

Te recuerdo

by Hunter Curtis and Lizzie Mooney

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARIA- 23, fiancé of Pablo

PABLO- 25, leftist, fiancé of Maria

MANUEL- 28, secret police, brother of Maria

ANDREA- 20's, wife of Manuel

SERGIO- 20's, secret police friend of Manuel

ROSA- 20's, wife of Sergio

SCENE 1

AT RISE - A lifeless, dimly lit dining room. Very little color. A news broadcast is drifting from the radio. There are two chairs - one at each end of a long, formal dining table. The tablecloth is simple (muted tones and patterns). There is an old guitar case in a corner of the room. MARIA-dressed in a modest black dress- is tidying the room as the broadcast plays.

(Inevitable by Shakira @ 2:49 segues into the news)

PRE-RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT

Noticias de ultima hora.(Late Breaking News.) In today's news, former army general and dictator of Chile, Augusto Pinochet, was arrested in London where he was allegedly receiving medical treatment. Charged with multiple counts of human rights violations, the British government has placed him under house arrest. His trial date has yet to be announced. **La gente en Chile ha salido a las calles a celebrar el arresto de Pinochet.**(The people in Chile have gone out to the streets to celebrate the arrest of Pinochet.)In other news, the '98 winter olympics is fast approaching! Tune in and support our athletes, it's sure to be a-

As the news plays, she smooths the tablecloth. She paces the room, making sure things are "just so." She makes her way to the bookshelf, on top of which is a stereo. She becomes agitated by the news and abruptly shuts it off. She presses a button on the stereo and "Te Recuerdo Amanda" starts to play. Next to the stereo is a down-turned photograph of a man's face. She picks it up, looks at the photograph, then holds it to her heart. Still gripping the photograph, she sways back and forth to the song as lights fade to black.

SCENE 2

In the same dining room, twenty five years earlier. There is upbeat 1970's music drifting from a record player where the stereo was. The room is bright and happy. There is a colorful tablecloth on the dining table, which now has six chairs around it. Seated at the table are ANDREA, MANUEL, ROSA and SERGIO.

SERGIO:

(Yelling to MARIA who is offstage)

Maria! We've run dry out here! **-Ya no tenemos vino.-** (*We have no more wine*)

ROSA:

(to the table)

Sergio loves these rallies. I don't know. Too much madness for me, I can't stand being in a giant crowd **-La multitud me vuelve loca-**

(The multitude drives me crazy)

MANUEL:

Tienes que ser más entusiasta, (*You have to be more enthusiastic*) Rosa.

The government could use the support of beautiful women like you.

ANDREA:

(Jokingly hurt)

Manuel! **-De qué hablas?-** (*What are you talking about?*)

MANUEL:

(affectionately)

And you of course, **-mi amor.-** (*my love*)

ROSA:

I'm sure Mr. Pinochet won't mind if I stay home.

SERGIO:

Oh, won't you come this Saturday, Rosa? **-Sera fabuloso si vienes-**

(It will be fabulous if you come)

ANDREA:

Come on compañera, we'd have so much fun. I hear Pinochet himself is speaking on Saturday. **-Va a ser un gran evento!!-** (*It's going to be a great event*)

ROSA:

(Excitedly shocked)

-No, Estas bromeando? En serio?-

(No, Are you joking? Seriously?)

MANUEL:

Si! Si, I might even get to ask him a question or too. We've got reservations and everything, **tercera fila !** You have to come.

(third row)

ANDREA:

Puedes usar ese vestido nuevo, (*You can use that new dress*) You know the one we picked up last week at-

ROSA

(Becoming more excited)

Oh **si si!** I've got it all planned out. Damn it, you may have just convinced me.

ROSA giggles as MARIA enters through the kitchen carrying two large bottles of wine. MARIA is now wearing a festive apron and a large flower in her hair. She sets them on the table and her guests rejoice. MANUEL rises from his seat holding a glass of wine and a knife. He taps the knife to the glass and clears his throat.

