

TEATRUL „GEORGE CIPRIAN”

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Planeta Visei Pierdute

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The Planet of Lost Dreams

by Ion Mircioagă and Marina Hanganu

CHARACTERS:

In Romania:

BEATRICE (BETTY) – the daughter; aged 6-18

GEORGE – Beatrice's father, Carmen's husband; aged 36-47

In Spain:

CARMEN – Betty's mother; aged 26-37

PILAR – daughter to the old lady that Carmen takes care of in Spain and owner of the restaurant where Carmen will later be employed. Same age as Carmen.

PEDRO – Pilar's husband and owner of the restaurant alongside Pilar (same age as Pilar and Carmen)

JUAN – Carmen's Spanish husband; same age as Carmen

THE MAN IN THE INTERNET CAFÉ - episodic character

Bilingual play. The characters speak mostly in Romanian. The Spanish characters speak only in Spanish. Carmen speaks in Spanish only in the presence of Spanish characters, or when she teaches Spanish to Beatrice. Beatrice has a few lines in Spanish. The show is subtitled in Spanish in Murcia and in Romanian in Buzău.

SCENE 1

2007. At the beginning, parallel actions.

In Romania, the family's living room. A mirror with pictures on the back. Enter Beatrice and George. Beatrice is agitated.

In Murcia, an Internet café. Carmen tries to establish the Internet connection with Romania. A waitress passes through the stage from time to time. At one point, a man sits down on the chair next to Carmen. He keeps taking glances at Carmen and her computer screen, listening to her conversation. Carmen is unaware of the man watching her.

BEATRICE: Why doesn't she call? She said she'd call!

GEORGE: Be patient. She said she'd call at zero zero!

BETARICE: It's zero zero.

(The computer rings. Beatrice and George answer. Video connection to Spain.)

BEATRICE: Mommy, mommy!

CARMEN: Beatrice! Geo!

GEORGE: Kisses!

BEATRICE: Kisses! Your hair has grown!

CARMEN: Yes, do you like it?

GEORGE: *(joke)* It's a bit messy...

(They laugh.)

CARMEN: I'm so happy to see you! And happy the Internet is working.

BEATRICE: Since yesterday, when we got the computer and installed the Internet, I've been waiting for you to call me.

CARMEN: But we said we'd talk only today.

GEORGE: (*about Betty*) Well, you know her...

BEATRICE: But why don't you have a computer?

CARMEN: Since last year, when I left, I've barely raised money to send one to you... I'll buy one for myself when I can. But the Internet café is useful, too, right?

BEATRICE: But daddy said the old lady you're taking care of pays you well.

CARMEN: I don't complain... I'm sure there are better jobs... but this is the job the social worker found me.

GEORGE: You can try to earn more. Now that we're in the E.U., you have the same rights as the Spanish.

BEATRICE: ...and you can come home for good!

CARMEN: Of course I want to earn more. But, you know, the lady's daughter, Pilar is her name, and her husband, Pedro, are very nice to me...

BEATRICE: ...and that's why you don't come home?

GEORGE: (*joke*) Am I not nice to you?

CARMEN: Of course you are.

GEORGE: Do you still love me?

BEATRICE: What about me?

CARMEN: I love you both, that's why I work here, to pay all our debts and...

GEORGE: You know, even yesterday I went to look for a job, but...

CARMEN: ...if only we saved some extra money. For us to live like decent folks.

BEATRICE: What does it mean to live like decent folks?

CARMEN: To have nice clothes, go to the movies, have time to read...

GEORGE: Well, too much reading is bad for your eyes! *(He laughs. Betty also laughs.)*

BEATRICE: *(to George)* Daddy, the surprise! *(to Carmen)* Mommy, mommy, I made you a surprise. Count to three. One, two, two and a half... three. *(George brings the mirror closer to the laptop. On its back, Betty has arranged various family pictures.)*

CARMEN: Wow, what amazing pictures!

BEATRICE: You see? *(Betty indicates the pictures that George holds in front of the camera)* Look, here I was preparing to go to the Crâng Park. And this is from the first day of school... when you were not there.

(Betty is upset and goes out of the camera view.)

CARMEN: I'm sorry I was not there, Betty. Last year I had problems with my travel papers.

CARMEN: What problems?

GEORGE: I'll explain it to you later.

