

# **KIDNAP ROAD**

By  
Catherine Filloux

# KIDNAP ROAD

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*To my father and mother, Jean and Odette Filloux*

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La MaMa presented the world premiere of *Kidnap Road* at La MaMa's First Floor Theatre in New York City. The cast and staff were as follows:

Woman.....Kimber Riddle

Man.....Marco Antonio Rodriguez

Directed by Elena Araoz; Set Design by Justin Townsend; Lighting Design by Michael McGee; Sound Design by Nathan Leigh; Costume Design by Christopher Vergara; Production Stage Management by Karen Oughtred

Voiceovers by: Valeria A. Avina, Jorge Eliézer Chacón, James Martinez, Luis E. Mora, María Cristina Pimiento, Adriana Santos

*Kidnap Road* was presented by Anna Deavere Smith for a workshop at NYU's Institute on the Arts and Civic Dialogue, New York City; and was presented for a workshop at the Joan B. Kroc Institute for Peace and Justice (IPJ) University of San Diego, The Art of Peace symposium

CAST: 1 Woman/1 Man

A WOMAN

A MAN, plays many roles fluidly

The play's design includes a detailed soundscape; the play is performed without an intermission.

*Details of Ingrid Betancourt's story can be found in the public record. This story is imagined as a two-person play based in part on those events.*

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*The WOMAN is in her cage. Lights shift and we hear a crowd and applause, as an ANNOUNCER introduces her during her presidential campaign: “Y ahora vamos a escuchar a la candidata del partido oxígeno verde.” (“And now we’re going to hear from the candidate of the Oxygen Green Party.”)*

**WOMAN.** Here is a condom. If you vote for me you are wearing a condom against corruption. On Election Day let your vote for me be like Viagra for Colombia. *(She shifts to a different audience.)* When you decided to become a *guerilla*, when each of you decided, “I’m going to the mountains to fight,” what was your intention? Was your intention to take away water and electricity from the poor people you wanted to defend? I don’t think so. I believe you joined to say, “We’re going to fight for a better society, for social justice.” The war makes us all suffer. Together we can make our country a better place. For our children. A consensus for peace will strengthen your movement. A consensus for war will destroy Colombia. I propose that we make unilateral gestures that will allow Colombians to embrace the peace process. *There is a gesture for the FARC: “No más secuestros, no más secuestros, no más secuestros.” (We hear the faint sounds of a helicopter engine.)* The night when the game is played. The sky. Blue with a few clouds. Wide open. The beautiful sky, silent sky. *(We hear chimes.)* *Quand je parle, je parle en français. O en español?* But I am in England, Oxford, so, the language for now will be...English. *(She picks up a book).* And this is the book

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they gave me. The bible. A best seller. (*We hear sounds of a helicopter.*)

**MEN'S VOICES.** (*Loudly.*) *Todos, vamos! Vamos! Vamos!* (Let's go everyone! Let's go! Let's go!) (*The LEADER dashes by her.*)

**LEADER.** (*Loudly.*) *Vamos! Vamos!*

**WOMAN.** We are in the middle of a coca field. A helicopter is waiting.

**LEADER.** (*Loudly.*) *Vamos! Vamos!*

**WOMAN.** The men from the helicopter are dressed in Che Guevara T-shirts, and one man--the leader--is holding a clipboard. The Absurd.

**LEADER.** (*Loudly.*) *Entren en el helicóptero! Entren en el helicóptero!* (Get into the helicopter!) *La tenemos que esposar!* (We need to handcuff you!)

**WOMAN.** The leader wraps plastic around my wrists. A Venezuelan news station films me. What made me get in the helicopter? With the people dressed in Che Guevara T-shirts? (*Helicopter sound dies out and turns into the sound of a ticking clock. The COMMANDER forces her to march.*)

**COMMANDER.** *Muévete! Camina! Muévete!* (Move! Let's get walking!) (*The Woman marches with the Commander.*)

**WOMAN.** There are sixty seconds in a minute. Sixty minutes in an hour. Twenty-four hours in a day. If I see the hands moving then I know that you are here. That you are in the same time as me. But time is not chronological, nor logical, and what does it even mean here, time? (*The Commander makes a halting sound to stop marching, takes off his gun and lies down. We hear an assortment of jungle sounds.*) Just before dawn the jungle is at its most still. But there is never silence. Ever. The flies buzz, the birds make their very *special* sounds. (*Sounds of jungle*

