

Pearls Before Swine

Play for four actresses

by

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Monte Avila Editores First Prize for Unpublished Playwrights 2004

Finalist VI Literary Competition for Theater Texts of Torreperojil, Spain

Águila de San Martín Prize for Best Play 2004

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PEARLS BEFORE SWINE had its Spanish-language premiere as MARGARITAS PARA LOS CERDOS in Caracas, Venezuela, March 5, 2004 in the Main Theater of the Teatro San Martín de Caracas, directed by Luis Domingo González in a Textoteatro production, set design by Ernesto Alfonzo, production by David Villegas, music and arrangements by Julia Carolina Ojeda, media relations by Doris Barrios, photos by Marco Colantoni and assistant director Rosa Mirabal, with the following cast:

LUCIA.....Verónica Arellano
PILAR.....Mayra Santos
BLANCA.....Diafrancis Salas

“A man is only as old as the woman he feels.”
Groucho Marx

*“I did not have sexual relations with that
woman.”*
Bill Clinton

*“Envy is a thousand times worse than
hunger, because it is spiritual hunger.”*
Miguel de Unamuno

Characters:

PILAR (Forties, middle aged)
BLANCA (Twenties)
LUCIA (Thirties)
LEWINSKY (Thirties)

Set:

OFFICE WITH THREE CUBICLES, THE BOSS'S OFFICE
DOOR AND A TWO-WAY MIRROR.

Act One-

Office with three cubicles. PILAR and BLANCA straightening up one cubicle.

PILAR: At least she gambled and lost.

BLANCA: But fired! You have a stapler?

PILAR: Yeah. She wasn't his lover! When there's a new boss, they've got to go. New government, new cabinet, new lovers in the cabinet.

BLANCA: She always said he was going to marry her. Letter opener?

PILAR: Yeah, I'll take it, give it to me. She's still saying it.

BLANCA: She's still saying that? It's sad.

PILAR: No man marries his lover.

BLANCA: It's sad divvying up the stuff of someone who gets fired.

PILAR: To a man, a lover's like going to the movies. His wife, his wife's like having the movies at home.

BLANCA: Home theater.

PILAR: Exactly. With his wife the movie starts right when he wants. And it's got previews. Previews in the kitchen. In the family room when the kids aren't watching. Previews in the bathroom while they're brushing their teeth. He watches the movie with the lights on so he won't miss anything. You know, so he won't mix up one thing with another. You can talk, in the middle of the show. "Did you take your pill?" You can comment on the action, during. "With my hand first?" "There, there." "Keep going, keep going." You can even shout, during. The whole home theater thing's a miracle. You can stop in the middle of the show to answer the phone, great,

because after you just push the pause button again and voilà. You've got the power of control. "You want to see a movie?" "X, XX or XXX?" "Did you wash up?"
Everything under control.

BLANCA: I don't know, I still think going out to the movies is better.

PILAR: Leave me the copy paper, I'm all out.

BLANCA: Going out to the movies is romantic.

PILAR: That's the lover. To a man, his lover's like going out to the movies. He knows what you're there for when he gets there. Both of you intent on spending those hours, doing that. No "quick, I've got to get lunch on the table" or "hurry up, my mom's coming over." None of that. You can have a drink before the show starts. Spend some time in the game room. Calmly. Slowly, because you know the slower the curtain rises the more you'll enjoy the movie. You know what I mean? Bit by bit 'til that crazy rabbit pops out singing and (sings and dances to the tune of the Looney Tunes song) "Overture, curtains, lights/This is it, we'll hit the heights/And oh what heights we'll hit/On with the show this is it". And then, you go in to see your movie, whatever it is, what matters is that the theater's dark and cozy...

BLANCA: Steamy, too.

PILAR: (Saucy) Yeah, steamy wet. So, you like the movies, huh?

BLANCA: Stop.

PILAR: And then, when the show's over, "home again, home again, jiggety jig." Nothing to clean up. Popcorn, cups, dirty napkins. Nothing. You leave just like that.

BLANCA: And if his wife's waiting for him at home in the mood for a movie?

PILAR: If you're the wife, you never want to.

BLANCA: Never?

PILAR: What for? You've got his attention. You're the queen.

BLANCA: You've got a headache. You feel indisposed. Tired. I'm depressed. I'm stressed. I'm watching my soap or Charlie's Angels. The kids'll hear us. My mother's still awake.

PILAR: You've got it. Who wants a visit there from a hairy, deformed monster, a hyperactive one at that, who goes in and out of the theater, in and out, in and out, and can't sit still. God. Endlessly. Inconsiderately. No please or thank you. He comes into your pretty theater and gets it all sticky and then, you have to clean it up? No. Without paying for a ticket? With a lifetime courtesy pass? No. And when you start feeling that lovely ache, he's fallen asleep already? No. That's why I'll never be a wife again. And when I can, I put up a lighted sign, a Broadway marquis hanging from my belly button and I open my own movie theater.

BLANCA: Oh, don't talk like that.

PILAR: Even if it does only show porn.

BLANCA: You're nuts.

PILAR: So only old dirty old men come, but they pay.

BLANCA: Shhh, they'll hear you.

Blanca looks toward the boss's office door.

PILAR: He can't hear. He sees us. He watches us. But he doesn't hear us.

BLANCA: You think he's there?

PILAR: Definitely. He looks like a morning person.

BLANCA: Just like his brother.

PILAR: He looks like a son of a bitch.

BLANCA: They're sons of the same mother.

PILAR: But who knows, maybe not the same father.

BLANCA: Son of a bitch.

PILAR: Right. That's it.

BLANCA: What should I do with this?

PILAR: What is it?

BLANCA: Toothpaste. Tooth brush. Ponytail holders. Birth control. Tampons (holds up tampon box). And a white chocolate bar.

PILAR: Give me the white chocolate, she'll come to pick up the rest later.

BLANCA: But, what should we do, put it in a box for her?

PILAR: Leave it there in her drawer.

BLANCA: You think there's any chance they'll give me her place?

PILAR: Lewinsky's place? No. I don't. I don't think they'll promote the girl who hands out the mail and coffee to the position of executive assistant in a private firm to assist the abandoned children of this fine country. No, I don't think so.

BLANCA: You're so hateful sometimes. I meant this area. This cubicle. Then I could organize the mail better. Be closer to the boss when it's time to take him his coffee. And you and I would be closer, to talk and all.

PILAR: Oh. I don't know. What I care about is that you don't care that you're working for no pay.

BLANCA: For now.

PILAR: For now?

BLANCA: The firm's going through a rough time with all the changes and right now it can't defray the expense my salary and full employee benefits represent, but when things improve I'll be the first in line for consideration.

PILAR: Your last name's Corporativa. Blanca Corporativa, Corporate Target, get it? That's what they call you. Wake up.

BLANCA: Yeah, I know.

PILAR: But I don't see you making your play.

BLANCA: I'm playing.

PILAR: You're playing?

BLANCA: Yes, yes. I'm playing.

PILAR: How are you playing?

BLANCA: However I can.

PILAR: Tell me how you're playing.

BLANCA: You know how I'm playing.

PILAR: Yeah. I know what you're playing.

BLANCA: Tell me what I'm playing.

PILAR: The fool.

Blanca stops doing what she's doing.

PILAR: That's what you're playing.

BLANCA: That's what you think?

PILAR: No, not what I think. I know because I hear how everyone around you is howling.

BLANCA: I don't hear anything.

PILAR: I'm not surprised.

BLANCA: What's that mean?

PILAR: Unemployment is the second leading cause of depression after the death of a close family member.

BLANCA: What's that got to do with it?

PILAR: You don't get over it.

BLANCA: No one I know has died. God forbid.

PILAR: You don't get better.

Blanca goes back to doing what she was doing.

BLANCA: I'm working.

PILAR: Where?

BLANCA: Here.

PILAR: You work for money, Blanca.

BLANCA: The important thing is to work.

BLANCA, PILAR: (Pilar mockingly) The money will come.

BLANCA: I wish you wouldn't do that.

PILAR: You work so you'll be tired when you go to bed.

BLANCA: I also take care of kids.

PILAR: Was it enough to pay the rent this month?

BLANCA: No.

PILAR: You're gonna end up on the street.

BLANCA: No. I won't end up on the street. I won't end up on the street. I won't end up on the street.

PILAR: You're not gonna end up on the street?

BLANCA: No.

PILAR: Who's gonna put you up?

BLANCA: I don't know.

PILAR: Don't look at me.

BLANCA: I know you don't have room.

PILAR: No, that's not why. A corner will do for anyone.

BLANCA: Sure. For a day or two.

PILAR: It's not that either.

BLANCA: Then why?

PILAR: You don't know why.

