

LORCA AT VÍZNAR

by Diana E. Sáenz

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List of Characters in Order of appearance

Federico García Lorca	Poet, Playwright	37
Madwoman*		
Modesto Higuera	Actor	
Santiago*	Director	
Gabriel*	Actor	
Messenger		
Rafael Rodríguez Rapún	Lorca's Lover	24
Dioscoro Galindo Gonzalez	School Teacher	50's
Joaquin Arcollas Cabezas	Bandelerillo, Anarchist	25-35
Francisco Galadí Mergar	Bandelerillo, Anarchist	25-35
Jose Jovar Trepaldi	Assault Guard	19
Voice #1*		
Voice #2*		
Enrico*	Galindo's Son	20's
Magdalena*	Galindo's Wife	Late 40's
Ana Maria Dalí	S. Dalí's Sister	20
Interrogator #1*		
Interrogator #2*		
Young Actor*		
Young Actress*		

*Fictional

A minimum of 2 female actors and 8 male actors are required. Colors indicate possibilities of double casting. Black means actors have one part only.

LORCA AT VÍZNAR

ACT I

Scene 1 La Colonia at Víznar1

Scene 2 The Cafe3

Scene 3 Rafael.....12

Scene 4 Galindo19

Scene 5 Cabezas y Francisco26

Scene 6 The Family.....36

Scene 7 Coffee46

Act II

Scene 8 The Interrogation58

Scene 9 A Lie Told by an Atheist60

Scene 10 Ana María.....62

Scene 11 Cigarette68

Scene 12 The Madwoman.....79

Author's Note: Although years of research accompanied the writing of this play, there is little known about the last few hours that Lorca spent with Galadí, Mergar and Cabezas—the other three who were executed along with him. Some of it was contradictory, (e.g.) in one text Galindo is reported to be a Nationalist (one of the forces that united with Franco) yet another source described him as an ardent Republican. There are many gaps in Lorca's biographies because of letters, plays, poems, and manuscripts either lost or purposely destroyed. This was due partly to Lorca's secrecy about his homosexuality, as well as his reluctance to publish his writings since he felt they were meant to be heard and not read.

Writing a play based on a true historical incident always taxes the writer, since the demands of dramatic action, conflict, form are impatient with a pure chronicling of events. Facts such as Valdes's characteristic command for execution was "Give them coffee—plenty of it," the napkin given to Lorca by Jose Primo de Rivera, the founder of the Falangist Party, the time Rafael spent the night with a girl are all true. However, Francisco Galadí's hidden sexuality in this drama may raise the hackles of his friends and family.

Lorca himself guided me in writing this play through the example of writing of his own play, *Mariana Pineda*. Like Lorca, I have used as many facts as possible, as well as the complex and contradictory nature of Lorca in order to not set the hero apart from the man.

ACT I

Scene 1 La Colonia at Víznar

SPAIN - La Colonia at Víznar -

August 19, 1936, Federico García Lorca, poet and playwright, Dioscoro Galindo Gonzales, Schoolmaster, Joaquin Acrollas Cabezas and Francisco Galadí Mergar, both bull fighters and Anarchists, were taken to La Colonia at Víznar, not far from Granada. La Colonia was a building once used as a summer camp for school children. This was the last stop before prisoners were taken on the infamous Paseo (walk) which occurred usually before dawn, in a nearby Olive Grove. There, they were shot and buried later in the day by others who were in disfavor with the Falangists. These four men spent the last few hours of their lives together and to this day, their remains lie in the same unmarked grave.

A FILTHY MADWOMAN WITH A DEAD CHILD WRAPPED IN EQUALLY FILTHY RAGS. SHE HAS SET UP CAMP ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

A ROOM WITH AN OLD WOODEN TABLE TWO CHAIRS, AND A BENCH AGAINST THE BACK WALL. A SMALL CHEST OF DRAWERS, THE KIND WITH TWO SMALL DRAWERS AT THE TOP. THERE IS A DIRTY GLASS SITTING ON TOP. A SMALL WINDOW UPSTAGE AND A DOOR STAGE LEFT.

The Cafe

MADWOMAN(MW): ROCKING THE CHILD. SHE PLAYS WITH THE CHILD, GENTLY BITING THE HEEL OF IT'S FOOT.

Shh shh, sleep...sleep.

LORCA ENTERS. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, VISIBLY UPSET AND FRIGHTENED. HE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND PEERS OUT. THE MADWOMAN WATCHES HIM WITH GREAT INTEREST.

MW: Too many men. There's no escape.

LORCA DOESN'T ACKNOWLEDGE THE MADWOMAN. HE COLLAPSES IN A CHAIR, HEAD IN HANDS. HE LOOKS UP.

LORCA: Think of something else.

MW: I remember the first time I saw you after a long absence from Granada. It was the middle of winter. I had made my home under a pepper tree. I was nursing my infant.

HE BEGINS TO INSPECT THE ROOM MORE CAREFULLY. HE STARTS LOOKING THROUGH THE DRAWERS AND FINDS A DRIED RED ROSE. HE DROPS IT IN THE GLASS OR TIN CAN HE FINDS AMONGST THE DEBRIS. IN ANOTHER DRAWER HE FINDS A CLOTH. HE CROSSES TO THE TABLE AND COVERS IT WITH THE CLOTH. HE SETS THE DRIED ROSE IN ITS GLASS ON TOP. THE MADWOMAN POINTS TO THE BENCH.

MW: Bring it over! Position yourself to face the door. Like a gangster at a restaurant. There's something to learn from everyone.

HE BRINGS THE BENCH TO THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN.

The Cafe

LORCA: I was riding with my father. By the side of the road in a pile of rags was a poor wretch clutching a dead child. It's something one never forgets. My father gave her several pesos, but the futility of his gesture caused an inexplicable sense of foreboding to wash over me. I feared for the three of us.

MW: You wanted to talk to me but you were with your father. I could feel your eyes. Poets and lunatics have a lot in common.

HE SITS DOWN, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE

LORCA: I can't bear another moment alone!

CAFE NOISE.

Scene 2 The Cafe

ENTER SANTIAGO, MODESTO AND GABRIEL. SANTIAGO NOTICES JOSE PRIMO, FOUNDER OF THE SPANISH FASCIST PARTY AND A FEW OF HIS FRIENDS SITTING IN THE CORNER BEYOND THE FOURTH WALL.

LORCA'S FRIENDS ARE DRESSED IN THE BLUE OVERALLS THAT WERE WORN BY THE MEMBERS OF LA BARRACA), A RADICAL TRAVEL THEATRE GROUP, FOUNDED BY THE STUDENTS OF MADRID UNIVERSITY WITH LORCA AS ITS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR THAT TOURED THE RURAL AREAS PERFORMING SPANISH PLAYS TO THE VILLAGERS.

MODESTO: Federico!

LORCA: Gentlemen!

SANTIAGO: TO LORCA. Do you know what Modesto just said? That your play about Mariana Pineda is more fabrication than fact!

LORCA: Modesto, shouldn't we question the ideological myth—that impossible statue of her in the Plaza that forbids us to reach her? Listen to the children's songs which give us a Mariana in love, her fears, her humor—a woman who dies rather than betray her beloved. It doesn't diminished her love for freedom. Her life insists I make the greatest use as possible of known facts.

SANTIAGO: Where's the waiter—don't we all look

The Cafe

thirsty?

MODESTO: TO LORCA. I have only your word for that.

LORCA: You can read the transcripts for yourself.

MODESTO: Everyone has a point of view that puts a slant on the so-called facts. Even the most turgid history book with a litany of Kings, battles, and dates, has a point to make.

SANTIAGO: *Claro que si.* It's all about who grabbed what.

GABRIEL: Who cares to give an account of the foot soldier?

LORCA: Whatever the reason, this is a drama, and a drama without humanity paralyzes my pen.

MODESTO: You could have written it in the language of the common man. We must throw a stone at the eye of the Moon!

SANTIAGO: There's nothing wrong with the Romantic cloak Federico has chosen. It's a form familiar to the Spaniard. More palatable.

LORCA: As much as I support the The Ultralists, I'm not about to pelt the innocent Moon—as they recommend—to finish off Romantic sentimentality—which died the day it was invited into court. Neither do I have the talent to write about machines and ragtime. I can't drive, and my feet are too big to cakewalk. I'm Spanish, and Spain is my mother—this is one thing that I know and (JOKING) understand to the depth of the soles of my shoes, (SERIOUSLY) and beyond.

SANTIAGO: Of course. Modesto, every play that García Lorca's written charts unfamiliar territory, what more do you want?

MODESTO: What I like is that the play is about Liberty? a prickly subject, and right up my alley. But, Majo, don't let your sly allusions to old forms fool you or think you're fooling others. Anyone with the slightest intelligence can see it rips away the veil of their reactionary, patriarchal shackles! LOOKS AROUND TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE HAS HEARD HIM.

GABRIEL: Can you speak up, *El Presidente* Primo de Rivera didn't hear you.

SANTIAGO: The play fooled the censors. They thought Federico had, out of respect, removed allusions to Ferdinand VII. The Regime's all for an exaltation of Mariana Peneda— for them it signifies a step back into the 19th Century!

MODESTO: Obviously, they lack even the slightest intelligence.

LORCA: Leaving out the King's name makes this a play where the audience recognizes its own conditions.

GABRIEL: A smoke screen of foibles, love and Romanticism doesn't fool the Falangists who are desperate to crush enlightenment of any kind.

SANTIAGO: Theater in Spain has entertained Grandmothers and Generals long enough. I drink to the demise of antiquated plays and antiquated audiences.

THEY ALL DRINK. MODESTO STANDS AND STRIKES A DRAMATIC POSE.

After all, Theatre is not about placating antiquity— Theatre is about...The talking corpse of an accident on The Highway of Life!

LORCA: An actor who cannot get enough applause—

MODESTO: A playwright lamenting the exile of his dream?

LORCA: A director who's appointed himself God?

SANTIAGO: *Perdóname*, but we appoint ourselves Zeus, our libidinous nature insists upon Zeus.

GABRIEL: QUIETLY. An audience who suffers not enough at home.

THE OTHERS STARE AT THE SOMBER GABRIEL IN SURPRISE.

SANTIAGO: AMIABLY POUNDS GABRIEL ON THE BACK.

Excellent—excellent!

LORCA STANDS.

LORCA: Excuse me a moment. EXITS FROM GENERIC EXIT.

SANTIAGO: The younger Miguel Primo de Rivera's, over there—

MODESTO: Where?