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*birds shrieking and croaking.*) Sometimes you have to laugh. A praying mantis crawls up the side of my cage. Then a scorpion. The light slowly turns the color black to green. God, if you give me a little bit of sky today, I'll give you...*(GOD appears.)*

**GOD.** What will you give me?

**WOMAN.** Why do we bargain, God? Why do we have to bargain all the time?

**GOD.** *(Waiting.)* Well?

**WOMAN.** I don't have anything left to give, God.

**GOD.** *(God laughs.)* What about humility? *(A beat.)*

**WOMAN.** Those words, God? The ones I kept repeating in front of the guerillas...?

**GOD.** *(Laughing.)* Yes?

**WOMAN.** "*No mas sequestros, no mas sequestros, no mas sequestros.*" They were laughing at me. *(God continues to laugh as he exits.)*

Okay, okay, okay, I am pretty. I am privileged. I come from a well-known Colombian family. I have strong ties to France. This is particularly offensive to those who hate me. But a woman shouldn't fight. Right, God?

**GUARD'S VOICE.** *(Loudly.) Póngansen en fila!* (Line up!) *Preséntesen!* (Present yourselves!)

**MALE HOSTAGE 1's VOICE.** Number One.

**MALE HOSTAGE 2's VOICE.** Number Two. *(MALE HOSTAGE 3 presents himself.)*

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Number Three.

**WOMAN.** *(She presents herself.)* Use my name! *(We hear more hostages, "Number Five, Number Six, Number Seven.")*

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Hey, can't you just give them a number?

**WOMAN.** Why?

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** You always have to act special. You know, everyone says you're a diva. You deserve a

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birthday cake for your daughter? You need special books of your own. You always have to make everything harder for us.

**WOMAN.** *WHY* do you want to be a number?

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Be quiet!

**WOMAN.** It all begins with that “WHY?” (*A plane is heard overhead. The Commander orders.*)

**COMMANDER.** *Todos al suelo!* (Get down!) (*He quickly lies down on the ground as we hear the plane passing. The Woman continues to stand, listening to the motor as it disappears.*)

**WOMAN.** *WHY* don't you stop the kidnappings?

**COMMANDER.** (*Making fun of her.*) *No mas secuestros, ay Doctora. Somos las FARC.* (We are the FARC.) We are the *people's* army, working to fight for the rights of peasants, fighting against imperialism. You're running for president but you're no better than one of our own hundreds of guerilla prisoners rotting in your government's jail cells. When you were a Senator, why didn't you arrange for a prisoner exchange with us?

**WOMAN.** I came to your village--I tried to work with you...

**COMMANDER.** You aren't in touch with the real people, *Doctora*--your presidential campaign is going nowhere. No one remembers you.

**WOMAN.** I gave you a chance, I talked with you--we shared a meal together.

**COMMANDER.** Kidnapping is a trade in Colombia.

**WOMAN.** I listened to you.

**COMMANDER.** Wasn't it you who just appeared on TV so earnest with your makeup and your fancy sunglasses, your jewelry, repeating: “*No más secuestros, no más secuestros, no más secuestros...*” (*No more kidnappings.*)

**WOMAN.** (*Overlapping.*) When everyone said, peace is impossible, I said, it is possible. And this is what you do



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to me--while I'm running for president, you take me hostage?

**COMMANDER.** (*Overlapping.*) This is a good lesson for you, *Doctora*. How long will it take you to understand the lesson of what it really means, to be poor and a peasant, fighting for your basic rights, with no privileges, no mansions, chandeliers, high fashion suits, five-star restaurants? And with that air of false humility you've learned so well from your politician mother and your diplomat father.

**WOMAN.** (*She repeats the following to herself like a mantra and her FATHER appears echoing those words with her. We hear a piano.*) *Has tenido tantas oportunidades en la vida...yo te veo...has tenido tantas oportunidades en la vida...yo te veo...*

**FATHER.** The naïve romantic, *mija*, you never learn. You want to risk your life and the lives of your children?

**WOMAN.** I have no choice, you never wanted my mother to do this kind of work and you feel the same about me.

**FATHER.** You are my daughter and I want you to be safe.

**WOMAN.** I have to fight. Look, I don't want to fight with you.

**FATHER.** You're full of contradictions. You are right--I had opinions about your mother.

**WOMAN.** I wish you could see her, I wish you could see me. You are not treating me for who I am. You want to see someone else.

