

Miguel Ángel Mañas

Lamentum
Tears of sand

Prelude by Mariano Anós
Translation by Elena I. Mateo



1st edition, 2014

**Cover image: : Detail of *Kruisafneming* by Roger de Weyden, h.
1436.**

**All rights reserved. It is not allowed to reproduce or transmit
parts of this publishing, without the previous permission of the
holder's rights on intellectual propriety, in any used means.**

© Editorial Anagnórisis

© Miguel Ángel Mañas, 2014

© Translation: Elena I. Mateo, 2014

© Prelude: Mariano Anós, 2014

ISBN: 978-84-15507-20-8

DL: B 3604-2014

WITH TRAGIC HAPPINESS

The current oxymoron is Garcia Calvo's. Apparently, nothing is more classical than the emotional liberating movement, which is a natural consequence of the catharsis provoked by facing up to the terrible. Nowadays, people look for comedy to avoid reality, they dislike tragedy because they don't want to be reflected in that situation, and think about it. But when thinking about the so called "positive attitude" of swindling out of the self-help, there is nothing better than coming back to tragedy once again, to go on, to continue fighting for happiness in another possible world.

When I first read Miguel Ángel Mañas' texts, I felt sincere thanks for his courage. He has placed himself out of the dominant territories marked by the *casticismo*¹, demagogic divertissements or checking hardly disguised as

¹ It's a Spanish literary, cultural and ideological attitude against the reactionary thinking in the 18th c. It was associated to the Spanish nationalism.

pièce bien faite, with his dramatic effects more or less cleverly dosed. No television star will be tempted to use these texts to varnish his or her prestige.

Language brings together the echoes of the best artistic of a contemporary theatrical writing, dried on the surface and prudent on the risks of overflowing, without relating it to plagiarism or servility. Words move shaking by a gust of wind, like brushes on a little bit tired and desolated land, between the chronicle of events and the essentialist abstraction, a little bit crossed, from impotence to terror. Sometimes, words are crossed on the edge of aphasia, some others on the edge of excess, but always on the edge of astonishment at the hybris of the species.

There are bodies. Words furiously shake bodies, which aren't dead yet. The body knows nothing about words, but even though, it whispers or shouts them, it let them boom in such handicapped ears or it watches them melting in the sand of the desert. Bodies, theater. Blindly hammering spades, words do the same into sand. Blindness on theater, with the vague hope that perhaps, someone reaches to watch outside.

Hot, the sun burns, so do throats. Sand and sun, relentless, propitious to absurd crimes, like *The Stranger* by Camus in the beach of Argel. But without the promise of the freshness of the sea. Sand is Sísifo's shredded stone. Neither is the mountain. Mounds of indifferent sand, without ending. Bodies shake still alive, doing exorcisms, songs, questions without answers. Is howling the answer? I wish I were a coyote.

Hunting, no coyotes, female bodies, reduced to animals of prey, with the silly excuse of instinct. There is no instinct in the communicative human beings. Language desperation, the envy of dead people's silence. Dead females' deprived of words, without being a nuisance to humanity. Raping, introducing, killing, being quiet, filling in, all those are the male's extreme fantasies.

The moon relieves. Its hot doesn't dumbfound. Perhaps moon words may cross deserts, continents, oceans, riding a non-avenging, no blinding, no comforting and no mute wind, a wind decided to sing, just because, just in case, to give wings to the remains of something human. Theatre, on the moon's side.

There are sand, water, nails, bells, ants, stars. And always sand, and always wind. And death. Every man for himself, or not, women and children first. Women and children ask, they take charge of it. Neither do men, they are too alive and require them to show it at any price. Unless they accept melting a little bit, being a little blurred and turning into racconto. In a statement of terror. For giving space to what it isn't hell, as Calvino wanted.

Water, obscurity. Dreams which become liquid. Life hurts, the land animal desires to come back the liquid protection from where it implacably came out. The word exasperates between shouting and silence, in a weal balance, death is above. Medea's present is giving death.

It's an offering to the Loss Gods. Knowing what is losing, making to know. Killing, killing oneself. The sharpening peak of desire. Too much light. Pulling your eyes out. Tragic figures do not stop asking us.

We find ourselves with Miguel Angel Mañas' writing, in the loneliness of our bodies, in the shared demands of our language, to the human existence's endless search, always to

the edge of extinction. We are convinced to the wind, to the ephemeral truth that takes refuge, frozen, in the theatre.

Mariano Anós

Lamentum and Tears of sand
by Miguel Ángel Mañas

LAMENTUM

Dramatis personae

WOMAN

MR. RACCONTO

MR. DAÍMON

THE CHILD

The ground has a trapezium drawn with a red colour stain in the center. The points that correspond to the bottom of space are occupied as follow: being sides where the public sits, Mr. RACCONTO is placed on the right point and back to the public. He is wearing a gabardine and grey trousers. Mr. DAÍMON is sitting on a chair on the left side. He is wearing a rolled up white shirt and grey shorts. His eyes are hidden by a white cloth impregnated in blood.

On the left side of the proscenium, a fifty years old WOMAN is reading a newspaper. She is wearing a simple brown nightgown. Her feet are naked, however, a layer of mud reaches her knees, as if snakes would like to creep until the waist.

There is no one on the right point yet, it is empty. A twelve years old child is swinging on the red point in the center. The rope around his neck is lost in the roof. The child is wearing a shroud with rattles on the seams, which covers everything excepting his head and neck. The shroud cloth grazes the ground. The CHILD starts moving his body slowly as if he would like to come out the cloth he is covered. He holds a child's naked mannequin with his hand. The mannequin also

has a rope in his neck. Rattles make sound.

WOMAN.- (*Throwing the newspaper to the ground.*) Another day... (*Pause.*) Time ago, I decided to throw a coin in the air and let it fall down the ground. The cross ordered me to run towards the river shore. I remained quiet waiting until the ground opened its mouth. (*She lifts the nightgown.*) The ground is like a snake. It devours me slowly... slowly. I like the earth swallows me, it let nothing on sight. I don't want to stay with the head outside so he could kick it. (*Pause.*) The water of the river slides slowly. Water eyes observe me from the depths. They stare at me. They like me to put my feet on the water but I am from the earth. I have to be remembered and the earth will take charge of it. (*Pause. She laughs.*) He couldn't avoid it. (*She stops laughing.*) I help his hands to win death and now they push me towards water. But he didn't get it. Poor mortal! The justice I demand is not in mortals' eyes... He'll be for water, his blood will freeze and time will turn into water. And I will tear his body

until it remains thousands drops, with the strength of my nails. *(Pause.)* You shouldn't push me, you shouldn't look at me as if you didn't know me. I left my land for you, I left my house for you... but now, you have to know what loosing is... loosing everything. *(She takes the newspaper.)* You will know what is losing... you will know what is being water. *(She hides her face with the newspaper. The child stops swinging.)*

MR. RACCONTO.- You'll know what loosing is... *(Pause.)* Those are the last words I could listen from Mr. Daímon's wife. The hyena howls knowing she had rests of new meat among his teeth. The howl was listened for miles. Distance converted the moan into melody, and in the faraway places, children covered their ears. Distance... He can't save his own sons *(He gets closer to the children.)*, they listened to the moan too close. They could see how their mother's face changed into an impossible mask. The children were witnesses of one's death and another's fear in their quiet lonely bedroom. *(Pause.)* Now, the child

swings watching the younger brother's fear, while he is staring at his elder brother's agony. He is so obstinate as his father, he would say the woman: it is difficult for him to get the idea, the idea of dying. (*She swings the child.*) He stops fighting. It is a lost battle. Your younger brother is already frozen and you can do nothing for him. Neither the rattles can help you. I know you think your father is going to hear them and everything will be fine, but it isn't like that. Distance can't change its tinkling into melody. Your father is alone and loneliness has made him blind. Watching the end is painful but coming back to the beginning is more painful.

