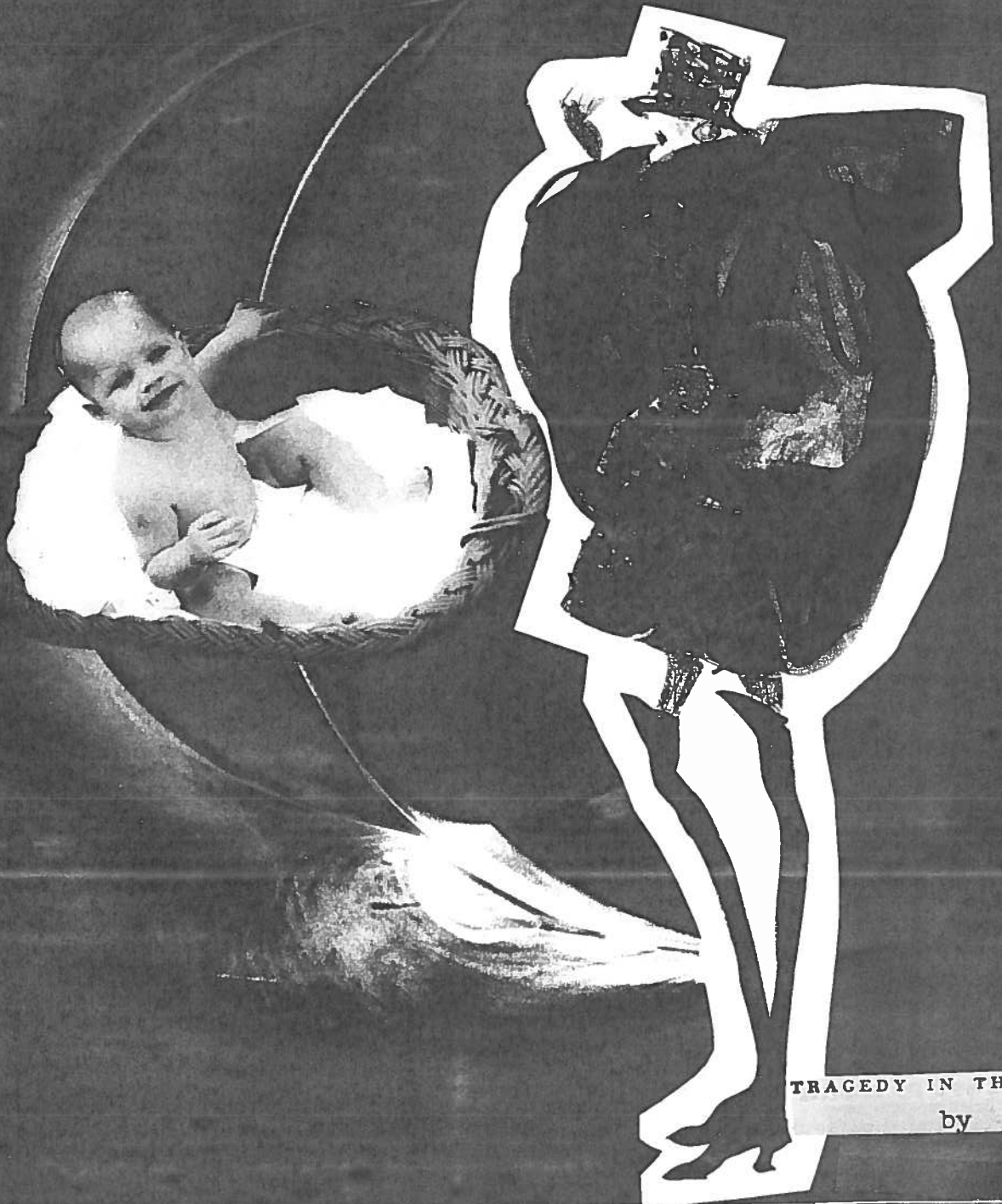


# PENITENTS



TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

by

ROBERTO RODRÍGUEZ SUAREZ

PENITENTS

or

TANGO BAR

a

play

in

two

acts

by

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ SUAREZ

Pertenece a la Colección de  
ROBERTO RAMOS-PERA  
bajo la custodia temporal del  
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DEL ATENEU PUERTORRIQUEÑO.  
2003

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To contact the author call (212) 249 9669  
after 4:00 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT *or write to*  
*1411 Second Ave - B-1*  
*N.Y., N.Y. 10028*

New York City  
October 1979

IMPORTANT: A musical based on this play was  
written by Roberto Rodriguez Suarez  
and Aurelio Padron and is available  
for possible production. *(Developed*  
*at IMAR's Theatre workshop.*

For information about this play, contact the  
AUTHOR at (212) 249 9669 any day after 4:00 P.M.  
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IMPORTANT: A FINAL VERSION of both THE STORY and of IN THE WHITE HOUSE will be finished by the end of DECEMBER/92.

Copies of the following plays by Roberto Rodríguez Suárez can be found at the Theatre Collection of the Library and Museum of Performing Arts at Lincoln Center: (TEL # 870 1764)

IN ENGLISH

THE BETROTHAL  
WINDOWS  
THE OSTRICHES' HALLOWEEN  
THE TANGO BAR (A musical)  
IN THE WHITE HOUSE  
THE STORY  
THE TANGO BAR (The play)  
PENITENTS

IN SPANISH

EL CASORIO  
LAS VENTANAS  
DIOSEROS  
LA CASI TRAGEDITA DE LILLIE XIV  
EN LA CASA BLANCA  
AVE SIN RUMBO

NEW YORK CITY - 1992

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El texto que aquí aparece se ha clasificado de FINAL. El mismo ha sido resultado de un cuidadoso estudio por el autor después de haber probado la obra en un sinnúmero de producciones.

Estando el AUTOR aún vivito y coleando, sin duda, que él aceptaría alguna sugerencia con la condición de que su decisión, la del AUTOR, será la FINAL.

Esta decisión fue hecha después que, en varias ocasiones y durante los estrenos de algunas de sus obras, el AUTOR tuviera que pasar por el doloroso momento de ver su material mutilado por algunos directores que se olvidaron de que su labor es INTERPRETAR el texto de una obra teatral y no la de RE-ESCRIBIR lo que es considerado como PROPIEDAD AJENA.

Habiendo sido DIRECTOR antes que AUTOR, él comprende la tentación de inyectar sus ideas a las del escritor durante su labor directorial. Lo único que puede evitar conflictos entre los dos creadores es una estrecha amistad y comunicación entre ambos.

El AUTOR  
Tel: (212) 249 9669  
(Después de las 4:00 P.M.  
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**Acknowledgments**

The editors wish to thank the Advisory Board members whose names appear on page v for their advice and encouragement as we compiled this first edition of *Who's Who among Hispanic Americans*. We would also like to thank the many individuals and organizations who nominated achievers for consideration in this volume.

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1st Edition

**RODRIGUEZ SUÁREZ, ROBERTO**  
Playwright, stage director, writer. **PERSONAL:** Born Sep 9, 1923, Naguabo, Puerto Rico; son of Juan Rodriguez and Eufemia Suárez. **EDUCATION:** Univ. of Puerto Rico, Education, 1941-44; Univ. of New York, Television Directing and Production, 1970. **CAREER:** Puerto Rican Theatre Festivals, Playwright, Director, 1967-75; Middlebury College Spanish School, Artistic Director, 1960-67; Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, Director, La Carreta, 1985; INTAR Theatre, Playwright, Musical Workshop, 1987; IATI Theatre, Director, Playwright, 1988, 1989. **HONORS/ACHIEVEMENTS:** Agueybana Award (Puerto Rican Oscars), Best Director, 1973; Asociación de Críticos de Espectáculos (New York Hispanic Oscars), for contribution to Hispanic theatre for 35 years, 1989. **SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS:** Las Ventanas, 1969, El Casero, 1970, Ave Sin Rumbo, 1977 (plays); numerous works as a director, playwright, writer, actor. **BIOGRAPHICAL SOURCES:** Diccionario de la Literatura Puertorriqueña, 1970, p. 527; Teatro Puertorriqueño (Las Ventanas) Festival #10, 1967, p. 9. **HOME ADDRESS:** 1611 Second Ave., A1, New York, NY 10028, (212)249-9669.

**Compilation Methods**

The selection of *Who's Who among Hispanic Americans* listees is based primarily on reference value. In order to identify noteworthy achievers, more than 2,000 associations, businesses, colleges and universities, and state and local government offices have been contacted for their suggestions. The editorial staff also scans a wide variety of books, magazines, newspapers, and other material on an ongoing basis. In addition, the *WWHA* Advisory Board members provide their recommendations and guidance. Candidates become eligible for inclusion by virtue of positions held through election or



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**JULIO IGLESIAS**



**ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ SUAREZ** es uno de los más prolíficos dramaturgos con que cuenta el Nueva York hispano. Una de sus obras fue escogida para abrir un reciente Festival de Teatro del Instituto de Cultura de Puerto Rico, y no hace mucho hubo una reposición de su *Las Ventanas en el Teatro IATI*. Entre otros logros, Rodríguez-Suarez conjuntamente con Miriam Colón fue fundador del Nuevo Circulo Dramático, el primer teatro hispano con sede permanente en Nueva York. Además de escribir para el teatro, ha hecho periodismo y escribe cuentos.



**POLITO VEGA**



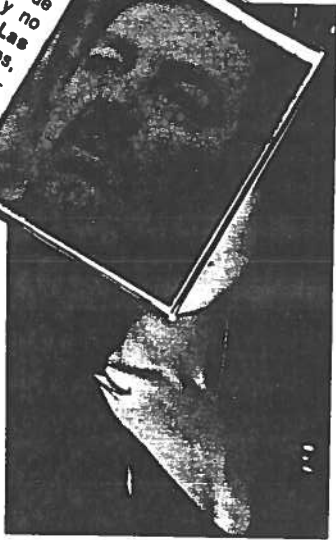
**MYRIAM HERNANDEZ**



**MALIN FALU**



**MIJARES**



**ELIZABETH PEÑA**



**PEDRO LUIS 'BACAN'**

\*\*\* NEW YORK NY 100 (900815) (3)

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ-SUAREZ  
1611 SECOND AVE  
NEW YORK

NY 10028

*s Latin Magazine*



**ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ SUAREZ** nació en Naguabo, Puerto Rico donde ejerció la profesión de maestro en las escuelas públicas de dicho pueblo. En el año de 1950 se trasladó a la ciudad de Nueva York donde reside desde entonces. Después de actuar en más de cien dramas de televisión por la NBC, la CBS y la ABC fundó la compañía teatral *Nuevo Circulo Dramático* junto a la actriz Miriam Colón además de otros actores hispanoamericanos residentes en Nueva York. Fue esta compañía la que en el año 1953 presentara *La Carreta* de Rene Márques en su estreno mundial. El triunfo obtenido en esta presentación fue de tal magnitud que Roberto Rodríguez Suárez quedó establecido como uno de los mejores directores de teatro puertorriqueños. En el año 1958 presentó *El Casorio* en la Universidad de Puerto Rico. Esta primera obra dramática de Rodríguez Suárez recibió grandes elogios de la crítica de Puerto Rico y Nueva York. *El Casorio* es considerada como una de las obras importantes de la literatura dramática de Puerto Rico.

Rodríguez Suárez es también autor de *En la Casa Blanca*, *Dioseros*, *Avestruces*, *Las ventanas*, *Lillie XIV*, *El cuento* y *El jardín nocturno*, todas piezas de teatro. Su colección de cuentos incluye *El tomate*, *El último verano*, *El príncipe de Harlem*, *El negocito*, *La última caza* y *A diez centavos el baile*. Durante varios años Rodríguez Suárez fue Director del Departamento de Teatro de la Escuela Española de Middlebury College en Vermont.

## PENITENTS

Drama in two acts

by

Roberto Rodriguez Suarez

## CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

EAGLES.....	Soldiers, dancers
DIOSERA.....	Singer, dancer, mother
DIOSERITO I.....	A dead son, soldier, singer, dancer
MARTIN PENA.....	A body of brackish water in a San Juan slum
DIOSERO.....	Singer, dancer, pianist, father
DIOSERITO II.....	A second son, dancer

The action takes place in a shack in Martin Pena slum in a swampy area of the same name in San Juan, Puerto Rico. The SHACK consists of a LIVING ROOM, a BEDROOM, a BALCONY and a LATRINE. From the front, the shack appears to be anchored on solid ground while the rear part ~~is~~ seems rooted in the water and mud of the SWAMP and supported by long wooden pilings.

The only furniture to be found around is a broken down TABLE, an old BUNK covered with a torn bedspread, an old CRIB covered with spider webs and a few old BOXES that will serve as chairs. On a SHELF there is an old RADIO, an empty pint-size flat BOTTLE with cap, big CONES made of cardboard, a half-burned CANDLE, NEEDLES, THREAD and a LETTER with the edges burnt and a bullet hole in the middle. On the TABLE there is an old PIGGY-BANK full of pennies, the remains of a LOAF OF BREAD, an old PURSE containing MAKE-UP, and a half GALLON of cheap WINE. A few POTS, PANS, empty CANS and old NEWSPAPERS appear all over the PLACE. An old, ragged TUXEDO, an old TOP HAT, COSTUME GOWNS and a large piece of a broken MIRROR hang from the WALLS. The SHACK is up right. A HALF CURTAIN is half way off-stage in front of the SHACK and reaches center stage when closes. A THREE PIECE BAND, PIANO, CELLO and DRUMS (All white) are down left. In front of the BAND area another HALF CURTAIN runs from off stage to center stage. A rustic BOARDWALK or BRIDGE connects the SHACK with the top of the PIANO which the DIOSEROS will use for their performances. The curtain in front of the BAND rises. Three MUSICIANS dressed in WHITE TUXEDOS with TAILS play the last bars of a tune. DIOSERA sings in the distance. The TIME is close to FIVE in the afternoon of a GOOD FRIDAY of a year now forgotten. The LIGHTS in a distant SKYSCRAPER start to come up. The SONG ends. An OVATION follows. Cries of "BRAVA" and "MORE" are heard.

DIOSERA'S VOICE

(Sounding a little drunk)

No, no, no...! That's enough for now. Come on...! Give me a break!

OTHER VOICES

(Calling)

Diosera...! Diosera...! Diosera...!

DIOSERA'S VOICE

Have pity on me. I've got to go home and rest. I'll be back at seven.



(The AUDIENCE keep roaring)

Leave me alone...! I must go home. My husband is due back from the garbage dump any time now. Bye...! I'll see you at seven tonight. Bye...!

(DIOSERA enters. SHE'S dressed in a ragged dress, the style worn by the movie stars of the Rodolfo Valentino days. Her HAIR is prematurely GRAY and in DISORDER. SHE'S missing a few TEETH. SHE seems to be high on LIQUOR. SHE must be slightly over FIFTY. SHE crosses to the SHACK, turns around, climbs on the PIANO, faces the AUDIENCE

DIOSERA

(Interrupting herself)

What should I sing tonight at the tavern? What should I sing tonight at seven? I must be perfect...! But to be perfect I must rehearse. What should I sing tonight at the tavern? Oh, I know. I'll sing "BANANA MAN". That'll be just perfect for an opener. Then I'll sing the same old songs. But first a new ballad, a song they've never heard...! And "BANANA MAN" is that song...! YES. "BANANA MAN" is about a man who sells bananas. If he sold potatoes the song would be called "POTATO MAN". But the fact that he only sells bananas makes it impossible for the song to be called anything other than "BANANA MAN".

(A DOG howls)

Shut up, you bitch! The poor thing...! She's been in heat for more than a year now. Now...! Music Maestro...!

(DIOSERA sings "BANANA MAN" to the end. Then starts towards her house. The CURTAIN rises. DIOSERITO I appears in the back of the STAGE wearing a robe. HE looks like a GHOST standing on a pedestal. HE is NINETEEN years old. Four EAGLES crouch on the beams of the SHACK or on nearby TREES. THEY chirp at times. The DOG keeps howling against the background of a running STREAM)

As I figured...! My man is not back yet. Where could he have gone? (Taking a sip of WINE) It's so good...! This wine...!

(Looking in the DISTANCE)

Where is he...? That man of mine...? He knows very well that, tonight at seven, we're dancing and singing at the tavern. They'll be waiting for our performance at seven...! On the dot...! Where could he be? That's why I must rehearse now. Yes...!

(Running to the BALCONY; shouting to a howling DOG)

Shut up, you son of a bitch...! If you don't like my performance you can go RIGHT TO HELL! Why do I have to go through this AGONY all the time? Music MAESTRO...!"

(The MUSIC starts; the DOG howls again)

SHUT UP...!

(Throwing an EMPTY CAN at the DOG that runs yelping)  
There...!

(Sipping WINE from the HALF-GALLON BOTTLE)  
It's so good...! THIS WINE...!