MANUEL:

Mis amigos! *(My friends)* I want to thank my baby sister for this beautiful meal. **-Estos son tiempos difíciles , gracias a dios-** *(This are hard times, thank god)* we are all able to be here together tonight. And for such a wonderful occasion! I know we are all dying to meet this mysterious lover boy of yours, Maria.

(MARIA swats MANUEL's arm)

I'm sure he's just been busy. For the past two hours.

MARIA:

He's probably tied up at work. **Llegará en cualquier momento..**

(He will be here any moment..)

MANUEL:

(He adds snidely)

Por supuesto que estará aquí. Todos lo veremos pronto.

(Of course he will be here. We shall all see him soon)

MARIA:

(sternly)

He'll be here. **Tengamos paciencia.**

(Let's have patience.)

MANUEL:

(to the group)

And he'll make a wonderful addition to our little **familia.** *(Family)*

(Raises glass) **Brindemos!**

EVERYONE:

Salud! *(Cheers)*

(Lights go dark on dining room, the group freezes. Ghost-like light comes up on PABLO outside the front door. He is carrying a guitar case, a backpack and sipping from a flask. He appears to be nervous. He is combing his hair and straightening his shirt. He takes a sip from a flask for some liquid courage. A single spotlight appears on ANDREA. She stares out over the audience. She

mimes placing her other hand on a Bible, as if to be going under oath in a courtroom. PABLO remains frozen outside the door in a ghost-like light)

ANDREA:

I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

(she drops her hands)

It was around eight o'clock on a Thursday night. November twenty first, 1974. We'd been waiting for him for hours. We kept joking that he wasn't even real, that Maria had... invented him. She kept assuring us, and eventually, he showed. Two hours late, of course. Maria was mad about that. **Estaba enojada y aliviada a la vez.** He smelled of liquor and cigarettes, and Manuel immediately disliked him. I pitied him a little. You could tell he really loved her.

ANDREA returns to her seat and the lights come up on PABLO and the dining room. The dinner party resumes. PABLO stumble drunkenly to the door and knocks three times. MARIA shh's the group.

MARIA:

Was that...? **Alguien viene?**

(PABLO knocks again)

MARIA:

("I told you so" to MANUEL)

He's here.

-Bakan ya llego!-

MARIA rises excitedly from the table and hurries to the door. She smooths her dress before opening the door. PABLO is obviously out of it. He stumbles through the door and picks up MARIA. MARIA swats PABLO but he does not put her down.

PABLO: **Mi Amor!!**

(My love)

MARIA:

(through her teeth)

Christ, **Pablo, dejame!**

(take me down)

(He sets her down. MARIA sniffs the air and appears appalled. She pinches his arm)

You're drunk. **Has tomado!**

(have you drunk)

PABLO:

Yo? Of course not, **mi amor.** *(my love)* *(He reaches for her hand and tries to kiss her but she pushes him away. He winces, grabbing his hurt arm.)*

MANUEL:

(to the table)

He knows how to make an entrance, I'll give him that. **Valla estilo.**
(What a style)

(the group chuckles.)

PABLO:

Lo siento, señores. *(I'm sorry, sir)* I was held up at the theater. The projector broke during the six o'clock screening. I had a floor full of film, can you believe that? Almost lost my job! But there is no excuse for keeping all of you waiting. I hope you didn't wait too long to start dinner.

MARIA:

(embarrassed)

Pablo, this is my brother Manuel, his wife Andrea and our dear friends Sergio and Rosa. Everyone, meet my fiance, Pablo. **Como pueden ver Pablo es un hombre muy ocupado.**

(As you guys can see Pablo is a really busy man)

ROSA:

Es un placer conocerle Pablo.

(It's a pleasure to me you Pablo)

(PABLO nods to ROSA, acknowledging her, and then takes the only empty seat next to MARIA. Everyone becomes silent. There is an awkward pause as PABLO sits sloppily and pours himself a full glass of wine)

SERGIO:

Well sorry there's no food left, we would have saved some but we weren't sure- **No sabemos si vendrias.**

(We didn't know if you would come.)