She comes back to her place.

MR. DAÍMON.- Tell me who I am. Tell me where I am. Everything is calm and black. I can't walk around the streets, run in the parks, look at the sea or count the stars in the sky. (*He points to the sky.*) One, two, three, three thousand, four thousand... Look at the stars... My stars!

They guide me in my trips... they whispered songs of the moon to me. Stars... Stars... *(Pause.)* I don't know, I can't know it... Can anyone tell me if stars are singing?

THE CHILD *(Singing:)*.- Star, star

Draw my path

Star, star

Take me close to the river

Star, star

Move my body

So that my heart bits

When it was close to the river.

MR. DAÍMON.- I don't hear you... I have got the memory of your voice in my head but water starts being in my throat. *(Shouting:)* Where are you, little boy? *(He starts walking. Short, hesitating steps until he runs into the body of the CHILD. He touches him, he caresses him.)* Son, Son...! It can't be you. You are cold and your body was

always warm and soft. It isn't you, it can't be you. Start singing again... sing, please

THE CHILD (*Singing:*).- Star, star

Draw my path

Star, star

Take me close to the river

Star, star

Move my body

So that my heart bits

When it was close to the river.

MR. RACCONTO.- He remembers the cause of his pains now.

MR. DAÍMON.- My wounds. (*He puts his hands on his face.*)

I couldn't bear it. I liked to take my dead children's memory off but it is worthless. Now, I can see my inside and there they are. They are so young... The look at me from a corner of my soul, which I can't protect. They are

cold and lonely. Water wants to flood everything and take them to the sea. But stars aren't useful, nothing is useful. I will lose my children forever if I let this river, which is my blood, take them to a place that I didn't even understand... I don't want to continue remembering. (*He embraces the child's body.*) Don't get close to the river... a whore wants to eat your heart there. Whore. Whore. Whore... It was you who stole them from me. But I don't let you tear their memory. I am going to kick your head, I am going to make you eat the meat, which gave you the idea of refuse them the air. Please stars, sing to me, guide my path, and sew dreams for the whore not to hear my steps!

THE CHILD (*Singing:*).- For a stone path

The ant runs, the ant jumps.

For a stone path

The ant runs, the ant jumps.

For a stone path.

The child jumps, the child jumps.

For a stone path
The ant walks, the ant walks.

MR. RACCONTO.- A mother who kills her sons... It hurts thinking on it. But she was able to do it.

WOMAN.- I did it. Wasn't I able to give them birth? After all it is the same pain. (*Pause.*) What he would know about pain. I pushed them, throwing them out to life, to take them the air out. They don't need air where they are drying now. You have made me like that! You have managed I hated my own sons. Their faces are your face, their hands are your hands, and their sex is your sex. And now, you regret it. Now, you take a knife to your face and you drive it until the pain drives you crazy. But it is too late for that. (*He treads the newspaper.*) I'm following your steps because you are following mine. I can see you are looking for me, in between the lines, between the smaller words, you want my head. Poor ignorant! There's no star in the sky that will help you. I will shout

until they turn off forever. You will know what is losing.

Mr.. Daímon walks to the right proscenium. He touches his face. His fingers traverse the bandage that covers his wounds.

MR. DAÍMON.- I hear my sons' song... I hear the stars, but I don't understand their message. Sometimes, I think I am too close, but the world is made of sand. I have my hands full of sand, I want to count the grains and know if it is possible to mark a path. I need to come back... know if I can come back and do another thing which is not looking at my inside. I didn't know listening to the voices the wind shouted. Be careful, be careful... she will be like a plague that will destroy everything. I didn't want to listen to her and turn the back. That is why my sons are dead.

MR. RACCONTO.- (*Getting close to Mr. DAÍMON, slowly.*)
He walked asking people where his wife was for days. But nobody could answer him. Some people said they

didn't see her: a woman who kills her sons doesn't exist. Other people pointed to the sun and said they might have seen a fire tail that crosses it. (*He places his hands on Mr. Daímon's back.*) Newspapers scarcely take the trouble to publish what happened, because they didn't understand it either. But I heard her. I passed through that square and I could hear as she said mumbling: you will know what is losing. (*Pause.*) Mr. Daímon, take my arm. We can have a walk.

MR. DAÍMON.- I remember your voice. Where did we meet?

MR. RACCONTO.- My name is Racconto. We were together at the city hospital. You had your feet hurt.

MR. DAÍMON.- That's true. I was a men's victim, they insisted on not letting me continuing on my way. They tied my feet and left me at my fate.

MR. RACCONTO.- You were left at the bad fate.

MR. DAÍMON.- I have paid turning my back to life with interest. Now I want to know, but my eyes are empty and it's difficult for me to trust people.

MR. RACCONTO.- Do you think knowing is a good idea?

MR. DAÍMON.- (*Pause.*) I don't want to live in ignorance. Some people say knowing is something bad because it makes you feel like an idiot.

MR. RACCONTO.- I already know your story. I tried to inform myself as much as I could.

MR. DAÍMON.- Do you like writing?

MR. RACCONTO.- You are very perceptive... perhaps you aren't in all aspects, but I have to recognize that you have impressed me, although your story has impressed me more.

MR. DAÍMON.- Do you want to write about my life?

MR. RACCONTO.- You flatter me. Yes, I would. I have been looking for you and asking people for days. All of them pull a face when I pronounced your name. But now we are together and we can start when you like. We will start from this moment to the beginning.

MR. DAÍMON.- I am tired.

MR. RACCONTO.- Lean on me.

MR. DAÍMON.- Thank you. (*He leans on him.*) I would like to be sitting in the garden at this moment. But it isn't my home now. Everything smells like blood, fear. Neither the fire dares to burn it. (*Pause.*) I have lost the track of time. I live at my eternal night and I don't listen to stars. Sometimes I think I hear my children's voice. They sing to me. (*Pause.*) They had some rattles and they make them sound when I arrived home. This

seems to me the most wonderful sound in the world now, I promise. But one day, a hot August evening, in...

MR. RACCONTO.- Two years ago.

MR. DAÍMON.- Two years already... *(Pause.)* I entered at home and a smelly and heavy poison covered me. She knew how to cook very well... but that smell... *(Pause.)* I found her sitting in the dining room. She had an unclear look... I thought that wasn't my wife for a moment. But it was...