(To the EAGLES)  
And you...! YOU WILL STARVE TO DEATH...! You filthy vultures...! Yes...! To death...! TO DEATH...!

(Covering HER PUBIC AREA with HER HAND; shouting in a defiant and grotesque manner)  
You'll starve to death 'cause I've sealed my cave so no more sons can come out...!

(Spits at the chirping EAGLES)  
I'm going to look so pretty at the tavern...! Yes,,; I'll be dancing at the tavern tonight...! At SEVEN...! I'm going to look stunning tonight...!

(Starting to make-up in front of the MIRROR)  
Where the hell is that husband of mine?

(A MASS is heard coming from a nearby SKYSCRAPER; shouting)  
Turn that stupid music off...! Just because you're rich it doesn't give you the right to drown my music...! TURN IT OFF...!

(Turning the VOLUME of the RADIO louder)  
Do you think you own the WORLD? Fools...!

(Taking another SIP)  
Oh...! IT FEELS SO GOOD...! This wine...!

(A THUNDERING SOUND is heard. The LATRINE collapses into the SWAMP. The ANIMALS and the FOWL turn wild)  
There she goes - our dear latrine...! Goodbye, dear latrine. Goodbye. There she goes swimming down the river of the dead. Goodbye, dear latrine...! Goodbye...! All we have left is the bedroom, the balcony and this room. I wonder where that man of mine is going to pee when he comes back from the garbage dump...! I wonder.

(A FIRE ENGINE is heard. Turmoil around the SWAMP. The DOGS howl)  
Let it burn whatever it is! That's the only way we could escape from this HELL! LET IT BURN...!

(The MASS keeps playing)  
THAT MUSIC! THAT MUSIC IS GOING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY...! Well, I think I better start getting ready for my performance tonight at the tavern. It'll be seven soon I guess.

(A LETTER falls off the TABLE. The EDGES of the LETTER are burnt. It has BULLET HOLES all over. DIOSERA sits down and starts reading)

DIOSERITO I *Voice*

"MAMA, I'M SO LONELY AND SO COLD! THE STILL BODIES OF SO MANY MEN LIE BESIDES ME. NEITHER THE SUNLIGHT NOR THE RAINDROPS EVER REACH THE DEPTH OF OUR GRAVES. I'M SO LONELY, MAMA!"

DIOSERA

(Screaming)

THE EARTH IS NOW DEAD...! THE EARTH IS NOW DEAD...!

(A BABY LAMB crawls in and wanders around bleating at times)

DIOSERITO I

THE BULLETS HAVE SHATTERED MY BONES, MAMA! AND MY BLOOD - MY BLOOD WHICH ONCE FLOWED OUT WHEN THE HEART CRIED OUT, IS NOW HARDENED IN THE HOLES MADE BY WAR. I CAN FEEL THE WORMS CRAWLING THROUGH THE FLESH THAT STILL REMAINS IN MY BODY. (DIOSERA sobs) AND I CAN FEEL THE ANTS BUILDING THEIR NESTS IN THE STILL CLAMORING CELLS INSIDE ME."

DIOSERA

The soul, the eyes, the blood, the flesh and the heart of our sons waste away. (To the EAGLES) MURDERERS...!(The EAGLES chirp wildley) MURDERERS...!

DIOSERITO I

"MAMA! IT'S SO STRANGE TO FEEL COLD IN THE WOUNDS MADE BY THE FIRE OF WAR. HOW ARE YOU MY BELOVED? STILL LOOKING AT THE SKYSCRAPERS OF THE RICH? STILL DREAMING OF A SUNNY DAY? STILL LOOKING AT THE MURKY WATERS OF THE SWAMP? STILL FIGHTING WITH THE MOON..? STILL SHOUTING AT THE DOGS..? STILL DANCING AT THE TAVERN..? SILL FEEDING PAPA HIS DAILY BREAD IN THE MORNING AND HIS NIGHTLY WINE IN THE EVENINGS BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP.."

DIOSERA

Ye, yes, yes...! YES!

DIOSERITO I

STILL ARGUING WITH OUR POOR MARTIN PENA? MY DEAR OLD SWAMP..? I GUESS HE'S STILL STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE THE STRANGLING MUD TO GO BATHE IN THE WHITE SURF OF THE GREAT SEAS..!"

DIOSERA

Yes.

DIOSERITO I

"MAMA, REMEMBER..? YESTERDAY I WAS A FLOWER. YESTERDAY I WAS A HILL. YESTERDAY I WAS THE RAIN, THE SUN, THE MOON, THE APRIL MIST. YESTERDAY I WAS PEACE RESTING ATOP THE WORLD..!REMEMBER..?"

DIOSERA

I remember.

DIOSERITO I

"TODAY I AM A DRY RIVER. TODAY I AM A BARREN MOUNTAIN. TODAY I AM NIGHT. TODAY I AM NOBODY. ALTHOUGH NOW EVERYBODY CLAIMS ME. TODAY. AND YOU KNOW WHY THEY CLAIM ME? BECAUSE I AM A H-E-R-O! AND YOU KNOW WHY I AM NOW A HERO? BECAUSE I AM D-E-A-D..!"

*Voice*

? *Boy's Va*

DIOSERA

(Incredulous)  
You are..?

(The EAGLES descend upon the ~~LAMB~~ <sup>Boy</sup> in grotesque choreography. THEY capture IT, carry IT outside, machine-gun IT and dump IT into the SWAMP which goes wild)

DIOSERA'S VOICE

Don't take him away..! MURDERERS..!

DIOSERA

(Pensive)  
Life vanishes like Morning Glory at dusk..! (Putting the LETTER away; takes a sip of wine) It's so good..! This wine..!

(DIOSERITO I disrobes. HE wears BLUE JEANS and a TURTLENECK SWEATER. Sings " THE CHILDREN OF WAR")

(A SONG'S end)

Why does he insist in singing that song over and over again..? To shatter my soul..? To prevent me from trying to forget..? To bring me back to the agonizing nights I spent here days and months and years after his departure, crying out my heart..? I feel so pretty tonight..!

MARTIN PENA

(Surfacing. HE is thousands of YEARS OLD. HE is covered with murky WATER and filthy DEBRIS. HE moans like a wounded BEAST)

Let the children of the world brighten the earth with their sunny smiles. Blessed be the voices of peace..! Blessed be the day of salvation.

DIOSERA

So, there you are again, dirty face..! Feeling sorry for us people..! Ah? Why don't you shut up and let the world burn all the way down to ashes. New life may emerge from the scorched beams of the shacks. LET IT BURN..!

MARTIN PENA

You don't seem to moved at all with his lament - the song he just performed..!

DIOSERA

Don't you start again doing what he himself does to me..! Reviving events that crushed me inside years ago. So, don't force me to remember. (Shouting) I don't want to remember..! I am HAPPY NOW..! I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER..! So shut up and go home. Why don't you take a swim down the river of the dead, ah? Why not? Ah? Go..! And listen to me..! Why did you swallow the latrine? Why? Tell me..! (MARTIN PENA doesn't answer) Go..! I must get ready for my performance at the tavern tonight. I'm dancing tonight at seven..! Why do you only come to disturb me when I'm happy? When I'm trying to look pretty? I wonder what's going on at the tavern..!

(The MASS is heard again. Crosses to the BALCONY and looks at the SKYSCRAPERS; dances)

The music of the dead...! It's so pretty...! Why is it so pretty? The music of the dead...? (Dancing) Why can't I dance to it? Why can't I? Oh...! I know! Simply because it is the music of the dead...! Dead music...! (To the EAGLES) You carry our sons away and then make bullet holes in their chests. That's why I said, NO MORE SONS...! I'll keep my womb clean from now on. And let my life last longer. Yes. LONGER so I can have FUN. Oh, no! No more sons...! I want to get drunk. That's why I've sealed my cave. So no more sons can come out. (Sipping WINE) It feels so good...! This wine...! And now, to practice my dance...!

(Putting the LETTER aside)

I wonder what's going on at the tavern...! My son now travels in the darkness of DEATH...! Now. What should my first number be? Let me see. I know. I'll sing "GET OUT OF MY WAY". Music, maestro.

(The BAND plays - DIOSERA sings; shakes the PIGGY-BANK at SONG'S end)

Still something left...! Not much, but something...! Enough...! (Looking into the distance) Where has that husband of mine gone? We're going to be so late to the tavern...! And I want so much to dance tonight! So much...! I'm going to look so beautiful tonight! They burn our sons and the flowers then wither with the fires of war. And then, the flowers, the poor things, get lost in the desert. Oh, yes...!

(Shaking the PIGGY-BANK again)

Not much left...! But enough to spend a nice evening at the tavern. They have taken my son away and dumped him in the river of the dead. I heard him swimming down the river...! All alone...! To the cemetery...! My own flesh swimming, all alone down the river of the dead...! ALL ALONE...! MURDERERS!

(Talking to the CRIB)

How long have you been alone? How long have you been cold? How long will you be cold from now on? FOREVER!

(Throwing the CRIB into the RIVER; the SWAMP turns wild)

Goodbye, little crib! Goodbye...! Go take care of my son. You'll find him down the river. Will you take care of him?

MARTIN PENA

Stop throwing junk into my waters! STOP IT!

DIOSERA

That wasn't junk? That was the children's bed...! Junk...! (Biting from the loaf of bread) There'll be no bread left for that husband of mine by the time he returns from the dump.

(Sipping WINE)

To wash it down. Just to wash it down...! Yes. Where could he have gone - that husband of mine...? I've told him never to go for food to the far-away garbage dumps. I told him many times.

(Lifting HER SKIRT and urinating in the SWAMP; to a howling DOG)

Shut up, you bitch. There! This will nourish your guts...

MARTIN PENA

PIG..!

DIOSERA

Pig! There's only one pig around here! If you look around you'll find out that that pig is YOU. Just look at your face and you'll know what it is that I mean. Look at yourself..! GO ON! LOOK AT YOURSELF! Why am I always surrounded by monsters? Why?

MARTIN PENA

Men poison me with their excrement - making me bleed dirty blood..! Yes! Why can men let me live like before..? Without slime..? Without poison..? Without stench..? LET THE SMELL OF JASMIN COME BACK..!

DIOSERA

(The CLOCK chimes the HOUR of FOUR FORTY-FIVE)

Oh, dear! Almost five and that husband of mine still gone..! (To MARTIN PENA) Why don't you escape. You swim very well..! The surf is only a few yards away..! Why don't you go..? Fill your lungs with the wind and let the chains that torture you brake loose. Why don't you try?

MARTIN PENA

That would be an impossible task..! Can't you see I am a SWAMP?

DIOSERA

(Casual; while doing HER EYEBROWS)

They wouldn't let you escape, ah?

MARTIN PENA

This is no joke. What happens is that, as soon as I get close to the mouth of the bay, the tides come in and push me back.

DIOSERA

It's natural. They're afraid your filth may rot the waters of the sea..!

MARTIN PENA

All I want is to cleanse my soul!

DIOSERA

You keep telling me the same stories over and over again. You only bring agony to us with your morbid tales. Why are you always talking about how mean the earth, the sea, the sun and the moon are to you? So, shut up! Yes! Enough is enough!

MARTIN PENA

(Adamant)

I'll be repeating my tales until someone, I DON'T CARE WHO, goes out there and say;

(Singing)

EARTH  
 I'm the son of your wisdom  
 I'm the son of your might  
 I'm the son of your rivers  
 of your oceans  
 of your mountains  
 of your winds  
 I'm the son of you, EARTH

Etc...

DIOSERA

(At SONG'S end)  
 When are you going to bring joy to us?

MARTIN PENA

It seems that I have been wasting my time talking to you. Why don't you go where you belong? (Shouting) "Earth, you've made a mistake - allowing the tides to strangle my spirit. Earth, don't stand in my way to happiness! Earth, don't torture me with cruel tomorrows! Don't doom me to rot in a filthy death! Let me bathe in the white surf of the oceans. Let me ride the winds of your skies! Let me love the moon..! Why don't you give me a friend, earth?"

DIOSERA

Once I floated in the wind. By a rose garden..! Next to a manor hidden in the forest. But the forest burned down. And the manor melted. And the rose garden withered with the desert sun. That's why I'm here. So, stop complaining..!

MARTIN PENA

(Sinking; the SWAMP turns wild)  
 Have pity on me! Have pity on me..!

DIOSERA

(Turning the RADIO)  
 Son of a bitch! Why does he have to surface every time I'm getting ready for my performance, Where else would I pee after the son of a bitch dared swallow the latrine..?

(DIOSERO enters. HE is about fifty years old but looks older. A BEARD covers most of his face. Missing TEETH are obvious. He dresses in dirty rags. Also wears a beat-up straw HAT. HE brings an old SHOPPING BAG containing a PLASTIC FLOWER, a half-smoked CIGAR, an old lady's HAT with a wide brim covered with paper flowers and a STATUE of Jesus Christ. HE turns the RADIO off as HE comes in)

What are you doing? Turning the radio off just like that? Without having the decency of asking me, "Diosera, do you mind if I turn the radio off?" Or something like that..? What's the matter with you? How dare you do this to me? How dare you..?

DIOSERO

You look great tonight!

DIOSERA

Why are you so late? You almost had no bread left..! Do I really look pretty?

DIOSERO

(Crossing to where the LATRINE used to be; unzipping HIS PANTS)  
Where's the latrine?

DIOSERA

Gone. Martin Pena swallowed it up. And then he came out to insult me when I peed in the river. Pig, he called me..! The son of a bitch..! Where else could I pee if the latrine is gone? It was he who swallowed it. I saw it.

DIOSERO

(Peeing into the SWAMP while listening to the MASS)  
That music..!

DIOSERA

It comes from up there where all the rich people live. But it's dead - the music!.I tried to dance to it and it was impossible. Really..! And you know why..? Why I couldn't dance to it..?

DIOSERO

(Unpacking while DIOSERA makes-up)  
Why, dear?

DIOSERA

Because it's DEAD..! The music is DEAD..! That's why I couldn't dance to it. That's why..!

DIOSERO

How strange it sounds! Just like the wind when it plays with the pines of the cemetery.

DIOSERA

Those who live up there can afford it. They all have pine trees upon their graves at the cemetery. Love..!

DIOSERO

Listen..! Shhhh..!

DIOSERA

Stop telling me what to do. I don't have to listen to nothing. What did you bring? From the garbage dump..? Oh, I forgot to tell you. I had a dream..!

DIOSERO

What about?

DIOSERA

Our son..! The one who was burnt at the war..! Remember..? When some eagles came upon him and threw him into the river of the dead..?

DIOSERO

Yes. That's the way it happened..! Soon after he was born..! In the prime of his life..! But we forgot him already..! Haven't we?



DIOSERA

Yes. And that's why I want to go to the tavern and have fun. Because I don't want to remember.. What did you bring from the dump?

DIOSERO

(Showing DIOSERA the HAT)

A hat covered with flowers..! A very pretty hat..! Don't you think?

DIOSERA

(Putting the HAT on; childish)

For me to look pretty?

DIOSERO

(Showing DIOSERA the plastic ROSE)

And a rose..!

DIOSERA

For by breast..? For my breast, I said..!

DIOSERO

Of course. And statue..!

DIOSERA

A statue..? A statue of what?

DIOSERO

(Showing the STATUE to DIOSERA)

Of the Lord. I found it under the hat and on top of the rose. Beautiful..! And I also found a cigar next to the statue. Half-smoked..! He dies today. And on Sunday He will rise unto Heaven..! So they say..! We have to take care of Him. We have to make sure HE is never disturbed while he rests - while HE thinks.

(DIOSERO cleans the STATUE)

DIOSERA

Oh, Him? Get Him out of here! GET HIM OUT OF HERE I SAID..!

DIOSERO

I found Him in the mud looking up at the Heavens! Remember! Today is Good Friday. Today He dies. And on Sunday he will resuscitate and rise to Heaven. We must let Him rest before He goes away into eternity. We must..! Don't you think?

DIOSERA

(Adamant)

OUT I SAID! The eagles come from Heaven too! The eagles come from Heaven to devour our sons..! You know that..! So, out! OUT, I SAID..!(The EAGLES chirp)  
See what I mean? OUT..!

DIOSERO

No. We'll let Him rest... HERE..! WITH US..!

DIOSERA

(Trying to pull the STATUE away from DIOSERO)  
The eagles eat the lambs..! You saw the slaughter once..! And I remember you said that the slaughter took place because of the blindness of the priests. Don't you remember, ah? What makes you now, all of a sudden, adore the Lord? I threw the crib into the river of the dead so the eagles won't, ever again, eat any more sons. OUT with Him!

DIOSERO

Don't be afraid. The lambs are now resting! We'll put the Lord on the shelf and..! You threw the crib into the river..?

DIOSERA

We will never need a crib again.

DIOSERO

We're still young..!

DIOSERA

But my flesh is tired. So, don't count on that.

