



My Song is Free

by Jorge Díaz

Translated by Paloma Zozaya
Adapted by Nigel Gearing

This is a scanned copy of the script for **Monstrous Regiment Theatre Company's** 1986 (UK premiere) production of *My Song is Free*. It was adapted for the company by Nigel Gearing from Paloma Zozaya's initial translation of **Jorge Díaz's** 1976 play, *Toda esta larga noche* (re-titled in this production).

Set inside a Chilean detention centre during the 1970s military dictatorship, the play was based on the personal accounts of four 'disappeared' women.

Full information about the production - including access to recordings of Helen Glavin's music, written for the show - can be found in its **Productions** page on the company's website:
www.monstrousregiment.co.uk

A copy of the original typescript is held in the Monstrous Regiment archive at the V&A's Theatre and Performance Archives.

All requests for permission to perform this adaptation of the play should be addressed in the first instance to the adaptor's agent:
blakefriedmann.co.uk

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raft. translation
narratively changed
up to first preview,
February 1986....

" My Song is Free "
(ALL THIS LONG NIGHT.)
by
Jorge Diaz

THE PLAY IS BASED ON EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED IN SANTIAGO,
CHILE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1974 INSIDE A SECRET DETENTION
CENTRE BELONGING TO THE D.I.N.A.* (TODAY C.N.I.**, CHILEAN
POLITICAL POLICE).

THIS PLAY HAS BEEN PERFORMED IN NORWAY, SWEDEN, GERMANY,
BELGIUM AND ITALY. IN SWEDEN IT OPENED WITH THE TITLE
MY SONG IS FREE.

I FEEL AFTER THE NIGHT
A LONGER NIGHT WILL COME.
(LUIS AUTE)

IT IS YOU
WHO HAVE MADE OF THE SILENCE
WORDS
AND OF THE WORDS
WEAPONS.
(LUIS LACH)

OUT OF THE DEPTHS SPIN THIS LONG NIGHT TO ME
AS IF I RODE AT ANCHOR HERE WITH YOU.
(PABLO NERUDA, TRANSLATED BY NATHANIEL TARN)

*D.I.N.A.: HEAD OFFICE OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

**C.N.I.: INTELLIGENCE CENTRAL OFFICE

Monstrous Regiment Company, 1986.
English adaptation by Nigel Beatty.

ACT ONE.

A ROOM WITH BARE, PEELING WALLS ... END OF AUTUMN ... EIGHT OR NINE IN THE EVENING.

OLGA IS COVERED WITH A GREY BLANKET AND DOESN'T MOVE.

JIMENA SITS WITH BOTH HANDS ON HER PREGNANT BELLY.

ROSARIO IS GATHERING AND KNEADING THE PIECES OF BREAD THAT HER COMPANIONS HAVE LEFT HER TO MAKE FIGURES WITH.

ROSARIO (singing). Like a free bird
flying free
like a free bird
is how I dream you
Nine months I held you
growing inside me
~~and~~ you are still growing
growing and discovering
discovering and learning
~~how~~ to live like a human
There is nothing in life
that won't surprise you
Like a free bird ... etc.
I am dying each day, ~~still here~~
but I'm still here / to tell you
Don't run after life
like ~~some~~ ^a street-beggar
The world is inside you
and you can change it
each time you fly
the ~~journey~~ ^{way} seems shorter
Like a free bird ... etc.

JIMENA. Shush!

JIMENA LISTENS.

ROSARIO. What?

JIMENA. Shush!

ROSARIO. What is it?

JIMENA. ... Quiet!

ROSARIO. Why?

JIMENA. Shush!

SILENCE.

Dios mio!

ROSARIO (frightened). What is it?

JIMENA. The baby ...

ROSARIO (not understanding). What?

JIMENA. The baby is fretting ...

ROSARIO. Jimena! You ~~scared~~ ^{meant} me. I thought you heard something out there.

JIMENA (still self-absorbed). She's very restless. She's moving.

She knows something ...

ROSARIO. Knows what?

JIMENA. All there is to know ... She's been like this since yesterday.

ROSARIO. Yesterday?

JIMENA. Yesterday ... The way they took away that woman ... The "companera".

ROSARIO. Don't think about it. Forget it —

JIMENA. I have forgotten. I promise ... But the baby hasn't. She's been fretting ever since I saw that woman in the corridor, the woman covered with the blanket, her arm hanging down like that ... They must have broken it.

ROSARIO. Stop it! I don't want to hear any more. If you go on thinking like that, it'll make you ill.

JIMENA. It's not me, Rosario. The baby ... You think she can hear?

ROSARIO. It hears nothing. It frets about nothing. (ALMOST TO HERSELF:) You know what they say: in there it's the one happy time of our lives.

JIMENA. No. She feels things. She's conscious. I can talk to her.

JIMENA CLOSES HER EYES AND CARESSES HER BELLY.

Everything's all right. My baby. You can rest now ... The screaming and the banging you feel all around you, they are only your dreams, only a nightmare ... Time to stop dreaming — dreaming of things which make no sense ... Rest, little one, rest and sleep ... That's right ... Don't tell me your dreams. I don't want you to dream ... Not here — not here, in this place ... Sleep now. Sleep ...

SHE NODS, HER BODY ROCKS AND SHE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL. HER HEAD DROPS. ROSARIO LOOKS AT HER AND SMILES.

ROSARIO (without singing

"A la nana nanita

nanita ea

~~el que no se duerma~~ *Sleep your sleep*
~~suenos no vea ...~~ *And dream your dreams"*

SUDDENLY SHE STOPS: FROM THE PIECE OF BREAD SHE WAS KNEADING A BIT OF PAPER HAS FALLEN ON THE FLOOR. SHE PICKS IT UP AND READS IT ... SHE GOES TO MENTION IT TO JIMENA BUT, SEEING HER ASLEEP, STOPS ... SHE READS THE PAPER AGAIN, BREAKS THE BREAD UP FURTHER LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ELSE ...

AT THAT MOMENT, OLGA MOVES AND MOANS FAINTLY.

ROSARIO, STARTLED, GOES TO SIT BESIDE HER AND TOUCHES HER ON THE SHOULDER.

ROSARIO. Olga, Olga — are you awake? I've found something.
Olga ...

ROSARIO LIFTS UP THE BLANKET AND UNCOVERS OLGA'S FACE.
OLGA MURMURS INCOHERENTLY.

OLGA. I can't ... I can't ... Please, I can't do it ... Not to her ... Not her.

JIMENA HAS MOVED.

ROSARIO. Olga, listen — I found something ... I found a —

JIMENA SITS UP ON THE BED.

JIMENA. What is it?

ROSARIO (*pretending*). I've been trying to wake her. She's rambling.

JIMENA APPROACHES OLGA'S BED.

She seems delirious.

JIMENA PUTS HER HAND ON OLGA'S FOREHEAD.

JIMENA. She has a fever. (STARING AT ROSARIO.) Why wake her up?

ROSARIO. I wanted to talk to her.

JIMENA. You're scared ... What's the matter with you?

Tell me why you're scared.

ROSARIO. Nothing ... It's just me. Don't upset yourself.

JIMENA. You were going to tell Olga something --

ROSARIO. No --

JIMENA. Something you won't tell me.

ROSARIO. Just leave me alone.

JIMENA. Do you seriously think we can keep secrets from each other? Here? (LOOKING AROUND THE CELL.) Who knows how long we'll be locked up together! Why can't you trust me?

ROSARIO. It's not that I can't trust you. I just don't want to worry you.

JIMENA. Oh of course. The lady is pregnant! The lady is delicate! She mustn't be upset! ... Damn you and your endless mothering! What in God's name is happening? Tell me!

OLGA : TALKS DELIRIOUSLY ... BOTH OF THEM LOOK AT HER, WORRIED. ROSARIO GIVES THE PAPER TO JIMENA. JIMENA READS IT :

JIMENA. What's this?

ROSARIO. It came in the bread --

JIMENA. What?

ROSARIO. -- in the bread-rolls.

JIMENA. I don't understand.

ROSARIO. Nor do I.

JIMENA. Someone sent us this message in our bread?

ROSARIO. I don't know. It fell out when I was breaking up the roll.

JIMENA (reading). "Traitor. Watch Out."

A SILENCE.

A sick joke.

ROSARIO. It's possible.

A SILENCE.

And if it's not a joke?

JIMENA. Someone has tried to warn us? -- A "companero"? --

ROSARIO. Or a prison guard.

SILENCE.

~~LOOKING AT~~ TAKING THE PAPER;

It could be an accusation. It could be a warning.

JIMENA. And if it is a warning? ... So what? Even then we don't know when it was written, when it was put into the bread -- and that makes all the difference. Two days ago there were six of us: Senora Blanca, Eugenia, Bert~~X~~a and ourselves. They took away Senora Blanca and Eugenia ... and we were down to four. Then yesterday they took away Berta ... and we're left here, just the three of us.

Six - then four - then three ...

There's no way of knowing who it might mean.

ROSARIO. But today this ... "traitor", it would have to be one of us --

JIMENA. One of us --

ROSARIO. Yes.

OLGA STIRS ON THE BED, DELIRIOUS.

OLGA. I can't ... Aurora ^{run} ~~/~~. Aurora ^{run} ~~/~~. I can't ...

JIMENA AND ROSARIO MOVE NEAR HER.

ROSARIO. She's very hot.

JIMENA. What's that name she keeps repeating?

ROSARIO. I don't know. She's delirious.

JIMENA. Look at her shivering!

ROSARIO. She's soaked in sweat ... But ~~lots~~ ^{many} of people get a fever when they're ill.

JIMENA. We must ask for help.

ROSARIO. Who from?

JIMENA. The guard.

ROSARIO. What do they care? They'd rather take you out of here dead than care for you.

JIMENA. We have to try.

JIMENA BANGS ON THE DOOR.

Officer! Officer! We need help! Get someone down here!
She's sick!

SILENCE. THEY WAIT.

ROSARIO. They won't come.

