière victoire du fils de Kémè*

*Sa victoire sur la faiblesse, la couardise et la médiocrité*

*Que son courage soit célébré,*

*Ici pour la dernière fois en sa présence,*

*À jamais lorsqu'il aura été défait par ce qui l'a fait*

*La bataille atteint son comble*

*Que ta volonté soit faite Maître de la guerre*

*Bourama fils de Kémè*

*Que ta volonté soit faite*

And this is what he confessed:

OTHELLO

"Part, perhaps, most of the joy, the pleasure, of battle I took as a child soldier came from having comrades who were like me and who loved the fresh green leaves we were given to eat. Chewing them infused us with more than courage: we were potent and indifferent to blood, cries of

pain, debasement—to life, even our own. Rape was perfunctory. Death our brother. It took capture, imprisonment for months to be rid of the craving for the leaves and to absorb what we had become. The self loathing, however, could only be quieted by the glint of honor an honorable army provided. My acceptance into the mighty forces of Venice was my salvation. Since then, military justice coupled with the virtue of the corps have

guided me. Your gaze, spilling pity and understanding, embolden me giving me hope that this, my secret, will be our bond."

DESDEMONA:

Those are the tales he told. Tales that stopped my heart as much as they fired my mind. Tales of horror and strange. I was captured by love and the prospect of inhabiting a broad original world where I could compete with the Amazons.



My husband knew Iago was lying, manipulating, sabotaging. So why did he act on obvious deceit? Brotherhood. The quiet approval beamed from one male eye to another. Bright, tight, comradery.

Like-mindedness born of the exchange of musk; the buck's regard of the doe; the mild contempt following her capture. The wide, wild celebrity they find with each other cannot compete with the narrow comfort of a wife. Romance is always overshadowed by brawn. The language of love is trivial compared to the hidden language of men that lies underneath the secret language they speak in public. But real love, the love of an Amazon, is not based on pretty language or the secret sharing between males.

Remember your last confession? The last tale you told?

## OTHELLO

Aroused by blood letting, Iago and I entered a stable searching for food or drink. What we found were two women cowering. After a first glance, they never looked at us again. They lowered their eyes and whimpered. They were old, so old. Fingers gnarled by years of

brutal work; teeth random and softly withering flesh. No matter. We took turns slaking the thirst of our loins rather than our throats. I don't know how long it lasted. Our groans and their soft crying drape my memory of passing time. Once sated, we heard a noise behind us coming from a heap of hay. We turned to see a child, a boy, staring wild-eyed at a scene that must have seemed to him a grotesque dream. Except for the women's whimpering, silence fell.

DESDEMONA

Surely, surely you did not assault the boy. Tell me you did not.

OTHELLO

No. We never touched nor threatened him.

DESDEMONA

Then mercy triumphed, at last.

OTHELLO

Not mercy at all.



DESDEMONA

What then?

OTHELLO

There was a look between us. Before our decision to do no more harm  
our eyes met, Iago's and mine, in an exchange of secrecy.

DESDEMONA

And of shame?

OTHELLO

Shame, yes.

DESDEMONA

The unspeakable is no longer. Now you have pried loose the screws  
twisting your tongue. The telling is itself courage.

OTHELLO

You don't understand. Shame, yes, but worse. There was pleasure too. The look between us was not to acknowledge shame, but mutual pleasure. Pleasure in the degradation we had caused; more pleasure in leaving a witness to it. We were not only refusing to kill our own memory, but insisting on its life in another.

DESDEMONA

That is obscene, monstrous.

OTHELLO

Without question. Yet there is another question, a vital one. Can you forgive me?

DESDEMONA

No, I cannot. But I can love you and remain committed to you.



## OTHELLO

In spite of what I have described?

## DESDEMONA

In addition to what you have described. Did you think loving another was a profit-driven harvest: choosing the ripe and discarding the rot. Love is complete, whole, fearless; otherwise it is merely a banquet. ✓ You, my husband, began to doubt the man you were, the man I perceived you to be. Alone together, that Othello shone. ✓

That Othello touched me with fingers that held nestlings as well as swords. Fingers that wiped blood from his brow also stroked my breasts. My error was in believing you were more than the visage of your mind.

## OTHELLO

I pray I am more.

