

# **Underground**

**by Luis Miguel González Cruz**

## SOL - ANTON MARTIN

*ORPHEUS, a young man with an upper-class accent, enters the carriage and starts chanting.*

**ORPHEUS:** Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me for disturbing you. I'm HIV positive and have just come down with AIDS. I don't have family or anyone to help me, since they never forgave me for abandoning them. I don't need money for drugs or vaccinations. I know they'd be of little use at this stage. I just need some food, and I don't want to get it through coercion, threat or intimidation. I know that my time here is up. Some time back I renounced the pleasures of this world. And now I don't want to take more than I've taken already, to twist anyone's arm or be more of a burden than I've been already. I'm only asking for a little help. That help is not for me, but another person. The only thing I can do is to help to the others.

*ORPHEUS sings a capella an ancient folk tune, half mediterranean half celtic. Train stops and electricity comes down. ORPHEUS ends his song and people give him money.*

**ORPHEUS:** A donation, pleas. A small donation please. It's not for me. A small donation please. For the love of God, a small donation for today's breakfast. Not me. Another person. A little help. God bless you. Thank you.

## PACIFICO

*RENGO, a vagabond, sitting on a bench in an underground station. His eyes are wide open and his mouth hangs open, in an expression of rapture. A young man enters, his face painted white, wearing a curly red wig. He sits down beside him. The platform is empty. The young man looks at the vagabond and gestures to him with his hands. The vagabond doesn't look at him.*

**COMEDIAN:** Hey, you. You think I'm funny?

*The vagabond doesn't reply.*

**COMEDIAN:** I'm talking to you. Do you think I'm funny? Are you laughing at me?

*The vagabond looks at the young man.*

**COMEDIAN:** Do you think I'm funny? Are you laughing at my wig?

**RENGO:** I'm not laughing.

**COMEDIAN:** Are you telling me you're not laughing at me? We're alone. Just you and me and you're telling me you're not laughing at me. You're telling me you're not laughing.

**RENGO:** I'm not laughing. I never laugh.

*A train goes by.*

**COMEDIAN:** So you don't laugh? You never laugh? I don't believe it. But you're not the only one. Nobody laughs in this city. OK, OK. I'm sure you've got your reasons. I know, believe me. I don't have any reason to laugh either but, as you can see, I'm laughing. I can laugh and I can also make people laugh. I get dressed up this way to make people laugh. I've been unemployed for two months. I'm down and unemployed, but I keep going. I laugh and I make people laugh. I won't be discouraged. I go out on the street every day dressed up like this to make people laugh. You too. We've got to change the world, turn it around. I know if I try, I can make it happen. If I put all my effort into it, I can make it happen. I'll do it, I'll make you laugh. You deserve it, you deserve to be happy, you deserve to be laughing all the time. I'll make it happen, I'll make you laugh.

**RENGO:** I doubt it.

**COMEDIAN:** What do you bet? What do you bet that I can make you laugh?

**RENGO:** If you can't, I'll knife you.

**COMEDIAN:** Black humor, huh? I don't care. You wait and see.

*A train goes by.*

*The comedian gets up and starts to perform, doing everything from imitations to a juggling act, but the vagabond doesn't even blink. The COMEDIAN, discouraged, goes up to the vagabond.*

**COMEDIAN:** You're difficult.

**RENGO:** And you aren't funny.

**COMEDIAN:** OK OK, I've done all I can.

**RENGO:** It's my turn.

*The vagabond gets up and stabs the COMEDIAN in the stomach. Staggering, the COMEDIAN goes up to the wall and falls to the ground.*

**COMEDIAN:** What have you done? You've stabbed me.

**RENGO:** I'm a man of my word.

**COMEDIAN:** But...why?

**RENGO:** 'Cos you're not funny.

*A train goes by at full speed along the track. The noise is deafening. The COMEDIAN dies.*

*A vagabond crosses the way playing a circus tune in his accordion.*

## **CRUZ DEL RAYO**

*ORPHEUS chews loudly on a sandwich. RENGO looks on, envious. Hunched up, they try to fight off the cold.*

**ORPHEUS:** I never thought there would be clowns down here.

**RENGO:** He was an idiot.

**ORPHEUS:** I killed someone once too, but I paid the price.

**RENGO:** You're an idiot.

**ORPHEUS:** I got sick in jail. Sick forever, but my hands are clean now. I've paid.

**RENGO:** You're an idiot.

**ORPHEUS:** I'm clean now and I can live. I don't have much time left, I know, but I'm still alive and participate in the law of supply and demand. I'm alive. I beg in the underground, I lie, I get money, I pay my supplier, I buy heroine and shoot up, I spend a couple of days high till the effect wears off. I come down, ask for more money, pay my supplier again, buy more heroine, shoot up again, I fly again...another time. Again and again. Life's like a wheel, a wheel that keeps turning, and you've got to be on it, you've got to participate, occupy your place, be part of it, turn around... around and around... that's life. The law of supply and demand. As for the dead guy, I'm clean now, I'm free and I go round and round on the wheel. Capitalism, man, I'm part of it too.

**RENGO:** You're an idiot.

**ORPHEUS:** And I've got a girlfriend too. I found her down here, but I don't fuck her. I don't fuck her 'cos I don't want to give her AIDS. I work for her. Her too. She's on the wheel too.

**RENGO:** You two are idiots.

**ORPHEUS:** It's a contribution matter. I killed, but I paid yet for it. Now I'm a free man. I've paid yet. Capitalism man. Justice, is below everything.

**RENGO:** How much cost a clown?

**ORPHEUS:** Sooner or later, everyone pays. Everyone pays.

**RENGO:** Not everyone. I'm outside... I'm outside the wheel.

*A train goes by.*

## **ALTO DEL ARENAL**

*A gust of wind blows dry leaves and newspapers from the inside of the tunnel. The station is full of thick dust. A childlike wail can be heard in the darkness of the tunnel, but it blends with the whisper of the breeze.*

*Two beggars sleep on benches in the station.*

**BEGGAR:** What's that sound?

**BEGGAR 2:** I don't hear anything.

**BEGGAR:** You don't? Listen, listen to them. Don't you hear those screams?

**BEGGAR 2:** Now I do. Yeah, now I hear them.

**BEGGAR:** What are they?

**BEGGAR 2:** Wolves. They're wolves.

**BEGGAR:** Wolves?

**BEGGAR 2:** Little wolves. Baby wolves.

**BEGGAR:** Baby wolves!

**BEGGAR 2:** Yeah, that's right. Baby wolves.

*For a moment the cries become more audible, but they quickly get lost in the sound of the wind.*

## **ALUCHE-EUGENIA DE MONTIJO**

*Two Peruvian musicians, with guitars and quenenas, start singing an Andean version of "My way."*

## **PALOS DE LA FRONTERA**

*SCAR, and old blind man sells lottery in an old fashionable smart suit. He brings a red wig in his hand*

**SCAR:** What colour is it?

**RENGO:** It doesn't matter.

**SCAR:** Police found a bited body in lane four.

**RENGO:** A body?

**SCAR:** A clown's.

**RENGO:** Wolves.

**SCAR:** There are wolves in every lane.

**RENGO:** They are predators.

**SCAR:** But, tell me. What colour is it?

## **TIRSO DE MOLINA**

*Musicians keep on playing Andean version of "My way". A policeman awake two beggars sleeping under papers.*

**POLICEMAN:** Stand up, fucking pig.

**BEGGAR:** What happens? What happens?

**POLICEMAN:** Stand up if you don't want to be in the rails.

**BEGGAR 2:** No, not in the rails. Not in the rails.

**POLICEMAN:** Get up and put your hands on the wall.

**BEGGAR:** On the wall? It's so strange!

**POLICEMAN:** I'm going to make you a bodily search.

**BEGGAR 2:** What is a bodily search.

**POLICEMAN:** Have you seen a clown underground.

**BEGGAR:** Don't you have a more respectable thing to look for?

**POLICEMAN:** Shut up.

## **SAN LORENZO.**

*Queuing on the underground platform.*

**ORPHEUS:** Hey you! Don't jump the queue!

**BEGGAR:** Huh? Who's jumping any queue?

**ORPHEUS:** I see your intentions. They're written all over your face. Don't jump the queue.

**BEGGAR:** What's the fuck you're saying?

**ORPHEUS:** Wait for your turn. In the queue.

**BEGGAR:** What queue?

**ORPHEUS:** This queue. Go to the end.

*The BEGGAR obeys, but then comes back.*

**BEGGAR:** And what's this queue for?

**ORPHEUS:** It's the soup line.

**BEGGAR:** The nuns' soup?

**ORPHEUS:** Yeah, you asshole.

**BEGGAR:** But nuns never come into the underground.

**ORPHEUS:** They do today. Get on the queue.

**BEGGAR:** The nuns are going to come down? The nuns are really going to come down?

**ORPHEUS:** What a waste of soup!

**BEGGAR:** The nuns are coming down. Well, it'll be the first time they do. The nuns. The nuns never come down to the underground. It'll be the first time. It'll be the first time they do it. They've never done it. Never.