DIOSERO

We will worry about that when the time comes. Here. Put the rose by him. Today is His day. Put the rose by him I said!

DIOSERA

But I want to wear it..! To look pretty..! It is my day, after all. It is I who'll sing and dance at the tavern tonight at seven..! Not Him..!

DIOSERO

Once you loved the Lord. You loved Him dearly..!

DIOSERA

That was once..! But no more..! That was a long time ago..!

(The CLOCK chimes the HOUR of FIVE)

DIOSERO

Now we'll mourn the Lord. The clock just rang five. We'll mourn the Lord until the clock rings six. Put the rose by Him. (Screaming) NOW!

DIOSERA

I'm going to the tavern. Now. I must wear the new hat and the rose tonight.

DIOSERO

Don't you realize that finding a statue of the Lord at the garbage dump on a Good Friday could mean something important? A message from Heaven perhaps..? Let me light the candle for Him. And then we'll sing to Him..!

DIOSERA

(Reluctantly puts the ROSE by the STATUE)  
Dammit..! DAMMIT..! I want a drink..!

DIOSERO

After six..!

DIOSERA

Don't deny that you've been drinking yourself. Haven't you?

DIOSERO

I don't deny it.

DIOSERA

Why then so religious all of a sudden?

DIOSERO

I had a few before I found the Lord. And the hat, the rose and the cigar. Now, let's sing to the Lord. (Singing) "GOD IS IN ME", "GOD IS IN ME", "GOD IS IN ME"...! (To DIOSERA) Sing..!

DIOSERA

(More in fun than in reverence)  
"GOD IS IN ME", "God IS IN ME", "GOD IS..!" (Admiring the ROSE) A flower with life..! A rose with eternity..! How strange! The demons didn't carry it to the desert.

DIOSERO

(Placing the candle by the STATUE; then shaking the piggy-bank)  
Still something left..! Not much, but something..! Give me some bread. I'm starving..! Where is it? The bread..?

DIOSERA

(Handing to DIOSERO what's left of the LOAF)  
Here..! HERE..! (Offering DIOSERO the wine) How about a sip?

DIOSERO

Not while doing penance. No.

DIOSERA

Just to wash the bread down..! It'll bring moisture to your throat..! You always drank your wine with bread..! Take it!

DIOSERO

Put it away!

DIOSERA

You'll choke with bread alone..! AND I HOPE YOU DO..! Have some wine, for Heaven's sake! Didn't you just say that your guts were dry? After all those hours under the sun..? At the dump..?

DIOSERO

An hour of penance is not too much to ask. When was the last time we did penance?

DIOSERA

Never before..! Why do you ask? Why don't you leave me alone?

DIOSERO

That's why it's so important to do penance today. On this Good Friday..! To find the Lord at the garbage dump was a miracle.

DIOSERA

(Sarcastic)  
Miracle! What miracle are you talking about?

DIOSERO

(To the STATUE)  
Rest, my Lord. Rest till the moment of your dying..! We'll take good care of you during your agony. Trust me..!

DIOSERA

Not me..! NOT ME..!

DIOSERO

(To DIOSERA who smashes the PIGGY-BANK)  
Look what you've done..!

DIOSERA

I need the money to go to the tavern..!

DIOSERO

No, you don't..!

DIOSERA

I don't understand. You were always first at the tavern. You were always wondering what was going on at the tavern..! You always did..! Around this time..! Why then don't you wonder what's going on at the tavern NOW?

DIOSERO

(Crossing to the STATUE)  
Look how He suffers! He has tears in His eyes..! Stop causing Him agony.

DIOSERA

(Sarcastic)  
Tears..? In the eyes of a plastic statue..? Are you crazy..! (Begging) Listen... How about doing penance when we come back? After the performance..? Don't forget that we have a number together..! Have you forgotten? A number together..! You and I..! And we haven't even rehearsed..!

DIOSERO

Stop the jabber..!

DIOSERA

Let Him suffer! Let Him suffer! We suffer, don't we? Ah? So, LET HIM SUFFER so He can have a taste of agony as we have had. LET HIM SUFFER..!

DIOSERO

QUIET, WOMAN..!

DIOSERA

(Indignant)  
We're staying then? Are we? Answer me..! Are we staying here?

DIOSERO

Yes. Until six. Why do I have to tell you the same thing over and over?

DIOSERA

(Calming down)

He didn't do a thing when our son was thrown into the river of the dead..!  
Swimming to the cemetery all alone..! Gasping for air..! His blood flooding  
the waters of the world..! His body all burnt..!

DIOSERO

(To the STATUE)

Sleep my Lord. The light will illuminate your thoughts..! (Picks up the empty  
SHOPPING BAG) Where is the charcoal pencil?

DIOSERA

I don't know.

' DIOSERO

Oh, here it is. (Sits down to write on the BAG) It will be six soon..!

DIOSERA

What are you doing?

DIOSERO

Writing a poem.

DIOSERA

What's a poem?

DIOSERO

Something you write.

DIOSERA

I see. (A moment of desolation) DAMMIT..! (Crosses to the STATUE) Are you  
going to keep vigil over the dead sons? Why do you feed Martin Pena the  
bodies of the saints? When you very well know he doesn't like it? Answer me..!  
ANSWER ME..! He doesn't answer me..!

DIOSERO

Do you want to be punished?

DIOSERA

(To the STATUE)

I am a dancer..! A dancer and a singer..! That's my profession..! Also my  
husband's. (Tuning the RADIO on a sexy MELODY) I'll prove it to you..!  
(Dancing) See..? Do you like the way I dance? (Singing) Do you like the way  
I sing?

DIOSERO

Turn it off.

DIOSERA

(To the STATUE)

We are the stars at the tavern around the corner, Every night we sing and dance  
there..! Do singers and dancers go to Heaven when they drop dead?

DIOSERO

(Turning the RADIO off; goes back to the POEM)  
Sit down and meditate..! Was anyone here while I was away?

DIOSERA

Only the eagles. And as you can see they're still here.

DIOSERO

What will your opening number at the tavern be tonight?

DIOSERA

I don't know. I'm all confused. I've been rehearsing all day and still I haven't been able to make a decision.

DIOSERO

How about "Lillie From Hong Kong"? Your performance has always been lovely. So, why not that? Are you sure there was no one here except for the eagles?

DIOSERA

What's the matter with you? We're talking about my performance and suddenly you ask me if there was someone here today..! Anyway..! No. Just the eagles as I said. (Trying to trick DIOSERO into drinking) Your throat must be getting dry..! I know you want the bottle..! I can see it in your eyes..! And in your lips..! Your lips are trembling..! Aren't they, dear?

DIOSERO

Leave me alone..! Can't you see I'm trying to meditate?

DIOSERA

And writing poems at the same time..? Why do you make me wait so long when you go out to the garbage dump? It's so lonely here when you're away..! So very lonely..! And after all these years...

DIOSERO

I was thinking that perhaps we should...

DIOSERA

(Shouting)

I said it was very lonely when you're away..!

DIOSERO

I heard you..! I was thinking that..!

DIOSERA

(Charming)

I thought you hadn't. What were you going to say when I was telling you that it was very lonely here when you are away?

DIOSERO

I was thinking about all those years together - you and I. And it never occurred to us to do penance. Only this miracle has come to open my eyes. So many years..! How many years together? You and I..?

DIOSERA

Since long before our son went away..! Oh, I can see myself tonight at the tavern - walking down the steps like an empress - the feathers thrusting a fresh wind all around me. I don't have a costume to use for "Lillie From Hong Kong"! You never brought me an Oriental dress from the garbage dump..! Never..!

DIOSERO

Next time..! Our son was so handsome..! Tall and strong as a bull..!

DIOSERA

And beautiful as an angel..! Remember his smile..! Or have you forgotten?

DIOSERO

No, no, no. I remember..!

DIOSERA

And when he went away the garden turned cold. And an icy blast settled in my womb... And then the wind poisoned our roots.

DIOSERO

That's when we came to live here. Am I correct?

DIOSERA

Yes. And then darkness took over.

DIOSERO

It hasn't been so bad since..! Because you always managed to brighten the hours every time you sang or danced at the tavern.

DIOSERA

I never knew you had noticed. Give me a smoke. If I recall you brought a cigar from the dump. At the same time you brought the rose and the hat.

DIOSERO

And the statue..! Have you forgotten..?

DIOSERA

(Staggering around)

Where is it? The cigar - where is it? Where is the darn cigar? Here it is. Give me a light. (Crossing to the STATUE; using the CANDLE by It) I got it. (Puffing) Where does hope dwell?

DIOSERO

Smoke and keep still..! Isn't that what you wanted? The cigar..? I can't figure you out, woman! You wanted the cigar..! Now you have the cigar and now you start asking silly questions. Smoke and let me work..! (A short SILENCE; fascinated) The cigar was near the statue and next to the rose. The cigar was out but the rose was glowing in the sunlight. The statue was looking at the Heavens - as if waiting for some kind of a blessing..!

DIOSERA

(Shouting)

Let the stars stop in the middle of the universe so time can come back once more - to bring us joy. Diosero..!

DIOSERO

What?

DIOSERA

Will they rise one day..? The lambs..?

DIOSERO

So many years waiting...! Give me a puff...! (DIOSERA does; grabbing the GALLON of WINE) Get the flat bottle. And fix the holes in the pockets of my tuxedo. I want to make sure I don't drop the bottle while dancing at the tavern...!

DIOSERA

Hollow flowers dwell in the gardens of the white palaces. And nightingales with their heads bent towards the center of the earth live on the branches near the palaces.

DIOSERO

Hold the flat bottle while I pour. (Pouring from the GALLON into the FLAT BOTTLE) Hold it still, woman...! Or else we'll lose a few precious drops. You don't want that to happen...! Do you?

DIOSERA

(The CLOCK chimes the HOUR of FIVE FIFTEEN)  
The bells...! THE BELLS...! They are ringing...!

DIOSERO

Another forty five minutes to go. Hold the bottle still, for God's sake...! Now. Here...! You can have a sip...!

DIOSERA

(Sipping)  
It feels so good...! This wine...!

DIOSERO

And now start mending the pockets in my tuxedo.

DIOSERA

Why do you make me wait so long when you go out?

DIOSERO

(Shouting)  
I was at the dump, for God's sake...! You asked me before and before I answered "AT THE DUMP...! I WAS AT THE DUMP"!

DIOSERA

(After DIOSERO tunes in a SOFT WALTZ)  
So I can't listen to the radio but YOU CAN...!

DIOSERO

(Going back to the POEM)  
This kind of music wouldn't disturb the LORD...!,

DIOSERA

Oh! I see...!

DIOSERO

How slowly awareness comes! So many years together...! How many, dear? You and I together? Do you recall?



DIOSERA

Why do you talk when you write? That doesn't disturb you..! Right? But when I say a word when you're writing, that's another story..! Just like tuning the radio in..!

DIOSERO

How many years together, I asked you?

DIOSERA

I don't know..! Seven! If I'm not wrong, about seven years. Yes. Seven years together..! That's it..! It was back around the year nineteen hundred and..! Nineteen hundred and WHAT..? What a memory I have..! We have forgotten..! Oh, dear..!

DIOSERO

I don't mind when you forget. I never did. It's not easy to remember.

DIOSERA

I know it was in this century. Buy the year..! I can't remember..! What year was the year seven years ago? This is the year nineteen hundred and..! AGAIN..! (Screaming) I don't want to remember! I don't want to remember..! (A DOG howls) Son of a bitch..! That dog..! (Throwing an OBJECT to the DOG that runs away yelping) SHUT UP! Darn whore..! Getting pregnant every three months..!

DIOSERO

When we met you were wearing a rose..!

DIOSERA

Where? Where was I wearing a rose when we met..?

DIOSERO

On your breast..! On the left side..!

DIOSERA

Yes. But then it died. Remember..? The rose died on me. I wonder why..! Do you remember why the rose died on me? The rose by my breast..?

DIOSERO

The warmth of your body withered it. (Crossing to DIOSERA; touches her BREAST) They are so warm..! And so soft..! And so sweet..!

DIOSERA

And then the petals dropped to the ground. And only the stem stayed by my breast - pale and helpless. And then the music poured out of the ballroom - through the cracks on the windows..! The grand ball..! The manor was ablaze with lights. And champagne flowed down the throat like a waterfall. The music drowning the silence of the forest. And there were you, standing like a swan, bathing in the silver of the moon. And papa..! Remember him sitting alone in his study, sipping champagne while mama danced the waltz in the ballroom all alone?

DIOSERO

I always loved waltzes! Was I in the garden?

DIOSERA

Yes. You had come out to find me.

DIOSERO

I then kissed you. And then you kissed me..!

DIOSERA

How could I forget? And then you asked me to dance..! I said yes and we danced - on the lawn by the garden..! And the moon kept smiling while she watched. We were high..! Weren't we, dear? That night at the garden..?

DIOSERO

A little. Like now. You were floating like a butterfly..! And we danced, and danced, and danced. And then, a false step and there we were, flat on the ground, one on top of the other, me on top of you. Wasn't it something?

DIOSERA

You on top of me..! Yes. Then we kissed again and again. Was I floating like a butterfly as you once said..? Was I really..?

DIOSERO

You flew way up in the sky with every turn - your white skirt making clouds against the bluish sky. No. It wasn't blue..! The sky I mean..! Because the moon had already appeared on the horizon. It wasn't blue at all..!

DIOSERA

It was twilight then..! Like now..! Wasn't it?

DIOSERO

About this time..! Yes..! A golden universe covered our heads. You're right..! Just like now..! Your father didn't like me..!

DIOSERA

He stayed at the study while mama danced the waltz all alone..!

DIOSERO

I hated champagne and he hated that. I hated champagne and he hated cheap wine. He wanted to force me to drink champagne. But I always refused. Always..! left when he refused to serve me cheap wine. Why was it wrong to love cheap wine? Everytime he opened a bottle of champagne I ran away.

DIOSERA

To the nearest tavern..! Should I know..!

DIOSERO

"You want my daughter for only one reason. To soak her in cheap wine and make her dream your filthy fantasies", he said.

DIOSERA

What in the world did he mean by that? "Filthy fantasies"..! What did he mean?

DIOSERO

I never knew what he meant by "making her dream your filthy fantasies". I didn't even know what he meant by "soaking her in cheap wine". "Get out of my way", he used to say. But that's not what he meant. What he really wanted to say was, "Get out of my way, you filthy drunk. And let my daughter see the sunshine."

DIOSERA

That's something else I can't understand..! That business of "let my daughter see the sunshine." What kind of language is that?

DIOSERO

Yes. I wonder what he meant. To him I was the Lord of darkness - of doom - of cataclysm. He wanted to avoid me. That's why he went into his study leaving your mother to dance the waltz alone. He went into the study to let his anger dissipate.

DIOSERA

The world is so ugly without wine..! You should have told him that. That the world is ugly without wine..! You should have..!

DIOSERO

You've only had a few sips and you're already floating like a swan. And swans are not ugly..!

DIOSERA

What's the matter with those bells? Why don't they ring?

DIOSERO

You're so pretty when you drown yourself in wine..! You make so much sense when it happens..! And that's when your love-making is so special..!

DIOSERA

Don't you think that papa should have danced the waltz with mama instead of locking himself in the studio? Instead of letting her dance all alone..? Did you say something about my love-making? I think I heard you say something about my love-making being very special.

DIOSERO

Yes. You want to know something? You were beautiful the night we eloped..! You were just like a..! Just like a..!

DIOSERA

You were so handsome - strong like a mountain..! A real gentleman..! I fell in love with you right away. We eloped and right after we made a son. But the son was taken away to war. Then the war ended and all we got back was an empty coffin covered with a folded flag. Is that the way they do it these days? Cover the coffins with folded flags? Not in my time..! Then our hearts withered. And our souls anguished. Thanks for the tavern that brought back the joy and the fun of years passed. I wonder what's going on at the tavern..! Do you dear? (DIOSERO doesn't answer) You never answer when I ask you a question! Never..! Why is it?

DIOSERO

(Urinating into the SWAMP)

I dare Martin Pena to come out and call me a pig..! Where else would I pee? In the ocean..? The ocean is too far away. Such comforts we happen to have around here..! We're so happy here..! Everything comes to us so easy..! Don't you think so? Come lie by my side..! Right next to me..!

DIOSERA

(Obeying)

Why is it that you want me to lie down next to you? What do you want?

DIOSERO

(Caressing DIOSERA passionately)

Your flesh is still tender. Tender as the skin of a kitten. Just like the day when we met. Eternity is in you..! Astonishing..! It is astonishing, dear!

DIOSERA

(Pushing DIOSERO'S HANDS away)

Why are you doing that? Putting your hands all over my body..? Ah?

DIOSERO

And your breast is..!

DIOSERA

Answer me..!

DIOSERO

You want a drink..! Don't you?

DIOSERA

Yes, yes, yes..!