ROSA:

Sergio he's obviously had a long night. **Debe estar cansado.**

(you might be tired)

PABLO:

Gracias-*(thank you)* Sergio is it? But I'll be alright. This wine is great! **Es exquisito.**

(It's great)

MANUEL:

You like it?

(PABLO nods while he sips)

MANUEL:

(condescending)

Este vino es especial (*this wine is special*) '65, I believe. Picked it up on our last trip to the country. You like your wine huh?

MARIA:

Manuel, don't- **tranquilo hombre.** (*calm down man*)

PABLO:

No, mi amor, (*No, my love*) it's fine. **Amo el vino.** (*I love wine*) Papa used to make his own

SERGIO:

(uninterested)

How nice.

MANUEL:

Tu Padre, (*Your father*) he was a winemaker?

PABLO:

No, that was just a hobby of his. Actually, he uh, he worked in the copper mines. **El era un obrero.** He was a member of the union.

(*He was a laborer.*)

ANDREA:

Does he still? Is he retired? **Que hace ahora?**

(*What does he do now*)

PABLO:

(surprisingly relaxed)

No, he was killed about a year ago, **fue muy doloroso para mi.**

(*It was very painful for me.*)

MARIA:

Your father was murdered? **En serio?**

(*seriously*)

PABLO:

Didn't I tell you? **casi no hablo de ello.**

(*I don't really talk about it*)

(*MARIA, shocked, shakes her head*)

SERGIO:

One year ago.. was he killed in the coup? **Durante la represion?**

(*During the repression?*)

PABLO:

'Fraid so. Too many were. And it's still going on, you know. People disappearing, getting shot if they're out after curfew, **es terrible**
(*It's terrible*)

MANUEL:

Hah, more than shot.

PABLO:

Right. I know. They try to hide it, but everyone knows what they do to innocent people.

MANUEL:

(*facetious*)

Inocentes? Prisons are full of the "innocent". **Valla ideas las tuyas.**
(*What ideas of yours*)

PABLO:

(*noticing MANUEL's tone*)

Yes. They are. **Incluso los ciegos se dan cuenta.**
(*Even the blind people realize.*)

MANUEL:

(*condescending*)

Look around, kid. Ever read a newspaper? Things are looking up! But nothing's going to get done if these "innocent" people can't keep their mouths shut- **Alguien necesita hacer algo.**

(*Someone needs to do something.*)

MARIA:

Manuel! There is no need for this. **Siempre deben de prevalecer los derechos.** (*The rights must always prevail.*)

ANDREA:

(*warning*)

Sientate amor.

(*Sit down love*)

SERGIO:

Manuel hermano, how about another glass?

(*Manuel brother*)

(*SERGIO puts a forceful hand on MANUEL's shoulder and he sinks back into his seat. SERGIO fills MANUEL's glass, now half empty from sloshing it around*)

SERGIO:

Maria, you didn't say he was so opinionated! **Valla opiniones!**
(*What opinions of yours*)

MARIA:

(Light heartedly, joking)

Oh, can't you people talk about anything else? You know I hate politics!

Nada bueno puede salir de la política.

(Nothing good can come from politics)

SERGIO:

(urgently)

Maria, -

(You don't understand)

MARIA:

(more seriously)

Please, Sergio. Relax a little. **Calmate.**

(Calm down)

ANDREA:

(rising from her seat)

How about some music before dessert? **Algo alegre.**

(Something cheerful)

(Pablo reaches for his guitar case)

PABLO:

Les importaria si yo...?

(Do you mind if I)

SERGIO:

(under his breath)

Oh God...

ANDREA:

Please! Maria, you didn't tell us he played. **Que mas no nos has dicho de el?**

(What else haven't you told us about him.)

MARIA:

(Nudging him)

Play that one I like, darling. The one you played for me, **cuando nos conocimos.**

(when we met.)