## DIANFA

Kâbi Alla yé dî ni diya da  
Kâbi Alla yé dah ni koumouya da

Kâbi Alla yé djala ni kounaya da  
 Kâbi Alla yé dî ni diya da  
 Kâbi Alla yé dah ni koumouya da  
 Kâbi Alla yé djala ni kounaya da

Moun kélén dé yé né kônôrôfilitén  
 Moun kélén dé yé né djôrô sa  
 Moun kélén dé yé né siran

Kâbi Alla yé kè ni mousso da Olou bi fara dé  
 Fô ni yén famou  
 Kabi Alla yé dén ni massa da Olou bi fara  
 Fô ni yén famou  
 Kabi Alla yé nî'n da djonni la olou ma ko laban  
 Fô ni yén famou  
 Fô ni yén famou

An fôlla tchaman kô  
 Olou you télékè  
 Olou télé ma diniè laban  
 Olou tarou dâ dibi bow ni tila bow tchè  
 Ou tarou da dougou fî'n ni dougou djè tchè  
 I ko n'guèrin massa ou  
 Saya yèrè na sa dow dô, diniè bè ban  
 I doun siran na i sa tô lé  
 I ma siran fènè i sa tô lé dounia  
 Foroba fin, saya tôkô ko foroba fin  
 An bè nan télé, an bè nan dadowkan  
 Mâ ti télé kè, ki bôgnon télé kè  
 I ti télé kè, ki wolo déni télé kè  
 I na sarati mî'n kan  
 No dafara i wâ tô lé  
 Saya ma mî'n ban, Kôrô ma tô to o la  
 Kôrô ma tô to ko la

Kâbi Alla yé dî ni diya da



Olou ma fara ban, anhan anh olou ma fara

Kâbi Alla yé dah ni koumouya da

Olou bi niôkon na oh olou bi niôkon na

Kâbi Alla yé djala ni kounaya da

Oh massa yé dî ni diya da

A nana dah ni koumouya da

Ka djala ni kounaya da

Kolou to gnon yé

A yé nî da djonni la ka oulou kè fara fin ou yé

Konî dé yé djanfantchi yé

Massa dé bi mâ djanfa

I na diyala ya o ya ma

Alla bi djanfa dow dô

Kâbi Alla yé dî ni diya da

Kâbi Alla yé dah ni koumouya da

Kâbi Alla yé djala ni kounaya da

Kâbi Alla yé dî ni diya da

Kâbi Alla yé dah ni koumouya da

Kâbi Alla yé djala ni kounaya da (*repeat 8 or 9 times*)

8.

EMELIA:

Well, well. If it isn't the martyr of Venice. Remember me? We died together, How do you do?

DESDEMONA:

Emelia! I've wondered if I'd see you again.

EMELIA:

Did you know I was the first to lay dying next to you?

DESDEMONA:

All is known here, though not always understood.

EMELIA:

What's left to understand? Both of us murdered, we failed. Noble as we tried to be, we failed.

DESDEMONA:

Failed? As women? You confound me. Didn't you acquiesce to all your husband's demands, even the most vile, corrupt ones? Yet you admitted



to me your willingness, eagerness even, to betray him if it led to higher status. Your deception, your dangerous, murderous silence led to my death. And it led to yours.

EMELIA:

Life is what it is. Women try to survive, since we cannot flourish.

DESDEMONA:

I wonder if collapse of virtue is not survival at all but cowardice.

EMELIA:

I resent that coming from one who had no defense against lies or her husband's strangling fingers.

DESDEMONA:

And you, Emelia? You and I were friends, but didn't the man you knelt to protect run a gleaming sword through your survival strategies?

EMELIA:

And why did he? Because I befriended and supported you. I

exposed his lies, you ingrate! That is your appreciation for my

devotion to you? "My cloak, Emelia," "My night gown, Emelia."

"Unpin me, Emelia." "Arrange my bed sheets, Emelia." That is not how you treat a friend; that's how you treat a servant. Someone beneath you, beneath your class which takes devotion for granted.

DESDEMONA:

It's true. I relied on your help and mistook it for benevolence. I was deceived.

EMELIA:

You always thought me deceptive, simply because I would let myself be seduced in order to gain higher status. To own my life I had to forge a secret path.

DESDEMONA:



Doesn't deception lead to ruin?

EMELIA:

So does honesty, as your example shows. Like you I believed marriage was my salvation. It was not. Lust charged everything; satisfied itself everywhere; signaled by handkerchiefs; hid behind curtains. And all of that passion generated nothing. Not an infant among us. No progeny; no future. I was an orphan. I learned what I had to and polished those lessons daily. Otherwise the sorrow of motherless-ness coupled with childlessness would have broken me.

DESDEMONA:

I wish I had known you when we were children. You had no family. I had too much. You had no mother. I had no mother's love.