DIOSERO

Only if you take it off..!

DIOSERA

Take off what?

DIOSERO

The hand over your thing..! Take it off and the wine will be yours. How about that? Take it off..!

DIOSERA

(Walking away)

I don't want it! I don't want any wine..! (Sobbing) Take the hand off..! What's the matter with you? Can't you realize I am trying to look pretty tonight? Why do you have to ruin everything? Like always..? Like ALWAYS..? Why should I show my thing to you? What time is it?

DIOSERO

Not six yet..! Let's make a son..! Come on..!

DIOSERA

Oh, HELL, HELL! How could I escape from this filthy hell? From the stench that asphixiates us..? If I only knew.

DIOSERO

If you only knew what? Let's make a son..!

DIOSERA

Only a miracle can bring us joy.

DIOSERO

That's why I brought Him with me. We may be rewarded when the penance is over. The future could save us. Since the present remains dormant and the past only a memory. Salvation always calls for a Savior. And salvation only arrives after some tragic event. That we already had. Aren't you happy that the latrine is now gone?

DIOSERA

And the crib...! The latrine and the crib...! YES! I'm very happy.

DIOSERO

All that's left is the living room, the balcony and the bedroom. The bedroom is where we made our first son, remember?

DIOSERA

Also left is the Lord, the light, the rose and a bit of the cigar. Ah, and plenty wine.

DIOSERO

Want some?

DIOSERA

Yes. A big drink...!

DIOSERO

Take it from the gallon...! Take as much as you want...! And when you finish we'll make a son...! (After a moment; pulling the bottle away) Enough...! Now, come here...!

DIOSERA

(Fleeing; the SWAMP turns wild)  
Noooooooooo...! (Calling) Martin Pena come and swallow the rest of the house...!  
Come and bury us into eternity...! COME, COME...! NOW...!

DIOSERO

(Chasing DIOSERA; struggling at times)  
A son will save us. Come on.

DIOSERA

You are sinning in the presence of the Lord...!

DIOSERO

No, I'm NOT! He will approve the birth of a new Savior. I'm sure. Come on, woman...! (Trying to rape DIOSERA) Open your legs...! OPEN YOUR LEGS...!

DIOSERA

(Screaming)  
Martin Pena...! Lord...! (The MASS is heard when DIOSERO is about to penetrate)  
The mass...! The mass...! Today is Good Friday...! (DIOSERO stops and thinks) Today is Good Friday...! The day of the Lord...! He's watching you...! He's watching...!

DIOSERO

(Standing up)  
Did you say this was Good Friday?

DIOSERA

(Standing up)  
Yes. (Sobbing) Look what you've done to me! Look what you've done to MEEEEEE..!

DIOSERO

(Crossing to the STATUE)  
He's still our only hope. He's been away for so long..! But now He's here with us..! By our side... When the eagles came, you prayed to the Lord. Then minutes ago, when I brought the Lord home, you refused to pray. Now you called the Lord for help. I don't understand you? Are you or are you not a Christian? When you prayed before, the eagles went away. And still you don't believe. Are you or are you not a real Christian?

DIOSERA

I was. But not one of those who give a penny a week to the beggars. Nor the kind who on Sunday Mass would pass a tray for the poor to surrender the little money they have left to feed their families. Not the kind who's willing to wait till death to discover Heaven. No. Not that kind..! Look what you've done to me..! Look at the way I look now..!

DIOSERO

Did you finish fixing the pockets in my tuxedo? Or do you expect me to do my appearance looking like a bum?

DIOSERA

Do you want to know something? I have never heard you saying you miss our son! Never..!

DIOSERO

But I do!

DIOSERA

Good..! I don't..! Not since I have become a new person..! Not after my success as the biggest star that ever appeared at the tavern. Not since I discovered that forgetting is much better than remembering..! (Referring to DIOSERITO I) He brought us so much joy..!

DIOSERO

How do you feel?

DIOSERA

About to explode. My throat is so dry. And my hands tremble like baby chicks in an autumn wind. And this silence is driving me crazy. (In a WILD SCREAM) Martin Pena come out and sing to us so we can remember who we are..! No, no, no. It's the bell what I want to hear. The bells give warning. Or is it that there are no more clocks in the universe? What time is it?

DIOSERO

Not six yet..! That music..! That music..! It's so beautiful..! It sounds like...

DIOSERA

Just like the wind when it plays with the pines of the cemetery. You've been saying that over and over again. Do you know I tried to dance to it?

DIOSERO

And you couldn't because it was the music of the dead. You've been saying that over and over again.

DIOSERA

I bet you anything that our son could have danced to it. The way he danced. Remember. (Dancing) Two steps to the right..! Two steps to the left..! Was that it?

DIOSERO

(Dancing)

Wait..! Two steps to the right..! Two steps to the left..! Yes. That was it..! We danced on the sides..!

DIOSERA

And he danced in the center..!

(The MASS turns into a dancing TUNE. DIOSERITO I joins HIS PARENTS in a BALLET-STYLE soft-shoe NUMBER)

DIOSERA'S VOICE

Remember his figure? It was that of a fawn..!

DIOSERO'S VOICE

He was tall as a palm tree..! And strong as a bull..!

DIOSERA'S VOICE

But he moved like a swan..!

DIOSERO'S VOICE

A sparkling performance..! He could very well be a star if he were now with us..

(The DANCE ends. DIOSERITO I returns to HIS PLACE. The MASS resumes in its religious TONE)

DIOSERA

It must be close to six by now..!

DIOSERO

I think so. I'll use the time left to finish my poem. I'm very close to finishing it.

DIOSERA

What's the poem about?

DIOSERO

About something that's going to happen..!

DIOSERA

When?

DIOSERO

I don't know. Not soon, I hope. The hour is ending. Soon you'll be dancing at the tavern..!

DIOSERA

Who cares? This penance doesn't work. No miracle has yet happened. Who needs a miracle, anyway? All miracles do is give you pain. It's too late for miracles. Who needs a miracle when ones heart has already withered? And when one's soul wanders, helplessly within the cells of a rotten body..? (Finishing the MENDING) Here..! Your tuxedo is now ready for a great performance. And the bottle of wine will not fall off your pocket while you dance.

DIOSERO

Put it on the hanger.

DIOSERA

Yes. Martin Pena must have gone deaf..! Here I was screaming out my throat and he never answered. And I considered him a friend - a dear one..! He never comes out to do good - just to tell the morbid tales of his existance. That's all..! (Handing DIOSERO the TUXEDO) Here.

(The BALCONY collapses. The SWAMP turns wild)

DIOSERO

There it goes..! Our little balcony..! Once we made love in the balcony. Yes! Remember? Under a silvery moon..! On a very quiet night..! While the moon watched..! Goodbye, little balcony..! Aren't you going to say goodbye to our darling balcony?

DIOSERA

What the hell do I care about a balcony going down the river of the dead? It seems that the miracle is finally taking place..!

DIOSERO

(Picking the TUXEDO up)

I better start getting ready. (Looking at the SKYSCRAPERS; fascinated) Look at the skyscrapers. Aren't they gorgeous? So tall and shiny..! The moon has gone to live up there so she can look at herself in the lagoon at night.. Yes. That is where they live - the ones who know nothing about the crime of hope..!

DIOSERA

Yes. The crime of hope..! What do you mean by the crime of hope, dear? I don't understand..!

DIOSERO

They say to the poor, "Poor people, keep hoping. The day of your salvation is around the corner ." And in the meantime the guts of the poor rot away while they wait for salvation.

DIOSERA

How long does hope lasts?

DIOSERO

A lifetime..!



DIOSERA

And when does it end?

DIOSERO

(Sarcastic)

When does it end you ask me..! Another fancy question..! I'll tell you when hope ends..! It ends with DEATH. How about that?

DIOSERA

If the world fell apart..! Who'd pick up the pieces?

DIOSERO

Those who rule. Who else? Since the people of the world will all be dead by then. I thought you knew that..!

DIOSERA

And..! What would they do with the pieces? When the world falls apart..?

DIOSERO

Soak them in oil..! Polish them to bring out the gold..! And then, from the rocks, give life to the stars. That's all, I believe..!

DIOSERA

You're crazy! You don't remember ANYTHING about the past..! That's why you're inventing funny words to explain the days now gone. I wonder what's going on at the tavern..!

(The CLOCK chimes the HOUR of FIVE THIRTY)

DIOSERO

Full of sinners joyfully defying the floating of time. I've seen it happen..! All the time. How strange..! The bells rang and you didn't say a word..! I wonder why..! I don't mind when you don't answer. It's not easy to answer when you have nothing to say. Look at the Christ. The light has made Him happy. Let's let Him rest His martyrdom. It may all very well be part of His design to bring us salvation. Don't you feel a lovely chill descending upon us from above? Could it be the Lord..? Sending us a message or something like that..? When salvation comes we'll move to the towers. I'm cold..!

DIOSERA

In your veins and in your flesh..?

DIOSERO

And in my throat..! And in my guts..!

DIOSERA

Your life is freezing..! Let's go now. Let's go to the tavern..! NOW..! What time is it?

DIOSERO

(Crossing to the BEDROOM carrying the TUXEDO; takes SIP of WINE from the GALLON)

If I'm not mistaken the clock just rang the half hour. I'll be back soon..!

(The MASS is heard again)

DIOSERA

Monster! Here I am..! Clean and lovely as an Easter lily..! Swinging with this gorgeous high I feel..! Adoring the fact that soon the darn penance will be over..! That soon I'll be standing on that stage at the tavern floating like a butterfly..! Singing like a nightingale..! Adoring every minute of it..! And now, look at me..! LOOK AT ME! Why can't that man of mine understand that time is out there, roaming around the earth - waiting to end my existence..? Why can't he understand the way I feel..? And respect it?

(Sipping from the GALLON)

It's so good..! This wine..! That's why I adore the tavern. In seven years that man of mine should have learned how to respect my feelings. I love going to the tavern because there, and only there I can drink, I can sin, I can dance, I can sing, I can be myself and I can be respected.

(Close to the BEDROOM DOOR)

AND I DON'T HAVE TO DO PENANCE..! EVER..! (To Herself) Perhaps I should get myself another man - a man who'd respect me..! A man who, instead of torturing me and chasing me into bed would come to me and say, nicely - IN A VERY NICE WAY - say to me, "May I have it? May I have your thing, my dear." Instead of trying to get it by force..! Or something in that manner..!

(Sipping from the GALLON)

I'd like a man who'd undress me gently and then caress me to get me in the mood. And then kiss me tenderly - not with bites as he likes to do to prove he is a man. Tenderly to make me feel hungry for love..! Why didn't I think of that when there was still time?!

(Screaming by the BEDROOM DOOR)

Brute! Monster..! If he had treated me nicely we would be doing it by now. With a soft music playing in the background..!

(At the MIRROR)

Look at me now! Look what that brute has done to me! Now I have to start fixing myself up all over again. ALL OVER AGAIN..!

(Making HERSELF up after taking HER CLOTHES off except for HER PANTIES and BRA)

What's the matter with me? I shouldn't really be saying such things about him! It's all lies! Nobody adores me at the tavern..! Only my man does! Only he takes good care of me..! Cuddling me against his chest when I'm cold - laying my head against his shoulder when I'm drunk - carrying me in his arms when I couldn't even my own house - when I was too blind to know what was going on - to know where I was - or even remember my own name..! HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE ENTIRE WORLD WHO CARES ABOUT ME..!

(To the STATUE)

How're you doing? O. K.? Good..! Why did he do this to me when he really is a beautiful man? He was so handsome when I first met him. We met at the alley, near a rose garden, at the edge of a forest..! On a quiet night with a silvery moon..!

DIOSERO

(Tap-dancing his way in wearing his ragged TUXEDO)  
How do I look?

DIOSERA

(Putting on a ROBE)  
Handsome as always..!

(DIOSERO sings and tap-dances "My Love For You". DIOSERA joins HIM)

DIOSERO

That was great..!

DIOSERA

(Kissing DIOSERO)

How handsome you are..! My flesh is not young and still you want it. (Touching HER BREASTS in front of the MIRROR) My breasts were swollen by the children of life. And now..! Look at them..! Looking down in shame, to the earth. My bones are filled with pain. And my face..! How little remains! It's so full of roots. And my eyes..! Look at them..! Look how swollen and dry they are..! Hate has swallowed up the tears..! I love you!

DIOSERO

(Handing the ROSE to DIOSERA)  
Here..! Put it on..!

DIOSERA

You want me to look pretty..?

DIOSERO

(Handing the HAT to DIOSERA)  
Put it on..! It will make you look like a countess...

DIOSERA

What's a countess?

DIOSERO

A lady of wealth..! Where are your pyramid tits? Where did you put them..?

DIOSERA

My pyramid tits..? The ones I used in the contest..?

DIOSERO

Yes. Where are they? Put them on. Just for the fun of it..!

DIOSERA

Alright..! For that only..! Just for fun..! (Covering HER BREASTS with a pair of hugh cardboard CONES stuffed with NEWSPAPERS) Here I am..!

DIOSERO

Now, go, baby..! GO! Enter..!

DIOSERA

Are you talking about the Miss Pyramid Tits contest? You're not going to tell me you don't remember...

DIOSERO

(Laughing hysterically)

I do. I do. I DO...! Go on now. Start...!

DIOSERA

Do you remember that I almost won..?

DIOSERO

Yes, yes, yes. Start. (To the ORCHESTRA) Music, maestro..!

DIOSERA

Do you remember all those nice girls with those hugh tits also competing..? Do you remember when I crossed the stage, like a living flame..? Don't you dare tell me you don't..! When was it that I competed..?

DIOSERO

For Heaven's sake, go..!

DIOSERA

Have you heard the bells ring? It must be close to seven now..!

DIOSERO

No, I didn't.

DIOSERA

I thought I heard something..! Like the chimes of a clock ringing..!

DIOSERO

(Shouting)

Enter, I said..! ENTER..!

DIOSERA

Then I won't do it. Not if you get mad..! Are you mad? Oh, I wonder what's going on at the tavern. O.K. This is the way it happened..! Music, maestro..!

(A FANFARE; then a BURLESQUE tune. DIOSERA dances HER way in.  
The CROWD roars)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And the next contestant for the world famous Pyramid Tits contest is no less than the beautiful, the gorgeous and the obviously very healthy MISS DIOSERA.

(DIOSERO screams and applauds wildly)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And according of the intensity of the ovation given Miss Diosera, we now crown HER as MISS PYRAMID TITS of nineteen hundred and...

(DIOSERO hugs DIOSERA crushing the CONES. The CROWD boo's)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

It is sad to announce that according to the intensity of the boos given Miss Diosera we now disqualify HER as MISS PYRAMID TITS of nineteen hundred and...

DIOSERA

(Smashing the CONES against the FLOOR)

Why did you do it? (Beating DIOSERO) Why did you do it? Son of a bitch..!  
MONSTER..! DEMON..!

DIOSERO

(Trying to control HER)

That was not the real thing, my love..! We were just remembering..!

DIOSERA

Remembering what?

DIOSERO

The way it happened when it happened..! We were trying to have fun..! You keep saying you want to have fun..! So we did..! That's all..!

DIOSERA

Was that it? Just remembering..? And the applause..! Where did it come from? And all that people booing..! Where did they come from? I'm telling you. Martin Pena must be deaf because he didn't come out of the swamp..! With all that noise? All those people applauding and booing..?

DIOSERO

You're right.

DIOSERA

I think you're drunk. Because, how could you hug me knowing, very well that my tits weren't real..! That they were made of the cheap cones we use to serve our wine when we have parties. When you're sober you don't do things like that..! Never..!

DIOSERO

You're right.

DIOSERA

(Toughing HER hanging BREAST; laughing hysterically)

Next time I will not lose..! I bet you I won't..!

DIOSERO

Next time..? What do you mean...next time?

DIOSERA

That from now on I will only compete in the MISS RIPE BANANA TITS contests.  
(Showing her BREAST) Look at them. That's what they look like now. Don't they?

(DIOSERO joins the laughter then embraces DIOSERA after helping HER with the ROBE)

DIOSERO

Nineteen hundred and sixty-seven plus seven years. . .

DIOSERA

Yes. More that five and less than ten . . . If I'm not mistaken . . . !  
All that time together! All that wonderful time together . . . !

DIOSERO

We met in the alley . . . ! You were wearing a flower . . . ! Red I believe . . .  
Or was it blue? No! It was red. Purple in fact . . . ! You wore it in your  
hair. Like now. On the left side above your ear . . . ! In your golden  
braids. And the red rose looked like a sun resting on the bloody clouds  
of a sunset.

DIOSERA

In my golden braids . . . ! My braids were golden then? I remember. How  
they fell to my shoulders . . . ! Remember..?

DIOSERO

Just like a torrent . . . ! Just like a torrent, my love . . . ! They were  
beautiful..!