JIMENA (knocking again on the door). Open the door please! Someone is sick! It's urgent! Please! Please! Help us!

THEY HEAR STEPS OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR.

A VOICE. What do you want?

JIMENA. One of us is sick ... It's serious.

A VOICE. Which one?

JIMENA. Olga.

A VOICE. Who?

ROSARIO (louder). Olga! She's very ill!

SILENCE. FOOTSTEPS COME AND GO... SOUND OF AN IRON DOOR. THE CELL'S WOODEN DOOR OPENS. OUTSIDE THE DOOR, DARKNESS ...

A VOICE. Bring her out into the corridor! Wrap her up in a blanket!

ROSARIO AND JIMENA WRAP OLGA UP IN HER BLANKET AND, LIFTING HER UP WITH DIFFICULTY, HELP HER TO GET OUT. THEY COME BACK IMMEDIATELY.

THE WOODEN DOOR SHUTS. NOISE OF THE IRON DOOR CLOSING. FOOTSTEPS RECEDING ...

JIMENA. Should we have done that, Rosario?

ROSARIO. Done what?

JIMENA. Taken her out like that. Do you think they'll look after her? My God ... we might never see her again. At least while you're inside here you're safe. Out there, who knows? ... They won't hurt her, will they?

ROSARIO. I don't know.

A SILENCE.

JIMENA. What are you thinking?

ROSARIO. ... Strange.

JIMENA. What's strange?

ROSARIO. All the time I've been here they've never opened to take a sick person out.

JIMENA. How do you mean?

ROSARIO. It's the first time they've bothered with someone who's sick.

JIMENA. ^{For favor} ~~For Heaven's sake~~ — even prison guards can change their ideas, can't they?

PAUSE.

ROSARIO. They decided to open when they found out her name ... When they knew it was Olga.

JIMENA. You think so?

ROSARIO. They made us repeat the name.

JIMENA. What are you thinking?

ROSARIO (changing abruptly). Nothing ... I dare say they'll bring her back straight away. I'm sure it's nothing serious.

JIMENA. You were thinking of the paper.

ROSARIO. No. They probably put it there themselves, to split us up, to set us against each other ... so we'd end up talking just like we're talking now.

JIMENA. And start hating one another!

ROSARIO. Don't say that.

PAUSE.

JIMENA. You don't like Olga, do you?

ROSARIO. Why say that? Here the only thing that counts is helping each other.

JIMENA. You never really answer. You always make me feel you're holding something back —

ROSARIO. You sound like a spoiled little girl.

JIMENA. You're impossible: you can be so kind ... and you can be so hard. I'll never begin to understand you, or people like you ... ~~I mean~~ —

ROSARIO. Yes? "People like me"? You mean people from my class, don't you? I'm always suspicious, always holding back ... Whereas you on the other hand, you're "open", you're "extrovert".

Oh yes. You're quite right - it's not a question of people at all. It's a question of class.

Well, what do you expect us to be like? Us from the lower classes, the "hard" ones, the "suspicious" ones?

JIMENA. All I'm saying is I've always done my best to try and understand people like you. But each time I try I come up against a wall.

ROSARIO. A wall! ^{una pared!} ~~You don't say!~~ ... And who made us like that? You and your kind - the bourgeoisie. Centuries with no rights - no right to think, no right to feel, no right to express ourselves. We're like this because we have to protect ourselves, Jimena. It's all we have left.

JIMENA. I think ... locked up here one changes.

ROSARIO. No matter what happens to you and me - no matter how much help I give you, even if I died in your place ... I still wouldn't be speaking your language and you'd still not know what I think.

JIMENA. And what do you think?

ROSARIO. That you've always been protected. That even here - now - luck's on your side. You're pregnant ... so they won't hurt you. When this nightmare's passed you'll go back where you came from and all this will serve as something exotic to tell your little circle as you gather for the great reunion dinner. And, yes, of course, you'll call

ROSARIO (cont.) your new son "Ernesto" in honour of the wonderful comrade Che Guevara.

JIMENA. The baby will be a girl ... And I'll call her Rosario.

ROSARIO. Don't patronise me.

JIMENA. I'm not. I would like her to have your name and to be like you.

PAUSE. ROSARIO TURNS AWAY.

JIMENA. Rosario?

ROSARIO. You touch me, the way you speak of that child ... But don't call her Rosario. Call her Paloma.

JIMENA. Helplessness. Because I can't do anything ... It's
ROSARIO useless to feel sorry for yourself.

JIMENA. Letting it out isn't useless, Rosario.

SILENCE.

ROSARIO. My father worked on the railways. He died in the uprising of 1945. I grew up a snotty-nosed kid in a shanty town... But why didn't I end up like the others?

JIMENA. The others?

ROSARIO. The women in the village. Grippled by work, burdened with kids ... My mother died the way she lived; working for us. I started work at twelve in a textile mill. Afterwards I got into high school. I'm a teacher. I came to understand that books can give you strength, that they're a weapon ...

JIMENA. You're strong, Rosario. I'd like to be like you.

ROSARIO. I'm tired and I think of my children, like the other women here ... the other "companeras".

JIMENA. I understand -- but I need you to tell me about these things. Why didn't you talk to me until they took Olga away?

ROSARIO. I didn't wait for them to take Olga. I didn't mean to tell you. It just came out.

JIMENA. You never say anything when Olga's here.

A SILENCE.

MENA: What's
making you
cry?

ROSARIO. I knew Olga.

JIMENA. Before coming to this place?

ROSARIO. Yes.

JIMENA. You never said.

ROSARIO. No.

JIMENA. Why?

A SILENCE.

What did Olga do before?

ROSARIO. She worked as a nurse in the village. She used to live with a doctor - an activist. He was arrested. She managed to get him a pass, a safe-conduct out of the country.

JIMENA. How?

ROSARIO. I don't know.

JIMENA. She's been stopped and tortured many times!

ROSARIO. And then set free again.

JIMENA. What's on your mind? Do you think that Olga ... told them things ... in exchange for his freedom?

ROSARIO. If she did we can't blame her.

JIMENA. What happened?

ROSARIO. People didn't want to know her any more and stopped going to the clinic. They were frightened.

JIMENA. Of what?

ROSARIO. I'm not quite sure ... Before, she used to look after them - and people felt they could confide in her. They told her their troubles. Then little by little they stopped going. She was arrested several times but she always got back to the village. And every time she got back she was left more alone ...

JIMENA. Poor woman, she must feel trapped.

ROSARIO. I'd rather they set her free than have her back here with us, in this cell.

JIMENA. It's me you shouldn't trust. I'm the only one who hasn't been tortured - and the only one who's not a "comrade".

ROSARIO. That's clear enough.

Companera

JIMENA. But I don't consider myself ^{one of them} ~~right-wing~~ either. For me it's only people that count. And the only person I mistrust is myself. Please, Rosario - never tell me a secret. At the slightest threat I'm sure I'd denounce even my own mother.

ROSARIO. Have no fear: ~~they won't hurt you.~~ The guards even bring you oranges.

JIMENA. You know why? Because they can see I'm educated and well-dressed. Executioners have strong class prejudices.

ROSARIO. Like me. The guards must have been born in a slum too.

A SILENCE.

JIMENA. Rosario. Tell me the truth. Would you trust me?

ROSARIO. I've already done so.

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE.

JIMENA. What's happening?

ROSARIO. They're coming.

JIMENA. Already? ... They haven't even had time to give her an injection. Why are they coming?

ROSARIO. Let's hope it's not for one of us.

THE NOISE OF THE IRON DOOR — THEN THE WOODEN DOOR OPENS SLOWLY. FOR A MOMENT NO ONE COMES IN. THEN A WOMAN ENTERS, WALKING WITH DIFFICULTY. SHE SEEMS NOT TO REGISTER ANYTHING. A BLANKET HANGS FROM ONE OF HER HANDS. THE DOOR SHUTS. JIMENA AND ROSARIO LOOK AT HER ... ROSARIO RUNS TOWARDS HER.

ROSARIO. Help me!

~~JIMENA. Have they tortured her?~~

~~ROSARIO. Yes.~~

THEY HELP HER. THE WOMAN IS FAINT. THEY TAKE HER TO THE BED AND PUT HER ON IT. SHE STARTS TO MOAN WEAKLY.

JIMENA. Should we give her some water? — ~~She can't swallow.~~

ROSARIO. No water. Not after electric shocks.

THE WOMAN REMAINS WITH BOTH HANDS ON HER STOMACH.

ROSARIO LIFTS THE WOMAN'S DRESS UP TO THE WAIST. WHAT THEY SEE ISN'T PLEASANT. JIMENA GOES TO A CORNER.

ROSARIO TALKS TO THE WOMAN SOFTLY.

ROSARIO. It will soon pass. You are not alone, comrade.

It will soon pass.

AURORA. The shaking ... I couldn't stop myself shaking ...

ROSARIO COVERS HER WITH THE BLANKET.

ROSARIO. Don't talk about it. In a little while you'll feel as you did before.

AURORA (ironic). You don't say —

ROSARIO. Yes. The one good thing we find out here is that we can still resist.

AURORA. Ah ... if only I could have a cigarette.

ROSARIO. You see? You're feeling better already.

AURORA (faintly). Thank you.

ROSARIO. My name is Rosario.

JIMENA HAS RECOVERED. SHE COMES NEARER.

JIMENA. Can I help?

ROSARIO. No.

JIMENA. I couldn't ... I'm sorry — I'd never seen ...

AURORA REALIZES THERE IS ANOTHER WOMAN IN THE ROOM.

ROSARIO. This is Jimena.

JIMENA. My God! —

ROSARIO. What's the matter with you now?

JIMENA. It's Aurora ... Aurora del Solar.

ROSARIO. The actress?

AURORA. I'm not surprised you don't recognize me. I don't

AURORA (cont.) suppose I'd recognize myself if I looked in the mirror.

JIMENA. It isn't that. It's not that. I just wouldn't expect to find —

AURORA. Someone like me? A famous actress? In here? ... Is that it?