*A beggar plays the accordion. The BEGGAR moves his head to the sound of the music. CRYSTAL appears. ORPHEUS gets up and gives her his seat. CRYSTAL sits down. The BEGGAR gets up and protests.*

**BEGGAR:** Hey you! Keep your place on the queue. There's a queue here, an order. You have to go to the end of the queue. The end of the queue. To wait your turn.

**ORPHEUS:** But she's a woman.

**BEGGAR:** She isn't a woman. There are no women here. If she was a women, she wouldn't be here. Anyway, women eat soup just like men. So go to the end of the queue. Her tummy roars like mine. Fuck off! Roars for nuns' soap. God's soup! The end of the queue. And wait your turn.

*ORPHEUS and the BEGGAR stare at each other.*

**ORPHEUS:** OK. Come on, Crystal. We'll both go to the end of the queue.

*ORPHEUS and CRYSTAL give up their place on the queue to the BEGGAR, while the other beggar keeps playing romantic tunes in the accordion. BEGGAR laughs.*

**ORPHEUS:** There'll be soup for everyone.

**BEGGAR:** Down here there are no men left. No men. No men or women. Just clowns.

*Two short plump nuns dressed in white come into the station, weighed down by shopping bags from Marks and Spencer. The BEGGAR howls and laughs like a lunatic. The other beggar steps up the rhythm of the music on the accordion.*

**BEGGAR:** Here they are. Here are the nuns. They've arrived. Shit, long live the nuns!

**ORPHEUS:** There'll be soup for everyone.

**CRYSTAL:** I'm not hungry.

**ORPHEUS:** You've got to eat. You've got to make an effort. You've got to eat to live.

*The BEGGAR begin to make Indian shouts.*

**BEGGAR:** Long live the nuns and the virgin mother that bore them!

## **PUEBLO NUEVO-ASCAO**



*An old hunchback woman, dressed all in black with a black scarf on her head, her head down. Leaning on a crutch, she walks slowly and haltingly through the carriage..*

**OLD WOMAN:** Good morning, signiori and signior. Forgive me for disturbing you, signiori and signior. I'm a poor gypsy widow from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Sono paralizata on my left side and I non posso work. Dying from hunger. I don't have nothing to eat. A small donation, please, to buy little food, please, signiori and signior. I have two little children who are hungry and now I am pregnant. I don't have milk or food. A piece of bread for children, please. Dying from hunger, dying from cold in the night, please, signiori and signior. I ask for a little help, signiori and signior. I don't have blanket, I don't have roof, please. I don't have house or money, my children are hungry and I don't have milk or food. Very sick, paralizata refuge from Bosnia and Herzegovina. A little help for love of God. A little help, signiore and signor.

*The old women walks through the carriage between the commuters. Leaning on her crutch, the curvature of her spine makes her unable to raise her face above her navel, giving her an exaggerated look of a total hunchback. The big black handkerchief covers her face.*

*Small nuns see her and make the Cross sign.*

## **SIMANCAS**

*ORPHEUS looks for numbers on the list of prizes. SCAR, beside him, reads the numbers in Braille method.*

**SCAR:** Twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-nine.

**ORPHEUS:** Twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-nine, twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-nine, twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-nine.

**SCAR:** Look for the nine.

**ORPHEUS:** I know. For the nine. Twelvethousandthreehundredandtwentynine. Sorry. You haven't won anything.

**SCAR:** Three thousand and ten.

**ORPHEUS:** Don't you have any better numbers?

**SCAR:** That's what I've got.

**ORPHEUS:** Three thousand and ten, three thousand and ten, three thousand and ten.

**SCAR:** Have you heard anything about a clown?

**ORPHEUS:** Three thousand and ten, three thousand and ten. A clown?

**SCAR:** A clown that died in the tunnel.

**ORPHEUS:** The tunnel is dangerous. Very dangerous.

**SCAR:** He was murdered.

**ORPHEUS:** The tunnel is dark. The heart under the ground.

**SCAR:** The heart of the earth is black. The heart of the earth is dark. Veiled from the light.  
Like my eyes. That's why I'm down here. I'm the only blind man that sells coupons in the underground. You know why?

**ORPHEUS:** Because you don't care. You can't see anything, everything's dark to you.

**SCAR:** You're wrong. I'm the only blind man that sells coupons in the underground because I'm the only blind man that knows he's blind. The other ones want to feel the sun or the cold or the rain on their skin. Not me. I don't need that. I know I'm already dead. That's why I live here, under the ground, under the black ground.

**ORPHEUS:** Come on, you're a very clever man.

**SCAR:** I needn't light for to see. I can see beyond darkness.

**ORPHEUS:** Hey, Scar, have you heard of a new doll down here, really beautiful? Have you heard of her?

**SCAR:** Cristal.

**ORPHEUS:** Cristal. Yeah, it's Cristal.

**SCAR:** See-through.

**ORPHEUS:** Transparent.

**SCAR:** Heartless.

**ORPHEUS:** I want her.

**SCAR:** She is under taxes. She's mortgaged.

*A train goes by.*

**ORPHEUS:** She's a free woman.

**SCAR:** Yes, but she's mortgaged.

**ORPHEUS:** How much?

**SCAR:** I'm a poor old man, an old man who barely sells four coupons and who steals the rest of the coupons from the organization. I'm an honest man. You can't ask me to do that. I don't know what you are talking about.

**ORPHEUS:** What's the price?

*A train goes by.*

**SCAR:** I can't see your heart... I can't see it.

**ORPHEUS:** 'Cos it's dark.

**SCAR:** Black...

**ORPHEUS:** Black as ground.

**SCAR:** As black ground

*A train goes by.*

**SCAR:** One thousand.

**ORPHEUS:** It's a deal.

**SCAR:** There's no girl till I see the cash.

**ORPHEUS:** I don't like to hear you talk in this way.

**SCAR:** Three thousand and ten.

**ORPHEUS:** Three thousand and ten. Three thousand and ten.

**SCAR:** For the zero. You can't touch her

**RENGO:** Of course I can't. Threethousandandten, threethousandandten, threethousandandten.

## **NOVICIADO**

*A BEGGAR goes through the rubbish bins one by one. He picks out butts that he keeps in a creased bag. A POLICEMAN, sitting on a bench, reads a book. Another beggar plays slow-trot tunes at the other end of the platform. From the inside of the tunnel, one hears*

*interlaced screams that are deformed by an echo effect. The BEGGAR looks at the inside of the tunnel.*

**POLICEMAN:** Did you hear that? They sound like coyotes.

**BEGGAR:** They're not coyotes. There are no coyotes in this country.

**POLICEMAN:** Wolves?

**BEGGAR:** They're dogs, domestic dogs. It's a pack of wild dogs. Wild domestic dogs. That is, dogs that used to be domestic. Poodles, pekinese, dachsunds, chihuahuas... domestic dogs that have been abandoned. They started out as pets, house dogs, obedient and friendly, but now they're savage and blind. They devour to get their daily sustenance, they roam the darkness of the tunnels as if they were rats, savage blind rats. They like human meat.

**POLICEMAN:** Human meat?

**BEGGAR:** Yes.

*POLICEMAN gets close de tunnel and shout at the inside of the tunnel. Dogs get mad. The station is filled again with noises that sound like the desperate barkings of condemned souls. The beggar keeps playing the slow-trot.*

## GRAN VÍA

*The bosnian old woman counts her money. RENGO gives her a blanket. She hides the money.*

**RENGO:** Are you cold?

**OLD WOMAN:** Sono a poor widow refuge, paralizata pregnant, very sick dying from hunger and cold and sickness. Signior e signior.

**RENGO:** Don't you go with your children, grandma?

**OLD WOMAN:** Dying from hunger, from cold from sickness. Signior e signior.

**RENGO:** Give the blanket to your children.

**OLD WOMAN:** I have no home, no money, no roof, no children. Signior e signior.

**RENGO:** It's too late for you, grandma. You've lived yet enough.

**OLD WOMAN:** Paralizata pregnant embarazata.

**RENGO:** Nobody will miss you.

*RENGO throw the blanket over the old woman's head and suffocates her with the blanket. The OLD WOMAN dies shouting.*

**OLD WOMAN:** Fucking son of bitch. Leave me, I drown. Fucking asshole... Wicked son of bitch from a dirty cunt. Fucking son of bitch!

*The OLD WOMAN.*

## **SAN CIPRIANO**

*RENGO gives ORPHEUS the old woman's blanket. ORPHEUS is sleeping over the floor.*

**RENGO:** Are you cold?

*ORPHEUS awakes.*

**ORPHEUS:** Why do you give me the blanket?

**RENGO:** I want to talk to you.

**ORPHEUS:** At this hour in the night?

**RENGO:** You don't fuck your girlfriend, aren't you?

**ORPHEUS:** It's true.

**RENGO:** Why?

**ORPHEUS:** 'Cos I love her.

**RENGO:** You love her.

**ORPHEUS:** I love her more than myself.

**RENGO:** Yourself?

**ORPHEUS:** More than my life.

**RENGO:** Do you think I'm an asshole?

**ORPHEUS:** I've read it in novels, but now I know it's true. It's love.

*RENGO gets up and looks at ORPHEUS.*

**RENGO:** You are an idiot.

# TRIBUNAL

*A beggar plays "Somewhere over the Rainbow" on his accordion. Another accompanies him on the drum.*

**BEGGAR:** Good afternoon, ladies and gentleman. Forgive me for disturbing you. We're going to play some music for you for a few minutes. Be happy, ladies and gentlemen, be happy! To be happy, all you've got to do is buy a vegetable garden. A vegetable garden to plant tomatoes, fresh tomatoes all year round. For to eat salads and tomato salads with tuna. Plant tomatoes and water them every day.

