



Black is a colour

de Nestor Villazón

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BARBARA

ULLA

"THE RUSSIAN"

CLAUDE

I want to be black. I've walked so much in the shadows, I would be like them, velvety and almost invisible.

Griselidis Real

1. Life of a whore

[1]

9 June 1975. Church of Saint-Nizier. BARBARA, ULLA and THE RUSSIAN are sitting inside, smoking.

BARBARA - You can tell more about a woman from her bag than you can from her. If it's in a mess she'll be boring. If you see a passport in it, she's capricious. If she's got an umbrella, she's responsible. If you find a tooth-brush and condoms, she's totally nasty.

ULLA-I'm nasty.

BARBARA - There are whores in this world and there are women who prostitute themselves. There are married women who just want a fur coat and married ones who just want to make ends meet. And then there are the ones who just want to have a fling.

ULLA-I'm not talking about that kind of woman.

BARBARA - Anyone can be that kind of woman.

ULLA: The woman I'm talking about is not on television tonight. That woman's got a family, she's got a husband and children. We won't see her on television: she'll take her husband's hand and send her kids to bed. And if she sees us, she'll wonder: "What are a hundred and fifty prostitutes doing shut up in a church?" That woman doesn't understand a thing, because there's nothing to understand. This doesn't interest her.

BARBARA-You shove a good cock in that woman and I'll tell you if she wants the money or not.

ULLA - She's got something else, Bárbara: she's got kids.

BARBARA-I've got kids.

ULLA - But they've got something else. They're better and stronger. I'll tell you what the worst moment of my life was. We were chatting one night at home, among friends. We were talking about the past, what we'd like to be. My son was there. My son got up and went out. And as he went out, he said: "I had no childhood, so I don't want to talk about this". And then I realized that he knew everything, that he never wanted a mother like I was, that he was ashamed I was a whore.

BARBARA-What did you say?

THE RUSSIAN-Cinema's to blame. *(Pause)* Films. It's not men's fault. Films are the big attraction, they give them ideas, make them act like animals.

BARBARA - Not all of them.

THE RUSSIAN-The worst ones are the ones who come to see me and think that I think I'm one of those fine actresses, a diva, rather exotic, just 'cos I don't want to be a whore.

BARBARA-Is that why they call you "The Russian"?

THE RUSSIAN - No. It's because I like vodka.

(Pause. They laugh.)

ULLA-They're not all the same, Russian.

THE RUSSIAN - I need an example.

BARBARA-I've got no friends outside work, but there's a couple, what you might call a "normal couple", that I've known for a long time. They know why I got into this. He's older than me and there's never been anything between us. They're the perfect couple, one of those couples that never argue, one of those couples who are always in agreement: if she says something, he says Yes, if he says something she keeps her mouth shut. But he and I argue a lot, we can spend a whole afternoon talking... One day he came and told me: "I don't know who you are, I couldn't say, but if I had to choose between you and my wife, I'd choose you."

(Pause)

THE RUSSIAN - I met one who wanted to kill a rabbit while he was fucking.

(They laugh)

ULLA.-I once told one we should do it on the ceiling. He remained frozen, I swear he didn't know what to say... Then he started to stutter: "Bu, but, bu... on... like you, you who want....." I thought he wouldn't do anything, that he'd know it was a joke. But no.Next thing I knew he was hanging from the lamp, hung there for more than a minute, stark bollock naked, with his mouth hanging open... And then he goes and says "and, and, and now... you, you... What do you do?"

(Well)

THE RUSSIAN - I've discovered masochists. They are very special people, don't go thinking it's a simple job. Guys with lots of money, guys who are educated, come from good families, got a few vices that'd never enter your head. They want you to hit 'em, stub out cigarettes on their chests, put safety-pins through their dicks, throw 'em on the ground, drag 'em around the room, insult them, shit in their faces, call 'em "pig", "slave", "useless prick"... and on top of all that they're enjoying themselves, the bastards.

BARBARA-I don't understand that.

ULLA-They think we're some kind of recipe book.

THE RUSSIAN- Andthey're like "Yes mistress, no mistress, whatever you say, mistress...". Like a bunch of crazies. Andyou don't want to miss it, because there's a whole ritual there. First they come by in the morning and give me a laxative and then calculate how long before it takes effect.

BARBARA- Andthen?

THE RUSSIAN-They come to see me.

ULLA- Andthen?

THE RUSSIAN - They swallow it all.

(They laugh)

BARBARA - What have you got in the bag?

THE RUSSIAN - I don't know what I've got in the fucking bag, but at home I've got whips, chains, masks, riding crops, nipple clamps, handcuffs... I always dress in black with high heels and sunglasses. And I never smile. You won't see anything other than latex in my closet.

ULLA. - What else?

THE RUSSIAN - When I tie them up, I do it really hard. I keep them there for hours... I was once working with several blokes, a kind of house of masochism or whatever, and I forgot one of them. I went off to the movies or to buy apples, I don't know what. And when I returned this bloke was still tied up, almost black, he was a kind of scary purple... know what he said?

BARBARA - What?

THE RUSSIAN - "I'm so happy".

(They laugh)

ULLA.-They think we're some sort of fucking recipe book.

THE RUSSIAN-The ones with the safety-pins, they pay well. You pull on it with elastic bands and then start putting it in... *(She sees the horror on the other two's faces)* What?

BARBARA-I don't want to know how to get a safety-pin into a cock.

THE RUSSIAN - Or in the ass.

ULLA-Well, there's stuff to do. I can't believe that this is going to happen today.

RUSSIA - The great Ulla talking on television...

BARBARA- And then?

ULLA-You never know. Maybe the minister will come.

(Pause)

THE RUSSIAN - Do you know what makes me angry? That those types then get angry. They realize what they're worth, but they never shouted before. They just moaned.

ULLA - When I know that a man likes me, do you know what I think? I think "if you saw methere, alone in a corner, it would be nothing like the same".

BARBARA - Do you think they'll do something to our kids? If they harmed my daughter, I'd go crazy.

THE RUSSIAN - I've never seen any woman working when pregnant. Have you?

BARBARA - My dream is to see my daughter dressed in white. I know it's a stupid dream, but I think of her every day.

[2]

Enter CLAUDE.

CLAUDE - Ulla, it's time.

BARBARA - Look who we have here...

THE RUSSIAN - And who are you?

ULLA-From French television.

THE RUSSIAN-Just you?

BARBARA-Are you the one who's going to record us?

CLAUDE - Yes.

THE RUSSIAN-And where's everyone else?