SANTIAGO: There with a few of his Neanderthals in the blue shirts.

GABRIEL: Right here all this time?

SANTIAGO: To hell with them.

MODESTO: STICKS OUT HIS FOREFINGER AND LITTLE FINGER AND CHANTS. ¡Lagarto, lagarto, lagarto!

GABRIEL: Don't let them see you doing that!

MODESTO: To ward off the evil eye.

GABRIEL: They'll get you one of these days when you're by yourself. You're a walking target as long as you insist on wearing those overalls announcing to the world, I'm a

member of a La Barraca I'm a Republican actor!

MODESTO: But it's all right to let the Falangists dress in their blue shirts and announce to the world, I'm a member of the Falangists, I'm an hijo de puta!

SANTIAGO: MOCKING A HITLER MOUSTACHE.

Kaput! Oktoberfest!

MODESTO: So while you wrestle with your fears, I dress as I please. Besides, I'm ready for them.

PULLS OUT A KNIFE.

GABRIEL: Maravilloso, now we have nothing to worry about!

SANTIAGO: Put that away. This isn't a stage combat class.

MODESTO: I'm from the streets way before I ever heard of the stage, my friends... And I wouldn't mind...a little filet mignon tonight...It would only help my acting.

GABRIEL: Providing you're even around to act.

ENTER LORCA WITH FOUR GLASSES OF WINE.

SANTIAGO: The man who will make history!

LORCA: The service in here is shocking. The bartender told me all the waiters are students of medicine studying their internship of the waiting room.

MODESTO: And if they flunk their exams they become

postmen!

GABRIEL: I think we should go somewhere else.

LORCA: You're right, as soon as we finish these.

HE RAISES HIS GLASS TO TOAST. THE OTHERS FOLLOW:

LORCA: La Barraca!

OTHERS: La Barraca!

THEY ALL DRINK.

MESSINGER: A message from Jose Primo de Rivera.

EXITS.

LORCA: Where are they?

SANTIAGO: They've been sitting in that corner since we
got here. TO LORCA:

Like father like son, am I right?

LORCA OPENS THE NAPKIN, READS THE MESSAGE, REREADS IT.
HE CAN FEEL JOSE PRIMO'S EYES ON HIM. HE STARES AT THE
HANDWRITING OF HIS ENEMY. THE CAFE SOUND RISES STEADILY,
ALMOST DROWNING OUT HIS FRIENDS' WORDS.

MODESTO: What does it say, Federico?

SANTIAGO: Look at those stuffed shirts—blue no less.
I want to puke! De seguro he really is un hijo de puta.

SPOT ON LORCA. THE OTHERS EXIT. CAFE SOUND CUT.

LORCA: *"Federico: Do you think with your blue
overalls and my Blue Shirts we could, between us, forge a*

The Cafe

better Spain?

It's too late to forge a better Spain. Perhaps it's the idea that I should die before I had to chance to write my best works.

MW: You should not underestimate what you've accomplished. And you should not confuse your work with your fear of death.

LORCA SEES HER NOW AND WILL CONTINUE TO SEE HER THROUGHOUT THE PLAY.

LORCA: Do you remember that time when I was sitting outside with a group of friends? Suddenly I started shivering with cold. I jumped up—to get away. This image of ashes—the color of moonlight on the valley and a taste of bones. Later, the caretaker told us that we were on an ancient graveyard.

MW: So you think that Life has tormented you by giving you an extra sense—as sense that feels Death, as if it wore and cologne, and drank whiskey.

LORCA: Not whiskey, a vintage, deep red and sweet.

MW: I remember you as a child were given to melancholy. I remember your birth in Fuente Vaquero. Now there's a village with pagan secrets. It's known for its disinterest in God and fascination with books. Your great uncle sang wicked little truths to the locals about

The Cafe

themselves. An amusing event when the muse tickled him.

LORCA: The muse is a cupid with a marble heart, that if I were to let it, it would sever my entrails from the tangle of nerves and spirit of the family of a thousand men that stand in back and in front of me, from the—

MW: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—The Son of Celts and Moors, the Father of Future Spain.

LORCA: You mock me when I'm trying to understand why I was born, why I was given this gift, and why it has betrayed me!

MW: Don't be stupid; it was Rosales, not your gift that's betrayed you.

MW: SHE TAKES OUT AN AGED, FRAGILE SHEIVE OF PAPERS AND READS. *"Perhaps it is the nuns themselves who have renounced God's gracious gifts of life and love."*

LORCA: LAUGHS. It's my gift.

MW: PULLS OUT A DIFFERENT SHEET OF PAPER. I believe this is your signature protesting the burning of books in Germany. And this here, a series of letters to Fernando de los Rios. SHRUGS. *Claro*, Federico. You have stoked the fires of dissent with your plays, and your poetry.

LORCA: I only protested this conspiracy against the Human Spirit. What do they have against the Human Spirit?

MW: The Human Spirit has a way of taking its corporeal

self and denouncing hunger and overwork, leaving bad husbands, refusing alms to the Church. You only talk about the 1000 men behind you and in front of you; you have a tendency to forget the 1000 men beside you.

LORCA: LAUGHS SOFTLY. Of course, you're right? and I know it. READS THE NAPKIN ONCE AGAIN. WIPES HIS BROW WITH IT AND THROWS IT TO THE MADWOMAN WHO QUICKLY FOLDS UP IT AND STOWS IT AWAY. How is it that two men can so completely disagree about what would forge a better Spain?

MW: Important questions discourage a single solution.

PAUSE. Do you think this love for men would have anything to do with it?

LORCA: IRONICALLY. They've arrested notorious womanizers as well, who sleep with the vilest whores to avoid a day without female flesh.

Scene 3 Rafael

ENTER RAFAEL HE STARES AT FEDERICO NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT.

RAFAEL: But—she had the most beautiful breasts, Federico. I was hungry for breasts—

LORCA: Have you come for your things?

RAFAEL: Are you throwing me out?

LORCA: Why should I throw you out when you're leaving?

PAUSE. RAFAEL: I don't expect you to understand such things.

LORCA: Frankly, I'm repulsed.

RAFAEL: Yes. You see, now, thanks to you, I can go either way and so when fall I in love with someone, it's because of them, not because I'm put off by their opposite sex. It makes a more honest love.

LORCA: Do you think I've been dishonest with you?

RAFAEL: When you talk about women, so vulgar and soulless, when you say the simplicity of the male sex is superior to hers—that's dishonest. It's an ugly little scratch on the picture I have of you up here.

LORCA: Now wait a minute you can't just walk in and turn everything around. I'm not the one who was rooting around in bed with a stranger.

RAFAEL: Yes—yes, but I've been thinking these past few days and—

LORCA: While you exhilarated in female flesh—

RAFAEL: Yes—No! Off and on...

LOOKS AT LORCA IN FRUSTRATION.

LORCA: Well, go on.

RAFAEL: What I'm trying to say is they're not real for you. I mean you write your plays and you use women characters because, what is it? Ah yes—they are more

visceral than men, more connected to their raw emotions,
more—

LORCA: I know exactly what I've said.

RAFAEL: I'm trying to say that because you've always
lusted after men, you don't have to turn against women—

LORCA: I love women but, I've never made any pretense—

RAFAEL: They certainly help you write your successful
plays.

LORCA: Perhaps it's jealousy—

RAFAEL: Federico.

MW: There's no more time for illusions—He knows how
much you love yourself.

LORCA TO THE MADWOMAN: Love and hate breathe from the
same mouth.

MW LAUGHS.

LORCA TO RAFAEL: What do you want from me, that I
should take myself to a whorehouse so I can learn to
appreciate where you've excelled?

RAFAEL: Well...Maybe that won't be necessary.

LORCA: What do you mean?

RAFAEL: I'll invite her over—for your first lesson.

LORCA: And what makes you think it would be my first
lesson?

RAFAEL: You mean Federico García Lorca has actually
slept with a woman?

LORCA: We hardly slept.

RAFAEL: What kind of magical woman was this? I've seen astonishingly beautiful women flirt with you and nothing. This creature must have been magnificent.

LORCA: Hardly.

RAFAEL: What was it then? Curiosity?

LORCA: No.

RAFAEL: What then?

LORCA: I felt like it.

RAFAEL: But what did she look like?

LORCA: What did she look like? She looked like a boy.

RAFAEL: Like a boy? She had short hair?

LORCA: She was flat chested. Very flat chested.

RAFAEL: Then it doesn't count.

LORCA: No one has asked you to count.

RAFAEL: Remember, I'm the mathematician.

LORCA: It counts enough for me, I was the one bouncing around—

RAFAEL: It won't do. You need the quintessential woman, a woman of substance, hills, valleys—succulently scented and lush as the jungle.

LORCA: You tell me about the jungle.

RAFAEL: I'll tell you what I know about the uncharted self.

RAFAEL CROSSES TO CHEST OF DRAWERS AND BEGINS SEARCHING THROUGH THE JUNK DRAWER.

LORCA: What are you doing now?

RAFAEL: I thought I saw some—Ah, here it is!

PULLS OUT SOME CLOTHES LINE ROPE.

LORCA: What do you want with that?

RAFAEL: This is what we will use to broaden your horizons—

LORCA: Now you've finally lost your mind. I'm not going to play this one with you—

RAFAEL: Never mind. Give me your hands.

LORCA: Go to the devil!

RAFAEL: Maybe later. Come on, or I'll drag you to the tower. All the way to the top, like Quasimodo and his gypsy girl. The people look like fleas from that high up. Horrible fleas with human faces.

Put them up or else!

LORCA DOES SO. RAFAEL BEGINS TYING HIM UP.

RAFAEL: I like when you're good. Like walking in on my sister all over again.

LORCA: What does this have to do with your sister?

RAFAEL: Something to do with what is forbidden. Around this way a few times, kind, but firm. That should do it. Hmmm? This will hold, so don't bother trying to get away. I'll be back in about half an hour.

LORCA: What? Where are you going?

RAFAEL: To find the girl.

LORCA: What girl?

RAFAEL: I told you, the girl who will broaden your horizons.

LORCA: It won't work.

RAFAEL: It's worth a try.

LORCA: I'm not interested!

RAFAEL: Don't go away.

RAFAEL EXITS. LORCA PULLS AT THE ROPE UNSUCCESSFULLY.

LORCA: Rafael—I'll kill him! Rafael!

THE MADWOMAN LETS OUT A LONG MOCKING LAUGH AND SHRIEKS—

MW: RAFAEL!!

RAFAEL RETURNS. HE IS ALL SERIOUSNESS AT THIS POINT.