**FATHER.** You don't actually know what you want. *Mija*, listen, there is nothing more dangerous than a feminine feminist.

**WOMAN.** Was it the condom, Father? Did that shock you? And the Viagra?

**FATHER.** It is beneath you. Beneath us!

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**WOMAN.** Corruption is beneath us all. It worked. I won in the Senate. This is my country.

**FATHER.** You shame me. (*Sounds of rain and boards cracking.*)

**WOMAN.** My wooden cage has a flimsy board. I begin to press my foot on it. It makes a cracking sound. (*A GUARD looks over at her.*) Does he hear what I did? (*The Guard looks away.*) I check my pocket, the vitamins, save them. At night, in the dark, the best time to think. The flashlight I stole, that I hid in the *chontos*. Crumple the paper into a mound, a fake body so it looks like someone is still sleeping there. A sleeping body. (*Sounds of a storm.*) The wind. Finally. There's no choice. Who knows when there will be another storm like this? Crack open the board wider. Match the cracking with the thunder. (*Cracking sounds.*) Squeeze through the hole in the wood, out of the cage. (*Rain sounds.*) The pouring rain. Feel only the leaves, the roots, tripping, running, one foot in front of the other, slipping downward, towards the river. Never turn on the light, it's too dangerous, if I am seen. The dark is safer than the flashlight. (*Jungle sounds intensify.*) The dark is safer. Pitch dark. (*Lights go out completely.*) I put my hands out in front of me. To feel my way. What is there? A pit in the ground? A landmine? The sharp teeth of an animal? I turn on the flashlight. (*Explosion of light.*) A gigantic banyan tree, vines strangling upward to the invisible sky. I turn it off. I'm free. I'm free. Running. Get as far away while it's still dark. The river should be soon. Dawn, alone in the jungle. Bury myself under leaves. Body under leaves. To return. Small orchids that look like little red birds... The space of being out of the cage. (*She looks up at the sky.*) The space to move. The sky. (*A YOUNG GUERRILLA finds her, pointing his rifle.*)

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**YOUNG GUERILLA.** *Señora*, please, listen to me. You have to think clearly. To understand us better. My father was a coca farmer--he got killed in a raid...

**WOMAN.** Listen, we'll go together--you can do it. We can run away together.

**YOUNG GUERILLA.** I grew up with the FARC, they gave me food, clothes, when I had nothing, they taught me to read and write...

**WOMAN.** You know the jungle--you know the way. We can do it, don't use the handcuffs...

**YOUNG GUERILLA.** No one believed in my dignity that way, *Señora*, I'm a communist, I believe in the revolution. Now come, come with me. (*He handcuffs her.*) They are going to punish you. That is what is going to happen. It will be very bad. Try to say nothing to them, *Señora*.

**WOMAN.** I will say something! You are pigs!

**YOUNG GUERILLA.** Then you will only suffer more.

**WOMAN.** During my rape, he...they...Nothing. The love of my mother and father, their strength like a mountain, their voices, their world. My children--her joy--his trust--their sweetness. The way their hands lace themselves in mine. In the fire of my center, their spirit is like a flame that never goes out. It simply burns steady. It cannot ever go out because of this love. It will never go out.

After

In cold muddy river water

Skin broken

Bathing.

Washing my dirty hair,

My body

Salt water falling in

Shock

For as long as they let me

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Stay

In the green water, before they chain me.

**COMMANDER.** Okay, *Doctora*, we're filming the Proof of Life. Come on! (*Sound of whirring video camera. The Commander provides her with a stool, motioning for the filming to begin. She sits and bows down her head, sick, completely silent, during her "Proof of Life." He motions to turn off the camera.*) This silence is only going to make things worse for you, *Doctora*. You need to show the world a Proof of Life, that's your only chance for survival, *Doctora*. Laugh on camera a little for them, sing a little, tap your foot. Say something! (*He motions for the camera to roll again. She speaks her internal thoughts.*)

**WOMAN.** Here, now, God, in front of the commander's camera, I give up on you. Skin yellow. The waving of the white flag. These are the bargains I make.