CARMEN: The uniform fits you so well. *(she comments the pictures)* I see you also put the photos I sent you by post. That one was taken by don Pedro, the lady's son-in-law...

GEORGE: Is that why you're smiling like that?

CARMEN: Since when have you become jealous?

GEORGE: Me, jealous?

CARMEN: And here, yes, I remember...

(The man sitting next to Carmen pinches her cheek.)

THE MAN: *(in Romanian)* Hey, kitty!

CARMEN: Take your hands off, you swine!

(The man laughs and leaves the café.)

GEORGE: Fuck him! Is this the respect they show you out there? Is that why you don't come back? *(He pours himself a glass of wine.)*

CARMEN: Didn't you see he was Romanian?

GEORGE: And what do I care if he was Romanian?

BEATRICE: Come home, mommy!

GEORGE: I'll send you money and you come back home, that's it.

CARMEN: Don't we have to pay damages for the car accident you caused? And you said you'd drink less!

GEORGE: *(to Beatrice)* Get out and play.

BEATRICE: I want to talk to mom!

GEORGE: Betty, get out!

(Beatrice goes out crying. George takes the laptop and sits down at the table.)

GEORGE: Tell me, Carmen, for how long will you keep accusing me of that damned accident? It was because of you anyway... you'd had a fight with my sister, she'd told me on the phone, and I got drunk, as I had lots of problems anyway, the factory had closed and I, an engineer, had to work as a taxi driver, ok? To feed my lady librarian... and that was it, I was drunk and I hit that guy. And what can I do if I was left without an arm?

CARMEN: Ok, honey, forgive me, it was no one's fault, it happens. But I'm not to blame either for that asshole picking on me. After we pay all our debts, I'll come home, you're my husband and I love you. I'm so sorry the first time we get to talk

and also see each other, you get upset. I'll buy a computer, I won't come here again, I don't like it either, there's a mixed crowd. And look, the time is running out... tell me you love me.

GEORGE: Carmen, I love you...

(The connection breaks.)

SCENE 2

2007. Right after the beginning of the school year. Beatrice is now 7 years old. Telephone call, followed by Kinect-controlled animation.

In Spain, Carmen's bedroom. It's 9 pm. Carmen has just finished work. She calls Beatrice, who rejects her call several times.

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. It's 10 pm. Beatrice is alone in her room. Her phone rings - it's Carmen. Betty rejects the call. She takes the third call, but she doesn't say anything.

CARMEN: Hello! Hello! Hello! Why don't you say anything? Are you there? Just say somethings, please! What's wrong with you?

(Beatrice ends the call. Carmen calls again. Beatrice answers the call, but she remains silent.)

CARMEN: Please, answer me!

(Beatrice refrains from crying.)

CARMEN: Daddy told me you're upset and you didn't eat anything the whole day, you didn't do your homework, you don't want to go to school. Are you ill or only upset? Why are you upset?

(Beatrice cries silently.)

CARMEN: If you can't talk right now, just call me when you feel better.

BEATRICE: I won't feel better! And I can't talk now!

CARMEN: And when would you like to talk?

BEATRICE: I don't know.

CARMEN: Who made you so upset?

BEATRICE: Somebody! What do you care?

CARMEN: Don't talk to me like that. I'm your mother. Of course I care.

BEATRICE: If you cared, you wouldn't stay there and Lara wouldn't have said you are a strawberry picker! *[offensive word about Romanians in Spain]*

CARMEN: How did it happen? Weren't you friends?

BEATRICE: Now we're not.

CARMEN: So what if I were a strawberry picker? Is it embarrassing to work? Tell me, is it embarrassing? Do you think Lara's mother is embarrassed about washing the dishes at a pizza restaurant? You told me she washes dishes, right?

BEATRICE: Yes.

(Pause.)

CARMEN: Well? Are you going to school tomorrow?

BEATRICE: But I haven't done my homework.

CARMEN: If you want to go, I'll speak to your teacher.

BEATRICE: Will she be mad?

CARMEN: If you don't go, that's when she'll be mad. But this time she'll forgive you for not doing your homework.

BEATRICE: Do you think so?

CARMEN: Yes. Now, go to bed!

BEATRICE: But I can't sleep. I miss you!

CARMEN: I miss you, too! But I'll be back in no time.

BEATRICE: I want you to come back for good! When are you coming back?

CARMEN: When I'll come back for good, I don't know. But I will come home for Christmas.

BEATRICE: Swear?

