**MUSES**

 NÉSTOR CABALLERO

##  **VENEZUELA 1989**

Versión al inglés de la obra MUSAS, de Néstor Caballero, elaborada por Luciana Violano y Milagros Watts.

Traducción Supervisada y Autorizada por su Autor Néstor Caballero. (2015)

 **TO MARIANA, A LOVE TO REMAIN IN.**

**characterS**

 **FRIDA KAHLO**

 **SYLVIA PLATH**

**THE clown *(This character must be played by a man in all corresponding scenes except at the scene of the birthday party where he will be played by a woman.)***

**SCENOGRAPHY**

**AT THE CENTER TOWARDS THE BACK:**

**THE MEETING AREA.**

**HERE, THE SCENOGRAPHIC ELEMENTS WILL BE SHOWING UP AT THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE ACTION.**

**THIS AREA SHOULD BE EMPTY, AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE PLAY.**

**ON THE LEFT SIDE:**

**SEVERAL ELEMENTS FROM THE INTERIOR OF A CHURCH WILL BE PRESENT SUCH AS ALTAR, BAPTISMAL FOUNTAIN AND CRUCIFIX.**

**A SCAFFOLD WHERE THE CLOWN WILL PAINT A MURAL.**

**A LARGE BATHTUB.**

**AN ORTHOPEDIC BED TOWARDS THE END OF THIS AREA.**

**ON THE RIGHT SIDE:**

**A STOVE WITH GAS OVEN.**

**A SINK**

**A REFRIGERATOR**

**A WINDOW**

**A TABLE AND THREE CHAIRS.**

**A HIGH BABY CHAIR.**

**ALL THE ELEMENTS OF THIS KITCHEN SHALL BE WHITE.**

**THIS AREA SHOULD GIVE THE OVERALL FEELING OF A VERY ASEPTIC OPERATING ROOM.**

**THESE THREE AREAS WILL BE PERFECTLY DELIMITED AND SEPARATED BY THE ILLUMINATION.**

 **IN THE MEETING AREA:**

**FRIDA WEARS TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF A TEHUANA. SYLVIA WEARS A RED TUNIC.**

**THEY BOTH ARE BLINDFOLDED, THEY TURN ON THEMSELVES AND PLAY TO FIND EACH OTHER.**

SYLVIA: ¡ Frida! ¡ Frida!

FRIDA: Do not blink Sylvia so I can paint you

SYLVIA: I am breathless to the north, Frida.

FRIDA: I would love to dance to the south, Sylvia.

SYLVIA: His feet are pressing me.

FRIDA: Give me your eyes

SYLVIA: And if they come?

FRIDA: Don’t let them be jerks, they will dance for us

**FRIDA AND SYLVIA KEEP ON TURNING AROUND...**

**TRYING TO FIND EACH OTHER**

**IT DARKENS SLOWLY ABOVE THEM**

**THE LEFT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**FRIDA UNDRESSES AND GETS IN THE TUB.**

**THE CLOWN paints IN THE SCAFFOLD,**

FRIDA: **(AMUSED)** Do you know which was my first lie?

**THE CLOWN STOPS PAINTING. HE SITS ON THE SCAFFOLD AND LOOKS DOWN TO FRIDA.**

FRIDA: **(LAUGHING)** Guess, Big Frog Diego

**clown lights a cigar AND wait**

FRIDA: My first lie was my birthday. July 7, 1910. I said to myself: I'm going to be born on this date and not on the real one. No, Big Frog Diego, I will not tell you the real one. Let’s do it Frida Kahlo, to be born in modern Mexico! I gave birth to myself in the middle of the Revolution.  **(SHE touches HER belly)** He moved, Diego! Touch the water so you can feel your son. Give me color, Diego, give me color!

**THE MAN TAKES A SMALL CAN AND DROPS SOME PAINT IN THE BATHTUB.**

FRIDA: Here is Dieguito. Swim in blue, Dieguito. Swim in blue like Dad... as Diego... as frog dad. **(LAUGHING)**

**IT DARKENS SLOWLY ON THE LEFT SIDE**

**AND AT THE SAME TIME THE RIGHT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED**

**SYLVIA BREATHES ON THE WINDOW GLASS.**

**DRAWING SHAPES ON THE MISTED GLASS.**

**SHE TURNS AND FACES AWAY THE WINDOW.**

SYLVIA: Mom, the winter in London is like me. **(SHE GETS FOUR DISHES FROM THE CUPBOARD AND BEGINS TO PLACE THEM ON THE TABLE)** The girl is like you. Frieda eats and nothing harms her. She loves sauerkraut. Send me your cabbage soup recipe. The boy is like Dad. Yes, Nicolas only eats looking towards the north. He refuses the meal closing his eyes if I don’t feed him mush. And the jelly... some days you have to feed him jelly with grated carrots. He cannot tolerate milk**. (BY PLACING ONE OF THE DISHES)** This is me. I like to take little crumbs from each one of the dishes. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Mom, there is dish for Ted everywhere... in every corner. What should I do with Ted´s dish? **(SHORT PAUSE)** Don’t come mom, the children are sleeping and Ted´s dish remains vacant. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Let´s eat from this winter, Ted.

**IT DARKENS ON SYLVIA.**

**THE MEETING PLACE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**FRIDA IS SITTING ON A WHEELCHAIR, WITH HER BACK TO THE PUBLIC, AND NAKEFROM THE WAIST UP.**

**SYLVIA ENTERS BRINGING A TRAY WITH SOAKED PLASTER STRIPS.**

**SYLVIA TURNS FRIDA´S CHAIR. FRIDA leans onTO HERSELF.**

**SYLVIA PASSES A FINGER ON FRIDA´S BACK.**

FRIDA: Higher... move the finger up. There begins the curled tail. If you continue moving down … there, that is the head. Now below that ... that is the sprouted chest. Now further down... there, that is the hand. You see? My scar looks like a hairless monkey, hung by the tail and grabbing a little black banana.

SYLVIA: Don’t you hear Nicolas crying?

FRIDA. No, it is not your son, is Diego. He always cries in his sleep.

SYLVIA: Ted sleeps with his eyes open.

FRIDA: That’s the way poets sleep. Except for Breton. He slept with one eye open and one closed. It was surreal! **(LAUGHING)**

SYLVIA: And I?

FRIDA: Women poets don’t sleep.

SYLVIA: **(SHE PLACES THE STRIPS OF PLASTER ON FRIDA´S BACK.)** How is it there?

FRIDA: Like a sound.