WOMAN.- *(During the monologue, she is going to walk around the child.)* I remember it was a very hot morning in August. The nightgown was sticky. It was early. I heard the door closing and I woke up to know what happened, surprised. I looked out the window of the garden and I could see how he went out as a vulgar thief. I went behind him. *(She touches her nightgown.)* I didn't mind wearing like that. I don't mind what people think. *(Pause.)* I

followed him for a long time. We arrived to a square where the whores are. He entered in one of the entrance halls.

She touches the child's body. The rattles make sound.

MR. DAÍMON.- (*Moving away.*) Have you heard that? Tell me you haven't heard it!

MR. RACCONTO.- (*Paying attention.*) I am sorry. I hear nothing.

MR. DAÍMON.- Is it day or night?

MR. RACCONTO.- Night.

MR. DAÍMON.- Stars! I hear the stars!

MR. RACCONTO.- (*Listening to them.*) I can't tell you if they are the stars or the river. A river crosses here. Perhaps it's

water.

WOMAN.- Damn man! (*She gets closer to Mr. Racconto.*)

What he's doing is not fair. I have my rights, my reasons, too. I know you have been asking for him. What about me? Nobody has asked me the reason yet... (*She points to Mr. Daímon.*) He's the only reason... He took me for unknown lands where people mistrust me, where they looked down at me .They said I should be a witch. She has cat eyes... (*She laughs.*) I have sideways and I eat children... I don't eat them... I just kill them... I killed my children because of him... You will know what loosing is.

MR. DAÍMON.- Silence again.

MR. RACCONTO.- Again.

MR. DAÍMON.- My sons!! Sons!!

WOMAN.- They aren't. (*She walks through her point.*) Your sons are no longer yours. (*Pause.*) I understood in that square, surrounded by whores and misery, that I had been unfaithful by a miserable rat. You promised me bread and trees, and there is nothing left. You want to push me to the water in the river. This would help you to forget, but I will stay in earth.

MR. DAÍMON.- I want you take me to the river.

MR. RACCONTO.- Are you sure?

MR. DAÍMON.- Take me.

The WOMAN runs towards the child and shakes him unceremoniously.

MR. DAÍMON.- Listen, listen... it's a different sound. They are rattles!!! My sons... I will go! (*The WOMAN hugs the child's body. The rattles stop making sound.*) No... No... I

can't hear them now. Where are they? Damn stars!

WOMAN.- You regret now... I was waiting for you for three hours... Men looked at me, they pried the air... they were like rats looking for food. And you were in that house doing the same. How you could do it. I never denied anything to you. My legs opened and I simply received you because I also desired it! What did it happen to you to look down on me like that?

MR. DAÍMON.- I can't continue. (*Pause.*) Silence...

MR. RACCONTO.- You need an explanation, don't you?

MR. DAÍMON.- Yes.

MR. RACCONTO.- Perhaps memories help you.

MR. DAÍMON.- Remembering hurts.

MR. RACCONTO.- I don't have any doubts. Mr. Daímon, you need to rest.

They go towards the chair. MR. DAÍMON sits.

MR. DAÍMON.- We are again at the starting point. It isn't the first time I confuse things. I'm in the middle of a path that never goes ahead. It's my destiny. When I want to move forwards, my head betrays me or my feet are tied. It's a peculiar fight. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps it's better not to continue. My hands have always been strong, but it doesn't matter if my head doesn't help or feet want to knock you down. Perhaps I'm crazy. *(Pause.)* It must be that... I'm crazy, I always was. Sense shouldn't have let me go to that square and put my sons at risk.

MR. RACCONTO.- You need a rest. We can continue talking tomorrow.

MR. DAÍMON.- Thanks, but I can't rest. If I sleep, blood comes

white. They need my blood hot. I don't want my sons end being water. I can't forget them... water... obscurity...

Mr. RACCONTO comes back to his point.

MR. RACCONTO.- From that day on, my expectations on finding the woman rose considerably. Something told me the river had the clue. It was necessary to listen to its message. Water knew the truth.

The stage becomes full of shadows. While the CHILD starts singing, the rope starts coming down until the CHILD arrives to the ground.

THE CHILD (*Singing:*).- Star, star

Draw my path

Star, star

Take me close to the river

Star, star

Move my body

So that my heart bits
When it was close to the river.

The CHILD looks at his mother. She seems not to see him. The CHILD hugs his younger brother's body.

THE CHILD.- Don't worry. Nothing is going to happen to me. *(Pause.)* We aren't shameless... I don't know what it means but mum repeated it all the time. It's so shameful, so shameful... *(He kisses his brother's cheek.)* You are the best brother... the funniest and the smiliest... *(Pause.)* Do you remember the house in the tree? We went up all evenings after coming from school and mum prepared us toasts with butter and chocolate. You liked when I behave like a rabbit while I was eating the toast. And then, we started singing songs the teacher had taught us... I can't think of any now... but I know they were very funny. And when time arrived, we make our rattles make sound. Dad appeared on the garden path and when he opened the door, we ran to hug his neck. *(Pause.)* The

last day he... his neck smelled different. His skin had the roses flavour. *(To his brother:)* Do you remember when I ate a mum's rose petal? His skin tasted like that. I thought he had also eaten roses because his neck smelled like that. All that day was different. You and I couldn't sleep quiet despite the fact I told you tales and I imagined myself far away from home... Getting in a boat and following the stars, as dad did when he was younger, and he was forced to fight in the war. *(Pause.)* But we just had time to dream... we shouldn't have woken up: we were safe sleeping. We wake up without noticing mum had changed into an evil witch and she could have talked to wind and fire. *(He looks at his brother.)* We were really afraid, but we are better now. In spite of water or dad's crying, we could be hidden in his body's corner... where it never smells like roses.

The CHILD is raised to his original position. Mr. RACCONTO walks concentrated around the child. The WOMAN comes to her original position.

WOMAN.- The children are with me, not with him. He never had them. I gave birth to them and their souls are now mine. He thinks he watches over them, but he's wrong. *(Pause.)* Roses... I liked watching them grow. I planted the seeds and I could perceive how they were going to smell... That whore also liked roses. We are a lot of people, but the tastes seem to be few. *(Pause.)* I see myself cutting their stems; preparing bunches and being enraptured by their fragrance... until I found it in his neck. It was like a seed had bloomed in his throat. He had neither the consideration of having a bath. He arrived home smelling of her... smelling of whore, rat. And then I thought he deserved to be punished. I asked the sun and moon and they didn't answer. They close their mouth to my desperation... nobody advised me what to do. My head shouted... take him off what he most like, take him off. That's why the following day...

MR. RACCONTO.- A female neighbour assured in a TV program that the day before the murders, she could hear

the woman's desperate crying. She punched and kicked the furniture. She continued saying she wished she had never met him. He could have been killed in that war. The neighbour continued saying she heard nothing the day of the deaths... everything was in silence, too silent: the children seem to have stopped existing.

WOMAN.- She was a meddler. She was always with her eye on the spyhole. One day I asked her what she worried about us. Do you like my husband maybe? My husband... that man had blue eyes; his eyes were like seas that swept along the abyss. His body was tough as a stone, but his soul was weak... I always knew that and I told him more than once: "You've got a weak soul". (*Pause.*) That slag liked my husband and he knew that. He played with her when they crossed in the stairs. He stared at her up and down, and she felt she was desired. That's why I had to talk to her and tell her he was mine, mine and nobody else's. (*Pause.*) I didn't realize the threat was outside, in that square full of rats. And he would come back to me

being a stranger...