RAFAEL: She should be a rare bird you admire. Because you can't sleep with that bird, you're going to hate the shape and color of its feathers?

PAUSE.

LORCA: Untie me!

RAFAEL: And when you mock her, you mock my love for her, and I'm the who feels as if dirt has been thrown in my face.

You do have a way with words.

LORCA: And yours slide in like a stiletto.

RAFAEL UNTIES LORCA.

RAFAEL: I couldn't help it, Federico. I'm sorry about the girl, but please understand it's you I'm crazy about.

LORCA: Oh but I have no breasts.

RAFAEL: Well, I can generally do without breasts, not like you, who can't do without this. MAKING APPROPRIATE MOTION.

LORCA: Julian told me, a nice boy? Don't be a fool, Federico. For him it's nothing more than an adventure. Look at Tonio, trying to convert that country boy from up north. The boy eventually left him to go back to his sheep.

Stick with someone who knows their own mind. Didn't your experience with Salvador Dalí teach you something? You flattered his vanity, nothing more. And now, this Rafael Rapún, another one—a beast all right, but a virgin nevertheless. I looked at you, saw the hooves, and fell in love.

RAFAEL: What strange things you say sometimes.

LORCA: Then we won't invite the critics!

THEY LAUGH, KISS LIGHTLY, THEN EMBRACE IN MUTUAL FORGIVENESS.

MW: GENTLY ADMONISHING HER CHILD.

What do you want from me? I need a hat. The sun in Andalusia turns everything dark. I had translucent skin. I give you my milk. What more do you want?

RAFAEL BACKS AWAY, THEN SLOWLY TURNS AND EXITS.

Rafael

LORCA: I still don't know why I'm here.

MW: Federico, this is me you are talking to.

Scene 4 Galindo

IN DESPERATION LORCA FINDS A FEW SCRAPS OF PAPER AND A LEAD PENCIL IN HIS POCKET. HE SITS AND BEGINS WRITING. OFFSTAGE THE SCUFFLE OF HEAVY BOOTS ARE HEARD. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND GALINDO IS ALSO SHOVED IN. HE STUMBLES AND FALLS.

LORCA: HELPING HIM UP. Que Brutos! Are you all right?

GALINDO: Oh yes, thank you. It's my leg. Wooden, you see?

LORCA: Yes, a nice piece of work.

GALINDO: Thank you, but it has a tendency to fail me at-Lorca? Federico García Lorca!

LORCA: I beg your pardon, I-

GALINDO: Dioscoro Galindo Gonzales. You don't know me, of course. I teach school in Pulianas, primary students. Yes....They have you?

LORCA: They have you too.

GALINDO: What did you do?

LORCA: SHRUGS. Everything and nothing. And you?

GALINDO: My son is mixed up with the anarchists.

LORCA: Because of your son?

GALINDO: The world has suddenly turned up-side-down.

LORCA: They shot my brother-in-law a few days ago.

GALINDO: The Mayor?

LORCA: You hadn't heard?

GALINDO: I knew he'd been arrested, but I haven't heard much news for the last three days.

LORCA: I should've left then. But fool that I was, I thought staying with a friend, a poet, and a Falangist would save me. To think that nothing could happen to me. That is...not quite believing it.

GALINDO: I voted Nationalist.

LORCA: Nationalist?

GALINDO: I even had proof of it, but they weren't interested. This is an outrage. I mean not just myself—everyone they've taken. I can hardly believe this is happening.

LORCA: Yes, one tends to forget Spain's enormous capacity for blood.

GALINDO: We want to believe that such thirst belongs to the past. CHANGING THE SUBJECT. You're writing something?

LORCA: Just a few scribblings

GALINDO: A poem?

LORCA: Not even that.

GALINDO: Read it whatever it is. I would very much like to hear what a man like you would write in times like these.

LORCA: If you'd like. I don't mind. Of course, mind you, it's only a few lines.

GLANCING AT THE POEM.

I'm not so sure I want to read it, it's so new.

GALINDO: Then allow me to. Perhaps without a certain vanity, I may do it justice. In fact, I've never been much of a poet and because of it, I took to interpretation. May I?

LORCA: Why not?

GALINDO: Yes, why not, why not?

HE STRIKES THE STANCE OF A POETASTER. LORCA TURNS AWAY TO MASK HIS AMUSEMENT.

She shuts the heavy curtains
against another alchemist sunset
the dust turning to gold
she sings her child cantos gitanos
the lullabies of a people who welcome Death
this is the sleep he knows.

LORCA: Pah!? It's manure, frozen manure.

GALINDO: This line here is the bitter truth, "... a

Galindo

people who welcome Death."

LORCA: I wrote it, but I was thinking something completely different.

GALINDO: *"Everywhere death is an end. It arrives and the curtains are drawn, Not in Spain. In Spain the curtain goes up. The dead in Spain are more alive when dead than anywhere in the world."*

MW: *"Their profile hurts like the razor's edge."*

GALINDO: I heard your lecture on Duende once when I was in Madrid.

LORCA: The end is so close now.

GALINDO: It's the beginning of something else.

LORCA: A factory for worms.

GALINDO: Surely, you believe it's more than that?

LORCA: Yes, I have little energy to question God considering the circumstances. I speak only for my corporal self.

But what if this is all we have? When the curtain goes up, it'll be a grave with no marker—that's what they're doing out there. That's too dead for me. I'm glad you're here...Forgive me, I meant—

GALINDO: I know what you meant. They've had me locked up alone for three days, and I'm nearly mad with one-way conversations. A school teacher is used to a captive

Galindo

audience. We have something in common, you see.

PAUSE.

LORCA: Do you know what has finally sunk in? Don't laugh? You never stop learning. Oh yes, any idiot can say that, but to do it? to continue to evolve until the very last moment so that Death comes as a revelation. This is what I want.

I'm guilty of Vanity and Pride. When I think of those times I saw the resentment in their eyes as I sat in their rooms until four in the morning, knowing we all had to be in class in a few hours. I talked on and on, because they were single minded dolts that thought nothing of lying on their beds with their shoes on, like a corpse. It actually gave me a sadistic little pleasure.

GALINDO: You should have respected their doltishness?

LORCA: SMILES. I should have respected their HESTITATES desire to go to class and stay awake. No, I should have respected myself, rather than succumb to the love of the sound of my own voice. SIGHS You make these resolutions and the next moment, they dissolve. I don't know what I mean. Too listen to others? To love humanity more than myself? . . .This is what I want.

MW: Too much time alone and you become a serpent swallowing its own tail.

LORCA: APOLOGIZING TO GALINDO. Except I've also imposed myself on the undeserving!

GALINDO: Great artists are more unkind to themselves than to others.

LORCA: That's been my problem.

GALINDO: They're the last to recognize it. When I think of the dolts I've known who've never done more than torment others, a great artist is only a man—and oftentimes an annoying one, but after he's gone, and the people who knew him are gone, it's the work that endures, and lives on in future generations. That's what matters.

LORCA: Hmph. That doesn't mitigate who Lorca the man is.

GALINDO: CHUCKLES I feel as you do. We're still responsible for our conduct.

LORCA: TO THE MADWOMAN. Does my fear distort my features? Can he see that? With this cornbread face, I had nothing but my words to attract the world.

MW: ALMOST AS IF MOCKING LORCA. I must be a fright!

LORCA: TURNS TO GALINDO. What do they say about the saints? You know what they don't say? Are you a religious man?

GALINDO: I like to think so.

LORCA: Then I won't tell you.

GALINDO: I also pride myself on the ability to listen to sincere opposing arguments. Do you think I've agreed with everything you've written?

LORCA: This is a sincere point of view.

GALINDO: Then by all means.

LORCA: The saints' self sacrifice was really self indulgence.

GALINDO: I think I know what you mean, though I don't agree. You're saying they provoked their death to insure their passage to Heaven?

LORCA: An act of cowardice. To live takes more courage.

MW: That means you've been a brave man after all!

GALINDO: The saints as cowards?—Only if their purpose was to sit near God, and not to teach others of his love.

LORCA: Look, look, look. They pray. Every time they commit a sin—such as lust, they do penance, each prayer is a receipt.

GALINDO: But God is hardly an accountant—

LORCA: No, St. Peter is the accountant. What? what if they suffer a miserable death to find themselves facing the Devil. They say, look here, there's been a mistake—!

GALINDO: My friend, back up there—!

LORCA: These are my receipts! IN DEVILS VOICE The Devil laughs and tells them, you got it all wrong, you were supposed to drink wine and make love.

GALINDO: I doubt that—

LORCA: STILL IN THE DEVIL'S VOICE. That's what life is all about, not denying the virtues of the flesh, you might as well have been dead, you insulted God by abstaining from life.

He takes his trident and—

Scene 5 Cabezas y Francisco

SCUFFLING HEARD OFFSTAGE. VOICES. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND JOAQUIN CABEZAS AND FRANCISCO GALADI ARE SHOVED INTO THE ROOM. THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

CABEZAS: Watch it! LOOKS AROUND TAKING THE ROOM AND THE OTHER TWO MEN IN. So. What have we here? I hope we're in good company. A pair of gentlemen, eh, Francisco?

FRANCISCO: EYES THE OTHER TWO WITH SUSPICION.

I wouldn't know.

CABEZAS: Come, come, Galadí, use your powers of observation. Notice the elder, the specs, the frock coat, the rabbit face—

GALINDO: Now see here—

Galindo

CABEZAS: Not used to adventure except from reading books. But brave enough to have gotten himself in this fix. Ah, but somehow the times makes heroes of people you'd never suspect. And here, I see, the loose tie of a Bohemian. A writer? I'll bet you'll find the only callus he has is on his middle finger.

A couple of intellectuals—editors of some Socialist Rag.

LORCA: TO GALINDO.

What say you, Galindo?

GALINDO: Shall I ask him to guess my weight?

LORCA: What are you? A clairvoyant? A scientist?

CABEZAS: A scientist. I like that. A scientist of politics. If I were a clairvoyant, I would have known better than to appeal to the Republican Government for guns.

FRANCISCO: We should have gone in and taken them!

CABEZAS: So by process of elimination that makes me a scientist—they're more likely to work by trial and error.

FRANCISCO: Short trial big error.

CABEZAS: It's a dark night out there not even the moon dares to come out. She's hidden her face.

GALINDO:

*"There goes the moon, just as they're coming
Their Journey ends here. The murmur of the river
And the murmur of the tree trunks will muffle
The ragged flight of their cries."*

FRANCISCO: It gives me the creeps.

CABEZAS: A Socialist and a poet?