ROSA:

How did you two meet? You've never told us. **Perdon por el atrevimiento.**

(Sorry for the insolence.)

MANUEL:

(spitefully)

Al parecer, there seems to be a lot of things you've never told us.

(Apparently)

MARIA glares at him threateningly.

PABLO:

Mind if I tell it this time love? You always tell it. Let me, eh?

MARIA tunes everyone out and fiddles with her glass as PABLO talks.

It was a year and a half ago. I had been working at the old Cine Astor on Chacabuco, working the projector. They put me in this old dusty room above the audience. It was cramped, but I could see the screen and watch people watch the movies. That was my favorite thing- to see their reactions. One day while I was stuck up in that room, working the projector, I saw this beautiful young woman walk in. She took a seat far in the back, **se encontraba sola.** (she was alone) And I thought to myself "**Porque esta sola?** (why is she alone?) Surely her date must be coming any minute." But the movie kept playing, and nobody came. So I came up with this crazy plan. Ten minutes or so before the movie was over, I ran down into the theater and sat beside her. **Deseaba compartir todo con ella.** (I wanted to share everything with her.) We chatted through the rest of the movie, and at a coffee shop for hours on end after that. We walked around the city that night, into art galleries and little shops. I took her to my favorite music store, and when she asked me to play, I did. **La noche fue mágica.**

(The night was magical)

MARIA slowly becomes more invested in his story. She cuddles up next to him by the end of it.

MARIA:

Amor, play the song.

(Love)

PABLO:

Maria, I don't think that's a good... (looks spitefully at MANUEL) Oh, why not. It's only a song. **Una cancion nada mas.**

(Just one song)

(PABLO takes his guitar out of it's old, worn out case and begins to play and sing "Te Recuerdo Amanda". At first, the guests think nothing of it. As he reaches the chorus, SERGIO and ANDREA begin to look concerned. PABLO plays on.)

ANDREA:

Maria **has perdido la razon**, (Have you lost your mind) what is he doing? He can't sing that... (to PABLO) You can't sing that!

(PABLO sings on, louder now)

MARIA:

Compañara, what's wrong? It's nothing. Just a silly love song, I don't understand-

SERGIO:

Para de tocar eso (*Stop playing that*) what are you... That's traitor's music! I'm warning you, boy! Put it down, now!

PABLO plays louder and angrily until MANUEL stands furiously and rips the guitar from his hands. He holds it above his head, about to smash it, before he does, everyone but SERGIO freezes. The lights go dark except for one harsh spotlight on SERGIO. He stands alert and raises his right hand halfway in the air. He mimes placing his other hand on a Bible, as if to be going under oath in a courtroom.

EVERYONE BUT SERGIO:

(whispering sharply and unmoving)

Do you solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

SERGIO:

I do. **Por supuesto.**

(Of course)

(He drops his hands and stares out over the audience)

SERGIO:

We weren't planning on it, I can promise you that. Maria never told me, she never even told her own brother. **A su propio hermano**, (*To her own brother*), can you believe that? She didn't tell any of us that she was going to marry this, this criminal **traidor de la patria**. (*traitor of the homeland.*) She didn't know who we were, of course...or what we *really* did for a living... but she knew we supported the government. That should have been reason enough not to let us all in the same room together. How childish. I tried, mind you, to be cordial with him, **queriamos ser amigables**. (*We wanted to be friendly*) but there was nothing I could do. It was my *job*, for Christ sake. It was mine and Manuel's *responsibility* to enforce the law. Once we knew, we had no other choice but to... I mean, it would have been him or us. **Asi es como esta la situacion**. (*That is how the situation is.*)

SERGIO resumes his position at the table as lights on the dining room come up. MANUEL is about to smash PABLO's guitar when MARIA grabs it away from him.

MARIA:

Todos ustedes! Enough!!

(All of you!)