*RENGO gets closer to SCAR at the starting of the tunnel. SCAR counts lottery tickets in the darkness of the tunnel.*

**RENGO:** Good morning, Scar.

**SCAR:** How do you know it is morning?

**RENGO:** Trains run o'clock.

**SCAR:** Sit down here. Beside me. Where I can smell you. Where I can hear you.

**BEGGAR:** Look after the vegetable garden so the tomatoes grow and get to be as big as cucumbers. Plant tomatoes and beans. And cucumbers and zucchini. You have to do this to be happy. And have a motorbike to go into town. Have a motorbike to go see the missus after you've planted your tomatoes. That's it.

*The beggars go on playing their instruments.*

**SCAR:** Have you heard how they barked last night?

**RENGO:** Who was barking?

**SCAR:** Dogs. They barked in different way, like if they were getting ready for a war. Like the indians in the movies.

**RENGO:** Who are some mad dogs going to make war against?

**SCAR:** I know what do you will, but I don't know why?

**RENGO:** It isn't will. It's love.

**SCAR:** Who is that guy... Orpheus?

**RENGO:** Someone who went to hell.

**BEGGAR:** You've got to be happy, ladies and gentlemen! You've got to be happy! You've got to buy yourselves a vegetable garden.

## **SOL / OPERA / AVENIDA DE AMERICA**

*Surveillance screen monitors in the underground record images of ORPHEUS, RENGO and CRYSTAL, each in a different station, as they build their separate cardboard huts to spend the night in.*

*Security guards watch the sleepers. They walk up and down the platform but, not knowing what to do, walk off. Their walkie talkies sounds but don't communicate anything*

*The cameras show panoramic images and then zoom in on the beggars to look for any suspicious signs.*

*ORPHEUS builds a cabin out of pieces of cardboard that are precariously stacked against each other.*

*RENGO just stretches out on a stone bench and covers himself with a blanket.*

*CRYSTAL kneels down beside a refrigerator and prays mechanically looking at the camera. Walkie talkies noises get loud.*

**CRYSTAL:** Guardian angel, sweet company,  
don't abandon me night or day,  
Don't leave me alone or I'd be lost.

*The images on the surveillance screens in the underground fade to black and disappear*

## **VALDEZARZA**

*CRYSTAL sleeps in the platform beside a yellow loudspeaker. From loudspeaker get out RENGO'S voice.*

**RENGO:** Crystal, Crystal. Do you hear me?

**CRYSTAL:** Who are you?

**RENGO:** I've come to inform you, Crystal. I've come to tell you you're going to be mine.

**CRYSTAL:** What are you saying? Who are you?

**RENGO:** I'm Rengo. Speak to Scar.

**CRYSTAL:** No, not Scar. Who are you?

**RENGO:** I've come to tell you so you don't get confused. Speak to Scar. You're going to be my property. I've come to tell you to get ready, 'cos you're going to be mine.

**CRYSTAL:** No, not Scar. No. No. Not again. Who are you? Where are you? What's your name?

**RENGO:** Goodbye, Crystal. I'll come back for you. I'll come back.

*A train goes by.*

## **FRANCISCO RODRIGUEZ**

*ORPHEUS, in an underground carriage. He talks to the disinterested passengers in a high and desperate voice.*

**ORPHEUS:** Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Some of you already know me, but today I don't want you to feel for loose change in your pockets and decide if I deserve a coin or two. I don't want money. Not today. I don't need it anymore. I've got used to not eating, not drinking, not consuming. You already know I've got AIDS, that I don't have much time left. Besides, everything I eat I defecate,



so I don't need any charitable soul to buy a sandwich for me. I'm being honest, since there's no hope for me, I don't have any needs either. I've just come to tell you something. I've come to tell you that there's a future. I'm going to die, but we're all going to die. All of us. Some before and some after, but there's a future. Forget your memories, forget you even have a memory. I'm not saying you should forget everything you've learned, just that your memory shouldn't weigh you down. And only if there's a future can there be a past.

Don't think about sin or past wars. There've been Nazis and racists and there always will be. Just remembering the past won't help us to be kinder or less cruel to each other. Homo homini lupus est. And he always will be. You have to accept that, and you have to accept that's the way it'll be in the future. Because there is a future. The future that we deserve, but there is a future.

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to make merry" (Luke 15,24). The gospel itself says it, the future is much more important than the past. Only the future exists: the past is just a memory, it's just death. The father remembered the son, he had him in his memory, but the way one has a dead person: "For this my son was dead." He just kept the memory of his son, and memory is death. When the son came back home, when he came personally face to face with his father, there could be a future, a life ahead. So the father says: "My son is alive again; he was lost, and is found." When the son comes back to his father's house, when he leaves the vague terrain of memory, he comes back to life. He comes back to life, he leaves memory behind. He had got lost in memory, but when he came back, when he appeared in the present, he came back to life, said the father. Because only if the present exists can there be a future plan. The future only exists if the present exists. If only the past exists, there can't be a present or a future.

Ladys and gentlemen, even me have a future plan. I need one thousand euros to save someone's life. Someone I love. I've came for someone was dead too. Someone I had in my memory. A small donation, for the love of God.

## URGEL

*A group of beggars play "El Condor Pasa" on guitars and flutes. SCAR is sitting on a bench in the station.*

*ORPHEUS, beside him, sits down and begins to go through wallets he has stolen in the underground. He only takes the money, and throws the other papers, along with the wallets, to the ground. He shows the money to SCAR. The old blind man looks at the*

*paper, takes the wad of notes and runs it through his fingers next to his ear. He listens to the sound of the notes.*

**ORPHEUS:** It's almost all.

**SCAR:** Almost.

**ORPHEUS:** It's so much money.

**SCAR:** Tomorrow, same time. I'm not waiting any longer. If I don't have the rest tomorrow, forget her. A deal is a deal.

**ORPHEUS:** All right.

**SCAR:** I'm not a charity. Nobody robs me. Do you understand? Nobody tricks me. Do you hear? It's a very competitive market. Many people want her, but who takes her has to pay. Nobody escapes from me. I see in the night. Do you hear me? I see in the darkness.

**ORPHEUS:** Tomorrow.

## **LAGO**

*RENGO is interrogating a very young prostitute, a young girl. A mulatto, she hardly speaks English.*

**RENGO:** What's your name?

**PILAR:** Betty.

**RENGO:** No, your name.

**PILAR:** Pilar.

**RENGO:** How much do you charge, Pilar?

**PILAR:** Eighteen for blowjobs and thirty for the full deal.

**RENGO:** How old are you, Pilar?

**PILAR:** Twelve for blowjobs, but I won't go down further.

**RENGO:** Have you had a lot of work today?

**PILAR:** Normal.

**RENGO:** What's normal?

**PILAR:** A lot. What do you think?

**RENGO:** You must be tired then.

**PILAR:** I won't go down from twelve.

**RENGO:** You have pretty eyes.

**PILAR:** I never go down from twelve. If I went down from twelve, I'd have a dick in mouth all day. I wouldn't be able to breath or eat or sleep. Always a dick in my mouth. Not under twelve.

**RENGO:** You have a pretty hair.

**PILAR:** Honey, don't leave me this way. Baby, I suck like a leech. When you come in my mouth you won't recognize your dick anymore. Best blowjob in the world. Nobody sucks better than me, and apart from that, my pussy's always wet. Always wet. A professional pussy.

**RENGO:** You have thick lips.

**PILAR:** Fifteen for the full deal, honey.

**RENGO:** You have a good body.

**PILAR:** Fifteen, honey. Fifteen for you.

**RENGO:** You have nice tits.

**PILAR:** Honey, I'm getting wet thinking of your dick.

**RENGO:** You have a good ass.

**PILAR:** Fifteen, honey, fifteen and you can come in my pussy. You can leave all your shit inside, soaking and flooding my pussy. Fifteen, honey, fifteen. Just for fifteen you've got a pussy that's dripping thinking of your dick. Fifteen, honey, fifteen, honey.