GALINDO: Neither as a matter of fact—

CABEZAS: Don't be modest. Perhaps, Francisco, they are
poets in crime—

GALINDO: I'm a schoolteacher who loves the written
word, but here: let me introduce you to the writer of those
words, Federico García Lorca.

FRANCISCO: We are dead men now for sure.

CABEZAS: Lorca? But—a harmless poet? This is very
serious, Francisco. They mean to silence us once and for
all!

FRANCISCO: I'm surprised you hadn't heard.

CABEZAS: Why didn't you tell me?

FRANCISCO: I didn't know you were an admirer of his.

CABEZAS: You yourself taught me,

*At five in the afternoon,
The wounds burned with the heat of suns*

at five in the—

FRANCISCO: I was drunk.

CABEZAS: Where are our manners? TO FRANCISCO. Move aside. Caballeros, may I introduce ourselves. Joaquin Arcollas Cabezas and my idiot sidekick, Paco from the Kingdom of Granada

GALINDO: Dioscoro Galindo Gonzalez from the village of Pulianas.

LORCA: Why are you gentlemen here?

FRANCISCO: Gentlemen—is it tea time?

CABEZAS: For conspiring to lead the Fifth Colonnade, for agitating for the passing out of guns, and for setting up watch at Valdes' house. But they caught us before we had a chance to do anything about that demon.

FRANCISCO: We should've taken care of Valdes before anything.

CABEZAS: A stupid mistake.

FRANCISCO: It was too difficult to get at him with nothing but a kitchen knife. If we had had guns, we would've been able to send Valdes to Hell straight away. I tried like hell to get arms—with no help from you Communists—

LORCA: My friend, I'm sorry to disappoint you but I can hardly be called a Communist—

FRANCISCO: To a Fascist, we are all Communists!

Cabezas and Francisco

Besides, you've always been thick with them. It rubs off. I don't fool around, I'm an Anarchist. He's a second-rate bull fighter and that one GESTERING TO GALINDO, looks like a walking jinx. Where was I?

CABEZAS: I know where I'd like you to be.

FRANCISCO: I'm killed because you Socialists decided—for us—that since we were untrained we would be helpless against the militia, so it's better not to give us guns, eh? Fascists take pity on unarmed radicals, a kick in the ass and back to work? We would still be out there fighting, if not for you intellectuals who thought to save the Soviet Union by handing Spain to Franco. Haven't you heard of a united front?

GALINDO: But you are Anarchists, nobody trusts you. Why you burned down the Church in Siguerios—

FRANCISCO: Who's side on you on anyway?

GALINDO: Not yours. I'm a Nationalist!

CABEZAS: Now I know we're fucked.

GALINDO: You killed the priest!

FRANCISCO: The priest lost his place with your God, when he gave the Fascists the names of those from the Confessional—he got what he deserved, and is burning in Hell this moment as you defend him!

CABEZAS: It's true, Comrades. He betrayed his flock

as he betrayed his own vows.

GALINDO SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF AND SITS APART FROM THEM.

FRANCISCO: TO FEDERICO, Wasn't the Mayor your brother-in-law? They're all the same. But this time, we all get the same medicine. This time we're not alone holding the bag. Some consolation wouldn't you say?

CABEZAS: Shut up while you're ahead.

FRANCISCO: At least I never thought it would be safe to hide in the home of a Falangist.

LORCA: It's his two brothers. Rosales has little use for Falangists.

FRANCISCO: But they have plenty of use for him. Eh?

CABEZAS: What difference does it make, we're all here now?

FRANCISCO: We are just the first round. Poh! Don't talk to me, *nadie!* Just leave me alone.

CABEZAS: When he's like this, it's better to ignore him.

OFFSTAGE THE SOUND OF SOLDIERS' HEAVY FOOTSTEPS. THE FOUR MEN LISTEN, NO ONE DARING TO BREATHE. OFFSTAGE.

VOICE 1: Get out. You're free to go.

VOICE 2: Did you say, free?

VOICE 1: Valdes signed your release papers. Get out, before we change our minds.

VOICE 1: Yes, yes—immediately.

FOOTSTEPS FADING.

VOICE 1: Jose, take over. Jaime, you're off for the night.

FOOTSTEPS FADE. THE FOUR MEN VISIBLY RELAX.

FRANCISCO: Lucky stiff. You can bet we won't get any such release papers.

GALINDO: At least some of us get to go home. It seems almost arbitrary since enough of us have done nothing at all.

CABEZAS: He must have someone up there pulling for him.

LORCA: Whoever it is, he must be close to God.

FRANCISCO: Where's my coffee, anyway?

CABEZAS: What coffee?

FRANCISCO: Didn't you hear Valdes tell the other one
to give us coffee?

CABEZAS: No.

DOOR OPENS. JOSE LOOKS IN, RECOGNIZING GALADI.

JOSE: Maestro Dioscoro!

GALINDO: Jose Jovar Trepald!

BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

What are you doing here?

JOSE: But, you're a Nationalist—aren't you? You and
my father—!

GALINDO: Of course, but now you are a Falangist?

JOSE: No—no, they're punishing the Assault Guard because many of us weren't eager to join them. Now they've given us this guard duty and worse. And you?

GALINDO: They're punishing my son, you might say.

FRANCISCO: TO JOSE. But you're still alive, and that's what counts.

JOSE: My mother and three little sisters would starve.

FRANCISCO: And when the women beg for their lives out there because they have babies at home—what then? A volley of bullets, that's what.

LORCA: Is it possible that you're not aware of what's going on?

CABEZAS: Of course he knows!

GALINDO: Why take it out on the lad, he's only a boy—

FRANCISCO: He's got a beard, doesn't he? They're slaughtering fourteen-year-olds out there, did you know that?

I won't excuse a Fascist I don't care how young he is!

JOSE: I'm not a Fascist!

FRANCISCO: Then why are you pointing their gun at your poor old reactionary teacher?

GALINDO: TAKING A STEP TOWARDS JOSE. JOSE AUTOMATICALLY STIFFENS AND POINTS THE RIFLE AT GALINDO WHO STOPS. Close the door ...before you bring more punishment

Cabezas and Francisco

on yourself.

JOSE SHUTS THE DOOR. GALINDO TURNS TO FRANCISCO

Listen you, you call me reactionary and insult everyone, using contempt to make yourself feel better. But I for one am not fooled by your pathetic bullying and whimpering.

FRANCISCO: LAUGHS, TO COVER UP THE EFFECT THAT GALINDO'S WORDS HAVE ON HIM. The Rabbit rises from its hiding place. Tell me, Federico, doesn't this excite your pen?

LORCA: I'm practicing silence.

CABEZAS: TO FRANCISCO.

I'm glad everyone hasn't given up the ghost the way you have. This is just one battle. You make me sick.

FRANCISCO: When they can't tell the difference between Nationalists, poets and Anarchists, then we've begun The Second Inquisition.

FROM A DISTANCE IS HEARD THE SOUND OF A MAN PLEADING.

VOICE 2: No, no, look these are my release papers—
SEVERAL SHOTS ARE HEARD.

GALINDO: My Dear God, forgive them!

FRANCISCO: Christ in Heaven—why don't you pray that
the Devil take them instead?

CABEZAS: The bastards. They want to destroy the
world.

PAUSE AS EACH MAN WRESTLES WITH HIS FEAR.

LORCA: We should have armed ourselves, Francisco.
But at the same time, your friend is right, we've only lost
the battle. And for one reason or another, we are here
now. That's good enough for me to call you brother.

FRANCISCO: Get this, they were cowards not to give us
guns and they have handed Spain over to Fascism. That is
good enough for me to not call you brother...Señorito.

FRANCISCO WALKS AWAY IN DISGUST AND STARES OUT THE
WINDOW.

Scene 6 The Family

ENTER MAGDALENA. SHE IS CARRYING FRESHLY
IRONED SHIRTS. SHE OPENS ENRICO'S DRAWER AND FINDS

Cabezas and Francisco

A BOOK ON ANARCHY. SHE OPENS IT UP AND BEGINS
READING. GALINDO CROSSES TO HER.

GALINDO: Magdalena—

MAGDALENA IS STARTLED.

MAGDALENA: What is it?

GALINDO: What's the matter, you look as if
you've seen a ghost.

MAGDALENA: Nothing—it's nothing—you gave me a
start—

GALINDO: What's that behind your back?

MAGDALENA: Dioscoro—I don't want to you to
get upset—He's just a boy—

GALINDO: What is it?

MAGDALENA: I know what will happen if you
lose your temper and Enrico—

he's just like you and he'll lose his temper and
for what? So that I can lie awake at night
worrying myself sick—and—and—and—Oh why can't they
leave us alone—?

GALINDO: May I see it?

SHE RELUCTANTLY HANDS HER HUSBAND THE
PAMPHLET.

GALINDO: My God.

MAGDALENA: What? What is it?

GALINDO: This is the kind of rubbish put out
by those Anarchists.

MAGDALENA: Which ones are they—I can't tell
one from the other.

GALINDO: The worst ones.

MAGDALENA: What do they do?

GALINDO: What do they do? They—they throw
bombs and kill officials—that's what they do, they
spit on everything—I'm sure they're all atheists—
they don't even get along with any of the other
rabble rousers—

MAGDALENA: Dioscoro—please, perhaps it's just
something one of them gave him. It doesn't mean he
belongs to them. We can't accuse without hearing
him out. Enrico throwing bombs? Killing

officials? He's not that kind of boy—

GALINDO: I don't know...what to think...I've suspected that he was up to something but...I was hoping it was a girl and now you find this.

MAGDALENA SITS DOWN.

GALINDO: What's the matter?

MAGDALENA: Nothing—it's nothing—

GALINDO: I'll get you your pills—

MAGDALENA: No, I'm fine—

ENTER ENRICO. HE IS STARTLED TO FIND HIS PARENTS IN HIS ROOM.

ENRICO: Hello! What's the matter? Madrecita, are you sick?—HE SEES THE BOOK IN HIS FATHER'S HAND. Oh. You went through my things—

MAGDALENA: I was putting your shirts away—

GALINDO: What does it matter where we found it? What matters is that you've brought it here—

ENRICO: I was only reading it.

MAGDALENA: You see, I told you, just something he found on the street. Enrico's always been curious about everything—

GALINDO: Where have you been?

ENRICO: Out.

GALINDO: Out with whom?

ENRICO: With Jacinto.

GALINDO: Liar.

ENRICO: You can ask him if you don't believe me.