BLANCA: You're not my friend?

PILAR: (mockingly) You're not my friend? (annoyed) Idiot!
Because you're an idiot. That's why.

BLANCA: I know why you're mad.

PILAR: You know? Now you know? You know why I'm mad?

BLANCA: I think.

PILAR: You need money. I need money. Lucia needs money.
And who's making us wait?

BLANCA: I didn't have a chance, Pilar.

PILAR: You didn't have a chance.

BLANCA: No.

PILAR: You didn't have a chance.

BLANCA: No. I didn't.

PILAR: You spend the whole night alone at Lewinsky the slut's
house, and you didn't have a chance.

BLANCA: Taking care of her son.

PILAR: All night.

BLANCA: That's what she pays me for.

PILAR: Alone.

BLANCA: It's my job.

PILAR: All night alone in that house and you couldn't take
fifteen minutes to look around.

BLANCA: I can't leave him alone for even a second.

PILAR: Doesn't Extremely-Late-Show ever sleep? (Announcer's
voice) We never sleep!

BLANCA: I get paid to take care of him sleeping and waking.

PILAR: That's what she tells you? Oh, yeah. The boogey man's gonna gobble him up. A dumb ass, that's what you are.

BLANCA: Fine. I'm not coming in any more. I'm going to look for a day job.

PILAR: You want the corkboard?

BLANCA: No. You keep it. I don't know if I'm coming back.

PILAR: The one who's really not coming back is her.

BLANCA: Lewinsky?

PILAR: Yeah. Lewinsky. And when Lewinsky's gone, you can forget about her calling you to baby-sit anymore.

BLANCA: She said she was going to try to convince the new boss to let her stay on at her job.

Telephone rings.

PILAR: The same way? (sucks her finger)

BLANCA: To stay on as his "executive assistant," yeah.

Phone continues ringing.

PILAR: This one's new generation. He says he doesn't need secretaries, that's why they invented computers.

BLANCA: Is he gay?

PILAR: I don't think he wants to wash in his brother's dirty bath water.

BLANCA: Gross.

Pilar picks up the phone.

- PILAR:** Office for Abandoned and Needy Children, how can I help you? (Short pause) Yes, sir. (Short pause) Right away, sir.
- BLANCA:** Who was it?
- PILAR:** You've got to hurry it up, Blanca, or we'll miss our shot at getting out of this hole.
- BLANCA:** Tonight. She wants me to watch him tonight.
- PILAR:** Blanca. This might be our last chance to get out of this shit heap.
- BLANCA:** Yeah, I know.
- PILAR:** But what you don't know is that if I don't get out of this shit heap because of you, I will dedicate the remainder of my days to pushing you back under 'til you nearly drown in it. I'll pull you out and dunk you back in the same shit, again and again, 'til I die of old age or you die, full of shit. Got it?
- BLANCA:** Yes.
- PILAR:** I hope so because I mean it.
- BLANCA:** The jewels are beautiful, aren't they?
- PILAR:** Beautiful? Gorgeous.
- BLANCA:** They make you feel, I don't know.
- PILAR:** Like a tale out of a thousand and one nights. With Rudolph Valentino, tent filled with provisions in the desert, candles dancing in the whistling wind, gorgeous Bedouins with billowing robes and dark eyes fringed with thick lashes, lazy afternoons colored an endless cream, camels with bold gazes, erotic belly dances by virgins, their hips jingling the random melody of love. Too much.
- BLANCA:** The first time I saw them I was dumbstruck.
- PILAR:** They're amazing.

BLANCA: It was at the fundraising gala.

PILAR: Where else?

The stage lights dim to a minimum and, before the audience, a curtain rises revealing Lewinsky, completely nude, posed like a mannequin, showing off the jewels: choker, earrings, tiara, and bracelets.

BLANCA: She came into the room with the air of a princess.

PILAR: Stunning.

BLANCA: I don't remember her dress.

PILAR: No. Me either.

BLANCA: I remember the jewels.

PILAR: That day I realized those jewels would change my life.

BLANCA: I couldn't tell you what I felt.

PILAR: A hollow in the pit of my stomach and a spray of battery acid in my heart.

The light goes off on Lewinsky and the jewels and the curtain lowers making her disappear. Stage lights return to full.

BLANCA: What?!

PILAR: Envy, Blanca. Dirty, filthy envy.

BLANCA: Envy?

PILAR: The worst kind. The kind that comes from wanting what you can never have.

BLANCA: You felt the same thing?

PILAR: Because you'll never get to wear something like that. 'Cause even if someday you were able to get the money together. Even if you stopped paying all your bills and scraped together everything you've got. Even if you won the lottery, the big jackpot, and you could go buy it. You

wouldn't have anywhere to wear it, 'cause jewels like that you don't wear to the corner store with the eyes of greasy drunks working their way into your crack. You don't wear them to see the son of the lady who does your feet get baptized.

BLANCA: You sound angry.

PILAR: Envy because Lewinsky got those jewels and everything that goes with them doing the same thing to the owner of the firm that I was doing to my husband so he'd bring me beans, which, by the way, I had to cook myself.

BLANCA: It sounds so ugly when you put it like that.

PILAR: That's why I buy my own beans now. So I could decide for myself what man I want in my mouth, when I want him in my mouth, and tell my husband to go fry beans.

BLANCA: That's why you got divorced?

PILAR: All thanks to the wake up call of envy. I feel awful it was envy I had to feel, that I still feel. But at least I woke up.

BLANCA: Ok, but don't get like that.

PILAR: The boss wants his coffee.

BLANCA: Who?

PILAR: Who else? The boss.

BLANCA: That was the boss who called?

PILAR: No. It was Bill Clinton asking about a blue dress embroidered with pearls all over here (points to chest)

Blanca runs to get coffee, but Pilar stops her.

PILAR: Blanca!

BLANCA: Yes.

PILAR: Don't pay attention to me. I'm just middle-aged.

BLANCA: Don't say that.

PILAR: I'm forty already.

BLANCA: You're not old.

PILAR: The mid-life crisis is spending your life climbing a ladder only to find out when you reach the top that you had the wrong wall.

BLANCA: What a waste of energy. It's a sin. Starting over?

PILAR: Clean yourself up. Make yourself pretty. Keep that shit-eating expression on your face. Get yourself a man. I'm not saying that 'cause a woman can't live without a man. Of course she can. I'm saying it 'cause we women don't have to pay for a good fuck. Men do. Always. But it's easier to face whatever when there're two of you. And the only thing that keeps two people together for years and years is

Enter Lucia and both say in singsong with a vulgar gesture using both arms to simulate intercourse:

PILAR, LUCIA: Boom, boom, boom!

BLANCA: Lucia!

PILAR, LUCIA: Boom, boom, boom!

LUCIA: Talking about men? (in rhythm)

PILAR, LUCIA: (chorus) Boom, boom, boom

LUCIA: My favorite subject (in rhythm)

PILAR, LUCIA: (chorus) Boom, boom, boom (in rhythm)

LUCIA: Is the New boss here?

PILAR: (alone) Boom boom boom.

BLANCA: Oh, yes!

LUCIA: Am I chasing you away?

PILAR: (to Blanca) Go, go. (to Lucia) You're late again.

LUCIA: You'll never guess what happened to me.

PILAR: What's the story of the day?

LUCIA: It's not a story.

PILAR: It's not a story?

LUCIA: It's not a story. I swear this is not a story.

PILAR: This is not a story.

LUCIA: You know what I mean.

PILAR: No, I don't.

LUCIA: Fine, are you gonna let me talk? Here I come strolling along, brighter and earlier than ever, on my way to work.

PILAR: Bright and early.

LUCIA: Really. The crack of dawn practically. Than ever, I'm telling you. I get off the subway and stop at the bakery for coffee and a pastry.

PILAR: Munchies.

LUCIA: I didn't party last night, that's why I was early.

PILAR: And you ran into Antonio Banderas.

LUCIA: I told you this already?

PILAR: Yeah, you told me this already.

LUCIA: Fine, then drop it.

PILAR: What do you mean drop it?

LUCIA: You won't believe me.

PILAR: You're two hours late to work and you've got the nerve not to tell me why, even if it's a lie.

LUCIA: You'd rather I lie to you?

PILAR: Otherwise I have to make up a story myself, for when the boss asks why you were late today.

LUCIA: He asks you?

PILAR: Of course.

LUCIA: Well, if you want, I'll tell you.

PILAR: But the truth. Like we were friends.

LUCIA: Today's Wednesday.

PILAR: Today is Wednesday.

LUCIA: That's why.

PILAR: Wednesdays are Wednesdays.

LUCIA: You too, huh?

PILAR: You've said it a million times.

LUCIA: You can be so annoying.