JIMENA. Forgive me ... What happened just now ... Physical pain, it terrifies me. I try and imagine it but it frightens me too much. I can't control the fear.

ROSARIO. Stop talking about it.

AURORA. I don't mind. Really. (TO JIMENA:) ^{Pain is} ~~It's~~ not what you imagined. ^{desperation} ~~At first~~ all you feel is ~~panic~~ ... Panic about what's going to happen next ...

ROSARIO. Don't! It isn't good for you to talk about it now.

AURORA. I want to talk. I need to talk ... Please.

A SILENCE.

In see your own body as if it belonged to someone else. here is a point when

I couldn't see them ... I was naked with my legs wide open. I could hear their voices, their dirty jokes. I wasn't afraid ... and when they switched on the cables I was already sure I'd say nothing. ^{my compañero} They wanted to know where my friend was / ... And in my head I cursed them, I hated them. That ~~did me help me at that~~ ^{helped me} moment - hating them. And I denied everything - everything - everything!

SHE IS SHOUTING ...

ROSARIO (covering her with the blanket). Rest ... rest.

JIMENA. Rosario says you shouldn't drink any water ... Do you want some sugar? It'll give you strength.

AURORA. No, I couldn't ... I haven't eaten since Sunday. That was the day they arrested me, ^{on} ~~at~~ the Costanera.

JIMENA. Sunday?

AURORA. Yes. Today must be ... Tuesday? ^{is it?} ~~is it?~~

ROSARIO. We have no idea. For a long time now we haven't been able to tell one day from another.

AURORA. ... I hadn't seen him for months till one day he turned up at my flat. I hid him there. He'd been wandering from one place to another — desperate, scared, exhausted. It must have been hell ... He knew they were looking for him. He stayed with me for nine days till finally I realized my neighbour was suspicious ... So we decided he should move on.

ROSARIO. You didn't tell them. So don't tell us either —

AURORA (not listening)...He'd only just left when they came ...

Four soldiers with machine guns looking for him ...

They smashed through the plaster to see if there were any false bricks. I'd thrown away even his cigarette-ends.

They found nothing ...

I wonder where he is.

ROSARIO. Maybe he was lucky — and he's somewhere safe.

FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THE VOICE OF A MAN SINGING.

THE THREE WOMEN LISTEN — EACH ONE LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS.

A VOICE. My words are a dove
looking for a place to nest
breaking free, spreading its wings
to fly away, to fly away.

My song is a free song
wanting to stay
with anyone who will hold its hand
with anyone willing to take up arms.

My song is a chain.
It has no beginning, it has no end
and you find in each link
all of our songs.

Let us keep on, singing together,
each of us, all of us,
sing that the song is a dove
breaking free, spreading its wings
to fly away, to fly away.

ROSARIO. It's a prisoner further down ... A music teacher.
He always sings that song.

AURORA. "My words are a dove looking for a place to nest ..."

JIMENA. You love him very much, don't you?

AURORA DOESN'T ANSWER.

ROSARIO. I know how you're feeling.

JIMENA. Rosario's husband is somewhere nearby ... She knows he's
here; they have a special sign.

AURORA. A sign? What sort of sign?

ROSARIO TALKS LOW, LOOKING INSTINCTIVELY TOWARDS THE DOOR.

ROSARIO. It happened by accident ... In the morning they take us
to the wash-room. There's only one tap for everybody.
Those from his block use it before us. One day - there,
beside the tap - I found his shirt. I'd know that shirt
anywhere ... my own mends, the buttons I've sewed back on
... I washed it and left it in the same place. ~~And that's~~
~~how it all began.~~ Each time I find his shirt my heart ^{jumps} ~~thumps~~.
It's a signal that he's alive ... that he's still here.

AURORA. Do you think they'll let him go?

ROSARIO. No.

AURORA. Do you have children, Rosario?

ROSARIO. Three ... They went to a neighbour in the village.

(LOOKING AT JIMENA AND TOUCHING HER BELLY:) You're lucky.
Your child is still with you.

AURORA. When is it due?

JIMENA. It could be very soon ... I'm eight months.
Sometimes I feel desperate. I don't want her born here.

AURORA. Why were you arrested?

JIMENA. I met this school friend one evening in the street. I hadn't
seen her for years. We exchanged addresses ... Three weeks
later they came looking for me because my name was in her book.
I didn't have time to tell anyone - not even Jorge.

AURORA. What are you accused of?

JIMENA. They said this friend of mine was a "subversive".
She'd been arrested with a group of students.
They'd found my name in her address-book. When I
explained how it got there they wouldn't believe me ...
I feel as if I've grown old in here -- and at the same time
I feel as if I'm starting to understand certain things.
I was so blind ...

THE SOUND OF RAPID FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDOR, LOUD VOICES,
ORDERS AND A WOMAN SCREAMING BRIEFLY...

THE SCREAMS ARE REPLACED BY A MILITARY TUNE.

AURORA. What the hell's going on?

ROSARIO. They play that kind of music to cover the screams.

AURORA. My God!

JIMENA. You'll get used to it!

AURORA. I don't want to get used to it.

ROSARIO. For a moment I thought that was Olga screaming.

JIMENA. I don't think so.

PAUSE.

AURORA. Olga? Olga who?

ROSARIO. Someone who's here, with us. At the moment she's sick --

AURORA. Olga Ruiz?

JIMENA. Yes.

AURORA. My God!

SILENCE.

JIMENA. Do you know her?

AURORA DOESN'T REPLY.

ROSARIO. ~~Are you okay?~~ What is it?

AGAIN AURORA DOESN'T REPLY.

ROSARIO. What's wrong?

A BRIEF SILENCE.

AURORA. Is she here in this cell too?

JIMENA. Yes. We managed to get her out to see the doctor.

ROSARIO. She had a temperature. She was delirious.

AURORA. Did she talk about me? Did she mention my name?

ROSARIO. We couldn't understand what she was saying.

JIMENA. ... I think she did.

AURORA. — what?

JIMENA. — mention your name.

ROSARIO. I didn't hear anything.

JIMENA. She said it quite clearly. Twice. "Aurora". Perhaps she meant someone else.

AURORA. No. It was me she meant all right.

ROSARIO. Why?

JIMENA. Why would she talk about you?

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.

AURORA. Olga Ruiz phoned me a week ago. She was nervous.

I think she was crying. I hadn't seen her for years ...

She told me that she needed to see me desperately, without fail, that it was about her friend Ernesto - the doctor.

We arranged to meet the next Sunday ^{on} at the Costanera.

I went ... Why shouldn't I?

I was there for ten minutes waiting for Olga when a van with no number-plates drew up ^{alongside} outside. Three men got out.

They threw me inside the van and blindfolded me.

The next thing I knew I was being interrogated.

It lasted two days ... At first they just beat me up.

The real torture started this afternoon ...

THE NOISE OF THE IRON DOOR. ROSARIO STANDS UP.
JIMENA, FRIGHTENED, HUDDLES IN A CORNER. AURORA MAKES AN EFFORT
TO SIT UP. THE WOODEN DOOR OPENS SLOWLY — BEHIND IT ONLY SILENCE
AND DARKNESS. A MOMENT OF EXPECTATION. OLGA APPEARS IN THE
DOORWAY. SHE STAYS THERE, LOOKING AT THEM, LOST. THE BLANKET
WHICH IS OVER HER SHOULDERS SLIPS TO THE FLOOR.

AURORA. Olga.

BLACKOUT.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT TWO.

SEVERAL HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE END OF THE LAST ACT.

AURORA. Arise to birth with me, my brother.
Give me your hand out of the depths ^{deep zone}
~~mined by your sorrows.~~ of your scattered sorrow.
You will not return from these ~~stone caverns.~~ the heart of the ^{rocks}
You will not return from subterranean time.
Your ^{hardened} rasping voice will not ^{return} ~~come back,~~
~~nor~~ your pierced eyes ~~rise from their sockets.~~ will not return.
Out of the depths ^{Speak to me this long night through}
~~spin this long night to me~~
as if I rode at anchor here with you.
~~And~~ give me silence, give me water, hope.
Speak through my ^{words} ~~speech,~~ and through my blood.

A SILENCE.

ROSARIO. What is it?

NO ONE ANSWERS. SHE WHISPERS.

Aurora ... (LOUDER) ... Aurora —

AURORA. What?

ROSARIO. Whose words are those?

AURORA. ~~Anybody's.~~ Everybody's

ROSARIO. What do you mean?

AURORA. They belong to all of us.

A STRANGE NOISE ... IT SEEMS PRODUCED BY LOTS OF PEOPLE BANGING WITH
CUPS AND TIN PLATES AND GETS LOUDER BY THE SECOND ... OLGA STANDS UP.

JIMENA. What's happening?

ROSARIO. I don't know.

OLGA TAKES A TIN PLATE. SHE TAKES OFF A SHOE AND STARTS BANGING ON THE
PLATE WITH IT. SHE ALSO BANGS ON THE DOOR, FOLLOWING THE RHYTHM WHICH
IS NOW VERY MARKED.

ROSARIO. For God's sake! ... Have you gone mad?

AURORA, FURIOUS, STANDS.

AURORA (to OLGA). Stop it!

JIMENA. Olga -- what's going on?

OLGA GOES ON BANGING -- LOUDER.

AURORA. Do you want us all to be punished? ... All except you,
of course --

OLGA STOPS BANGING AND LOOKS AT AURORA.

You're making all that noise for nothing!
Traitor!

AT THAT MOMENT THE NOISE STOPS COMPLETELY...

SILENCE -- THEN SUDDENLY A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

OLGA (without taking her eyes off AURORA). They've killed seven
~~comrades. compaeros~~

JIMENA, WRAPPED IN HER BLANKET, STIFLES A CRY.

AURORA. How do you know that?

OLGA. The way the others know it ... We can't let their death just
pass us by ~~like that~~. We have to do something.

AURORA (sarcastic). You mean like banging on a tin plate?

OLGA. Yes. At least that.