GALINDO: Yes, I'm sure he would defend you to the end, but Jacinto Montalban was here just an hour ago, asking for you.

ENRICO: Oh.

GALINDO: Oh? Is that all you have to say?

ENRICO: You don't want to hear the truth. And it's my duty to protect you by saying nothing.

GALINDO: And Jacinto, is he mixed up in this nonsense?

ENRICO: It isn't nonsense.

GALINDO: If you mean it isn't a game, that it's a good way of getting yourself jailed or worse—then yes, you're right it isn't nonsense. And do Jacinto's parents know about his activities?

ENRICO DOESN'T ANSWER.

MAGDALENA: Both you and Jacinto? How could you do this to me? What will his mother say?

ENRICO:

AFRAID THAT THE WHOLE TOWN WILL SOON BE IN ON IT, HE CLUMSILY ATTEMPTS TO REASON WITH HIS PARENTS.

We must mind our own business and she won't have to say anything—

GALINDO: Watch how you speak to your mother—

ENRICO: I only meant—

MAGDALENA: He's right, Dioscoro, what good would it do to worry them also—I know how I feel—

ENRICO: Madrecita—por favor—don't worry about me I can take care of myself—

GALINDO: Do you think you're the only one involved? Haven't you stopped to think what this would do to your mother—bringing this into the house. Have you thought about the safety of your two little sisters?

SILENCE.

ENRICO: Do you want me to leave?

MAGDALENA: Ay no!

GALINDO: *Mijo*, I want you to start using your head!

ENRICO: Viejo—I had to do something—look what happened to Don Planero. He never hurt a fly—Did you know he didn't believe in eating meat because

it was killing animals? All he ever did was have a few drinks in the cafes and talk. Everybody knew it was nothing but talk—I'm only doing what I learned from you—

GALINDO: I've taught you to always respect life—not to destroy it—!

ENRICO: Yes, Viejo, you have taught me, and righteously so.

GALINDO: By running with these Anarchists?

ENRICO: Viejo—it's those blue shirts who've no respect for life—

MAGDALENA: They're devout—They're all good Catholics—I see them in Mass all the time, taking communion and—

ENRICO: Yes, like last Sunday—they ate the Host, then got drunk at the café, and beat a harmless old man to death.

GALINDO: What proof do you have that it was them?

ENRICO IS SILENT.

GALINDO: I've asked you a question.

MAGDALENA: Did you see them?

ENRICO: No.

MAGDALENA: Then how do you know?

ENRICO: Madre—because—because I have to know these things—and besides, everyone knows it, even if they won't admit it.

GALINDO: For all I know it was done by the Anarchists.

ENRICO: We never go after harmless old men.

GALINDO: Then exactly what kind of men do you go after?

MAGDALENA: Dios Mio, despense a mi hijo!

ENRICO: Please explain to me how can you worry about what happens to them? What about the foundry workers? They were shot down in cold blood! We aren't the ones who started it.

GALINDO: But it will end when they shoot you down on the streets in cold blood.

ENRICO: If you don't take chances, you get nothing. Just shut up like we're dumb mules. Is that it? It's all right to ask for nothing, have nothing, hand to mouth—

MAGDALENA: Your father has always put food on the table—

ENRICO: I'm not just talking about us, about this house—I can't stand it—you, looking at me with

those tormented eyes—What about my torment? The torment you're causing me? Doesn't that mean something?

GALINDO: You know that I've always upheld the right of every man to his own beliefs. But I'm not talking about beliefs. This kind of literature doesn't only get you killed, think of your family—you have no right. Give me credit for what I've seen, my son. So many well-meaning, brave, dead men, who never gave a second thought for themselves—so that was their choice—but what became of their families? It's their children out there in the streets begging for food.

DIOSCORO SEES HIS WIFE'S WORRIED FROWN.

GALINDO: In the end, peace eventually comes.

ENRICO: When?

GALINDO: When we are patient—

ENRICO: When we wake up dead!

GALINDO: Not so loud—!

ENRICO: Yes, not so loud or they might hear us. Where does God say we must live no matter what the cost? What about the saints? They're not exactly known for dying of old age.

GALINDO: Leave the saints out of this!

ENRICO: You've let your love for God blind you to those who call themselves good Catholics, but one of these nights they'll get you for one of your cafe lectures on Torquemada—just like Don Planero, because as Nationalists go, you're not the best example!

MAGDALENA: Enrico! Everyone in Pulianas has the deepest respect for your father. Where is yours? I won't put up with this shouting and, and this disrespect!—

HE CROSSES TO HIS MOTHER AND FALLS UPON HIS KNEES HOLDING HER.

ENRICO: Madre, por favor, I'm not doing this to hurt you. But I can't just do nothing. Because we love our family does it mean we have to be cowards?

MAGDALENA: Enrico!

SHE LOOKS AT HER PALE, TREMBLING HUSBAND.

ENRICO: Viejo, I—I didn't mean—

GALINDO: Please leave. Get out of this house at once.

GALINDO TURNS HIS BACK.

ENRICO EXITS. MAGDALENA BACKS OUT AND EXITS.

Scene 7 Coffee

GALINDO: I remember when my eldest was an infant. Enrico. A very special boy. My wife would sing to him. She had a habit of biting his feet that would make him squeal with delight. And even after he got a little older, he would sometimes demand that she bite his feet before he went to sleep. I would watch them, a very happy man and yet I felt distant from them, simply because they were in such perfect harmony. Mother and child. Then she'd sing him a lullaby.

Have you ever noticed what strange songs we send our little ones to sleep with?

FRANCISCO: It's a wonder they don't have more nightmares.

LORCA: Is Enrico the one who's an Anarchist?

GALINDO: Yes.

CABEZAS: Enrico Galindo?

GALINDO: You know him?

FRANCISCO: Of course. You're his old man?

GALINDO: Is he all right?

CABEZAS: Far from Granada by now.

GALINDO: Thank God. Did you see him?

Coffee

CABEZAS: About ten days ago. He was hiding out in some abandoned building, waiting for night fall.

GALINDO: Did he say anything?

CABEZAS: Only that we should also get the Hell out. He was right of course.

FRANCISCO: He'll be all right. A good kid. You should be proud.

GALINDO: Yes...yes.

PAUSE.

CABEZAS: I've been here before. When I was a kid. Maybe it was in this very room.

FRANCISCO: I don't remember when you went to summer camp.

CABEZAS: You went to visit your cousin in Cadiz that year.

FRANCISCO: Oh yeah. So you came here?

CABEZAS: Funny thing, eh? From where children slept to a prison for the condemned.

GALINDO: No one will send a child here after this.

LORCA STANDS AND SLOWLY MOVES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MADWOMAN.

LORCA: If I heard the river and mistook it for children laughing then my ears have told me the truth, that

Coffee

death in her many disguises still smiles fixedly, with a face quiet as the moon. This is where I would wake up and my sheets were soaked from the sweat of fear. A bad dream slicing into your sleep is inconvenient...now I realize certain pain means nothing.

SUDDENLY RUNS TO THE WINDOW AND SHOUTS TO THE GUARDS BELOW.

Hey-Down below! Murderers!

FRANCISCO PULLS LORCA AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

LORCA: What kind of mothers vomited you!

MW: LAUGHING.

Jodalos, Jodalos todos!

LORCA IS HYSTERICAL, ALMOST LAUGHING.

What difference does it make, Majo?

FRANCISCO: There are worse ways to die than by a few bullets!

I was where you could hear the screams as they questioned them and certain pain does mean something.

LORCA STUMBLES TO A CHAIR AND SITS HEAVILY. THERE IS A LONG SILENCE. THEY HAVE BEEN UNNERVED BY THIS INCIDENT AND ARE AT A LOSS OF WHAT TO DO OR SAY.

CABEZAS: TRYING TO ALLEVIATE THE TENSION. Did they really promise us coffee?

Coffee

FRANCISCO: It wouldn't be the first time they've gone back on their word.

CABEZAS: Guard!

JOSE ENTERS.

JOSE: Yes?

CABEZAS: We'd like some coffee.

JOSE: Coffee?

CABEZAS: Yes, coffee—you know what that is don't you?

JOSE: It's just that...

CABEZAS: What?

JOSE: There's no coffee.

CABEZAS: Don't give me that, I saw one of the guards pouring himself a cup as we were coming in.

JOSE: Yes but that's for the soldiers.

FRANCISCO: Look here, I heard Valdes himself say that we were to get coffee and plenty of it. Do you disobey your commanding officer's orders?

JOSE: But that's not what he meant.

FRANCISCO: Coffee is coffee dammit, he said coffee!

CABEZAS: What did he mean, then?

JOSE: It's what he says when he means...

FRANCISCO: Well?

Coffee

JOSE: It means that we're to shoot you. Sorry. I'm sorry.

CLOSES THE DOOR.

LORCA CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF.

LORCA: Coffee stimulates the blood.

PAUSE.

CABEZAS: When I think of all the bulls I killed.

FRANCISCO: Don't flatter yourself, he was nothing more than a banderillero.

CABEZAS: Yes, he's right I only got them ready for death.

FRANCISCO: One way or another, they're raised for slaughter.

CABEZAS: At least in the slaughterhouse they drop a hammer on their head, quick and easy. In the arena, we play with them before we kill them. Taunt them, torture them. A wound here a slash there—

FRANCISCO: You sound like that American Socialite who bought us dinner in Sevilla—all sentiment and no heart.

CABEZAS: It must be these banderillas between my shoulders.

FRANCISCO: Why are you talking this shit?

CABEZAS: I've new eyes today.

Coffee

FRANCISCO: I can't believe this is him talking—!

CABEZAS: And before the bulls have enough time to figure it out, I mean really figure it out—because we have the experience of a thousand bulls and all the men who were ever in the ring—we kill them off—If we gave them five more minutes it'd be over for us. Then we call them brave because we need to prove what? Who's got the biggest balls? Poh! What it comes down to is that we're the enemy of every living thing on this earth.

LORCA: Present species included.

CABEZAS: A fellow scientist, thank you. It feels good to be understood once in a while. PAUSE. I'm not a bull. I'm a man and yet I feel like an animal. Is it because they've treated me this way? Or is it because I've always known it?

LORCA: Only a man wants to know where he's failed.

CABEZAS: To what purpose?

LORCA: SHRUGS. To make peace with himself.

GALINDO: Do you think that a man with a family is a natural coward? I mean, the caring for them. He's not as likely to...well, MOCKING BRAVADO, to try to be a hero.

