



**‘Culture Is Our Wings’  
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**The Romanian Playscripts on Legends, Myths and  
Stories**

**The Legend of Vlad The Impaler’s Justice  
The first proposal of the playscript**

Characters: Vlad the Impaler

The merchant

The honest man

The announcer

The narrator

Time: during Vlad the Impaler’s reign

Space: Vlad the Impaler’s court

Action: A lesson about Vlad the Impaler's sense of justice

The narrator: A long time ago, during Vlad The Impaler's reign, there was a merchant who was travelling across the country. He went to the court and said:

The merchant: Please, Mylord, you have to help me. I lost a bag with a thousand ducats. Let everyone know that I'll give one hundred ducats to whomever finds it!

The narrator: Vlad the Impaler listened to him and had a man spread the word about the merchant and his misfortune.

Vlad the Impaler: Hey, you, come here right away!

The announcer: At your service, your Highness!

Vlad the Impaler: Go spread the word in the country about this unfortunate merchant who lost his money!

The announcer: Yes, your Highness, I'm on my way.

Vlad the Impaler: Go, go, go!

The narrator: The announcer went from a place to another, in the whole area, shouting:

The announcer: People, people! Men and women, young or old, a foreign merchant lost a bag with a thousand ducats. The one who finds it and returns it to him will receive a hundred ducats reward.

The narrator: After a short while, a good honest man showed up to the merchant and said:

The honest man: Young merchant, as I was walking, at the crossroads behind the fish market, I found this bag. I think it belongs to you.

The merchant: Yes, it does. And I'm grateful to you. Thank you for bringing it back to me.

The narrator: He began counting the money trying to figure out a solution not to give the reward he had promised. After counting it all, he put it back into the bag and said:

The merchant: I did count it and I see you've already taken your reward. Instead of a thousand ducats, I've only found nine hundred. You did very well keeping it because it was rightfully yours.

The honest man: Young merchant, you are not being fair when you say that one hundred ducats is missing from the bag. I didn't even untie it to know the amount of money in it. I brought it back to you exactly as I found it!

The merchant: I've already told you I lost a bag with one thousand ducats and you brought me only nine hundred.

The narrator: The humble man left the merchant with his money and went straight to the Lord to complain about what it had happened.

The honest man: Good day, your Highness! I come in good faith.

Vlad the Impaler: Good day to you, honest man! What happened?

The honest man: You had someone spread the word about a reward to whomever finds a bag of money.

Vlad the Impaler: Yes, I did.

Vladimir to Alex: You, over there, did you do exactly as I had told you?

The announcer: Yes, your Highness!

Vlad the Impaler to the honest man: Do speak, then!

The honest man: Your Highness, I found the bag, I gave it back to him as I found it and he refused to give me the reward he had promised.

Vlad the Impaler: Is it true what you are telling me?

The honest man: Mylord, I'm a man of good faith. I fear God and I do not dare to lie or steal.

Vlad the Impaler: What did he say to you?

The honest man: He said there was money missing from the bag and he accused me of stealing it.

Vlad the Impaler: Do you speak the truth?

The honest man: I do, Mylord, I wouldn't dare do otherwise.

Vlad the Impaler: Continue!

The honest man: I'm not upset about the money, but I feel angry because he thinks I was dishonest. I was fair and square and I swear to your majesty it didn't even cross my mind to steal from another man.

The narrator: The Lord understood the merchant's scam and had him come immediately.

Vlad the Impaler to the announcer: Come over here!

The announcer: Yes, Mylord!

Vlad the Impaler: Go to the merchant and have him come to me!

The announcer: Right away, your Highness!

The announcer to the merchant: Good day, young merchant! His Highness wants you at the court!

The merchant: He wants me at the court? When? Why?

The announcer: I'm here to deliver a message. It's not my duty to know such things. The master is ready to give his sentence.

The narrator: The merchant arrived at the court.

The merchant: Your highness, I'm your humble servant!

Vlad the Impaler: Tell me, young merchant, why didn't you pay this man the reward you had promised.

The merchant: Mylord, when he gave me the bag, there was money missing from it and I assumed he had already kept his reward.

The narrator: After listening to both of them and weighing their stories, Vlad the Impaler understood the situation. He looked straight into the merchant's eyes and said:

Vlad the Impaler: Very well, dear merchant. If you lost a bag with one thousand ducats and this man found a bag with only nine hundred it means that this bag is clearly not yours.

