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# The creature

de  
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*(texto completo)*

Characters:

The man

The woman

The examiner

An *entity*

*A shabby kitchen opens onto a room with a TV and a sofa. In the background, in the center, a staircase leads to a fence. Candles and other items are at the base of this fence, evoking an altar, as if they were the bars that enclose a being that is worshiped. It is never possible to see who or what is behind the bars: there is complete darkness inside. Only occasionally screams are heard coming from it, and even the substances that slide down the stairs.*

*The man sits watching television. Blue light stains his face and body, as if he were watching only the blue glow of a screen where nothing is transmitted. Behind him, on the stove, the woman prepares something uncertain to eat, a food of a viscous and uncertain consistency of brownish color that she pours from the pot into a bucket.*

WOMAN

The cupboard is almost empty, what are we going to do? *(The man doesn't respond, he keeps his eyes on the television.)* Soon we will have nothing to offer Him and... He knows it. I can tell by the way He breathes. I've learned to feel it, you know? His different ways of breathing. I know what He thinks, and what He feels. Yes, right now... I hear Him... And you? *(Silence)* He is listening to us too, and He knows, He knows that soon there will be nothing to give him and then... *(The woman goes toward the man and takes the TV remote.)* Are you listening to me? We are about to run out of food and you...

MAN

And what the hell do you want me to do about it?

WOMAN

You still dare to...? You know there's only one thing you have to do. His necessities are many *(Brief pause.)* Or can you give him anything else...?

MAN

No... no more. I've given all I can, and for what? Anyway, He'll always end up devouring more and more. Give me the remote.

WOMAN

*(Pause. She looks at him in astonishment. The man tries to steal the remote, but the woman manages to keep it.)* Are you crazy? We have to feed Him... Don't you hear Him? He's calling us, He wants more. Don't you hear Him?

MAN

Maybe. *(Pause.)* I don't know if I really hear Him or his whining has become part of my head. Give me the remote!

WOMAN

I do, I do hear Him, clearly. It's like a squeal, a very soft squeal. He'll start hammering at any moment.

MAN

It's like a damn moth.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

*(Celebrating his own comment.)* Like a moth, yes. Ththththththth. Watch the ceiling. *(She does it. The man tries to steal the remote but he fails again.)* At any moment it may fall apart.

WOMAN

That's ok. Maybe that's what we deserve, to be crushed?

MAN

*(With a slight smile.)* I can't believe you'd say that. And that's what all this sacrifice is for, so that in the end you and me and Him. We all go to hell.

WOMAN

I meant over our heads, not his. He has to survive. *(She goes back to the kitchen.)* If you weren't so weak, and so selfish...

MAN

Selfish! What else can I give? I gave Him all I got!

WOMAN

It's not enough!

MAN

I can't even see the money 'cause...

WOMAN

What do you want the money for? To buy one of those nasty magazines?

MAN

That... that's my business. That's the only thing I have left, you know. Give me that fucking remote.

WOMAN

You won't get it until you feed Him.

MAN

That's just impossible. Don't you see that whatever I bring...!

WOMAN

Then find a way to feed Him! Remember the ax is there.

*Brief silence.*

MAN  
The ax?

WOMAN  
I sharpened it this morning, just in case we need it.

MAN  
You're really going crazy. *(They look at each other. Brief silence.)* Don't you realize? The only thing He wants is to escape from that pigsty you keep him in.

WOMAN  
That's not true. He wants something else, and you know it, so you better bring something quickly.

MAN  
*(He gets up and walks toward the woman, trying to steal the remote.)* Listen to me; the best thing to do is release Him. How long has he been locked up in there?

WOMAN  
I don't care. Remember what that man said when he came to do the test. Releasing Him would be very risky. He must remain locked up. That's the price of having an... extraordinary creature.

MAN  
I never heard him said that.

WOMAN  
But I did, and he used that same word.

MAN  
You just hear what you want to hear.

WOMAN  
*(Nervous.)* Don't you think about all the threats out there? Don't you think about that? I can't imagine... He... outside... you know He's not like the rest... He is... special... any contact with the outside world could be dangerous. No, no, it would be very risky to...

MAN  
At some point we'll have to let Him go, and then? What will happen then?

WOMAN  
I'm quite sure some hopeless or sick souls will cross my path, it's my sad lot that someone always needs me.

MAN  
And me?

WOMAN  
Yes, I've had to take care of you too, unfortunately.

MAN

I'm not talking about that. I mean... me too! I've put all my energy into...

WOMAN

...his upbringing! *(Pause.)* It's hard, I know, but the reward will be great. Why are you laughing?

MAN

Those were the same words you used with the other one. And look now.

WOMAN

Don't blame me. I did everything I could.

MAN

Until you killed her.

WOMAN

Don't say that. It's not true. I just followed the instructions you gave me.

MAN

That's not true, and you know it. *(They look at each other.)* You were the one that gave her... too much. *(At last he steals the remote from the woman's apron and returns to the armchair.)*

WOMAN

*(Finishing the porridge.)* Okay, stay there, if that's what makes you feel good. Poor man. I still remember... the day we met. You came to me, crawling like a helpless dog. Auuuuhh, auuuuhhh. Your eyes lost, looking for someone who could give you some shelter. That's how you came, do you remember?

MAN

Pretending to be helpless always works with you, doesn't it?

*(Brief silence.)*

WOMAN

It was my fault, yes... How did I think I could build something with an invalid puppy? If I had been able to record you then, seeing you approach with your orphan's eyes promising me all those things to let you in. And now look at you, all day sitting on the couch, with nothing but television, now, when He demands more of us, when we must have our spirits high... You're not even capable of fulfilling your only duty.

MAN

I'm exhausted. If I had known what you were capable of begetting.