AURORA. And what about betrayal? What about denouncing people?
How do we let them know about that?

OLGA BEGINS TO CRY.

ROSARIO. Aurora, please. It's useless now.

AURORA (to OLGA). Crying is what's useless now.

A-PAUSE.

OLGA. I'm not crying for you or for me. I'm crying for those who have just died ... For Juan Contreras, ^{the} primary school teacher, who used to write poetry with his nails on the prison walls ... For Tono, ^{the} student who used to make flowers with bread ... For Mario Riquelme, ^{the} metal-worker, a priest they say ... And for four more whose names I don't even know.

AURORA. For someone who's been here such a short time, you know a lot of people.

PAUSE.

OLGA. Aurora - I'm sorry. I've got nothing to say.

AURORA. What else can you say? You've already told everything to the bosses you take orders from ...

OLGA. You don't understand —

AURORA. "I don't understand"?! ^{My God} ~~Dios mio!~~... ^{Are you a complete hypocrite} ~~Either you're an~~ ~~utter cynic~~ ... or ^{do} ^{just} you ^{peculiar} have one hell of a sense of humour?

OLGA. No. I have no sense of humour.

AURORA. One minute I'm playing to packed houses and the next I'm here, shut up in a cell.

JIMENA. Worse than that. "Desaparecida".

AURORA. And you tell me I don't "understand"?!

OLGA. You made sure you let everyone know they weren't to lay a finger on you because you are the "famous" actress — Aurora del Solar!

AURORA. Sure I did. Why not?

OLGA. And that people abroad would find out.

AURORA. They will find out!

OLGA. But they don't care!

AURORA. Then tell me what they do care about! Come on - tell me! Since you know so much! —

OLGA. Let's not carry on with this. Let's just drop it —

AURORA. I won't drop it! ^{There can't be} ~~I can't go through anything worse today~~ ^{than what} ~~than I already went~~ ^{I've} ^{been} through yesterday!

OLGA. You're wrong again. There's always something worse.

That's what's terrible ... There's always room for something worse.

AURORA. Will you stop making speeches?

OLGA. You won't like what you're going to hear —

AURORA. Why not? I hear a lot of lies ...

OLGA. The trouble with "hearing" things is that there comes a time when they have to be forgotten ... And it's very hard to forget when you're being tortured.

AURORA. What do you mean?

OLGA. The less you hear, the less they'll make you spew out later.

AURORA. Don't try and be mysterious all of a sudden. I can read you like a book.

OLGA. Don't you believe it!

ROSARIO. So talk!

A PAUSE.

OLGA. I didn't give them your name. I phoned you because I wanted us to meet — to warn you they intended to "disappear" you. ~~Obviously~~ They weren't going to arrest you at the theatre. Too much publicity! ... That's the advantage of being a celebrity: people notice your every move ... What I didn't know was that they'd be following me down to the Costanera — and that I'd be arrested even before you were.

ROSARIO. So how come they always set you free and then arrest you all over again? Why haven't you been tortured?

OLGA. A year ago they caught me for the first time. They tortured me for four days ~~running~~, until ...

AURORA. Until what ...

OLGA. Until they ~~managed to break me~~ got what they wanted

ROSARIO. And since then they've been using you.

OLGA (in a low voice). That's what they think.

ROSARIO. What do you mean?

OLGA. They believe I'm helping them, but it isn't like that ... And it's very important they carry on believing it.

JIMENA. Why?

OLGA. Because ~~as someone on their files as an "informer", as someone "free from suspicion" I can warn~~ ^{long as I'm} ^{n as an informer} ^{n free from suspicion} ^{it able to warn} ~~they're about to be arrested.~~ ^{I'm able to} ^{→ many} ^{lots of} comrades when

AURORA (sarcastic). You mean like you "warned" me?

OLGA. Yes. I did try to warn you ... but they were ahead of me.
You might not believe me. But it's true.

AURORA. Who do you expect to believe you? You can't even think up
a plausible story! No - for that you'd need a bit of
imagination!

OLGA (losing her calm for a moment). Whereas you have "imagination",
I suppose? That's what theatre's all about: pure imagination.
All you theatre people are the same — sealed in a vacuum,
listening to the applause, imagining things.

AURORA. Oh that explains everything! I must have "imagined" they
were torturing me! The electric shocks - they were just
special effects! - great theatre!

OLGA. It's ridiculous, them torturing you. What do you know about
the working-class? - about their struggle? - about the movement
and its plans? Absolutely nothing. Your politics is about
acting brave and signing a petition here, being courageous
and singing a protest-song there — Oh yes! Lots of protest-
songs! — Sweet little badges and flags! Terrific posters!
Letting everyone know just how committed you are! — so they'll
get to talk about you abroad - the famous activist! They'll set
up solidarity committees, they'll march through the streets
chanting your name ... But no one will ever get to talk about
Toño, the one who learned to make flowers with bread — no one
will march through the streets chanting the name of the metal-
worker who was a priest ...

ROSARIO. It's good they talk about Aurora's politics. So she's a famous,
glamorous actress? Why not? ... Maybe that way - one day -
they will talk about the politics of those who aren't famous,
who aren't glamorous ... They'll talk about the politics of
the student and the priest.

OLGA. But don't you understand? ~~None of you's even~~ ^{Not one of you.} been officially
arrested. There's no charge. No lawyers. No date of trial.
You've fallen off the face of the earth. You've been
"disappeared". You no longer exist! ... "Aurora del Solar?"
they'll say. "Oh - she crossed the border. She went into
hiding." They'll say anything at all. Anything!

JIMENA. My God — stop tormenting us!

ROSARIO. Don't ... It's all right.

AURORA. So what do they say about you? What's on your file?

OLGA. "Left-wing militant". "Under surveillance."

~~SURPRISE FROM ALL THE WOMEN.~~

ROSARIO. Coming from them that means "collaborator".

AURORA. Informer.

OLGA. As you wish. But I'm one of the very few who can act as a link between prisoners inside and the movement outside.

I ^{can} move in and out of the prisons and camps. Why?

Because ~~they think~~ it's in their interest to arrest me now and again -- ^{so I won't} ~~otherwise I'd~~ look like an informer.

JIMENA. Why do they need informers? They always end up knowing just what they want to know.

ROSARIO. No. Not "always".

AURORA. You seriously expect us to believe that you're working for the police and passing on information for the movement?

OLGA. I can't say any more. I obey orders.

ROSARIO. Whose orders?

SHORT SILENCE.

OLGA. The movement's.

JIMENA. I don't want to know. I don't want to be part of this! My God! -- let me wake up from this nightmare!

ROSARIO. Why have you talked about all this? If you're really what you say you are, you'd have kept this secret ... not just told anyone you find yourself locked up with.

OLGA. But you are not just anyone.

ROSARIO. What do you mean?

OLGA. I knew very well which cell I was coming to. I managed to get them to put me in here.

AURORA. Why?

OLGA. Because one of you is ^{waiting for} ~~expecting someone~~ a contact / from the outside.

PAUSE.

OLGA. I am that contact.

JIMENA. Contact for who? ~~One of us three?~~

AURORA. And what sort of "contact"?

OLGA. There isn't much time left. It's quite possible that what's being planned outside will take place very soon. I'm just the go-between.

AURORA (looking at OLGA). And who is ~~expecting you?~~ waiting for you?

A SILENCE.

ROSARIO. I am.

THEY ALL LOOK AT HER.

JIMENA. Then you've been --

JIMENA IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF THE IRON DOOR.
THE INNER DOOR OPENS.

A VOICE. Out! Out here! ... The one in charge of the cell!

ROSARIO GETS READY TO GO OUT, BUT OLGA COMES FORWARD AND GOES OUT BEFORE HER. THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND OLGA.

JIMENA. But the one in charge is you!

ROSARIO. Let her be ... We'll find out why she did it.

JIMENA (to ROSARIO). Why does everybody have something to hide?

ROSARIO. You mean you don't?

JIMENA. No ... (SHE HESITATES.) I don't know.

AURORA HAS HUDDLED UP, DISTRAUGHT.

AURORA (whispering). Don't let them see me! ... Please don't say anything! Don't say you know me.

ROSARIO AND JIMENA GO TO HER.

ROSARIO. What's the matter? They've gone.

AURORA. Where's Olga?

ROSARIO (hesitates)... They called her.

AURORA. Will they call me?

ROSARIO. Of course not.

AURORA (as if waking up). I'd give anything for a cigarette ...

JIMENA. What can it mean?

ROSARIO. ~~It~~... What?

JIMENA. Them asking for the one in charge ...

ROSARIO. Stop it. We've enough to cope with as it is without imagining things.

THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, THEN THE LOCK AND THE DOOR OPENING.

OLGA WALKS IN. SHE BRINGS A BRASS JAR AND FOUR BREAD ROLLS.

SHE HOLDS A BAR OF SOAP AND, OVER HER ARM, A TOWEL.

JIMENA. What did they want?

ROSARIO. What happened?

AURORA (interrupts, shouting). Don't believe a single word she says!

I'm warning you! Don't let her come in here!

ROSARIO. Aurora! ~~Stop shouting~~ — that's enough!

AURORA. I'm ... I'm afraid.

OLGA PUTS THE THINGS DOWN.

OLGA. It was breakfast. That's all.

JIMENA. And the soap and towel?

OLGA. They say a Human Rights Commission may come to visit, and if they ever come to have a look in here ...

ROSARIO. ... they'll see the prisoners wash with soap! What more can they want?

JIMENA. They'll come here? To the cells of the "disappeared"?

AURORA. "Human Rights"! "Human Rights"! ... Ha, ha, ha. (SHE LAUGHS SLIGHTLY HYSTERICALLY.)

ROSARIO. Please, shut up!

JIMENA. Do you think they'd let them talk to us?

OLGA. I don't know.

JIMENA. You know! You must have spoken to someone outside.

ROSARIO. It's ridiculous to even imagine they'll come here -
to the cells of prisoners who've ceased to exist!