A moment of silence.

MR. DAÍMON.- It is cold. (*Pause.*) I was dreaming with my soldier times. I was never hurt. I had to come back home to realize why death was looking at me so surprised in the battle field. How are you still here if I have to go to your house? But I want to listen to nobody at that time. It's wrong, I thought, everybody's wrong. So is wind. Be careful... be careful. (*Pause.*) I shouldn't have fallen sleep. (*Pause.*) My sons... they are so young... Are you there? If I had known what was going to happen I would have distracted death.

WOMAN.- He shouldn't have come back.

MR. DAÍMON.- I shouldn't have come back.

WOMAN.- He should have died.

MR. DAÍMON.- I should have died.

MR. RACCONTO.- The female neighbour told me the woman threatened her. She told her nothing and nobody could deprive her of her right as a wife. She knew how to smash a rat very well.

WOMAN.- I came back home with my heart in my mouth. I clenched the teeth and I could feel my bits. I had my feet black. Nobody pours water in the square corners. There are only empty bottles, scrunched paper with white dust traces, condoms... I looked at all of them asking myself which one was his. I smelt all I could find but none was his. And then I understood. The whore and he didn't use it, she kept everything inside her.

MR. RACCONTO.- The female neighbour says nothing more. Discussing with her was a lost battle. She saw her through the window, arriving to the garden, barefoot, with her black feet and the nightgown stuck to her body. She went

out to ask her, alarmed, what happens to her, and it was when she threatened her with giving her a punishment if she was in her way.

WOMAN.- I put water mixed with bleach, a lot of bleach in a pot, and I let the whole house stank. It had to smell like that square. He came back hours later. He opened the door and...

MR. DAÍMON.- The smell slapped in my face. I entered in the living room and there she was. She seemed a different person... I thought she was another woman for a moment. She looked at me, she went through me. It was then when I understood the unavoidable had become to be possible. She asked me about my sneak out, about her, about me, about that place. She asked me where I threw the condoms... I wanted to know what the children were doing... "They are sleeping", she said. I entered in their room and there they were, so innocent, so calm, without imagining those hours later they were going

to die. She continued asking me. I was afraid, afraid of not telling the truth, but of her. She was turning into something unknown, awful. It was like bile oozed out by the pores of her skin and it was eating her face. But in spite of that, I told her I didn't love her, I was going to marry the other woman and we were expecting a baby. I would do everything to keep the children with me... He stood up in one jump, as if she was going to bite my neck and then she opened the mouth. A mute and frightening shout come out her throat. She spitted until she left breathless. I am alive and I am right, she told me later, and even though I'm unhappy. What shamelessness, what shamelessness... You will know what is losing... *(Pause.)* In spite of the screams, the children didn't wake up.

WOMAN.- I didn't beg, that's what he expected... my sons no... no. *(Pause.)* Suddenly, a strange calm invaded me. There was no reason to continue shouting. Everything was in calm inside me. I was aware blood has stopped...

You didn't sweep along me, I thought... He said he would come to take the children the following day... The light lighted up his face for a moment... this is going to be easy, he should think. (*Pause.*) The justice I need is no in the humans' eyes, and that's why...

MR. DAÍMON.- Next day I came home. I needed to see the children and explain them that everything was going to be different. I didn't listen to their rattles... I opened their bedroom door... their small tongues came out their mouths. They had a cold breath... purple skin. (*Pause.*) I got crazy, pain got me crazy. I started to ask people about her, to the female neighbour, to the shopkeepers, to someone who could give me some information. But nobody had seen or known her. No mother can kill her children. That can't be possible, it doesn't exist. But it does... She was far away and I couldn't catch and kill her...

WOMAN.- I wasn't so far.

MR. RACCONTO.- She wasn't so far.

WOMAN.- (*While she was leaving the stage.*) I went to the square.

MR. RACCONTO.- She went to the square.

WOMAN.- To catch her.

MR. RACCONTO.- To catch her.

MR. DAÍMON.- To catch her...

WOMAN.- (*Before she disappears.*) She should die.

MR. RACCONTO.- Should she die?

MR. DAÍMON.- (*Pause.*) She was slit open, on the bed. The sun light entered through the window making the blood

shine. The intestines were winded on her neck. She was bright, as she was wearing jasper chains. I closed my eyes hoping what I watched was a hallucination, but it was real. In between that confusion, my son's small body was drying. *(Pause.)* Pain took my reason and the same knife she used to gut her served to me for... *(Pause.)* I remember nothing more. I just remember darkness. *(Pause.)* Are you still with me?

MR. RACCONTO.- Behind you, Mr. Daímon.

MR. DAÍMON.- Come closer.

MR. RACCONTO.- Something stops me.

MR. DAÍMON.- You should come with me. We are about to come back the beginning. I had to fill the blank spaces... your words would help me to do it.

MR. RACCONTO.- I hear the water babbling.

MR. DAÍMON.- We are close. It smells like her.

MR. RACCONTO.- She lives in my head.

MR. DAÍMON.- (*Walking quickly. Bumping into once and again.*) Don't listen to her! It's her... she's confusing you.

MR. RACCONTO.- She wants I stay here, listening to the babbling water.

MR. DAÍMON.- No...!

He falls down. He tries to stand up but an invisible strength forces him to fall down once and again, once and again. He crawls on the ground. The rattles make sound. The sound guides his way. The rattles stop making sound. He turns his head around in all directions. He shouts asking for Mr. RACCONTO, but nobody answers. He does a superhuman effort and he gets up shouting. He is an unstable figure, being about to collapse, to break down in thousand pieces. He puts

his hands on his face, tearing the cloth. His eyes are two black shinning thin cords that are bleeding. Rattles make sound again. Mr. DAÍMON is quiet. A bright light covers his face. He looks at the light...

MR. DAÍMON.- I can see her... it's her. He crosses the sun riding a fire car. Whore!

The WOMAN appears, naked with her arms open. She's wearing ropes coming from her wrists. Her body is full covered by mud. She's moving like a praying mantis, decided to attack her prey. Rattles make sound. THE CHILD sings while the woman gets closer slowly to Mr. RACCONTO

THE CHILD.- For a stone path

The ant runs, the ant jumps.

For a stone path

The ant runs, the ant jumps.

For a stone path

The child jumps, the child jumps

For a stone path
The ant walks, the ant walks.

The woman tangles up the ropes around Mr. RACCONTO's neck. She kills him slowly. THE CHILD shakes, as he suffered his death again. He takes his tongue out of his mouth. He looks at his brother sadly. He starts singing again with difficulty.

THE CHILD-. Star, star
Draw my path
Star, star
Take me close to the river.
Star, star
Move my body
So that my heart bits
When it was close to the river.

He releases his brother. THE CHILD stops moving. Mr. RACCONTO falls down to the floor like he was a package.

THE WOMAN looks at him with an expressionless face. She gets closer to Mr. DAÍMON. She is the religious mantis stalking, being about to jump.

WOMAN.- I buried my sons... You'll never know where they are, never.

MR. DAÍMON.- I can't move. Is it you? You've got metal in your voice.