PILAR: "Every last Wednesday in the world you're half sleepwalking." Hah.

LUCIA: Actually everyone is half sleepwalking on Wednesdays, only I've realized it and other people don't.

PILAR: Aha.

LUCIA: Whitebread was following me.

PILAR: You're full of shit, Lucia.

LUCIA: I swear.

PILAR: And on top of it you swear?

LUCIA: I saw him first when I was at the bus stop.

PILAR: Look at yourself, Lucia.

LUCIA: Me, it's not like I notice who's around me.

PILAR: You should.

LUCIA: I dropped my paper and the man next to me picked it up, real nice.

PILAR: Whitebread.

LUCIA: No. Whitebread was back behind the line of people, on a little rise, you know? Watching me like a hawk, with eyes like this and his arms crossed.

PILAR: How do you know it was Whitebread?

LUCIA: Afterwards in the subway I dropped some change at the ticket machine, and when I stood up I could feel the weight of his eyes on me again.

PILAR: Whitebread's a description, sketches, stories of what he does, but there's no picture of the guy, or everyone around you would have recognized him.

LUCIA: Then he got on the same car as me.

PILAR: This story is getting really bad.

Enter Blanca with a steaming cup of coffee heading in the direction of the boss's office. She stops to listen.

LUCIA: But he was overconfident. You could tell he had my routine down pat, so he sat down. So at the next stop, just when the door was about to close, I jumped out even though it wasn't my stop and ran like crazy up the stairs, but he must've gotten off there too, god knows how, and was coming after me.

PILAR: Too many movies.

LUCIA: The truth is I ran and ran, until I couldn't go any farther. Of course, I wasn't going to take public transportation after that.

PILAR: You need to buy yourself a car.

LUCIA: I swear when I get some money together I'll spend it on a car, it's a necessity.

PILAR: Then there'll be nothing to make you late.

LUCIA: You don't believe me.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: Last night they broadcast a description of the guy on TV. It was him. That look. That defiant stance. The rapist chin.

PILAR: You dreamt about him.

LUCIA: How'd you know?

PILAR: Whitebread rapes only white women, very white women. Like Blanca. You've got your protective coloring against Whitebread.

LUCIA: So you're not going to believe me.

PILAR: It's Wednesday.

LUCIA: I'm nearly stalked by a serial rapist and you think I'm making it all up as a lousy excuse for being late.

PILAR: The Antonio Banderas one was better.

LUCIA: Today is definitely Wednesday.

BLANCA: The Antonio Banderas story was really good.

LUCIA: You shut up, you unsalted egg, well-lit park, Evangelist's party.

PILAR: Go take your coffee, Blanca.

As she heads toward the office door Blanca says:

BLANCA: Sorry. I was just saying. People are so...

LUCIA: Shut up. Ditz. You know nothing about life. Do what you're supposed to already and see if we can get out...

Blanca knocks on the boss's door and enters.

BLANCA: Good morning, sir, excuse me.

LUCIA: He's here?

PILAR: Of course. You know they come in the back way straight to their office, so no one can tell how long they've been watching you. Besides, it's really late, Lucia.

LUCIA: It's not that late.

PILAR: Of course it is.
LUCIA: He's a morning person too. So what's up?
PILAR: What's up with what?
LUCIA: Lewinsky...
PILAR: Fired.

Lucia goes to the Lewinsky's old cubicle and takes her chair to the cubicle next to Pilar's.

LUCIA: All I want's the chair.
PILAR: Nothing much.
LUCIA: Well, you can have everything else you want. Just leave me the chair.
PILAR: That chair's the same as mine.
LUCIA: Fine, if you want, you take her chair and give me yours.
PILAR: No, thanks. That chair's had a karma put on it, for life.

Lucia gets up from Lewinsky's chair and makes a "Chinese" bow to it and sits back down. She starts doing secretarial duties, paperwork, filing, and then sits down to write at a typewriter or computer.

LUCIA: The ditz didn't find out about Lewinsky's jewels.
PILAR: She hasn't had the chance.
LUCIA: What do you mean she hasn't had the chance?
PILAR: So she says.
LUCIA: What does she think, that Lewinsky's going to say, "Come here, Blanca, let me show you where I hide my jewels"?
PILAR: It's hard. For her. She wasn't brought up the same way.

LUCIA: Fine, darling, but she's come a long way down, now she's got to scratch with the rest of us chickens, and get shit on from above. She better wake up.

PILAR: She's almost convinced.

LUCIA: Almost convinced? Almost fucked is what we are if she doesn't get a move on.

PILAR: She's almost convinced to do it tonight.

LUCIA: Tonight? I hope you're right.

PILAR: Lewinsky's going on a trip with her boyfriend.

LUCIA: The boss?

PILAR: The old boss. Yes, sir. Coming back Sunday.

LUCIA: And the ditz is babysitting.

PILAR: Not every day. Her mom, the Head Lewinsky, is coming to stay with him.

LUCIA: That's almost redundant: Head, Lewinsky. When do we go?

PILAR: After midnight, the Head Lewinsky's going to the movies with her boyfriend.

LUCIA: Granny's got a boyfriend?

PILAR: Take note.

LUCIA: The Lewinsky doesn't fall far from the tree.

PILAR: When Granny gets there, Blanca'll come back here, give us the key and tell us where the jewels are stashed.

LUCIA: Chickenshit. Why doesn't she do it herself?

PILAR: That way you throw off suspicion. Anyway, shut up, if she does it herself she doesn't need us.

LUCIA: And Granny?

PILAR: She always drinks some herbal tea before going to bed and she loves how Blanca makes it.

LUCIA: She's fucked. And if her boyfriend gets the itch?

PILAR: He can't convince her even with Viagra, Granny won't let him in her grandson's house, she keeps up appearances.

LUCIA: Double fucked. For being old-fashioned.

PILAR: That's why they go "to the movies."

LUCIA: Those jewels are worth a bundle.

PILAR: Thousands of dollars.

LUCIA: Dollars. Whenever I hear the word it sounds like millions. Like when they say gold ingots, I always picture Ali Baba's cave.

PILAR: It'll get us up from the bottom.

LUCIA: The first thing I'm gonna do is buy a car, a brand-new one, and a house this side of town.

PILAR: I'm gonna travel.

LUCIA: Alone?

PILAR: Better off alone. And I hope you'll look for better company yourself.

LUCIA: Yeah, sure.

PILAR: You don't sound too convinced.

LUCIA: Of course I am. What do I have to say? He's got to feel my absence, miss me, if he wants us to stay together after this.

PILAR: You know I'm capable of calling the whole thing off just not to be an accomplice.

LUCIA: I swear, I swear.

PILAR: Afterwards I won't be able to live with my conscience.

LUCIA: Look.

PILAR: Did you hear me?

LUCIA: Have you thought about it?

PILAR: You didn't answer me.

LUCIA: What if the jewels are fake?

PILAR: The man's got the money to buy a dozen necklaces like that and then some. But he's still a man.

LUCIA: Exactly.

PILAR: They're all shits.

LUCIA: I'd be pissed, but I'd die laughing if Lewinsky got paid for services rendered with fake jewelry.

PILAR: My father was a jeweler.

LUCIA: My father was a tailor and I can't even sew on a button.

PILAR: I know how to spot them.

LUCIA: With the naked eye?

PILAR: Yeah, with the naked eye too, but I've got my tools.

LUCIA: Ok. Tonight then. So we meet here?

Blanca comes out of the office.

PILAR: Blanca still needs convincing.

LUCIA: You take care of it.

PILAR: Right. You stay out of it.

LUCIA: It's just airheads drive me crazy.

PILAR: She was in there a while.

LUCIA: Maybe Lewinsky taught her her secret.

PILAR: What's the boss say?

BLANCA: Nothing.

PILAR: Nothing?

BLANCA: He was on the phone.

PILAR: With who?

BLANCA: I don't know.

PILAR: You don't know?

BLANCA: I wasn't paying attention.

LUCIA: That's the problem, you don't pay attention.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: It's true.

PILAR: Blanca, the boss is new.

BLANCA: I know.

LUCIA: She doesn't get it.

PILAR: We don't know him.

BLANCA: Of course, he's new.

LUCIA: The little girl's scared.

BLANCA: I'm not scared.

LUCIA: You are. You're scared.

BLANCA: Of what? I'm not scared.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: You're scared of living.

PILAR: He's the boss and we don't know him. So, we need all the information we can get as soon as we can get it.

BLANCA: Why?

LUCIA: Why?

PILAR: Because employees' lives depend on the boss, that's why.

BLANCA: That's not true.