SYLVIA: Of bees?

FRIDA: No. Of horses.

SYLVIA: And taste? Does it taste?

FRIDA: Very sweet.

SYLVIA: Ted does not like sweets. When I get there, what will happen to him?

FRIDA: You will send him a sugar skull.

SYLVIA: When I drink tea, I usually put a sugar lump between my teeth. I drink it cold, in a glass.

FRIDA: How is poetry?

SYLVIA: A confession.

FRIDA: Is it like painting?

SYLVIA: It is an acquittal afterwards.

FRIDA: Yes, it’s like painting. And the children, Sylvia? How are the children?

SYLVIA: They wake up. They cry. I have to go. Ted is writing. I don't want Frieda and Nicholas bothering him.

**SYLVIA LEAVES HASTY.**

**THE CLOWN ENTERS AND START PLACING PLASTER STRIPS ON FRIDA.**

FRIDA **(SINGING)** “ La cucaracha, la cucaracha,

 ya no puede caminar,

 porque le falta, porque no tiene

 la patica principal ” **( BIS )**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Zvd5Mbdqkg> LA CUCARACHA

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B_27Hi1In6o>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TvYAYnBxaV8>

D**ARK ON FRIDA.**

**RIGHT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**SYLVIA SITTING AT THE TABLE, SLEEPS WITH THE FACE BETWEEN HER ARMS.**

**THE DRUMMING OF A TYPEWRITER IS HEARD.**

**SYLVIA RAISES HER FACE A LITTLE. SHE DOES NOT OPEN HER EYES.**

SYLVIA: Ted? **(SHORT PAUSE)** Ted? **(SHE OPENS HER EYES)** Ted. **(SHE GETS UP EXCITED. THE DRUMMING OF A TYPEWRITER STOPS)** Ted, come down, the food is ready. **(TO HERSELF)** Ted? **(GREAT SILENCE)** You are malicious like a woman, but not that nervous. **(PAUSE)** They will surely take pictures. I always look bad in pictures. I have been so lanky, so blonde, I look like a moon of Japanese paper. **(SHE PICKS UP THE DISHES FROM TABLE: SHE WASHES THEM)** Mom, don't worry, I already passed the tests. **(SHE DRIES THE DISHES AND PUTS THEM AWAY)**. Here in London, I will recover my thoughts. Perhaps in heaven I will recover my heart. **(PAUSE. SHE TRIES to FIX HER hair)** I'm so tall, so large. I am a huge incandescent camellia. **(SHE COVERS HER FACE WITH THE DISHCLOTH)** No, don’t take me picture. Ted, do not let them take pictures of me!

**IT DARKENS SLOWLY ON SYLVIA.**

**THE LEFT SIDE LIGHTS UP.**

**NEAR THE ALTAR, THERE IS A LARGE BLACK SHEET HUNG, DRIPPING WATER.**

**FRIDA IS BEHIND THE SHEET, SHOWING ONLY HER FACE.**

**THE CLOWN CROUCHED DOWN, SMOKING THOUGHTFULLY AT THE FOOT OF THE BLACK SHEET.**

FRIDA: Oh, the drizzle! I don't want to drizzle, Diego. Stop this rain**. (SHORT PAUSE)** He went away. He was drizzled. Was this my son? Just a cold, dark water that slipped down on the smooth granite of my legs? Dieguito, son, I am a bad source, a bad dream of waters. Diego, I want another one, please. I want another one. I would show him the trails. My son will come if he hears my whispers. Son, follow blindly my puppy breathing. There I see him, my child comes. My womb is the trail towards a creek that sometimes does not remember. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Will it be a girl? A little Frida? Yes, Diego. Yes. All oceans are virgin. Oh, the drizzle!

**THE CLOWN EXTINGUISHES THE CIGAR IN THE PUDDLE**

**LEFT BY THE DRIPPING BED SHEET.**

**FRIDA SCREAMS.**

**IT DARKENS FAST.**

**THE MEETING AREA IS ILLUMINATED.**

**A LONG TABLE AND TWO COLONIAL CHAIRS ON EACH END MAKES UP THIS SPACE.**

**SYLVIA CAREFULLY UNFOLDS A WHITE TABLECLOTH.**

**AND PLACE IT OVER THE TABLE.**

**FRIDA ENTERS THE ROOM LIMPING SLIGHTLY.**

**SHE WEARS A PLASTER CORSET AND BRINGS A BOTTLE OF WINE, ANOTHER OF TEQUILA, A LITTLE JAR WITH PEPPER AND ANOTHER WITH SUGAR.**

SYLVIA: I knew it since I was little.

FRIDA: **(PLACING THE WINE ON THE TABLE)** Wine.

SYLVIA: To be a poet.

FRIDA: **(SAME)** Pepper.

SYLVIA: To be a Literature Professor

FRIDA: **(SAME)** Sugar.

SYLVIA: To travel, to learn, to be everywhere.

FRIDA: **(SHE DRINKS TEQUILA)** The physician can no longer take care of me because of my weight.

SYLVIA: To have the gift of ubiquity.

FRIDA: This corset makes me gain five kilos. **(SHE LAUGHS. GIVING THE BOTTLE TO SYLVIA).**

SYLVIA: **(SHE DRINKS. SHE SHOWS DISGUST. SHE GIVES THE BOTTLE BACK)** To be known as Sylvia Plath, the girl who wanted to be God.

FRIDA: This corset should be a jewel.

SYLVIA: To be a poet and a mother. An excellent poet. A perfect mother.

FRIDA: **(SHE SITS DOWN. SHE TAKES THE BOTTLE OF WINE. SHE DRINKS)** You start with the wine. **(LAUGHS)**

SYLVIA: **(SITTING DOWN)** Frida, if the moon could smile it would look like you.

FRIDA: Now tequila used to wash roosters. **(SHE DRINKS A LONG GULP OF TEQUILA. SHE OFFERS IT TO SYLVIA)** Now, you drink.

SYLVIA: **(She drinks a little BIT. coughs)** Frida, eternity bores me. **(SHE MOVES THE BOTTLE OF TEQUILA TO THE SIDE)**

FRIDA: You have to drop wine on a corner of the tablecloth and don’t let me see it.

**SYLVIA DOES IT.**

**FRIDA TAKES THE BOTTLE OF WINE. TAKE A**

**DRINK AND DROPS SOME ON THE TABLECLOTH.**

FRIDA: Under your wine my wine

SYLVIA: An exquisite corpse?