AURORA. Of course! They're already on their way! They'll throw
a big reception in honour of the guests. I will be the
hostess! After all, they're bound to recognize me!
Roll up, ladies and gentlemen! ... Step right this
way! ... Roll up and see a most touching spectacle:
the Women Survivors! Ha, ha, ha ...

ROSARIO (soothing). Aurora - ^{compañera} ~~compañera~~ - don't talk like that ...
please ...

AURORA. Will they come, Rosario? They have to come! It's very
important for me ... for all of us.

JIMENA. Of course they'll come ...

ROSARIO. Think of all the other times they've given us a towel
and soap like this and no one has come.

JIMENA. But they told Olga!

OLGA. They said it was possible. That's all.

AURORA. They're lying ... and you're lying too!

If they knew Aurora del Solar was here, then maybe ...

A SILENCE.

ROSARIO. Well, this dishwater is going to get cold.

JIMENA. I don't want any. That coffee is disgusting.

ROSARIO. We none of us like it but we must have something ... and
you especially -- enough for two.

OLGA (pouring the coffee). There are only three cups.

AURORA. I'll wait.

ROSARIO. ~~Hush now and~~ drink it while it's still hot. It'll
cheer you up.

THEY ALL EAT THE BREAD AND DRINK. ROSARIO EATS WHILE WAITING FOR
AURORA'S CUP.

ROSARIO. I'm grateful for ^{even} the little food we get. I want
to be strong. There's ^{much} ~~a lot~~ to do.

OLGA (to JIMENA, who hasn't touched the bread). You must eat,
Jimena, don't you understand?

ROSARIO. If you don't eat it all up, I swear I'll thump you.
I've had enough of your childishness.

JIMENA (smiling). Thank you, Rosario.

THEY ALL EAT AND DRINK IN SILENCE. AURORA HAS ALREADY PASSED
THE CUP TO ROSARIO, WHO HAS HELPED HERSELF TO COFFEE.

JIMENA. I used to live in ~~the~~ El Arrayan. Every day I'd wake
to the smell of coffee — and know that smell was the
day beginning ... Jorge used to like — (CORRECTS HERSELF.)
— Jorge likes to be first up and make the coffee. I could
feel him moving around, downstairs, in the kitchen ...
(WITH A DISGUSTED EXPRESSION:) This stuff smells like
disinfectant.

ROSARIO. At least it's hot. You can't expect it to smell of
coffee as well!

JIMENA. When Winter comes this place will be dreadful ...

OLGA. None of us will be here when Winter comes.

JIMENA. You mean they'll kill us?

OLGA. I mean that by Winter you'll be somewhere faraway, waking
up to the smell of real coffee.

AURORA. ~~At least~~ you'll be out! You're sure to be out!

JIMENA. You all think of my child more than I do ...

ROSARIO. At a time like this when we've lost so many
a new baby born is tomorrow's "companera".

JIMENA (ashamed). I never did anything. I never gave a thought
to that tomorrow ...

OLGA (smiling). You see? — and now that tomorrow depends on you.

FROM ANOTHER CELL THE VOICE OF A MAN SINGING ...
AS THE SONG CONTINUES, THEY LISTEN ...

A VOICE. Like a free bird
 flying free
 Like a free bird

A VOICE (cont.)

is how I dream you
I'm dying each day
but I'm here ^{, still here} to tell you
Don't run after life
like ^a some street-beggar
The world is inside you
and you can change it.
Each time you fly
the ^{way} journey seems shorter.

THE SOUND OF RAPID FOOTSTEPS AND LOUD BANGING ON A DOOR NEARBY
IN THE CORRIDOR. THE SINGING STOPS. AURORA STARTS THE SONG AGAIN
LOUDLY.

AURORA (singing). Like a free bird
flying free
Like a free bird
is how I dream you ...

THE OTHERS JOIN IN.

The world is inside you
~~and~~ you can change it.
Each time you fly
the ^{way} journey seems shorter.
Like a free bird flying free
Like a free bird is how I dream you ...

THEY'RE INTERRUPTED BY STEPS IN THE CORRIDOR AND TWO LOUD BANGS ON
THE IRON DOOR. THE LOCK TURNS AND THE WOODEN DOOR IS THROWN OPEN
VIOLENTLY.

A VOICE (very rough). Come out! Quick!

THE FOUR WOMEN STEP BACK, FRIGHTENED.

A VOICE. Come out, shit!

JIMENA (whispering). What ... What's going to happen?

ROSARIO (loud so the GUARD can hear her). Officer - why do we have to come out?

A VOICE. To piss, your highnesses, to piss! (LAUGHTER.)

OLGA. It's okay. It's the outing to the loo.

AURORA. I don't want to go.

JIMENA (huddling up by the bed). Nor do I.

ROSARIO. I have to go.

ROSARIO WALKS OUT. WHILE THE DOOR IS CLOSING WE HEAR THE VOICE:

~~A VOICE. Mind you don't wet the beds!~~

THE DOOR SHUTS. A LONG SILENCE.

AURORA. Why did Rosario go out?

JIMENA. The shirt ...

AURORA. Ah ... Her husband.

OLGA. She shouldn't have. Not now ...

JIMENA. Why?

OLGA. I have to talk to her. It's important.

AURORA. And, of course, our being here bothers you. I tell you what, if you like we'll go to the cafe round the corner and come back later!

OLGA. Aurora - please! Don't make things more difficult than they are!

~~Isn't it hard enough, just being here?~~ (SHORT PAUSE.)

I didn't denounce you, I swear it. If I need to talk to Rosario it's because she let me know she's the person I'm looking for.

AURORA. I feel ^{awful} bad, Olga ... What's a dream? What's true and what's a lie? ... I can't tell any more.

HURRIED FOOTSTEPS. THE CELL'S DOOR OPENS. ROSARIO WALKS IN. SHE STANDS VERY STILL. THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HER.

OLGA. ^{What's} ~~Is something~~ wrong?

ROSARIO DOESN'T REPLY.

What is it?

JIMENA. ~~Are you ill?~~

ROSARIO SITS.

AURORA. Rosario, for God's sake, say something.

ROSARIO (after a pause). The shirt ...

JIMENA. What? --

ROSARIO. It wasn't there.

OLGA. That was bound to happen one day. Who knows? -- maybe it didn't need washing.

ROSARIO. You know it meant more than that ... Something terrible must have happened.

AURORA. "Terrible"?

ROSARIO. They've killed him.

OLGA. Please, Rosario! Be sensible! A shirt disappearing doesn't have to mean he's dead.

ROSARIO. That shirt disappearing could mean any number of things ... (GROANS.) My God! ... Enrique! ... No!

JIMENA. Secret messages, special signs, hidden codes. All these questions and no answers ... This isn't a prison, it's a madhouse!

JIMENA COVERS HERSELF WITH THE BLANKET.

OLGA. What are you trying to say?

ROSARIO. I'm not saying anything at all until I've heard what you've got to say. Until I'm absolutely sure you are the link -- my "contact".

OLGA. Do you still mistrust me?

ROSARIO. Yes. I've got no other option.

OLGA. All right. The message I'm under instructions to give is very simple: the transfer will take place -- and very soon. Possibly even within twenty-four hours.

ROSARIO. "Transfer" where?

OLGA. To Ritoque.

ROSARIO. Why Ritoque?

OLGA. It's a new concentration camp - also for the "disappeared".
The vans will have to take the only road - the coast-road.
And that's where the ~~comrades~~^{companeros} will be waiting... Your job is to
inform the others.

ROSARIO. How can I? We won't know who's going to be transferred until
the last minute.

OLGA. You're to inform those most important to the movement, to its
future -- those, like yourself, most at risk because most active.
But I won't be told the exact names till just before.

AURORA (excited). Rosario! -- we'll come with you! We'll break out
of this hole together!

ROSARIO. You haven't understood a single word, have you? ...
It's nothing to do with us. (To OLGA.) You think all this
is being organised just so I can escape?

OLGA. You and the others.

ROSARIO. No, Olga, I won't get out. At this moment you and I are
irrelevant. There are more important people who have to get
out -- comrades whose work is vital to the resistance.

AURORA. But then -- us ...

ROSARIO. We have to stay quiet until the whole operation is completed.
We'll be freed in due time - ~~no question~~ - especially you, you too
Aurora. *Me too...*

AURORA (painfully). ~~Especially me...~~

ROSARIO. I'll tell you what I know -- and what we have to do.

JIMENA. I don't want to hear! As soon as they start to threaten me,
I'll tell them everything I know! Please!

ROSARIO. You'll put up a fight like everyone else. Besides, you've
heard too much already.

JIMENA COVERS HERSELF WITH THE BLANKET.

JIMENA. Shut up! I don't want to know anything... anything.

AURORA GOES TO HER.

AURORA. Jimena ... This is what you have done all your life.

AURORA (cont.) Refused to see things. Refused to hear the truth.
None of us here was prepared for this but we can't just hide ourselves away from it all.

JIMENA SOBS SOFTLY, LIKE A CHILD, WITHOUT RAISING HER HEAD.
OLGA AND AURORA APPROACH ROSARIO.

ROSARIO. Enrique leaving his shirt for me to wash wasn't just to tell me he was alive or dead -- or just to greet me.

AURORA. I don't understand. You said --

ROSARIO. There were words and messages written in the shirt.
I rubbed them out each time by washing.

OLGA. Then it was Enrique's idea? -- the ambush? ~~taking advantage of the transfer?~~

ROSARIO. No.

OLGA. Who's then?

ROSARIO. A fourteen year-old girl, a schoolgirl. She was in this cell for eight months. She was caught on her way to school.
Her parents used to hide weapons. *After, they let her go....*

~~AURORA. Did they release her?~~

~~ROSARIO. Yes. After that she worked as a link with the comrades outside.~~

~~OLGA. That's how I was informed of the details while I was out, though I didn't meet with her.~~

~~AURORA. The less people meet each other the better.~~

ROSARIO (to OLGA). What exactly do I have to tell the comrades here?