DIOSERA

I wore a short skirt. And my feet were bare. And my lips . . . How were  
my lips then? Were they cracked . . . ? Like now . . . ? Were they..?

DIOSERO

No, no, no. They were like crimson. I told you that once..! But you  
don't remember . . . ! I told you... They were like crimson. Yes.

DIOSERA

Like the sun now?

DIOSERO

Like the sun now. Yes. You had teeth of pearls . . . ! I remember how they  
shone in the moonlight. Yes. They shone like stars everytime you smiled. Yes!

DIOSERA

(Pushing DIOSERO aside)

Damned tobacco . . . ! Damned tobacco . . . ! It turned my teeth into clay.  
But that's alright. From now on I'll cover my mouth when I smile.

DIOSERO

I don't mind the clay in your mouth. You still have a pretty smile. You do!  
Yes! You do, dear.

DIOSERA

(Girlish)

With all these holes? The sweetness of your kisses made the holes in my  
teeth! (Showing her cavities) See. . . ! The sweetness of your kisses  
made them.

DIOSERO

And the snow on your hair . . . ? What do you blame that on?

DIOSERA

The hours have deserted me! What time is it?

(The ORCHESTRA plays a TANGO)

DIOSERO

Wouldn't you rather dance?

DIOSERA

A lovely tango...! That's a good idea...! Yes...!(Dancing) What happened yesterday? Or is yesterday eternity...? (To the STATUE) Is yesterday eternity, Lord? And the future...! Is it also eternity? Why can't we remember? Do you know where our son has gone?

DIOSERO

A lovely tango, you said...! Come on, let's dance.

DIOSERA

(Dancing)

You see? He doesn't answer! He doesn't know! And you know why?

DIOSERO

Why?

DIOSERA

Because He Himself cannot remember...!

DIOSERO

Look. It's getting dark. The sun is now dying and a beautiful evening is about to be born. The sky is now the color of the rose you once wore. You had a rose in your hair once.

DIOSERA

That rose withered a long time ago. And right after that, my soul dried up. I wonder what's going on at the tavern...!

DIOSERO

You have crimson lips...!

DIOSERA

Yes. Before...But no more...! Why don't you stop it? My lips are cracked and pale now. And sunken in a mouth made of clay. Your sweet kisses turned them into clay. Listen, how many times to I have to tell you how I look? The world is so quiet...! Can't you hear the eternal silence? Or is it that you're deaf like Martin Pena? I'm so hungry! Where's the bread?

DIOSERO

All gone! I'm getting tired. It's amazing...! Once I could dance all night without feeling weak...! And now, after a few steps, here I go, down the drain. Perhaps it's because of the way the rats and the mosquitos have poisoned my blood. But I guess I must try to be strong and not fearful now that, with the arrival of the Lord, I'm immune to all evil. So, I'm alright...!

DIOSERA

Why don't you take a nap? Perhaps you'll dream of paradise How about that? They say paradise is so beautiful...! Where is it...? Paradise...?

DIOSERO

What if time comes back while I dream? Suppose it does, ah? I don't want that to happen. Not after waiting all this years for a moment like this..!

DIOSERA

I'll wake you up if it happens. I'll tell him that you are resting your body so it won't tremble no more. And I'll tell him that you're searching for old memories while you dream. So, close your eyes and rest your soul. I'll watch over you, my love.

DIOSERO

I don't want to miss the stroke of six. Six is the hour of salvation. No. I rather wait to hear the bells ring and see the future right before my eyes. I rather do that..! Right in front of my eyes..! Yes!

DIOSERA

I can rehearse the numbers I'll sing at the tavern, tonight at seven, while you sleep..!

(The MOON'S cries are heard coming from the SWAMP)

DIOSERO

Listen. Somebody's crying..! That must be the moon. It's our moon who's crying! I wonder why?

DIOSERA

Perhaps because the sun won't go to sleep. You know how it is, don't you? (Shouting) Sun, go to sleep so our moon can come out of the mud to breathe..! How sad her voice is..!

DIOSERO

How sad her voice is..! What have they done to her? Perhaps she's lonely..! Perhaps she's come out looking for someone to love .

DIOSERA

You mean she's in heat?

DIOSERO

(SHE is very HIGH now; rubs her PUBIC AREA)  
We all do..! Don't you?

DIOSERA

At times..!

DIOSERO

And when that happens you do think of me..! I want to know..!

DIOSERA

Yes. At times...

DIOSERO

And when that happens and I'm not around..! You put your hand on your thing..!



DIOSERA

At times...!

DIOSERO

Me too. Except that I do put my hand on my thing also when you're here...! Like now...!

DIOSERA

(Looking out)

Have you seen the sunset? The sun is burning like a torch in the middle of the sky.

DIOSERO

And what do you feel when you put your hand on your thing?

DIOSERA

I thought of leaving you...! Of getting myself another man...! But then I said "What's the use?" I felt that any man I found would also want to make sons...! So, I stayed.

DIOSERO

A lovely sunset...! The sun on his way to paradise...! A lovely night about to be born...! Perfect...!

DIOSERA

For what..?

DIOSERO

I would like very much to make a son...

DIOSERA

Where do the sons come from?

DIOSERO

From the earth...!

DIOSERA

Impossible...! That's where they end up...! Like ours...! But where do they really come from?

DIOSERO

I am from the earth...! EVERYTHING comes from the earth...! EVERYTHING!

DIOSERA

Not the moon...! Not the stars...! Not the sun...! Nor the wind...! It's not easy to believe that all those things come from the earth...! Wait. I'll find out the truth in a minute. (Calling) Martin Pena...! Come out...! I have a question to ask you...! Come out NOW...!

DIOSERO

Come on, baby...! Come on...! PLEASE!

DIOSERA

Why don't you come over and help me get ready for the tavern? The bells will be ringing soon, dear..! I counted the times the clock rang and to me it already rang..! Wait a minute? How many more times should the clock ring? Oh, dear!. Well, anyway. All I know it that it's getting late. (Dressing up) Hey, baby! I have an idea..! For my show tonight..! What if, for the first number, you know, for the entrance number I do Miss Pyramid Tits? They'll laugh their guts out, I'm sure..! How about that?

DIOSERO

We met in the alley..! You were wearing a flower..! Red, I believe..!

DIOSERA

(Fixing the CONES)  
Enough of that! Alley, roses, silvery moons..! Same old story..! ALL THE TIME..!

DIOSERO

The rose looked like the sun resting on the bloody clouds of the sunset..!

DIOSERA

I'm doing the Pyramid Tits number to start my show tonight at the tavern..! Like it or not..! So, shut up! I'm going to rehearse now..!

DIOSERO

The snow on your hair..! What do you blame that on..? The snow on your hair..? Ah?

DIOSERA

(Ready for HER NUMBER)  
Music, maestro..!

(The MUSIC starts. DIOSERA can barely sing or dance but SHE manages to go on.)

Aren't you going to hug me? So you can crush my tits.? As in the contest..? My number won't be funny unless you do that..! Hug me..! So that my tits will get crushed..! (Jumping wildly on DIOSERO) Aren't you going to help me be a great hit at the tavern..? Aren't you? (DIOSERO is too weak to respond) I should have left you as I once planned..! A man who's good for nothing..! A MONSTER..! (To the STATUE) Oh, Lord..! Why couldn't a prayer do? A prayer every day, if that's what you want..? And why all these torturing hours waiting for a miracle to happen? Why? Know what I mean..? It's like we both can pray every night before going to bed - one prayer - two - three if that's what you want..! You very well know, and who better than you, that miracles take a long time to happen..! Wouldn't many nights of prayer be longer than just a short hour of penance? Wouldn't that satisfy you more? This hour waiting has weakened our spirits. It has left us helpless..! And very much awake..! And when we are awake great pains threaten to devour our souls. And you don't want that to happen to us..! Do you? Well, there's no use. (Crossing to DIOSERO carrying her ROBE) Listen you. Stop that business of playing with your thing! (Covering it with the ROBE) Here. It's ugly and disgusting..! (Crossing HIS HANDS behind HIS HEAD) There..! You are not a baby anymore..! Picking up your thing to make it hot and hard..!

DIOSERO

Your teeth shone like stars every time you smiled. Your lips were like crimson. I remember. Red and fresh like early spring strawberries..! Like now. Are they

crimson now?

DIOSERA

Can I lie by your side? I won't be interrupting your dreams.

DIOSERO

Are you hot?

DIOSERA

A little..!

DIOSERO

I am..!

DIOSERA

(Sitting next to DIOSERO)

Put your head on my lap. And you'll see how the nice cool breeze coming out of my guts will refresh your face. (Caressing DIOSERO) My poor little one..! I spoke to the Lord but he didn't answer. He must be asleep..!

(DIOSERA sings "The Cradle Song")

What's the future..! If someone could only explain to me what it is..! Perhaps that's what my poor darling is waiting for..! If I only knew..! I wonder what's going on at the tavern..! (Cuddling with DIOSERO) Why is the world so quiet.?

(After a moment the CLOCK OF THE WORLD is heard in a tic-toc that speeds up gradually ending in a BIG BANG. The SWAMP turns wild again)

Listen! Listen to that..! The clock of the world..! How fast it's going..! (Shouting in all directions) Don't hasten the years..! Don't carry us away? Stop torturing our hopes..! Let the souls of our sons grow into palm trees..!

DIOSERO

Is anybody there? Are the bells ringing..? Or is it Martin Pena telling morbid tales again?

DIOSERA

It's the clock of the world hastening the hours..! Time wants to carry us away.

DIOSERO

Calm down..! Come..! Let's look at the skyscrapers. Soon we'll move to one of those towers. As soon as the bells ring. What time is it?

DIOSERA

(Rushing to the STATUE)

And you..! TELL ME..! Why the HELL don't those bells ring? Where is that son-of-a-bitch swamp going to swallow the FUCKING house? ALL OF IT..! When is this horrible agony going to end so that me and my man can go back to the good old days? Sleeping our days and enjoying our nights..? When are you going to give him the miracle he's waiting for? As you very well know I have been very respectful to you. You know that..! My husband forced me to do penance and I did..! Right? RIGHT..? (Giving up) Well..! What's the use, anyway?

DIOSERO

Who are you talking to? I asked you before but you didn't answer. Who is it?

DIOSERA

Let's burn the world so dignity can then emerge from the ashes. I always adored to see the flames crackling in the wind - drowning the skyscrapers with black and heavy smoke - torturing other voices with bloody tears - turning the whole world into a great, big, asphixiating bonfire in the middle of the black night. Oh, yes...! (DIOSERO moans) What about doing it when we return from the tavern? Then I'll be hot and juicy and tender as you love. Oh, I know how you feel...! I've felt the same way many times...! So many times...! My womb aching like a volcano - dripping tears of desire...! I heard you say you wanted us to make a son for posterity...! What's that? Posterity..?

DIOSERO

Who are you talking to?

DIOSERA

To you, fool...! What's posterity..? Is it something you can wear? Or eat..? Or drink like wine..?

DIOSERO

I don't know. But I believe it is something you make today for tomorrow. A son could raise his voice - a voice that could reach the Heavens - voice that could tell the universe about our sorrow. And perhaps other voices may then respond and come and hear our cries. We need a trumpet of anger to go ask other voices to come rescue us. What a wonder would that be?

DIOSERA

That's what your poem is about, ah? About something you make today for tomorrow..?

DIOSERO

A son could be that trumpet...!

DIOSERA

The hours are roaming out there. They were here minutes ago rushing the sound of the clock of the world - waiting for the womb to open - waiting to burn the innocent and to poison the wind. Why do you want to force me to make a son when you very well know that I have no more strength left? My dried-up breasts ache...!

DIOSERO

A soft wind will warm your womb. And a son will fill your breast with new sap.

DIOSERA

A mother tires of giving birth only to have her children charred. And the womb screams every time their cries emerge from the cave to search for the sun...!

DIOSERO

We must go to the tavern soon..! (Caressing HER) Your womb is so warm. Warm like the sun...! Oh, God...! It is Heavenly...!

DIOSERA

Don't rush me, dear. Don't rush me, please!

DIOSERO

Give me a kiss. Would you? Give me a kiss..?

A kiss for posterity..?

DIOSERA

Yes. Put on your hat. And then the rose..!

DIOSERO

DIOSERA

(Girlish)  
Yes, yes. I put on the hat..! And then the rose..! By my breast..! Is my womb warm like you said. And Heavenly like you said..?

The son is waiting..!

DIOSERO

(Girlish)  
And the father..? Is the father waiting..?

DIOSERA

Now let's dance..!

DIOSERO

(Grand and exotic)  
Let me have another sip to put myself in the mood. And light what's left of the cigar and give me a puff. And then we'll dance. Oh, I love to have fun! So much so! You always liked to have fun with me! Didn't you or have you forgotten..?

DIOSERA

(Giving HER the WINE and the CIGAR)  
Drink and take a puff. And then we'll dance..! Right?

DIOSERO

I'm hungry, darling. I'm so hungry..!

DIOSERA

Come on. The penance will end soon - when the bells ring the hour of seven. Then we'll go to the tavern. Alright? We'll eat and drink there. And...

DIOSERO

Go to the tavern..! What for?

DIOSERA

(Hugging DIOSERA)  
Come on. Let your womb be warm again..! You want that..? Don't you?

DIOSERO

(Offering little RESISTANCE)  
No..!

DIOSERA

Let your breast be filled again..! You want that..? Don't you?

DIOSERO

No..!

DIOSERA

DIOSERO

Let your life rejoice again...! You want that...! Don't you?

DIOSERA

That? Always! ALWAYS!

DIOSERO

Then, give me a puff and let's dance!

DIOSERA

Yes, yes, yes...! COME, MY LOVE. let's dance. I want my life to rejoice. That I WANT...! YES...!

DIOSERO

YES. LET OUR LIVES REJOICE...! YEEEEEEEESSSS...!

(The MASS is heard again)

DIOSERA

Do you hear that?

DIOSERO

Yes. Lovely...! Isn't it?

DIOSERA

It's the music of the dead again. (Dancing) Hey! Why is it that I can dance to it now? I tried to dance to it before but I couldn't. You remember that...! Don't you? It's so beautiful now! And look at me...! Flying in the wind like an albatross! Isn't it wonderful..?

DIOSERO

It's no longer the music of the dead as you used to call it. Now it's the MUSIC OF LIFE! The miracle is already taking place! Yes!

DIOSERA

You were right then. It is Good Friday, then! You go out to the garbage dump for food and you find instead the Lord. Then you put the light and the rose by Him...! And then you sang to Him. Step by step you worked towards salvation. And here it is - the MIRACLE...!

(Slowly the MASS turns JAZZY)

Let's make our son. NOW...!

DIOSERO

Yes. NOW...! Come, my love...!

(The BAND takes over turning the MASS into a danceable tune. The DIOSEROS start to make in a standing position moving around in grotesque ballet-style steps making sounds of ecstasy at moments. MARTIN PENA surfaces shouting "SALVE, SALVE, SALVE". The FOWL, the MOON, the ANIMALS and the SWAMP join in the celebration. At the moment of EJACULATION the SCENE explodes into a THUNDEROUS NOISE. The DIOSEROS unhook and collapse. The CURTAIN falls in the midst of a peaceful PASTORAL MOOD)

PENITENTSAct Two

AT RISE DIOSEERA rests peacefully. SHE fans herself with an old NEWSPAPER. DIOSERO writes on his old SHOPPING BAG. All is heard is a soft pastoral TUNE in the distance, the SONG of a few SEAGULLS and the SOUND of a running STREAM. A PRE-SUNSET SKY sneaks in through the DOOR)

DIOSERO

You've made me so happy!

DIOSEERA

Have I really?

DIOSERO

It was wonderful! Just out of this world..! I love you!

DIOSEERA

You do really?

DIOSERO

Yes. All we have to do now is wait. The world is so quiet! As if it didn't want to disturb the arrival of the new savior. (DIOSEERA sobs quietly) What is it, my love? What is the matter? You were so happy a moment ago,..!

DIOSEERA

I'm afraid!

DIOSERO

Why, my love? Why are you afraid?

DIOSEERA

I'm afraid that my flesh will wither with the arrival of our son.

DIOSERO

Nonsense!

DIOSEERA

That my face will shrink like lilies in the desert sun..!

DIOSERO

Impossible!

DIOSEERA

And then our lives will vanish in a flood of tears..!

DIOSERO

(Crossing to DIOSEERA; caresses HER)  
But it was after the birth of our first son that you really became a stunning beauty! I remember. That classic profile, the body of a statue, breasts as healthy as fresh apples and the face of a goddess. I remember..!

DIOSEERA

You do really?

DIOSERO

(Touching DIOSERA)  
 Your face is not shrinking! Look at it. Your flesh is not withering! Go on! Touch it...! And your life is as fresh as when I met you at the alley. It's not vanishing at all. Are you or are you not the most gorgeous woman in the world?