FRIDA: But a happy corpse. Give me the tequila, comadre. They will envy the smile of my corpse. **(She drinks)**

SYLVIA: And now?

FRIDA: Now you will sprinkle pepper. **(SHE DOES IT)** Now, you do it.

**SYLVIA DROPPED PEPPER ON THE tablecloth.**

FRIDA: **(SHE DRINKS WINE AND TEQUILA)** And finally the sugar**.**

**THEY BOTH REPEAT THE SAME GAME WITH THE SUGAR**

SYLVIA: I would have preferred salt.

FRIDA: Then I would not be a happy corpse because of its open wound. This is the cycle of life... wine, pepper and sugar.

SYLVIA: And now what?

FRIDA: Squeeze the tablecloth between your hands. Like this. So it wrinkles.

**SYLVIA DOES IT.** **FRIDA ROLLS AND LIGHTS A MARIJUANA JOINT. SHE SMOKES.**

FRIDA: Do you want to smoke?

SYLVIA. No. It’s not good. Very bad.

FRIDA. Nor we can aspire it, to be the healthiest dead person of the cemetery. The healthiest dead person of the cemetery **(LAUGHS).**.. such a great thing. **(SHE OFFERS SYLVIA TO SMOKE AGAIN)** Just one little toke, it is the best there is. Sown in the cemetery of Cuernavaca.

SYLVIA: Just a taste.

FRIDA: Just one… just one.

**SYLVIA SMOKES, COUGHS.**

**FRIDA SMOKES AGAIN AND OFFERS THE JOINT TO SYLVIA. SHE SMOKES.**

FRIDA: Yes, like that, but hold your breath a little bit so you can see sparklers.

**WHILE THEY TALK, FRIDA WILL PASS THE JOINT TO SYLVIA WHO WILL ENDED UP SMOKING IT IN AN UNCONSCIOUS WAY.**

SYLVIA: **(SHE LAUGHS suddenly)** I liked "Roots".

FRIDA: Me too

SYLVIA: Dense.

FRIDA: In my dream I was a very old snake. Nothing like peyote to know your roots.

SYLVIA. Never before I have tried drugs. I don’t speak of peyote. I speak of "Roots". The play. The theater play. Oh Frida, a play of a boy named Arnold Wesker.

FRIDA: The theatre bores me. I prefer movies.

SYLVIA: The Andalusian Dog?

FRIDA: No. "Tarzan the Monkey Man". **(LAUGH OUT LOUD)** Those monkeys that understand man are fantastic.

**SYLVIA starts laughing softly.**

**FRIDA cracks up.**

**They both laugh. DRINK. smoke**

FRIDA. You can now let the tablecloth go.

**BOTH CONCENTRATE ON OBSERVING THE BIG STAINS ON THE TABLECLOTH.**

FRIDA: What's in your drawing?

SYLVIA: Daddy.

FRIDA: Mine is like the old Trotsky.

SYLVIA: Daddy... dad. Dad died when I was a child.

FRIDA: **(FUNNY)** How rude…how rough... the old Trotsky. Natalia in front, next to him, Diego. Next to me, Trotsky, secretly squeezing my thigh so hard that I almost scream. It was his way of declaring his love to me**. (LAUGHS)**

SYLVIA: My mother went up to my room and said to me: dad is gone, Sylvia, He now rests.

FRIDA: **(eroticized)** the old Trotsky, lascivious. I loved it. If you would have seen him, Sylvia, the positions in which he made me do. **(QUIET.)** He liked yes with yes... the rocking chair... the small trotter horse, but his favorite was the flutter butterfly. That one is very easy, you put your legs... **(LAUGHS)** Oh, Virgin of Guadalupe, if my sister Cristina’s bed could speak.

**BOTH HAVE KEPT ON DRINKING.**

SYLVIA: The day dad died, I went to school anyway. I had a scholarship and didn't want to lose it. I wrote in my math notebook: I promise not to get married ever again. I gave it to my mother and made her sign it**. (SHORT PAUSE)** Mom complied.

FRIDA. I got tired of the old Trotsky. Always blaming himself. He call me "Piochita" and he ran to write to his wife... "Natalia, my only one, my eternal, my faithful, my love and my victim." Idiot, I was never going to leave my Diego for him.

SYLVIA: I'm dizzy. I feel like puking, Frida.

FRIDA: It is because we drank all the tequila and all the wine.

SYLVIA. A bathroom! Please a bathroom!

FRIDA: This is good life!

SYLVIA. **(ALMOST ABOUT TO PUKE, SHE LEAVES THE SCENE).** A bathroom. A bathroom, Ted, a bathroom!

FRIDA: Bathing, make love and bathe again. Viva el tequila! **(COUGHS)** Corset,Don’t fall down. **(SHE PROCEED TO ADJUST IT)**

**THE CLOWN ENTERS**

**PLAYING A CHARRASCA. FRIDA IS ENTHUSIASTIC AND FOLLOWS THE RHYTM SLAPPING THE CORSET.**

**THE MEETING AREA DARKENS AT THE SAME TIME THAT THE RIGHT SIDE LIGHTS UP. SYLVIA IS TRYING TO PUKE ON IN THE SINK. SHE CALMS DOWN A LITTLE BIT. SHE WASHES HER FACE. SHE DRIES IT AND SHE TURNS TOWARDS THE VIEWER, SHE IS PREGNANT.**

SYLVIA. Mom, it is a wonderful December morning. I don't know if I told you, The New Yorker just bought one of my poems, the one I call "Picking up Blackberries". I got seventy-five dollars that will be very well received. **(PAUSE).** It made me feel so bad when I heard Kennedy saying that Khrushchev would have no place to hide, that I began to ask myself whether or not it was worth bringing children into a such a crazy world. **(SHORT PAUSE)** I wish we could send all those lovers of destruction to the moon. **(PAUSE)** I don't like the religious service of the Anglican Church. It is a kind of catholic service boiled in water. **(SHE TOUCHES HER BELLY)** Nicolas is starting to be heavy. **(SHE feels again the urge to puke. TURNING TOWARDs THE sink. she VOMITS. SHE washES. and she DRIES. she stays there for a moment. SHE HEARs a girl LAUGHTER AND a MAN'S cackle. SHE WalkS slowly TOWARDs THE WINDOW. she WATCHes)** Mom, outside in the garden, Ted is planting strawberries. Frieda follows him with her small shovel. She carefully imitates each one of his gestures. Frieda looks like a little elf with her red jacket with hoodie. **(OUTSIDE, THE GIRL AND THE MAN ARE LAUGHING AGAIN. SYLVIA SITS DOWN)** I don’t know when they will be publishing my poem "tulips". **(SHE LAUGHS)** I imagine that it will be when they flower. **(SHE CRIES).**