WOMAN

Shut up! Don't say that. He's listening to us, don't you notice? Just now... at this moment... He's listening... *(Pause. The woman, raising her head as if sensing something, entering a state close to ecstasy:)* Yes, He can hear everything, even when we do not speak, even what we can't hear in

ourselves, he overhears. Now He can feel your lack of faith ... I know... right now... his breathing is changing ...don't you feel it? Yes, now He's calling you... I can feel it...

MAN

I'm not going up there.

*(Brief silence.)*

WOMAN

Are you afraid of your own flesh?

MAN

It's not *my* flesh.

WOMAN

Sure He is! The product of our union *(Pause. The woman realizes that the man has taken some of the porridge.)* I just can't believe it. You've been eating his food?

MAN

Of course not. I... I wouldn't dare.

WOMAN

And that stain?

MAN

That stain... is from... yesterday.

WOMAN

We didn't even eat yesterday, you idiot.

MAN

Well, I don't know then. It must have slipped off the plate and...

WOMAN

If I find out that you are stealing his food, I'll... *(picks up the knife, but something stops her)*. There He is... again... yes... *(There is a kind of snoring that has something non-human and immediately afterwards a patter from above is heard.)*

MAN

Shit! It's about to start! Again! Why does He do that!

WOMAN

He wants you, don't you see?

MAN

No. All He wants is to get out of there...

*(Another dull thud from above.)*

WOMAN

I beg you, go up before He...

MAN

Damn, why me!

WOMAN

Please.

MAN

I've done it all for Him! But don't make me go up.

WOMAN

Listen to me, do not despair. The fruits will come... at some point, I know. But we must not surrender. Still... a little more, and then it will all be over. Please, go up and see what He wants. You're not going to do it? Okay... so you're not going to rest, ever, He's hearing you, and when you least expect it...

MAN

Enough of that! *(The man gets up, annoyed:)* That's your strategy, right? The exhaustion... it's always been like that. *(He takes the bucket and stands in front of the stairs for a few moments fearful of climbing, and finally does.)*

WOMAN

No, wait... maybe... maybe He doesn't want to be disturbed, wait. You know it's dangerous... wait! Remember that... you must be careful, and it is also important that He feels your faith in Him, remember that...

*The man has entered the room above. The woman is left alone and begins praying.*

*Uncertain sounds of breathing, thuds, murmurs of prayers.*

*After a while the man comes down. His clothes are stained with substances.*

WOMAN

What happened?

MAN

He was trying to...

WOMAN

I told you.

MAN

He approached... and something He secreted that... a substance that... *(He wants to vomit.)*

WOMAN

It's awful.

MAN

Yes, you don't know what... *(The man vomits.)*

WOMAN

I mean, it's your attitude that's awful. Look at you, vomiting your own flesh.

MAN

Stop annoying me. He's not my flesh... and I'm not going to... *(The man vomits again.)* I can't... I just can't... it's a curse.

WOMAN

We can't let ourselves be affected by these things. Those substances must be something ... natural. Remember what that man said, they are just... part of his growth...

MAN

It's more than that... He wants to destroy us. *(The man vomits again.)*

WOMAN

Don't say that. He's doing it just to get attention, you understand? Those are... psychological substances. He does it because he needs you. *(Pause.)* Listen!

MAN

*(Cleaning up the vomit.)* Now what's happening?

WOMAN

Can't you hear?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

Well, that's because there's nothing to hear. Did you manage to put the food in his mouth?

MAN

Well, I got close...

WOMAN

But you put the food *into* his mouth?

MAN

I told you I got close! *(They look at each other.)* I'm not going up there again. *(The man sits back on the couch.)*

## WOMAN

Once again... I hear it again, He's still breathing... I perceive it... this time it's like a whisper... to me... to my ear... and I'm not hallucinating... now He's sleeping... yes... my little creature... there you are, yes... Have mercy on us. *(She prostrates herself before the stairs and prays. The man looks at her with pity and then turns the television on again. A monotonous blue light is coming from it.)*

*Dark.*

*A dim light.*

*The woman is soaked with thick substances of strange colors. She remains wide-eyed even though she seems asleep. Speaking as if in a daydream.*

## WOMAN

He was there, in the corner, eaten by the shadows. Only one of his limbs brushed the light. A small violet stain began to stir as I entered. He could feel my fear, smell it, and I could feel his. And then I heard it. He called me. He called me like that, shrieking, with a shrill noise. Very sharp, so much that it could hardly be heard... But when you do it, when you hear it, then it's impossible to get it out of your head. Impossible. As if it came from your own brain, sounding like a big wound in your head. And when He saw me there, paralyzed, then He came out of the darkness. He was huge. I hadn't realized He had grown so much. He was coming, crawling, and I looked for his eyes. Where are your eyes? I whispered. I can't see them... your eyes. He got nearer, and then for a moment I wanted to shout, but... no, He needs you, I said to myself, He needs you, He's just a baby. And then He got really close to my body, and touched me with one of his... limbs, and began to rub my skin, and wrapped me. I wanted to shout. No, calm down, calm down, remember He's your own flesh, calm down. He's not going to do anything. Calm down! And then I felt his members over my whole body. At the beginning I didn't feel any pain... till I saw it... the blood, I didn't know where it came from... then I realized... He was trying to... devour me. He was covering me in his substances and was trying to devour me. I called you, I asked for your help, but you were sleeping, as always. You hear me? *(The man doesn't answer.)* He was hungry. *(Pause.)* Sleeping, always asleep.

*Dark.*

*A breathing sound.*

*Light.*

*The man and the woman are asleep, the man in front of the TV. This time it emits a yellowish light. The woman is on the floor, covered in strange substances. She looks like she's been beaten.*

*There is dust in the room, as if part of the ceiling was already crumbling.*

*A bell sounds. It is very loud.*

*Silence.*

*The bell rings again, more insistently.*

*The woman awakens with much effort.*

## WOMAN

It must be that man. *(Silence. The bell rings again, the man wakes up.)* It's that man, dammit. When are you waking up?

MAN

Is he shrieking again?