CARMEN: I solemnly swear. Now let's go to sleep. I'm also tired.

BEATRICE: Mommy, can you tell me a story?

CARMEN: Oh, but I told you I'm tired. Ok... close your eyes. And I will tell you...

(Kinect-controlled animation - we are in the mother-daughter world. Blackout.)

CARMEN: The Planet of Lost Dreams was full of poor people, who yearned for the light coming from the stars and from the other planets that came through their dark sky from time to time. The poor gathered all they had, borrowed money from friends, and flew away for galactic periods, leaving behind The Planet of Lost Dreams and their children also, their beloved children, who may not have survived the tough life of interplanetary runaways. They often left for their sake, for their children's sake, to send them dreams gathered with effort from the other planets. That's what I did, too - I flew to The Planet of The Golden Sea to gather for you as many fulfilled dreams as I could, to send them to you on a sparkling ray of light and help you ascend one day the throne of the Universe. Let me tell you a secret, my child: we, the parents wandering on other planets... and you, the children left behind... perhaps we'll succeed one day in transforming the mother-planet in The Planet of Regained Dreams. When will I come home? But we can always meet within a dream.

SCENE 3

Christmas Eve, 2007. In Romania it's 8 pm, while in Spain it's 7 pm. Ongoing video call.

In Romania, the family's living room. Small artificial Christmas tree. Beatrice and George are setting the table for the festive dinner.

In Spain, Carmen's room within the house of the family she works for. Small artificial Christmas tree similar to the one in Romania. Carmen is setting the table for the festive dinner. They will dine together via the Internet.

GEORGE: *(he puts three glasses on the table)* And this year we said we won't eat sausages, only sarmale *[traditional Romanian dish]*.

CARMEN: *(she puts three pieces of cutlery on the table)* Let's see who sets the table first.

BEATRICE: *(she puts three pieces of cutlery on the table)* And it was also aunt Ana who made the cozonac *[traditional Romanian sweet bread]*.

GEORGE: Her name's Ana Maria, how many times do I need to tell you? Or maybe you want to upset her?

BEATRICE: And aunt Ana Maria said that this idea of mine, to spend Christmas Eve together on the Internet, is foolish and you should've kept your promise and should've come home.

CARMEN: I know I promised I'd come, but maybe you should think sometimes how hard it is for me to save money.

GEORGE: *(he sits down at the table)* You should know that Ana Maria thinks about you. She takes care of us, she cooks for us, she cleans the house... *(he pours wine into glasses - only a small quantity for the child. Carmen does the same thing.)*

BEATRICE: And her name is Ana Maria Popescu. Madam Popescu.

GEORGE AND CARMEN: Stop it.

BEATRICE: What do we do first, eat or open the presents?

GEORGE: First we toast.

(Betty and George clink their glasses, then they do that virtually with Carmen.)

GEORGE, BEATRICE AND CARMEN: Merry Christmas!

BEATRICE: How do you say "Merry Christmas" in Spanish?

CARMEN: "Feliz Navidad".

(George and Beatrice start singing the famous carol, "Feliz Navidad").

GEORGE: But why do you want to know how to say it in Spanish?

BEATRICE: Maybe mom takes me with her, and then I'll know how to talk.

GEORGE: Mom won't take you with her, she'll come back home...

CARMEN: Sure!

BEATRICE: When?

GEORGE: And instead of learning Spanish, you should learn something useful.

CARMEN: It's not a bad thing to learn a foreign language. And Spanish is easy to learn.

BEATRICE: What's useful?

GEORGE: Useful is something that's of use.

BEATRICE: And what's of use?

GEORGE: The school of life. Take your mother's example.

CARMEN: Let's open the presents.

(Betty hurries to open her presents and takes out an E.T. Alien doll. Carmen and George also open theirs, but later.)

BEATRICE: It's EEEE.TTTTTT.! Mommy, how did you know? I didn't even tell daddy!

CARMEN: I didn't know anything. Santa Clause did!

BEATRICE: Have you met Santa Clause?

CARMEN: Yes.

GEORGE: Sure! He went on holidays in Spain to get a nice sun tan... I see you also put on some colour, Carmen... A little too much makeup...

CARMEN: *(lightheartedly)* It's a special occasion. I put on makeup for you.

BEATRICE: And colouring books! And and glitter jars and paintbrushes! I'll draw a falling star.