CLAUDE-They're coming now.

BARBARA - A very handsome cameraman.

THE RUSSIAN- And too much on his own.

CLAUDE - Ulla, are you ready?

ULLA - Yes.

BARBARA-I'm Barbara.

THE RUSSIAN - they call me "The Russian". Because of the vodka.

CLAUDE. - *(after smiling, goes to ULLA)* When I drop my hand, remember?

CLAUDE drops his hand. The scene darkens slowly.

[3]

Focus on ULLA

ULLA - Miss Chantal Riviera arrived in Lyon at twenty-five to work the streets in the city centre. She was tall and dark with soft skin. An old tramp saw her last summer at the bottom of a skip. Her knees were broken and her legs were up around her head. Her eyes were open and she had fifteen stab wounds all over her body. Her skull had been pierced. She seemed to be looking up from the bottom of the skip, as if she couldn't understand where they'd left her. *(Pause.)* Renée Grangeon: she was strangled with an electrical cord. She had her head pushed into the water before they had ripped out her nails. *(Pause.)* Michele Fauve: stoned. Marie-Antoinette Gracin: stabbed. Edouard-Herriot: hospitalized a month ago. Marcelle Analects: raped, marked, murdered... Whores... they were just whores... *(Pause)* Well, it's good news to be here today. My name is Ulla and I have been chosen as spokesperson for this movement. I'm addressing you tonight to explain what we are doing here and why we decided to do this today, on the ninth of June 1975. Dear citizens, we are not whores who are talking to you: we are trapped mothers. We're thought of as dirty, but people believe there is a need for us. And because we're needed, French law does not prohibit prostitution. But we are not free and people are ashamed of us. Do you know what the chief of police said when he learned about all this? He said: "the movement won't go far". Well, we're still here. We've been on radio all over the country, we've been in all the papers, we've given interviews, the country has come in close and learnt about our rights. There are a hundred and fifty prostitutes locked up in this church, the beautiful church of Saint-Nizier, and that's just the start of our rebellion. And if you think that "the movement won't go far" you'd better know that we're beginning to take over other churches: a church for every neighbourhood, a strike and demonstrations, protests across France. There are forty-seven signatures under our manifesto. Mothers listen to

these mothers. There have been music groups who have come along, they read about us everywhere. A kid even came along and brought us books so we could read. We are definitely more than a bunch of happy whores in the house of the Lord. A first step has been taken today, we've got people to talk about us: we must now just change how it's done.

(Dark)

2. Happy whores in the house of the Lord

[1]

CLAUDE, finishing packing up his equipment, ULLA finishing dressing herself.

CLAUDE-That was very good...

ULLA - (...)

CLAUDE-It's going to be a bomb, all of France is going to be turned to stone...
You'll be famous.

ULLA - (...)

CLAUDE-They're going to be talking about you... You won't have to do this
anymore.

ULLA-What do you mean?

CLAUDE - This... there's no need any more.

Pause

ULLA-Look, I live in a shared flat with a girl who does the same thing as me. I've got a bedside table in my room next to a single bed with broken springs... you know what I have above the bed? A poster, a poster of the group, with all our claims... do you know what a guy does when he comes up and sees it? He laughs. They almost always laugh... but I never do. It doesn't seem to me to be a cause for laughter. I don't think you ought to laugh at something like that, because I don't think it's something to make light of.

CLAUDE - I'm not laughing. I'm just saying you could leave it.

ULLA - What for?

CLAUDE - So you don't have to sleep in a corner.

ULLA-Just for that?

CLAUDE - To eat.To have someone take care of you.I don't know... someone could take you away from all this.

ULLA - You, for example?

CLAUDE-It doesn't have to be me... anyone can do it.

ULLA - Have you stopped to think if I want to get out of this?

CLAUDE-I'm just giving my opinion, that's all.

ULLA- And why do you think no-one's asked me about these things? Don't you think you should know why?

CLAUDE-Tell me you wouldn't like to. Tell me you don't want to start all over again, get to know a man, have kids with him.

ULLA-I've already been there.

CLAUDE- And you could be again.

ULLA - Listen, if I sleep in a corner today, it's not because I want to. I'm not happy asking for food from people. I am not like that... Here I am not a whore, despite what it might look like. I am a French citizen calling for equality.

CLAUDE - I know.

ULLA-It doesn't look like it.

CLAUDE - I'm talking about something else.

ULLA - Why don't you want me to get something by myself? What is it that you don't understand?

CLAUDE - I don't want to get you away from anything.

ULLA. - But you do... how many children do you have?

CLAUDE-I don't want to hurt you.

ULLA - Are you married?

CLAUDE - My colleague will be here soon. She'll interview you.

ULLA - What do you want from me?

CLAUDE - You and I have finished. I am glad to have done this today.

ULLA- Andme.

You look at each other.

[2]

Enter BARBARA

BARBARA - Well... How did that go?

ULLA - Okay.

CLAUDE-We just finished.

BARBARA - Great...

CLAUDE-I'm off now.

BARBARA - So soon? Stay. I'll tell you where we sleep...

CLAUDE-I can't.

BARBARA - What a shame...

ULLA - When will we know something?

CLAUDE - Soon. They're coming to talk to you. (*Smiling at BARBARA*)I like what you're doing here.

BARBARA - Thank you.

CLAUDE - Goodbye.

Exit CLAUDE

BARBARA - A bit weird... don't you think?

ULLA - (...)

BARBARA-How did it go? Did you say everything?

ULLA-It went well.

BARBARA-Did you talk about the police?

ULLA - Yes.

BARBARA- Andabout the bars?

ULLA-That too... I think so, yes.

BARBARA-You think so?Did you or did you not?

ULLA - I've doneit, I've done everything, everything we talked about...

BARBARA - Ulla, you know I can't go into bars, none of them, and you know how much I like to.

ULLA - I know.

BARBARA-Did you talk about...?

ULLA - No.

BARBARA-Why not?

ULLA - Because that's something that's ours.

BARBARA - Something that could be improved.

ULLA - If you fall in love with your pimp, that's not my fault.

BARBARA - Is there a problem?

ULLA - No. You fall in love, full stop.

BARBARA - I wonder what's wrong with falling in love with a man.

ULLA - There's nothing wrong... but it's not my fault if you lose everything.

BARBARA - Why are you that way?

ULLA - Do you still have some money?

BARBARA-Did you talk about my daughter?

ULLA-I talked about everything.

BARBARA-Did you say that we are mothers too?

ULLA-It was the first thing I did. (*Pause*) Listen... I'm sorry. Everything is going well. You have to calm down.