LUCIA: It's not true? If that man who you just took his nice piping-hot cup of coffee doesn't feel like seeing you again, it's over, kaput, everything goes to hell. Got it? You've got nothing to pay the rent, you've got nothing to buy food, they cut off your electricity, your kids've got nothing for school, they won't give you a job anywhere else, 'cause, "Why'd they fire you?" She had to've done something. You get depressed. Your libido sags. Dogs piss on you. Your friends disappear. You feel guilty for

other people's bad jokes even. Your life goes to shit, all because he was disgusted by the color of your toenails.

BLANCA: I don't wear sandals to work.

LUCIA: I'll kill her. I'll kill her.

PILAR: Lucia. Blanca, you don't work, we already went over that, but we do. If you're not gonna help us get every possible scrap of information on the boss, don't come back. I'll take him his coffee and mail. I need those scraps, because the actions of that human being are responsible for my mood even. Got it?

BLANCA: Yes, Pilar. It's crystal clear.

LUCIA: Got it?

BLANCA: Of course. I'm not stupid.

LUCIA: You're not stupid?

BLANCA: I may be whatever you want, but not stupid.

LUCIA: Did you notice, Pilar, that people aren't stupid?

BLANCA: Don't act like you're talking to her when it's me you want to hear.

LUCIA: People say "I have to go on a diet because I'm so fat."

PILAR: No one is stupid.

LUCIA: "I'm so lazy, I have to start getting up earlier."

BLANCA: (To Pilar) You too?

PILAR: It's true.

LUCIA: "I have to help my case by being nice 'cause I am seriously ugly."

BLANCA: Oh, God.

LUCIA: People say that.

PILAR: The truth is I'm really hateful. Or a slut. A bitch. A shit. A bad person.

- LUCIA:** What you'll never hear anyone say is, I am stupid. I won't give my opinion on that because I'm stupid.
- PILAR:** "I have to study because I'm stupid with a capital S."
- LUCIA:** No one will ever admit, not even in a whisper in his own head, "I'd better let someone smart handle this, because of what I am, as stupid as it gets."
- PILAR:** You do hear people say, "I'm going to get some exercise and see if I can stop being so sluggish," but you never hear, even in jest, "I'm going to read for a while to see if I can shake off this stupidity that's got me slack-jawed."
- LUCIA:** "Food for all and the greenhouse effect, two extremes of the same idea? How stupid I am 'cause I don't understand." That's something I never heard anyone say.
- BLANCA:** I don't understand.
- LUCIA:** Me either.
- PILAR:** Another phrase that's never crossed human lips: "I really have to listen to other people to see if I can extirpate this stupidity that's protruding so far it's blocking my view of the world."
- BLANCA:** What's that got to do with me?
- PILAR:** Nothing.
- LUCIA:** I'm silly. I'm spineless. I'm disorganized. Dirty. Messy. Lying. Lascivious. Compulsive. Repulsive. Annoying. Anal-retentive. Intolerant. Fascist. Electra. Medea. Thatcher. Hermetic. Motor mouthed. Manipulative. Selfish. Sold out. Hypocritical. Ridiculous. Eccentric. Exhibitionist. Feminist. Sexist. Gay. Straight. Hysterical. Neurotic. Obsessive. Dyslexic. Anorexic. Hypoglycemic. Bulimic. Constipated. Frigid. Famished. Elephantine. Loose lipped. Sweet-toothed. Gossiping.

Plotting. Backstabbing. Nosey. Tipsy. Dizzy. Dreamy.
Opportunistic. Naïve. Gaping. Gawking. Sanctimonious.
Diabolical. Controlled. Pursued. Penny-pinching. Flat
broke. Foul-mouthed. Vulgar. Rude. Spoiled. Envious.
Adulterous. Homicidal. Patricidal!

- BLANCA:** You said it.
- PILAR:** But never stupid.
- LUCIA:** Stupid never. Right?
- BLANCA:** I'm not stupid.
- LUCIA:** So, you, tonight, after your "thorough investigation,"
you're coming back here with the precise location of the
jewels.
- PILAR:** With the treasure map, right?
- LUCIA:** We won't have to wait for you. You won't come with
excuses. You won't come with stories. Or where you
stash your fears. Right?
- PILAR:** Like the getaway car.
- LUCIA:** Like a boy scout.
- BLANCA:** Sometimes I can't tell when you're being serious.
- LUCIA:** SHIT! We were doing so well.
- PILAR:** Lucia. Everything's fine.
- LUCIA:** No. Nothing's fine.
- PILAR:** Everything's going to be fine.
- LUCIA:** It can't be fine.
- PILAR:** It'll be fine.
- LUCIA:** How's it gonna be fine?
- PILAR:** Have faith.
- LUCIA:** How desperate must I be to be putting my life, my past,
my future in the hands of this snot nose brat.
- BLANCA:** You're in good hands.

LUCIA: Shit!

PILAR: Have faith or get out, doubt brings karma.

LUCIA: How is it I always end up being the guilty one? (Making a “Chinese” bow to Pilar)

PILAR: You’re not guilty of anything.

LUCIA: I know I’m not.

PILAR: Watch the negative energy.

LUCIA: You know how spiritual I am.

PILAR: That’s why.

BLANCA: Maybe we should take your friend here and go for a reading.

PILAR: Make her feel good and it’ll all turn out better.

BLANCA: Or the I Ching. Remember?

PILAR: Have faith in her.

LUCIA: Faith? Faith is what you have in saints, runes, coffee grounds, the gods of Olympus, Abraham, the angels and archangels, myrrh, oil, the blood of Christ, even the smell of incense.

BLANCA: It’s all planned.

LUCIA: (to Blanca) Do you believe in God?

PILAR: Of course she does.

LUCIA: In Chaos theory?

BLANCA: You know I believe in all that.

LUCIA: Do you believe in the force?

BLANCA: May the force be with you. (Serious)

LUCIA: Are you mocking me?

PILAR: Why should she, Lucia?

LUCIA: That was a kind of smirk I saw, wasn’t it?

BLANCA: I don’t joke about stuff like that.

LUCIA: I know the attitude, I don't joke about it but I don't believe it either, so let me just put on my poker face and sneak by.

BLANCA: That's not it either.

One of the three phones in the office begins ringing.

LUCIA: You don't take life seriously, do you?

BLANCA: My life isn't serious.

LUCIA: That's not what I asked.

PILAR: Answer the question.

LUCIA: The Jedi religion is serious.

BLANCA: Of course.

LUCIA: They have Jedi churches all around the world, here too, and they believe in the force, with George Lucas as the Moses who delivers the message.

BLANCA: Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

PILAR: Watch it, Lucia.

Pilar picks up the phone and immediately hangs it up again.

LUCIA: Luke, Leia and Solo.

PILAR: Chewbacca, C3PO and R2D2.

BLANCA: Is it true?

PILAR: Is the earth round?

BLANCA: The earth wasn't always round.

LUCIA: The earth wasn't round?

PILAR: What're you talking about, silly?

LUCIA: You see, she is dumb.

PILAR: It's your time of the month, right?

One of the three phones rings.

BLANCA: No. The earth became round after Columbus.

LUCIA: Fuck. And these are the hands we're in.

PILAR: God you're so stupid.

BLANCA: That's what religion said.

LUCIA: That the earth wasn't round?

PILAR: It's true.

BLANCA: They killed over it.

Another phone rings. Pilar picks it up and hangs up again. The other goes on ringing.

PILAR: Fanatics.

BLANCA: The religious authorities.

LUCIA: Whatever. That doesn't change the fact that there's a single cosmic energy for every creature in the universe.

BLANCA: The religion that was popular back then said that the earth wasn't round, the religion that's popular today says what you're saying.

LUCIA: (to Pilar) Have faith. It takes an effort!

All three phones ring off the hook.

PILAR: Well, duty calls.

The three answer in unison and say in chorus:

BLANCA,

PILAR & LUCIA: Office for Abandoned and Needy Children, how can we help you?

BLACK.

Act Two-

Nighttime. In the same office.

LUCIA: Friendship -- plenty. Work -- plenty. But health and money are short.

PILAR: And love's a dwarf.

LUCIA: Thanks.

PILAR: No problem.

LUCIA: My word for the day is Diplomacy.

PILAR: You could use it.

LUCIA: Twenty-seven's my number for the day.

PILAR: You look it up every day?

LUCIA: Not every day, but you don't understand, the more harmonized you are with the constant flow of universal energy, the better you start your day.

PILAR: What, you start your day with Aunt Flo?

LUCIA: Respect the universe. First learn about it, without knowledge there can be no respect.

PILAR: How am I supposed to learn about it? By reading the horoscope? Runes? Cigar ashes or coffee grounds?

LUCIA: With any of those things. They're all paths to the same city.

PILAR: So what happens when your key word is, say, Diatribe? What do you have to do?