MW: CROSSES TO LORCA A family man is possessed by a thimbleful of demons and a pillbox of angels. He is hounded by false moralists. Childless saints advise him on every

detail. His children believe they were the products of immaculate conception, his wife knows she yanked him from a clutch of wanton thighs.

LORCA: He takes more chances in some ways, less in others.

GALINDO: More in some, less in others. Mm hm. I see what you mean.

CABEZAS: Yes. He's likely to take a dangerous job—a mine, because he's got hungry mouths to feed. On the other hand he's less likely to strike for the same reason. It's a tricky business being a family man.

LORCA: Just to have a family takes a lot of courage.

GALINDO: What's there to having a family. You meet a girl, and fall in love. She's the kind that you get close to after you take her to the priest. You give her a home and go to work and soon enough, with God's will, the children come. Where's the courage in that?

LORCA: It sounds to me that you've taken your courage for granted.

GALINDO: You're just saying that to cheer me up.

LORCA: I'm speaking for myself.

FRANCISCO: What're you talking about? Everyone knows what you are! The furthest thing from your mind is a family situation.

Coffee

LORCA: It doesn't change my desire to bring life into the world.

FRANCISCO: With your money, you could've gone to an orphanage and given a child hope?

CABEZAS: What are you raving about Francisco? Are you so sick with fear that you you've lost your wits? Why do you pick on a man you never met until today. Make peace with yourself instead and give us a rest!

FRANCISCO: I? I was just making a point, the point being that he only cared for himself and that's it!

CABEZAS: Then why is he here?

FRANCISCO: Because he never believed they would take him? a privileged SEARCHING FOR A WORD, THEN WITH GREAT DISGUST? *Artiste!*

GALINDO: Ah-hah! I realize now, the human being? the passion behind the writing of Yerma? a childless woman. When my wife and I saw it, she said, how could a man understand Yerma's despair so clearly? I shall have to tell h? STOPS GOES TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.

LORCA REMEMBERING:

SPOT ON YOUNG ACTRESS WITH HER ARMS AKIMBO, HOLDING A SCRIPT.

LORCA: Stop, stop, stop! Where in the stage

Coffee

directions does it call for histrionics? And please, what is this windmill business WAVING HIS ARMS? Keep them to your sides or we'll tie them down.

ACTRESS: Well, I don't get this Yerma and her obsession with honor! If she wants kids so bad, there's Victor with the hots for her and she for him. I don't understand *her* histrionics. PAUSE. I thought that if I waved my arms, it could help me work up some feeling.

LORCA: Don Quixote is motivated by windmills. What about your mother, what does honor mean for her?

ACTRESS: My mother was a streetwalker. Honor for her was to get paid in full for her services.

LORCA: I see, then perhaps we've miscast you—

ACTRESS: Yerma is inflexible. I hate that about her.

LORCA: . . .Because you've never been inflexible?

ACTRESS: Of course not! Well, it depends.

LORCA: Uh-huh. But you're right, she is inflexible. Do you know what you've done? You've just discovered something—that hadn't crossed my mind. So beside all the times that you are plastic and open, when is it that you refuse to yield?

ACTRESS: If it's something important, something that can't be compromised.

LORCA: Yes. Something that cannot be compromised.

Coffee

ACTRESS: She could give up this honor business, and scam to where nobody knows her—with Victor. And, she would get over it and cheer up. Her new life would make her forget all about Juan, who's an asshole anyway. But. . .

LORCA: Yes?

ACTRESS: Instead she allows herself to go mad—so she eventually kills Juan—she's as stupid as he is!

LORCA: Niña, an actor cannot judge her character. An actor must have empathy. Besides, Yerma's honor is different than Juan's. He can only think about what the neighbors are saying. Hers comes from deep inside—it's a basic moral tenet.

I know you're a smart girl, but an actor needs a huge heart. And true emotions. You must immerse yourself in her desire for a child. Yes, she's a woman bound by tradition. To a point where she is destroyed by it. All her life she built an image of herself as a mother. Without that fulfillment, she's in danger of becoming nothing. Her will is too great to take this lying down.

ACTRESS: It *is* important to have children!

LORCA: Of course, the desire for us to procreate is not up here! TOUCHING HIS HEAD. But it's everywhere else in us. Think about something you want very badly, then put yourself in a place where you can never have it, whether it be acting or—

Coffee

ACTRESS: I don't need to substitute. Federico. If I were to never have children it would break my heart.

RESUMES READING FROM THE SCRIPT.

"I'm not thinking about tomorrow: I'm thinking about today. You're old and you see things now like a book already read. I'm thinking how thirsty I am, how I don't have any freedom. I want to hold my son in my arms so I'll sleep peacefully. Listen closely, and don't be frightened by what I say. . ."

SPOT ON ACTRESS FADES AS SHE RECITES. THE MADWOMAN MOVES CLOSER TO LORCA HOLDS OUT HER CHILD TO HIM, THEN PULLS BACK HER ARMS, HOLDING THE DEAD CHILD CLOSER. RETURNS TO HER CORNER.

LORCA: SIGHS. You interest me Francisco.

FRANCISCO: Well then get disinterested.

LORCA: I think you'd make a good character study.

FRANCISCO: My life has nothing to do with poetry.

CABEZAS TO LORCA: I think you're onto something.

LORCA: We walk the Earth in tidy form, all the while a chaotic landscape sliced to reveal where our roots have sunk to meet with rock, and raise a howl of violins we are desperate to suppress.

THEY ALL STARE AT LORCA, AFRAID HE WILL RUN TO THE WINDOW AGAIN.

Coffee

LORCA: I'm still sitting.

GALINDO: I only want to settle my accounts—

Act II

Scene 8 The Interrogation

GALINDO SITS, FACING UPSTAGE. ENTER TWO INTERROGATORS. THEY STAND ONE ON EACH SIDE, SLIGHTLY BEHIND HIM, ALSO FACING UPSTAGE.

1ST. INTERROGATOR: We know your son is responsible for the assassination of Quemada.

GALINDO: Quemada is dead?

2ND INTERROGATOR: Never mind that—where is he hiding?

GALINDO: I haven't seen him for over two months—

1ST: KICKING CHAIR.

Speak up!

GALINDO: We had an argument about—

2ND: Sit up straight!

GALINDO: —his involvement with these people. I haven't seen him since that night.

2ND: What night was that?

GALINDO: I—I don't remember the exact date. But it was in June.

1ST: Look here, Galindo, you're O.K. in my book, but it's not up to me what happens to you. Only you can save

yourself. Think of your family. Your wife needs you. Give us something, anything and we can get you off. Otherwise, it looks very bad.

GALINDO: Whatever I can tell you. I have disowned my own son. That's how I feel about it.

2ND: Good. A true patriot. What about Jacinto Montalban?

GALINDO: What about him?

2ND: How close was he to your son?

GALINDO: They grew up together—next door neighbors, but...

2ND: But what?

GALINDO: They stopped seeing each other...I don't know, it's been over a year. Since Enrico quit his job at the bank.

1ST: We have reason to believe he was also involved. If you can give some evidence that they still hung together, then we've got him.

GALINDO: I wish I could, as God is my witness, but I know Enrico was mad at him for some reason. I suspect it was politics also. Enrico alienated a lot of his old friends, even his family.

1ST: Unless you can give us some information, it won't look good for you at all. Quemada's brother is about an eye

for and eye, and he can do it.

GALINDO: I would be condemning an innocent boy. A patriot. Like I say, they never saw each other any more.

2ND: Look here, we don't need you to get Jacinto. So, if you're trying to save him—wise up, Old Man—!

GALINDO: As God is my witness!

2ND: Very well, have it your way.

THE TWO INTERROGATORS NOD TO EACH OTHER AND EXIT OUT THE DOOR.

Scene 9 A Lie Told by an Atheist

GALINDO: I only hope God forgives me. But the thought of them hurting the boy—I used God's name. I swore in his name. But I couldn't help myself. It was either him or me and he's so young and...you see, when they were questioning me. I couldn't tell them what I knew.

I'm gibbering. I'm sorry. It's just that...Now I know what Enrico meant when he said he didn't know how to do it any other way. I mean...ah—never mind...I—I swore in God's name and they believed me, because I'm known as a pious man and I used that. Do you see what I mean? Of course not. But God does. I think he'll forgive me, even if I was wrong, but I don't think I was wrong. Oh dear. Where's the priest? Don't they have the decency to let us confess our

Ana Maria

sins?

FRANCISCO: You confess to one of their priests and the priest will confess to Valdes and the next thing you know your good boy is in here. That's a fact.

GALINDO: A priest is bound by his holy vows. He dies before betraying God's trust! That's a vicious lie told by an atheist!

FRANCISCO: It's a fact.

GALINDO: I don't believe you!

CABEZAS: Enrico is a good kid, there's no doubt about that.

GALINDO: Enrico? Yes Enrico too.

FRANCISCO: It's a fact.

CABEZAS: It's a fact, so what, shut up.

GALINDO: What do you think, Federico?

FRANCISCO: What is this—a tribunal? Let's take a vote, the most votes win, who cares about what's true!

LORCA: A priest is a man. And men are fallible.

GALINDO: Such sadness, such dark times have made us this way. The moment dominates us now. That's all.

Scene 10 Ana María

GALINDO: What time do you suppose it is?

LORCA: Three-thirty, maybe four. It's still dark.

HE OFFERS THE OTHER THREE A SMOKE.

Gentlemen?

GALINDO AND CABEZAS DECLINE. FRANCISCO IGNORES LORCA.

LORCA LIGHTS A CIGARETTE FOR HIMSELF.

Like a moth to a flame.

GALINDO: What did you say?

LORCA: My last three days in Madrid...I spent with some friends. I was trying to decide whether I should go with them to Amalfi, where they had rented a villa, or come back here. I already knew, the streets of Madrid would soon be littered with corpses.

Every fifteen minutes I'd change my mind. To Amalfi, no, Granada, Amalfi, Granada, Amalfi, Granada, Granada, Granada...like a moth to a flame. Salvador has always said my character is pathologically anxious and undecided—What would he say now? Olé.

CABEZAS: You should've gone with them.

LORCA: Of course, but, Gala—his wife—whom I'd just met—Well, we talked without interruption for three days, and at the end of that conversation, I was convinced she was

Ana Maria

perfect for him. But by then the green odor of jealousy gathering in his armpits was enough to make me long for a place where I was welcomed.

FRANCISCO: If you're tired of living, then talk to a man's wife for three days.

LORCA: All I ever wanted was to sit in the sun with a cup of red wine and remember the songs of my childhood.

GALINDO: It's the dream of every Andalusian.