EMELIA:

2  
The long hours of servility in the grand halls of mistresses. The rush to hide from lascivious men. <sup>I was</sup> Unprotected, I stared at the moon for guidance, at the sea for answers. They had none. Then, one day I saw a tiny lizard dozing in sunlight. Suddenly her scales seemed to move, to trem-

ble. I watched as she shed her dull outer skin; struggled, then finally, crawled out of it, exposing that which had been underneath—her jeweled self. No one helped her; she did it by herself. What struck me, more than the brilliance of her new skin, was that she did not leave the outer one behind. She dragged it with her. As though the camouflage would still be needed to disguise her true dazzle. That little lizard changed my life.

9.

DESDEMONA:



Barbary! Barbary. Come closer. How I have missed you. Remember the days we spent by the canal? We ate sweets and you saved the honey for me eating none yourself. We shared so much.

BARBARY:

We shared nothing.

DESDEMONA:

What do you mean?

SA'RAN:

I mean you don't even know my name. Barbary? Barbary is the geography of the foreigner. Barbary? Barbary equals the sly, vicious enemy who must be put down at any price; held down at any cost for the conquerors' pleasure. Barbary is the name of those without whom you could neither live nor prosper.

DESDEMONA:

So tell me. What is your name?

SA'RAN:

Sa'ran.

DESDEMONA;

Well, Sa'ran, whatever your name, you were my best friend.

SA'RAN:

I was your slave.

DESDEMONA:

What does that matter? I have known and loved you all my life.

SA'RAN:

I am black-skinned. You are white-skinned.

DESDEMONA:

So?

SA'RAN:

So you don't know me. Have never known me.



DESDEMONA:

Because of your skin? It is you who lack knowing. Think. I wed a Moor.  
I fled my home to be with him. I defied my father, all my family to wed  
him. I joined him on the battlefield.

SA'RAN:

And he slaughtered you. Now do you know our difference?

DESDEMONA:

And your lover slaughtered you as surely as if he had strangled you.  
Remember the song you sang every day until you wasted away and embraced death without fight or protest?

SA'RAN:

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee.

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her and soft'ned the stones;

Sing willow, willow, willow—

SA'RAN:

Stop. Don't.

DESDEMONA:

Listen to me.

SA'RAN:

No, you listen. I have no rank in your world. I do what I am told. I brought you what you wanted before you knew you wanted it. I kissed your every cut and bruise. I held you when fever made you tremble, and when your parents made you weep. You never had to wash your hands or feet or face. I did that for you.



DESDEMONA:

You blame?

SA'RAN:

I clarify!

DESDEMONA:

Sa'ran. We are women. I had no more control over my life than you had. My prison was unlike yours but it was prison still.

Was I ever cruel to you? Ever?

SA'RAN:

No. You never hurt or abused me.

DESDEMONA:

Who did?

SA'RAN:

You know who did. But I have thought long and hard about my sorrow.

No more "willow". Afterlife is time and with time there is change. My

song is new:

"Someone leans near

And sees the salt my eyes have shed.

I wait, longing to hear

Words of reason, love or play

To lash or lull me toward the hollow day.

Silence kneads my fear

Of crumbled star-ash sifting down

Clouding the rooms here, here.

I shore up my heart to run. To stay.



But no sign or design marks the narrow way.

Then on my skin a sudden breath caresses

The salt my eyes have shed.

And I hear a call-clear, so clear:

'You will never die again.'

What bliss to know

I will never die again."

DESDEMONA:

We will never die again.

DESDEMONA:

Your cloak is tattered.

OTHELLO:

So am I.

DESDEMONA:

Why, may I ask?

OTHELLO:

The endlessness of time and the depth of regret equals hell.

OTHELLO:



I always wanted to know why you stopped struggling when I encircled your throat and cut off your breath. Why did you let my rage run free? Why did you deny I murdered you?

DESDEMONA:

You were not killing me. You were killing Othello. The man I believed you to be was lost to me. So what was left to struggle for?

OTHELLO:

Tell me about this Othello you believed me to be.

DESDEMONA:

More than the rapture of his body; more than the sword at his side. My Othello is not the man who chose to believe what you must have known was false.

OTHELLO:

It's clear now. You never loved me. You fancied the idea of me, the exotic foreigner who kills for the State, who will die for the State. Everyone

I slaughtered was someone who wanted your head on a pike. How comforting it must have been—protected by a loyal black warrior. What excited you was my strange story: enslaved youth ruined by war then redeemed by it, fantastic adventures, stories of freaks and miracles A confession known only to you, my wife. And you thought that was all there was to me—a useful myth, a fairy's tale cut to suit a princess' hunger for real life, not the dull existence of her home.

