

Zita Futura : A difficult customer...



Edwina Arty: *Dear Madame Zita, you who see all, tell me what are the next roles **I will play**?*

Zita Futura: *Ah! Madame Edwina Arty! I see... I see... that **you will play** a magnificent role: the role of the queen in a grand production about Louis XVI.*

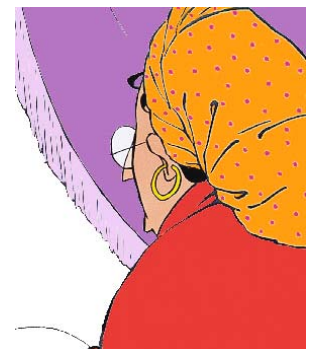
Edwina Arty : *Louis XVI!!! But... but you know, the queen is Marie Antoinette! And in the end she has her head cut off! **I will not accept** a role like that! Thank you! Can you see anything else?*

Zita Futura : *I see... ah yes! But it is a silent role... **You will play** the first victim of a serial killer in a police drama.*

Edwina Arty: *The first victim! Killed at the start! And a silent role! And she does not even scream! Oh no! No, no, no, **I will play** the serial killer instead! No! **Will you find** me a better role?*

Zita Futura: **You will play** a very rich woman...

Edwina Arty: **Ah! A role that will test** me at last.



Zita Futura: *...a very rich woman with grandchildren... **They will fight** over their inheritance.*

Edwina Arty: *So! She is a grandmother! But that is not possible! I am not old enough.*

Zita Futura : The Countess is looking for a partner...



Adelaide: *My dear Zita, as you know, I have only one relative, my brother, Archibald. If I find a partner, **I will feel** less lonely...*

Zita Futura: *Let's see, Lady Snooty. I see a dark man with brown eyes, handsome and quite young, tall enough, charming... **he will get** out of a very big car and **he will smile** at you...*

Adelaide: *Oh ! **That will be** wonderful!*

Zita Futura: *He will drive you **to a concert**. After that, **you will visit** the theatre. And **you will set out** together on a journey...*

Adelaide: *A honeymoon trip?*

Zita Futura: *Not yet, not yet! **You will take** several months to get to know each other.*

Adelaide: *And what **will Archibald think**? **He will think** I am too old.*

Zita Futura: ***Your brother will feel** less lonely himself!*



Adelaide: *Are you saying that **he will meet** someone too?*

Zita Futura: *...a big love affaire, yes ! For someone I see with children at the castle...*

Adelaide: *Ms Rose Thorn! The governess! How curious!*

On leaving the fortune teller's house, Lady Adelaide takes a taxi to the castle. She thinks all that Zita said: a handsome dark **man** who **will get out** of a car. **He will drive** her often to concerts and the theatre. A charming **man** who **will set off** with her on a journey. A **man** with dark eyes who **will give** her flowers. **He will write** her many letters that **she will read** with pleasure...

They will laugh a lot together and **will decorate** the grounds with many new roses! Through her dreams, Lady Adelaide vaguely notices the driver of the taxi: youngish, big enough, dark with dark eyes... charming... with a big car ! It is him! It is her future fiancé! But what **will Archibald say**?



Zita Futura : The great Maximillion's future career



Maximillion: *I, the Great Maximillion, want to know if soon I **will present** a game-show on BTV.*

Zita Futura: *I **will be** able to tell that from the cards. You **will have** to choose three cards and we will interpret them.*

Maximillion: ***Will this be** exact? **Will I get** a clear answer?*

Zita Futura: *Certainly, Maximillion. Choose three cards and hold them in front of you for a moment. Then you **will throw** them on to the table. They **will tell** us the future of your career.*



Maximillion: *There!*

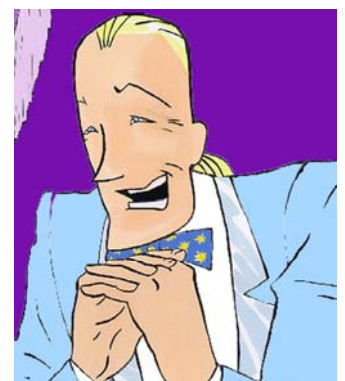
Zita Futura: *Ah! You **will go** very far, my dear man! It **will be** necessary for you to be patient... There **will be** competition. You **will be** invited on to the BTV and you **will be** on the set of 'EVERYONE A WINNER' to present the game-show for a year... the viewers **will give** you a great reception.*

Maximillion: *And then?*

Zita Futura: *And then you **will appear** from time to time on TV Tic and you **will be** very popular on Telly Pathe.*

Maximillion: *Not bad, not bad. But today I have a programme in the open air. **Will it rain?***

Zita Futura: *For an answer to that, Sir, you **will need** to consult a weatherman!*



Zita Futura : The opera singer gets married



Maria Aria: **I am going to marry my impresario. As this is going to be my sixth marriage, tell me if it is going to be good...**

Zita Futura: *I see, I see....you are going to be happy with this man..*

Maria Aria: **We are going to be happy? Ah! That is marvellous! I said to Armando... my impresario... 'You are going to see, Zita is extraordinary.'**

Zita Futura: *And I can tell you that he is going to live a long life.*

Maria Aria: *But he is already very old! That is wonderful! Can you send him this news by telepathy?*

Zita Futura: *Unfortunately my telepathic system is not working. But because it is you, I am going to send it by email.*

Maria Aria: **You're going to do that for me? You are marvellous!!!**