~~OLGA. You're prepared to go ahead with the plan? In spite of this business of the shirt going missing?~~

~~ROSARIO. Yes.~~

OLGA. We know two vans will leave here: one with the men and one with the women. Twenty kilometres before Ritorque, after the sand-pit, the road curves round by the marsh. The comrades will have put up barriers -- road-works -- so the escort-jeps and the vans will have to slow down. That will be the moment for the jump.

AURORA. Perhaps we'll have a chance to go too! --

ROSARIO (to AURORA). If we are transferred - which is by no means certain - we have to sit tight.

AURORA. You mean we are going to miss the only chance we have to --

ROSARIO (interrupting). We'd get in the way of those that have to escape.

AURORA. But won't they take reprisals against those who stay?

ROSARIO. ^{They} Probably, will ...

AURORA. Wonderful! We help them to escape ... and then have to bear the reprisals!

ROSARIO. ~~I've only said we have to sit tight.~~ Those who are going to jump will have no time to help us.

AURORA. I wouldn't need any help!

ROSARIO. Well, I would! I'm not ^{able} prepared to divert tracker-dogs and helicopters ~~and~~ all on my own.

AURORA. In that case I'd rather not leave here at all.

OLGA. You've got nothing to be afraid of.

AURORA. Why shouldn't I be afraid like everyone else? ... Because I'm a famous actress? Because actresses are always frivolous? superficial? they've never got anything to hide? How would you know? (SHE CHANGES SUDDENLY - NOW SERIOUS:) Yes, Olga. I've got a lot to be afraid of. —

OLGA. It can't be that important. ~~Relax.~~ —

AURORA. I didn't break under torture. I might next time

JIMENA GETS UP.

JIMENA. Stop it! I don't want to hear one more word of this! ... Please? Talk about it later — when I'm asleep ...

ROSARIO. All right. We've said what we have to say.

OLGA. Anyway - what do you talk about in a prison for the "desaparecidos"? ... Ghosts? OS

JIMENA. We can talk about all manner of things! ... What about the autumn?

ROSARIO. Is it autumn already?

JIMENA. Yes. It must be beautiful outside. Last week a yellow leaf slipped in through the window.

OLGA. ~~Have you ever thought?~~ - they always build these concentration-camps in the most spectacular places ... They do it deliberately. To make us suffer even more.

JIMENA. Let's talk about you then ... your plays. I once saw you doing a madwoman [~~in Marat/Sade~~]. You played a lunatic. You were brilliant.

AURORA. I was a lunatic who knew exactly what she was doing. [~~Peter Weiss's texts are sharp as razor blades.~~] Now I'm just a

AURORA (cont.) pathetic mad woman.

JIMENA. You raised the dagger over Marat and you wept as you stabbed him.

AURORA. I wouldn't weep now. Now I would just stab and stab ~~and stab.~~

ROSARIO. That's not it, Aurora. Justice yes, revenge no.

AURORA. Next time round they'll be the same thing.

JIMENA. Or we could talk about you, Rosario - you who have done so many jobs and ended up with the nicest: a teacher.

ROSARIO. Don't put me on a pedestal. Maybe I just wanted to get out of the mud.

OLGA. And to help others get out?

ROSARIO. Who knows? ... Everyone's complicated.

JIMENA. Complicated and stupid! We waste so much time.

I've been thinking how once upon a time I could waste whole afternoons stuck in a bedroom, being bored, while outside there was light. Simple. Pure. Sunlight ... Do you understand?

OLGA. ~~I never get bored.~~ You have to be on your own, in your own room, to get bored. ~~I never had the chance.~~ I used to share a bedroom with seven brothers and sisters.

JIMENA. What fun I would have had with seven brothers and sisters! I have only one sister. At night we used to laugh like mad things. We used to imagine we were beasts of the forest!

AURORA. Today I'd like to be an ostrich.

ROSARIO. You'd like to bury your head in the sand and shut out all this.

AURORA. Right!

OLGA. I'd like to be a hedgehog!

THEY ALL LAUGH.

~~Did you know that~~ the hedgehog is the most loving of animals towards its mate?

ROSARIO. And you could do with some love and affection, couldn't you?

OLGA. That's not why I said it.

JIMENA. ~~And~~ I'd like to be a seagull!

ROSARIO. A seagull wouldn't get through that window.

JIMENA. A sparrow then.

Now then —

AURORA. If you want it enough, why not? (SHE LAUGHS.) / Let me see your hand. If you're going to be a sparrow it has to be written in your palm.

JIMENA HOLDS OUT HER HAND.

ROSARIO. That's nonsense.

AURORA LOOKS AT THE PALM.

AURORA. Clear, clean lines ...

ROSARIO (without malice). Idleness.

JIMENA. Go on.

AURORA. A life with no great problems.

JIMENA (anxious). A long life?

AURORA. It's difficult to say ... I see no sparrows - but I do see a dove! And children! ... lots of children!

JIMENA. Do you mean I'm going to have triplets?

AURORA. No. You'll have seven children, like Olga's mother.

OLGA. Then I'm sorry for you ... But I hope you won't die like she did: making ~~the~~ bread - endless bread - ~~to feed all these hungry mouths.~~

JIMENA. Please let's not talk about pain and suffering!

THE SOUND OF THE IRON DOOR UNLOCKING ... THE WOODEN DOOR OPENS EXTRA SLOWLY. BEHIND THE DOOR, DARKNESS. THEY ALL LOOK AT THE DOOR.

A VOICE (hard, peremptory). Jimena Perez de Arce!

JIMENA STEPS FORWARD, SHAKING.

JIMENA. Yes?

A VOICE. Out!

JIMENA. What ... shall I bring?

A VOICE. Just the blanket.

JIMENA. All my things ... ^{you mean} all my things ~~surely.~~

A VOICE. Only the blanket, I said!

SLIGHT PAUSE.

JIMENA. No! I don't want to go!

A VOICE. If you don't come out now, we'll drag you out!

ROSARIO GOES TO HER.

ROSARIO. Go, Jimena. They only ever ask four questions:
you can't answer any of them.

JIMENA SOBS. AURORA AND ROSARIO TRY TO GET HER OUT.

JIMENA PUTS UP SOME RESISTANCE ... AND THEN LETS THEM TAKE HER OUT,
LIKE A CHILD. OLGA TURNS TO THE DOOR, HER MIND MADE UP.

OLGA (to the GUARD). Please let me go with her. She's eight months
pregnant. I'll persuade her to cooperate!

A VOICE. That'll be best for both of you! Come on! Out! Now!

OLGA. I'll just get her blanket.

OLGA PICKS UP JIMENA'S BLANKET AND WHISPERS:

OLGA. Don't pass on the message! Don't ~~say anything~~ ^{say anything} ~~to anyone!~~
Jimena might talk.

ROSARIO. For God's sake - don't let them torture her!

OLGA. If they think she knows something, she's lost.

ROSARIO. We're all lost.

A VOICE. Let's go! Now!

OLGA. I'm coming, Officer.

JIMENA IS STILL SOBBING ... OLGA GOES.

THE DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE. JIMENA SCREAMS:

JIMENA. Rosario! The baby! Please! Look after Paloma! [!] Rosario!

A VOICE. Move it!

THE DOOR SHUTS. THE FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THREE.

SIX HOURS HAVE PASSED. AURORA STARES AT A BUCKET THAT COLLECTS THE DROPS OF WATER FROM A LEAK IN THE CEILING. THE FALLING DROPS PRODUCE A MADDENING, REGULAR SOUND. ROSARIO IS READING THE INSCRIPTIONS THAT OTHERS HAVE WRITTEN.

ROSARIO. "Estoy viva" ... G.H. November 1973.

"Venceremos" ... Norma 1974.

"Malditos, oigan esto: somos muchos" ... A.L. March 1974.

"Companeros - esto durara poco" ... B.S. October. No date.

"Preferiria estar muerta" ... Maria R. August 1974.

AURORA. Shut up!

ROSARIO. It's important to read what's written on these walls.
They are friends talking to us.

AURORA. Rubbish.

ROSARIO. We'll write something too. There comes a moment when
you want to leave a mark, a word, something.

AURORA. We should leave nothing. We don't exist.

ROSARIO. What are you standing there for? What are you looking at?

AURORA. The drip from the roof.

ROSARIO. Why?

AURORA. I can't stop watching. It's so relentless, so monotonous ...
It's terrible.

ROSARIO. Don't be so self-indulgent.

ROSARIO GOES TO AURORA AND TOUCHES HER.

Leave it - or you'll go mad.

AURORA. What makes you think I'm not mad already?

ROSARIO. Staring at a drip isn't going to help.

AURORA. Why not? Going mad would be one solution.

ROSARIO. It's only a drip. If you had lived in a slum like I have,
you'd find it quite natural.

AURORA. It's like a clock. It beats time. Tic - toc ... Tic -
toc ...

ROSARIO. The one thing I don't need now is a clock.

AURORA. But it's there all the same ... Can't you hear it?

ROSARIO. No I can't. I don't want to go mad.

AURORA. Exactly like a clock ...

ROSARIO. It's been at least six hours since they took Jimena.

AURORA. And Olga.

ROSARIO. Olga can look after herself. Jimena can't.

AURORA. Since then it's rained and rained ...

ROSARIO. It's only filled two buckets... They should have called
us by now.

AURORA. What for?

ROSARIO. To wash our clothes, to do the dishes.

AURORA. You're thinking about your husband ... the shirt.
You're not thinking about Jimena.

ROSARIO. They're quite separate things.

AURORA. You're thinking of your wretched conspiracy to save others!

ROSARIO. Those others who have to be saved, Aurora.

AURORA (aggressive). And who chose them? ... The party? - or God?
Or do you just throw the dice?

ROSARIO. Why do you go on tormenting yourself? Everything is very
simple as long as you accept you only have a small role
to play - nothing more.

AURORA. Believe me - I know a lot about roles ... And mine just now
is someone who wants to survive!

ROSARIO. Well, we are alive, aren't we?