WOMAN.- You can't do anything now. You're alone. It's better you go to the river and you get yourself carried away. Perhaps the water eyes help you to see. *(Pause.)* They are not yours now, they don't live inside you. They are mine... and you're the main responsible of their death. *(With repugnance:)* What shamelessness! *(Pause.)* I've defeated you...

MR. DAÍMON.- I wish you had never conceived them.

Pause.

WOMAN.- You're alone.

MR. DAÍMON.- My sons...

WOMAN.- You're alone.

MR. DAÍMON.- My sons...

Space is slowly getting full of shadows. The WOMAN walks while looking at him. They continue with the same dialogue. She disappears and Mr. DAÍMON continues saying My Sons, My Sons...

Darkness

THE END

TEARS OF SAND

Dramatis personae

AMELIA

WOMAN

OLD WOMAN

YOUNG WOMAN

MAN

Desert. Daybreak. Wind. A woman (AMELIA) is sitting on a mound of sand. She is listening to the wind. She is looking at the sky, to the light that gradually chases the shadow away. Coyote echoes. The woman gets up, making a great effort. She starts walking around the mound. The desert hugeness covers her. She is crying. Her body is trapped by anger. Her hands hit the mound, moving the dust. Coyote echoes accompany the woman's crying. She falls down on her knees. She hides her face. A man who is walking appears. Hot signals seem to come out his body. He goes ahead, looking at the woman whose face is still hidden.

MAN.- They cry. All of them cry. They first cry, and then, when they are getting dry, they shout. At the beginning, shouts break their throats. But, little by little... shouts disappear when time isn't important. Then, words come... they try to make contact by using them, they wish fear becomes another thing... *(Pause.)* They look at my eyes and words are transformed into a plea, in a prayer. They wait for a reaction... something that shows

everything is going to have a happy ending. But it never happens. Nothing ends up properly for them. They first cry. (*He gets closer to the woman.*) Things are like this. They are like this. Things... They come out from their home and they go to work. A hard working day is waiting for them... that's what they say. But it isn't such a big deal. They are putting pieces into other pieces for twelve hours, it isn't that important. Putting... putting and putting, nothing more than this. And then, they start looking for something. What? Putting... putting... putting. (*Pause.*) Introducing, introducing, introducing.

The MAN sits on the ground, far away from the woman. His face was opposite the sun, while he is sliding sand through his hands. A quick smile appears in his face. Three women appear. An OLD WOMAN, a WOMAN in her fifties and a YOUNG WOMAN. Each one is carrying a spade in their shoulders. The YOUNGER one doesn't have one. They are dressed in long black clothes. The YOUNGER WOMAN is dressed in white ones. One behind the other, they surround the woman. Music

accompanies their entrance. Women start their choreography. The theme is about the women's impotence on digging, on making holes in the desert. Dust signals fill in the space. They submerge the spade, with hope at the beginning, but little by little, hope turns into impotence... in pain. The YOUNG WOMAN makes the same movements but she never touches the sand. Women dig the spade into the desert. They want to cause him the same pain, punish him by swallowing their daughter, their sister's bodies. They throw the spades. They bit the ground with their hands. Music finishes. The WOMAN in her fifties and the YOUNGER WOMAN are statues of sand. The OLD WOMAN gets closer to the other woman. The MAN continues sitting, as he was another statue. The sun burns the statues' shape.

OLD WOMAN.- You're going to get sick if you continue like that.

AMELIA.- I've had eyes ache....

OLD WOMAN.- Go home. Amelia, go home.

AMELIA.- No. I want to stay.

OLD WOMAN.- You're going to stay another night with our eyes open.

AMELIA.- Yes.

OLD WOMAN.- We can see nothing when it's at night. Only the coyotes can.

AMELIA.- Coyotes...

OLD WOMAN.- Daughter, go home. We will continue.

The other WOMAN starts digging. She digs the space firmly, but she raises it up slowly, letting the sand sliding until it gets the ground. Once and again, once and again. The YOUNGER WOMAN takes a fistful of sand and let it fall down on her

dress.

AMELIA.- I can't go.

OLD WOMAN.- I know. But now, you have to sleep and rest.
Your daughter would like to see you with your face relaxed.

AMELIA.- (*She hides her face.*) How do you think she will be?

OLD WOMAN.- (*She looks for the words. She looks around while she digs her foot into the sand.*) Go. It starts to be hot. You can't fall ill.

AMELIA.- (*She stands up. She takes her spade.*) Just a moment.
I'll go home and... sleep. But just a moment.

OLD WOMAN.- That's it... a moment. .

AMELIA starts walking. She is dragging the spade. The OLD

WOMAN follows the weak cut the blade causes on the sand. AMELIA disappears in the desert hugeness. The OLD WOMAN meets with the other two women. The third of them does the same movement. They dig the spade with decision. They rise them up with effort. Music accompanies their movements. The MAN stands up. He gets closer to the women. He smooths the sand the women stir, with his hands. Their bodies are like machine pieces that never finish their work. The MAN digs with his hands, and he throws the sand on the women's clothes. Each sand blow makes the women's body move like each sand grain hurt their skin. Music and movement get intensity, excitement, until the OLD WOMAN throws her spade to the ground. She shouts as if a shout seemed to be born from the essence. Silence. A silence... Coyotes howl in the distance. The WOMAN in her fifties leaves the others, sitting in the place the MAN was at the beginning. She smells the air. She smells her hands. Her clothes.

WOMAN.- This land... (She shows her palms.) This land burns my skin, it twists my fingers, it cracks my feet. This land

dries my eyes and plugs my ears. That's why I must cry, that's why I must shake my head. I can't let sand dry my eyes, swallow my body, not yet, no when I'm still stood up. But I'm tired. The desert is too big and I'm too small. *(Pause.)* I would like to be big, bigger than the earth, and strong enough to raise all the sand in this place. And then... it would be easier. And then... I would do a cot with my hands and I could protect my daughter's body. The sun would never burn her skin nor the sand dry her blood. *(Pause.)* But I don't know where she is. Please! I've asked people but everybody turns their heads. *(Small pause.)* We can't look the other way when our daughters are being raped, killed and buried in this damned sand. *(Pause.)* Anyone knows? Can anyone tell me anything? Can anyone explain to me what to do when a mother survives her sons? *(Pause.)* Nobody knows... nobody wants to think about it... nobody. That's why it's us who must dig... because it's the world that turns one's head.

She starts singing. The son goes about her daughter, about all

daughters that were lost forever one day. Each pronounced word burns her throat. She looks at the distance. Tears appear in her face, they fall down on the sand. She is quiet. The OLD WOMAN and the YOUNG ONE get closer to her. The OLD WOMAN is taking her spade.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Granny.

OLD WOMAN.- Tell me.

YOUNG WOMAN.- My mother...

OLD WOMAN.- What?

YOUNG WOMAN.- She's very sad.

OLD WOMAN.- She is.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Why?

OLD WOMAN.- Because she doesn't find you.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Am I lost?

OLD WOMAN.- You aren't' lost. You are hidden. Just hidden.

(Pause.) Many other continue... hidden.

YOUNG WOMAN.- I like to play hide and seek. But I don't want mum was sad. *(Pause.)* Is it my fault?

OLD WOMAN.- No...