LUCIA: Diamond? It's in you.

PILAR: It's in me.

LUCIA: Yes, in you.

PILAR: The Diatribe is in me.

LUCIA: Right.

PILAR: But you don't have Diplomacy in you.

LUCIA: We all have all words. What you have to do is polish that word, that concept, that idea, that feeling it evokes in you, let it out 'til it floods you, it overflows you and you fill the world with that word inside you struggling to be universal.

PILAR: Like the great flood.

LUCIA: Exactly, flood everything with that word you're hoarding, that you've tended, that you've made grow and multiply like wafers in a communion plate.

PILAR: Drown the whole world with your Diatribe.

The phone rings.

LUCIA: She called finally.

PILAR: Hello?

LUCIA: Is it her?

Pilar hangs up.

LUCIA: Was it her?

PILAR: You know I had a second cousin who really believed in all that horoscope stuff.

LUCIA: Who was it?

PILAR: More than you.

LUCIA: Who called?

PILAR: Every day she read the horoscope. Only the horoscope. No I Ching. Numerology or Aromatherapy.

LUCIA: Was it her?

PILAR: Her mother was very Catholic and didn't like that stuff.

LUCIA: That's got nothing to do with it. Faith is a whole.

PILAR: “Keep your eyes peeled today and you’ll find the love of your life.” And that’s how she married her sweetie.

LUCIA: That’s how it is.

PILAR: “Dental trouble? Today’s the day to take care of it.”
That’s when she did her first root canal, crown and all.

LUCIA: Incredible.

PILAR: One day she got “today you could find yourself planning a quick trip that will change your life.”

LUCIA: She moved out of the country?

PILAR: She tried cocaine.

LUCIA: So, then it wasn’t the airhead who called.

PILAR: “The number seven will bring you luck again.” She was born on the seventh, June seventh no less.

LUCIA: So? No, don’t be morbid.

PILAR: No, no, no, she’s not dead.

LUCIA: So?

PILAR: The day she was turning 34, she found out she was born on the boat that brought her mother here.

LUCIA: 34. Add the numbers, three plus four and you get seven. June seventh is the seventh of the seventh. (making the sign of the cross) Obi, Wan Kenobi.

PILAR: The boat they came on was the seventh to come into port that day, the seventh day of the seventh month.

LUCIA: Hallelujah.

PILAR: But my cousin was born on the other side of the Greenwich line.

The phone rings.

LUCIA: So?

PILAR: She was really born on the eighth, not the seventh.

LUCIA: But faith made her happy.

PILAR: She's a coke addict. Her husband cheated on her. And left her with seven kids and another on the way.

LUCIA: Pick up the fucking phone and see if it's the birdbrain or not.

PILAR: Have faith. Hello?

LUCIA: Faith I do not have in that child.

PILAR: (to phone) Maybe.

LUCIA: Is it the ditz?

PILAR: What do you want to know, say?

LUCIA: Tell her to get here now.

PILAR: It's nighttime, what do you wear at night?

LUCIA: It's not.

PILAR: Of course, you've got to be comfortable.

LUCIA: She's going to stand us up.

PILAR: Silk. I like the way silk caresses my skin.

LUCIA: All dressed up and raring to go.

PILAR: What about you?

LUCIA: I knew this crap.

PILAR: Really?

LUCIA: She who lies down with babes wakes up covered in shit.

PILAR: What would you do to me?

LUCIA: Who are you talking to?

PILAR: That sounds nice.

LUCIA: Quit whoring around.

PILAR: What else? Wow.

LUCIA: The girl's gonna call, hang up.

PILAR: I'm stroking my ankles.

LUCIA: She's gonna call and you're gonna give her the excuse.

PILAR: I'm stroking up my legs...now my inner thigh...softly.

LUCIA: She's gonna come and say no one answered the phone.

PILAR: Naked, completely naked, not a stitch on?

LUCIA: Are you listening to me?

PILAR: Hairy? Are you hairy?

LUCIA: (shouts) Honey, you've got school tomorrow. Who are you talking to at this time of night?

PILAR: (to the phone) Nobody.

LUCIA: (shouts) Nobody? Hand me that phone.

PILAR: (to the phone) 40, I'm 40 years old. Really!

LUCIA: I'm calling the police.

PILAR: He hung up.

LUCIA: Thank God you don't come without touching yourself, like Meg Ryan.

PILAR: Turning forty sucks.

LUCIA: If the little slut doesn't show up I swear I'll beat her to a pulp, ok she'll be a shit smoothie, but I'll beat her to a pulp.

PILAR: You still have fantasies even if you do have white hairs sprouting out all over you. All over.

LUCIA: You have...hot fantasies?

PILAR: Don't you?

LUCIA: Of course.

PILAR: So?

LUCIA: I don't know.

PILAR: You think I'm too old to be human?

LUCIA: It's not that.

PILAR: You think I'm a prude?

LUCIA: Me.

PILAR: I'm a woman.

LUCIA: I mean do you think about things that make you...

PILAR: Things that make you weep?

LUCIA: More or less.

PILAR: Drip like a snow cone cart?

LUCIA: Ooh, I kind of got embarrassed.

PILAR: You?

LUCIA: Just remembering here, outside my room.

PILAR: You want me to tell you one of mine?

LUCIA: Don't you get...

PILAR: Sure, but, we're friends, right?

LUCIA: I don't know if I'll be able to tell you one of mine.

PILAR: You know what's embarrassing?

LUCIA: That you're on fire all by yourself like an altar candle?

PILAR: No. That you want it to come true.

LUCIA: Oh, no, how embarrassing.

PILAR: You see?

LUCIA: Oh, no, no.

PILAR: You ever dream about a donkey?

LUCIA: You too?

PILAR: Once.

LUCIA: Where's this stuff come from?

PILAR: I was little. I was in the car with my parents. My dad had a Dodge Dart, I remember. Light blue.

LUCIA: And you saw a donkey.

PILAR: My mom pointed the donkey out to me.

LUCIA: Your mom?

PILAR: "Look at the little donkey, Pilar honey." Sweet as could be.

LUCIA: And the donkey hung like the wire on a suspension bridge.

PILAR: When she pointed it out you couldn't see anything.

LUCIA: It was covered.

PILAR: Cause of the angle, yeah. But when we came up
alongside

LUCIA: It made your mouth water.

PILAR: No, I was too little for that. Mom let out a yelp, "Oh,
God," and giggled like a naughty schoolgirl.

LUCIA: But you knew what it was.

PILAR: Of course, and I yelled out: "His weenie's like a Kit Kat,
only huge."

LUCIA: But that's not a fantasy.

PILAR: No. The fantasy is what pops into my head every time I
think about a Kit Kat.

LUCIA: Mother.

PILAR: Mother?

LUCIA: Mother. Mother Nature.

PILAR: What about her?

LUCIA: Oh no. I'm not telling you anything.

The phone rings.

LUCIA: In my fantasy I feel like mother nature. I mean, mother
earth. I feel like mother earth.

PILAR: That must be her.

LUCIA: I might lose my nerve after.

PILAR: Oh, no. Else I'm not answering.

LUCIA: Answer the airhead, she's ruining my life.

PILAR: You'll tell me.

The phone keeps ringing.

PILAR: You'll tell me. (pause) You'll tell me.

The phone keeps ringing.

LUCIA: I'll tell you. I'll tell you. I will.

PILAR: (to the phone) Hello? (to Lucia) Promise. (To the phone) I'll let you talk to my mom.

LUCIA: Stinky cheese again? (Takes the phone) He hung up.

PILAR: There sure are plenty of people with nothing to do.

PILAR: You want to tell me what the two of us are doing here in this office in the wee hours of the morning if it's not wasting our time?

LUCIA: We've got things to do.

PILAR: Wasting our time instead of looking for a job that'll put food on the table.

The phone rings.

LUCIA: Give it here. (Takes the phone) Look, you giant prick, why don't you go rape a loofah in the desert. Blanca?

PILAR: I knew it was her.

LUCIA: Why aren't you here?

PILAR: Is she ok? Nothing happened to her?

LUCIA: Since midnight, waiting for Godot.

PILAR: Ok, she's gotta bring us the key, she tells us where the jewels are and while Lewinsky's sleeping... and then, after, we go straight to work, bright and early, like every day. Let me talk to her.

LUCIA: Did you find jewels' stash?

PILAR: Of course she did, she's very responsible.

LUCIA: Did you see them? You opened it and you touched them with your own hands, you looked them over and you're sure they're the ones and they'll be there when we go to get them.

PILAR: I'll bet she didn't, the scaredy cat. Let me talk to her, I'll convince her.

LUCIA: Ok, but fly, it's almost morning. (hangs up)

PILAR: What happened?