DIOSERA

You must be right because, how could I be a star if I weren't?

DIOSERO

You shine like all the stars in the universe when you're not crying!

DIOSERA

You really think so?

DIOSERO

I do.

DIOSERA

If that is so, why then didn't I win the contest?

DIOSERO

Because your tits are not shaped like pyramids. They never have...! Now, if the contest was to crown Miss Melon Tits you would have won. Perhaps you may be able to compete again after our son is born. He'll fill your breasts with plenty of fresh sap.

DIOSERA

(Bursting into hysterical laughter; walking with HER BODY bent forward)

And the winner is...! And the winner is the great Diosera.

DIOSERO

Why are you walking like that?

DIOSERA

Melons are very heavy, dear...!

DIOSERO

(Bursting into hysterical laughter)

How funny you are! And the winner is...! My wonderful clown...! And you want to know something?

DIOSERA

What, dear?

DIOSERO

In the Miss Melon Contest I wouldn't be a threat to you. I won't be able to crush the melons. They hang too far down...!

(THEY stagger embracing each other - unable to control the laughter. MARTIN PENA surfaces also joining the fun)



MARTIN PENA

Salvation is just around the corner. Oh, don't mind me. I came out to join the celebration. The good old days are here again. Yes. (To DIOSERA) Soon you'll be young again.

DIOSERA

You mean at the tavern - tonight- at seven? Yes.

MARTIN PENA

Well, I..!

DIOSERO

A sensation she'll be..! I remember the time she sang at the tavern for the first time - the audience roaring - asking for more.

(The AUDIENCE roars)

DIOSERA

The breeze lifted my skirt into the sky making me float like a swan. Then I sang "OUR MOON". (The BAND starts playing) And the lights..!(The LIGHTS come up) All colors of the rainbow..!

DIOSERO

(Excited)

Red! Green! Yellow! Blue! Orange..! I loved you..!

MARTIN PENA

(Fascinated)

Oh!

(DIOSERA sings "OUR MOON". The AUDIENCE roars at end of SONG)

DIOSERO

(Embracing DIOSERA)

Brava..!

MARTIN PENA

If it weren't for the joy you bring to us we would have perished of sorrow long days ago.

DIOSERA

Oh, memories, memories, memories..! They are so painful..! Memories are like spears criss-crossing your heart. They are like heavy loads resting upon your brain. Let time come back anew so we can start all over again. So we can be young and beautiful again.

MARTIN PENA

A double celebration awaits us all. You'll be young and beautiful again. Your new son will bring you new roots.

DIOSERA

Oh, I can see him now. His face browned with my blood. And his eyes closed to the night! And so tiny..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes.

DIOSERO

(Pompous; loud)  
No! TALL.! With hands the size of palm leaves..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes!

DIOSERA

With the smile of a sunflower..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes!

DIOSERO

No! Frowning like a demon..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes!

DIOSERA

Tender like an angel..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes!

DIOSERO

No! Tough as a bull..!

MARTIN PENA

Yes!

DIOSERA

(Stunned)  
Not shy..? Nor quiet..? Nor tender ..? Like an angel..?

DIOSERO

NO! With a broad mouth for crying out to the future! For shouting at the sun..!

MARTIN PENA

(Shouting)  
Let's then rejoice..!

DIOSERO

Yes. Yes. Yes.

DIOSERA

(To MARTIN PENA)  
Where do you come from? From the world also..? Or do you come from some other place?

MARTIN PENA

I come from eternity..! I come from time..! From the beginning of time. I once told you.

DIOSERA

You're dreaming then...!

DIOSERO

(Back to the POEM)

The future...! Yes...! That's it...!

MARTIN PENA

If I could only have dreams...! But unfortunately, I can't. Not when pain punctures my flesh making it stain my waters with dark blood. Not when men are asleep and see me not...! Not when my feet are sunken in the slime at the bottom of my waters...! Not when hope has had no time to pull me out for a clean breath...! Not when the mud in my face rots my sense of smell...! Not when the sun hasn't been able to ever reach my eyes...! Not when men keep throwing poison into my guts - wounding my soul - stinking my breath. How could I be dreaming then?

DIOSERA

Why don't you crush the eagle's claws? And twist their beaks until they are powdered into thin dust..?

MARTIN PENA

Their claws are sharp and their beaks powerful. And their wings wide and strong.

DIOSERA

You're being wise. There's nothing you can do. At least until the fires of war are extinguished.

MARTIN PENA

The fires of war extinguished..? How innocent you are...! There were wars before the Lord was born. And after his birth. And as far as I remember, the Lord never stopped a single one of them.

DIOSERO

Where is the cigar I brought from the dump? I want a puff...! Where is it?

DIOSERA

I don't know! Weren't you smoking when Martin Pena arrived?

DIOSERO

(Reading from his POEM)

Hello, my love  
how lucky you are  
now that you are  
an expert in the universe

DIOSERA

What did you say, dear?

MARTIN PENA

(To DIOSERA)

Your child may happen to be a girl. And girls are never thrown into the river of the dead...!

DIOSERA

We don't need anybody for us to have fun - to be happy..! You, my husband, our friends at the tavern and me..! That's enough. My husband sings, I dance, you tell stories..! My husband writes poems, we have enough wine, enough bread..! I have a pretty hat, a lovely rose..! And my nights to dream while I sleep..! Who needs anything more to be happy? We have our moon, the sunset..! The sound of the birds and the seagulls..! The roar of your waters..! You want to know something?

MARTIN PENA

I always do. What is it?

DIOSERA

You give us such agony..! Still I'm very fond of you. Perhaps it's because we all bleed through the same wounds. Perhaps it's because when we cry, we do it together. Perhaps that's why. Do you want some bread? (Holding the WINE BOTTLE) Some wine..?

MARTIN PENA

You need it for tonight..!

DIOSERA

Do you know that we are singing and dancing at the tavern tonight at seven?

MARTIN PENA

Yes. You do every night..! Don't you?

DIOSERA

Would you like to come and see us?

MARTIN PENA

I can hear you from my home - as clear as the songs of the dolphins. Thanks!

DIOSERA

(Sipping some WINE)  
Have you heard the bells ring?

MARTIN PENA

Soon.

DIOSERA

I mean... Already..?

MARTIN PENA

No.

DIOSERA

(Shouting)  
Bells..! Ring..! Ring..! RING..!

DIOSERO

(Reading from his POEM)  
Tell me dear  
Is the sun red?  
As it looks from the earth?  
Or is it pink?  
As in the mornings?

DIOSERA

(Sarcastic)

As in the morning..? Don't tell me your poem is about the morning..! You haven't seen a morning in ages..! Not since we started singing at the tavern..! You very well know that we leave the house at six, we then go to the tavern, do our numbers..!

MARTIN PENA

Drink a little..!

DIOSERA

Yes. Then we socialize with the patrons and then we come home late at night..! Why don't you then write about the night? About something you know well? You know nothing about the morning..! Or could you write poems about things you don't know?

DIOSERO

Yes.

MARTIN PENA

Mornings depress me so..!

DIOSERA

They do, ah?

MARTIN PENA

That's when our eyes open. And when the site to see is what surrounds us..! A longer sleep would be a blessing..!

DIOSERA

(Looking at the SKYSCRAPERS)

They're not playing the dead music anymore..! Could it be that this is not Friday any longer? And the bells seem to have died..! Could it be that time has gone to sleep? And the moon..! Has she taken a trip perhaps?

MARTIN PENA

The world is so quiet now!

DIOSERA

Why don't you go home then?

MARTIN PENA

And miss the birth of our savior?

DIOSERO

Don't you feel a chill descending upon us from above? Could it be the Lord sending us a message or something like that..? Only a miracle could bring us joy and salvation. *Yes! Diosero, you not something strange?*

MARTIN PENA

It's taking so long..!

DIOSERA

The only savior around is now dead. So, stop dreaming..! Salvation only arrives after tragedy strikes. And only on the bloody soil where the victims stumble, a new life may arise. Oh, yes. Diosero, have you noticed something strange?

DIOSERO

What?

DIOSERA

Martin Pena's face is dry and shiny. (To MARTIN PENA) Were you bathing in the sun or something? Or did you manage to surf in the ocean today? I like it..! It makes you look different..!

MARTIN PENA

I don't want to scare our new son with my appearance..! That's all..! You really like the way I look

(DIOSERA staggers around screaming and pressing on HER BELLY.  
A new MASS is heard)

DIOSERO

(Rushing to HER)  
My love..!

DIOSERA

Bring the light!

DIOSERO

Are you cold?

DIOSERA

No. My womb is growing warm..! My flesh softens..! My heart cries..!

DIOSERO

Our son..! Our son..!

MARTIN PENA

Salve! Salve! Salve!

DIOSERA

Bring the light so we can witness the awakening of life! Fast..! FAST..!

DIOSERO

(Taking the CANDLE away from the STATUE)  
I love you..! I LOVE YOU..!

DIOSERA

He's coming out! HE'S COMING OUT NOW..! He's swimming towards the sun..!

(A LAMB is born. Then crosses to DIOSERA to SUCKLE. The SWAMP is in total JOY. The EAGLES march in MARTIAL choreography, chase the LAMB which bales while trying to flee. DIOSERO defies the EAGLES. A STRUGGLE follows. The SWAMP gets restless. MARTIN PENA moans and gesticulates helplessly)

DIOSERO

Let my son see the stars..! Let my son bathe in the rain! Let my son ride in the wind..! Let my son bring laughter to the world..! Let him live or I'LL KILL YOU!

DIOSERA

(Calling; searching)  
 Lord...! LORD...! Lord, where are you? Where is the Lord? WHERE IS HE? I  
 need HIM now...! HELP, LORD...! HELP...!

(The EAGLES knock DIOSERO down. MARTIN PENA, the MOON and  
 the SWAMP sob. The LAMB is captured, dragged off, machine-  
 gunned and thrown into the RIVER)

DIOSERO

(Emits a wild, prolonged CRY)  
 They've thrown him into the river...! The waters are now on fire.

MARTIN PENA

The earth will now die...! Stop dumping more saints into my guts...!

DIOSERA

(Drinking from the BOTTLE)  
 Death to the eagles!

DIOSERO

Yes.

DIOSERA

Let the world remain in darkness!

DIOSERO

Why don't those bells ring?

DIOSERA

Let the womb remain empty until the world is born again!

DIOSERO

(Shouting)  
 BELLS! BELLS!

DIOSERA

Let the bells remain silent until the priests can see again! (To DIOSERO) Let's  
 go now, my love! Let's sin again...!

DIOSERO

(Toasting)  
 To the blind eyes of the priests!

DIOSERA

Yes!

DIOSERO

To the blood in the cold veins!

DIOSERA

Yes!

DIOSERO

To the seven forgotten years of the century!

DIOSERA  
Yes!

DIOSERO  
To the cold tombs of the dead!

DIOSERA  
What time is it?

DIOSERO  
They've thrown him into the river!

MARTIN PENA  
The waters are now on fire!

DIOSERA  
(Sobbing; screaming)  
Look at me now. Look at my breasts! Look at them..! Look how full of fresh sap for the son now gone. Look how the sap of life now remains sealed forever within my skin. And now they can suckle the children of the world no more!  
(Staggering towards the STATUE) YOU SAW IT ALL AND DID NOTHING TO SAVE HIM!  
YOU SAW MY SON BEING SLAUGHTERED AND YOU DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER. WHY DIDN'T YOU? (Shal ing the STATUE) WHY WERE YOUR EYES SUNKEN IN SILENCE? WHY DIDN'T YOU STRETCH YOUR ARMS TO RESCUE HIM? WHY DIDN'T YOU OPEN HIS EYES SO HE COULD SWIM TO THE SUN?

(Blows the CANDLE off; throws the STATUE in the RIVER)

Stay in the dark so you can think! And go walk on water..! And don't you dare disturb me no more!

(Wandering aimlessly)

What now? What should I wear tonight? The sun has turned green..! And all the priests who live in the tall buildings seem to be dead asleep by now. And the songs they were singing before..? Where are they..? Why can't I hear them? Well, anyway! Who cares? What now?

(MUSIC comes from the TAVERN)

OTHER VOICES  
(From the TAVERN)  
Diosera! Diosera! Diosera!

DIOSERA  
Voices come, voices go..! Voices come, voices go..! (To MARTIN PENA) You've fallen asleep..! Why? Am I boring you with my words? Look at the sky. The sun is green..! Have you noticed? Don't go to sleep! Why don't you go dancing? They're playing such lovely music! Can you hear it? I can..! This must be Sunday because the sun turns green only on Sundays. Why are you crying? You never cried on Sundays...! Not that I remember..! Go dance..! The music is so lovely..! Go!



MARTIN PENA

(Sinking)  
I'll go now - to give my spirit some rest.

DIOSERA

Go, dear. And have mercy on us. Will you..?

OTHER VOICES

(From the TAVERN)  
Diosera! Diosera! Diosera!

DIOSERA

Why does he have to give rest to his spirit? Perhaps he's now exhausted with all those arguments he keeps having with the moon and the tides. I thought that only dogs had spirits..! I never heard voices calling my name on a green Sunday! Never!

(Changing COSTUME)

I've heard that song before. It's called, "HAPPY AGAIN". I used to sing that song when I lived at the manor - before the forest burned down and the petals dropped down to the ground. I remember. Every time I sang this song the music drowned the silence of the forest.

(Starts singing "HAPPY AGAIN" going blank on the LYRICS)

Oh, Heavens! How does it go? Diosero, darling, how does it go? The words of "HAPPY AGAIN"? Do you remember..?

(DIOSERO helps HER with the LYRIC turning the SONG into a DUET. THEY are now so DRUNK THEY can hardly perform. In spite of their pathetic condition THEY manage to deliver a stunning PERFORMANCE. THEY end up sobbing on each other's ARMS)

DIOSERO

Let's the hell get out of here..!

DIOSERA

But we're so happy here..! Like you once said, "We have such comforts around..!" Why now this wild desire to go..?

DIOSERO

They're waiting for you at the tavern. I love you!

DIOSERA

Wait! Do you see what I see? I can see the wind.

DIOSERO

What are you talking about?

DIOSERA

I can see the wind. There it is. Wild and pink..! There it is - in the Heavens. Circling the universe with its wide open wings. Can't you see it? I can!

DIOSERO

Stop it! Come on...! Let's go...!

DIOSERA

What, dear? What did you say?

DIOSERO

I told you to stop it...! To stop that nonsense...! Come on. Let's go..

DIOSERA

Can't I see the wind whenever I want to? What's the matter with you? The wind is here! You mean, the wind is here and you can't see it? How strange...! Shame on you! SHAME ON YOU!

DIOSERO

We're late for our performance! Let's go!

(The VOICES coming from the TAVERN get louder)

DIOSERA

Why am I here? What kind of place is this? Why do I see water all around me?

DIOSERO

They're calling you? LET'S GO!

(The CLOCK chime the HOUR of FIVE FORTY-FIVE)

DIOSERA

What kind of place is this?

DIOSERO

The bells just rang. It's time to go to the tavern. LET'S GO!

DIOSERA

What's so strange about bells ringing around here? Haven't they rang for years, and years, and years, and years..? Is this the ocean where I am standing on now?

DIOSERO

We can go now. We don't have to wait for the penance to end. (Shouting) DEATH TO THE EAGLES...!

DIOSERA

There's no eagles around here, darling! Only water...! Why is that water all around me.? I don't understand...! Can you..?

DIOSERO

(Offering HER the GALLON of WINE)  
Let's drink and then let's go...! How about that?

DIOSERA

(Sipping)  
It's so good...! This wine...!

DIOSERO

Let me help you dress up. Come here..!

DIOSEERA

Now I know why there is so much water around here! Now I know! Because water needs the wind to move around. That's why! How silly of me..!

DIOSERO

(While helping DIOSEERA dress up)  
Yes!

DIOSEERA

Water is all around because it wants me to swim to the sun so I could meet the wind.

DIOSERO

Yes!

DIOSEERA

But why am I here? I have never been in this strange place before..! Never!

DIOSERO

This is our home, darling. This is where we live. This is where we came to live when the manor burned down.

DIOSEERA

What manor..?

DIOSERO

Look at that profile! Classic..! And that body. The body of a marble statue..! And you breast..! Healthy as a pair of fresh apples..!

DIOSEERA

What manor..?

DIOSERO

And your face..! That of a baby doll..!

DIOSEERA

Really?

DIOSERO

That's why you are a star. Nobody can become a star without beauty..!

DIOSEERA

I have to go now.

DIOSERO

Soon. I haven't finish making you beautiful..!

DIOSEERA

I'm supposed to make a trip to the mountain..!

DIOSERO

The mountain is far away. You can make the trip tomorrow when you're rested. Tomorrow after you chat with the wind - after you play with the moon.

DIOSERA

Are the mountains made of water?

