

CASTINGSCENE GRUTTE PIER – RINTSJE

Pier gets home after a day's hard work on the land.

He doesn't say hello to his beloved Rintsje.

He sits down, stretching out.

She looks at him. A smile on her face.

He notices that. They exchange looks.

PIER

What's the matter?

RINTSJE

Nothing. Just looking.

PIER

I've finished. It's done.

RINTSJE

Would you like a beer?

PIER

Do you have beer?

RINTSJE

I've got beer, yeah.

Got it from the old Jacobse.

It's even chilled.

PIER

How?

RINTSJE

I put it in the stream.

A nice cold beer for Pier.

PIER

(observes)

Tell me.

RINTSJE

What?!

PIER

You never pour me a beer, unless something's going on. There's something, isn't there? I can see it in your eyes.

RINTSJE

First a beer.

Pier gets up. He grabs her.

RINTSJE (again)

Careful. Careful.

He lets go of her. Turns her around. That "careful" tells him enough. He looks into her eyes, as if he can see a full story in those eyes.

PIER

It's true, isn't it?

It's true! Is it true?

Tell me it's true.

RINTSJE

Yes, it's true.

I already thought so for a while.

But today... I'm somewhat... it's a good sign, right?

PIER

He's going to be really something.

That boy will help me on the land.

He'll grow taller than me, you know?

I'll be staring up to him.

RINTSJE

It could also be a girl.

PIER

No way. It's going to be a boy.

A girl... that would be too big a gift for a man like me.

Rintsje laughs.

Pier covers her eyes gently.

Then he gets a medallion out of his pocket.

It's hard to do that with one hand.

PIER

Close your eyes.

With two hands he succeeds.

Then she opens her eyes.

She touches the medallion.

RINTSJE

It's too much, Pier.
We've got to save money.

PIER

For what! I've got everything.

RINTSJE

(hesitation)

For a different place.

The mood changes.

PIER

This is what it is. And that's enough.

RINTSJE

But this isn't a good place for raising children.

PIER

Our children will be born here, and they'll grow up here.
And they'll learn to love this country. (or: land?)
Frisia, for which they'll be prepared to die.

RINTSJE

But beyond the horizon, Pier... beyond the horizon is land...
Where we could...

PIER

(rudely)

There's nothing there, absolutely nothing! Where did you get that idea from!

She's shocked and touches her belly.

PIER

I didn't mean it like that. I mean... we'll discuss this later. We've got plenty of time.

He looks into those eyes again.

PIER (again)

I'd like to go back to the party we had earlier.

Extra improvisation would be appreciated.