SERGIO:

Maria, you don't understand- **Pon los pies en la tierra.**

(Put your feet in the ground)

MARIA:

(fuming)

Stop telling me I don't understand! What is there to understand? **Estoy harta** *(I'm tired)* *(to the group)* I know you don't agree on much. You've made that clear. *(to MANUEL)* But good God, **hermano!** *(brother)* Why do you do this to me? Why must you complicate things with petty politics? Is your sister's happiness not more important than some name on a ballot? **Acaso no te importa mi felicidad?** *(Perhaps you don't mind my happiness?)*

(The room goes silent. MANUEL storms out. There is a beat before SERGIO speaks)

SERGIO:

I think we could all use another drink. **Necesitamos un trago.**

(We need a drink)

(SERGIO exits. Another beat.)

ROSA:

The sweet corn should be ready about now. **No crees Maria?**

(Don't you think Maria?)

MARIA:

Right. I better go get-

ROSA:

Andrea will help me. **Verdad Andrea.**

(Right Andrea)

ANDREA:

But-

ROSA:

(taking ANDREA by the arm)

Come on, **amiga vamos.**

(Amiga let's go)

(ROSA and ANDREA exit leaving PABLO and MARIA alone)

PABLO:

(somberly sarcastic)

That went well. **Nada mal.**

(Not bad.)

MARIA:

Can you blame them? That was some first impression you made-**Ya los conoces.**

PABLO:

Let me explain-**Entiendolo!**
(*Understand!*)

MARIA:

You knew how much this meant to me- **Valla verguenza.**
(*What a shame*)

PABLO:

I know. I know. I'm sorry I was late. **Perdoname, por favor.**
(*Please, I'm sorry*)

MARIA:

It's more than that. What was that song, Pablo? Why did my brother get so angry when you played that song? **Qué significa todo esto?** (*What does all of this mean?*)

PABLO:

(*He takes her hands in his*)

The man who wrote that song **Victor Jara** believed in a country that was for it's people. **Luchaba por su pueblo.** (*He foughted for his people*) He believed in freedom and equality and justice. Last year that man was killed, alongside my father, alongside thousands of others. And now we can't even sing his songs. They are trying to erase him, don't you see? They are trying to erase him and everything he stood for. And I won't let it happen, mi amor. I won't let you live in a world like that. **Vivimos bajo una dictadura. Aqui no hay democracia.**
(*We live under a dictatorship. There is no democracy here..*)

They embrace. MANUEL and SERGIO enter looking more calm and collected. SERGIO holds up the new bottle of wine like a peace offering.

MANUEL:

How about one last drink? **que les parece?**
(*What do you think?*)

SERGIO:

To new beginnings. **Por el futuro.**
(*For the future.*)

PABLO:

Alright. To new beginnings.

(Let's toast)

MARIA smiles.

MARIA:

And to my family. **Por nuestro amor. Brindemos.**

(For our love.)

They all drink

MANUEL:

Hermanita, you better go save your corn. I love her, but Andrea's no cook.

MARIA:

Ay! Behave yourselves. I'll be right back. *(to herself as she exits)* **Que Dios me ayude,** *(oh god help me)*

Once MARIA is gone, MANUEL and SERGIO look at each other and nod, as if to make a silent agreement. Then they both turn to look sinisterly at PABLO. PABLO catches them staring at him and smiles, unphased. SERGIO sits at the table and MANUEL goes to stand by the door. MANUEL keeps peeking out the window.

PABLO:

Look. I didn't mean to ruin your party.

SERGIO:

(His tone has changed drastically. He is threatening)

She shouldn't have brought you here. **No se que hace aquí.**

(I don't know what you are doing here)

PABLO:

(realization)

I see that now. **Ya lo entiendo.**

(Now I understand)

SERGIO:

(threateningly)

In fact, I think you better go. **De prisa.**

(Hurry)

PABLO:

I'm not leaving. Maria wants me here. **Es su casa.** *(It's her house)* If she wants me gone, she'll throw me out herself.

SERGIO:

I'd be careful with that tone if I were you. **No sabes con quien estas tratando.** *(You don't know who you are dealing with)*

PABLO:

Was that a threat? **En serio?**
(Really?)