AURORA. No.

ROSARIO (to calm her). Aurora, there isn't some big conspiracy ...
It's not like that.

AURORA. What? Are you serious? But you told us there was ...

ROSARIO. All I'm expected to do is to pass on a message - a
message less than two sentences long - to an unknown
comrade, that's all. I only have to live out that tiny
bit of reality - but I have to live it completely.

AURORA (sarcastic). You sound like "The Complete Revolutionary's Handbook".

ROSARIO. No, Aurora. I sound realistic. The one thing a revolutionary can't have is dreams of personal glory.

AURORA. No dreams of any other sort either.

ROSARIO. That may be. I don't like dreams.

AURORA. I do. It's my job. Theatre is everyone else's dream.

(TO HERSELF:) I think I must be dreaming now ...

THEY HEAR STEPS OUTSIDE. THE IRON DOOR UNLOCKS.

ROSARIO. You see, they always end up by waking you.

THE CELL DOOR OPENS ...

A VOICE. Out! Come on!

AURORA. Who?

A VOICE. The one who cleans the shit up every day.

ROSARIO. That's me.

A VOICE. Out! It's time!

ROSARIO. I'm coming.

ROSARIO TOUCHES AURORA. SHE GOES. THE DOOR SHUTS.

AURORA STAYS STILL, THEN WALKS AROUND THE CELL. SHE SUDDENLY STOPS AND LISTENS. THE NOISE OF THE DRIPPING WATER INCREASES. AURORA GOES TO THE BUCKET AND STARES AT IT, THEN SITS ON THE FLOOR STILL STARING. SHE RECITES IN A MONOTONOUS VOICE SOME LINES FROM "MACONDO" AS THE DRIPS CONTINUE.

AURORA. "All afternoon it rained ... and always on the same note, unchanging. In its ceaseless monotony - peaceful, intense - the water, falling, sounded like a train: ~~forever receding,~~ ~~forever drawing-nigh~~ ... (PAUSE.) I woke up, startled by a bitter, sharp smell, like decomposing bodies ... (SHE RAISES HER HEAD.) The smell! ... It must have been the dead bodies, floating in the streets!"

SHE WHISPERS NERUDA'S VERSES.

"The death of the people was the way it has always been
as if no one had died, nothing —
as if it were stones falling on the earth, or water on the sea..

HER WHISPER CHANGES TO A RECITATION.

"Today you'll be harshly born again
from the places where the traitor and the jailer
believe you sank forever.
Today you'll be born from the people as before
today you'll come out from coal and dew
today you'll start to rattle doors
with rough hands, with bits and pieces of surviving souls
with eyes like flowers that death did not trample
with wild tools armed
under your rags."

AURORA BANGS ON THE DOOR, SOBBING. AS IF IN ANSWER, A HOLLOW NOISE,
VERY SOFT AT FIRST, LIKE A LITANY ... IT IS THE OTHER PRISONERS.

AURORA
VOICES.

Steady comrade
the fists of the people
will be raised (twice)

we are very near
the fists of the people
will be raised
Don't waver comrade
the fists of the people
will be raised.

voices: Firme, compañera
El punjo del pueblo
se levantera
Estamos muy cerca
el punjo del pueblo
se levantera
No se quiebre, compañera
el punjo del pueblo
se levantera

WE HEAR PEOPLE RUNNING IN THE CORRIDOR, SHOUTS AND THEN A BURST OF
MACHINE-GUN FIRE. A SILENCE. THE CELL DOOR OPENS AS THOUGH IT
HAD BEEN KICKED.

ROSARIO STUMBLES IN, AS THOUGH VIOLENTLY PUSHED. SHE FALLS TO THE
FLOOR. AURORA GOES TO HER.

AURORA. Rosario! What happened?

ROSARIO. They fired at the cell-doors.

AURORA. For singing?

ROSARIO. They don't like anyone to sing.

AURORA. I started it.

ROSARIO. Yes. I heard you shouting.

AURORA. It was an impulse. I didn't mean to --

ROSARIO. I know ... That doesn't matter now. Something worse has happened.

AURORA. What?

ROSARIO. The shirt. They've discovered how we pass our messages. Now I'm convinced of it.

AURORA. How do you know? Wasn't it there?

ROSARIO. There was a shirt ~~all right~~. But not Enrique's.

AURORA. Did they see you looking at it?

ROSARIO. I didn't go near it. I knew it was a trap.

AURORA. What about Enrique?

ROSARIO. I hope to God he's realized.

AURORA. And if he hasn't?

ROSARIO. Everything's lost.

AURORA (anguished). Then they'll suspend the transfer to Ritoque!

(For all we know it could be tonight!)

ROSARIO. Perhaps they don't know about that. Perhaps they've only discovered how we pass on information.

AURORA. In that case they must be watching Enrique too.

ROSARIO. It's possible.

AURORA. Then they'll kill him ...

ROSARIO. Me too.

AURORA. If he talks.

ROSARIO. He won't.

AURORA. You know nothing ... but you're sure about everything.

ROSARIO. I'm trying to gain time. I'm trying to think -- not imagine.

AURORA. You only ever think. You've no real feelings. It's your husband we're talking about!

ROSARIO. When we're out of here we'll have time to talk about feelings. Not now. The best I can do for Enrique now is not to lose my head.

~~AURORA. Were you going to pass on the information about the ambush?~~

~~ROSARIO. Don't talk so loud!~~

AURORA. What should we do now?

ROSARIO. Now we should find out exactly what they do know.

AURORA. How the hell are you going to do that?

ROSARIO (after a pause). By asking the one who betrayed us.

AURORA. You still think it was one of us?

ROSARIO. Until today I had never breathed a word about the shirt.

AURORA. Then ... only one of us --

ROSARIO. Today Olga and Jimena went out.

AURORA. Do you think Olga --

ROSARIO. No.

AURORA. So what are you saying?

ROSARIO. Jimena. She didn't want to hear ... but she heard too much.

AURORA. You're crazy! Jimena is just a frightened girl, caught up in a nightmare.

ROSARIO. That's why.

A SHORT PAUSE.

AURORA. I wish I knew if you're talking sense ... or if it's just your prejudices. You hate Jimena for being middle class.

ROSARIO. It's the bourgeoisie I hate, not Jimena.

AURORA. Let's forget the rhetoric, shall we? -- and talk about what's real? Olga gave them my name. That is a fact. If I'm here it's because of her.

ROSARIO. That isn't certain. That's not her story.

AURORA. I was due to meet her when I was arrested.

ROSARIO. You can be arrested in bed with your boyfriend and that doesn't mean he turned you in.

AURORA. Olga admitted she ended up talking. Because of the torture ...

ROSARIO. At the beginning she broke down, like everybody else.

AURORA. Well I didn't talk.

ROSARIO. You had nothing to say.

AURORA (grave). I had a lot to say.

But I trust Olga because

ROSARIO. ~~I trust Olga. Why? Because she admitted she was a collaborator with the political police.~~

AURORA. No! You trust her because you and she are from the same class! That's why. You won't accept that a proletarian can betray her own people.

ROSARIO. She has chosen the most difficult thing of all: to commit herself to the people and to go unacknowledged, despised.

AURORA. I know you won't admit it.

ROSARIO. Do you know what we found yesterday? A message hidden in a bread-roll.

AURORA. A message?

ROSARIO. A warning that there was a traitor. I immediately thought of Olga. When they arrested you that seemed to confirm it. But I decided to wait and see ... and I think I was right.

AURORA. Where did this message come from?

ROSARIO. It might have been put there to set us against each other ...

AURORA. I don't like mysteries. I know full well what to expect and I'm not waiting ... If Olga comes back I'll make sure she doesn't betray anyone ever again.

ROSARIO. How?

AURORA. I'll kill her!

ROSARIO. Stop this, Aurora! You're not going to do anything of the sort! Please, no more dramas! If they found out about the shirt, it has to have been through Jimena. She is pregnant and she's terrified. If she talked, who can blame her? I don't. (A PAUSE.) What we must do is find a way out.

AURORA. *Have you* ~~You've~~ ever seen a mouse-trap with ~~an exit sign?~~ *a way out?*

ROSARIO. There always is! ~~(It looks like)~~ the transfer to Ritoque ~~is~~ *may be* set for tonight. A special comrade must escape. I don't know who, but it's someone important and, treachery or no treachery, that person must be freed.

A SILENCE.

AURORA. Have you thought that person might be?

ROSARIO. What?

AURORA. Yes. Me. What do you know about me?

ROSARIO. You appear on the television three times a week.
You're not exactly unknown!

AURORA. I mean about my political work.

ROSARIO. Well, we all know that artists and intellectuals have their
uses. They help popularise the ideas of the movement.

AURORA. Is that all?

ROSARIO. What else is there? Usually political events leave them
behind and they end up getting in the way.

A SILENCE.

AURORA. ~~I am the link.~~ Most of the money that comes in from
exiled comrades is passed on through me.

SLIGHT PAUSE.

ROSARIO. That's serious. Too serious for you to say it just like that.

AURORA. Agreed! The point is this: the one who is going to jump off
the van and escape is me. The ambush-plan must go ahead.

PAUSE.

ROSARIO. I don't know whether to believe you. It's absurd!

You don't even know if you'll be transferred to Ritoque tonight!

AURORA. I know.

ROSARIO. You were only arrested on Sunday and there's already a plan
to set you free? For God's sake! - who's going to believe that?

AURORA. This plan was drawn up months ago specifically to go into
operation in the event of my arrest. I'm needed. Without
me the funds from abroad can't get through.

ROSARIO. Nobody is that indispensable. Someone else will take over.

AURORA. It's not only me. There are many others. It's a whole network.

ROSARIO. I'm sorry, Aurora. Keep it for the stage.

AURORA. For Christ's sake, Rosario! This isn't theatre! You've
got to believe me!

ROSARIO. And why doesn't Olga know you have this mission? She's the go-between.

AURORA. Because Olga lied. She is an informer.