Pause

BARBARA - How long we will be here?

ULLA-Until it's all over.

BARBARA - All the radio stations in the country have carried it. All the newspapers have carried it. Now French television... what does the minister say?

ULLA-I don't know...

BARBARA-The minister's not saying anything. He's against us.

ULLA- Andthe people are with us.

BARBARA- And what good is that? Do you think there'll be a solution?

ULLA - Something will change.

BARBARA-Aren't they going to pursue me?

ULLA - Little by little, Barbara.

BARBARA-Will I be able to go into a bar? Will I be able to have a quiet drink? And my daughter?Will I be able to walk down the street with her?

ULLA - Patience.

BARBARA-Will I be able to see her again? Tell me.

ULLA-We'll know soon.

BARBARA - what will happen is that we'll pay a fine... and then we'll all go straight to jail. All of us in a row. This won't change anything.

ULLA Take it easy, why don't you?

Pause

BARBARA - I need to see her, Ulla... you know that.

ULLA - I know.

BARBARA - I need to know what she's doing. Do you know where my daughter is? Because I don't.Andwhile she continues to grow and I don't want what happened to you to happen to me... I want mydaughter to have children. (*Pause*) I need to know what's happened to her, what food she likes, if she needs me to give her a goodnight kiss...

ULLA-Me too. And we'll do that.

BARBARA- and I need a drink, you know that.Go into a bar, listen to some music, have fun...

ULLA-You don't need that.

BARBARA-What do you know?

Pause

ULLA-Everything's going to be fine, okay? You'll see your daughter, go into bars and take a walk with your guy. This is going to do some good.

BARBARA - Thank you.

ULLA - What for? I'm doing this for me too.

[3]

Enter CLAUDE

ULLA - What happened?

CLAUDE - I haven't been able to leave. They haven't let me.

BARBARA - Who?

CLAUDE: The police. They say we have to stay here until they get new orders.

ULLA-That's a lie. Anyone can come and go without problems.

CLAUDE - Not now.

BARBARA-Well, you can leave later

CLAUDE-You don't understand... no-one can get out of here. No-one. They're preparing something...

BARBARA-We're in a church...

CLAUDE- And I shouldn't be here.

ULLA- Why?

CLAUDE - Because I have to go to the newsroom. Otherwise no-one will see this.

ULLA - Are you interested?

CLAUDE - Why would I lie to you?

BARBARA-Don't get angry, we're just a bit nervous...

CLAUDE- (*To ULLA*) What are we going to do?

BARBARA-Come and sit with us.

They sit

ULLA-How many police are there out there?

CLAUDE - I don't know, I haven't counted them.

BARBARA-Were there any people?

CLAUDE-It's full.

ULLA - And journalists?

CLAUDE-Them too.

ULLA-Then there's no problem. They won't do anything.

CLAUDE-I don't think it matters to them.

BARBARA-We are - in - a - church.

CLAUDE-We're cornered, they won't let anybody out of here... unless they're dead. *(Pause)*We've got to think of something.

BARBARA - There are radio stations, newspapers, television...

CLAUDE-That's not enough, it's all the same to them.

BARBARA-Trust us.

CLAUDE- *(rising)* But I can't. I don't want to get involved in this. I wanted to do something, yes, but not go as far as this. This... is too much.

ULLA-You're afraid. *(Pause)*You're afraid they'll associate you with us, I mean. *(Pause)* You have nothing to worry about.

BARBARA gives CLAUDE a kiss on the cheek

BARBARA - you have to stay calm and trust us... agreed? *(Pause)*Do you want to fuck?

ULLA - Barbara!

BARBARA - What? He's cute. I just want to calm him down.

Pause

ULLA - You know something else?

CLAUDE-They're talking of taking you by force.

BARBARA-They wouldn't dare.

ULLA-Is that why you want us to go?

CLAUDE - Someone should talk to the people out there.

ULLA-We've just been on television.

CLAUDE - Even so it would be necessary... It would keep them alert.

BARBARA-I could do it myself.

Pause

CLAUDE - You?

ULLA-Do you want to talk to them?

BARBARA-I could tell my story... they would understand me.

CLAUDE-I don't know if it's the best idea.

ULLA-We'd have to have a meeting first.

BARBARA-They'll choose me.

CLAUDE - Are you sure?

BARBARA - Of course.

CLAUDE- Andyou? Are you sure that this is the right thing?

ULLA-We'll decide later.

BARBARA - I'll tell my story and ask for some food.

CLAUDE - How are you going to ask for some food? "Good morning, gentlemen. How are things? We're here... still, as you know... Now we're afraid for our lives, and there are police everywhere, and we can't get out of here... I think they want to starve us to death. So, you wouldn't have a snack left over there, would you?"

BARBARA - But it's true we're hungry...

CLAUDE-They won't believe that. They'll think you want to take advantage of them.

ULLA - Look around you. What do you want us to do?

CLAUDE - This isn't my problem... All I want is to get out of here.

BARBARA- And you will.

CLAUDE - How?

BARBARA-Stop talking.

CLAUDE - Don't make me laugh...

BARBARA - I like your laugh. I like to make you laugh.

Pause. CLAUDE smiles.

ULLA-There, that's got you, huh? At least you're smiling.

CLAUDE-Please. Think things through properly.

ULLA- And we will do. Would you like to stay?

CLAUDE - Why? What are you going to do?

ULLA-There's a group in the Luis XV room. It'll play for us.

CLAUDE-They won't let anyone in.

ULLA-They're already in.

BARBARA-What they can't do is leave.

They laugh

CLAUDE. - It's okay. I'll stay.

ULLA - Fine.

BARBARA - "Dear citizens, I want to tell you how my life has been..."

ULLA-We still need to talk about that.

BARBARA-They'll choose me.

ULLA-Right now I can only think about music.

CLAUDE - Are you going to have a party?

ULLA- *(to CLAUDE)* Yes. *(To BARBARA)* Finally we can listen to some music tonight...

BARBARA -And a drink? Can we have a drink?

CLAUDE - Do you have alcohol?

ULLA - No.

BARBARA - Shit.

ULLA - But there will be music.

BARBARA - Finally... Something that comes close to a bar...

Both of them dance in an embrace while ULLA hums Edith Piaf's Padam Padam.

BARBARA - I just need to know where my daughter is.