GEORGE: A wandering one, like your mother!

(Carmen has opened her present.)

CARMEN: *Pufuleți!* [Romanian snacks] And *zacuscă!* [traditional Romanian vegetable mix]

GEORGE: Made by my sister!

BEATRICE: Madam Popescu.

CARMEN: Stop it! *(she looks at her present)* Look! What beautiful drawings! You made this after a photo! I think you were... two!

GEORGE: You sent me a tie! *(sings)* "Whoever buys you a head scarf/ Should hang himself with it!" *(stops singing)* Do you remember what I sang to you the first time? "Under the balcony I sang a serenade to you / And I'll be damned if I sing again!".

BEATRICE: Daddy, you're using foul language!

GEORGE AND CARMEN: Stop it!

CARMEN: You really don't like the tie?

GEORGE: Why yes, but...

BEATRICE: I'll arrange it for you!

GEORGE: Now, that I have a shirt and a tie, I need to buy myself a costume, too!

BEATRICE: Well, let mom send you one!

GEORGE: No, no, no, I will get the costume. *(pause)* Don't mistake my size, like when you bought me that T-shirt.

CARMEN: I bought it for you from my pocket money. When dad found out on what I was spending my high school scholarship...

BEATRICE: Why don't I know anything about your mommy and daddy?

CARMEN: I've told you, we'll explain it to you when you grow up.

BEATRICE: I am grown up!

GEORGE: If you are a grown up, why did you wish for a doll?

CARMEN: Did you forget the doll you gave me when I was 17?

GEORGE: Because you were a child. A doll. *(he laughs)* You child!

BEATRICE: What did she look like? What did she look like?

GEORGE: She was beautiful. She wore tight jeans.

BEATRICE: The doll?

(Carmen and George laugh.)

CARMEN: Do you remember what perfume I was wearing?

GEORGE: I didn't like it.

CARMEN: A, so you were lying to me, back then you said you liked it!

GEORGE: To let me come close to you.

BEATRICE: Why come close to her?

GEORGE: It's like in "Red Riding Hood", to see her better. When we first danced, you kept me at a distance.

CARMEN: I was afraid of you.

BEATRICE: Like in "Red Riding Hood"?

GEORGE: Yes, I wanted to eat her. Are you still afraid of me?

CARMEN: No.

GEORGE: Then let's dance.

CARMEN: How?

(George takes the laptop in his good hand.)

GEORGE: Get up. Now take a few steps back! Like this...

(Carmen does what George tells her.)

GEORGE: Raise your arm.

(Carmen raises an arm.)

GEORGE: Not that, the other one.

(Carmen changes arms.)

BEATRICE: Should I put music?

GEORGE: No need for that. Now take me in your arms. And waltz! 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3...

(George counts, while dancing with the laptop. Carmen does the same, until interrupted by Pilar, the owner of the house, who comes into her room.)

GEORGE: What's wrong?

BEATRICE: Mommy!

PILAR: *(Spanish)* Carmen, you set the table here?

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* Yes... is it a problem?

PILAR: No, no, no worries. But... why are there three plates? Are you expecting somebody?

CARMEN: No, madam...

GEORGE: Carmen, is anything wrong?

(George pours himself some wine.)

CARMEN: *(Romanian)* George, wait a bit. *(In Spanish)* I put three plates because my daughter wanted us to celebrate Christmas Eve together on the Internet. I put three plates and they did the same.

PILAR: *(Spanish)* Wow, what a good idea! Will you introduce me to your family?

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* Of course, yes.

(Carmen films them both with the smartphone.)

CARMEN: *(Romanian)* George, Beatrice, this is Mrs. López. *(In Spanish.)* Madam, meet my husband, George, and my daughter, Betty.

PILAR: Delighted to meet you. What a beautiful family! One can tell you love each other!

(Carmen translates.)

PILAR: *(Spanish)* We also love Carmen. Last summer, when she went to Romania, we missed her a lot. *(Carmen pauses.)*

GEORGE: What did she say?

CARMEN: She said they appreciate me.

BEATRICE: She said she loves you! But we love you the most!

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* My daughter understood and says she loves me the most.

PILAR: *(Spanish)* What's the weather like in there?

(Carmen translates.)

GEORGE: Warm, like in Spain. Not a bit of snow.

BEATRICE: Yes, and it's ugly without snow!