The narrator: Then the Lord turned to the other man and said:

Vlad the Impaler: You, honest man, take the bag you found and give it to whomever lost nine hundred ducats.

The merchant: What about my money, Mylord?

Vlad the Impaler: You, young merchant, you should wait until someone finds a bag with one thousand ducats, as you claim you lost.

The narrator: All of those who were present at the court understood the justice lesson that Vlad the Impaler had just given to his subjects and to the foreign merchant who tried to deceive the Romanian leader.

## **Vlad the Impaler's Justice**

### **The second proposal of the playscript**

Characters: Vlad the Impaler

The narrator- Vlad the Impaler

The merchant

The honest man

Narration:

In the time when I ruled, justice ruled, so just to say that one time while a merchant was travelling, he lost a bag of 1000 ducats, and he spread the word that the one who would find it shall be given a reward of no less than 100 ducats.

And as expected, sooner rather than later, a kind-hearted man came across it and returned it to the owner.

The interaction went as follows:

In the background you can see the actions:

- The merchant losing the bag ;
- The merchant searching for it;
- The honest man finding it.

The honest man (respectful a bit anxious to talk to someone that rich)

- Sir, when I was going about my day ... I found this bag (pointing at it). And I presumed it belonged to you, since I heard you complain you had lost one.

The merchant (very posh, not really impressed). Indeed, it is mine and I am forever grateful you gave it back to me.

(The merchant counts the money, smiles to himself and puts it back.)

The merchant: I have counted, my dear and I couldn't help but notice that you rightfully kept your part of the bargain, because instead of 1000 ducats I have only found 900.

The honest man (trying to be calm but clearly mad and offended).

- Sir, in vain you say that you're missing 100. Because I haven't as much as looked inside. I gave it to you exactly the way I found it!

Narration:

Now here's where I come into play. See the man came to me to complain about how unjustly he had been treated.

The honest man (humble, afraid he will be turned away): Your Highness, it is not only because of the money (thinking about it) though important, for sure and certain. I'm more offended, upset and simply battled at the fact that this man questioned my honor and candor.

Narration: I am aware that people think I am cruel and they may have a point. But I am no fool. So, I decided to call for the merchant.

(The merchant comes, Vlad the Impaler looks directly at him)



Vlad the Impaler: (slight smirk of dominance):

-Sir, it seems to me that you lost a bag with 1000 ducats, am I correct?

The merchant: (Confident that Vlad the Impaler will take his part ):

- Yes!

Vlad the Impaler:

- And this gentleman has found a bag with with only 900.

(The honest man understands what Vlad the Impaler is getting at and starts smiling a bit, the merchant is still oblivious).

Vlad the Impaler: So, the only fair solution is for this man (pointing at the honest man) to keep the money and return it to the person who did lose 900 ducats (sarcastically). And I promise you, we will keep vigorously searching for yours. But until then there is nothing more that can be done.

The merchant (still trying to fool Vlad the Impaler): - But your Highness, this man stole my money!

Vlad the Impaler: (genuinely annoyed and serious at this point).

-I suggest you leave and don't make this harder for yourself.

(The merchant exits defeated, Vlad the Impaler gives a small smile to the honest man and the latter walks out with the money).

## **Cuza's Pint**

Characters: The narrator

Cuza

The vendor

Cuza, the ruler, used to dress like an ordinary man and he mingled with his subjects to find on his own how they led their lives.

One day, he decided to get rid of his royal clothing and he put on a peasant's clothing, took two pints of sour milk and headed to the fair in Galați to see his people. Well, as you can easily guess, his majesty had already found out that some of the vendors there didn't use the big pint to measure their goods, the one imposed by the law, his law which the people called Cuza's pint. So, he went to the fair in order to sell some milk to a vendor who had a reputation for using the small pint instead of the big pint according to his law, and nobody had any proof.

“Dear vendor, I don't want any money in return”, the peasant haggled, “I just want to give you six pints of my milk in exchange of one pint of your oil.”

“That’s fine”, he gladly accepted winking at the peasant.

He took from the counter/table the right pint, Cuza's pint, and measured the milk: there were twenty-four pints. So, he had to give the peasant four pints of oil.