*RENGO gets up and stands in front of the prostitute.*

**RENGO:** OK, baby.

**PILAR:** Fifteen?

*RENGO hits the prostitute in the nape. The prostitute dies with her legs open. RENGO grabs her handbag and takes out all the money and objects of value. He drags the prostitute by her feet along the underground platform until they disappear into the tunnel.*

*A train goes by.*

## **EMPALME**

*A couple of vagabonds play an instrumental version of Richard Clayderman on a trumpet and electric keyboard.*

*ORPHEUS and CRYSTAL are sitting on a bench in the underground. ORPHEUS gets up and offers CRYSTAL a sandwich.*

**CRYSTAL:** What's that?

**ORPHEUS:** Squid sandwich.

**CRYSTAL:** I like squid.

**ORPHEUS:** I like you.

**CRYSTAL:** Got anything to drink?

*ORPHEUS takes out a cheap wine from his backpack. CRYSTAL grabs the sandwich with one hand and the wine with the other. She starts eating and drinking at the same time.*

**ORPHEUS:** I can't fuck you. I'd give you my disease, but I love you.

**CRYSTAL:** Better. Then, you only will give me squids.

**ORPHEUS:** I want you to come with me.

**CRYSTAL:** Where?

**ORPHEUS:** Home.

**CRYSTAL:** What home?

**ORPHEUS:** My home.

**CRYSTAL:** Where's your home?

**ORPHEUS:** Up there. At surface.

**CRYSTAL:** You'll have to get your act together fast.

**ORPHEUS:** Why?

**CRYSTAL:** You'll have to steal.

**ORPHEUS:** I don't want to go back to that.

**CRYSTAL:** You'll have to steal for me. If you love me. You'll even have to kill. If you love me. You'll have to fight for me. If you want to have me.

**ORPHEUS:** It wouldn't be worthy of you.

**CRYSTAL:** Talk to Scar.

**ORPHEUS:** Scar.

**CRYSTAL:** Ask for me.

**ORPHEUS:** I'll ask for you.

**CRYSTAL:** Ask him for to exempt me.

**ORPHEUS:** I'll speak to Scar.

**CRYSTAL:** Thanks for the wine, and the squid.

*The howls of the dogs come out of the tunnel wrapped in echoes. ORPHEUS and CRYSTAL remain silent and look at the inside of the tunnel.*

## **SAN BERNARDO**

*A group with trumpets, a guitar and electric keyboard walks into an underground carriage.*

**MUSICIAN:** Ladies and gentlemen, excuse us for disturbing you for a few moments. We hope you enjoy the music we're going to play.

*They play "La Cucaracha".*

*A group of prostitutes smoke on the underground platform. An old man spies on them and laughs at them.*

**OLD MAN:** Why are there so many whores in the underground?

**PROSTITUTE:** Grandpa, it's raining up there. It's raining buckets.

**OLD MAN:** Who cares if it rains? As long as it isn't holy water, who cares if it rains?

**PROSTITUTE:** Mister, we could get pneumonia.

**OLD MAN:** Well get dressed and don't walk around the street in your underwear. Cover your tits and you won't get sick. Be a little decent and you won't be afraid of the rain.

**PROSTITUTE:** Look, grandpa, you're too dirty to give sermons.

**OLD MAN:** They're not sermons. If you weren't such whores you wouldn't get sick.

**PROSTITUTE:** You some kind of philosopher, grandpa?

**OLD MAN:** I'm a cinic. I've been sit here for fifteen years and I don't want to move even for piss. I just live off my pension and stay wrapped up in my blanket. It's the welfare system. A pension to get wine and a blanket to think. I'm a cynic. That's all I need.

**PROSTITUTE:** You don't need anything?

**OLD MAN:** A man just needs to feed his stomach and his soul.

**PROSTITUTE:** And doesn't he need blowjobs?

**OLD MAN:** I don't need to.

*The PROSTITUTE goes up to the OLD MAN and sits down beside him.*

**PROSTITUTE:** And doesn't that turn you on, grandpa?

**OLD MAN:** Don't touch me, you dirty whore.

**PROSTITUTE:** I bet you get turned on if I touch it.

**OLD MAN:** Hands off. Don't touch me.

**PROSTITUTE:** It does turn you on. You touch yourself too, grandpa. You touch yourself too, but I do it a lot better, don't I? A lot better.

**OLD MAN:** You're just a whore.

**PROSTITUTE:** I'm like you too. I'm a cynic too. You like it, don't you, grandpa?

**OLD MAN:** Your father should have thrown you in the garbage and suffocated you with a plastic bag. The world would be a better place without people like you.

**PROSTITUTE:** Your dick gets hard when you get angry, grandpa.

**OLD MAN:** You should have died before you turned six. You should have died while you were still innocent.

**PROSTITUTE:** Where's your pension, grandpa? Have you already spent it?

**OLD MAN:** My pension just pays for me to eat.

**PROSTITUTE:** We've all got a right to eat. Is it just the egg sellers, the poultry sellers and the butchers that have a right to live? Is it just the grocers that have a right to exist? Are pensioners just entitled to eat? Does being a woman mean that we whores don't have a right to eat? Does being mean we whores have to die of hunger? Am I to blame if you get hard? Does it mean we don't have a right to your pension?

**OLD MAN:** I see where you're headed, you whore. I'm not giving you a penny for you to give to the pimp that fucks you up the ass and then fucks the other whores. Go die, you fucking whore.

**PROSTITUTE:** But you're about to come, grandpa.

**OLD MAN:** Hands off.

**PROSTITUTE:** You don't have prostate problems, grandpa.

**OLD MAN:** Hands off.

*The OLD MAN comes and his body relaxes. He leans his head on the station wall. The PROSTITUTE takes her hand out from beneath the blanket and cleans her hand on it. She picks up the OLD MAN's bundles and looks for his money. She finds it and takes all of it. The OLD MAN sees her and tries to snatch it back from her.*

**OLD MAN:** Leave that, you slut. Leave my pension, you slut. Give me back my money. Give it back to me, slut.

*The OLD MAN, stretched out on the ground, clawed and mangled, crawls on the floor clinging to his blanket. Musicians stops and disappear.*

**OLD MAN:** Whore, whore... You made me to stand up! Sluts! Sluts! Sluts!

## VINATEROS

*RENGO lectures ORPHEUS, sitting on the bench of an underground station. RENGO is holding some bundles that are hidden under newspaper.*

**RENGO:** Only existence exists. That is, only what exists exists. Only that which is exists. And what is that which is? That which exists. And how do you know it exists? There's the problem. How do you know that it exists and it isn't an illusion, that it isn't a ghost, a figment of your imagination? You'll only know because it bleeds. Ghosts don't bleed. What's alive bleeds. And what is life? Blood.

**ORPHEUS:** Words exist, words exist and they don't bleed.

**RENGO:** Words aren't worth anything. Words can't give life. Words can't describe life. Or describe blood. Only eyes, only eyes can photograph life. Look, look at this.

*RENGO unfolds the newspaper, revealing the bundle inside. He shows it to ORPHEUS:: it is a piece of a human body. A piece of the murdered prostitute.*

**ORPHEUS:** What's that, Rengo?

**RENGO:** We come from one like this. Before you were born, before you existed, only this existed. A cunt. A cunt like this. That's where you started out. That's where you came from.

**ORPHEUS:** Is that a woman's cunt?

**RENGO:** Take it. It's my gift to you. I'm giving it to you so you can fuck it. It's a cunt, man. Just a cunt.

**ORPHEUS:** What do you want me to do with this?

**RENGO:** It's a cunt, dammit. Fuck it.

**ORPHEUS:** You don't fuck cunts. You fuck women.

**RENGO:** It's just a cunt. Fuck it. Go ahead and fuck it if you don't mind I've already fucked it myself.

**ORPHEUS:** You've fucked it?

**RENGO:** It's a cunt. I give it instead Crystal.

**ORPHEUS:** All that blood...and no face. I can't get a hard-on if there's no face.

**RENGO:** Fuck you!

## **ACACIAS**

*A policeman shows the red wig to his dog. The dog begins to smell down the platform.*



**POLICEMAN:** Come on Toby... It's yours Toby... Come on, come on. Toby. It's already yours. Yours, Toby.

*When they arrived to the end of the station, the policedog gets crazy and barks into the darkness of the tunnel.*

**POLICEMAN:** Have you seen something Toby?

*Savage dogs answer barking furiously. The policedog gets angry and barks escaping from his owner into the tunnel.*

**POLICEMAN:** Toby, where do you go Toby? Come here. Toby! Toby!

## CARTAGENA

*ORPHEUS and SCAR go through lottery tickets they pick out of a rubbish bin. An accordionist plays a popular Nicaraguan tune faintly reminiscent of "Christ of Palacaüina."*

**ORPHEUS:** Thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty-three.

*SCAR runs his hand over a Braille list, and then falls silent for a moment.*

**SCAR:** Nothing.

*ORPHEUS looks in the rubbish until he finds another ticket, but he doesn't read the number on it.*

**ORPHEUS:** You got something to say to me?

**SCAR:** How much do you want to pay?

**ORPHEUS:** I don't have any way to get money.

**SCAR:** No money, no woman. Anyway, you wouldn't do anything with her, so what does it matter to you?

**ORPHEUS:** I love her.

**SCAR:** So keep playing.

*ORPHEUS looks at the lottery ticket in his hand and reads it.*

**ORPHEUS:** Twenty-three thousand six hundred and thirty-nine.

*SCAR runs his hand over the Braille list again.*

**SCAR:** None, no luck. Keep playing.

**ORPHEUS:** I don't want anyone to hurt her. I'm afraid for her. I'm afraid that Rengo...

**SCAR:** Her life's already taken care of. That's the lowdown.

**ORPHEUS:** She doesn't deserve that law.

**SCAR:** You want to give more? Do you give more?

**ORPHEUS:** I have no money.

**SCAR:** So keep playing then.

*ORPHEUS scrounges through the rubbish and takes out another lottery ticket. He reads it and looks at SCAR.*