PILAR: Well, no! Today I was shopping on the Gran Via, when I saw that everyone was going out of the shop. So, I went out as well. The whole street was filled with people. The cars and buses had stopped.

(Pilar waits. Carmen translates.)

PILAR: What do you think happened?

(Carmen translates.)

BEATRICE: Santa Claus came!

(Carmen translates.)

PILAR: Even better! It was snowing! It hasn't been snowing in Murcia for 20 years!

(Carmen translates.)

GEORGE AND BEATRICE: Wow!

GEORGE: I never would have thought...

CARMEN: *(to Pilar, in Spanish)* Would you like to try some *zacuscă*? It's a traditional Romanian dish.

PILAR: *(Spanish)* Thank you very much. I was in fact going to invite you to dine with us... But do as you like, I understand perfectly well if you wish to stay with your family.

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* Madam, it's an honour... I don't know what to say.

GEORGE: What did she say?

CARMEN: The lady came to invite me to dine with her family...

(Pilar prepares to leave.)

PILAR: In fifteen minutes we start to eat. If you wish, come.

(Exit Pilar.)

GEORGE: I see you're feeling well in there! You've been adopted by the Spanish!

(George drinks.)

CARMEN: They treat me very well. I didn't expect their invitation, though. But I want to stay here with you.

BEATRICE: Mommy, I love you!

(George drinks.)

CARMEN: I also love you! George, honey, so much wine can do you harm.

GEORGE: Why don't you spare me! It's holiday time! Spare me at least for holidays! Just go and dine with your Spanish folks.

(George ends the call.)

BEATRICE: Noooo! How could you? What if I wanted to talk to her?! You ugly!
You bad man! I don't want to see you!

GEORGE: Betty!

(Exit Betty.)

GEORGE: Your mother is a guest of honour at the Spanish.

(In Spain, Carmen stands still for a few seconds. Then both Carmen and George clear the table in their space and take out the Christmas tree.)

SCENE 4

A regular day. Beginning of summer 2011. Beatrice is 11 years old. First - Kinect-controlled animation. Later, video communication.

The scene starts with the Kinect animation. We are in the fantastical mother-daughter world. The two draw on the screen via their Kinect silhouettes. Carmen teaches Spanish to Betty.

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* What is this?

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* This is the sea.

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* The sea...

(Beatrice draws the Sun.)

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* Look! What is this?

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* The Sun.

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* The Sun.

(Carmen draws a seagull.)

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* A seagull.

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* A seagull.

(Beatrice draws an umbrella.)

CARMEN: *(Spanish)* An umbrella.

BEATRICE: *(Spanish)* An umbrella! Bravo!

(George enters. The animation disappears. Lights.)

GEORGE: What are you doing? Fooling around again?

BEATRICE: Mom teaches me Spanish.

GEORGE: Really?

CARMEN: Yes. Hi!

GEORGE: But I told you it's useless for her to learn Spanish.

BEATRICE: Dad, what if we went to Spain this summer?

GEORGE: It would be something, but with what money?

CARMEN: Since working in the restaurant, I've been earning more. And if we buy the plane tickets now, they're not even so expensive.

(George pauses.)

BEATRICE: Come on, daddy, let's go...

GEORGE: Well, if you say "please"...

CARMEN AND BEATRICE: Pleaaaaase... come on, daddy...

GEORGE: Nicely!

CARMEN AND BEATRICE: Pleeease! We ask you nicely!

SCENE 5

In Romania, the family's living room. The same summer as in the preceding scene. It's around 8 pm. Betty brings in her suitcase. She is very agitated. Ongoing video call.

In Spain, the restaurant where Carmen works. Carmen and Pedro are cleaning the glasses in the bar. Pedro is Pilar's husband and owner of the restaurant. It's around 7 pm.

PEDRO: *(Spanish)* Everything will be ok, you'll see.

CARMEN: Betty, calm down, I told you on the phone to stop being hysterical!

BEATRICE: He should've been here at two, when you were at your place and the three of us could talk! That's what we established!

CARMEN: That's not a problem, look, Pedro allows me to talk from the restaurant. *(in Spanish, to Pedro)* Thank you very much!

PEDRO: *(Spanish)* No worries. You'll see, you're going to have a wonderful vacation!

(Carmen translates.)

PEDRO: *(Spanish)* In the morning, you will go to the beach and in the evening, you will visit the city. We will take you to a restaurant where you can see the whole of Murcia. If you want to, you can also go to the mountains.