YOUNG WOMAN.- Yes... I went too far away... I shouldn't have dipped the feet on this desert. Mum always tells me it's dangerous, that's full of coyotes and scorpions. I went too far and... I don't know how to come back. Is that woman waiting for her daughter?

OLD WOMAN.- *(For herself.)* Yes...

YOUNG WOMAN.- Granny.

OLD WOMAN.- Tell me.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Are you sad, too?

OLD WOMAN.- My hands are aching...

YOUNG WOMAN.- *(She takes the old woman's hands, blowing on them.)* Air doesn't come out from me. *(She fills her lungs with air.)* I can't. This sun burns a lot. *(Pause.)* That's the first thing I noticed when I lay on the sand.

OLD WOMAN.- Don't think about it.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Granny, it hurts in here. *(She points to her chest.)* And here. *(The other one to the neck.)* And here...

The MAN gets closer to the YOUNG WOMAN, as a lying in waiting animal. He takes her inner thigh and her neck, and

he raises her. The YOUNG WOMAN is a dead body. The MAN squeezes his body to hers. The OLD LADY starts crying. She looks forward, so does the other woman. The MAN takes the YOUNG WOMAN where the mount is. They remain quiet.

WOMAN.- We never get it.

OLD WOMAN.- We have to continue digging. It's for your daughter and my granddaughter.

WOMAN.- And Amelia can't continue staying here at night. It's cold and coyotes watch you and you don't realise. They are very clever...

OLD WOMAN.- They are.

WOMAN.- However, Amelia knows ... she seems not to be afraid. But I...

OLD WOMAN.- What?

WOMAN.- (*Pause.*) I would be like you.

OLD WOMAN.- Old?

WOMAN.- Yes... being certain that everything will end at any moment.

OLD WOMAN.- You don't know what you are saying.

WOMAN.- Is it worthy to live like this? I don't think so. If somebody had told me I was going to survive my daughter when I gave her birth... I don't know...

OLD WOMAN.- It's not your fault.

WOMAN.- Then, why?

OLD WOMAN.- What are you asking about?

WOMAN.- The reason (*Pause.*) why our daughters are dead.

Why we don't know where they are buried. Why they have been killed. Why all this happens, why all this happens to us? *(Pause.)* I'm going to be fifty but I don't want... I know I've got other fifty years of pain, impotence, of not knowing the answer to my questions. I pray every day. My daughter is alive; I told myself my daughter is alive... every day... I want to find my daughter alive but I know it's too late. I gave up hope; I will never see her again. Neither alive nor dead. A beast has taken me this right... I can just pray for her memory, dirtied her soul with sand, for her dried eyes, for her hurt body. *(Pause.)* I am afraid of forgetting her face, her way of speaking and dancing. Forgetting I had her in my arms one day, when she was little like this, weak like this... Why does anyone tell me the truth? Anyone knows it?

The MAN leaves the YOUNG WOMAN on the ground. He takes handfuls of sand he filters on the YOUNG WOMAN's body. Shadows start emerging. There are howls in the distance.

OLD WOMAN.- We should come back home...

WOMAN.- I want to wait for Amelia.

OLD WOMAN.- Persuade her not to spend the night here.

WOMAN.- I'll meet you tomorrow. And then... (*She takes her spade.*)

OLD WOMAN.- See you tomorrow.

The OLD WOMAN takes her spade. She looks at the YOUNG WOMAN. She lowers her head. She disappears. Coyotes howl. They are closer.

MAN.- Sweet girl, sweet girl. You are wearing a princess dress. So white... But now it's the sand colour. I like sand. I like... You have your nails dirty because of digging so much. Mum will get annoyed if she could see you so dirty.

The choreography starts. So does the song. The WOMAN sings. The MAN is dancing, he is dancing with the YOUNG WOMAN's body. A coyote is threatening, it is measuring the distance where it is going to attack. First he is kind, clever... but the YOUNG WOMAN's negatives make him show himself as an animal. There is a fight between their bodies. Resistance, power, plea, fear, impotence. The song finishes. Everything is in silence. Without movements. Without life. It is only the passage of time that becomes present and it has its own language. The sun hides itself. The shadow of a cross appears in the desert. It hides the bodies. AMELIA appears. She is dragging her spade. She hammers it in the mount. She is dragging her feet. She looks forward. She mixes with the shadows.

AMELIA.- It's cold. Everything is in shadows now. It's cold.
(*She gets her body to the moon light.*) In this part of the world, the moon has got a cross shape. (*Pause.*)

The moon is sleepy.

The moon looks at me.

And it dreams about this side of the world.

It is where you can't dream.
I want you look at me, I told it.
I want you help me to dream.
Because I don't want to see crosses on the ground.
And I want to be able to wake up.
Without your shadow, without a yearning to cry.
Moon, can you hear me?
Help me dreaming
(*Silence.*) It's cold. Now everything is in darkness. It's
cold.

The WOMAN comes out from the shadows.

WOMAN.- Amelia... I want to be with you. So that you can
rest.

AMELIA.- I can't... If I fall sleep... (*Pause.*) I can't spend time
in between nightmares. I prefer being awake. (*Pause.*)
This land will be known as the land where women will
never rest in peace.

WOMAN.- Peace... It is only said in churches.

AMELIA.- There is a long time that I haven't preached.

WOMAN.- Then, What's left? (*AMELIA lowers her head.*) You
neither know it.

AMELIA.- No... We can't dream.

WOMAN.- To ourselves. That's the only thing we have. We
are partners. Pain has joined us. But I don't know how
long I can stand it.

AMELIA.- What are you thinking about?

Silence.

WOMAN.- My daughter. Yours. Hundreds of daughters who
will never come back. (*Pause.*) I met Gladys' mother
yesterday. She looked at me but she didn't see me. Since

her daughter was killed, she's got white eyes, as if instead of looking outside, she could just see her essence. That's what it happens to me. I can't see far away from myself. (*Pause.*) Sometimes I think about abandoning everything. Leaving this desert to consume myself, and maybe, I could be with my daughter with a lucky strike.

AMELIA.- You're tired.

WOMAN.- I'm hurt.

Pause.

AMELIA.- Go home.

WOMAN.- This desert is my home.

AMELIA.- This desert only takes the beasts in.

WOMAN.- So do our daughters. No... I can't continue. We

are a sand grain, victims of wind and sun, of the night and cold. We can be in the mouth of some animal at any moment, feeling its canine teeth in our throats. It doesn't matter if we shout... nobody is going to listen to us, nobody. What's the reason to scream if nobody can hear you? (*Small pause.*) I hammer the spade on the sand knowing nothing is going to happen, my life isn't going to change. My life is not worthy...my daughter was the one who gave a sense to my life, she allowed me to dream, and not to tremble with fear when I closed my eyes. Amelia, help me to stop trembling...

AMELIA.- Don't... don't say that, please.

WOMAN.- I want to die. My body is weak and it would be easy for you to break my bones.

AMELIA.- No... come here, come here... (*They fuse together in a hug.*) We have memories... of our little daughters dressed in white, smiling while we were doing them

plaits. Do you remember? Your daughter came home to take mine very early, and they went to school together. Do you remember? And, which was the song they sang when they were going to school? Come on; help me to remember, please...