WOMAN

No, it's the doorbell, you idiot.

MAN

Ahhhh...

WOMAN

Yes, I hate this situation too. I don't understand why those studies are so necessary.

MAN

It's for... I don't know.

WOMAN

Of course you know. You called him.

MAN

You insist!

WOMAN

Well then? It must have been one of the neighbors. Yes, there is always some neighbor anxious to stick their fucking nose in other people's affairs. I hate that it has to be like that, it would be so much easier if I could take control of everything.

MAN

It was the same with the other one.

WOMAN

I already told you that ... *(the doorbell.)* Try to distract him for a while. I'll go up to see that everything is right up there. I'll try to clean him as much as I can. I don't want that man to go up and... you know.

MAN

Be careful.

WOMAN

I've learned to protect myself. Don't tell him about substances or... I don't know. Tell him we haven't seen anything abnormal or ...you know what you have to say: nothing, is that clear? *(Brief pause, the man does not respond.)* Is that clear?

MAN

Stop repeating what I have to do. Go up before He starts hammering!

*The woman goes up.*

*The man opens the door and tells the "examiner" to pass. The Examiner enters with a briefcase, stands in the center of the room and observes the place.*

MAN

Have a seat. My wife is about to come down. *(The examiner doesn't react, he just looks at the site, then takes out a notebook and starts making notes.)* Sorry about this mess. The ceiling, especially, I see it draws your attention. It's like that because of the... the humidity, yes. *(The man realizes that the chair is full of dust that has come from the ceiling, he cleans it and with a gesture invites the stranger to sit. The "examiner" doesn't react to the man's words.)* Won't you sit? *(The examiner doesn't answer.)* Okay. *(Brief silence.)* Is there anything I can get you? Maybe... a bourbon? Or... maybe you want something on the rocks? As in the movies: on the rocks. The truth is that I can't offer you anything. He has already consumed everything. *(Pause, sounds coming from above.)* My wife must be... cleaning Him, we wouldn't want you to think... well, you know. *(Silence.)* Let me ask you something: How did you find out we had it here? *(Silence.)* Did someone tell you? A neighbor, there is always a neighbor ready to stick his nose in other people's business... or, was it me? *(Pause.)* My wife thinks it was me, but she has not realized that... *(Sounds.)* One moment. *(He walks to the stairs.)* Everything all right up there? *(A vague reply from the woman is heard. The man turns to the examiner.)* Yes, I was saying... what was I saying?

EXAMINER

How is He responding to food?

MAN

To... food? Why are you asking? I imagine you know what kind of *meat* He likes. My wife and I have done our best to satisfy Him, but... it's difficult. What I mean... these times are becoming so dark, and the creatures are born more and more... how to say it? Demanding. No. It's more than that. Absorbing, yes. They're so absorbing. *(Pause.)* Do you know what conclusion I've come to recently? The deep conviction that no one should be allowed to procreate just like that. Do you know what I wanted to be? An entomologist, a great entomologist. *(The examiner continues to make notes. The man tries to see what the examiner is writing.)* I always had a great passion for the world that was hidden underground. Don't ask me why. Passions are incomprehensible. Why I had to be attracted to this woman, for example, I have never understood that. When I was a child I used to dig in the ground and... I came to discover such things that... the way insects reproduce, is astonishing. Some species of spiders, or mantis... have you ever seen it? Nature can be strange, don't you think? I liked to smash some insects to see the substances that were hidden inside and... well, unfortunately... He appeared and, the demands were such that... I am now a mere employee and every penny I earn... Anyway, don't misunderstand me, I have done my best to... I have tried, and... it's curious, but I feel some relief about the fact that certain things must have a purpose because... *(Pause. The "examiner" keeps making notes in his notebook, ignoring the man. The man speaks with some excitement in his voice but at the same time taking care that the woman does not listen to him.)* He's now secreting substances as well, you will notice. Sometimes loads of it. *(Pause.)* To be honest, the ceiling, it's because of Him... You must already have an idea of what He is. He's insatiable. You will hear his crying, and his teeth, if you can call them that, "teeth". *(He rolls the sleeve of his shirt up: he has a large wound.)* Yes. The other day, when I went up He tried to... imagine, it's... exhausting, exhausting to the point that... But my wife doesn't want to realize the kind of creature He is. She thinks that his appearance is because... He is the Chosen one. She thinks that He has come to save us. Poor woman. I understand. We had another try. And we failed

too. There's something in her womb that... God, the moment she saw what was coming out of her belly... she went mad. Since then she has Him locked up and prays every morning, doesn't want Him exposed to any kind of contact with the outside world, but... I have already reached my limit. Please listen to me, I want to propose something: get rid of Him. Without my wife knowing. I'll find a way to explain it to her, but please take him... You can do whatever you want. Maybe you can sell him to a circus, or to a special clinic? Are you listening to me? What do you think of my proposal? (*The woman descends, the man acts as if nothing happened.*) But feel comfortable, please, and with regard to what I said: the economic situation becomes increasingly difficult and my passion for entomology... ahh, here comes my wife. She is a bit dirty, as you can see.

*The woman comes back, as if she had come from a battle. She heads to a corner next to the stove, being careful not to be seen by the Examiner. From there she calls the man, who goes to her. The examiner, who apparently ignores or does not realize the situation, moves through different points of the room making notes.*

WOMAN

What were you talking about?

MAN

About... nothing!

WOMAN

And what did you tell him while you were talking about... "nothing".

MAN

Nothing I told you! About my vocation as an entomologist, and how I was forced to give it up, but what the hell.

WOMAN

You go on with that, for God's sake. But I heard you say something else, did you tell him anything about the hammering?

MAN

I had to tell him something.

WOMAN

Ahhhh, you didn't have to. What about the substances?

MAN

Yes, I also mentioned something about that.

WOMAN

Then you told him everything!

MAN

Anyway, he's going to see for himself. How is He?