(Carmen translates.)

BEATRICE: But why isn't he back? Tomorrow we have an early flight!

CARMEN: Ok, stop it! He'll be back! Have you packed your luggage?

BEATRICE: Yes, this morning. But he hasn't!

(George enters the room. He is very drunk. He's very cheerful and eager to crack jokes. Beatrice hugs him, then realizes he's drunk.)

BEATRICE: Daddy! What's wrong with you?

GEORGE: With me? Nothing's ever wrong with me! Hello, don Pedro! What's up, wife?

CARMEN: I'm glad to see you. Are you ok?

GEORGE: *(very cheerful)* I'm very well. I want to talk to don Pedro from man to man. Don Pedro, we know how well you treat my wife! Translate!

(Carmen is embarrassed. Short pause. Having heard his name, Pedro is curious. Beatrice is packing George's luggage. Eventually, Carmen paraphrases what George said.)

CARMEN: *(Spanish, to Pedro)* My husband is grateful to you for treating we so well.

PEDRO: *(Spanish)* Mister, you have a very hardworking and trustworthy wife.

(Carmen translates.)

GEORGE: *(joke)* If you trust her, it's at your own risk. Women are like the weather: now they're beautiful, later they thunder, throw lightning, rain and snow. Carmen, translate!

CARMEN: *(Romanian)* You're drunk and you're embarrassing me.

GEORGE: Translate!

PEDRO: *(in Spanish, to Carmen)* I let you talk. If you need me, I'm in the restaurant. See you, Jorge! *(to Carmen)* Hey, everything's going to be ok, you'll see!

(Exit Pedro.)

GEORGE: (*shouts*) Hasta la vista, Pedro! “Jorge”, right? Go to hell!

CARMEN: (*Spanish*) Quit drinking, for fuck’s sake! (*Romanian*) Betty, go to your room! Now!

GEORGE: No, you stay here! We’re learning Spanish! What did you just say?

CARMEN: Deja de beber!

GEORGE: What does it mean?

CARMEN: To quit drinking! And stop it, I’m at work.

GEORGE: But I’m not drunk! Look, if you want, I walk straight, from here, from Buzău, all the way to you, to Murcia.

BEATRICE: Come on, mommy, don’t scold daddy, we’re packing the luggage!

GEORGE: (*imitating Beatrice*) Come ooon, mommy, don’t scold me, we’re packing the luggage. What did I do? I only had a glass with my friends. I showed them Betty’s passport. All of them wanted to see it. They envy me, and you know why? Because I’m going to Spain to see my wonder of a wife! If even don Pedro trusts you...

CARMEN: And all their drinks were on you, right? Do you have any money left from what I sent you for travel?

GEORGE: And what if I don’t? You give me some, since you’re hardworking and don Pedro loves you.

BEATRICE: Come on, daddy, let’s pack your luggage, tomorrow we have an early flight.

CARMEN: Ok, let’s stop arguing, you’d better go and pack your luggage. And take care of the travel papers!

GEORGE: They’re here!

(George touches his coat confidently. Pause. He starts searching for the papers. As he searches his coat, Beatrice and Carmen watch him in silence.)

GEORGE: You're the only ones to blame! I've ruined my life because of you! I ended up crippled just for you to stuff your faces!

CARMEN: Calm down. Better go and try to find them. Maybe you're lucky and you lost them at the bar.

GEORGE: I won't calm down! You'll dig my grave! I drink to forget that you two exist. You come back home, you're having fun out there, while I stay here and suffer like a stray dog.

(Carmen ends the call.)

GEORGE: *(to Beatrice, who is crying)* Hush, you silly, I'll be again the one who solves everything! I go to search for them.

(Blackout in both countries.)

SOLILOQUIES 1

In Romania. George enters the living room. He has a headache. Throughout the soliloquies, Carmen and George try to contact each other. Similar actions. The scene suggests that the relationship is deteriorating and, in spite of their efforts, it cannot be saved.

In Spain. Carmen is in the restaurant. She thinks of George.

GEORGE: 1. My head aches. If I had a drill, I'd make a hole in it to take out all the evil inside. *(Pause.)*

3. At what time were we supposed to get there? I forgot. They said on TV that drinking affects one's memory. Hm. Carmen doesn't live in Alicante, where the

airport is. The trip to Murcia lasts around one hour. One hour? Yes. I remember this. I should stop drinking. I will quit. Deja de beber! I will quit.