**IT darkens slowly on Sylvia.**

**the left side is illuminated.**

**FRIDA is dressed as a man. She hangs her tehuana costume ON THE crucifix.**

**she goes decisive TO the baptismal fountain.**

**She takes a pair of scissors AND BEGINS TO CUT HEr HAIR.**

**The clown sleeps On the scaffold, hanging the legs.**

FRIDA: In this life you fuck or you are fucked. I leave you hanging there, Frida the fucked up. You don’t fuck with me! I was such an idiot. I should have suspected when you painted her like a temptress snake and you made yourself up like Adam. How come I did not notice. Certainly, you did hide it by mocking her. You said that she was stupid, that she was still wondering who Fuenteovejuna was.  You said that the end of the movies she always asked who was the murderer. Also that she definitely belonged to the F.J.U. Front Joined of the Ugly ones. That she was ethereal. Ethereal?  Ethereal and I found you sleeping and embraced together. With my sister Cristina, great fuck!! I am leaving Diego, I am going away to New York. I want a divorce.  Cristina can bring your dinner to the scaffold. I cannot take it. This sadness makes me very angry**. (SHE WALKS. SHE STOPS IN FRONT OF THE tehuana COSTUME).** You are lucky, Frida Kahlo, out of twenty-five stabbings that life has given you, only one killed you.

**FRIDA LEAVES THE SCENE SHOWING SHE IS VERY ANGRY. THE RIGHT SIDE LIGHTS UP. SYLVIA IS SITTING EXACTLY IN THE SAME POSITION AS IN HER PREVIOUS SCENE, ONLY NOW SHE IS NOT PREGNANT. SHE BEGINS TO WALK AROUND THE TABLE SLOW AT THE BEGINNING AND THEN INCREASINGLY FASTER UNTIL SHE IS ALMOST RUNNING.**

SYLVIA:Back then, I cook and wash my copper pans, the Dutch tea set, the coal stove, the juice baby bottle, the baby bottles of flies, the chipped pewter in the living room, the branch, the shelves, the black books, the green linoleum, the tasteless poems, the Ouija that mocks, the height of the shoulder towards the abyss, the bouquet of daffodils under the tongue, the eye in Frieda’s pouts, the battered wallpaper where spiders are sleeping, the flour in Nicholas pink fingernails, the berries for breakfast, the attic of the Holy Innocents, the huge peach gladiolas, the ball of boiled pasta stuck my throat, the wormy apple trees, the honeysuckle climbing up to the children’s room  and the gas stove that blesses me. **(SHE COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR. DESPERATE)** God! God, when dad died, I swore never speaking to you, but if Ted returns I'm willing to reconsider my oath **(SHE FOLDS ON HERSELF. SHE CRIES EXHAUSTED)**

**IT DARKENS EXTREMELY SLOW ON SYLVIA.  THE MEETING AREA IS ILLUMINATED. WITH HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE, FRIDA HAS A PAINTER PALETTE AND A BRUSH. SHE finishes painting her corset.** **BY her side the clown. FRIDA HAS LONG HAIR AGAIN.**

SYLVIA: **(FROM THE OUTSIDE):** Done?

FRIDA: Just a moment.

SYLVIA: I'm dying of curiosity.

FRIDA: Your favorite topic is death, like you were Mexican.

 **FRIDA STOPS PAINTING.**

**SHE GIVES HER PALETTE AND BRUSH TO**

**THE CLOWN. HE LEAVES.**

**FRIDA TURNS AROUND. HER CORSET HAS FACES AND EXOTIC FLOWERS PAINTED IN BRIGHT COLORS.**

FRIDA: Now you can come in.

SYLVIA. **(ENTERING)** Finally. (SEE THE CORSET) It is beautiful... like the final scream.

FRIDA: I am teasing death. Give me the pearl necklaces that Picasso gave me.

**SYLVIA GIVES HER A FEW NECKLACES.**

**FRIDA PUTS THEM ON TOP OF CORSET.**

**SYLVIA CRIES.**

SYLVIA: I promise that I will not forgive him.

FRIDA: It is not good to make promises. The promises will not let you say I love you.

SYLVIA: With the other one. He is with the other woman.

FRIDA: I promised. I got divorced. And I remarried... with Diego.

SYLVIA: He wants the divorce.

FRIDA: And is she beautiful?

SYLVIA: I don’t know.

FRIDA: You could share her.

SYLVIA: **(she DOES not hear her)** The universe is moving away from my side.

FRIDA: Heartbreak is settled at the beach.

**THE CLOWN ENTERS CARRYING TWO RECLINER CHAIRS AND A BUCKET OF SAND.**

**HE ARRANGES THE CHAIRS.**

**FRIDA GETS ALL HER SKIRT UP.**

**SYLVIA IS WALKING UNCOMFORTABLE.**

**THE CLOWN SITS CLOSE TO FRIDA’S FEET AND POURS SAND ON THEM.**

SYLVIA: Frida.

FRIDA: Sun! Sun! Sun!

SYLVIA: Frida

FRIDA: Sit down.

SYLVIA: You better ... better cover yourself.

FRIDA: Why?

SYLVIA: Someone could come.

FRIDA: And who cares.

SYLVIA: They might see you. They would realize that you...

FRIDA: There is nothing wrong. We tehuanas don't use panties!

SYLVIA: **(PAUSE)** Where will he be?

FRIDA: Feel the sand.

SYLVIA: And if I go to Paris?

FRIDA: I hate Paris.

SYLVIA: Maybe a coffee will make me calm.

FRIDA: The French believe they are the gods of the world.

SYLVIA: He took my words.

FRIDA: Especially that old cockroach Breton.

SYLVIA: Will it come to me this way? Does death come this way?

FRIDA. Death must be like a movie. You sit down, you watch the movie and drink chocolate’s milkshake.

SYLVIA: Yes. Death was made for the words.

FRIDA: The colors I want will be there.

SYLVIA: The poems will be there.

FRIDA. The green will be there, green is a warm and good light.

SYLVIA. There will be no coffee place.

FRIDA: Also, there will be the color coffee, which is like an old rose petal passing away.

SYLVIA: In death, would the poems be in color? Would the word blue be blue ?

FRIDA: The blue is a color beyond melancholy.