Don't come up for air

Don't look out the hole

Don't look for creatures who light up in the dark

Stay in this cocoon of the sleeping criminal

Limbo between life and death.

--I promise to let you know when you can come and take me for good.

Heart beating

Mouth breathing

Skin pores open

Shitting

Pissing

Tear ducts

Soul a crater with *stagnant poison*.

It's over. No "Proof of Life" for anyone, especially not you, God! I've finally lost the "WHY?" I surrender.

**COMMANDER.** (*He motions for the camera to stop.*)

You better talk soon. Those special blue jeans you've tried to hide for so long, they won't fit you anymore,

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anyway. Put some fat on that ass! And your hair and your moustache. (*The Commander takes away her stool. We hear the sound of a woman speaking on a radio.*)

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO:** *Te amamos, ma chérie.* (We love you, my dear.)

**WOMAN.** *Maman,* I wait every day for your voice on the radio.

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *Estamos pensando en ti. Nos vas a ver muy pronto, te lo prometemos.* (We are thinking of you. You will see us again very soon, we promise.)

**WOMAN.** I promise too, I'll see you soon.

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *No podemos comer tu plato favorito, coq au vin, hasta que te volvamos a ver.* (We can't eat your favorite dish until we see you again.)

**WOMAN.** You're so funny--you stopped cooking *coq au vin*?

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *Vamos a hacer coq au vin para tí cuando regreses. Estamos trabajando duro.* (We will make *coq au vin* for you again when you return. We are working hard.)

**WOMAN.** You hear that, God? She's working with the government on my rescue. She is always there because she knows. The stakes are in our bones.

**GOD.** She left her children for politics too. That's why you're being punished. Because you left your children. The legacy of leaving.

**WOMAN.** (*Overlapping.*) Oh, shut up. Then why did the bullet hit him and not my mother?

**GOD.** You're asking that again?

**WOMAN.** Why did you take Galán? The best president we could've had? And my mother escaped his bullet by a *fraction*.

**GOD.** Fate?

**WOMAN.** What?

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**GOD.** That's why you came back to fight like your mother. It would be good for you to think about fate.

**WOMAN.** When she speaks to me on the radio, does she think I'm dead?

**GOD.** She has the same audacity as you. The entitlement of the wealthy, of those who have been handed everything on a silver platter!

**WOMAN.** I need them to know I'm trying to get back to them, God.

**MOTHER'S IMAGINED VOICE ON THE RADIO.**

*Lo sabemos, amor. (We know, ma chérie.)*

**WOMAN.** *Maman?*

**MOTHER'S IMAGINED VOICE ON THE RADIO.**

*Sabemos que estás haciendo el intento.*

**WOMAN.** You can hear me?

**MOTHER'S IMAGINED VOICE ON THE RADIO.**

*Yo sé que estás viva, hija. Eres valiente, cariño. Entonces pues. Vamos a tomarnos una tacita de té. (We know you're trying. Yes, I know you're alive, hija. You're brave, ma chérie. Now, let's go out for a nice cup of tea.)*

**WOMAN.** I can't have a cup of tea, *Mamita*. I'm imagining things.

**GUARD'S VOICE.** *(Loudly.) Póngansen en fila! (Line up!)*

**MALE HOSTAGE 1's VOICE.** Number One.

**MALE HOSTAGE 2's VOICE.** Number Two.

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Number Three.

**WOMAN.** Use my name! *(We hear more hostages, "Number Five, Number Six, Number Seven.")*

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Hey, hey, hey, I'm really, really sorry you lost your election.

**WOMAN.** I never think about my election anymore.

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Oh, hey, wow, forgive me--I never should have brought it up. *So-rry.*

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**WOMAN.** There's a word I've heard about in English. It's "passive-aggressive"?

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** That's two words.

**WOMAN.** *(To him.)* I'm no longer a politician! *(She becomes the politician, as we hear a crowd and applause.)* Because of you, President Semper--you are aware--Colombians cannot travel abroad without being instantly suspected as drug traffickers. You have ruined our international image and plunged the country into terror and uncertainty. I am demanding an independent investigation of your corruption, one that is not infiltrated by the drug Cartel. I call a hunger strike. I won't eat again until our country is given an honest investigation. *(God appears.)* Okay, I lied to the "passive-aggressive" American hostage--I obviously *do* still think about my presidential election. It makes me angry that I lost, God.