CABEZAS: The only thing I've ever wanted was to love a woman and knock down the high and mighty.

FRANCISCO: You're a ladies' man, all right. You have a reputation. Did you know that? But now that I think of it, I haven't seen you with a woman for a while. Were you considering the priesthood?

CABEZAS: Keep thinking that.

FRANCISCO: Woman troubles is something Federico, here never had.

CABEZAS: Put a lid on it.

MW: Ana Maria! Ana Mariiiiiiaaaa!

ANA MARIA DALI ENTERS. SHE IS DRESSED FOR THE SEA.

ANA MARIA: Federico! Federico! Hurry! Come here—

LORCA: What is it?

ANA: Look. The way these little crabs burrow in when

the water recedes. Why do you suppose?

LORCA: They're afraid.

ANA: We won't hurt them.

LORCA: It's their nature.

ANA: When the tide comes in this time let's get some.

LORCA: See what I mean?

ANA: Not to put them in a soup!

LORCA: But they don't know that.

ANA: Here it comes—

LORCA: Careful.

HE WATCHES HER AS SHE DIGS IN THE SAND.

ANA: LAUGHING They can't possibly hurt you! Look—I've caught one. Look at it. It's so tiny. It tickles! Here!

LORCA: SQUEAMISH, DROPS IT.

ANA: How could you drop it?

LORCA: It got away—!

ANA: You're a scaredy-cat is what you are.

LORCA: What me?

ANA: I don't mind. I like you just the way you are.

LORCA: Do you, Ana Maria?

ANA: Yes. Maybe if you were braver, like other boys, you would also be a bully. You're gentle and kind. Not

like Salvador, who can be very cruel. I don't know what makes him act so. What do you think it is with him?

LORCA: He doesn't mean any of it.

ANA: He's always been that way. So conceited. But not you.

LORCA: But I'm very conceited. But still I would like to mention your opinion of me to Luis Bunuel.

ANA: Who's he?

LORCA: Someone your brother and I know.

ANA: At the Residencia?

LORCA: Until they expelled him.

ANA: And he thinks you're conceited?

LORCA: To say the least.

ANA: Then I hate him.

LORCA: Hate does not fit you at all, Ana Maria.

ANA: I'd do anything for you, Federico. Do you think we might get married some day?

LORCA: Married?

ANA: Yes. My father thinks very highly of you. I'm sure he'd be delighted. He says, "That, Federico, he certainly writes you a lot of letters." His way of prying, you know, but it's sweet of him.

What is it? PAUSE. THEN BITTERLY, I wish I were a

boy!

LORCA: But why?

ANA: Because then you could love me as much as you love my brother.

LORCA: But...I can't love your brother like I love you.

ANA: Because I'm not free the way he is. He's free to go and come as he likes, to do whatever it is he does in Madrid. Drink wine and come home at dawn. That is good for a boy. That makes him a man. What would it make me?

LORCA: But you're perfect the way you are.

ANA: But you love my brother more because you and he can go anywhere. Isn't that so?

LORCA: I love you differently but equally.

ANA: STUDIES HIM A MOMENT.

Do you truly expect me to believe that?

And of all the people in the whole world, who do you love most of all?

MW: Show her your crucifix, Federico.

LORCA: My brother.

ANA: It must be so, you said it without a moment's hesitation. And is he handsome?

LORCA: Very handsome.

ANA: Is he smart?

LORCA: Very smart.

ANA: When you meet other boys do you compare them to your brother?

LORCA: There is no comparison.

ANA: I envy your brother and I envy you.

LORCA: But you love Salvador immensely.

ANA: Not absolutely. Sometimes I hate him more than anyone in the world. And did you torture your brother when you were children, the way Salvador tortured me?

LORCA: No tortures like Salvador.

ANA: Maybe you do, without even trying.

MW: Ana Mariaaaaa!

ANA: My mother! ¡Ay vengo!

SHE RUNS OUT. LORCA BEGINS ROLLING A CIGARETTE.

LORCA: My land, my chattel, my issue, my wife. Even if I were to love women, it wouldn't be on those terms.

MW: What a villain she could make of you.

LORCA: CROSSES TO MADWOMAN.

I should show you the Christ I carry with me wherever I go, that I place in a spot so, when I open my eyes in the morning—even when I'm in a strange room, in a strange country, my Christ is the first thing I see—so that I know

who I'm, and where I'm is not so important.

I should show you that Christ and then, perhaps, you would welcome my not loving you the way I love your brother.

My Christ on a wooden cross. The nails that nail my wooden Christ are miniature reproductions of the real nails that would nail a man to a cross. And the torment and forgiveness on my Christ's face are as real to me as a mother forgiving her son on his wedding day. It's a perfect Christ in every detail. Albeit, a Christ with a Spanish face. His navel is an oval, as is his face. His belly is sunk in as if he is stretched over a rack. His pain is that exquisite Catholic suffering. His fingers are long and graceful—the hands of a pianist. Which makes the violation of nails into his wooden flesh an even greater violation. He's very flat against that cross, very relaxed, the curves of his human form are symmetrical and poetic.

Everything about my Christ is perfect even his feet. Except...except his feet are not feet. They are hooves. His feet are hooves. That is the first thing I see when I wake up in the morning.

MW: TO THE DEAD CHILD. Your father had cloven hoofs, my darling, but your little feet are like fresh baked bread.

Scene 11 Cigarette

LORCA LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE.

FRANCISCO: You just finished a cigarette.

LORCA: I'm a chain smoker.

FRANCISCO: Well I'm a chain breather! Give me a few minutes of clean air if you don't mind.

GALINDO: What kind of tobacco is that? It doesn't smell like any Spanish brand I know.

LORCA: English.

FRANCISCO: English. Uh huh.

CABEZAS: Go ahead smoke your English cigarette. It would please me.

LORCA: Do you want one.

CABEZAS: Yes, in fact I do, very much.

FRANCISCO: You never smoke!

CABEZAS: Do you want a cigarette?

DIOSCORO: Hmm. A cigarette? I usually smoke a pipe but they took it away. Roll me one also.

FRANCISCO: Oh—it's all right for him—all of you, to putrefy the air. I got no rights.

CABEZAS: If you demand yours, then I demand that you stop putrefying the air with you whining. So por favor, shut up.

FRANCISCO: You have my permission to leave.

CABEZAS: If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't be here.

FRANCISCO: How was I to know.

CABEZAS: I told you to wait. You couldn't wait one minute. By now, we'd be sitting pretty in Madrid.

FRANCISCO: No one is sitting pretty anywhere.

CABEZAS: You were like that always, even in the arena, you were true to your nature.

FRANCISCO: What nature is that?

CABEZAS: The way you side-stepped, a little too soon, always. A little on the fearful side. That's what he did, "You go first," he'd tell me, "What do I care about glory?" As if I cared! I just wanted to keep my job, that's all.

FRANCISCO: Who was afraid? I was never afraid.

CABEZAS: Everyone's afraid, Majo— Especially with the scar from the horn you took in Malaga that terrible summer. First you then Jose Luis was gored that way, we couldn't get the bull off him. It was a mess.

FRANCISCO: It was a mess all right. They had to keep the coffin closed. And his mother—the way she went on about it...

CABEZAS: Yes. It's things like that that make you careful, too careful, too wary, so that disaster seems to wait for you or like a man who can't get hot over a girl because one threw him out. Like too many places where the

horn has entered and that part of your body must be dragged to meet the bull. It's a fear that takes over, makes you lose your wits, and in the end you make that last mistake—trying to avoid disaster.

LORCA HANDS CABEZAS HIS CIGARETTE

CABEZAS: Thanks.

FRANCISCO: ...That's not what I was afraid of.

CABEZAS: Then what was it?

FRANCISCO: I wouldn't want to waste your time trying to explain.

CABEZAS: That's what it's been all right, knowing you—a waste of time. All talk and no action—

FRANCISCO: Don't listen to him—Maybe if I'd taken some time thinks things over, I wouldn't be burning up this way—

CABEZAS: Everyone in this room is burning up, you idiot, but you can't see it. You can't see anyone. You never have. Look at the way you treated your wife.

LORCA: ¡Hombre!

FRANCISCO: My wife? I treated her like gold.

CABEZAS: Why because you kept her on a shelf? Maybe you don't know—it's possible. You've never been able to see beyond yourself. Even your wife—

LORCA REMEMBERING:

SPOT ON SANTIAGO AND ACTOR. ANOTHER SPOT ON LORCA.

SANTIAGO: Where are you going with this, Majo?

ACTOR: What do you mean?

SANTIAGO: How do you feel about her at this moment?

ACTOR: I'm fed up, I'm angry.

SANTIAGO: But what is going to happen at the end when you tell her she's beautiful and you adore her?

ACTOR: Well, at that point I feel differently.

SANTIAGO: Why? You're still be the same guy, the guy who never changes. You love her now as you love her when she strangles the life out of you. This is your tragedy. What you're doing is too easy! And it turns poor Juan into a straw man. Federico—after three and a half hours, I'm sick of the sound of my own voice. *Por favor.*

LORCA: If you make us despise Juan, we'll miss the part about ourselves. You won't intrigue us and we'll rue your moments on stage. Juan will come off as a complete bore, except for those in the audience who are exactly like him. It's all right if we feel affection for you.

ACTOR: Yes! That gives me a lot more freedom.

SANTIAGO AND LORCA EXCHANGE A LOOK.

ACTOR: *"I'm not the one who sets a man's name on your chest. You do it by your conduct, and the town's beginning to say so. It's beginning to say it openly. When I come on*

a group, they all fall silent; when I go to weigh the flour, they all fall silent, and even at night, in the fields when I awaken. . ."

FRANCISCO: Don't talk about my wife—

CABEZAS: I'll talk anything I want about your wife—

FRANCISCO: Don't think I don't know—

CABEZAS: Know what?

FRANCISCO: They way you looked at her, who could miss it?

CABEZAS: It was more than a look, my friend.

SILENCE. THEN FRANCISCO LUNGES AT JOAQUIN.

FRANCISCO: Hijo de Puta, te voy a matar!

LORCA AND GALINDO STRUGGLE TO PULL HIM OFF. THEY SUBDUE FRANCISCO ALL SPEAKING AT THE SAME TIME.

LORCA: Stop it—

FRANCISCO: You put the horns on me!

CABEZAS: You put them on yourself!

GALINDO: This no way to treat a friend—

CABEZAS: Let him go—It's been long overdue!

LORCA: Francisco, calmate hombre!