SYLVIA. And if at that time the letters faint. And if in death the words are not sustained? Is it so? Will they fall helpless on paper without depth? Unconsciousness....yellow.

FRIDA: Yellow tickles me behind the ears.

SYLVIA. (**RUNNING)** No. And if in this moment he comes and cannot not find me? And if he returns for his dinner and I am not there? And if he knocks on the door of my room and believes that I'm only sleeping? Come, Ted, I am here! Ted, breathes under my sheets. **(GOING OUT)** Ted, please, yells louder. Scream, Ted, I am not asleep. Ted, I don’t hear you, I almost cannot hear you! **(SHE GOES OUT RUNNING)**

FRIDA: Yellow. Yellow is the color of ghost’s underwear. **(LAUGHS)** And the Sun? The Sun is a saurian eye that dreams of us **(SINGS AND LEAVES)**

“ Mira que si te quise,

fue por el pelo.

Ahora que estás pelona

ya no te quiero. ”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5RUQM_vIBhM> LA PELONA

**THE CLOWN BATHES IN SAND.**

**THE RIGHT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**SYLVIA OPENS THE FRIDGE, TAKES**

**A BOTTLE OF MILK AND PLACES IT ON THE TABLE.**

SYLVIA: **(While she GETS two cups)** And where did you spend the night, Lord Pieker? At your age. Do you have no shame? And you are too young Bunks.  If you begin now what do you expect. Very poorly done. Also Frieda asked for you. **(SHE POURS MILK IN CUPS. SHE SITS DOWN)** Don’t even tell me. I know that I am worthless. I am nothing but bones. I need to add some color to the dark circles under my eyes. **(SHORT PAUSE)** They are because of the sleeping pills. **(SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. SHE COUGHS. SHE POURS A BIG GLASS OF BLACK COFFEE. SHE DRINKS)** You should take me with you at night. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Mr. Pieker. Young Bunks, come drink the milk. It is quite cold. **(SHORT PAUSE)** We're going to London. We will leave Devon. **(SHORT PAUSE)** That’s ironic. After Ted repeated so much that London was the death of him, now he's there. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Yes. We are going. I hate this life of a cow. I will open my own salon in London. I am a famous poet in this country. I will invite many intellectuals to my little salon, **(SHORT PAUSE)** If the milk is not cold enough is not my fault. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Last week, I was written up in the Listener as the only one among half a dozen women who are supposed to survive in literature. It is a list that includes nothing more and nothing less than Marianne Moore and the Bronte’s. I ... I'm there. **(PAUSE)** Nicolas already has two teeth. **(SHE DRINKS ALL THE COFFEE. SHE LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETte WITH THE BUTT OF THE PREVIOUS ONE).** Everything is becoming shattered... my set of porcelain... everything. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Even my beloved bees jumped on me yesterday. **(PAUSE)** I would like... would like. I would like my wooden barrel! That of apples.  My barrel where I played when I was a child. **(PAUSE)** I would not... do not want. My volleyball! **(SMILING)** At school, when they picked volleyball teams and I was picked, my friends depressed me. "We got Sylvia on the team, we already lost ". **(she smiles. LONG pause)** Lord Pieker. Young Bunks. Come! Come, please, I am begging you. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Mom. Mom, if you knew that with cats you can have a nice conversation. Mister Pieker, young Bunks, misus... misus!

 **IT DARKENS SLOWLY OVER SYLVIA.**

**THE LEFT SIDE IS ILUMINATED.**

**INSIDE THE BATHUB THE CLOWN IS**

**NAKED AND PLAYING WITH THE WATER.**

**FRIDA IS BATHING HIM WITH A LARGE SPONGE.**

FRIDA: I wonder how is Natalia these days? It has been a month today since they killed Trotsky. She is not going to last long. Memories will bury Natalia. **(THE CLOWN SPLASHES IN THE WATER)** Yes, really bad time we had with the police. How little imagination. To believe that we got him the asylum in Mexico only to assassinate him. **(Pause)** What a crappy year! I left the door open so that it leaves. Trotsky. Stalin signing treaties with Hitler. The war. My foot, my increasingly stiff hoof. The New Year is already coming! **(THE CLOWN is back hitting the water)** Your little battleship? I gave it to Cristina's son.  **(THE CLOWN hits the water, angry**) I will buy you another! **(THE CLOWN STRIKES EVEN MORE angry THE WATER)** Okay, it's okay. **(SHE CARESSES HIS HEAD AS A CHILD)** I will ask Cristina to get it back from the child. **(THE CLOWN HITS THE WATER LESS ANGRY)** I promise you. I will never again lend your toys. Let me clean your ears. **(SHE DOES IT. NOW CLEANS between his legs. PLAYFUL).** Who these little balls belong to**? (LAUGHS)** They are Frida’s... of Frida. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Your sex smells of oak essence. **(SHE PASSES THE SPONGE ON HIS CHEST)** Your chest smells of memories of a walnut. A green ash breath. **(SHE TAKES HIS HANDS ON HER HANDS)** In Mexico the volcanoes became extinct because you make them erupt when you paint with these hands. **(PLACING HIS HANDS ON HER SEX)** Only a volcano knows the bowels of another. **(SHE SUCKS HIS FINGERS. she put her lips over THE CLOWN’s lips)** There is fruit juice on your lips... the blood of the pomegranate... the mammee tramonto (sunset). **(SHE PINCHES THE CLOWN’S NIPPLES)** In your nipples, the purest pineapple. **(PAUSE)** Get up. **(THE CLOWN DOES IT)** Turn around. **(THE CLOWN OBEYS, SUBMISSIVE. SHE IS LATHERING HIM UP WITH THE SPONGE FROM THE BACK AND UP TO THE BUTTOCKS)** I love your little ass!

**ROCKETS ARE HEARD.**

**REJOICING OF CELEBRATION.**

**THE MAN TURNS AROUND SLOWLY.**

**FRIDA GIVES HIM A HUG.**

FRIDA: Happy New Year, my Buddha frog!

**DARK ON THE LEFT SIDE.**

**THE MEETING AREA IS ILLUMINATED, IT MUST BE DECORATED LIKE A BIRTHDAY PARTY.**

**A BLUE RIBBON HAS THE NAME OF SYLVIA IN SILVER SPARKLES.**

**IN THE BACK, A PAPER SKULL PIÑATA.**

**ON THE TABLE: CAKE, JELLY, FLAN, GLASSES, DESSERT PLATES AND A PITCHER WITH JUICE.**

**A GIFT COVERED WITH A DOLLY.**

**SYLVIA WATCHES PUZZLED.**

**FRIDA WALKS IN DRESSED AS IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE.**

SYLVIA: What a surprise?