**GOD.** You didn't have a chance in *hell* of winning.

**WOMAN.** Hell?

**GOD.** Yes, I use that word. When it applies.

**WOMAN.** Why?

**GOD.** You're asking that again?

**WOMAN.** I should have won. That's a secret! Please don't repeat it. *(God laughs.)* The problem is, there are no secrets from God. And God says different things on different days. *(MALE HOSTAGE 3 pulls out the strands of steel wool from brillo pads and throws them up in the trees. Woman makes fun of the American way he speaks.)* Hey, hey, hey, hey. What are you doing?

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Stole a box of brillo pads from the kitchen--to get better radio reception. Hey, why are they buildin' a fence around the camp?

**WOMAN.** To make it harder for us to escape.

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Right, you are the celebrity.

**WOMAN.** I'm not a celebrity.

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**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** You're a star in France. Joan of Arc.

**WOMAN.** Not exactly Jeanne d'Arc.

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** The guerillas' biggest trophy. As long as they have you alive they have negotiating power.

**WOMAN.** They have no negotiating power--the government won't agree to exchange their prisoners for us hostages.

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** Having you alive brings them fame. You keep the light on them.

**WOMAN.** How d'you think of that with the brillo pads?

**MALE HOSTAGE 3.** That's all I have, TIME TO THINK.

**WOMAN.** Thank you.

**GUARD'S VOICE.** (*Loudly.*) *Póngansen en fila! Preséntesen!* (Line up! Present yourselves!)

**MALE HOSTAGE 1's VOICE.** *Número Uno.* (Number One.)

**MALE HOSTAGE 2's VOICE.** *Número Dos.* (Number Two.)

**WOMAN.** *Número Tres.* (Number Three.)

**FELLOW PRISONER (MALE COLOMBIAN).**

*Número Cuatro.* (Number Four.)

**WOMAN.** *Querido.* (Dear.)

**FELLOW PRISONER (MALE COLOMBIAN).**

*Querida.* (*We hear more hostages, "Número Cinco, Número Seis, Número Siete. She smiles at him optimistically. Note: The Fellow Prisoner [Male Colombian] always speaks in Spanish in the La MaMa production. The Spanish text may be found at the end of the play.*) Someday we'll find each other, *querida*, on a street corner and we'll say let's go in the middle of the day for a paella.

**WOMAN:** We had an imagined language. I could read my friend's face like a book. He actually said *nothing*.



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I said to him: Don't. Leave. Me. *No me dejes*. A guard takes him away. I knew him in the Senate, before we were hostages. Water is punching behind my lids. *Ne me quitte pas*. (*She hears the radio.*)

**FELLOW COLOMBIAN PRISONER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *Estoy vivo querida, los venezolanos me ayudaron a escapar y ahora Francia te va a ayudar a tí. Los gobiernos de Francia y de Colombia están luchando por tí!* (I am alive, querida, the Venezuelans helped me to escape and now France is going to help you! The French and Colombian governments are fighting for you!)

**WOMAN.** *Querido*, you've been rescued! Venezuela, France, Colombia--they're fighting for me.

**FELLOW COLOMBIAN PRISONER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *No te preocupes, todos te están esperando, tu volverás!* (Don't worry, everyone is waiting for you, you are coming home!)

**WOMAN.** Yes, I will come home.

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *Mi querida hija, todos los niños en nuestro orfanato están cantando y rezando por tí!* (My dear daughter, all the children at our orphanage are singing and praying for you!)

**WOMAN.** The orphanage is praying for me.

**MOTHER'S VOICE ON RADIO.** *Ellos están muy agradecidos contigo por el trabajo que has hecho y agradecidos con nuestra familia.* (They are so grateful to you for the work you have done, and to our family.)

**WOMAN.** No, I'm so grateful for the work you've done, *Maman*.

**MALE SPOKESMAN'S VOICE ON RADIO.** The American government refuses to negotiate with these terrorists, we simply have to sacrifice the hostages. They are like terminally ill patients.

**WOMAN.** We are terminally ill. Actually we *are* ill and the guerillas put us into a boat and we take a long boat

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ride down the river. (*Sounds of splashing water.*) The same river where you and I tried to escape, *Querido*.

Why, God?