**ORPHEUS:** Thirty-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three.

**SCAR:** No luck. Try another day.

*ORPHEUS watches as SCAR walks away. The accordionist stops playing. A drop of water falls in the station, then another, and then suddenly it starts to pour.*

*The rain is heavy, intense and powerful. It seems as if it will never stop, and the entire tunnel and underground tracks are flooded with water.*

*ORPHEUS watches the downpour impassively, but the accordionist gets up and tries to figure out where the rain is coming from. A ray comes before a thunder. The rain that started so suddenly, now stops just as abruptly.*

## **SAN CIPRIANO**

*A beggar enters a crowded underground carriage. He talks without raising his voice, as if were chatting with the people beside him. Nobody listens to him.*

**ARTISAN:** Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me for disturbing you. I want you to know that I'm very embarrassed to do what I'm about to do. I'm an artisan and I sell my creations. Since we don't have an official place to sell our products here in this city, I sell them on the underground. But yesterday the police caught me and took all I had. Like an idiot, I was carrying everything I had on me, so I don't have any stock left to sell now. I make mother-of-pearl hearts, that's what I do, the only thing I know how to do, though I also sell pirate CDs and DVDs to supplement my income from the hearts. It wasn't very smart of me to be carrying everything on me. Anyway, they confiscated it all. Believe me, I'm sorry and embarrassed to be bothering you with this. I'd be blushing if I were

physically stronger, but I didn't have lunch or dinner yesterday, and I haven't had breakfast today either.

I hope I haven't bothered you too much, and please excuse me for disturbing you.

## COLÓN

*ORPHEUS and RENGO are sitting on a bench in the underground.*

**ORPHEUS:** Yesterday I went up there. I was begging in front of a home appliances store. I was there all afternoon, I had no choice. The window display was full of televisions. Each television was showing a different channel. Thirteen. Thirteen different channels. I had no choice but to watch TV. All the TVs. I saw you there. At TV.

**RENGO:** On TV?

**ORPHEUS:** On Thirteen TVs.

**RENGO:** The police are stupid. Television is something else.

**ORPHEUS:** They showed old pictures. You didn't have a beard.

**RENGO:** No, I didn't.

**ORPHEUS:** You had a job.

**RENGO:** Yes, I did.

**ORPHEUS:** Up there they said you were a doctor. That you were a famous doctor.

**RENGO:** Famous?

**ORPHEUS:** That you had money, that you were loaded.

**RENGO:** I've never wanted for money.

**ORPHEUS:** You saved lives.

**RENGO:** What sense does it make to save lives?

**ORPHEUS:** And here you are now...killing.

**RENGO:** What's their life worth to them?

**ORPHEUS:** They have your picture. You look very different, I don't think they'll recognize you.

**RENGO:** Saving lives isn't worth it. Life isn't worth it.

**ORPHEUS:** Life is a flower. And love is the most beautiful flower.

**RENGO:** No, there are no flowers. Down here flowers can't exist without light. Not up there either. They don't last very long.

**ORPHEUS:** Leave her alone. Let Crystal be free.

*RENGO shakes his head, then lowers his head and rests it in the palm of his hand.*

**RENGO:** It doesn't exist... Freedom doesn't exist.

*ORPHEUS gets up and starts to leave, but then turns around and goes back to where RENGO is sitting.*

**ORPHEUS:** Yeah, freedom does exist. It exists. I know it does. Look at me.

*RENGO raises his head and looks at ORPHEUS.*

**ORPHEUS:** I'm going to die soon. Very soon. I'm going to die because I have AIDS. You know why I got AIDS? You know why I got it? Because I'm free. I got it because I was free. I'm going to die because I exercised my freedom.

## CHUECA

*In the station, on the opposite platform, a young thin skinhead, wearing a ragged T-shirt with advertising on it, shouts hoarsely.*

**CRAZY MAN:** Hey you! Yes, you. Faggot! I'm talking to you. Yes, to you, you fucking faggot. You fucking faggot. Look at me. Look at me, faggot. Look at me if you've got balls. Look at me. I'm leaving. I'm going to go up the stairs and get you, knife you and leave your ass and belly sliced like an olive. Listen to me. I'm going to get you. I'm going to run out of here and keep going till I sink my knife in your spongy faggot flesh. I'm going to make a map out of your body, asshole piece of shit. I'm going to leave your skin so mangled it won't even serve as a napkin. And you know why. You know why I'm going to kill you? 'Cos you're a faggot. 'Cos you like getting fucked up the ass, you enjoy it. 'Cos you like being impaled on a dick and you scream when your ass is reamed and stretches so much it bleeds. 'Cos you're a fucking faggot and I know you're

going to try and run off when I go after you. I know you're going to run off shouting for help. I know. Let me tell you, I know. What's more, I want you to do it. I want you to run away screaming while I run after you and knife you from behind. I know and I want it that way. I just wanted to tell you that. I'm going to get you, faggot. I'm going to get you and I'm not going stop talking now. I'm going to kill you. I'm going to get you. I'm going now. Now!

*The CRAZY MAN runs off and disappears from one side of the platform. Dogs bark inside the tunnel like if they were fighting each other.*

## RETIRO

*A man with an accordion and another wearing baggy pants. The man in the baggy pants walks around the accordionist, talking and pushing the passengers in the underground. His accent sounds like it's from a place further than Carpatos.*

**BAGGY PANTS MAN:** Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me for disturbing you. We're going to play you a little music. Make space for the performers. Make space for the performers. Space for the performers!

*The accordionist starts pressing the keys, playing a Russian tune. The man in the baggy pants starts dancing the typical Cossack dance of the Russian army. His movements are wide and slow.*

*Two policemen destroy a metal door in the underground with axes. When they remove the metal rubble, an agent enters a small dark room and comes out carrying a baby boy in his arms. The boy cries inconsolably.*

**POLICEMAN:** The mother's inside.

*Another policeman enters the little room and comes out again.*

**POLICEMAN:** She's not carrying any documentation. I don't know her, I don't think she's a regular beggar. She doesn't look like a foreigner or immigrant either. We'll have to take her fingerprints.

*The boy cries noisily. The POLICEMAN watches him with a serious expression on his face.*

**POLICEMAN:** Yeah, we'll have to do that.

**POLICEMAN:** She already smells a little.

**POLICEMAN:** Do it and let's get out of here.

*The POLICEMAN leaves the underground carrying the noisy boy, while his companion takes some paper out of his pocket and goes into the small room where the mother's corpse is lying. As the pace of the music increases, so does the pace of the baggy man as he draws gymnastic figures in the air. The POLICEMAN dances with the boy in his arms.*

*The dogs bark from inside the tunnel. Their barks are similar to the boy's weeping. The POLICEMAN carrying the boy stops and looks at the dark tunnel. The boy stops crying. The POLICEMAN is surprised at the boy's sudden silence.*

*His companion comes out of the small room holding a piece of paper with an ink stain and looks towards the tunnel. Not knowing what to do, he decides to follow his companion and the two of them stride quickly out of the station.*

## **METROSUR**

*A documentary showing the progress of an underground excavation. A huge carpenter's brace drills into the ground. Small human figures move around it.*

**VOICE IN OFF:** One of the biggest construction projects to be done in this city since Franco died has finally been completed. One of the biggest investments in public works of the Community of Madrid: the link of the Madrid underground system with Metrosur. Several million euros and hundreds of kilometers have made these power drills the most famous machines in our country. They perforate and trepan Madrid underground like giant grubs. Currently the Madrid underground has two hundred twenty six kilometers of tracks, and one hundred ninety stations. Twelve lines, two hundred seventy six halls, one thousand twenty three mechanical stairs, two hundred eighty two elevators, twenty four automatic corridors are at the service of six hundred millions travelers in a year. But this won't be the last project, nor will these be the last meters of tracks under our city. More and even bigger projects lie ahead that will improve the links between Madrid and its outlying urban areas.

These power drills still have a lot to do before they retire.

## **NUEVA NUMANCIA-PORTAZGO**

*In a future underground platform, a man with an accordion and a woman with a tambourine. Between them is a small buffle in a shopping cart hooked up to a rhythm box.*

**WOMAN:** We're going to play some music to entertain you.

*The two start playing a tango with a pop beat.*

*A group of underground workers come out of the tunnel, looking dirty and dejected. They are weighed down by backpacks and helmets. They sit down in the station, open their backpacks and take out their sandwiches. A supervisor speaks with one of the workers.*

**SUPERVISOR:** How'd it go today?

**SUBORDINATE:** We lost three.

**SUPERVISOR:** Three.

**SUBORDINATE:** That's not much.

**SUPERVISOR:** It's enough.

**SUBORDINATE:** We were all there till seven p.m., but when the sun set... I don't know what happened.

**SUPERVISOR:** How do you know the sun had set already?

**SUBORDINATE:** Must be instinct.

**SUPERVISOR:** Aren't they afraid?

**SUBORDINATE:** When they're together they don't speak about it. They don't talk about anything. The silence helps them concentrate on their work. The silence gives them courage.