DESDEMONA:

You are wrong! You believed a lie. You broke my hymen and thought I was unfaithful the next day? Me?

OTHELLO:

I don't know. I did suspect. Actually I don't care. Listen to me. More than infidelity my rage was toward your delusion. Your requirements for a bleached, ultra-civilized soul framed in blood, for court manners honed by violence. Have you any idea what it took to get to the position I held? Who sabotaged me, delayed promotions, took credit for my victories?



Who fed rumors about my intelligence, my virility, my character? Even with the gore of their enemies, the smell of it, the drips of it on my sword, their contempt over-powered what should have been glistening gratitude. Only perseverance, discipline and a shrewd sense of what truly matters kept me going. While you played with my reality; toyed with it; turned it into—into spectacle.

[CASSIO interrupts]

CASSIO:

Speaking of spectacle, I reckon it is superior to a feeble reality, especially one that has collapsed and become a barely controlled nightmare. Those in charge of defending the State slew one another like rival scorpions, abusing their former comrades with deceit and fury. But first came the poison of weak, disloyal women. Fair Desdemona? Innocent Desdemona? Hah! I have touched her and she neither screamed nor slapped my hands away. Then, to hurry the demise, came that vain, arrogant Othello, swanning about above his station and way above his



geography and his history. A dangerous godless mix, unable to govern, to know with certainty what is best for the State. I am compelled now to repeal and replace whatever they have initiated into law.

Dissolute. It's true. That is the word that accurately describes my youth. Four liters of wine I consumed before the sun touched the top of heaven. Following its descent, well, I couldn't tell anyone how much I drank. The point is, it not only didn't interfere with my duties, it helped me execute them. But when I gave up brew, I was promoted by Othello; then demoted by him. Why? I was tricked into drunkenness! I relied too heavily on my intimacy with Desdemona, hoping she would make Othello give me back my job. Then tricked again with the theft of a dirty handkerchief. Finally wounded by the man I believed my friend.

I acknowledge Othello was competent, even intelligent. I understand he had vision. But of what value is either in day-to-day rule? Who needs vision to declare war and win it at all costs? The needs of the State are mundane, and therein safety lies.

The arrogance of that Moor riles me still. Undermining him improves my status daily and solidifies my power.



## [KELEMANDY INSTRUMENTAL]

Of knowing the earth is not quiet nor waiting. In the screech of color and  
the whisper of the lightless depths of the sea, it boils, breaks or slumbers.

And in this restless rest human life is as unlimited and

miraculous as love. Here the infidel can embrace the saint just as sunlight  
creates the air we breathe.

## KÈLÈMANDY

Né mana kèlè la  
Né mana kèlè,  
Mana wôyô  
Mana kèlè la  
Oh kèlè mandy  
I toun ki djon yon ou filè fin yé

Na ou ko an ka djè ka bara

Na ou yén wélé né bi na o la

Hali nan tè dina kélén yé

Hali nan tè mirina kélén yé

Na ou ko an ka djè ka tolow kè

Na ou yén wélé né bi na o la

Now Cyprus is under my reign. I am the one who decides. Othello gone from life; Iago suffering in a prison cell. A clean sweep that allows me to rule and perhaps help Venice return to its prominence. Wars will be won, not abandoned. Perhaps a stumble here and there; some resisting voices of course, but their subtlety will merely produce confusion.

So let me be clear. Power is more than responsibility; it is destiny. Destiny few men are able to handle. While there may be so called 'slaughter of the innocents' in its wake, none of that will deter me. I bow, modestly, to destiny's demands. Me alone. I am its servant and it is mine.

DESDEMONA

To think I tried to save him. I was wrong. Was he always a fool?

OTHELLO

I knew him before he became one. Now he is a pompous one. He would be a buffoon eliciting laughter were he not so dangerous.





DESDEMONA:

I apologize for a profound error in judgment.

OTHELLO

*(over)*  
As do I. And ~~more~~ for diminishing our life together as spectacle. It was  
not.  
*not to be able to get off*  
*So easy*  
*"Apologized"*

DESDEMONA

Yet he lives to rule and we do not because love cannot survive without trust. Your doubt and my righteousness mangled our love.

OTHELLO:

We should have had such honest talk, not fantasy, the evening we wed.  
Perhaps we could have avoided this misery. My love for you was mind deep. I murdered myself and you to stop the drama. If I could slay myself again, I would. But afterlife forbids a double death.

DESDEMONA:

I apologize for a profound error in judgment.