FRIDA: Do you like it?

SYLVIA. I am deeply touched that you have made a party for me.

FRIDA. You have to celebrate.

SYLVIA: This uneasiness?

FRIDA: The separations must be celebrated like a birthday. You are reborn.

SYLVIA: I know her name.

FRIDA: Come, let us eat cake.

SYLVIA. I would not want to gain weight.

FRIDA: **(SERVING)** Little chocolate cake.

SYLVIA. She is older than him.

FRIDA: **(SAME)** Lemon Jelly. Who are you talking about?

SYLVIA: Her.

FRIDA: **(SAME)** Pineapple flan. The other women?

SYLVIA: She is married.

FRIDA: **(GIVING HER THE DISH SERVED)** Eat, Sylvia. Who cares if you put on weight, the depression is always fat.

SYLVIA. **(EATING)** Her name is Assia.

FRIDA: **(serving and eating)** Diego’s new lover is Maria.

SYLVIA: Assia... that is far.

FRIDA: María Felix.

SYLVIA: Assia stayed at my house. She was my friend.

FRIDA. Normal.

SYLVIA: She was with her husband at my house. I have given her my friendship.

FRIDA. Normal. Logical. I do not know how people don’t see it. Who do you think they can cheat us with, our friends? It is very difficult that they cheat us with an enemy.

SYLVIA: I saved my marriage from his students ... from the young girls and her, an older woman ... my friend.

FRIDA: It will always be like that. Girlfriends... friends. With Noguchi was the same.

SYLVIA: ¿Noguchi?

FRIDA: A sculptor. He came to our house admiring Diego's work and...

SYLVIA: And?

FRIDA: He stood there admiring my breasts. Noguchi was beautiful. He looked like a pre-Columbian gem.

SYLVIA: Did he die?

FRIDA: Almost. **(SHE POURS JUICE)** Do you want?

SYLVIA: What kind is it?

FRIDA: Vulture juice. **(LAUGHS)** I am kidding. **(DRINKS)** Noguchi and his eyes of green emerald, as Agustín Lara would say. Take it, drink it, it’s tasty. **(SHE SERVES HER)** Our relationship ended up funny.

SYLVIA: **(DRINKS)** She can answer his mail. Assia should darn his socks.

FRIDA: Noguchi and I were lovers since we saw each other. He was so intense. He was never tired. I didn’t have time to paint. We decided to rent an apartment because Diego would get home at the worst times.  I went to a store and chose the bed. A wide bed with gold bars. So wide, what a loss!

SYLVIA: Do you think Assia will be always ready to get up at any hour to hear a poem from him. No way. I doubt it.

FRIDA: The furniture seller brought the bed and because Noguchi and I were not at the apartment, he decided to give Diego the bill. **(Laughs)** What a mess! Diego took his gun and went looking for Noguchi. He aimed between his eyes and said: "I do not lend my wife." **(LAUGHS)** Noguchi ended up in Stockholm.

SYLVIA: In what did I fail.

FRIDA: Diego is not anyone's husband. He never will be. But he is a great comrade.

SYLVIA: Assia is pure saliva and a little brain. But, what were we? Frida.

FRIDA: Muses. In my case a lame muse.

SYLVIA: Álvarez, the critic, says that in my poetry I depend more and more on Ted.

FRIDA: Just get a divorce. It is necessary to contradict the critics.

SYLVIA. What will I be now ?

FRIDA: An artist... an artist, a gift ribbon that wraps a bomb.

SYLVIA: His absence is worse than the electroshocks.

FRIDA: I left my pain in my paintings.

SYLVIA. I am not in my letters. I am in my poems.

FRIDA: **(GIVING HER THE GIFT)** Take it.

SYLVIA: You shouldn’t have bother. I did not bring anything for you. What is it...?

FRIDA: Open it.

SYLVIA: **(SHE DOES IT)** A glass bell! Frida, what could I give you.

FRIDA: There are still two surprises

SYLVIA: Ask me to give you something, Frida, please, ask for something.

FRIDA: **(SHE gives SYLVIA A woodstick wrapped in colorful paper)** Take it**. (She points out to the piñata)** Hit it .

SYLVIA: The little doll?

FRIDA: It is not a little doll. It is a piñata.

SYLVIA: I can not do it

FRIDA: The piñatas are like this, like life.

SYLVIA: It's is too cute.

FRIDA: Like the pain. Like surprises. Piñata is everything. Surprises come after the blows. After the beauty is broken, there is more beauty. Hit it.

**SYLVIA HITS IT. BREAK THE PINATA AND CONFETTI AND FLOWERS FALL ON HER.**

FRIDA: Just like that, we are riders placed under a skull.

SYLVIA: Please, I beg you, let me give you a gift.

FRIDA. OK.

SYLVIA: It must be a gift like you.

FRIDA: **(fun)** And how am I?

SYLVIA: As saxophone music.

FRIDA: Then give me a cushion for my foot.

SYLVIA. There will be two cushions. The second one is for your smile.

FRIDA: And now sit down. Here comes the last surprise. Let the show begin.

**THE CLOWN WALKS IN.**

**DRESSED IN SMOKING AND top hat with lighted candles on ITs BRIM**

FRIDA: Happy separations!

**MUSIC PLAYS**

**THE CLOWN IS DANCING, INSINUATING.**

**THE CLOWN BEGINS TO UNDRESS.**

**DARKENS THE AREA WHERE FRIDA AND SYLVIA CLAP HAPPY. LIGHTS ONLY ON THE CLOWN**

**HE CONTINUES DANCING UNTIL HE GOES COMPLETELY NAKED AND WE REALIZE THAT HE IS A WOMAN.**

**DARK.**

**ILLUMINATE THE LEFT AND RIGHT SIDES SIMULTANEOUSLY.**

**IN THE FIRST ONE, AN ORTHOPEDIC BED WHERE FRIDA IS LAYING DOWN. HER FEET ARE HUNG AND HELD WITH WEIGHTS.**

**THE RIGHT FOOT IS BANDAGED.**

**FRIDA IS PAINTING A PICTURE FROM THAT POSITION**

**IN THE SECOND, SYLVIA, WITH PAPER AND**

**PENCIL IN HAND, WRITES A POEM**

**SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.**

FRIDA: **(while she paints)** Here, four white walls...