DIOSERO

No, they're not.

DIOSERA

Then I'll ask the wind to visit me when it returns. (Calling) WIND, WIND..!

DIOSERO

Shut up!

DIOSERA

Wind..! Are the mountains made of water?

DIOSERO

Stop it! STOP IT!

(The VOICES and SOUNDS from the TAVERN get louder)

DIOSERA

What's that music? Where does it come from? And all those voices..! Who are they? Those voices..? Where do they come from?

DIOSERO

From the tavern. They're waiting for us to sing and dance for them. We are the stars of the joint, my dear. Come on. Let's go. You look just stunning..! They'll adore you when you enter - floating like a seagull - shacking those marvelous hips like golden bells - walking like an Oriental empress - singing like an angel from Heaven..! Won't you like that?

DIOSERA

No, no. I'd like to spend a little time looking at the stars - asking them to come and visit me - to tell me stories about the wind..! I must tell them to take us to the grave so we can have some time to think. And rest..!

DIOSERO

Sweetheart, this is me talking to you..! This is me!

DIOSERA

What is it?

DIOSERO

(Turning the RADIO on a soft TUNE)  
Hear that! Lovely music..! Isn't it? By now we could be dancing and having fun. We could be sipping our daily nectar - our wonderful wine - the wonderful wine that has put us to sleep all those lovely nights when you used to dream about swans - about gardens and manors - about the moon and about the sunsets. By now we could be remembering the old days of our life together - all those glorious moments you and I enjoyed together. ALL THOSE GLORIOUS MOMENTS!

DIOSERA

But I'm tired..!

DIOSERO

My lovely clown..! Remember? We met at the alley. You were wearing a rose. Yellow, I believe it was..!

DIOSERA

It was NOT yellow! It was RED..! Why is it that you can't remember anything? The rose looked just like the sun when it rests on the bloody clouds of the sunset. Where do they come from? The voices..? And that music..?

DIOSERO

(Impatient)

From the tavern, my love..! Please try to remember..!

DIOSERA

How dare they disturb my rest? All I have wanted, all day, is to rest. And now I can't with all those people calling my name. And that music..! And all that jabbering..! Heavens..! I think I'm going to lie down and rest for an hour. There - in that corner. May I? And you - you be a good boy while I dream..! Would you?

DIOSERO

(Shouting)

NO! Let's go..!

DIOSERA

(Lying down on the BUNK)

I'm going to lie down here until those voices come and talk to me. And then I'll ask them why is the wind pink and pale and not red like the sunset. Do you mind, dear?

DIOSERO

Oh, God!

DIOSERA

Be a good boy now. Promise me..? I'm so tired! I've been thinking for such a long time..! You very well know that thinking is very tiring! Very tiring..! Oh, yes! A lot..! It really tires de mind..! I was going to tell you a secret but I changed my mind. And you know why? Because the secret is about something very pleasant I'm going to do. I hope you don't mind my keeping a secret from you..!

(DIOSERA half-hums the "CRADLE SONG". DIOSERO sips WINE like a GLUTTON. Moves about DAZED. Picks up the SHOPPING BAG and reads from the POEM)

DIOSERO

Tell me, my love  
Is the wind warm?  
Is the sky really blue?  
Is the sun red?  
Or is it pink  
as in the morning?

## DIOSERO'S VOICE

(Writing)

Tell me dear  
 How do the children of the earth  
 look from your throne?  
 Small perhaps..?  
 Crying perhaps..?  
 How do they look, my love?

(DIOSERO notices the LETTER and picks it up. Reads)

DIOSERITO I

TODAY I'M NIGHT. TODAY I'M NOBODY. ALTHOUGH NOW EVERYBODY CLAIMS ME. TODAY, MAMA, I BELONG TO THE WORLD. AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I AM A HERO. AND YOU KNOW WHY I AM A HERO? BECAUSE I'M D-E-A-D!

DIOSERO

You are a hero..! And a PATRIOT, my son! You are a hero and a patriot. And that makes me very proud of you..! Very proud indeed!

DIOSERITO I

YESTERDAY I WAS A FLOWER - THE FLOWER YOU YOURSELF PLANTED. BUT THEN YOU SENT THE FLOWER AWAY TO BE BURNED. NOW THE FLOWER LIVES IN THE DESERT.

DIOSERO

(Ferocious)

I did NOT kill the flower! I planted it, yes. But I DID NOT KILL IT! NOOOO..!

DIOSERITO I

WHEN THE FLOWER DIED, YOU REJOICED. THEN YOU CRIED WHEN THE FLOWER ARRIVED COVERED WITH THE FLAGS OF POWER. THEN YOU SMILED AFTER DRYING YOUR TEARS. AND THEN YOU TOLD THE FOUR WINDS THAT YOU WERE THE FATHER OF A HERO AND A PATRIOT.

DIOSERO

Yes. I did rejoice. I was proud of my son. And why not? My son was a hero and a patriot. And that made me very proud. VERY PROUD..!

DIOSERITO I

MAMA WASN'T!

DIOSERO

(Screaming)

Yes, she was. SHE WAS..! She was very proud of you. SHE WAS..! I have never in my life seen such meticulous preparation for the arrival of a son then gone! Flowers all over the place - prayers every hour on the days your body rested in our house. And tears..! Tears of joy for the new dignity you gave us with your heroic deeds. Don't tell me she was not proud..! The way she revered the flag that covered your coffin - she revered it as if it had been the shroud of Jesus. That's the way she treated that flag..! I remember..! Very well..!

DIOSERITO I

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A SOUL WHO NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO DEFEAT THE BRUTE WHO TREATED HER WITH AN IRON HAND? WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A BRUTE WHO ALWAYS MANAGED TO SPOIL HER MOMENTS OF JOY WITH ONE GIMMICK OR ANOTHER SO AS TO PERPETUATE HIS FANTASIES OF MANLINESS?

DIOSERO

What does he mean? Me spoiling her moments of joy with gimmicks..? I've always been kind and considerate to his mother. Always..! I have always been a loyal companion. ALWAYS! What the hell does he mean? That bastard..? Why is he such a bloody liar?

DIOSERITO I

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MAMA. LOOK AT HER NOW..! DROWNING IN THE LOWER DEPTH OF LIFE - UGLY - FILTHY - HER HEART BLEEDING WITH SORROW - HER BRAIN POISONED WITH AGONY - HER SOUL CRYING HELPLESSLY - HER PRIDE BROKEN - HER CHARM WITHERED - HER VOICE RUSTY - HER DREAMS FOGGY - HER EYES BLINDED - HER FUTURE CLOUDY - HER LIFE SHORTENED. HER WHOLE BEING HAS VANISHED!

DIOSERO

That is not my fault!

DIOSERITO I

SHE WAS THE QUEEN OF OUR LIVES WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER - SHE WAS THE LOVELY CLOWN OF OUR OWN PRIVATE CIRCUS. SHE WAS THE EXQUISITE TELLER OF TALES OF DAYS BYGONE - TALES OF FUN AND JOY THAT HELPED SWEETEN OUR MISERABLE LIVES. LOOK AT HER NOW. SINGING A CRADLE SONG TO A CHILD NOW GONE - LYING ON A FILTHY BED IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEWER - EATING THE LEFTOVERS OF SOCIETY - THINKING SHE'S STILL PRETTY WHEN SHE IS NOTHING BUT A SAD PICTURE OF A NASTY WITCH. LOOK AT HER. BLEEDING THROUGH HER BROKEN WOMB - CRYING TEARS OF MOURNING.

DIOSERO

I never asked her to do all those strange things she's been doing lately!

DIOSERITO I

WHY IS IT THAT EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH FADES AWAY? WHY IS IT THAT BECAUSE OF YOUR OBSESSION WITH HOPE YOU HAVE BURIED THE PAST, ENCROACHED YOUR BELOVED ONES INTO A ROTTEN PRESENT PLUNGING THEM INTO A HOPELESS SEARCH FOR THE FUTURE? WHY HAVE YOU DONE THAT?

DIOSERO

It was I who brought her back to life when I found her by the manor after the forest burned down.

DIOSERITO I

YOU MET HER AT THE ALLEY..! DIDN'T YOU?

DIOSERO

I've always been kind and considerate to his mother - an exemplary husband and.. Yes. It was me who gave her back her self-confidence - that she's really still beautiful. Until then she had felt that her beauty had already vanished. Later I made her a STAR.

DIOSERITO I

SHE WAS WEARING A ROSE. THE NIGHT YOU MET HER AT THE ALLEY. SHE WORE IT BY HER BREASTS..!

DIOSERO

(Screaming)

It was I who made her a STAR! After the manor melted and after what was left of the forest was only ashes we found ourselves without a roof for cover - without a bed for rest - without a landscape for inspiration!

DIOSERITO I  
AND A TAVERN RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET..?

DIOSERO

(Screaming)  
It was she who kept saying that the world was ugly when you're not drunk. I never told her to say such a thing! I never told her to get drunk! But I never stopped her from seeing the world the way she wanted it to look - PRETTY! So...! What are you accusing me of?

DIOSERITO I

(In a WILD SCREAM)  
AND NOW A PENANCE...!

DIOSERO

(Screaming)  
I found Jesus today! And all I asked her to do was to pray for an hour...! And to sing to the Lord - a short song to make Him happy. Wasn't it a strange event to find a statue of the Lord..? On a Good Friday..? In the middle of a stinking garbage dump..? Wouldn't anyone start to expect some kind of a miracle after encountering such find?

DIOSERITO I

AND THEN THE MIRACLE HAPPENED...! A CHILD WAS BORN, MASSACRED AND...!

DIOSERO

The miracle hasn't happened yet!

DIOSERITO I

(Screaming)  
THERE IT IS! LYING ON THAT PUTRID BED...! ENJOYING HER BEAUTIFUL WORLD...!

DIOSERA

Diosero, who are you talking to? Why are you disturbing my rest? Are you talking to Martin Pena? Is he there?

DIOSERO

No.

DIOSERA

I was dreaming about him when you woke me up. I was dreaming that he was God. And now that I recall...! Have you noticed his resemblance to the Lord? Are you still there?

DIOSERO

Yes. I'm here.

DIOSERA

Then...Why don't you respond when you hear my voice..?

(DIOSERITO I retreats to his previous POSITION)

DIOSERO

I'll tell him. As soon as he comes back...! I'll tell him that you said he looked like God. I'm sure he'll like that...! Are you going back to sleep? Or should we go now to the tavern? It's getting late, you know? (DIOSERA doesn't answer) You're asleep...! Are you?



(DIOSERITO I sings, "THE CHILDREN OF WAR" quietly to HIMSELF)

DIOSERO

(Stalking around in a rage)

There is no hero in this house! There is no patriot in this house! There is no folded flag in this house! There is no empty coffin in this house! THERE IS NOTHING LEFT IN THIS HOUSE!

DIOSERA

It gets more and more difficult to understand the things you keep saying. And it's becoming so disturbing...!

DIOSERO

(To HIMSELF)

How could my son be a hero and a patriot if he never came back? He can't be neither a hero nor a patriot if he decided to stay in his grave instead of coming home to take care of us.

MARTIN PENA

(Surfacing)

I have warned you not to read that letter time and time again and you still do! Put it away.

DIOSERO

Why don't you stop spying on us?

MARTIN PENA

You torture yourself every night - reading the same letter over and over. Every night when you return from the tavern...!

DIOSERO

Every night...! This is the first time I read this letter since it arrived years ago. The first time...! Anyway...! Why is my reading a letter over and over any business of yours?

MARTIN PENA

Look at yourself now. Your company is no longer a pleasure...!

DIOSERO

So are your morbid tales! And your savage moans.. (Humble after a long PAUSE) She told me to tell you that you have a great resemblance to God. She sure is right...! She's always been so wise. And so right...! So proud and heroic...! My glorious clown...! (Bursting into LAUGHTER) What a clown! Remember the Miss Pyramid Tits Contest? The things she did trying to win..? I'm telling you...! She was something...! And you've seen her performance at the tavern...! Isn't she great? Specially with her rendition of "The Banana Man"? That funny song about a banana man..? And look at her now...! Longing for a son while her womb cries in despair. (Screaming) Why do we need other voices in this world? One voice, two voices, three voices, new voices..? NO VOICES...! We don't need NO VOICES! Voices get lost in the wind...! And then they become just echoes! Echoes!. Echoes are not responses but nothing else than torturing sounds of agony!. No-body is going to pay attention to voices already sunken in the filth of the earth. Who the hell is going to listen to words spoken by putrid mouths? NO-BODY...!

MARTIN PENA

The world hasn't ended yet!

DIOSERO

What time is it? Do you know? The bells should be ringing by now..! By now we could be having so much fun at the tavern. But no..! NO! NO!

MARTIN PENA

Time could be brutal.

DIOSERO

Perhaps my son is right. Why is it that because of my obsession with hope I buried the past, he once said. Encroaching my beloved ones into a rotten present plunging them into a hopeless search for the future..! Do you remember the day she asked you what the future was? And you responded by saying that the future was the rest of our existence..? So concerned about time..! TIME..! Her favorite subject..! TIME..! And there she is - trying to remember the good-old days. But what's the use? She doesn't realize that this happens to be today. And tomorrow..! TOMORROW..! WHAT THE HELL DO WE KNOW ABOUT TOMORROW?

MARTIN PENA

Is your poem about survival?

DIOSERO

All the rooms are now gone. The balcony - the latrine - the bedroom...All that's left is this room..! (Crossing to the SHELF) Where is the Lord?

MARTIN PENA

Gone. HE's now walking on water.

DIOSERO

What do you mean?

DIOSERA

I'm hungry!

MARTIN PENA

The Lord is free to move around as HE pleases. That's what I heard..!

DIOSERO

Is HE coming back?

MARTIN PENA

HE may. Don't forget this is Good Friday. This is the day HE dies..! That's what I've heard..!

DIOSERA

I'm hungry!

MARTIN PENA

Do you think you'll be able to finish your poem before something happens to this room?

DIOSERO

That's non of your business..! I must wake her up now. The penance is almost over. When the bells ring again we must go. I wonder what's going on at the tavern..!

MARTIN PENA

She just said she was hungry..!

DIOSERO

Even if the Lord comes back and finds out we're gone. He knows HIS place in this house..! (Calling) Diosera..!

DIOSERA

I'm hungry!

DIOSERO

Come on. Let's go.

DIOSERA

I'm hungry!

DIOSERO

I'm hungry too! And I'm not complaining..! Not after all that bread I ate moments ago. You ate more than half the loaf and you're still hungry? What's the matter with you? Come on.

DIOSERA

I'm hungry! I'm hungry! I'M HUNGRY!

DIOSERO

Shut ut! Shut up! SHUT UP!

DIOSERA

But I'm hungry..!

DIOSERO

(Shouting; shaking DIOSERA up violently; overturns the TABLE scattering all the PENNIES on the FLOOR)  
SHUT UP AND LET'S GO..!

MARTIN PENA

Feed her some wine!

DIOSERO

I know how to handle this. Just wait a minute. (To the PIANIST) Out! OUT!

(DIOSERO starts singing and playing "LILLIE FROM HONG KONG".  
At first HE has difficulty with the SONG but HE manages to  
finish without any RESPONSE from DIOSERA)

DIOSERA

You're not playing very well lately, my dear! Why do you waste your time singing instead of giving me something to eat? I'M HUNGRY!

MARTIN PENA

Feed her the remaining wine. That'll calm her down.

DIOSERO

What remaining wine..? (Showing MARTIN PENA the BOTTLE) This is all we have left for the rest of the evening..!

MARTIN PENA

You can always get drunk at the tavern as you've been doing every night.

DIOSERO

WITH WHAT MONEY?

MARTIN PENA

It's all scattered over the floor. You dropped it when you overturned the table. I bet you'll have enough to get drunk at the tavern tonight.

DIOSERO

(Moaning like a MADMAN - scavenging all over the FLOOR)

Yes! Yes! YES!

DIOSERA

I'M HUNGRY!

MARTIN PENA

Go feed her what's left of the wine..!

DIOSERO

Yes! Yes! YES!

MARTIN PENA

Now.

DIOSERO

Yes. (Jumps on DIOSERA forcing HER to drink from the BOTTLE) Here, honey. Have this first and later, when we get to the tavern, we'll order some food... FOR FREE..! If we don't get some ding-ding for free, we'll refuse to sing... Don't forget. No ding-ding - no sing-sing..!

MARTIN PENA

That's the way..!

(DIOSERA resists DIOSERO'S violent method of feeding HER by screaming and hoofing)

DIOSERO

This will fill your guts, dear. You're going to feel just great.

MARTIN PENA

More, more..! Feed her more..!

DIOSERO

Yes, yes..! Here, honey..! Isn't it good? (DIOSERA stops moving) What's the matter, honey? You don't want any more? Did you have enough?

MARTIN PENA

She's gone to sleep.