MANUEL walks to the record player and turns on loud music. He then walks to the window, waiting for someone. He looks out the window one last time then nods to SERGIO. SERGIO pulls a gun from the inside of his coat and points it at PABLO. MANUEL does the same.

PABLO:

Mar-!

PABLO tries to scream but SERGIO cuts him off by hitting him in the head with his gun PABLO sinks to his knees.

SERGIO:

She can't hear you.

MANUEL:

(sharply whispering through his teeth)

DINA. Talk and we'll shoot. We'll shoot the whole house up, I swear to God. Keep your mouth shut, pig. **No vales nada. lo entiendes?**

(You are not worth it. You understand)

MANUEL crouches down next to PABLO, still aiming his gun.

MANUEL:

She'll thank me one day. For getting rid of you. The whole country will thank me.

MANUEL shoves PABLO even further to the floor.

MARIA FROM OFFSTAGE:

Almost ready! Smell that? Came out just right!

PABLO:

(struggling to get up)

Te vas arrepentir. (You'll regret it), She'll never forgive you.

MANUEL:

(while cocking his gun)

Callate.

(Shut up)

MANUEL is about to shoot PABLO when lights abruptly go black.

SCENE 3

Lights up on the dining room. We hear the sound of a car starting. There is evidence of a struggle. A chair or two knocked over. *SERGIO* is alone in the dining room. He takes a knee and crosses himself.

SERGIO:

Forgive me, **mi amiga.**

(My friend)

The sound of a car speeding away. *MANUEL* re-enters the room. *SERGIO* rises from the floor. They are straightening their ties and straightening up the room.

MANUEL:

It's taken care of. He...had to leave. Family emergency. **De repente se fue.** *(Out of nowhere he left.)*

SERGIO nods. The two men take their seats at the table, *MANUEL* pours them both a glass of wine as *MARIA*, *ANDREA* and *ROSA* enter carrying a tray of sweet corn. *MARIA* sets the tray down and scans the room.

MARIA:

Donde esta? What did you say to him?

(Where is he?)

SERGIO:

He had to go. **Es un tipo raro.**

(He is a weird guy)

MANUEL:

(nonchalant)

Family issue, I guess. **Que mas va a ser?**

(What else can it be?)

MARIA:

You've scared him off, haven't you? **Es tu culpa.**

(It's your fault.)

ROSA:

It'll be alright, dear- **Calmate ya va aparecer.**

(Call down he will appear)

MARIA:

I only left for one minute what could you possibly have...what did you...he didn't even say goodbye. He would've said goodbye! **Diganme la verdad.**

(Tell me the truth)

ANDREA:

Shh, Maria, calm down- **No pasa nada.**

(Nothing will happen)

MARIA:

(desperate, angry, ignoring ANDREA)

What did you say?! **Que fue lo que paso?**
(What is it that happen)

MANUEL:

Hermanita ya te lo he dicho, *(Sister I already told you)* baby girl, please. Don't you trust me? He said it was "urgent". He had to go! It's just how men are. When you're older you'll understand. Maybe he was just feeling a little...

MARIA:

A little what?! **Que insinuas?**
(What are you trying to insinuate)

MANUEL:

You know, inferior. I mean, come on hermana, he works at the cinema. He's a grown man, he should have his own career by now. He couldn't possibly support you, not to mention a family. He's nowhere near good enough for my beautiful baby sister- **Probablemente entendio eso y se fue.**
(Probably he understood that and left)

MARIA:

You just can't stand to see me happy, can you? **Eres despiadado Manuel!**
(You are merciless Manuel)

MANUEL sips his wine, ignoring MARIA. She sinks down into her chair and puts her head in her hands. ANDREA comforts her. ROSA shoots a knowing look at SERGIO who avoids her gaze, ashamed. She shifts her stare to MANUEL. He gives a condescending shrug and continues to sip his wine. ROSA shakes her head. We can tell that she knows what SERGIO and MANUEL have done. MANUEL begins to laugh quietly as the lights go down on the dining room. Single spotlight on ROSA. She stands alert and raises her right hand halfway in the air. She mimes placing her other hand on a Bible, as if to be going under oath in a courtroom.