OTHELLO

As do I. And more for diminishing our life together as spectacle. It was

not

Apology is a pale word for what ~~you~~  
 I am to recognize  
~~it's~~ called ~~for~~. I am beyond sorry. I ~~am~~ loathe  
 what I allowed.

OTHELLO:

We should have had such honest folk, not fantasy, the evening we wed.

Perhaps we could have avoided this misery. My love for you was mind

deep. I murdered myself and you to stop the drama. If I could stay my

self again, I would. But Othello forbids a double death.



DESDEMONA:

I am sick of killing as a solution. It solves nothing. Questions nothing, produces nothing, nothing, but more of itself. You thought war was alive, had honor and reason. I tell you it is well beyond all that. War doesn't need to win; it needs simply to be. It has no beginning, therefore no end. War merely spasms as it occupies all of history. *I have sung these* ~~Oh, yes, there are~~ *etc.* songs, *recited the* poetry to glorify *that is war* it and ~~even to weep~~ *s* for its dead—victims and victors. *\** The language, the *its* music is the *story* beauty of massacre, of dogs gnawing the bodies of old women. *Warriors* They hide the carcasses of orphans to persuade us it has been worth the awfulness. Where is the battle for life? Where are the ramparts to breach for tranquility, for peace? I was the empire you had already conquered. Alone together we could have been invincible.

OTHELLO:

And now? Together? Alone? Is it too late?

DESDEMONA:

'Late' has no meaning here. Here there is only the possibility of wisdom.

personalize.  
He thinks she loved him as warrior. She did not.

DESDEMONA:

I am sick of killing as a solution. It solves nothing. Questions nothing.  
 produces nothing, nothing, but more of itself. You thought war was alive,  
 had honor and reason, I tell you it is well beyond all that. War doesn't

need to win, it needs simply to be. It has no beginning, therefore no

end. War merely spasms as it occupies all of history. Oh, there are

\* *Get*  
 You ~~have~~ believe I loved the warrior O.  
 You <sup>were</sup> mistaken.  
 I did not. I despise war. Its language ---

massacre of dogs gnawing the bodies of old women. They hide the cor-  
 cases of orphans to persuade us it has been worth the awfulness. Where  
 is the battle for life? Where are the ramparts to breach for tranquility for  
 peace? I was the empire you had already conquered. Alone together  
 we could have been invincible.

OTHELLO:

And now? Together? Alone? Is it too late?

DESDEMONA:

'Late' has no meaning here. There there is only the possibility of wisdom.



## Desdemona Charges (cf Production Script)

p 34 A feast planned to sate a hunger  
for variety NOT commitment to one  
choice.

Honest love does not <sup>cringe with</sup> shrink from the first  
roll of thunder; nor does it flinch when  
faced with human sin. ~~You~~ I always  
knew you were caressing me with  
fingers hardened by swords. That your  
hands ~~stroking~~ <sup>which stroke</sup> my breasts also ~~wiped~~ <sup>drew</sup>  
blood. My error was in believing  
you were more hated war as much as I did.  
and that you were more than the visage of your  
mind.

p. 34

EMELIA:

It's Not the same. An orphan knows that love  
can be withdrawn in a flash. knows that protection  
is a dream that will never come true.

DESDEMONA:

You are right to correct me. Instead of  
~~Judging~~ Judging ~~you~~ I should have been  
understanding.

LEBOWITZ  
1CM: 730 Ave  
10019  
14 E. 4th St  
APT 816  
10012  
5th?



EMELIA:

You could not understand everything.  
How desperate <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ is for some one  
who knows abandonment. The long  
hours of servility in the grand halls of  
mistresses. The rush to hide from lascivious  
men - one of whom you know very well.  
I WAS <sup>vulnerable</sup> unprotected always in danger of  
losing my place. I stared at etc.

..  
insert p. 51. (at ms p. 54)

DESDEMONA: To think I tried to save him.  
I WAS wrong. He was always a fool.

Othello:

Always. He enrages me now As he did  
then. But I ~~am~~ (see ms.)

p. 55

OTHELLO:

Apology is a pale word for what I  
Am called upon to recognize. I Am  
beyond sorry. I loathe what I allowed.

For "Perhaps — misery"



p. 56

I quickly learned the  
decept

... history. Oh I have sung those songs,  
recited the poetry that glorifies battles  
and ~~wee~~ pretends to weep for the dead -  
victims and victors. You believed I loved  
Othello the warrior. I did not. I despise war.  
Its language, its music is ~~the~~ a tale of  
massacre, of dogs gnawing the bodies  
of old women. Warriors hide — ...