“Please, be kind and use the same measure, the same pint, “insisted the peasant.

“I’m sorry but I can’t do that as it is full of milk but I will gladly measure the oil with this one!”, he said while he picked up another pint and put it on the table/counter.

“But this one is smaller”, said the peasant.

“Do you know better than me, you, poor man? A pint is just a pint! End of story!”

Then the peasant took off his clothing, revealing his blue chest plate, with golden epaulettes as only a ruler can have. The Seller remained in shock. He was so shocked that he dropped the pint. Seeing who the peasant really is, the merchant kneeled saying nothing more.

“You are a shame for our country, you trick the honest people and you do not respect and obey the law!”, said Cuza.

At that moment the trader realised what he'd done and says:

Please forgive me your majesty! I will do anything so you would forgive me!"

"Tell me, Seller, will you ever use that the small pint?

"I won't, your majesty, I am begging you for your mercy!"

Cuza the ruler tied the two pints to the seller's neck and had him wander the streets so that the people should know that he scammed them.

" He should pick up each pint in turn and show to every soul and let them know which pint he will use and which he won't from now on".

Accompanied by his majesty's soldiers he had to pick up the small pint and say out loud:

"I will never use this one again!"

And then he raised the big one:

"I will always use this one!"

All this time people were pointing at him and laughing, screaming at him:

"Thief, you are a shame for us!"

Undoubtedly he was ashamed listening to all the bad things all of the people were saying about him. That made all of the civilians know that it wasn't worth it to trick the others. Cuza the ruler goes to the trader and says to him:

“What have you learned from this?”

The scammer falls to the Ruler’s knees and says:

“Your highness, that opened my eyes, and I am sorry for what I have done. It won't happen again!”

Cuza, understanding that the vendor repents, had him stand up and said:

“I hope you understood how important it is to respect your nation and to not cheat on it!”

And like this he got carried through the whole fair and he repeated the words over and over again. And that was enough to put him in his place.

### **The Story of Too Beautiful Dochia**

Characters: The teller

Dochia

Trajan

The teller: Decebal had a sister named Dochia. She was so young, so brave and beautiful that when the emperor named Trajan saw her he fell in love with her.

Trajan: I saw you Dochia, with how much bravery you defended your kingdom from Sarmisegetuza. Now I defeated your brother Decebal and I conquered Dacia, and the war ended, so I want you to come to Rome with me. You will live there in wealth and you will be in my castle with golden walls and decorated with only expensive things.

Dochia: Thank you! I admire your bravery and kindness, but I can't go to Rome.

Trajan: Why?

Dochia: Because I am Decebal's sister and he killed himself to not be your slave. I don't care how beautiful your castle is, I will still be a poor woman. And there are a lot of ladies more beautiful than me. If you want, go with your Romans to make a new civilisation that has our bravery and your wealth. But I am not leaving, I want to be buried here in the holy land of Dacia.

The teller: Trajan, the emperor, listened to her but when he found out that Dochia went with the sheep on the mountain he was really mad

about it. He was a wealthy and powerful emperor and he wanted Decebal's sister to be his wife. He got some people and went to find Dochia. He walked days and weeks on fields and hills. He found her at the top of the mountain Ceahlau. She was with the sheep on a flat surface where the sunshine was present on this meadow full of grass and a lot of flowers.

Trajan:: Dochia, now you can't escape, you are coming with me!

Dochia: No, Emperor! I would rather die like my brother Decebal, than come with you!

Trajan: You are such a staunch! I am going to kidnap you!

Dochia: If you want me to be happy, then leave me in my country, here in Dacia.

The teller: He made a sign to his people to get her. Afraid, Dochia raised her arms to the sky.

Dochia: I am going to make myself a stone statue to stay in my country!

The teller: And like she said she was a stone statue in less than one eye's blink, so too beautiful Dochia, with all of her sheep on the field, were made into rocks in the ground. Trajan was stunned and in shock.

Trajan: I can't do anything, Dacians, all of these men and woman are tied to their country like rocks in the mountain. I can just listen

to Dochia's advice and bring many Romans, to marry the beautiful daughters of Dacia.

The teller: And saying that, Trajan went back to Roma. And on the mountain Ceahlau you can still see to this day a high rock shaped like a shepherdess and around her a lot of rocks shaped like sheep. They are the brave Dochia and her sheep.

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