**GOD.** “WHY?” is your torturer.

**WOMAN.** “Why?” is not my torturer, God, “Why?” is my salvation! You *see* the children--they know everything about peace. *Why* do the adults act like roosters at a cockfight? You know, the roosters are given muscle-building hormones and antibiotics so they can fight longer.

**GOD.** You are getting off track with these roosters.

**WOMAN.** You’re right. But the children, God. My children. (*Bright sunlight. To herself:*) The sun. Oh my god he’s so happy. The water...

**BOY’S VOICE.** Try to catch me! Come in further, *Maman*.

**WOMAN.** Don’t go too far, *mon chéri*.

**BOY’S VOICE.** You can see me, look!

**GIRL’S VOICE.** You can see me too, *Maman*, look!

**WOMAN.** Yes, *ma chérie*, you’re doing so well.

**GIRL’S VOICE.** Can I go further?

**WOMAN.** Not past your belly button. (*To herself:*) Frothy all around. I can taste it. Salt on my tongue.

**BOY’S VOICE.** I can swim!

**WOMAN.** I see you.

**BOY’S VOICE.** Come and get me. *Maman!*

**WOMAN.** Sun on my skin, hot, bright...

**GIRL’S VOICE.** Why does he get to go further, *Maman*? That’s not fair.

**WOMAN.** Because he can swim, *chérie*. Just make sure your feet can touch the bottom.

**GIRL’S VOICE.** I want to swim! Your hand under my stomach, *Maman*.

**WOMAN.** Yes, here. (*Placing her hand.*) Now, move your arms and your feet...Good...At the same time.

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**GIRL'S VOICE.** I'm swimming!

**WOMAN.** You are, darling.

**BOY'S VOICE.** I can swim, Maman!

**WOMAN.** They're both so happy. We all are.

**BOY ON RADIO.** *Eres buena gente madre--eres dulce.*

(You are good, Mother--you are sweet.)

**WOMAN.** You're my sweet.

**GIRL ON RADIO.** *Todavía estas viva! Se fuerte. Como*

*siempre nos enseñaste, mami.* (You are still alive! Be strong. Like you always taught us, Mommy.)

**GIRL/BOY ON RADIO.** *Te adoramos.* (We adore you.)

**WOMAN.** (*Overlapping.*) When you say I'm still alive, do you believe it? There is only what we were. Our *love* sewn together: a trip we took... Wave goodbye to your father.

**BOY'S VOICE.** Goodbye, Papa!

**GIRL'S VOICE.** Goodbye, Papa!

**WOMAN.** Come--do you want to walk or take the bus?

**GIRL'S VOICE.** The bus!

**BOY'S VOICE.** I can't see his car anymore, *Maman.*

**WOMAN.** He'll come back to get you, and I am with you now.

**BOY'S VOICE.** Why don't you live with us?

**WOMAN.** It's too dangerous for you in Colombia.

**BOY'S VOICE.** Why don't you like Papa?

**WOMAN.** I like him. I need to work for our country, like your grandmother. Do you want to put the money into the coin box?

**BOY'S VOICE.** Yes! I paid for the bus by myself!

**WOMAN.** You did, sweetie.

**GIRL'S VOICE.** *Maman,* look at the flames burning in the lamps outside.

**WOMAN.** They are coach lights. It's the Dakota. A famous lady lives there.

**GIRL'S VOICE.** Who?

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**WOMAN.** Yoko Ono.

**GIRL'S VOICE.** *You're famous.*

**WOMAN.** No.

**GIRL'S VOICE.** You're on the cover of magazines in France.

**WOMAN.** I'm your mother.

**GIRL'S VOICE.** The flames look like a campfire.

**WOMAN.** They will never go out. What do you want to see today?

**BOY'S VOICE.** The dinosaurs. Dinosaurs!

**GIRL'S VOICE.** The whales, with sprouts...spouts!

**WOMAN.** They run ahead up the stairs. Her white stockings--my son's blue coat. His beautiful smile, her hair cut to her jawbone.

**YOUNG GUERRILLA.** *Señora--despiertate!*

**WOMAN.** I wake up with a start.

Always

With a start. It is the sameness.

How has this happened? Stasis, based on illness, hepatitis, complete and utter capitulation of the body. I move my neck. Can you take off the chain? No I won't ask. Not asking is a victory. (*A plane is heard overhead. The Guard whistles.*)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!!  
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