5. How could I lose Betty's passport? I am ashamed to even look at Beatrice. Where is she? Should I call her? *(He takes the phone, prepares to call her, then gives up.)* If I hadn't spent all the money on booze for the drunkards in the restaurant, maybe I would've made another passport and left. I miss Carmen. I long for her. Only she makes a man out of me. Perhaps I should tell her. I could convince her to leave Spain and return home. *(He takes the phone, prepares to call Carmen, then gives up.)*

7. Or better not tell her. Anyway, for a while now, she's been putting on some airs... We would've gone there for nothing. She lives in a single room, what would we have done with the child? Send her to don Pedro? *(He takes a pill.)*

9. When I remember don Pedro I tremble with fury. No, I tremble because of too much booze. I will quit drinking. If even my sister told me I drink too much...What are Spanish wines like, I wonder? Later, when we'd have gone out for a walk, we would've stopped someplace to eat... just to eat... sea fruit.... sea fruit! Yuck!

11 ...I am going to quit drinking. I've lost my mind, I yelled at them. How can I tell them I'm sorry? How can they believe me? I've become a burden for them. Since I don't have a hand...

13. Where's Beatrice? I should call her, tell her to come home, explain to her, at least she could understand me. I wonder what Carmen's doing. I should call her as well. To apologize. To tell her I've quit drinking.

(Carmen and George call each other at the same time. Sound of busy line.)

CARMEN: 2. The plane would've arrived in Alicante at 8.45 this morning. Don Pedro offered to drive me to the airport to pick them up. How has he become like this? Why can't he abstain?

4. We would've spent the whole day together. I took a two-week leave to be with them. I planned everything. Especially the first day. Everything was going to be perfect.

6. Once they had rested, we would've walked together through the old town. Then we would've gone to Plaza de las Flores to eat sea fruit. Betty's never eaten sea fruit and she's curious. He says he doesn't like sea fruit. He hasn't even tried to taste any... and that's it! He doesn't like it!... Why is he so narrowminded? He's a man and if he says so, that's that! Here, men are different...

8. Then we would've sent Betty with doña Pilar and don Pedro to visit the Castle of Lorca. And I would've stayed with George...

10. *(She gets angry.)* You son of a bitch! How could you lose the passport one evening before the trip?! I work here so you can drink all the money! And *you* are still the one complaining?! And is it still *my* fault? If you hadn't got drunk like a pig, you wouldn't have made an accident six years ago! And I wouldn't have gone wandering the world like mad. You've no idea that, at the beginning, I had to sleep in parks and eat what others threw away. *(She cries.)*

12. *(Firm.)* I will get a divorce and take Beatrice with me! What am I saying?

14. George... forgive me, I didn't mean to be like... like... but this can't go on. This really can't go on. You really don't see that this can't go on?

(Both call each other at the same time. Busy line sound.)

SCENE 6

2013. Beatrice is 14 years old.

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. Beatrice is drawing.

In Spain, Carmen's office in the restaurant. She's been promoted, now she takes care of supplies, contracts, restaurant bookings etc. Pedro and Pilar have three luxury restaurants, two in Murcia and one a few miles away - consequently, they really need people whom they can trust, so that they can grow their businesses. Carmen is working.

BEATRICE: It would suit you to wear glasses, I've seen some awesome ones, from Versace.

CARMEN: You'll buy them for me as a gift, when you get your first salary.

BEATRICE: And how will you work until then?

(In Carmen's office enters Pilar in a hurry.)

PILAR: *(to Carmen, in Spanish)* What special menu do we have for tonight? We're expecting a delegation from Portugal.

CARMEN: *(in Spanish)* Marinera, Ajoblanco and asado.

PILAR: *(in Spanish)* And for dessert?

CARMEN: *(in Spanish)* Paparajotes and Boudin Noir aux Pommes.

PILAR: *(in Spanish)* Thank you.

CARMEN: *(in Spanish)* You're welcome.

(Pilar exits.)

BEATRICE: That woman again? What did she want?

CARMEN: We have some special guests. And we're preparing a special menu.

BEATRICE: What?

CARMEN: Specific food: Marinera, Ajoblanco, asado, paparajotes and from the international cuisine, black apple pudding, Boudin Noir aux Pommes.