WOMAN

He's sleeping.

MAN

But I heard something that...

WOMAN

What?

MAN

Yes, I heard something. His snoring, maybe.

WOMAN

Why is he pacing around?

MAN

I don't know. I hadn't seen Him pacing around while he sleeps.

WOMAN

No stupid. I'm talking about that guy.

MAN

Ahh.

WOMAN

It bothers me to see him moving around the house. What's he writing? Didn't you ask him to sit down?

MAN

I made a sign.

WOMAN

A sign? You always imagine you solve everything with *signs*.

MAN

It was pretty clear. I pointed at the chair with my finger.

WOMAN

Well, next time use your damn mouth, not your finger.

MAN

You take over, then.

WOMAN

All right, as always. Step aside.

*The man goes to the sofa and sits down to watch television. The woman goes to the*

*examiner.*

WOMAN

Don't pay much attention to my husband, he's just come up with a lot of nonsense ideas recently: that he wanted to be an entomologist, for example, I don't know what he means by that. I assure you, he doesn't even know what that means. Have a seat please, we always like to serve our guests properly. Shall I offer you a... mmmmm? Have a seat. *(The examiner doesn't react, the woman tries to peek at his notes.)* I guess you intend to go upstairs to examine Him again, don't you? Okay, I have no problem with that, but let me suggest something before: it won't be necessary. As my husband already told you, direct contact with Him could be VERY uncomfortable for you. How can I explain...? My creature has begun to... perspire certain ...liquids. Not that it's anything harmful, it's just... a natural part of his maturation, I suppose. He's really just like any other creature... no, well, as much as any other, no. He's... special, all I really mean is... Why do you stand there? *(Pause.)* Who are you? *(Pause.)* Why should you study my baby, who sent you? It was my husband, the one who opened his mouth, right? *(Pause.)* Yes, he has lost faith in Him. I don't know what's happening to him. He's sitting there all day and... do you know what he likes to spend his money on? Insane magazines.

MAN

They are scientific journals.

WOMAN

Filthy magazines. *(To the examiner.)* Look, I don't know what you want, but I repeat that my creature is... yes, I understand that his appearance may be a little, but ... there is nothing to be alarmed about. I am very calm. Too calm. In fact, everything that has happened here...

MAN

*(Violently.)* Shut your mouth and let him go up.

WOMAN

*(To the examiner.)* Ahhh, my husband, again. Have a seat, I beg you. *(Turns to the man.)* Why do you talk to me like that in front of this guy?

MAN

Don't you see that the more you want to stop him, the worse it gets?

WOMAN

I will not let that guy's hands touch my baby.

MAN

You insist on having him isolated.

WOMAN

What does he want? Why does he have to meddle in our business? What are those studies for?

MAN

They're necessary, I already told you. If you don't let him go up, we could be accused of

kidnapping a rare specimen.

WOMAN

Don't call Him that!

MAN

A spawn.

WOMAN

Don't ever say that again. He's our creature.

MAN

All right, I'll have to do it myself. *(To the examiner:)* Follow me, please.

WOMAN

Wait! You can't.

MAN

Why not? I'm his father, aren't I? You've said that a thousand times.

WOMAN

It can be risky, it may...

MAN

Follow me.

WOMAN

It's okay. If there is no other option. But you know, be careful, don't let...

*The examiner goes upstairs led by the man. Off stage a metal gate opens. Suddenly, weird noises come from above, someone hits the door, yelling and shrieking. The examiner comes down with his eyes full of horror. His suit is stained by substances and torn apart. The man follows him.*

WOMAN

What happened?

MAN

He wanted to strangle him.

WOMAN

I told you. I told you it was not a good idea to... *(The woman, while the examiner cleans himself, notices that he has left his briefcase on the floor, and that it's open. She quickly takes some documents from it, without the examiner realizing.)* I'm really sorry. It was not his intention to attack that way. Let me clean your suit. Those are harmless substances; really, I myself have been covered with all kinds of substances. Don't take it badly. Have a seat, please. We're so pleased you have come, truly, we're so happy that you...

*The examiner takes his briefcase, shakes his head with disapproval and leaves.*

WOMAN

Tell me, what the hell happened up there.

MAN

He approached the creature with the syringe and... He wrapped Him with his members and... almost killed him.

WOMAN

Ohh my God. Why are you looking at me like that? He just tried to defend himself. I would have done exactly the same with... such a disgusting man.

MAN

We can't isolate Him all his life.

WOMAN

Why not?

MAN

'Cause... *(exasperated.)* Forget it, it's just impossible for you to understand.

WOMAN

I guess at some point we'll have to let Him go but... I don't want to think of it now, not now. So, calm down. Look what I got. *(She shows a strange chart she took from the briefcase: they have weird signs and spots.)*

MAN

Did you steal that from...?

WOMAN

Well, I wouldn't call it that. I just... took it. Try to decipher it.

MAN

Where did you get it?

WOMAN

It doesn't matter. Just try to decipher it.

MAN

But first I just want to make clear that it's not right to...

WOMAN

Right, you've made it clear. Now try to decipher it. *(The man holds the chart and observes it closely.)* So?

MAN

What?

WOMAN

What do you make of it?

MAN

Well, I'm not exactly an expert, but... observe this.

WOMAN

I only see... a *stain*.

MAN

It's not just a "stain." Look carefully. Look at these... grains and these specks... Don't you see? It's his... heart. And this other... oh God.

WOMAN

What's the matter?

MAN

Eh?

WOMAN

You said "Oh God." (*Pause.*) What do you mean by that, "Oh God"?

MAN

If you dared to see...

WOMAN

Are you implying that...? Give me that, you don't know how to interpret *stains*. I see something else. Look. (*Taking the sheet and turning it.*) I see something else... an extraordinary being. This here must be his... heart. He has a great heart. And these... wrinkles... this is his brain, yes! And it's huge!! I'll say it again, we can expect great things. True, it seems a bit delicate and somewhat... extravagant, but great beings have those features.