[4]

Edith Piaf's "Padam Padam" is playing. CLAUDE sits and watches them. BARBARA and ULLA are still dancing. Seconds later, ULLA has an idea and goes out. BARBARA looks at CLAUDE and invites him to dance, playing with him. They dance. It is clear that there is something between them. ULLA returns with a lot of newspapers, upstage. From there she looks at them, without being seen. There is jealousy in her eyes. When we are about to reach the chorus, ULLA approaches and sings with joy. BARBARA and CLAUDE dance while ULLA throws the newspapers one by one on the floor during the chorus, to the beat of the music, playing with them around BARBARA and CLAUDE, showing them, moving all around the stage. After the chorus, BARBARA "passes" Claude over so he can dance with ULLA. They dance. It is clear that there is something different between them. BARBARA sits down where CLAUDE had been and lights a cigarette. She doesn't feel jealous when looking at them. She smokes as she watches them dance. The chorus comes on again. BARBARA joins in, singing happily and the three of them dance, holding hands in a perfect circle. The chorus ends. BARBARA and CLAUDE dance a waltz with big strides all across the stage, while ULLA remains downstage, in the centre. While they dance she sings on her own, with force. At the end of the song BARBARA and CLAUDE join her, the three of them in the centre. They sing the final verse, together and still, raising their arms and shouting. Before the end of the song, the Russian enters, upstage, and watches them. She is ill.

[5]

THE RUSSIAN-What the fuck are you doing? People want to sleep.

Pause. They laugh.

BARBARA - If we had some alcohol...

ULLA-A hundred and fifty drunk prostitutes...

THE RUSSIAN-Certainly someone would be horny with that.

CLAUDE-Are you talking for me?

BARBARA–The Russian...

CLAUDE - Are you Russian?

THE RUSSIAN - They call me the 'The Russian'.

CLAUDE - Why?

THE RUSSIAN - Because I'm the hottest of all.

They laugh

ULLA - Don't pay any attention to her. She's always joking.

BARBARA-She's got a very particular sense of humour.

THE RUSSIAN walks over to the seat, weakly.

BARBARA - Are you OK?

THE RUSSIAN - I'm dizzy. I can't sleep.

BARBARA-You don't look good.

THE RUSSIAN-Do you want me to tell you what looks good?

CLAUDE-Do you do this every night?

ULLA - No.

BARBARA- (*to THE RUSSIAN*) Are you OK

CLAUDE- And what do you do?

ULLA - Talk, most of the time.

CLAUDE - About what?

ULLA-Right now about what Barbara will say when she goes out into the street.

THE RUSSIAN - Are you going to go out there?

BARBARA - Yes. Ulla has let me.

ULLA - First I have to talk it over with the others.

BARBARA - But think they'll choose me.

THE RUSSIAN - If I were going to talk out there, I'd tell 'em something they don't know.

ULLA - Yeah, like how get a safety-pin into a cock.

THE RUSSIAN-You'd better believe it. But also that all those who are interested in me and what I do and what I am, they can go to hell.All of them.That's what I'd tell them.

BARBARA - Now I swear I don't understand her.

ULLA - This isn't going to stay here, Russian.

THE RUSSIAN - Will it help?

ULLA - Of course.

THE RUSSIAN - Then why is this one going out? Didn't you speak on television?

ULLA - People forget very quickly.

THE RUSSIAN- And we will finish up exhausted.

BARBARA-It'll be worth it.

THE RUSSIAN - So tell me in jail.

Pause. BARBARA look at ULLA fearfully.

ULLA- *(To BARBARA)* We're not going to jail.

CLAUDE-How did it all start?

Pause

THE RUSSIAN-There's a man is interested in us. Well well well..

CLAUDE-What's wrong with that?

ULLA - Nothing.

BARBARA-And a very handsome one...

THE RUSSIAN - Surely you want to fuck someone... and for free.

CLAUDE-How did it start? I mean, you're here now, you go out on television, people are talking about you... but how did it start?

ULLA - What do you want to know?

CLAUDE - I don't know... who had the idea? What was it that happened for you to be here today?

Pause. BARBARA and ULLA look at each other.

BARBARA-He is very cute. (*Looking at CLAUDE*) I love you.

They laugh

ULLA-It all started in a very simple way, on a Thursday night. A girl comes along. "What happened? Why are you crying?"

BARBARA - I have to go to jail.

ULLA-Come on. Don't say that.

BARBARA-I swear it. To Montluc.They're taking me in.

ULLA. - Montluc? Why? What have you done?

BARBARA - Nothing.

ULLA - Nothing?You must've done something...

BARBARA - You think so?

ULLA-I don't know.

BARBARA - I'm going because of what I am.

ULLA - What?

BARBARA-It's the new law. They want to put an end to prostitution.

ULLA-You must have misunderstood.

BARBARA - No.

ULLA - Do you have any money?

BARBARA - No.

ULLA.-Okay, you can still work.

BARBARA - I haven't paid the electric.

ULLA - Use a candle.

BARBARA-That won't do, I've got no heating... it's too cold.

ULLA-Ah, so I get it. Something's got to be done right away, even though I don't know that girl. She comes with me and we do a few clients, and she now has money and is happy... but I am not. We've got to do something.

THE RUSSIAN-You know, on the twenty-ninth, in the program of *The Screen Dossiers*, the issue is prostitution.

ULLA - Oh, Yes?

THE RUSSIAN - Yes. You could go on television.

ULLA - Why? What do you want to do?

THE RUSSIAN - Why don't you go and speak about what happens?

ULLA-That's where it all starts. A lot of people don't want to, but I come home, I call someone, that person wants me to talk to someone else, I talk to someone else,

he tells me that I have to talk to a third person, I do that... and they ask me to call in two days. I call in two days and they tell me that there is no space, the table's full, no more guests, *finito, kaput, auf wiedersehen* and I tell them... "What's the point of talking to a doctor about us? He doesn't know us, he doesn't want to know anything about us..." I go on calling, I call and speak again, and I'm still waiting, I discuss it with a lot of people... until one of them tells me to call them back two days before the program. Then I remember the girl I had to help so she could have electricity at home, who was having to go to Montluc, to jail... and they tell me she's dead. Someone came along and killed her, just like that. Who was it? We don't know, because no one has asked... But I do want to know who he was, because I should be dead, because she shouldn't have been doing my shift, because she shouldn't be doing that to pay for the electric. So I call again and call and call and call and call and call... and I can see how I redouble my efforts, how I find myself regretting once and for all what we are doing. It's Friday. We meet. I tell them about the program. Nobody pays me any attention. And then I tell them that I'm talking about a group of corpses, that very soon they'll be dead, murdered, mutilated, that no-one will ask after them... so I'm still calling. It's Tuesday. I get another call. They've got me. Finally people will know from the television what a whore is.