ROSARIO. All this is too ridiculous.

AURORA. You said yourself - we must question everything. Including our own doubts. If there's the slightest chance you're wrong about me and I am what I say I am you must pass on that message this afternoon, no matter how.

ROSARIO. No! I'm not going to put anyone at risk like that --

AURORA. Rosario, you must understand. This is not a personal matter.

ROSARIO. You're the least suitable person to be entrusted with work that requires such secrecy.

AURORA. On the contrary. Someone famous like me can get in touch with lots of people without rousing suspicion.

ROSARIO. How?

AURORA. I am ... I was a person "above suspicion". The generals laugh at the crazy things that go on in my show. They wouldn't miss it for the world, like most of the country. That way, from the screen, I used to send messages every week in very simple codes to dozens of comrades who would be watching me from a bar drinking a glass of wine.

ROSARIO. You make it sound like something in the movies. ~~That's~~ ^{fantastic} ~~Fantastic~~. I have ^{only} ~~only~~ met people in hiding, women looking for food, striking workers, people who were on the run, frightened.

AURORA. You know very well there are special directives which even important local leaders like you have no knowledge of. None of us has overall knowledge because it's safer that way. But to get one of our people out of the country a lot of money is necessary as well as comrades in key posts.

ROSARIO. (uncomfortable). There's something mad about you. It's all jumbled up ... things that are real, things you're imagining.

AURORA. There's a lot more to it than you and the party know, Rosario.

ROSARIO. Does Olga know anything about this?

AURORA. We can never be sure of what Olga knows.

ROSARIO. But she's the only one who can help. The only one who can pass in and out. ~~Don't forget~~ - we are in the block for

ROSARIO (cont.) the "disappeared". This place is a mass grave.

AURORA. The "companeros" know where I am. If you pass on the message, I might be out of here by tonight.

ROSARIO. Then you'll have to trust Olga. She must take the message I couldn't write on Enrique's shirt.

THEY HEAR STEPS AND THE IRON DOOR'S LOCK. THE WOODEN DOOR OPENS. OLGA WALKS IN. THE DOOR SHUTS. OLGA TAKES HER BLANKET AND STARTS PUTTING IN IT HER FEW BELONGINGS.

~~ROSARIO. They're letting you go?~~

~~OLGA. No.~~ They're taking me to the block for those awaiting trial.

ROSARIO. Why?

OLGA. I don't know. One day you've "disappeared" and the next you're ~~suddenly~~ up for trial. There's no real difference.

ROSARIO. What about Jimena?

A SILENCE.

OLGA. She gave birth on the floor.

ROSARIO. But she was only eight months!

OLGA. They beat her up too much.

ROSARIO. My God!

OLGA. She gave birth to a girl. She's ^{well} ~~all right~~ ... the girl, I mean.

A SILENCE.

ROSARIO. And Jimena?

OLGA. Jimena is dying. They kicked her ... They ^{hit} ~~kept hitting~~ us with ~~the butts of~~ their guns... The girl ... the little girl is wonderful. I don't know how she managed to be born. Jimena hasn't stopped bleeding.

OLGA CRIES.

ROSARIO. But ... why? ... Jimena isn't one of us. She has nothing to say. It must be a mistake. They must have mistaken her for someone else. ~~Jimena wasn't even for the socialists!~~ ✓

OLGA. But they didn't make a mistake. She simply didn't know about her husband.

ROSARIO. Know what?

OLGA. Her husband is one of us. He's an architect. He hid three of the leaders in his studio. Now they're looking for him. They think Jimena knows where he is.

ROSARIO. And who knows if that's true. They just pick on anyone.

AURORA. Where is Jimena now?

OLGA. ~~In the sick-bay.~~ She's unconscious. They wouldn't let me stay. They didn't want me to see her die. They'll say she disappeared - she and her husband - that they've gone into hiding. One day ~~suddenly~~ her name will be on the list of wanted persons! But they'll know she bled to death in front of their eyes.

ROSARIO (in horror). It's hideous ... Did Jimena want to tell me something when they took her away? She called my name twice.

A SILENCE. OLGA GRABS HER THINGS AND GOES TO THE DOOR.

AURORA. Did she talk?

OLGA. What?

AURORA. Jimena ... did she talk?

OLGA. No. She only screamed. (PAUSE.) Anyway, what would she have to say?

AURORA. What she heard here.

OLGA. She said nothing.

AURORA. Only two people knew about the shirt and the message passing between the cells! You and her! If she didn't talk then you did!

ROSARIO. Shut up!

OLGA. Leave her alone! It's better she says what she thinks.

AURORA. To really show what I think I'd have to beat you up.

OLGA (tired). Why not? They've already beaten me up once today.

PAUSE.

AURORA (quietly). Informer.

A SHORT SILENCE.

OLGA (to ROSARIO). What about Enrique? ... ~~Was the shirt there again?~~

ROSARIO. ~~They've put out another one.~~ They're watching the wash-rooms.

They must have discovered how we communicate.

OLGA. It had to happen ~~sooner or later.~~ There are ~~a lot of~~ ^{many} ways they could have found out.

ROSARIO. You ^{are} ~~re~~ the only one who can get out of here.

OLGA. What do you mean?

ROSARIO. Only you can pass the instructions to the comrades being transferred to Ritoque. You know they have to protect someone special when this ambush happens.

AURORA. ~~You can't be so stupid as to believe Olga would risk that!~~
~~You can't trust her.~~

OLGA (after a pause). ~~Yes. I'll do it. For you and for me.~~

AURORA. Don't do anything for me! Please! Leave me out of it!

ROSARIO. Aurora, you'll have to trust Olga. You have no choice.

~~AURORA. That's the trouble ... we none of us have any choice -
except her! She can do whatever she wants. She can't
do me any more harm.~~

ROSARIO. How will we know if you've managed to get the message through?
~~- if everything is going ahead as planned?~~

OLGA. The comrades will start banging their tin plates. If you hear that sound it will mean that it's on tonight.

AURORA. There's no other way to find out?

OLGA. No. We may not see each other again. You won't know for sure if I passed on the message to the comrades, or if I gave it to the guards ... That's the way it is for me. You don't trust me. They don't trust me. That day ~~when I broke~~ ^{acompaneros!} ... from the first name I gave, from then on ... I was marked. But I have to go on. In spite of you, in spite of Aurora and her suspicions.

OLGA (cont.) Knowing all the time that you despise me ...
Strange the way things turn out: I always looked for
love amongst comrades — And I have ended up alone.
Companeros

ROSARIO EMBRACES HER.

ROSARIO. We all of us need you, Olga. Everything will be all
~~right~~. Take care of yourself ... Don't take unnecessary
risks. Thank you.

OLGA. Aurora, I didn't know you were being watched. I didn't
denounce you.

AURORA (~~after a pause~~). ~~I believe you ... If I'm wrong then it's~~
~~my problem.~~ *APPROACHES OLGA, EMBRACES HER*

OLGA (to both). ~~Something else~~ ... I know who that special person
is we have to help escape. I learned it in the sick-bay,
through another prisoner.

ROSARIO LOOKS AT AURORA.

ROSARIO. Who?

THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE METALLIC LOCKS AND THE SUDDEN OPENING
OF THE DOOR. FROM THE DARKNESS, THE VOICE OF A GUARD.

A VOICE. Aurora del Solar! Pick up your things!

AURORA. All of my things?

A VOICE. Yes.

AURORA. Why?

A VOICE. You're being transferred.

AURORA. Transferred ... Where?

A VOICE. To the camp at Ritoque. You're leaving tonight.

(TO OLGA.) And you — Ruiz ... Come out now!

OLGA GOES OUT WITH HER WRAPPED-UP BELONGINGS.

A VOICE. Hey you!

ROSARIO. Me?

A VOICE. You're Rosario, aren't you?

ROSARIO. Yes.

A VOICE. Come to the sick-bay. The other one, the one who's just given birth, asked for you to look after the child.

ROSARIO. Jimena? ... Jimena's child?

A VOICE. She left it for you.

ROSARIO. Is she sick? Can I see her?

A VOICE. She's been taken away. Come and see the child.

ROSARIO. ~~Yes~~, I'm coming.

ROSARIO GOES. THE DOOR SHUTS. AURORA PUTS ON A SCARF AND A WOOLEN JACKET. SHE STARES AT THE BUCKET — THE DRIP HAS STARTED AGAIN. THE DOOR OPENS AND ROSARIO WALKS IN WITH THE BABY IN HER ARMS. AURORA GOES TO ROSARIO AND THE BABY, BUT THE VOICE STOPS HER.

A VOICE. Hey you ... out here!

AURORA EMBRACES ROSARIO. SHE GOES. THE DOOR SHUTS. ROSARIO ROCKS THE BABY.

ROSARIO (singing softly as though a lullaby).

Like a free bird
flying free
Like a free bird
is how I dream you ...

THE METALLIC NOISE OF THE PLATES...

THE NOISE BECOMES LOUDER AND MORE INSISTENT. THE BABY STARTS CRYING. ROSARIO TALKS TO HER ... THE BABY STOPS CRYING.

ROSARIO. Don't cry, little dove! Shout. Learn to shout but don't cry. "Paloma" - that's the name your mother wanted you to have. Do those noises frighten you? Don't be afraid! It's only a noise - a noise made by the hands of the people, the tin plates they eat from ... One day you'll ~~be told~~ *learn* about the time of darkness. ~~To you it will seem so far away. To you it won't matter.~~

When this long night has passed, you'll
open your eyes and look all around you.
To you all this will seem far away.

ROSARIO (cont.) Paloma, then you'll start living... Paloma,
When you open your eyes and look all around you, then — with
the long night will have passed and then you'll start living. you —
freedom will begin.
Paloma I think, with you, freedom has begun.

THE BABY CRIES. ROSARIO LULLS HER WITH A WHISPER.

THE RHYTHMIC BANGING FROM OUTSIDE, CONSTANTLY LOUDER, WITH MORE
PRISONERS JOINING IN

END OF PLAY.