LUCIA: The Head Lewinsky just got back.

PILAR: Did something happen?

LUCIA: She ran late. The old whore.

PILAR: Well, so she had more time to snoop around.

LUCIA: It's almost morning and here we sit like Pinky and the Brain.

PILAR: Let's be cool, we're on the verge of getting away from all this that's got our lives going upstream. Your fantasy.

LUCIA: You're kinda kinky, huh?

PILAR: Your fantasy.

LUCIA: You ever tell anyone else the Kit Kat thing?

PILAR: Two other people besides you.

LUCIA: How do you do it? Who'd you tell?

PILAR: A boyfriend I had.

LUCIA: A man? You said all that about the donkey to a man?

PILAR: Everything. Just like I told you.

LUCIA: That's why you tell it so easy. So, what'd he say?

PILAR: Nothing.

LUCIA: Nothing?

PILAR: Nothing.

LUCIA: You told him you like to suck your fingers all covered in Kit Kat and the guy just sat there quiet as can be.

PILAR: Quiet as can be. Without a word, he stood up and left and I never saw him again.

LUCIA: So the Kit Kat thing is insect repellent too. Can I use it?

PILAR: It's all yours. It lets them know theirs is small.

LUCIA: Brilliant.

PILAR: Your fantasy.

LUCIA: But you can't use it.

PILAR: No.

LUCIA: Never.

PILAR: Spill it.

LUCIA: I feel...it's embarrassing.

PILAR: Because of me?

LUCIA: Because of me.

PILAR: You're mother earth.

LUCIA: Right.

PILAR: And then what?

LUCIA: And, well, then, I don't know to say it.

PILAR: There's a man?

LUCIA: Yes. And he...I can't, I don't know what's wrong with me.

PILAR: Turn around.

LUCIA: What?

PILAR: Turn around. Forget I'm here.

LUCIA: (Turns around) I. My fantasy is...Sometimes I dream, I imagine, sometimes I feel, and my nipples get hard and my legs spread, and I'm frothing with pleasure. The truth, in my fantasy I'm mother earth...and they sow me.

PILAR: Lots? Lots of men?

LUCIA: I don't know.

PILAR: You don't know?

LUCIA: Yeah, it's like a gigantic jackhammer.

PILAR: A huge vibrator. Brrrrr!

LUCIA: No. Because it's slow. And bit by bit it sows all my land. I've got my legs in the air. And he's sowing. With all his weight on my shoulders. And he's sowing. My ankles rubbing his shoulders. And he penetrates me. He sows me. So deep. He sows me. And he sows (begins beating the desk slowly) And he sows. And sows. (Begins moaning) And sows. And sows. (Crying) And sows. And sows.

PILAR: The creep hit you again.

LUCIA: No.

PILAR: No?

LUCIA: No. Of course not. It's not like I'm his daughter.

PILAR: Even if you were his daughter, he shouldn't abuse you.

LUCIA: Don't you think I look thinner?

PILAR: Don't run away, you coward.

LUCIA: And my skin's softer.

PILAR: Don't change the subject.

LUCIA: I upped my water intake by fifty percent.

PILAR: What for?

LUCIA: We women are eighty percent water.

PILAR: And men?

LUCIA: Men?

PILAR: Yes. Men.

LUCIA: Men are one hundred percent shit.

PILAR: When are you gonna leave him?

LUCIA: I drink eight glasses of water. He loves me.

PILAR: And that's why he hits you.

LUCIA: Water eliminates toxins. Ok, he's got his temper. But that's why he's a man.

PILAR: To hit women?

LUCIA: Men are warriors.

PILAR: That's all we need.

LUCIA: It's hard for them to control their emotions.

PILAR: Do you hear yourself?

LUCIA: Why can't a man say, "I love you"?

PILAR: You're defending that creep.

LUCIA: Because they don't teach him to say it. Because we don't teach him. It's us women when we raise them we tell them to be assholes and run even us down without a second glance. Because we raise them to be cretins.

PILAR: So now it's my fault.

LUCIA: That's why soldiers are men. 'Cause they're the ones who can pick up a knife and go fight a million enemy missiles controlled by remote with a joystick.

PILAR: Oh, so even war justifies that the good-for-nothing raises his hand to you.

LUCIA: 'Cause these busybodies who invade the barracks and dress up as soldiers aren't an army. An army's a homogenous unit made up of a single element, and when one of these bitches, no matter how butch she is, looks around her, what she sees are people with a thing hanging between their legs. They don't get a period. They don't get pregnant. They don't breastfeed.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: Men when they go through long periods of stress like the one we're in now with the way things are in this country, they get volatile, irritable, temperamental, they're easily annoyed.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: In this country we're all sheep and it's not easy being raised to take control, for positions of power, and then suddenly to realize you have to grovel.

PILAR: Lucia.

LUCIA: But he loves me, Pilar. You have to see how he gets when he thinks he's really hurt me.

PILAR: Good God, Lucia.

LUCIA: It's pathetic. He gets down on his knees with that little boy face. He makes such a fuss over me it brings tears to my eyes. He baby talks to me like I was his little girl. He looks sick with worry. If you saw how sincerely, how devoutly he prays for my health. He begs for my forgiveness, he humbles himself before me, out of love, and with real love, because it's in his eyes, you can see it in his eyes, he promises never to do it again. And I know it's true. And I know if I just hadn't shot off my mouth. Or if I had gotten home early. Or if I hadn't been bad. I know that man. When he's able to control himself and he forgives me, then he's himself again, my husband, my man, my boyfriend, my lover, he's the man I love again. When he realizes what he's done to me, he's sorry and loves me again just like always.

PILAR: One day he'll go too far, Lucia.

LUCIA: No. What we have to do once and for all is get out of this stressful situation and then it'll all be the way it was before. You'll see.

PILAR: You know what Blanca's fantasy is?

LUCIA: I didn't realize you were such friends.

PILAR: To be raped.

LUCIA: Chicken.

PILAR: Chicken?

LUCIA: Irresponsible.

PILAR: It's a fantasy.

LUCIA: That way she saves herself the hunt, the searching, the agony of seeing your defects in the mirror. That way she's not responsible. "Oh, they fucked me, and I hardly even liked it."

PILAR: She likes Kit Kat too.

LUCIA: She knows about the Kit Kat?

PILAR: That's why she told me her fantasy.

LUCIA: Tit for tat.

PILAR: In life it's all about bartering, Lucia.

LUCIA: I'll show you mine and you show me yours.

PILAR: That's it more or less. Without the cattiness.

LUCIA: And then you trade them like baseball cards in the schoolyard. Did you know Maria dreams about another woman going down on her? Did you hear that Antonia dreams of having anal sex with a priest?

Enter Blanca. She stands in front of Lucia. Blanca's dress is torn to shreds, she is carrying her shoes, her hair is a mess and a thread of blood crosses her face.

LUCIA: And Lucia's husband hits her and she likes it. Well, for your information, it's not that I like it, it's just that I love him even though he hits me, get it? Can you understand that? Just like if he had a big gut, or liked to drink or had a little one. I love him. Even if he beats me to death, I love him.

BLANCA: He hit you again?

LUCIA: Stay out of my life, little girl. Don't even think about me and my husband like that or I'll scratch your throat out.

PILAR: Jeez. What happened to you?

BLANCA: I don't know.

PILAR: Were you mugged?

LUCIA: Nothing, nothing happened to her, what could happen to her, nothing. When you're that age nothing happens to you. You're immortal.

PILAR: But look at you. Look at your legs, you've got...

BLANCA: I don't feel so... good.

LUCIA: The immortal.

PILAR: Come. Sit. What happened to you, sweetheart?

LUCIA: Joan of Arc. Batgirl. Florence Nightingale. Super girl. Lady Di. Jamie Summer.

PILAR: Who did this to you? Did he...did he...?

LUCIA: You feel like nothing in the world can hurt you.

PILAR: My fault. I shouldn't have sent you. You shouldn't have been walking those streets alone. You're not used to it.

LUCIA: Leave her alone. Fuck her. (grabs her by the hair angrily) You wanted a shot of reality? Well you got it. Right to the vein. The kind that burns. The kind that's loveless. Damn it. Raw reality. Like Survivor: The Amazon, right sweetheart?

Blanca faints.

LUCIA: Fuck. Bullshit. Bullshit. Don't you die. Did she die, Pilar? She can't die. Sing to her, Pilar.

PILAR: (sings) Rockabye baby...

LUCIA: No, no, no. Wake up, baby, don't you die on me yet, there's a lot left to do in this life.

PILAR: I think her fantasy came true.

LUCIA: Wake up, you bitch.

PILAR: I shouldn't have exposed her. She was so naïve.