MAN

You're holding it the wrong way. It's upside down.

WOMAN

And how do you know it's "upside down"?

MAN

I have studied it some.

WOMAN

Stop making up that nonsense. You never studied anything!

MAN

All right, read whatever you want. But... you saw how He attacked him.

WOMAN

He just defended himself.

MAN

It's a pattern of behavior.

WOMAN

"Pattern of behavior" What is that? Another one of your inventions. What you want is to torture me. Listen to me, that's not a bad diagnosis. It cannot be. We have given too much to... You listen to me! If there is anything wrong with this... I wouldn't bear it. I'd kill myself. Don't you hear me? *(Silence.)* Didn't you hear what I just said?

MAN

Yes!

WOMAN

And you don't react.

MAN

You promised it before, and here we are.

*A thumping is heard from above, more powerful than the previous one.*

MAN

Not again, it's like a dream. A curse. What the fuck does He want now?

WOMAN

You know what He wants, but we have to give something else. Is there anything left in the cupboard?

MAN

Everything is gone.

WOMAN

Are you sure? *(The man looks at her.)* Where is the key?

MAN

No... not yet, don't give it to Him.

WOMAN

There's no other option. The moment has arrived. Give me the key.

MAN

No! I will not give it to Him.

WOMAN

If you could listen to yourself, refusing to feed your own flesh. He is the most sacred part of us. *(The intensity of the blows increases. The woman looks for something in her apron.)* Where is the key?

*More blows. Dust from the ceiling begins to fall.*

WOMAN

Where is the key?

MAN

But... what else?

WOMAN

Whatever He needs.

MAN

He's destroying us.

WOMAN

The key! I beg you. Give it to me. Look at the ceiling. Give me... Remember that as long as He lives...

MAN

He hits the ceiling because He wants to be released, and that's the best we can do. And then stay you and me, alone, with what we have left.

WOMAN

You and me... What would become of us without Him? No, we will never get to that moment. *(The blows intensify. One part of the ceiling begins to crumble.)* Please give it to me, before the ceiling... come on, otherwise you're going to end up killing me too. I can't stand this. Give me the key.

MAN

Just say that flesh was mine.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

Just tell me it was mine.

WOMAN

It's his.

MAN

But say it was mine!

WOMAN

Ok! If that will calm you down: it was yours.

MAN

Here it is. *(He gives her the key. The woman opens a compartment in the cupboard and pulls out an ax. They look at each other for a while, as if they were deciding something. At last she goes up, slowly, with the ax in her hands.)*

*Dark.*

*Blows, a heavy breathing, whispers, screams.*

*Light.*

*The woman speaks almost in a whisper, as though she is praying.*

*She faces the creature's room.*

*There's something peculiar about her: she lacks an arm.*

WOMAN

Some bodies fear pain. Not mine. My body is made to resist it. Its doors are open to it as the most loyal of its guests. I can still bare more of it. Much more. I don't care if the limit is still far off, because in the end... the pain will become my great companion. When I have reached the limit, when there is no more of me, then you and I will again be one flesh. I'll feel your heart beating within my chest and the air I breathe will enter into your lungs, I will bury my life in your entrails as your life came out of mine... till you and I are one body, again... just You and I, one being, forever... Yes... Right now... I can feel, something of me... being digested inside You... *(a kind of hiccup is heard coming from above)*. What is it? Still not enough? What else can I offer you? Tell me what more. I have not yet reached the limit... no... I can endure ... much more...

MAN

Enough! Enough! You've been in my dreams buzzing like a fucking fly.

WOMAN

Shut up. Don't you see? Don't you see how far my love has come?

MAN

No one asked you to do that... you did it because you wanted it.

WOMAN

It was an accident, I already told you.

MAN

That's not true. You offered it to him, I know.

WOMAN

I had no other option. I had to do it. He asked me to.

MAN

It was not necessary to go that far. Look at the ruin this has become. And look at the ruin you have

become.

WOMAN

If there had been something in the cupboard...

MAN

Don't try to blame me. You did that just because you wanted to.

MAN

You should shut your mouth and pity me.

MAN

Yes, I do pity you.

WOMAN

The greater my sacrifice, the more my reward, I know that. And you want to know something? My faith in Him is still increasing, yes, I can still offer Him more, and if you have already reached the limit... *(She goes toward the kitchen for the ax in an attitude of ecstasy.)*

MAN

What are you going to do with that?

WOMAN

Didn't you want to know the limits of my faith?

MAN

No one is asking you about that nonsense. Put that thing down.

WOMAN

Don't get any closer... *(she threatens him with the ax.)* I need to feed him.

MAN

He's just about to burst.

WOMAN

Step aside! The world must know how far my love has come... *(she prepares a leg.)*

MAN

You're fucking crazy.

WOMAN

All right, that's true, if you call love madness... yes, I'm fucking crazy.

*Dark.*

*Cries, breathing sound more and more intense.*

*Silence.*

*Light.*

*The man sleeps in front of the TV: he is missing a leg. The woman is also asleep, lying on the stairs, crooked in her own body, as if she had fallen asleep while praying. Now she too is missing a leg. Her arm and leg stumps are covered in plaster. There is a crutch next to her.*

*The doorbell rings once. Silence. The man and the woman do not wake up. The bell rings again, this time with more insistence. Silence. There are sounds at the door, as if someone was trying to force it open, then a slam shut. The examiner bursts onto the scene, pulls a few sheets out of his briefcase and begins to read, in a lacerating voice, like an alarm clock:*

EXAMINER

*(Starts reading, abruptly.)* Data from studies have shown metabolic disorders of a serious, very serious level. Hypersecretion in the primary function glands accompanied by hyposecretion of the non-primary glands resulted in a decompensation between primary and non-primary glands causing irreversible damage to the creature's organism and causing reactions such as a vertiginous increase in the weight, size and consistency of his organs, excessive sebaceous secretions, sweaty and terrifying substances in the organism, abnormal irrigation of mucous substances, incontinent sweating, abnormal pigmentation of follicles, convulsed eyelids and an unclassified white gelatinous substance that exudes from unidentified parts of his being. Also detected was the appearance of thyroid nodules at different points in his body, some teguments with granular formations, cephalic glands dispersed throughout his body. One of the studies indicated hematophagous characteristics and a marked functional incapacity with catatonic symptoms, lethargy, weight gain, as well as a significant inability to adapt to the environment, exhibiting harmful characteristics such as uncontained aggressiveness, uninterrupted flatulence, and in the application of one of the tests the creature almost strangled the examiner.