**SUPERVISOR:** Did you hear something?

**SUBORDINATE:** Not this time.

**SUPERVISOR:** Screams? Voices crying for help?

**SUBORDINATE:** Nothing.

**SUPERVISOR:** Now they go for the neck, choke the victims and don't let them run or shout.

**SUBORDINATE:** They disappeared as if they'd got lost in the maze of tunnels. In silence.

**SUPERVISOR:** Any sign?

**SUBORDINATE:** The same one as always. When we were arriving to the station, a bark chorus begin to sing, as wolves. Out of tune and desynchronized. As if they were blind dogs.

**SUPERVISOR:** Did they say anything?

**SUBORDINATE:** Nothing. They don't talk, but I don't know if they'll come back to work tomorrow. It doesn't matter that we're not asking them for papers or to be legal. I don't know how many will come back tomorrow.

**SUPERVISOR:** Go back to them so they don't suspect anything. Calm them down. Act like nothing's happened. Like nothing's happened.

**SUBORDINATE:** OK.

**SUPERVISOR:** And don't let them notice you counting heads.

**SUBORDINATE:** I won't.

**SUPERVISOR:** Thanks.

*The subordinate goes back to where the workers are and opens his backpack. He takes out a sandwich and a flask of wine, which he offers to his companions. Everybody looks content and passes the flask around.*

## **ESTRELLA**

*CRYSTAL holding the boy in her arms. ORPHEUS beside her. The boy screams from nervousness and fear. A beggar, wrapped in newspaper, laughs when the boy cries. A POLICEMAN talks through the walkie-talkie with headquarters.*

**POLICEMAN:** Combo thirteen for amalgam. Combo thirteen for amalgam. Do you hear me, amalgam?

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Amalgam here. Tell me, combo thirteen.

**POLICEMAN:** We've picked up a newborn baby that was born in an underground station. He was stretched out beside the corpse of what must have been his mother. We need transport and medical help. I repeat, amalgam. Transport, judge, funeral home and medical help.

**BEGGAR:** Did you hear that? It's a baby wolf. It's like a baby wolf.

**CRYSTAL:** It's no animal. It's a boy. A flesh and blood boy. It's no wolf.

*The boy starts crying again. The BEGGAR starts laughing again and lies down among the sheets of newspaper.*

**BEGGAR:** Look at it, look at it. A wolf. A wolf.

**CRYSTAL:** Go to hell. You haven't seen a wolf in your life.

*The beggar goes into fits of laughter every time the boy starts crying. CRYSTAL gets up and rocks the baby to calm him down. The boy stops crying. She hums a tune.*

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Gotcha, combo 13. Removal of corpse and S.O.S. for the baby.

**POLICEMAN:** Correct, amalgam. Correct.

**CRYSTAL:** His hands are cold.

**ORFEO:** He's very small.



**CRYSTAL:** He's frozen.

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Location of the incident, combo 13.

**POLICEMAN:** The corpse is in Begoña station. We need the medical help in Estrella station. I repeat, amalgam, Estrella, Estrella station.

**CRYSTAL:** He's looking at me, but he doesn't see me.

**ORFEO:** He's still very small.

**BEGGAR:** Hey you! Make him howl. Make him howl again. Like a wolf.

*CRYSTAL rests the baby up against her chest and dances with him as she hums a tune. The boy is quiet. ORPHEUS watches her.*

**BEGGAR:** Hey, what are you doing? Make him scream. Make him scream. Like wolfs do. Like wolfs!

*CRYSTAL doesn't pay attention to the beggar and keeps dancing. She uses almost all the space on the platform.*

**BEGGAR:** You're stupid, stupid. Totally off your rocker. Totally nuts. Nuts.

*CRYSTAL keeps singing her tune. ORPHEUS sits down on the ground and lowers his head. the POLICEMEN fill out forms.*

**BEGGAR:** Make him howl. Make him howl! Auhhhhh! Auhhhhhh! You're nuts. Auhhhhh! Auhhhhh!

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Gotcha, combo 13. Gotcha, combo 13. Amalgam here. Judge and pathologist on their way to Begoña, and ambulance with pediatrician heading to Estrella. Ambulance with pediatrician to Estrella.

**POLICEMAN:** Combo 13 here. Combo 13 here. Gotcha, amalgam. Correct. Ambulance and pediatrician in Estrella. Over to you.

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Correct, combo 13. Amalgam here. News from the clown? Over to you.

**POLICEMAN:** Negative. Over to you.

**WALKIE-TALKIE:** Gotcha como 13. Over and out.

*The POLICEMEN go up to CRYSTAL and take the baby from her. They leave, crossing the platform. CRYSTAL, desolate, watches as the policeman disappear with the boy. The BEGGAR confronts CRYSTAL.*

**BEGGAR:** They've taken him. They've taken the baby wolf and it's all your fault. They've taken him away forever. Forever.

*ORPHEUS raises his head and goes up to CRISTAL.*

**ORPHEUS:** I think we should leave. I think we should get out of here.

**CRYSTAL:** Where are we going to go?

**ORPHEUS:** Far away.

**CRYSTAL:** How far?

**ORPHEUS:** Far from him.

**BEGGAR:** Totally nuts! Nuts! Nuts!

**CRYSTAL:** He won't find us.

**ORPHEUS:** Of course not. We'll be well hidden. We'll go far.

**BEGGAR:** Totally nuts! Nuts! Nuts!

## NUEVOS MINISTERIOS

*A beggar, sitting in the corner of a tunnel where different underground tracks converge, plays the guitar and sings flamenco in soleares way.*

**BEGGAR:** Give me five pesetas, that's all I ask  
I'm an unemployed orphan  
Give me five pesetas, please  
For an unemployed orphan.

No... I don't want it for drink or drugs  
No...No...No  
No... It's to feed  
My five churumbeles.

I live under a Moorish bridge  
Under a bridge, cold  
That's why I'm asking you for help  
A little help...

It's much better to ask  
Than stab your haunch

With a black knife

## RIOS ROSAS

*RENGO interrogates the BEGGAR COVERED IN NEWSPAPER.*

**BEGGAR:** They took away the baby wolf. He howled like a baby wolf, but those sons of bitches, those faggots, took him away.

**RENGO:** I'm asking about her. Where did she go?

**BEGGAR:** She had the baby wolf in her arms. She rocked him so he wouldn't cry, but it was all the same, he still howled. He howled. She's totally out of it!

**RENGO:** Where did she go?

**BEGGAR:** They snatched the baby wolf out of her arms.

**RENGO:** Where did she go off?

*The BEGGAR wraps himself up more in the newspaper.*

**BEGGAR:** I don't know.

**RENGO:** Where did they go?

**BEGGAR:** No idea.

**RENGO:** Where did they want to go?

*The BEGGAR is completely wrapped in newspaper.*

**BEGGAR:** Far away. Very far away.

*RENGO hunches over and takes a lighter out of his pocket. He lights it ceremoniously and with his other hand, shields the flame from the wind.*

## LACOMA

**ORPHEUS:** What are you doing here?

**TAXI DRIVER:** I'm a taxi driver. They're putting a new taximeter in. That's why I have to take the underground home. They're also fixing a tail-light that was broken. It'll be ready tomorrow.

**ORPHEUS:** Tomorrow.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Yes. With the new rates.

**ORPHEUS:** Have they gone up?

**TAXI DRIVER:** Yeah, they've gone up.

**ORPHEUS:** They were high already.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Not for us. We barely made a living.

**ORPHEUS:** Don't give me that.

**TAXI DRIVER:** The government fries us with taxes.

**ORPHEUS:** The government only fries rich people.

**TAXI DRIVER:** The government's a thief.

**ORPHEUS:** All of us are the government.

**TAXI DRIVER:** That's what they say.

**ORPHEUS:** Which means all of us are thieves.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Not all of us.

**ORPHEUS:** Not you?

**TAXI DRIVER:** No, not me.

**ORPHEUS:** And when you take foreigners for a ride to charge them more. And when you smack on extra supplements for the airport and luggage and other stuff you invent to triple and quadruple the fare, just 'cos they're foreigners and don't know. Don't tell me that's not stealing.

**TAXI DRIVER:** No, I never do that.

**ORPHEUS:** So, you don't steal.

**TAXI DRIVER:** No.

**ORPHEUS:** So, you're not the government.

**TAXI DRIVER:** No.

**ORPHEUS:** So, if you're not the government, you don't have rights.

**TAXI DRIVER:** I've got my rights.

**ORPHEUS:** If you have rights it's because you pay for them.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Of course I pay, I pay my taxes. A lot of taxes.