LUCIA: Don't talk like she's already dead. (shouts in Blanca's ear at the top of her lungs) WAKE UP GODDAMNIT!

BLANCA: Mommy?

LUCIA: Oh how sweet.

PILAR: She back?

BLANCA: I'm so sleepy.

PILAR: Don't let her sleep.

LUCIA: No, don't sleep I've got something funny to tell you. Let's dance, come on.

Lucia tries to pick her up and dance with her. Blanca sags like a rag doll.

BLANCA: Mommy? There's no school today.

LUCIA: Of course there's no school, honey. The school of fucking is where they sent this one.

PILAR: Blanca?

Lucia puts Blanca half-seated on the floor, and starts to look through all the desk drawers.

PILAR: Blanca, do you hear me? (to Lucia) What are you looking for?

LUCIA: I don't know. Something to entertain her, damnit, so she doesn't fall asleep.

PILAR: Blanca. What happened to you?

BLANCA: Can I sleep a little longer?

PILAR: Of course, honey.

LUCIA: What do you mean “of course”? She can’t sleep. Check this out, Blanca.

Lucia takes a silk, leopard spotted g-string from Lewinsky’s desk drawer.

LUCIA: Woo who huy.

PILAR: Where’d you get that?

LUCIA: I think I found Lewi’s emergency kit.

BLANCA: What?

PILAR: Lucia, she’s crazy.

LUCIA: Crazy? I got her to open her eyes.

Lucia takes off her panties from under her dress and puts on the g-string.

LUCIA: (sings as she takes off her dress sensually) *Cómo me saco tu amor / Cómo distraigo el dolor / Muchas veces las cosas no salen como tú las quieres.*

PILAR: Bravo.

LUCIA: (still singing) *Ya no quiero despertar / Ya no puedo respirar / Ya no me quedan lágrimas no te puedo llorar.*

PILAR: Pearls!

LUCIA: (continues singing) *Tengo un amor / Que hizo volar / la soledad en mí / pero tu ahora quieres irte para siempre de mí / Y no te lloro porque me quedé / sin lágrimas*

PILAR

and BLANCA: We’re pearls!

LUCIA: *puedes irte ya / no tengo lágrimas / no puedo llorar más
/ me está doliendo tu amor / amor, mi amor, no puedo
más /*

Blanca claps along.

LUCIA, PILAR: *ya me quedé / sin lágrimas / puedes irte ya / no tengo
lágrimas / no puedo llorar más / y aunque no quiera /
con ojos secos / lloraré sin lágrimas.*

Blanca joins in singing with Lucia and Pilar.

ALL: *ya me quedé / sin lágrimas / puedes irte ya / no tengo
lágrimas / no puedo llorar más /*

**Lucia stops singing and pounces on Blanca. Pilar and Blanca continue
singing out of inertia.**

LUCIA: Give me the key

BLANCA &

PILAR: *y aunque no quiera / con ojos secos / lloraré sin lágrimas*

*** (see last page for translated lyrics)*

LUCIA: The key.

BLANCA: What?

LUCIA: Lewinsky's key. And her stash, the jewels?

PILAR: Lucia, she still feels bad.

LUCIA: Before she feels worse.

BLANCA: I don't know.

LUCIA: I don't know? What do you mean I don't know?

PILAR: What happened to you?

LUCIA: She was raped, Pilar. Tell me, where are Lewinsky's jewels, before you pass out again.

PILAR: Can't you see she might be dying?

BLANCA: I raped him.

PILAR: What?

LUCIA: Fairytales. A little girl's lies. Now give me the key and tell me where to look.

PILAR: You raped a man?

BLANCA: Whitebread.

LUCIA: The key.

PILAR: Whitebread?

BLANCA: It was good.

LUCIA: The key.

PILAR: How'd it happen?

LUCIA: Your fantasy come true.

BLANCA: You told her?

PILAR: Begin at the beginning 'cause you're the one who looks like she got raped.

BLANCA: I told you not to tell anyone.

LUCIA: Relax, I didn't believe any of it anyway.

PILAR: Did he break into the apartment? Or grab you in the elevator?

BLANCA: That was a confession between friends.

LUCIA: And I'm your enemy. The key.

PILAR: Did you ambush him?

BLANCA: If I wanted her to know, I'd've told her myself.

LUCIA: Oh, no. Go find yourself a Kit Kat who understands you. Give me the fucking keys.

PILAR: Go on, baby. Don't hold the hurt in.

LUCIA: No, but she didn't hold it in, it was in and out, in and out.

BLANCA: He was waiting for me.

PILAR: What?

LUCIA: Where?

BLANCA: He was stalking me, the naughty boy.

PILAR: You say it like...

LUCIA: She liked it, she liked it.

BLANCA: He gave me the scare of my life.

LUCIA: Did he point a gun at you? Grab you from behind with a knife? Knock you on your ass?

BLANCA: He said "Good evening"

PILAR: Rough.

LUCIA: Fuck.

PILAR: That is rough.

BLANCA: He said he liked the way I walk.

PILAR: How gallant.

LUCIA: They're all exactly the same.

BLANCA: That I walk like a baby duckling.

LUCIA: Pig.

PILAR: Yeah. They're all pigs.

BLANCA: He asked if he could walk with me, 'cause there's a rapist on the loose.

PILAR: Yeah, him.

LUCIA: Mangy dog.

BLANCA: He liked my hair.

PILAR: But how'd it happen?

LUCIA: How'd he rape you?

BLANCA: He didn't rape me.

PILAR: He didn't rape you.

LUCIA: A rapist doesn't rape you.

BLANCA: That's right.

LUCIA: Of course.

BLANCA: Well, at first he did.

PILAR: Spill it.

LUCIA: Out with it already.

BLANCA: He took me down a shortcut.

PILAR: And you went?

BLANCA: He had a flashlight.

LUCIA: And he said you were the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen in his life.

BLANCA: How'd you know?

LUCIA: Fig.

PILAR: Go on.

LUCIA: All they do is rape us. All of them.

BLANCA: While we were walking, I tripped.

LUCIA: You tripped?

BLANCA: I think so.

PILAR: You're not sure.

BLANCA: Not anymore.

PILAR: You fell.

BLANCA: Like a green banana.

LUCIA: And you think you tripped.

BLANCA: I fell flat out. And he fell on top. He put his hand over my mouth and told me to keep quiet.

PILAR: In a macho voice.

LUCIA: Let me take off these panties, they're squeezing me so tight they're getting my hopes up.

Lucia goes to the desk, takes off Lewinsky's leopard print g-string, puts it back in the drawer and puts her own on again.

PILAR: He pulled up your skirt.

LUCIA: He tore off your underwear.

PILAR: He ripped your blouse.

LUCIA: He bit your nipples till they bled.

PILAR: Till your crotch tightened.

LUCIA: He squeezed your breasts.

PILAR: He pinched your nipples.

LUCIA: He bit your neck. Your ear.

PILAR: Like Tyson and Holyfield.

LUCIA: Did he pull it out or did you?

PILAR: Yeah. 'Cause you've even got to pull it out for these idiots.

BLANCA: Him. Me. I was so scared. I didn't know what to do.

LUCIA: Till you felt the burn.

BLANCA: I felt like he was tearing me inside like a sheet of paper.

LUCIA: You couldn't hold back tears.

PILAR: Fear. Helplessness. Rage.

BLANCA: I cried.

LUCIA: Pig.

BLANCA: But I followed your advice, Pilar.

LUCIA: Relax and enjoy.

PILAR: That's my advice?

BLANCA: Yes, ma'am.

LUCIA: You say it all the time.

PILAR: But it was just a saying.

BLANCA: When I started enjoying it, he stopped moving.

LUCIA: He got scared.

BLANCA: I got on top of him.

PILAR: You rode him?

BLANCA: I felt like he was more mine than anything else I've had in this life.

PILAR: Don't tell me you fell in love.

LUCIA: Like a good little pearl.

BLANCA: And he fell in love with me.

LUCIA: In love with a pig.

PILAR: I can't believe it.

BLANCA: He asked me to marry him.

PILAR: You're not thinking...

BLANCA: He meant it.

LUCIA: Of course. He really meant it.

PILAR: You're going to see each other again?

BLANCA: He asked for my number.

LUCIA: You gave him your number?

BLANCA: This number.

LUCIA: Brilliant.

PILAR: Are you crazy?

BLANCA: I'm sure he won't call.

PILAR: You gave this number to that pig?

LUCIA: And what if he does call?

BLANCA: He won't call.

PILAR: He said he'd call and you believed him.

BLANCA: I'm sure he won't.

PILAR: Why was he going to call you?

BLANCA: To decide.

LUCIA: What? The charges?