MAN

*(Awakening:)* You... How did you get in? That way of entering was a little inadequate, don't you think? You can't invade someone's dream just like that... *(Silence: The examiner is still immersed in his briefcase ignoring the man.)* All those things you were mentioning... is He, right? *(Pause.)* Yes... I knew it: He is damaged, with no cure. *(Pause.)* Look what he's done to me, and to my wife, there's almost nothing left of her. And He will continue. *(He waits for a reaction from the "examiner", but one does not come.)* What did you think of what I proposed? Come on, you gotta help me, I...

WOMAN

*(Awakening with heaviness.)* Blessed are those who wait for the kingdom of heaven with hunger and pain, for only they will be rewarded. *(To the examiner:)* What's going on?

MAN

He's here... again. He came to give the results of the studies.

WOMAN

How strange, I was just dreaming that ... Did you ask him to have a seat?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

And what did he say?

MAN

Ahhhh, you should have heard it.

WOMAN

I'm sure it was nothing serious. *(Tries to walk, or rather crawl towards the "examiner" but her lack of strength does not allow it.)* You, who so much like to be standing still. My husband tells me that you have come to give the results. I guess there's nothing to worry about. My creature grows more and more, I know that we will soon reap great rewards and...

MAN

*(Pretending that the woman does not hear him.)* She's delirious. You said it yourself, He is damaged, irredeemably. Come on, get rid of Him, before He keeps devouring us, please... right now go up and take Him and...

WOMAN

What's my husband saying? Whatever it is, don't pay much attention to it. Yes, it's true that there have been some costs. It has not only been my leg and my arm, but also my sight. I'm almost blind. But other than that, things have gone great. These days I have learned that the most valuable things in life cost the most. And I am willing to pay for everything. The other day, I must confess, we could see one of your studies and what we saw confirms...

EXAMINER

*(abruptly.)* The following symptoms are likely to occur in the next few days: increased palpitations, choking or choking sensation accompanied by dietary incontinence, lymphatic system instability, sour breath, decreased motivation, insomnia or hypersomnia, psychomotor agitation, fatigue or loss of energy, as well as various gastrointestinal breakdowns: hyperphagia, intestinal cramps and excessive appetite.

MAN

*(With some joy at hearing what the examiner says.)* That's just what you wanted to hear! He is completely damaged. And did you hear? His appetite will increase. *(The man kisses the woman on the cheek with certain irony and sits down to watch TV.)*

WOMAN

I already told you that He has not eaten enough.

MAN

Did you say that He has not eaten...! With all that we have given Him, we would have ended all the famine of...!

WOMAN

Don't exaggerate. *(To the examiner.)* That last thing you said, it's nothing serious, right?

EXAMINER

Hyperphagia?

WOMAN

No, no, I mean... all those things you were reading off, I guess it's nothing to worry about.

MAN

*(With irony:)* You've just said it. Nothing to worry about! Up there your little angel sleeps.

WOMAN

I'm quite sure that some of those symptoms are characteristics of evolved beings, and I am sure that...

EXAMINER

*(Not entirely audible:)* I need to take the creature with me.

WOMAN

What? What did you say? Did you tell me that...? No, listen to me, He belongs to me, do you understand?

MAN

Calm down! He hasn't finished. *(To the examiner.)* So, you were saying...*(Silence.)* Ahhh... is that all you had to say? That you're going to... Ohhhh, I'm sorry to hear that. I suppose you'll have to take Him far, far away, and hide Him from human sight, right? What a pity. Follow me, I'll lead you to Him.

WOMAN

No, wait! I have a better proposal. Better take my husband with you, he quit doing his one and only job. Have I told you what he likes to spend the creature's money on? Yes, you better take it ... *(The examiner abruptly heads for the door.)* What's up? Are you leaving like that, without giving any explanation?

MAN

Were you not going to take it now? Don't go, take Him away right now...

WOMAN

Yes, go away! We don't want to see you again. My creature is an extraordinary being, you are not going to tell me that ...

*Exit examiner.*

MAN

I had the illusion that he'd take Him now.

WOMAN

You were the traitor, weren't you?

MAN  
Ehhh?

WOMAN  
Yes, you were the one who... sold Him, I know.

MAN  
What're you talking about? Stop hallucinating.

WOMAN  
Listen to me. If that man tries something... He'll have to take me as well, because He and I are the same flesh.

MAN  
Calm down. Try to think through. Let him take the creature, He can't be here anymore, we have given everything humanly possible, we can't do more.

WOMAN  
What does he want to do with Him?

MAN  
I don't know. Maybe He will be taken to a prestigious university, so prestigious doctors can study Him. Or maybe... he'll take our creature to the Natural Science Museum... or to the Ripley's museum, can you imagine? He would be a great success. There would be huge lines waiting just to see Him. And you will be proud, isn't that what you've always wanted?

WOMAN  
I don't know.

MAN  
You've just said it a hundred times! It's your greatest yearning in this life.

WOMAN  
He needs me.

MAN  
Just let Him go. Please, try to understand... Having him locked up here will be our destruction.

WOMAN  
I don't care.

MAN  
And not only ours, but also his. He himself wants to be released. Listen to him. Right now... he laughs, he's happy because he's finally going to be free. He'll know other places.