**ORPHEUS:** So the government doesn't steal from you then. You just pay them for your rights.

**TAXI DRIVER:** At a very high price.

**ORPHEUS:** Your rights are worth a lot.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Not that much.

**ORPHEUS:** So, if your rights aren't worth it, you're paying too much.

**TAXI DRIVER:** That's what I say.

**ORPHEUS:** You pay more than me.

**TAXI DRIVER:** I don't know.

**ORPHEUS:** I don't pay taxes.

**TAXI DRIVER:** You don't?

**ORPHEUS:** So I haven't any right.

**TAXI DRIVER:** I know.

**ORPHEUS:** You think that's right?

**TAXI DRIVER:** I don't know.

**ORPHEUS:** Are you being honest?

**TAXI DRIVER:** No.

**ORPHEUS:** So you think it's wrong?

**TAXI DRIVER:** No.

**ORPHEUS:** Ah, that's what I thought.

**TAXI DRIVER:** It is...fair.

**ORPHEUS:** No, it isn't

**TAXI DRIVER:** Some pay and others don't. Some got rights and others don't. It is fair.

**ORPHEUS:** Some steal and others don't. It isn't fair.

**TAXI DRIVER:** No, it isn't.

**ORPHEUS:** OK, so let's start doing a little re-distribution.

**TAXI DRIVER:** What do you mean?

**ORPHEUS:** I'm going to start stealing too. I'm part of the government.

**TAXI DRIVER:** What are you saying?

**ORPHEUS:** That I'm going to rob you, and then, just so you don't exercise your rights, I'm going to stab you from head to foot so you'll die as fast as possible and won't be able to breathe. So, even if you're still alive when the police come, you won't be able to talk, 'cos you won't be able to breathe. You won't be able to breathe and talk at the same time, so you won't be able to denounce me. You won't be able to denounce your killer.

**TAXI DRIVER:** Are you crazy?

**ORPHEUS:** No, I'm not crazy. I plan all my moves. I saw to rain under the earth.

**TAXI DRIVER:** You're scum.

**ORPHEUS:** It can be possible.

*ORPHEUS takes out his knife and stabs the TAXI DRIVER three times.*

## **CHAMBERÍ**

*A man burns inside the tunnel. His nervous movements trying to extinguish part of the fire just make it spread more over all his body. Not knowing what to do anymore, he opens his arms and falls to the ground, flailing in a sea of fire.*

*The flames become bigger as they consume his inert body.*

## **LISTA**

*ORPHEUS and CRYSTAL with SCAR, who is selling lottery tickets.*

**SCAR:** I don't hear or see anything.

**CRYSTAL:** I don't want to be a killer's toy, I don't want to be part of an execution.

**SCAR:** I was blind and now I'm deaf too.

**CRYSTAL:** I want to live!

**SCAR:** What's life? What does living mean?

**CRYSTAL:** Living is loving.

**SCAR:** Rengo loves you.

**CRYSTAL:** Rengo's a murderer.

**ORPHEUS:** How much does she cost?

**SCAR:** I don't see anything, I don't know who you are. What number is this? Read it, I can't see it.

**ORPHEUS:** How much does the auction begin at?

**SCAR:** Go away. Get away from me. You're still young.

**ORPHEUS:** I'm going to die soon.

**SCAR:** Get away from her.

**ORPHEUS:** How much do you want?

**SCAR:** There's no turning back.

**ORPHEUS:** I'm taking her with me.

**SCAR:** I'm blind.

**ORPHEUS:** I'm taking her far away.

**SCAR:** I'm also deaf.

**ORPHEUS:** You won't see her again.

*SCAR takes his lottery tickets and shows them to ORPHEUS.*

**SCAR:** I don't see anything. What number is this? Tell me, please.

**ORPHEUS:** Thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety-three.

**SCAR:** It ends in three. Bad luck. Very bad luck.

*ORPHEUS takes SCAR hands and feels it with money.*

**SCAR:** Where did you get that money?

**ORPHEUS:** I won in lottery.

**SCAR:** Take your money. It's too late.

*ORPHEUS takes CRYSTAL by her hand and they go.*

## ARGÜELLES

*A well dressed and groomed woman goes through the rubbish bins in the station. She takes a cigarette butt and lights it. She smokes. She goes through all the rubbish bins till she gets to a bench where RENGO is sitting. She exhales the smoke and sits down next to him.*

**WOMAN:** She's no longer here. That idiot paid the blind man and took her out.

**RENGO:** Where is she?

*The WOMAN takes another puff and exhales the smoke slowly.*

**WOMAN:** Nearby.

**RENGO:** What's nearby?

**WOMAN:** He's gone out. He's left her alone. He's gone out to get food.

*The WOMAN takes another puff. She savors the cigarette slowly and blows out the smoke, watching as it floats up into the air.*

**RENGO:** She's alone.

**WOMAN:** Alone.



*The WOMAN moves the cigarette butt a bit, so it's better lodged in her mouth, and takes another puff, inhaling deeply. After a moment she exhales slowly.*

**RENGO:** It's the moment.

*The WOMAN stares at RENGO.*

**WOMAN:** It's the moment.

*The WOMAN squeezes the butt, exhales the smoke and tosses the butt to the ground. She gets up and steps on it.*

**WOMAN:** In the corridors. In the corridors of Diego de Leon.

*The WOMAN looks through another rubbish bin and leaves.*

## **DIEGO DE LEÓN**

*CRYSTAL sleeps in a corner of an underground corridor. A blinding light shines on the woman, who wakes up dazed by the intense glare. In the other corner of the corridor, the VIRGIN MARY.*

**VIRGIN:** Crystal, Crystal...

**CRYSTAL:** Who's calling?

**VIRGIN:** Crystal. I see you. I can see you.

**CRYSTAL:** Can you see me?

**VIRGIN:** Crystal. You must go. Death is chasing you. Death travels in a train.

**CRYSTAL:** Can you see me?

**VIRGIN:** Death has found you out. You must go, you must go outside. Go up. Go up to the light. Crystal. Go up to the light.

**CRYSTAL:** How are you able to see me?

**VIRGIN:** Escape, Crystal. Run! Death is chasing you.

*The VIRGIN disappears and the light disappears with her. In the darkness, CRYSTAL gets up and covers herself in blankets.*

**CRYSTAL:** Up to the light... In the light everything is undeniable.

## **PRADILLO**

*SCAR, in the platform, burns the money ORPHEUS gave him.*

**RENGO:** What are you doing here, so far?

**SCAR:** So far?

**RENGO:** Are you cold?

**SCAR:** It's you. Rengo?

**RENGO:** Scar.

**SCAR:** Yes, it's so cold. So far, so cold.

**RENGO:** Did you win in lottery?

**SCAR:** No, I don't play.

**RENGO:** You could make tricks.

**SCAR:** What the money is good for?

**RENGO:** You could make tricks and change old lost tickets for new tickets.

**SCAR:** Nobody can hide you anything.

**RENGO:** Then, you won in lottery.

**SCAR:** Yes. I did.

**RENGO:** Then... Congratulations!

**SCAR:** Thanks a lot.

*RENGO takes SCAR by his neck and put the blind man face over the fire where he was burning the money. SCAR shouts till he dies.*

## LINE 5

*Two beggars play the violin and electronic keyboard in an underground carriage. They play the famous "Lara theme" tune from the film "Doctor Zhivago". A couple of beggars dance to the melody. The passengers enter and exit at the station stops.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop... Torre Arias.

*The doors of the carriage open. Passengers enter and exit. The doors close. The musicians keep playing and the dancers keep dancing. RENGO gets up from his seat and walks down the carriage. CRYSTAL is sitting at the other end. He grabs her arm and pulls her up. They look at each other.*

**RENGO:** Give me a kiss, Crystal.

**CRYSTAL:** Don't look at me, Rengo, Don't look at me.

**RENGO:** Give me a kiss.

**CRYSTAL:** I don't love you.

**RENGO:** Give me a kiss.

**CRYSTAL:** No.

*RENGO slaps CRYSTAL cruelly. The slap is loud, but no one in the carriage pays attention. Some people are reading, others looking at the couple as if they were looking through them.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Suanzes.

*The carriage door opens. Passengers enter and exit.*

**RENGO:** Dance with me.

**CRYSTAL:** I don't know how to dance.

**RENGO:** Just follow my steps.

**CRYSTAL:** I don't know how to dance this.

**RENGO:** Put your arm on my shoulder.

*CRYSTAL obeys.*

**RENGO:** And now, give me your hand.

*CRYSTAL gives him her hand. RENGO holds CRYSTAL's waist with his other hand.*

**RENGO:** Now, let me lead.

*CRYSTAL lowers her head as if she were looking at the floor.*

**RENGO:** You feel the music. You feel how it moves.

**CRYSTAL:** I feel it.

**RENGO:** Follow the beat. Follow my steps.

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Ciudad Lineal.

*RENGO begins to dance. CRYSTAL doesn't move, RENGO circles around her.*

*The underground doors open. Passengers enter and exit. The metro pulls out of the station.*

*RENGO steps back from CRYSTAL and slaps her again. Nobody says anything. The musicians keep playing and the dancers keep dancing.*

**RENGO:** Dance, dammit!

**CRYSTAL:** I don't know how.

**RENGO:** Get up.

*CRYSTAL obeys.*

**RENGO:** Put your arm on my shoulder.

*CRYSTAL obeys.*

**RENGO:** Give me your hand.

*CRYSTAL gives it to him.*

**RENGO:** Dance.

*CRYSTAL begins to move around RENGO.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Pueblo Nuevo. Transfer to line 7.