BLANCA: Our wedding date.

LUCIA: Oh, you told him to give you time to figure out the best date. "Let me see, if I don't bleed to death, maybe we can bind ourselves together for life."

BLANCA: It's not like that.

PILAR: What's it like, then?

BLANCA: He wanted me to give him an answer right then.

PILAR: So he's going to call to see if you'll marry him.

BLANCA: No. I already said yes.

LUCIA: So it's to see if he's should wear a suit or a tux.

BLANCA: He got scared when I said yes.

PILAR: Of course.

LUCIA: Like any pig.

BLANCA: He ran off.

PILAR: He won't call.

LUCIA: Never.

BLANCA: I know he won't.

PILAR: After eating the cake?

LUCIA: With his hands, licking his fingers and without a ring?

BLANCA: I don't think he'll call.

PILAR: He's not gonna call.

BLANCA: I know he won't.

PILAR: Get it into your head. He's not gonna call.

BLANCA: He won't call.

LUCIA: Ever.

BLANCA: Never.

PILAR: Is that clear?

BLANCA: Yes.

Lewinsky comes out of the boss's office, like a storm cloud.

LEWINSKY: Pigs. Fucking pigs. Every man in the world is a fucking pig.

Lewinsky goes to her desk drawer and takes out her leopard print panties.

PILAR: Good morning.

LUCIA: Hi.

BLANCA: How are you?

LEWINSKY: It's all our fault. We put all those ideas in their heads that they're the kings of the world, we make sure they are, and now we even go to their offices, as secretaries, never bosses, so we can wait on them at home and out of it too.

LUCIA: Disgusting.

LEWINSKY: Disgusting. They're assholes is what they are.

PILAR: Disgusting.

LEWINSKY: The other one dropped me like that. And now this one, even though I went down on my knees, begged for my son, offered him absolutely all of me, damnit, they're fucking swine.

Lewinsky puts on the leopard print panties.

BLANCA: Disgusting.

LEWINSKY: Yeah. It's disgusting what pigs they are.

PILAR: Calm down.

LUCIA: He can hear you.

LEWINSKY: Let him. Pig. Swine. A thousand times swine. What's he gonna do to me? Fire me?

BLANCA: He wouldn't take you back?

LEWINSKY: You don't get it, do you? And my son?

BLANCA: I left him with Mom.

LEWINSKY: I'm his mother, twit.

BLANCA: I meant your mother.

LEWINSKY: Don't even say her name. That's my mother-in-law. You just bumble through life without a clue.

BLANCA: I thought.

LEWINSKY: Enough already. Shut up or maybe a slap or two'll wise you up.

Lewinsky falls into a chair.

LEWINSKY: And I can't even make the rent this month.

PILAR: Weren't you going on vacation with the old boss?

LEWINSKY: He canceled.

LUCIA, PILAR,

BLANCA: Swine!

LEWINSKY: I'm gonna have to jump the evil dwarf.

PILAR: Which one?

LUCIA: That's disgusting, sister.

LEWINSKY: (to Lucia) You know him?

LUCIA: No.

LEWINSKY: It's a little thing about this big.

The phone rings.

PILAR: It looks bigger this way.

LEWINSKY: Kit Kat

BLANCA: Family size Kit Kat.

LUCIA: (to Pilar) You do trade cards, don't you?

LEWINSKY: A glass eye.

LUCIA: (to Pilar) You're shameless.

The phone keeps ringing.

BLANCA: Who can it be at this time?

LEWINSKY: And he goes around like he owns the world, the lousy pygmy.

PILAR: But he pays your rent.

BLANCA: I'm going to answer.

LEWINSKY: He's my landlord.

LUCIA: Ah so we're home free. A roof for a bed.

LEWINSKY: It's a hard life.

BLANCA: Should I answer?

LUCIA: Hang on. I'll answer.

PILAR: But, let me ask you something.

LUCIA: Aha.

BLANCA: They're gonna hang up.

LEWINSKY: What is it?

PILAR: I'm curious. Something simple.

LEWINSKY: Nothing's simple. I've been a woman all my life and nothing is simple.

The phone stops ringing.

BLANCA: I told you.

PILAR: (to Blanca) What?

BLANCA: They were going to hang up.

PILAR: The jewels the old boss gave you...

LEWINSKY: Jewels shmewels. Here they are.

Lewinsky goes to her desk, where she kept her panties, and pulls out the box of tampons.

LUCIA: What jewels?

PILAR: You remember, Lucia? The jewels she wore to the company party last year.

LUCIA: No, I don't recall...

BLANCA: Oh well, Lucia, the jewels, the jewels.

PILAR: Hold on, Blanca. Lucia, the jewels she wore with that gorgeous dress we were talking about.

LUCIA: Oh, yeah. I remember the dress, it was beautiful (to Lewinsky) and it fit you like a dream.

LEWINSKY: I don't remember the dress (shakes the tampon box, making a sound like maracas)

BLANCA: I don't remember the dress either.

PILAR: Blanca. Why don't you go get a cup of coffee for the boss?

BLANCA: (to Lewinsky) Well, but you remember the jewels, right?

Blanca heads toward the coffeemaker.

LEWINSKY: Those jewels are no jewels.

Takes the jewels out of the box. They all stand, the lights go down except on Lewinsky, who stands holding the jewels up before them.

BLANCA: They're gorgeous.

LUCIA: Striking.

PILAR: Straight out of a fairytale.

LEWINSKY: They're like a man's love.

LUCIA: Bigger.
PILAR: Better.
BLANCA: I don't know.
LEWINSKY: They're FAKE!

All lights up on stage.

LUCIA, PILAR: What?
LEWINSKY: Like a man's love.
BLANCA: It can't be.
LEWINSKY: Glass.
PILAR: I can't believe it.
LEWINSKY: All costume.
LUCIA: Swine.
LEWINSKY: All lies.

The phone rings.

ALL: Swine!

Blanca, bringing in the coffee, answers.

BLANCA: (to phone) Office for Abandoned and Needy Children,
how can we help you?

Blanca drops the coffee cup. Lucia, Pilar, and Lewinsky all speak at once.

LUCIA: No exceptions.
PILAR: They're the worst.

LEWINSKY: All shit, that's right, A-L-L shit.
LUCIA: Not even my father.
PILAR: They're all a bunch of pricks.
LUCIA: Swine.
BLANCA: (whispers stuttering) W.W. White. Whitebread, baby?

All fall silent.

BLANCA: Yes. Of course. Of course.

Blanca sits on the floor.

LEWINSKY: Who can that be?
BLANCA: Oh, how sweet.
LUCIA: The guy who raped her.
LEWINSKY: What?
PILAR: She was the one who raped him.
LEWINSKY: And they fell in love.

Lucia and Pilar nod.

LEWINSKY: How sweet.

Blanca holds the phone away and talks listlessly.

BLANCA: He says I cured him.
LUCIA: Is he going to marry you?
LEWINSKY: Nice couple.
BLANCA: He's going back to where he's from.
LEWINSKY: We're all pearls.

BLANCA: To get his life back.
LEWINSKY: Pearls before swine.
BLANCA: To get back together with his wife.
LEWINSKY: He doesn't know what he's missing.
BLANCA: Thanks to me.

They all run to Blanca and crouch down next to her to console her.

ALL: Oooohh!
BLANCA: How sweet!
LEWINSKY,
PILAR and
LUCIA: Pearls!
LEWINSKY: That's what we are:
LEWINSKY,
PILAR and
LUCIA: (in chorus) Pearls!

**LEWINSKY, PILAR AND LUCIA, STILL SQUATTING BESIDE
BLANCA, SPREAD THEIR LEGS AS THOUGH TO SHOW THEIR
GENITALS AND SAY IN CHORUS:**

LEWINSKY,
PILAR and
LUCIA: Pearls before swine!

LUCIA: But how we like to say.

They all rise and say to the audience:

ALL: Put the toilet seat down!

BLACKOUT. END.

* * From "Sin Lágrimas" (Without Tears) by Domingo Palma
(Translated lyrics)

How do I uproot your love
Distract the pain
Often things don't turn out how you want.
Now I don't want to wake
Now I can't breathe
Now I've got no tears left, I can't cry for you.
I have a love
Who made the loneliness in me fly
But now you want to leave me forever
And I'm not crying for you 'cause I'm out of tears
you can go now
I'm out of tears
I can't cry more
your love's hurting me
love, my love, I can't take any more
I'm out of tears
You can go now
I'm out of tears
I can't cry more
And even if I didn't want to
Dry-eyed, I'd cry without tears.
I'm out of tears
you can go now
I'm out of tears
I can't cry more

and even if I didn't want to
Dry-eyed, I'd cry without tears.