THE RUSSIAN- And that's where it all begins.

CLAUDE-I could see the interview. I saw it, it's true.

BARBARA-They humiliated her.

CLAUDE-A lot of people saw her. She became famous.

ULLA - All of France wanted to do something.

CLAUDE- And you did it.

ULLA - Firstly a conference, so that people could know who we are. Do you know how many came to see us, how many journalists? Four. And one of them left because a minister was catching a plane.

CLAUDE-I had to cover that.

ULLA - We were exhausted, it seemed that it wasn't doing any good... And another time was Thursday.

BARBARA-To prison on Monday.

THE RUSSIAN - Montluc.

ULLA - And then Wham! It all starts.

BARBARA-There was no other choice.

ULLA- Everyone to jail or nobody.

THE RUSSIAN - The fucking problem was to find a site.

BARBARA - What could we do? An apartment?

ULLA-No way. They'd have kicked us out.

THE RUSSIAN - Jail?

ULLA-We couldn't find anything...

BARBARA-We had to find somewhere safe, more logical.

THE RUSSIAN- Andnot ridiculous...

CLAUDE - And why not a demonstration?

Pause

ULLA - Look at us. They won't harm us here.

CLAUDE-How did you manage to get in?

THE RUSSIAN - The priestlet us in.

CLAUDE. -Just like that? For the sake of it?

BARBARA - Yes.

CLAUDE - But there are a hundred and fifty of you...

ULLA-There were fewer than eighty of us at first, but the news went round.
Russian, are you okay?

THE RUSSIAN - I'm OK.

ULLA-You don't look too good.

BARBARA-You ought to lie down.

THE RUSSIAN - I'm OK. Nothing's wrong.

BARBARA - Come on, I'll join you.

THE RUSSIAN-Why do I always have someone behind me? Let me have a drink.

BARBARA-There's nothing to drink, we'll... we'll leave you alone.

ULLA - Rest.

CLAUDE - Until tomorrow.

BARBARA - Will you be here tomorrow?

CLAUDE-I don't think they'll let me out just like that.

BARBARA - So we'll see you tomorrow. Don't run away.

CLAUDE - I won't.

BARBARA - Bye, Ulla.

ULLA - Bye.

Exit BARBARA and THE RUSSIAN.

CLAUDE-It's a beautiful place... How do you communicate?

ULLA. - Each site has a name. If someone says "Where's Ulla?" you can't answer"where that saint is ... what's his name... the one with the long skirt!".It's not serious.

CLAUDE laughs

CLAUDE - What names have you given?

ULLA-The priest's office is "the Luis XV room", one of the crypts is "the chat room", the passage is "the fools' room"... and so.

CLAUDE - How do you organize?

ULLA-There's a clean-up command and a box for food.

CLAUDE-And how are you feeling?

ULLA - Overwhelmed. "Ulla, come here...", "Ulla, this is happening...", "Ulla, what are you thinking?..." It's a trial, a non-stop trial... but I am happy.

CLAUDE-What are you going to do?

ULLA-Go out with as much dignity as we came in. "In all your anguish,don't lose hope,because the sweetest marrow is in the hardest bone."

CLAUDE - A very nice phrase.

ULLA-It's one side of the coin. Seventy eight percent support us, but more than half are in favour of brothels.

CLAUDE - And love

ULLA - What?

CLAUDE-Isn't there anyone in your life?

ULLA. - No. Why?

CLAUDE-I don't know. I've noticed how you look at me.

ULLA-We've only fucked.

CLAUDE- Andhowyou look at Barbara and me...

ULLA - Bárbara is a friend,she can do whatever she wants.

CLAUDE-Did you know her before you came in here?

ULLA - No. But she has a husband. And a daughter.

CLAUDE-She's not married.

ULLA - Does that matter?

CLAUDE-We're in a place where if...

ULLA-We're in front of a symbol. We are in a place like any other.

CLAUDE - Why are you angry with me?

ULLA-Why do you talk to me in such a familiar way?
[Translator's Note: there is a slight difficulty in translation here, because for the next few lines they are speaking of switching from the formal form of address (Vos) to the informal or familiar (tu), which is unknown in modern in English (i.e. the old 'thou' and 'thee')]

CLAUDE-I don't understand you.

ULLA-Ever since you came in you've seen me as a friend or like a wounded bird. You're condescending, but you don't know who I am.

CLAUDE-You also talk to me in a familiar way.

ULLA. - But you're not leading a rebellion.

CLAUDE - Now you're going to come out with that?

ULLA-I deserve some of respect.

CLAUDE-Do you want me to be familiar with you?

ULLA - No, but you should have started there.

CLAUDE - I don't know how to treat you... I'm not used to this situation...

ULLA - Do you mean the church or that we're a bunch hookers?

CLAUDE-That's enough.

ULLA-Why do you ask if the women bother you?

CLAUDE-It's the term that bothers me, nothing else.

ULLA - Hooker is a bad term? I didn't invent it.

CLAUDE-It can be changed.

ULLA. - Okay. Dear Claude, what do you think of the movement organized by the prostitutes' collective?

CLAUDE - Sounds good. Although you've achieved nothing.

ULLA - Do you think all this is so little?

CLAUDE - Time will tell.

ULLA- And what is your job?

CLAUDE - My job is to make a recording. That's all.

ULLA-I think we don't need you.

CLAUDE - Do you think that? I think you do...

ULLA-You're just a messenger.

CLAUDE-Do I annoy you so much? What have I done to you now?

ULLA - Nothing. What bothers me is what you came here to do. When are you going?

CLAUDE - When they let me go.

ULLA - And what you will say when you get out?

CLAUDE-Only what I've seen.

Pause

ULLA - Would you like a drink?

CLAUDE-Didn't you say there was no alcohol?

ULLA - Only for special occasions. Do you want one?

CLAUDE - No, thank you.

Pause. ULLA serves herself a drink.

ULLA-And what about your life?

CLAUDE-What do you mean?

ULLA - Love, work, money...

CLAUDE-I don't want to talk about me.

ULLA-That's obvious.

CLAUDE- Andthat makes you feel uncomfortable.

ULLA - Don't you want to tell me who you are?

CLAUDE - Possibly. Or perhaps it's another problem.

ULLA. - The problem is that you don't treat me with respect.

ULLA takes a drink

ULLA-Do you want another?

CLAUDE - I haven't had one yet.

ULLA-Do you want one or not?