WOMAN  
No, you're wrong. He's not laughing. He's crying. Listen well. Yes, He's yelling because He's going

to be taken away from me. Why does He want to know other places? Out there He's only going to find suffering. His world is me.

MAN

You'll wake up one day. Come on, try to reason a little. I understand you, it's painful that everything one has worked for suddenly... But it's a relief, actually. That way we won't expect anything from Him, and from no one. Hope can also become a great burden. We'll be free from all hope, at last. From now on we'll be able to rest, you and I, alone, without expecting anything from anyone. Only rest. Now, finally... what are you doing with the ax?

WOMAN

Look at the hour: it's his time to eat. I can feel his hunger in my own belly.

MAN

But... you'll keep this up? What for? It's worthless.

WOMAN

I'm not giving up now. Come on, have faith. Faith will give you courage. Give me your arm.

MAN

No... I already told you that I don't want to have faith in anything, I just want to rest a little... by your side. You and I, alone, as it was in the beginning.

WOMAN

The only beginning between you and me was the day you impregnated me. We will not rest till we see the fruits of all our pain.

MAN

They will never come, try to understand that, please! The more we give, the further we fall. Look at you. Soon there will be nothing left of you. Please listen to me this one time: you heard what that man said, it's a harmful being.

WOMAN

I don't care how harmful He may be, I love Him. Your arm.

MAN

I will not give Him my life.

WOMAN

You've already done that.

MAN

Then I will not give Him my death. That's mine.

WOMAN

You exaggerate, you can live well without arms. Look at me.

MAN

But... why me?

WOMAN

I need at least one arm to feed Him.

MAN

We can try with someone else.

WOMAN

We've already tried that, but you know that He only accepts our flesh. I promise that after this last sacrifice you can stay in front of the television for as long as you want. No one is going to disturb you.

MAN

But...

WOMAN

Do you love me?

*Brief silence.*

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

Then consider this: with this tribute you and I will be more united, our marriage will be more sacred. Don't be afraid. It's the ultimate sacrifice, I know.

MAN

No, I don't believe in Him anymore. That was our great mistake, believing in Him the way we did, believing that He was going to save us from...

WOMAN

We shall not lose faith. We'll be able to rest only when we have given everything. Then you can stay in front of the TV... forever. I'll take care of you... too. You will be my other creature. Come on, be a good father and take the ax. You will have to do it yourself, do it and you'll see how at the end our pain will be greatly rewarded. *(As if possessed by a sudden force, she approaches and gives the ax to the man, who ends up accepting it as if something, a force superior to him, would have possessed him.)*

MAN

¡No... no... no...!

*Dark.*

*Sounds of breathing. Shouting. Shrieking.*

*Gloom.*

*The woman is in a sleepy state.*

*The voice of the man is heard off-stage, coming from an uncertain place.*

*In a state between sleep and wakefulness, the woman reacts to the words of the man.*

#### VOICE OF MAN

You did it. Now we have given... everything. Do you remember... that evening... when... I crawled... like a dog... toward you? What was the source of... that desire... for you... for your body. Sometimes I think... it was they who chose us, our creatures, you and me... long before... yes He watched us... from somewhere... far away... and waited... and then... He impregnated us... yes, He penetrated us, He knew that... only through a love as monstrous as... mine... He could arrive at this world... yes, He dragged me... that afternoon... toward you... and finally... you agreed... without knowing... yes, we didn't know... it was not our decision... the decision was made... through us... and you opened your doors... and I entered... and He entered... But I do not regret it. The reward has arrived. Finally. Now, that we have nothing, it's when I have more. I have you. You will not be able to leave me, at last I will be completely yours and you... you can take care of me, like a child... at last.

*Dark.*

*Light: The man has no arms and no legs.*

*His torso is before the television that now emits a monotone reddish light.*

*The woman is not present.*

*There are knocks at the door.*

*The man does not react. He continues to watch the television screen.*

*Suddenly there are noises and shrieks drowned from above.*

*The woman enters from the creature's room with a bucket full of syringes.*

#### WOMAN

He's not reacting. He writhes and doesn't stop screaming.

#### MAN

It was all that shit you've been injecting.

#### WOMAN

It was just what was necessary. It was your flesh that was bad.

#### MAN

My flesh! Haaa! It's all that shit you put in his body. Where did you get it?

#### WOMAN

I stole it. I passed myself off as a patient at the hospital if they were going to make me grow my limbs and...! So that you see how far the love of a mother for her child can reach.

#### MAN

It was too much, did you at least give him the correct dosage?

#### WOMAN

His diseases were several and I...

MAN

It was exactly the same with the other one.

WOMAN

I had to do something. He was feeling bad.

MAN

That's not true. He's feeling bad because of everything you put in Him. Listen to Him, how am I going to watch TV with those damn screams? It was too much.

WOMAN

My duty is to protect Him. I did it out of love.

MAN

Your love is a poison. Aren't you listening? He doesn't stop crying! And I can't hear what's on the TV. You promised me that I would be able to watch it, in peace, until one day I simply disappeared from this world. And I can't!

WOMAN

I swear... I just wanted the best for Him, I was just trying to put an end to all his ailments and...  
*(Sounds at the door, as if someone outside was trying to force it.)* Is that man still outside?

MAN

He's trying to knock down the door.

WOMAN

Damn leech. Let him try. I reinforced it quite well. *(Looking through the peephole:)* Why all that? A trailer! Why does that man have to butt into my world... between Him and me? What does he try?

MAN

It doesn't matter, as long as he gets rid of Him.

WOMAN

Shut up. If I can't have Him nobody will. I'd rather...

MAN

All right. Let Him finish devouring us until He bursts.

WOMAN

Try to understand me, please. I can't let Him go. All my hopes are placed on Him. Why are you laughing?

MAN

Because you're the one who is killing Him with all that shit!