A memory comes very slowly. It is a song that is about a princess who is rescued by a brave prince. The women start singing. So does the YOUNG WOMAN, who jumps on the sand while the song gets to join past and present.

The song finishes. The YOUNG WOMAN is swallowed again by the shadows. The two women fuse together in a hug.

WOMAN.- The dawn is going to come.

AMELIA.- Yes. *(Pause.)* Go home. I'm going to stay a little more.

WOMAN.- Don't stay here at night.

AMELIA.- No. See you tomorrow. (*The WOMAN looks around for a second.*) What happens?

WOMAN.- Nothing. I thought I have seen a light.

AMELIA.- (*Looking around.*) They are the lights of the city.

WOMAN.- Yes...

The WOMAN disappears. AMELIA feels a shiver. She starts running after the WOMAN. The MAN comes out from the shadows. He takes the sand from his nails by using a punch.

MAN.- Tomorrow... how women are: stubborn until the end. They want to demolish walls with their heads, but it does nothing. So you are. This city needs your bodies, but it doesn't want to know what you think about or what you want. Maybe those things were important in your unknown village, but not here. This is a jungle and you are the meat that satisfies us.

I like to observe you. When you come out from the schools, or from the factories: all together, together like a sheep block... and it's very bad to forget the dog is watching you. That's why you think the world is yours; heart and soul that shake your body belong to you. No, they're mine. I'm your dog and I say when you can laugh and cry. I have so many things to thank God. He made me a man, and He gave me the right to choose the person who I like cry or laugh.

Sheep... white fleece and innocent eyes. I like your meat so much, your way of looking at the skyline. (*He lies down on the sand.*) I can't remember how many times I have come here... I follow you by the streets of the city, but I can't help imagining how it is going to be later. My hands grow impatience. My mouth becomes full of saliva. My eyes become full of fire... my (*He puts his hands in his crotch.*) throbs quicker than my heart. Thud, thud, thud... my heart shoots blood flooding my throat...and I have to open my mouth so that all the air of the world filled my chest.

You are the ones who pronounce my name... come with us, those mini-skirts, which hardly cover you, whispers. Laugh with us, your tight and soaked in sweat breasts sigh.

And then... fear, pain and pleas. I can't understand. Is it what you want, isn't? You can't offer a good drink and latter expecting to toast with water. (*He gets up. He puts the punch away.*) And now... let's see who can make me laugh and offer a good drink.

The MAN disappears in the shadows. It slowly begins to get light. The YOUNG WOMAN jumps around the mount. Music accompanies her game. She stops. She looks around.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Again... I've gone away too far and mum will be sad again. I don't know what happens... I always end up in this place. (*Pause.*) What's its name? The teacher told us in Geography... I've got it! Lomas de Poleo... That day the teacher was sad... something had happened to her niece... something... I think her name

was Gladys. My friend Silvia told me she had disappeared... I hope she is at home again. *(She kneels.)* This sand is always so warm! *(She starts digging.)* Sand is colder in here. It's like the sand of the beach... But it never rains here and the sea is far away. *(She continues digging.)* If I continue digging perhaps I'll find a small water puddle. Or perhaps I may find a treasure. *(She's digging for some seconds. She stops. She finds a medallion.)* A jewel! It's beautiful! Whose will it be? *(She studies the medallion.)* It is such a beautiful virgin! *(She reads:)* From your mum to her greatest treasure. I will keep it not to be damaged by the sand. Maybe I could return it... *(She lies down on the sand.)* It's a very beautiful medallion...

Some moments later. AMELIA appears. So does the MAN by another path.

MAN.- What a chance! *(Small pause.)* It's difficult to find someone with this hot.

AMELIA.- Yes...

MAN.- What are you doing here? Are you lost? Are you looking for something? (*AMELIA looks at the ground.*)
This is a too big and hungry desert.

AMELIA.- But free will is bigger.

MAN.- What about free will?

AMELIA.- Not being eaten.

Pause.

MAN.- We have met before... your face looks familiar to me.

AMELIA.- I don't have a family.

MAN.- Of course! I saw you on the news. You are one of the disappeared women's mother, aren't you? (*Silence.*)

Sure... What a big problem. Nobody knows who kills those poor girls, doesn't anybody? It is said on some newspaper that they are some crazy peoples' victims and other people say they are the drug traffickers' ones. What do you think? It seems the authorities know nothing... I think they don't want to know. Rejecting is the only way of doing things, don't you agree with me?

AMELIA.- Maybe... But there are people who do their best to capture the guilty people.

MAN.- What happened to your daughter is a pity. How old was she? *(He walks to her. AMELIA puts some distance.)* Nothing happens. I have recognised you. You were on TV little time ago. You carried a banner with your daughter's picture and name. *(Pause.)* How old?

AMELIA.- *(Pause.)* Thirteen.

MAN.- It's a pity. I imagined her dressed in white with her

braids long until her shoulders. Have you got more daughters?

AMELIA.- I've to continue on my way.

MAN.- Yes, of course. We all must continue on our way. But we can't avoid our ways cross in any moment, can't you?

AMELIA.- Bye.

She wants to go. The man takes her spade.

MAN.- I like spades. They assure you a good job. But, do you know how to use it?

Fear appears.

AMELIA.- Yes...

MAN.- What a lovely lady... And, what are you looking for?

There's nothing interesting for a woman... like you in this desert.

AMELIA.- I...

MAN.- You what? (*Silence.*) You what?

AMELIA.- I'm looking for...

MAN.- Looking for what?

AMELIA.- Coyotes...

MAN.- Coyotes? (*He smiles.*) *Madrecita*¹... My God... Coyotes are very clever and you need more than a spade to catch one. Would you like I teach you how to catch them?

AMELIA.- My husband has taught me how...

¹ It is an endearing term used in South America to refer to "mother".

MAN.- Your husband... I don't think your husband knows about these things. *(Pause.)* Where are you from? I'm sure you're not from here.

AMELIA.- Yes.

MAN.- Yes what?

AMELIA.- I'm from here.

MAN.- I have travelled a lot. *(Pause.)* Women from Juarez smell different. That's why I know you're not from here. Let me guess... Chihuahua *(Pause.)* Your face tells me I have guessed right. Everything is so close... There are also coyotes there, did you know that?

AMELIA.- Yes...

MAN.- *(He smiles.)* However you're here. You work in one of the factories, don't you?

AMELIA.- No. (*The man is staring at her.*) Yes...

MAN.- It's a bad paid job, isn't it? The big companies have their particular paradise here. Many hours for few coins. Putting pieces into other pieces. Putting, putting, putting. (*Pause.*) The truth is that there's no soap in the world that can take all this dirty out of your nails. Those pieces are full of shit. Look, I'll take it off with that punch. (*He shows her the punch.*) And now, tell me the reason why you want to hunt coyotes.

AMELIA.- I don't want to hunt them.

MAN.- ¿No? I don't know... You see, their meat is very hard, and you seem to have very small teeth. You would hurt yourself. On the contrary, those animals have sharp canine teeth. This punch is as sharp as them.

The YOUNG WOMAN stands up. She is playing, throwing a stone that she will catch it doing hooping games.

AMELIA.- I've already told you I don't like hunting.