CLAUDE - No. But I'm feeling very special, you're already on the second...

Pause

ULLA-You're surprised.Did you know?

CLAUDE - No.

ULLA-It's as if you were two people: I've found one. The other one wants to fuck me again... but I don't know you.

CLAUDE–We're getting off the subject...

ULLA - No, seriously. Have they never told you?

CLAUDE - What?

ULLA–The fact that you're handsome and ugly at the same time.

CLAUDE - Never.

ULLA - Why do you do it? You could earn your living some other way.

CLAUDE - How?

ULLA–I don't know... I'm sure they pay you shit for this.

CLAUDE - I like how I earn my living.

ULLA- AndI like the money I earn.

CLAUDE- So where's the problem?

ULLA - Well theywon't kill you, but me yes.

CLAUDE–Don't be silly. Do you have any idea what I'm risking by being here? I can't go back home.

ULLA–Of course, you've got your little woman waiting for you on the couch. Maybe she's crying..."Claude, Claude... What are you doing surrounded by whores?"

CLAUDE–You think you're very funny. And you are very clever.

ULLA - I don't think anything.

CLAUDE- AndI know that I'm getting into trouble.

ULLA takes a drink. She pours some more.

CLAUDE - What do think about the future?

ULLA - What about your wife?

CLAUDE - I never said I'm married.

ULLA-We've been shut up for too long. I'd like to have some fresh news...

CLAUDE - (...)

ULLA-I'll bet she's an impressive woman... a model.

CLAUDE - (...)

ULLA- And to think that you could be someone important... Live life, at least. Have other jobs.

CLAUDE - (...)

ULLA-Yet here you are, talking with a whore, a slut who's getting drunk...who knows what's waiting for her. A whore who's tired of what others expect of her.A whore withchildren... and without a partner, who's going right to prison.

CLAUDE - Do you think that?

ULLA-Don't you?

CLAUDE-I think you've drunk too much.

ULLA - Not enough.

CLAUDE- AndI think that you're being sincere.

ULLA - I always am.

CLAUDE- Andthat youwant to change your life... what I don't understand is, what type of life are we talking about?

ULLA - A life of love and desire...

CLAUDE - Or of pimping.

ULLA - What?

CLAUDE - You tell me.

ULLA-I don't understand.

CLAUDE - What are we talking about exactly?

ULLA-Nothing... I think.

CLAUDE - Are you proposing I should have another career?

ULLA - No.

CLAUDE-You want me to earn more money... What do you really want of me?

ULLA - Nothing.

CLAUDE - What are you proposing?

ULLA - Nothing... I am not proposing anything...

CLAUDE - I think you are. Do you want me to be your pimp?

ULLA - I've drunk too much.

CLAUDE-It certainly looks like it.

ULLA - I should go to bed.

CLAUDE - To do what?To screw?

ULLA - No.

CLAUDE - Now what I'm interested in knowing is what the organizer of the biggest rebellion in France is proposing to me. Tell me! Do you want to be my whore?

ULLA-How am I going to want that?

CLAUDE - So you'd have me close by... isn't that what you want? Or maybe you don't like me?

ULLA - No...

CLAUDE–You like me... You like me too much... right?

ULLA - I want to go.

CLAUDE–Say it.

ULLA - Go.

CLAUDE - Why don't you want to admit it?

ULLA - I want you to go, now. (*Pause*) But I'd like to see you tomorrow.

CLAUDE–We'll see each other tomorrow.

Exit CLAUDE

[6]

Enter BARBARA, who crosses paths with CLAUDE.

BARBARA - Ulla, are you okay?

ULLA–I'm okay. What's happening?

BARBARA–You sure? I saw Claude leaving and...

ULLA–What do you want?

BARBARA–It's the Russian.

ULLA–What's happened to her?

BARBARA–I don't know,she hasn't stopped vomiting since we went.

ULLA–She's drunk. Leave her alone.

BARBARA - How can she be drunk if there is nothing to drink?

ULLA - Bárbara, what do you want?

BARBARA—I'm telling you I am worried about her.

ULLA - So don't worry. Let her sleep.

BARBARA - But I can't... she's got a fever... Ulla, you have to go and see her.

ULLA—What for? Why do you want me to see her? Can't you do anything without me leading the way?

BARBARA - Are you drunk?

ULLA - Yes, I'm drunk! Is there a problem?

BARBARA- Buthow?

ULLA - Drinking, Barbara, I've been drinking... See? That's how it's done. You should be used to it by now. I've got drunk just like you every fucking night, in those shitty bars you go to without your daughter.

BARBARA - So there was alcohol.

ULLA - Of course there was alcohol... but if I give you a drop we're left with nothing.

BARBARA- So you've drunk it yourself.

ULLA - Are you going to tell me something, mother of shit? You sure you want to wind me up before bedtime?

BARBARA - Why do you do this?

ULLA- Whynot? I am fed up. I'm fed up with it all.

BARBARA - Why?

ULLA - Because everything sucks!

BARBARA - Ulla...

ULLA—We're not going anywhere, do you hear? We'll not achieve anything.

Enter CLAUDE

CLAUDE - Ulla... I need to talk to you.

ULLA - What do you want?

BARBARA - You can talk to me as well.

CLAUDE—Not now.It's important.

BARBARA- Andwhy is it important? Let's see, is it that you can't talk to me now? Or it isthat you've fucked like crazy and now you don't care? Do you want some more to drink? Haven't you had enough? Hold on! There's got to be a bottle somewhere around here...

CLAUDE—It isn't that, listen to me...

BARBARA - What for? Help me to find it! I'll bet she's hidden it...

ULLA - What do you want?

CLAUDE—They're planning something, I'm sure of it. There's too much noise out there. They're going to come in.

BARBARA - Are you still drunk? They can't come into a church. (*Finds a bottle*)

It's the house of the Lord...

CLAUDE—They're going to. They told me.

ULLA - Who?

CLAUDE- (*To ULLA*) Men. At the door.(*To BARBARA*) And I'm not drunk.

BARBARA- (*drinking*) I no longer believe anything.

CLAUDE—They say they're going to come early in the morning.

ULLA - And why are you telling me this now?

CLAUDE - Because I am here with you. It'd be best to leave as soon as possible.

BARBARA - No.

ULLA–No-one's leaving here.

CLAUDE–You're going to go to jail, don't you realise?

BARBARA - Claude, Claude... you're a very lovely man... In fact I've taken quite a shine to you for the moment... but that is not an option.

CLAUDE- Andwhat good will this do? Just gettingyourselves crushed.