WOMAN

Don't say that. I told you my only intention is to cure Him. I do it for love. I... damn. Why? I've

just wanted to be a good mother. Will I have to pay until the end because of that? Is my love a sin? It's a curse! A punishment! All these... why...?

MAN

Stop whining! Look how I am. And I did it all for you, 'cause you asked me to. Come on. Look at me.

WOMAN

*(She calms down and sees the man with certain compassion in her eyes.)* He'll thank you. One day.

MAN

One day... mmmm.

WOMAN

Do you want me to change the TV? *(The man shakes his head like a child, the woman comes up behind him and caresses his head.)* See? I told you it was not going to be so bad. I can bring you one of your magazines. You can read it while I stimulate you. You know you just have to signal me when... you're done, and I change the page. *(The man shakes his head.)* Okay. *(The woman kisses him on the scalp.)* Don't lose faith in Him. Now that we need it most.

*Knocks at the door are heard.*

WOMAN

Don't you understand that I'm not going to release Him! Leeches!

*Silence. The woman kneels in front of the stairs with her only knee, and begins to pray. Sounds continue at the door.*

WOMAN

*(She speaks to the creature.)* See how you left your father, and me. Now don't let all my love rot inside me, don't leave me drowning in my own faith. We can still give you more. Just let me know that... not everything has been in vain, that at some point I will reap the fruits of all my hopes, and that I will be happy... forever... by your side. Come on. We can still give you more if you need it... we can still... *(She sees the man and then sees the ax. The man realizes the situation.)*

MAN

What! You're thinking about...? No, please, no. Any other organ would cost me...

WOMAN

What a coward you are.

MAN

But... I don't understand... it's... *(They exchange looks.)* Okay, if that's what you want, do it, but you'll have to take me up.

WOMAN

It won't be so painful, believe me.

MAN

Just... promise me that you'll do it gently.

WOMAN

I promise.

MAN

No! Not gently! In one blow, it's better, without even realizing when... promise me you will.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

In one blow!

WOMAN

You want me to blow... what?

MAN

That you'll cut my body in one blow!

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I promise.

*Silence.*

*The woman goes to take the ax, but suddenly a strange whistle comes from above, accompanied by lower strokes coming, which emit dry sounds.*

MAN

What's He doing now?

WOMAN

He's in pain.

*The scream grows. There is a kind of explosion. From above comes an agonizing breath and several different colored substances run down the stairs.*

MAN

And now?

WOMAN

I don't know (*She goes up. The knocking on the door continues. The man turns his head toward the TV, without getting worried of what's happening around him. The woman shouts. More knocking. The woman enters again.*) Ahhh... If you could see... what He's doing. The way He writhes! And his limbs, something drains from his limbs, oh God! You planned everything, I know.

*The man keeps his eyes on the television, trying to pay attention to it in spite of the*

*mess around him.*

MAN

I told you, it was obvious that with all the crap you've been injecting. When the fuck is there going to be some silence in this damn house, when will I be able to watch what I want in peace?

WOMAN

The more I give, the greater my punishment! You enjoy my suffering, I know, since the beginning that was your great pleasure. I'm tired of all this. Why? Why! *(Pause.)* My only sin is to give everything I have. A sack full of curses, that's what my womb is. And this is a great wound, but you have entered into it. Cursed is the day your seed entered, cursed the promises, cursed the day you left my body, cursed the faith in Him, cursed the time of...

MAN

Stop cursing everything! Come here.

WOMAN

Leave me alone, you two leave me on my own, don't torture me. I hate you both. This is how you repay my limitless love? I have given everything. Everything! And this is how you respond?

MAN

We should have renounced Him long ago. *(The sounds of the door increase.)* He's about to enter. Let them take his remains, then come sit here by my side and watch TV with me, please.

WOMAN

If it's not me no one will have Him.

MAN

Stop, please. Not again. Stop all this nonsense once and for all.

WOMAN

*(After a brief pause.)* Ok, that's what I'm going to do. I will finish it all.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

I'll finish with my faith, and with all my hope. No more.

MAN

We should have done that long ago.

WOMAN

Well then. *(The woman takes the ax.)*

MAN

Now... what are you going to do? Don't! I already told you that any other organ... I have nothing

more to give... wait. *(The woman walks toward the man.)* Wait, please don't...

*The woman stops before the man. The examiner is about to enter. The woman goes to the door, then, suddenly, turns around and heads for the creature's room. She goes up with a lot of effort, but with rigor. She enters the creature's room. Shortly after, loud shrieks are heard. Little by little the audience realizes that she has begun to dismember the creature.*

WOMAN

That's the only way you'll respond! Tell me! Did you want this to come? Answer me! Is this what you were looking for? Traitor! We put all our faith in you! And you took everything away from us! Everything! Look what you did to me. And your father, look, look what's left of him, because of you. Why! What else did you want! Did you want... this? Now you're going to react? You brought me to this point... what's wrong? Answer me... Answer! Please! I know we can still... please respond, react!

*One last shriek and silence.  
The woman cries, and comes out with the ax covered in blood and various substances.  
She goes down the stairs.*

MAN

Are you satisfied yet? You did it again. I knew it. All our effort and all the sacrifice, you yourself have buried it, again.

*The woman, exhausted, sits next to the man. Pounding on the door is heard, as if to break it down.  
Silence.*

WOMAN

*(After a while:)* The next one will be the one that will save us.

MAN

The... next one? But...

WOMAN

Yes, there will be another one. You've not lost the most important part of you. We can still find a way to... you know. The next one, I can already feel it growing inside me. He will be our savior, I know. Yes, and I promise to fulfill my duty as a good mother, yes, once again.

*The man and the woman look at each other.  
In their looks is the desire to embrace each other but the lack of arms prevents it.  
With difficulty they approach.  
The door is forced. The examiner enters at last.  
The examiner stands behind the man and the woman for a few moments. He watches the couple prepare themselves with difficulties for the copulatory act.  
Dark*