MAN.- But you would like, wouldn't you? Being so lucky to take their innards out with this spade. But you can't do that... It's a pity. (*He gets closer to her.*) You smell beautifully. Better than the whores in the Mayor Street.

Silence.

AMELIA.- End it up soon.

MAN.- What are you talking about, *madrecita*?

AMELIA.- Do it now... Are you going to kill me or rape me?

MAN.- Wow *madrecita*... you are in a hurry... The thing is that I don't know yet. (*Amelia takes her panties decisively.*) That's what I say: toasting with the best tequila.

AMELIA lies down. The MAN laves the spade on the ground.

He starts taking his trousers down. He clenched his fists. The MAN looks at her. He shows his tongue. Suddenly, AMELIA starts laughing.

MAN.- Whore, what are you laughing about?

AMELIA.- Come on... show me how macho you are.

MAN.- I'm more macho than your poof husband.

AMELIA.- (*Hitching her dress up.*) Come on, here you are...

MAN.- I'm going to slit you open.

AMELIA throws some sand to his eyes. She stands up. The MAN screams. The woman takes the spade and hammers the metal on his throat. The YOUNG WOMAN stops.

AMELIA.- Screaming is not going to help you. It wasn't so difficult to catch you after all.

MAN.- You know nothing, ignorant whore.

AMELIA.- I'm going to cut you in halves.

MAN.- Do it whore... do it... but I'm not alone... another man
will follow you tomorrow and you will be accompanying
your whore daughter.

AMELIA.- Shut up!

MAN.- I can hear them howling at your back.

AMELIA.- Tell me why. Tell me the reason why my daughter
is dead.

MAN.- You will never know..

AMELIA.- Tell me!

Silence.

MAN.- Because.

AMELIA.- No...

MAN.- Yes. And you will never be able to see her body.

AMELIA presses the spade stronger. The MAN takes the stick, but he can remove it. Some seconds later, AMELIA throws the spade.

AMELIA.- I don't want to be like you. I don't want to be like you.

Night comes. Crosses are made by shadows. The OLD WOMAN and the WOMAN appear. They get closer to AMELIA. Sometime later, the YOUNG WOMAN starts dancing around the women while she is humming the princess' song. The women look at the MAN. The WOMAN fills her spade with sand. She wants to bury the MAN but Amelia doesn't. The YOUNG WOMAN takes AMELIA's hand.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Mum, don't cry.

AMELIA.- It's because of the sand...

YOUNG WOMAN.- Yes... look at these tears. (*Pause.*) You shouldn't cry. I'm here

AMELIA.- But I feel you so far away.

YOUNG WOMAN.- I'm not far away... (*She kisses AMELIA. She takes her hand to her face.*) You see... I'm here. I have always been and I'm never going to leave you alone...

AMELIA.- I'm not going to going to leave you alone either.

YOUNG WOMAN.- Mum.

AMELIA.- My daughter.

YOUNG WOMAN.- I'm sleepy. Sing me the song granny sang

it to you.

AMELIA takes her daughter in her arms. She starts cradling her body. She sings the song being the moon the protagonist. The moon is sad because she has lost one of her stars. But after travelling and asking the sun and stars a lot, she finds her. Then, the moon laughs, showing her hidden face to the earth, so that sadness has disappeared. While she's singing, the crosses are disappearing.

The WOMAN and the OLD WOMAN look at the MAN. He stands up. The women leave. The MAN takes his hand to his neck. He spits the sand. He disappears in the darkness. The YOUNG WOMAN kisses her mother again. She moves away from her. The women get closer to AMELIA.

AMELIA.- Rest in peace, my beloved daughter.

She continues with her arms open. Then, she smells her clothes. The three women embrace themselves.

WOMAN.- We should go to the authorities.

OLD WOMAN.- It's going to be useless. We have been asking them a lot of times, to do what we are doing for months. How is it possible that it's us the ones who are looking for the bodies?

WOMAN.- But we've got a guilty person now.

OLD WOMAN.- And later... what?

WOMAN.- Later... *(Pause.)* We're still on time.

AMELIA.- On time. What do you want to do with him?

WOMAN.- I don't understand you. He deserves dying. *(Pause.)* Ok. I don't need you. I can do it myself. I've got the spade and I'm strong enough to do it. And animals will do the rest at night. That's what we have to do with all of them.

AMELIA.- You shouldn't...

WOMAN.- Do what you want. I know what I must do. I can't let him go. That man raped and killed my daughter.

AMELIA.- We're not sure. He has told me. Behind him there are a lot of men.

WOMAN.- If God doesn't give me the justice I ask, it's time to act in a different way. (*Pause.*) If I go now, he's not going to arrive to the city on time.

OLD WOMAN.- Don't do that.

WOMAN.- Bye women.

AMELIA.- He can kill you

WOMAN.- I've got nothing to lose now.

The WOMAN disappears running holding her spade. AMELIA and the OLD WOMAN ask her not to go, but the WOMAN doesn't listen.

AMELIA.- I can't leave her alone.

OLD WOMAN.- You can't, but you should do it.

AMELIA.- Mother, for God's sake...

OLD WOMAN.- What? She will kill him and then? The police will catch her and she will be judged and condemned. Her shouts asking for justice will be against her. There's nothing worse than asking for water and finding a well, and that woman is going to fall in one of them.

AMELIA.- So, that's right. We have nothing.

OLD WOMAN.- At least we're still alive. Is it not enough for you?

AMELIA.- And what happens with the dead girls?

OLD WOMAN.- (*Pause. She throws her spade.*) Since the child disappeared, I have done nothing except praying to find her, until I've understood she had never gone. She lives in my head, and her memory helps me to continue breathing. I know how you're suffering, and anger tries to affect you, but you can't forget to continue breathing. We could never bury her body, but we have her memory. We have spent a lot of time removing the same sand and it's been useful. What we should do is removing the rest of the people conscience and wait for someone to listen to and understand us. But we'll never know the most important thing, Why? (*She gets closer to Amelia. She takes her hands.*) Each time I think about her, I'm giving her a new hug, a new kiss. But don't ask myself for the reason... call it resignation, but that's how I think.

Some pictures of the different women are projected.

AMELIA.- I don't know how to get to the world. Nobody seems to care.

OLD WOMAN.- I'm sure there are a lot of people into the other side of the desert, who are prepared to listen to us. We should stop digging and shout all the dead girls' names.

AMELIA.- But this is not going to avoid our daughters continue dying.

Silence.

OLD WOMAN.- No.

The two women disappear, each one holding their spades. The YOUNG WOMAN goes across the desert. She plays with her medallion. She sits on the mount. The images cover her body.

YOUNG WOMAN (*Singing*).- This is the story

Of a girl who was looking at the sky

While the sun was hiding
The girl closed her eyes
Star eyes
And her soul was sleeping
Kept among words
Which are like seeds
Hope seeds
Of white flowers
Of alive flowers
This is the story
Of a girl who was singing with the wind
While the moon was coming out
Dipping her white flowers
In silver
And her alive words
The girl dreamt
With the sun and moon
With a sky full of words
Words which are like seeds
She dreamt with every name

Name of stars alive

Music continues. The images come after the darkness that little by little it is spilled all over the desert.

THE END