ULLA–Anything else you'd like to say?

CLAUDE- But you're not listening to me? Take your things and get out!

BARBARA- Andwhat about you?

CLAUDE - Me?I ought to go now.

BARBARA–Oh how brave, just like all men...

ULLA–I'm not going. What do you think?

BARBARA - I think that such a handsome man is too interested in us getting out of here.

CLAUDE–What do you mean?

BARBARA–That I love you, but I'm not going.

CLAUDE - Do what you want, they're not coming to kick the shit out of me...

BARBARA - No, you listen to me! There's one of us in there, vomiting her guts up. She's sick, she's got a fever... nobody knows what'swrong with her and we've told her we need to call a doctor... and you know what she told us? She told us to go to hell. She told us that whoever does that will get pin in the arse. That's what she told us! All of us! So if the thought passed through your head that someone's going to leave this place, you've got it all wrong, because no-one's leaving here till we know that our kids are well and that our deaths will be for some purpose. You get that? Is anything of what I've said clear to you?

CLAUDE - Do what you want.

BARBARA gestures him to go.

CLAUDE - That yes... I'd put a little more protection at the entrance. I've started to hear them banging on it.

Exit CLAUDE

ULLA—Let's see to the Russian.

Lights

3. Black is a colour

[1]

ULLA - Some people say that I don't lead a good life. I think the same way. Always one action on top of another action. My road is that of someone who has no memory, but who knows what it is she's got to do. That's how I am... And I don't seem to be someone who goes along with the actions of others, but a shadow, something that knows what direction to take, where to aim for... Because I'm also afraid and I'm also lost... Let's hope my shadow knows what to say right now about all this. Although I'm only talking about hoping I'd know what to say, where we're going to, what we'll pay for being here today.

Pause

I'm BARBARA.—I'm not in charge of my actions. I've not seen a jail in my life. Prison bars have never prevented me from going where I ought to go... But I can see them now, I can see them in close-up, I can almost touch them... They're cold and I have almost no feeling in my hands. The coldness in my hands is like that of someone prematurely dead. There's blood everywhere, which will tell you what has become of us, maybe in a book or maybe under the ground. And I hate the kids' smiles, because they have become who I am not. They have nothing on their conscience, and that is something... But I am here. The girl is still living behind bars... and I wonder: will they talk about me?

Pause

THE RUSSIAN - Death is not such a bad plan, if we had to choose one. Death is a rope that makes cowards of men and separates worlds. There is only one thing stronger than death: me. Because I am misery. Because I am what invades pain, the mirror of flight, the vessel in which to save your corners and your kisses... I have loved and run around in all corners of the world, I am the natural daughter from the pit. Like the others, I am as steadfast as a child who remains dead in its mother's womb observing the world... I had something... and it will not come back. And now the hole with a hundred and fifty questions that have to be decided. The sun is shining up high, but someone is pissing on us... We feel ashamed. The police will come and our children will go. What is left for us? Only the truth. The truth of a world that gives birth alone, that only cries for us...

CLAUDE lying on top of BARBARA. They kiss, lying on the ground.

ULLA - Did you sleep well?

BARBARA - Very well... right?

CLAUDE - We slept well.

BARBARA—Like you used to do.

ULLA - I know.

BARBARA—How do you know?

ULLA- (*seriously*) Because you haven't been sleeping for some time, for whatever reasons.

Pause

BARBARA—Do you know anything?

THE RUSSIAN - Nothing.

BARBARA - No news?

ULLA—Apparently the girls in Marseilles emigrated.

BARBARA - Why? Aren't they supporting us now?

THE RUSSIAN—I've no idea.

ULLA—They've been occupying more churches.

THE RUSSIAN - Really?

BARBARA - So the movement is moving on...

ULLA—It would seem that way.

CLAUDE - I am glad.

BARBARA—It's good news.

ULLA—It's great news. They'll occupy a church in every quarter, until the whole of France is vomiting whores at breakfast time.

CLAUDE—That's a breakthrough.

ULLA - How does it look to you that there are only women doing this?

CLAUDE—There is also a man.

BARBARA—He's helping us a lot.

ULLA.—He only holds a camera.

BARBARA—That's enough.

CLAUDE—You'll come out all over the country.

THE RUSSIAN coughs

ULLA—I'll believe it when I see it.

THE RUSSIAN- (*To BARBARA*) I didn't know that you were so much into cocks.

BARBARA—This doesn't look good.

ULLA - What?

BARBARA—She's vomiting blood.

ULLA—She wasn't earlier.

BARBARA—Well now she is. Look.

CLAUDE—We have to call a doctor.

ULLA—We don't have to call anyone.

THE RUSSIAN—Have you got a safety-pin there for this guy?

THE RUSSIAN, still coughing

BARBARA- (*To ULLA*) She has to see a doctor.

THE RUSSIAN - And who are you to tell me that?

BARBARA—Your friend. Does that mean so little to you?

THE RUSSIAN smiles and spits in BARBARA'S face

THE RUSSIAN - Why not go back to the lovey-dovey you have beside you?

BARBARA- (*To ULLA*) She doesn't have to talk to me like that...

THE RUSSIAN - Of course I do.

CLAUDE—We have to call a doctor.

ULLA—We don't have to call anyone. She just needs a little rest.

BARBARA- But can't you see? She's spitting blood.

CLAUDE - Ulla, this woman's not okay. You've got to do something now.

BARBARA - If you don't do it, I will.

CLAUDE - Anyone can do it.

BARBARA - Forget what's going through your head now. We're talking about someone's life.

CLAUDE - Listen to Barbara, please...

BARBARA - We have to get her out of here...

ULLA - Barbara! (*Pause*) Are you ready?

BARBARA - For what?

ULLA—You have to say a few words.

BARBARA - Now?

ULLA—It's time.

CLAUDE - Why do you want her to go out there right now?

ULLA - Because someone has to talk. And she has offered to do it.

BARBARA - Yes, but right now there are other more important things... The Russian is important.

THE RUSSIAN - Leave me alone.

ULLA—What's the matter? Don't you want to do it?

BARBARA - Yes, of course...

ULLA—Do you want to or not? That at least was what you said.

BARBARA - I did say that.

ULLA—So?

BARBARA—I'll go out there.

ULLA - Bravo! So that's what we'll do. You, do you want to say something? Do you want to record what's going to happen?

CLAUDE - This woman is going to be in danger when she goes out.

ULLA. - We all are. So will you be, like you said.

CLAUDE - Is this revenge for what happened last night?

BARBARA- Whathappened last night?