SYLVIA: **(WHILE SHE WRITES)** You do not do, you do not do any more…

FRIDA: Perspirating a smell of ether...

SYLVIA: Black shoe…

FRIDA: **(SHE OBSERVES THE PICTURE)** You will be called “The bride who is horrified to see the open life”.

SYLVIA: In which I have lived like a foot for thirty years...

FRIDA: **(Dropping PICTURE)** From now on I will keep you in me like a wounded secret

 **DARK ON FRIDA.**

SYLVIA: **(SHE READS)** You do not do, you do not do

Any more, black shoe

In which I have lived like a foot

For thirty years, poor and white,

Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

**SYLVIA WRINKLES THE POEM. SHE BEGINS TO WRITE ANOTHER ONE.**

**THE RIGHT SIDE, DARKENS SLOWLY AS**

**THE LEFT SIDE ILLUMINATES.**

**FRIDA IS IN THE SAME POSITION**

**THE PAINTING IS NOT THERE ANYMORE.**

**THE CLOWN IS NEAR TO THE BED AND HE HAS TWO PUPPETS ON HIS HANDS.**

**ONE OF THEM IN THE SHAPE OF A DEER CROSSED BY ARROWS AND IN THE OTHER ONE A NUN.**

FRIDA: Look up, look up Diego. **(SHE COMPLAINS)**Do you want your puppets show? Don't cry! The male frogs push but they don't cry **(pause)** When... they pierced my bone... **(LAUGHS)** No... Not pierced. When they donated me a bone I asked the doctor the name of the donor and... **(SHE LAUGHS. SHE COMPLAINS)** H**e** told me... Francisco. Francisco Villa. Can you imagine? Francisco Villa as in our Pancho Villa. **(SHE LAUGHS. SHE COMPLAINS)** With this new bone I felt like leaving the hospital firing bullets and starting another revolution. **(SHE LAUGHS. SHE COMPLAINS)** Morphine! Diego, morphine. Asked them to inject me again! I beg you. Tell... tell them that I have already stopped seeing colored animals wandering... under the bed. My hoof is waking up. Now I am starting to feel the burning iron nailing my back down! **(PAUSE. SHE DOZES OFF. SHE COMPLAINS)** Diego... I will not shave my moustache again. **(SHE SMILES. SHE COMPLAINS)** Iwill be as manly as an orchid. **(SHE WAKES UP. SHE COMPLAINS TO HERSELF)** Morphine, morphine, morphine. **(SHE SHOUTS OUT)** Christ knows nothing! **(SHE CALMS DOWN)** Christ didn’t use twenty-eight corsets in his life. A steel corset, three of leather and the others of plaster. Morphine! They can have Jesus Christ on my wake.  **(SHE FALLS INTO DROWSINESS. SHE STARTLES)** There he is there again. Look, is Judas. He is looking at me sideways. There he is. Don’t you see him? Behind the picture with monkeys. **(SHE COMPLAINS)** I will go to hell with a single foot. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Diego, pass me the puppets. Yes, they amuse me. **(THE CLOWN PUTS THE PUPPETS. ONE ON EACH FOOT.)** Thank you. Wearing these puppets my feet will not go away that fast. **(SHE SAYS IT AS SHE MOVES EACH OF THE PUPPETS)** The Little Deer Frida and Sister Juana. Let's open the curtain! **(SHE SHOUTS)** Morphine! **(SHE CALMS DOWN. THE CLOWN SITS DOWN TO SEE THE FUNCTION)** I am a poor little deer that lives in the mountains. Because I am not that cursed, I don’t go to drink water during the day**. (MOVING THE OTHER PUPPET)**  If you see the wounded deer running down the mountain. Searching. In pain. Looking for relief in an icy creek **(SHE SCREAMS)** Morphine! **(SHE CALMS DOWN. THE CLOWN GETS UP).** One must not cry for the lost feet. **(SHE LAUGHS WITH DIFFICULTY)** Another one will come of me if you paint it. My feet will bear fruit. Paint me a foot. **(SHE CRIES)** Morphine, Diego, fuck morphine!

**IT DARKENS FAST ON THE LEFT SIDE.**

**THE RIGHT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**SYLVIA IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR**

**PLAYING WITH THE OUIJA.**

SYLVIA: **(WITH HER FINGER ON A SILVER RING ON THE OUIJA)** Are there is any spirits that want to communicate, let them be revealed**. (WITH THE FINGER ON THE TABLE RUNS ALONG AND STOPPED IN THE "YES")** Yes. What's your name? **(WITH HER FINGER GOES OVER FAST THROUGH LETTERS)** Y... E... A... T... S... Yeats? The poet? **(SHE MOVES HER FINGER QUICKLY TO 'YES')** Yes. **(SHE GETS UP FAST. SHE FIXES HER CLOTHES. SHE TRIES TO ARRANGE HER HAIR)** Darling Yeats, poet Yeats. I was not expecting to be you. Excuse my looks, the disheveled one, the mourning mirrors, the mouth full of pearls, the sinusitis. **(SHE LAUGHS)** Saint Teresita also had sinusitis, high fever and she hated the cold. They didn’t electroshock her. They did it to me. Long time ago. Dear Yeats. Poet Yeats, there are two types of electroshocks. The bipolar and the electroconvulsive. This is... is... like a God who grabs you by the roots of the hair and in his blue sizzling fries you. **(SHORT PAUSE)** After that, one remains an innocent person like the light of the day. And... **(AS A CHILD)** And you have to play anagrams to relearn the letters.  **(PAUSE. she gets serious)** Nobody believed it. I listened to the radio with my mom. Hitler had not died. I had seen him flying in a small plane. I saw him, in one of its convertible planes. Hitler was driving with Eva Braun in the back seat and... She had a white scarf of red polka dots and was saying goodbye to me, like that, waving her hand, from above. I was laying on the beach. Sunbathing in Cape Cod. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Dear Yeats, poet Yeats. Forgive me for renting your House. I will take care of it. Is that I could not bear Devon or the fox hunting. I... I clean well, nice.  I am ... I am embarrassed to tell you but ... I am also a poet, I am... I am a great housewife. I will serve you maple syrup, sour cream and red caviar. **(She is folded over ONTO HERSELF. LONG shout. SHE straighten herself. QUIET)** That quack you heard was the bird of panic. She does not let me write. **(SHE REPEATS THE MOVEMENT AND PREVIOUS SCREAM. SHE STRAIGHTENS UP)** Did you hear it? She ... she won't let me write. **(AGAIN SHE REPEATS THE MOVEMENT. NOW STRAIGHT, SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH. SHE HOLDS THE BREATH. SHE releaseS air slowly)** I'm going to put the nose down to the crib. **(PAUSE)** Already. **(PAUSE)** It’s time. **(PAUSE)** No. I will not stop being a good mother. **(PAUSE)** Yes. I understand. **(PAUSE)** Before I go, I will set the breakfast to the children. **(PAUSE)** Dear Yeats. Poet Yeats. Bless me.