FRANCISCO: The bitch! The bitch! How could she do this—did everybody know? I worshipped at her feet—

CABEZAS: You should've worshipped higher—

FRANCISCO: You see, he wants to die!

BREAKING FROM THEIR HOLD. JOAQUIN IS READY FOR HIM AND SLAPS HIM ONE ON THE NOSE CAUSING A NOSEBLEED.

FRANCISCO: Ay! Oh shit!

GALINDO: Lie down—

LORCA TO CAB.: Can't you see, he hurts more than any of us?

FRANCISCO: HOLDING HIS NOSE.

Don't stick up for me—I can fight my own battles!

CABEZAS: He never wanted her. She was only something for him to brag about. Any ass could see that.

I loved her!

FRANCISCO: You seduced her, what could she know about such things. Women are weak—

CABEZAS: She was strong enough to come to my room—

FRANCISCO: Shut up—

CABEZAS: Strong enough to knock on my door, to stare at me with those penetrating eyes of an Arab—

FRANCISCO: COVERING HIS EARS—

Aughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

DOOR OPENS.

JOSE: What's going on in here?

LORCA: We are settling our accounts. Please be so kind as to close the door.

JOSE EXITS.

CABEZAS: I was the weak one. I let her in. She wanted to talk about you, if you had another woman. She had to know why you...you never...had use for her—

FRANCISCO: Use for her?

CABEZAS: That's how she put it. She wept and blamed herself, thought herself hideous, undesirable. It tore me apart. Ever since you first brought her around I—I admired her. That admiration grew, everything about her stuck in my mind. I loathed myself for desiring the wife of my best friend but what could I do except keep my mouth shut? Then, suddenly there she was. What would you have done?

LORCA: STARING OUT THE WINDOW.

*Duende, Duende oscuro, duro y verde, van los hombres, mano a mano, Muerte los sigue, dama en negro, tierra escarbada, duérme niños, no piense en mañana. **

PAUSE.

FRANCISCO: I'm an idiot. I never deserved her. I'm glad, I'm glad, you. I never saw anything, except what only effected myself and no one else.

MW: Give me a Cigarette!

CABEZAS: What happened to our cigarettes?

GALINDO: We trampled them.

FRANCISCO: At least you loved her the way a woman should be loved.

FRANCISCO: AS IF TO EXPLAIN HIS INEFFECTUALNESS TO THE OTHERS.

I loved her—in my own way.

CABEZAS: What do you know about love?

FRANCISCO: Because it's not there, that's what I know. You don't spend a lot of time thinking about what you have. You don't turn every little pebble looking for it. And now I'm going to die.

CABEZAS: We are all going to die!

FRANCISCO: But—but I'm already dead, and I've been dead like this forever it seems. You have all lived, all of you and at this moment you're alive. You Lorca, what is there to say? And you, Dioscoro with your children at home and your children in the classroom. And Joaquin, you, thank God, you did, you loved a beautiful woman, who loved you, didn't she? Say yes, just to appease me, damn you all!

CABEZAS: She said it...

* *Duende, caliginous Duende, hard and green, go the men, man- a-mano, Death walks behind, woman in black, freshly dug earth, sleep, children, don't think of tomorrow.*

FRANCISCO: She said it more than once?

CABEZAS: She did, yes, she did.

FRANCISCO: You're not just saying that to make me feel better?

CABEZAS: I—I'm not capable of making you feel better.

FRANCISCO: But who will remember me? When I can barely remember myself? Help me Help me!

HE STANDS HELPLESS AND ALONE. LORCA SLOWLY CIRCLES AROUND AND TAKES FRANCISCO BY THE HAND AS IF TO DANCE WITH HIM, THEN KISSES HIM FOR A LONG MOMENT. THE OTHER TWO LOOK ON IN ASTONISHMENT BUT WITHOUT JUDGMENT. FINALLY, LORCA STANDS BACK.

FRANCISCO: You are a very brave man.

LORCA: Francisco-Paco-Paquito—Brave is one word that has never been wasted on me.

FRANCISCO: If only they'd given us the goddammed guns. Then there would've been time enough for everything.

LORCA: There's no time left—!

CABEZAS: SENSING PANIC.

There's time for a bit of poetry. Write us a poem. Just for our ears.

LORCA: I—I don't think I can just make one up so quickly—I'm sorry.

CABEZAS: Oh. Well, I understand. I've put you on the spot. I'm sorry.

LORCA: No, as stupid as this may sound, I—I'm helpless without a piece of paper in front of me.

GALINDO: Read them the one in your pocket. No one has heard it but me.

CABEZAS You have a new one in your pocket?

LORCA: I'd forgotten about it.

CABEZAS Read that one.

LORCA: All right. All right.

Scene 12 The Madwoman

LORCA PULLS OUT THE POEM AND LOOKS AT IT.

THE MADWOMAN IS SITTING CROSS LEGGED ROCKING A LOG OF WOOD WRAPPED IN A FILTHY BLANKET. SHE IS MURMURING TO IT WORDS THAT BECOME INTELLIGIBLE AS FRANCISCO CROSSES TO THE WOMAN.

MW: Little filets of myself were hopping about on that road. The road on my way home to Granada. I've never cared much for the flavor of dirt. Smell it when it's wet, of course, that's love. After all we were clay and God breathed on us. I could hear them whipping the rumps of their stallions as they galloped away. Both the moon and the sun came out at the same time to watch until the old man found me. Took me home. Gave me a pair of wooden shoes he had found in France. I've saved those shoes for you, my darling, to teach you about life in case the men come back for me.

LORCA: Juanita is that you?

MW: Juanita. Juanita Eroles. No, No I never knew her. Who are you?

LORCA: Federico. Don't you remember me?

MW: Give! SHE HOLDS OUT HER HAND FOR MONEY.

LORCA HANDS HER SEVERAL BILLS.

The Madwoman

MW: I'm surprised you recognize me. Out here all day has charred my skin. Remember what lovely skin I had? Give me your scarf. There is an endless supply in the Plaza. Ask Gordito, the scarf man. He always tried to catch you when you were a kid.

LORCA: He knew something we didn't.

MW: He never caught you.

LORCA: Once he did. But I almost bit off his thumb. It swelled up so he had to wear a bandage wrapped around it. I was impressed with the venom of my bite.

MW: Of course, Federico. I remember you. The bite of a child is as powerful as a man's.

LORCA: Jaunita, let's go bury the little creature. Let's put him to rest.

MW: Conceive your own child, Federico! This one is mine and you won't get it. Right now, all you see is an angel, but it was me who rocked him to sleep. A mother's patience is what it takes. Isn't that so my little spider?

I think your father was a Gypsy who came to mend some pots for me. But I will raise you like a true Spaniard—A Gypsy has wheels for feet but a Spaniard has roots!

Give me your coat. There's an endless supply at the market place.

MW: How is the road to Granada?

LORCA: Wasn't it a little wider before?

MW: Then they haven't fixed it up yet. Drink from me, my creature, I have wooden shoes you must fill that will teach you about life.

GALINDO: Has the moon come out?

CABEZAS: It's getting near dawn.

FRANCISCO: All the times I've stared at it, like it was there for me.

LORCA: Look at the moon, Juanita. It's come out for us—no one else can see it.

MW: You always liked to play the magician, Federico, but I tell you, the moon is there for anyone...like a whore. What time is it? Not by the clock. Only the time when that whore pulls up the skirts of the sea.

LORCA LOOKS AT THE LINES HE WROTE THE LINES THAT GALINDO READ. THEN, AS IF PULLING EACH SOUND FROM THE EARTH BELOW THEM HE BEGINS:

The Mother of Spain darkens with grief
her eyes glazed over the tin waters of a pirate sea
She kisses us, rusted earth in our fists
Pirates have escaped with our pomegranate dreams
Let us go to the shadows and continue the rumor

O terrible mother of deepening sadness
stare at the site where the moon is hung
its ashes of light over Gypsy corn and. . . silence
Tender mother of madness
caress us in wonder
and sing us a lullaby of sanguine. . .
PAUSES, LOOKING FOR A WORD FROM HIS PAST.
tomorrows.

GALINDO: Oh...but?...May I see it?

LORCA HANDS HIM THE POEM.

GALINDO: This is the one I read, but not the one you-
yes...I see!

FRANCISCO: All we ever wanted from her was love.

CABEZAS: I've been playing a kid's game all this time,
that if we make it to sunrise then we live another day.

GALINDO: I only pray that God's forgiven me.

LORCA: If I could record somehow what I've seen
tonight. . .And all the other moments I meant to write
about. That's just it. I knew—I always knew it would end
too soon, but what I never understood was what too soon
meant. Ay Madre Mia, I should have written more—I should
have written faster.

THIS IDEA SUDDENLY STRIKES HIM AS ABSURDLY FUNNY. HE

STARTS TO LAUGH. THE OTHER LOOK AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT, THEN BECOME INFECTED WITH LORCA'S LAUGHTER.

FRANCISCO: Si, Majo, you should have learned to write with both hands.

GALINDO: The reincarnation of Pedro Caldaron de la Barca with every one of his ninety-nine plays—

LORCA: I should have never laughed at Don Pedro!

GALINDO: Should—A word that should be stricken from the Human language—!

LORCA: Then what would complement regret?

FRANCISCO: I propose a toast!

ALL: A toast, a toast!

FRANCISCO: To Hell with regret! Let's hear a speech—Federico, you're the man of words—

THE OTHERS: Speech, Speech—!

FOOT STEPS OFFSTAGE APPROACHING THEIR ROOM. THE FOUR MEN ARE FROZEN. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND JOSE ENTERS.

JOSE: It's time.

GALINDO: LOOKS AROUND. But a priest, we're allowed to see the priest.

JOSE: Th-the problem is that he—the priest, left an hour ago.

LORCA: But I must speak to God!

JOSE: There's nothing I can do—but you—you can confess to El Señor directly. Under these circumstances it is allowed.

GALINDO:

CONCERNED AND KINDLY TOWARD LORCA WHO IS VISIBLY SHAKEN.

Yes. Federico we can do this.

LORCA: Of course. We'll pray directly, it feels better this way. Will it bother you?

GALINDO: Not one bit. It seems only God is completely trust-worthy these days. Shall we kneel?

LORCA: As you like.

THEY KNEEL. FRANCISCO AND CABEZAS TURN THEIR BACKS TO GIVE THEIR FRIENDS PRIVACY.

But I'm rusty on the prayer.

GALINDO: You can follow along with me.

LORCA: All right. Are you ready?

GALINDO: Yes.

SPANISH GYPSY MUSIC BEGINS

LIGHTS DOWN.