*The carriage doors open. Passengers enter and exit. RENGO and CRYSTAL keep dancing.*

**RENGO:** Give me a kiss.

**CRYSTAL:** I'll give you a kiss, but I don't love you.

*CRYSTAL gives RENGO a long kiss as they keep dancing. When CRYSTAL pulls her lips back after, RENGO responds with another slap which throws her to the floor.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Quintana.

**RENGO:** Get up!

*CRYSTAL obeys and gets up. The carriage doors open again. Passengers enter and exit.*

**RENGO:** Take off your skirt!

*CRYSTAL obeys and lets her skirt drop to the floor.*

**RENGO:** Take off your panties!

*CRYSTAL takes off her panties.*

**RENGO:** Give me a kiss.

*CRYSTAL goes up to RENGO and presses her lips to his.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: El Carmen.

*CRYSTAL takes her lips off RENGO's. They look at each other. The man slaps the woman again, and she falls to the floor again.*

*The carriage doors open. Passengers enter and exit. The other passengers read or look at the corners.*

*RENGO unfastens his trousers and rapes CRYSTAL as the musicians keep playing and the dancers keep dancing.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Ventas. Transfer to line 2.

*RENGO comes. The carriage doors open. A few passengers enter and exit. The musicians keep playing their dribbly tune. RENGO gets up. CRYSTAL is still lying on the floor. RENGO looks at CRYSTAL.*

**RENGO:** Slut!

*CRYSTAL covers her face and begins to cry. RENGO fastens up his trousers. He looks at CRYSTAL and takes a few coins out of his pocket. He tosses them on CRYSTAL's body.*

**RENGO:** Take your money. You're still a slut.

*CRYSTAL sobs, her hands cupping her face.*

**RENGO:** Come on, pick it up. You don't want to lose it. Pick up your money!

*CRYSTAL lowers her hands from her face and stands up. As she does this, the coins slide along the floor.*

**RENGO:** Pick them up. Come on, pick them all up.

*CRYSTAL picks up the coins one by one. RENGO takes out his knife.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Diego de Leon. Transfer with lines six and four.

**RENGO:** You're a slut.

*CRYSTAL takes RENGO's knife and stabs herself cruelly. RENGO looks at her and do nothing. The carriage doors open and close and passengers exit. Nobody notices RENGO and CRYSTAL. The musicians keep playing and the dancers keep dancing.*

*CRYSTAL staggers following the music. CRYSTAL gives the knife to RENGO like if she doesn't know where to put it. RENGO takes it. CRYSTAL lays down.*

*RENGO gets closer to her.*

**RENGO:** I don't understand... I don't understand anything... Anything... But always is the same. Love... Nothing.

*The lights in the carriage fade out. The musicians stop playing. We only hear the sound of the train's engine.*

**LOUDSPEAKER:** Next stop: Nuñez de Balboa. Transfer to line nine.

## RUBEN DARÍO

*SCAR burns in the train station. He screams and howls. The entire station is burning. As the man approaches, everything he rubs starts burning: the rubbish bins, the benches, the walls. Dogs come out from darkness and devour him.*

## **ALONSO MARTÍNEZ**

*The WOMAN that is looking through the rubbish bins finds a bundle wrapped in newspaper. She takes it and sits down next to ORPHEUS. She lights her cigarette butt and smokes. She exhales slowly through her nose and mouth.*

**WOMAN:** She was his. He took her. He bought her, and he took her. She was his.

*The WOMAN takes another puff from her cigarette.*

**WOMAN:** He wanted her, so he took her.

*The woman takes another puff, placing the butt as best she can to her lips. She inhales and exhales the smoke as if she were counting the smoke particles. She looks at ORPHEUS, stands up, tosses the butt to the floor and steps on it. She holds out the package she found in the garbage and gives it to ORPHEUS.*

**WOMAN:** These are her eyes.

*ORPHEUS takes the package and opens it.*

**WOMAN:** They're her eyes. Do you recognize them?

**ORPHEUS:** Yes, I do.

**WOMAN:** They're unmistakable.

**ORPHEUS:** Yes, they are.

*The WOMAN turns her back to him, goes through the rubbish bins and leaves.*

**WOMAN:** It's not a bad place. It's the right place. Under the ground, the right place to die.

## CHUECA - GRAN VÍA

*The railroad tracks are dimly lit by a few lights inside the tunnel. The shapes disappear in the darkness. The lights flash as the train passes. In the background, the stain of light in the station becomes gradually bigger and brighter.*

## CALLAO

*Some screams can be heard from the end of the tunnel. The BEGGARS are quiet.*

**BEGGAR:** Did you hear that?

**BEGGAR 2:** They're wolves.

**BEGGAR:** The police took away the baby wolf.

**BEGGAR 2:** But it sounds just like him. Exactly like him, exactly like him.

**BEGGAR:** Does it suffer?

*The cries sound again. RENGO gets up and walks along the platform towards the tunnel.*

**BEGGAR:** It's Orpheus's voice.

**RENGO:** Orpheus is in hell.

**BEGGAR:** It sounds just like him.

**RENGO:** Don't talk nonsense. It's a dog.

*It seems that the cries are calling RENGO. They repeat his name. RENGO walks down the platform and gets down onto the tracks.*

**BEGGAR:** Hey Rengo! Where are you going?

**RENGO:** They're calling me. Did you hear them? They called out my name.

**BEGGAR 2:** Are you going off to meet the wolves?

**RENGO:** No. I'm going to see a retarded guy.



# SAN NICASIO

*All musicians play at the same time different melodies.  
The COMEDIAN meets CRYSTAL. RENGO arrives.*

**COMEDIAN:** What are you eating?

**CRYSTAL:** Squid sandwich.

**COMEDIAN:** I like squid.

**CRYSTAL:** Do you want some?

**COMEDIAN:** True?

**CRYSTAL:** True. I know very well what's to look how somebody eats in front of you a squid sandwich.

**COMEDIAN:** Thanks a lot.

*SCAR appears with a wine tetra-brik.*

**SCAR:** What are you doing? Do you eat without any drink?

**CRYSTAL:** There isn't anything better than a fresh little beer for squids.

**SCAR:** There isn't exactly beer but it isn't bad thing white wine.

**CRYSTAL:** There isn't bad thing, grandfa.

**COMEDIAN:** Let me a swallow.

**CRYSTAL:** Do you want squid, grandfa?

**SCAR:** I would like to taste a little. Dripping it's not so good for me.

**CRYSTAL:** That's what all doctors say, but squids taste very well.

**COMEDIAN:** A little wine?

**CRYSTAL:** Come on.

**SCAR:** Hey, Did you see that man? Don't you think he would like a little wine?

**COMEDIAN:** He looks angry.

**CRYSTAL:** Hey you, come out from darkness, man! We are having a banquet. Do you like squids and bad wine?

*RENGO comes out from darkness and gets to the group.*

**CRYSTAL:** Do you like squids?

**RENGO:** O.K.

**CRYSTAL:** Does it taste well?

**RENGO:** Very well.

**SCAR:** There is nothing in this life better than a squid sandwich when you are hungry. It tastes very well.

**CRYSTAL:** Take some wine.

**RENGO:** Thank you.

*RENGO drinks a long swallow. When he finishes, everybody clap to him.*

**CRYSTAL:** You like wine very much!

**RENGO:** Beer it's better.

**COMEDIAN:** I agree.

**SCAR:** This is a wonderful place, don't you?

**CRYSTAL:** Eating and drinking, everywhere is a wonderful place.

**SCAR:** Yes, but I miss somebody.

**CRYSTAL:** It's like if happiness isn't complete.

**COMEDIAN:** Perhaps somebody is still down there.

**CRYSTAL:** Poor man.

**SCAR:** He is still suffering.

**CRYSTAL:** It's true. Poor man.

**RENGO:** It's not forever.

**SCAR:** It's true.

**COMEDIAN:** Chin, chin?

**ALL:** Chin, chin.

*Everybody eat and drink. A beggar begins to play Juanito Segarra's "Por el camino verde" (Through the green way). Everybody dance. Far away we can hear ORPHEUS deformed voice singing.*

**ORPHEUS:** Hoy he vuelto a pasar por aquel camino verde  
que por el valle se pierde con mi triste soledad.  
Hoy he vuelto a rezar a la puerta de la ermita  
y pedir a tu virgencita que yo te vuelva a encontrar.  
En el camino verde, camino verde que va a la ermita  
desde que tú te fuiste lloran de pena las margaritas.  
La fuente se ha secado las azucenas están marchitas.  
En el camino verde, camino verde que va a la ermita.  
Hoy he vuelto a pasar por aquel camino verde  
y en el recuerdo se pierde toda mi felicidad.  
Hoy he vuelto a grabar nuestros nombres en la encina,  
he subido a la colina y allí me he puesto a llorar.  
La fuente se ha secado, las azucenas están marchitas  
en el camino verde, camino verde que va a la ermita.  
Camino, camino verde.

**THE END**