**IT DARKENS FAST ON SYLVIA.**

**LEFT SIDE IS ILLUMINATED.**

**FRIDA, LAYING IN BED WITH RAISED SUPPORT, AND WEARING A TEHUANA DRESS.**

**HANGING FROM HER NECKS NECKLACES OF GOLD AND SILVER. SHE WEARS RINGS ON ALL HER FINGERS.**

**BEAUTIFULLY MADE-UP AS AN AZTEC GODDESS SHE IS PUTTING SOME SMALL FLOWERS ON HER HEAD.**

**SHE HAS AN AMPUTATED FOOT.**

FRIDA: **(She sings SOFT) Se equivocó la paloma.**

 **Se equivocaba.**

 **En vez del norte se fue al sur.**

 **Se equivocaba.**

 **Creyó que el trigo era el agua.**

 **Se equivocaba.**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1LFC643-l0> SE EQUIVOCABA

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z0p8SFZbuyM>

**(PAUSE. CALM)** Don’t let Diego come in here. Don’t let my child to come here. He has become an old Bullfrog. Don’t let him come here until he stops crying. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Please, Cristina, I want to be cremated. I don’t want to go to the grave, laying down. **(ALWAYS CALM)** Death is a joke. **(SHE HUMS THE SONG. SHORT pause)** This has been the year of the soups. Meat broth, chicken broth, fish broth. Broth of nothing. **(SHE HUMS PART OF THE SONG. SHE GETS FATIGUED)** What else they want? They can’t take anything more from me. They wanted my fingers and already have them. They wanted my leg and they have taken it. They wanted my back and I'm not in it. **(SHE CAN BARELY WHISPER THE SONG. SHE GETS FatigueD. SHE IS Breathing WITH difficulty. She CALMS DOWN)** Tell …tell… tell them to bring my peacock ring. .... With one single boot I will dance a ‘jarabe tapatío’. I have…I have …plenty of wings left. (**WHISPERS THE SONG VERY SOFTLY. SHE DROWNS SLOWLY. INSPIRES AND HOLDS THE BREATH FOR A MOMENT. SHE RELEASES the air with a slight MOAN)** Se... se equivocó la paloma... se equivocaba. **(PAUSE. SHE WHISPERS)** For me, waters were always red. **(She whispers choppy the first verse of the song)** That's it... that's it. **(SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH. SHE HOLDS IT FOR A MOMENT. SHE RELEASES THE AIR WITH DIFFICULTY.)** Yes ... that's it. **(MUMBLES)** It is getting dark in my life... **(WHISPERS SOMETHING. DIE).**

**IT DARKENS EXTEMELY SLOW ON FRIDA.**

**RIGHT SIDE GETS ILLUMINATED**

**SYLVIA IS STANDING ON THE PROSCENIUM.**

SYLVIA. **(WITHOUT MOVING. QUIET)** Yesterday I took the kids to the Zoo. They liked the lions ... the elephants ... and the penguins that were swimming. Frieda was fascinated with the owl because her butt was just like hers. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Yesterday, we ate potatoes, apples and honey. All from my own harvest. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Yesterday, I bought a dark green jacket, a red wool skirt and a wide silvery metal bracelet. **(SHORT PAUSE)** Yesterday, I got a haircut that is in style. Short on the top and with a few longer curls near the ears. I look so modern. Truckers whistle to me as I go by. It is amazing. **(PAUSE)** Yesterday. Yesterday I did not know if it would write a poem, clean the floors, or hug the kids. But I did know yesterday that today my dream would be filled with yellow balloons. **(SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN. SHE TURN THE OVEN KNOB. SHE OPENS THE OVEN. SHE KNEELS DOWN. SHE BREATHES DEEP. SHE LOOKS TOWARDS THE VIEWER. SHE SMILES. SHE PUTS HER HANDS IN THE OVEN, SHE TAKES OUT A LARGE YELLOW BALLOON. SHE PLACES IT ON HER CHEST, BLOWS IT OUT AND PUTS HER HEAD IN THE OVEN.)**

**IT DARKENS FAST ON SYILVIA.**

**GREAT SILENCE FROM THE MEETING AREA AND IN COMPLETE DARKNESS.**

FRIDA: Hot?

SYLVIA: Cold?

FRIDA: To where?

SYLVIA: To the north?

**THE MEETING AREA IS ILLUMINATED.**

**FRIDA AND SYLVIA BLINDFOLDED ARE LOOKING ACROSS THE STAGE.**

FRIDA: Cold?

SYLVIA: Hot?

FRIDA: Hot

SYLVIA: Hot

FRIDA: To the North?

SYLVIA: To the North

FRIDA: To the North, the Caribbean Sea. To the South?

SYLVIA: The shadow of the cats. To the East?

FRIDA: The riders, the bodies of mulattos, their thighs, their coiled hair, their laugh unleashing costumes. To the West?

SYLVIA: The moon.

**THEY STUMBLE AND IMMEDIATELY**

**TAKE EACH OTHER’S ARMS.**

FRIDA: The moon... How come?

SYLVIA: The Moon not having a reason to be saddened.

FRIDA: Why?

SYLVIA: Because she is looking fixated from her hood of bones

**THEY LAUGH. They removed the BLINDFOLD FRIDA EMBRACES SYLVIA STRONGLY. SHE MOVES AWAY**

FRIDA: **(FUNNY)** How tall are you?

SYLVIA: **(FUNNY)** One meter seventy-five.

FRIDA: That’s why is so difficult for me to kiss you, lanky girl.

**THEY APPROACH AND KISS. THEY DANCE. FRIDA LETS GO A BURST OF LAUGHTER**

SYLVIA. I will give you laughs.

FRIDA: Let's dance because a fun and edible world, on the other side, bites.

SYLVIA: Tomorrow I will paint you.

FRIDA: Naked?

SYLVIA: And forever.

**BACKDROP**

**NÉSTOR CABALLERO, SEPT1989**

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**nestorcaballero@cantv.net**

**cabanestor@hotmail.com**

**cabanestor@gmail.com**

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