ULLA - Of course not.

CLAUDE-I'm not so sure. I'm beginning to know you.

ULLA - Are going to record it or not?

CLAUDE-Answer my question first.

ULLA - Nobody, not even the man who was my husband, not even my son, has touched the poster above my bed. No one... do you understand? However bad things were.However good things were.No one. No one has touched it.

CLAUDE - are going to let her go out there alone?

ULLA. - You can touch me but you can't touch what's above my bed.

CLAUDE-You don't like me now, do you?

ULLA-No-one will do it.

Pause

CLAUDE. - Okay. Barbara, I wish you luck. I'll try to take this woman somewhere better.

THE RUSSIAN-Don't even think of touching me.

CLAUDE-Do you want me to let you die?

THE RUSSIAN-I'm alright here. Go and record all of this.

CLAUDE-I can't.

THE RUSSIAN - Then just go.

BARBARA—Nothing's going to happen. I'll go out now and talk to everyone.

CLAUDE - Are you sure?

BARBARA—Of course, why wouldn't I be?

Exit CLAUDE

ULLA - Barbara, are you sure about what you are you doing?

Exit BARBARA

[2]

Exterior of the Church.

BARBARA - Dear citizens, I want to tell you how my life has been. I live in love with my pimp, although I know he doesn't love me. Do you know how many years a pimp gets? Ten. And meanwhile, those who really cheat society are out in one, or worse, never go in. You'll never get close to them... but at least my pimp shows his face to everyone. *(Pause)* Nobody believes me when I say that almost no girl lives with a pimp who mistreats her. What there are are women who fall in love with men, because those men know what their girls need. They have seen them go up to the apartment forty times, kissing old men, hugging children who just want to look older... they've seen them laughing and they've seen them crying, but they know that a girl needs something. They take advantage of us: know that we also need to love. That's why I'm not afraid to say that I live in love with my pimp, that I'd like to spend my whole life in his arms, that every shirt I've bought him or every jewel that I've stolen was a sign of true love... I regret not having bought that idiot a car. *(Pause)* I've forgiven him. In spite of the fact that he's stolen my daughter. Even though I may not know where either of them is... I became a prostitute nine months after my daughter was born and when I see her again, I won't ask her forgiveness, because I did what had to be done. And now I'm facing you so you can see my face, so you can ask that little girl if she really knows who her mother is, if you know of some angel who can tell me where she is... I need you to tell her

aboutme, about what her mother does.

[3]

Interior of the Church.

ULLA. - How did she do?

BARBARA–Didn't you see?

ULLA - No.

BARBARA–You should have seen it, it was a lovely finale. Where is the Russian?

ULLA–She's gone.'

BARBARA- And Claude?

ULLA - With her.

BARBARA–Didn't he say where?

ULLA - To the hospital.

ULLA cries

BARBARA–What's up?

ULLA–Everything's falling apart.

BARBARA - Don't say that, I've just been talking in front of everyone...

ULLA–Everything's going to hell.

BARBARA - Come on, we've gone on television... People love us.

ULLA–We're going to prison, don't you realize? They're going to come and get us like dogs and they're going to put us in the dog-house.

BARBARA–You don't have to say that.

ULLA - Of course I do. Wake up!

BARBARA- And you?

ULLA - I am nothing.

BARBARA- And why all this?

ULLA - To end up dead... dead or in jail.

BARBARA - At least he accompanied the Russian.

ULLA-You'd like to be in his place, right?

BARBARA - Are you jealous?

ULLA - Yes!

BARBARA - Right now?

ULLA - Why wouldn't I be?

BARBARA-You shouldn't. Look. *(She gives a book to ULLA)* It's for us to read... the kid gave it to me, you see? He wants to see that we're okay, he wants us to be happy. He liked you a lot, that's what he told me. This sums up everything.

ULLA-Do you like him?

BARBARA - No. But nor do you.

ULLA - You like him. *(Pause)* What are we going to do?

BARBARA- You're going to talk while they come for us.

ULLA - What?

BARBARA-They're coming in. Now.

ULLA - But if you just talked out in the street...

BARBARA-I know. And I've seen it all. But I am not afraid.

Enter CLAUDE

CLAUDE—Get up! Let's go!

BARBARA—What's happening?

CLAUDE—They're going to come in. What did I tell you? Let's go!

BARBARA - Who?

CLAUDE - The police, the media, everyone... Get up!

BARBARA—Quieten down. We're fine.

CLAUDE—Aren't you listening to me?

ULLA - The Russian... How is she?

CLAUDE—I don't know. They've taken her to hospital and I've come back...

ULLA - How?

CLAUDE—Because I never left.

BARBARA—Was she vomiting?

CLAUDE—I don't know...

ULLA - Will she live?

CLAUDE - I can't know that. Let's go! They're going to beat you to death! They've just broken the priest's arm!

BARBARA—It's time.

ULLA- (*Standing up*) Today is the day when everything starts. We're going to go out in the same way we came in, with dignity. There are women in Avignon, in Montpellier, in Cannes, Rouen, Grenoble... who have also occupied churches. They will imitate us. It will be a complete invasion. After Attila, Ulla! Because if the story ends like this, it means that nothing has been decided... They entered at five o'clock, but I wasn't on the door. Father Veal opened it. They broke his arm. They went all over the place, policemen like angels with a trumpet, with giant bright shoulders and

a hangman's noose... And we resisted. I could see a wall of women in front of my eyes. But there were too many dogs unleashed. Too much foam with no waves. Too much fury for so little duelling. The last thing I saw was a woman falling into the void. After a blow, a light, the ambulance, sleep. They pricked me on the arm, left me drugged. I went to bed and slept for days. I rested. I dreamed of thirty thousand women with their arms raised. I felt the neck of a mother who loses her child. I cried together with thirty thousand goddesses who were shouting "Freedom... freedom... freedom..." It was a chorus of whores who were shouting, a chorus of whores calling to the future, and I pleaded for that future to come closer, very quickly, because it all had to happen as soon as possible... I have spoken through the mouths of thirty thousand women. And then I woke, as if everything had been a dream and my nap had been real life. I got out of bed in a fury, and I was more of a bitch when I got up, because there was rage in my chest and my eyes flashed in the night, and I needed to be out on the street, leaping into the new day, raging with lips of fire to tell you "Hey, woman, women... shout with me! In all your anguish, never lose hope, because the sweetest marrow is in the hardest bone. Woman! Women! Look me in the eyes! They are black, eyes of a lost black... but black is also a colour... only it means hope."

CURTAIN