ROSA:

I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

(She drops her hands and looks into the audience as if they were the jury)

Yes, I knew. Even before it was confirmed, I knew. I suppose that's a crime- to know and not tell anyone. **Si es un crimen...? Todos estos años sintiéndome culpable.** *(Yes it's a crime...?All of this years i've been feeling guilty)* I knew the very moment my husband came back in the front

door what they had done. *(more urgently)* But what could I have done then? He was my husband **mi marido (my husband)**, and I'd be a traitor if I said anything...did anything... I wanted to, believe me. I knew it was wrong. She was my dearest friend. How do you think I felt, keeping something so...so awful from Maria for all these years? Almost twenty five years. **Esto es mucho tiempo.(This is a lot of time)** God. But I'm telling you now, alright? That's what matters, isn't it? I'm telling you *now*.

ROSA returns to her seat as the lights come up on the rest of the scene. Everyone resumes what they were doing.

ROSA:

(to SERGIO, with subtle anger) We'd better get going. Almost curfew.

Vamonos a casa.

(Let's go home)

ROSA gives a distraught MARIA a quick embrace before walking out the front door. SERGIO follows quietly. They exit.

ANDREA:

(to MARIA but looking at MANUEL)

We should get home too. *(Lifting MARIA's chin and looking at her reassuringly)*
*It'll be alright, **No te preocupes amiga.***

(Don't worry friend)

MANUEL:

(coming off a little bit rude)

Andrea, get the car.

ANDREA obeys MANUEL and exits out the front door, leaving only MARIA and MANUEL. They are sitting at the two ends of the table.

MANUEL:

He's no good for you, **hermananita.**

(Sister)

MARIA:

That's not your decision to make. **No es tu vida.** *(It's not your life)*

MANUEL:

Please, Maria, just listen to-

MARIA:

(deadpan)

Your wife's waiting. **Vete.**

(Leave)

MANUEL:

Right. I'll see you at the rally on Saturday then. **Asi lo espero.** (That's how I'll wait)

MARIA stares straight ahead as MANUEL casually rises from his seat, adjusts his coat and exits through the front door. Lights on the dining room dim and a ghostlike light comes up on MARIA. She stands and makes her way to down-center. She stands still as PABLO, in a phantom-like nature comes in and takes her apron off of her and the flower out of her hair. SHE is left in a simple black dress. She acts as if she has aged substantially. Lights fade as MARIA Speaks until there is only one spotlight left on her.

MARIA:

(Breaking fourth wall)

I waited. Days, weeks, years, I waited. **Espere una eternidad.** (I waited an eternity) To hear something, to know if he was alive. But just like the other women, no word came. Sergio and my brother stayed quiet. No phone calls, no contact of any kind. **Todo se vino abajo.** (All came down) I lost my fiance, my friends, my family... It wasn't until now, until this trial that I was told anything about what happened that night, or why they shut me out for all those years. When the regime ended I thought for certain I would see them again. **Pense que los iba a ver.** (I thought I would see them) That I might even see Pablo again, but no. It had to come to this.

(MARIA seems to focus on one person in particular with hatred)

And you. **Mi familia,** (My family) my own blood. Manuel, you chose this. **Me has arruinado!** (You have ruined me) For the sake of some man in a big office who you never knew. **Has arruinado todo.** (You have ruined everything) I bet you think I should thank you, right? They could've arrested me just for being engaged to a communist, couldn't they? And when you took Pablo, you were just doing your job. **Donde esta tu familia y tu honor?** (Where is your family and your honor.) Where's your big government paycheck now, **hermano?** (brother) Where are your gun and badge now? *Te recuerdo Amanda plays as lights fade to black.*

End of play.