DIOSERO

She always said something when I offered her wine - something like "Thanks" - something like "It's so good, this wine" - something like..!

MARTIN PENA

She's in a deep, deep sleep..!

DIOSERO

(In a RAGE)

Asleep! Falling asleep on me..? Just like that..? (Shakes DIOSERA up) Woman, let's go! LET'S GO..! Falling asleep when we're about ready to go to the tavern! Come on. Get up! (Picking HER up) Wake up! Come on, woman..! Answer me!

MARTIN PENA

Put her down..! Put her on the bed..! Make sure she rests comfortably..! She'll be up in time for her performance at the tavern. You have nothing to worry about it.

DIOSERO

What did I do to her? How can she fall asleep when she's drinking? That never happened before! It's something I've done to her..! Something BAD..! And it's all your fault..! ALL YOUR FAULT..!

MARTIN PENA

Cross her hands now..! One on top of the other..!

DIOSERO

It was you who forced me to feed her wine instead of..! (Sobbing) Instead of taking her out to the tavern for a decent meal..! Anything she wanted..! ANYTHING..! Instead I drown her with wine..! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT..! She never kept silent before when I sang to her..! This is the first time since we got married..! When I sang for her she either listened to the song, sang along, or danced to the melody.

MARTIN PENA

Cross her hands..! One on top of the other..!

DIOSERO

Cross...her hands..? One on top of the other..?

MARTIN PENA

Yes. Right across her belly. That will make her feel comfortable.

DIOSERO

(Crossing DIOSERA'S HANDS across HER BELLY)  
Right across her belly..! Yes. That will make her comfortable..! The first time she keeps quiet while I sing to her..!

MARTIN PENA

Now put the candle by her.

DIOSERO

(Stunned)  
What did you say?

MARTIN PENA

Put the candle by her.

DIOSERO

But she's resting now...! Why should I put the candle by her when she's asleep? It might very well wake her up..!

MARTIN PENA

Just to keep her warm while she sleeps! That's all..!

DIOSERO

But it's hot here! Can't you feel the heat? It's like hell down here..!

MARTIN PENA

Not by the bed. Just put it close to her.

DIOSERO

(Putting the CANDLE close to DIOSERA; talking to HIMSELF)  
Put the candle by her...! The candle...! The candle I used to brighten the Lord's thoughts...! Yes...!

MARTIN PENA

And now the rose...! Put the rose between her hands...!

DIOSERO

The rose..? Between her hands..? But she's wearing it now...! Can't you see..?

MARTIN PENA

Put it between her hands...! She always loved the touch of it...! So, do as I say.

DIOSERO

No. She won't like that. She won't look pretty with a darned rose between the hands...! So, I won't!

MARTIN PENA

She can wear it on her hair when she wakes up...! Right before she leaves for the tavern...!

DIOSERO

(Putting the ROSE between HER HANDS)  
The rose...! Yes...! There...!

MARTIN PENA

It looks nice...! Doesn't it?

DIOSERO

(Lovingly)  
She looks so pretty! I won't be able to bear the loneliness she'd leave behind when she goes away. She lived in a manor, you know?

MARTIN PENA

In a manor...! What do you mean she lived in a manor?

DIOSERO

(Picking up the SHOPPING BAG and the CHARCOAL)  
I won't open my mouth...!

MARTIN PENA

Back to the poem, ah?

DIOSERO

(Sitting down to write)  
I said I won't open my mouth.

MARTIN PENA

(Repeating verses)  
"Hello, my love  
how lucky you are  
now that you're  
an expert in the universe".

And then what..?

(The MOON cries)

DIOSERO

What's that?

MARTIN PENA

The moon...! Forget about the moon and let's go back to the poem..!

DIOSERO

Why is she crying? The moon..?

MARTIN PENA

She's been punished.

DIOSERO

Punished? The moon? Why? What did she do wrong to be punished?

MARTIN PENA

She wanted to keep singing all night while I rested by soul and my body. And that... I won't tolerate. Ever. Then as revenge she refused to brighten my waters. Then I, as revenge, threw mud at her face. Then, as revenge she decided to cry all night. Then, as revenge, I blinded her forever. That's all. My soul is too old to be disturbed while it rests. Nobody..! Absolutely NOBODY defies ETERNITY..! Have some wine..!

DIOSERO

There's no wine left..! It's all gone!

MARTIN PENA

Yes, there is. In your flat bottle..! The one you use to sneak free wine into the tavern when you run out of money. Remember?

DIOSERO

That's all the wine we have left for the whole evening. The moon is not crying anymore..! Why is that?

MARTIN PENA

Crying could be a very exhausting exercise. Have some wine..!

DIOSERO

The sounds of Nature are strange and mysterious. But I like them. Very much indeed. One thing I've always wondered about..!

MARTIN PENA

What's that?

DIOSERO

My woman once told me that she had just seen the wind - that it was pale and pink..! How come I've never seen it myself?

MARTIN PENA

You may see it some day. Perhaps very soon..! Who knows?

DIOSERO

And something else..!

MARTIN PENA

What?

DIOSERO

She also once said that she had to make a trip to the mountains. Why would she say such a thing when there are no mountains around?

MARTIN PENA

There's nothing wrong with seeing things when you want to. If she saw a mountain, a mountain was there then. The same with the wind. If it was pale and pink when she saw it, then that was exactly the color the wind was at that moment.

DIOSERO

I guess so. She looks so beautiful when she sleeps! Because when she sleeps.... When she sleeps she doesn't torture herself with sad memories. When she does, she then cries. And when she cries she breaks my heart. And when I'm heartbroken, her heart breaks too. That's the way it is. Tell me something. Why is it that volcanos always explode on the tops of the mountains and never in the middle of a valley? You're old and wise..! So tell me why..?

MARTIN PENA

Well..!

DIOSERO

So, tell me. Why do volcanos explode on the tops of the mountains and never, but NEVER in the middle of a valley?

MARTIN PENA

Come on. Let's go back to your poem. Recite it for me. I'm curious..!

DIOSERO

What poem are you talking about? How can you distract me when I'm here waiting for the bells to ring so I can take my woman out for a moment of fun? You don't seem to have any compassion at all for those who are trying to be happy..!

MARTIN PENA

I don't?



DIOSERO

And about the poem - the poem is not for now.

MARTIN PENA

You were about to recite it to me. But then you changed the subject - the wind - volcanos - mountains - people trying to be happy..! You also wanted some wine to anaesthetize the pain that tortures your soul. But you didn't take it. Have some wine. All of it if you want. Why not? (DIOSERO sips) All of it..!

DIOSERO

(Reading from the POEM)

"Hello, my love..."

MARTIN PENA

"Hello my love..." And then what?

DIOSERO

My poem is a poem of joy. It IS NOT a poem of gloom. Not at all! (Screaming) That's why my poem is not for NOW! I told you! I TOLD YOU!

MARTIN PENA

I asked you once if the poem was about the future, but you refused to answer. It is about the future then? That's what it appears to be..! I also once asked you if it was about survival..! And again you refused to answer..! (Tricking DIOSERO into reading more of the POEM) Oh, I love that beginning - "Hello, my love..." instead of "Goodbye, my love..." I'm telling you. It's a lovely beginning for a poem about..! Well, it is beautiful..! Hello, my love..! And then.?.

DIOSERO

You like that, ah? "Hello, my love", ah? Better than "Goodbye, my love", ah?

MARTIN PENA

I'd love to hear the rest of the poem.

DIOSERO

Why? Why do you want to hear a poem about about the future? Why do you..?

MARTIN PENA

It's about the future then?

DIOSERO

Do you remember the day she asked you what the future was?

MARTIN PENA

And I replied...

DIOSERO AND MARTIN PENA

"The future is the remaining days of one's existence."

DIOSERO

You do remember..?

MARTIN PENA

Yes, I do. Very well..!

(The MASS is heard in the background)

DIOSERO

There it is again - the music of the Lord..! I wonder where he's gone! You said He was walking on water..! Didn't you? Where?

MARTIN PENA

Yes. He is now overseeing his realm. He may have gone as far as the surf..! Or He may very well be resting under the house..! It's his privilege..! It makes a lot of sense - specially on the sunset of a Good Friday!

DIOSERO

Sunset..?

MARTIN PENA

Look..! The sky has gone from blue to green to yellow - and now to red. Soon it'll be dark. Time for real fun..! Have some more wine and let's get back to the poem.

DIOSERO

(Staring mystified at the SKY)

I've always wondered why is the sun pink in the morning and red before it goes to sleep!

MARTIN PENA

(Repeating VERSES)

Hello my love  
How lucky you are...

DIOSERO

Now bathing in the clouds  
now riding in the wind

See what I mean? This poem is not for now but for after she's gone. Not for now while she's still with me..! You said this is Good Friday..?

MARTIN PENA

Yes, still. And today is still today. Yes..! So, your poem is "IN MEMORY OF...!"

DIOSERO

How strange..! Still Good Friday..!

MARTIN PENA

(Repeating VERSES)

Now bathing in the clouds  
now riding in the wind

The beginning of the poem is lovely..! Then what? I'd like so much to hear the rest of it . Do you mind starting all over?

DIOSERO

That music makes me forget..! (Shouting) Stop that music so I can recite my poem to my friend..!

MARTIN PENA

Take advantage of it. It might inspire you.

DIOSERO

It might..?

MARTIN PENA

Yes. Many a poet do that. So go on..!

DIOSERO

Yes. What time is it?

MARTIN PENA

Not six yet..! Go on..! There's plenty of time left for everything. So, go on with the poem..!

DIOSERO

How could I wake her up?

MARTIN PENA

You have nothing to worry about. The bells will take care of that. (Reciting) "now that you are an expert in the universe". Stunning..!

DIOSERO

Oh, yes. Now that you are an expert in the universe... Yes! Now that you are an expert in the universe..! She looks so beautiful lying down like a sacred Madonna..! Doesn't she..?

MARTIN PENA

(Reciting)

"Now that you are an expert in the universe"...

DIOSERO

(Defiant)

Why the FUCK are you doing this to me? Forcing me - making me recite NOW a poem I wrote for later days? Hey! What's the matter with you? Forcing me this very moment to do something I refuse to do? Like reciting NOW a poem I wrote for the future..? We're going to the tavern when she wakes up. You know that! (Shouting) Don't you? You fucking old man..! And I don't want her to know what the poem is about. NEVER! Not until..! (Sobbing) Not until she's gone forever..!

MARTIN PENA

Have some wine. It'll make you feel better.

DIOSERO

(Sipping)

Yes. Why not? I'm sorry! I'm sorry I called you that - fucking old man. I'm sorry. So fucking sorry..!

MARTIN PENA

That's alright..!

DIOSERO

You're right. You have ALWAYS been right. You've been right all these years..! Want to know something?

What?

MARTIN PENA

I like you. And you want to know why?

DIOSERO

Yes.

MARTIN PENA

Because you're nice. And you want to know how I can prove that I really like you?

DIOSERO

How?

MARTIN PENA

By reciting to you a poem that belongs to the future. NOT to the present but to the future..! I promised never to let anyone in the world hear it..! And here I am breaking my promise - my own promise. Here I am reciting the fucking poem to you..! Today - this very minute - who knows how many years before her last goodbye. (A long SILENCE) Want to hear the rest of it?

DIOSERO

Very much indeed..!

MARTIN PENA

Why?

DIOSERO

I'm getting impatiente..!

MARTIN PENA

(Shouting)

You're getting impatiente! Why..? Tell me..! Why are you getting impatient..? Because if someone here should get impatient that should be me. What do you mean you're getting impatient? I have very little time left. Soon she'll wake up and then - to the tavern. (Starting to LEAVE) Now you'll have to pardon me..!

DIOSERO

Where are you going?

MARTIN PENA

To the tavern..! To make sure they'll have food ready for when we get there.

DIOSERO

But they will..! They always do..! And you'll eat for free - like all the stars who sing and dance for nothing do..!

MARTIN PENA

You think so, ah?

DIOSERO

I know so.

MARTIN PENA

DIOSERO

Perhaps you're right. Now you'll have to pardon me. I'm going to take a nap.

MARTIN PENA

(Reciting)

"Is the sun red as it looks from the earth? Or is it pink as in the mornings?"

DIOSERO

Oh, yes!

MARTIN PENA

Or is it pink as in the mornings..? And what else?

DIOSERO

Let me start from the beginning. I'm sure you wouldn't be able to appreciate it after all my interruptions. So, here I go with a poem I wrote for my wife - for when she's gone.

MARTIN PENA

Have some more wine first.

DIOSERO

(Sipping)

Yes. (The ORCHESTRA plays a soft TUNE) Music, ah? To give me inspiration, ah?

MARTIN PENA

Yes.

DIOSERO

Didn't you once say you would have mercy on us?

MARTIN PENA

I might have..!

DIOSERO

How could you? You are not God..!

MARTIN PENA

Right. Only your wife once thought I was..!

DIOSERO

(Bursting into hysterical laughter)

The dream..! Yes! The dream she had about you being God..! I remember..! But I don't understand. In the old days she used to dream about lovely things - the manor - the forest - the wind..! And now this..! Sheere nonsense..! How can a creature that looks like a pre-historic monster - who dwells in the depth of a rotten swamp - who feeds on human excrement - who sleeps in the midst of poisoned weeds, roots and debris be God? A creature who spies on people's letters - who has affairs with the moon - who calls the ladies of the house "Pigs" be God? A guy who says that men are asleep and see him not..? I am a man. Am I asleep? That can't be God! A monster who every time he surfaces from the depth of the swamp suffocates the air with the stinking odor of death! That can't be God!

(After realizing that HE has made MARTIN PENA unhappy)

Of course..! I am only refering to a dream. (Sipping) I'll have some more wine. The music..! It's so inspiring as you once said..! Oh! The poem..! It goes like this..! Don't take me wrong, my friend. I was just talking about a dream. Can you imagine? Such a creature being GOD? Well, here I go..!

(Reading from the SHOPPING BAG)

Hello, my love  
How lucky you are  
now bathing in the clouds  
now riding in the wind  
How lucky you are  
now that you are  
an expert in the Universe

My love, tell me  
Is the wind warm?  
Is the sky really blue?  
Do the stars have five points?  
Is the sun red?  
As it looks from the earth?  
Or is it pink  
As in the mornings?

(Overwhelmed by EMOTION)

Tell me, my love  
How do the children of the earth  
look from your throne?  
Small perhaps?  
Crying perhaps?  
How do they look, my love?  
If you don't know  
If you can't answer  
I'll tell you how they look  
The same, dear, the same  
Having yesterdays  
Having todays

(Sobbing; moaning)

But longing for tomorrow  
when together  
and no longer you alone  
we could roam through the clouds  
When together  
we can talk to the rain  
when together  
we can visit the sun  
when together  
we can bathe in the stars

(A long SILENCE)

And when we meet  
I want you to be sitting on a star

shining like the sun  
 forgetting the agonies  
 that fell upon you  
 I want you  
 to be looking at the earth  
 I don't want you  
 to rain tears upon me  
 I don't want you  
 to be asleep  
 but saying to the world  
 NO LONGER PAIN IS MY FRIEND  
 JOY HAS BATHED MY SOUL  
 NO LONGER  
 IS MY GARDEN WITHERED  
 NO LONGER  
 IS MY BREATH A DIRTY CLOUD  
 NO LONGER  
 is the world a crime  
 So, my love  
 DO ME A FAVOR  
 WAIT FOR ME  
 FOR THE CELEBRATION  
 OF THE UNIVERSE  
 I'LL BRING JAZMIN TO YOU

(DIOSERO moans like a wounded BEAST. MARTIN PENA sinks slowly into the SWAMP. The surrounding SOUNDS enter to create a thunderous TUMULT. The LIVING ROOM starts to sink slowly taking with IT both DIOSERA and DIOSERO. The CLOCK chimes the HOUR of SIX right after the ROOM disappears beneath the WATER)

1ST. WOMAN'S VOICE

(From the TAVERN)

Where is that woman? Where is she? (Calling) Diosera..!

2ND. WOMAN'S VOICE

(From the TAVERN)

She promised to be here at six. And it's six now..! I just heard the belis ring. Where is she? (Calling) Diosera..!

1ST. MAN'S VOICE

(From the TAVERN)

Oh, forget about her. Maria can take over..! Come on, Maria, sing for us..!

MARIA'S VOICE

(From the TAVERN)

But I'm no singer..! And I can't dance either..!

VOICES

(From the TAVERN)

Who cares? (Go on, Maria.) (Give us a song.) (The hell with DIOSERA) (I bet she and her husband are making babies now.) (Go on, baby) (Etc.)

## MARIA'S VOICE

(From the TAVERN)

Alright, alright, alright..!

(MARIA sings "LILLIE FROM HONG KONG. Only the SEAGULLS and the receding WATERS can be heard. And then a VERY SLOW...

CURTAIN)