BEATRICE: Black?

CARMEN: It's very good, I've also learned to make it.

BEATRICE: How do you make it?

CARMEN: You peel the apples and then put them through a big grater...

BEATRICE: Wait, I want to write it down, to make a surprise for *dad*. What was it called again? *(She writes on her agenda.)*

CARMEN: Boudin Noir Aux Pommes.

BEATRICE: Ok, you peel the apples and grate them... How many apples?

CARMEN: Four. You put the grated apples on fire with one spoon of sugar and cinnamon.

BEATRICE: No, not cinnamon, I don't like it. Next.

CARMEN: You boil the milk and when it seethes, you pour the rice. You add sugar, six spoons, butter...

(Enters George. He's drunk.)

BEATRICE: Hi, dad...

GEORGE: I've been calling you for an hour.

BEATRICE: I didn't hear you.

GEORGE: Of course, you were talking to senora mama Carmen.

CARMEN: Hello, Geo.

GEORGE: What were you talking about?

BEATRICE: She was giving me a recipe.

GEORGE: Well, let her give it. I won't bother you.

(He sits down.)

CARMEN: Where were we?

BEATRICE: *(she looks in her notebook)* You add butter, six spoons of sugar...

GEORGE: Six spoons? Carmen, you'll get diabetes!

CARMEN: You add vanilla and let it cool down.

GEORGE: The excess of sugar, salt and fats is bad for the organism.

CARMEN: You melt two spoons of sugar...

GEORGE: *(interrupting)* Again sugar? If you don't get sugar in your blood, you'll get blood in sugar. A little blood...

CARMEN: ...in a taller saucepan, which can go into the oven...

GEORGE: Wine makes blood. Red wine...

CARMEN: You melt it by twisting and then you tap the walls...

GEORGE: And the excess of alcohol is also bad for the organism, right?

CARMEN: ...and the bottom of the container...

GEORGE: *(joke)* I will tap them for you! Your walls and your bottoms...

BEATRICE: Just stop it! God, I wanted to make you a surprise!

GEORGE: Forgive me...

BEATRICE: Leave me alone! And get out of my room this instant!

(Beatrice exits. George takes her notebook and reads.)

GEORGE: A surprise? *(He reads.)* Boudin... Noir... We eat French food now! Senora Carmen is not planning to come home, she's going to France to become a madam. And she treats the man she loves with papers with disgust. My lovely

one, she wanted to make me a surprise... I've educated my daughter. Alone. She studies well. Can I say I'm proud of her? I can say I'm proud of her. We haven't been out together for a long time. It's her age. She has friends. Friends? Well, she has her life. *(Pause. Carmen watches him fixedly.)* Or maybe she's ashamed of me? *(Pause. Carmen watches him.)* That's today's youth. They don't know how to appreciate. They lack respect. In my time... *(Pause. Carmen watches him.)* Why are you staring at me like that? Say something.

CARMEN: Why do you drink the girl's allowance?

GEORGE: You lie, I only drink what I earn.

CARMEN: What do you earn?

GEORGE: I was a dispatcher at the taxi company...

CARMEN: Where they kicked you out because you went there drunk several times.

GEORGE: ...and I got unemployment aid, and I also find things to work, even with only one hand, I was at the city hall, at the registry office...

CARMEN: ...and they kicked you out of there as well... also because of booze...

GEORGE: ...assholes! What do you care why I was kicked out? What do you know?... I have money! Clear?

CARMEN: Very well. I'm glad you have. That's why I won't send you anymore.

GEORGE: So be it! Let's see, what will your Betty eat, what will she wear?

CARMEN: I will find a solution to send her money directly.

GEORGE: While she's a minor, until she's major, I answer for her, she doesn't have the right to receive money!

CARMEN: We'll manage.

GEORGE: And I won't give her my signature to come to you.

CARMEN: She'll turn 18 and she'll come without your permission.

(Carmen hangs up.)

GEORGE: To hell with you all. And I don't give a damn about you. Nor your money!

(Blackout.)

SOLILOQUIES 2

In Romania. Late at night. Beatrice is in her room. She can't sleep.

In Spain. Midnight. Pilar still works. She is in a pensive mood.

BEATRICE: 2. Mum thinks of getting a divorce... I'm sure. She hasn't told me anything clear, but she started sending me money directly. And she avoids talking to dad. I'm doing all the household shopping now, 'cause if I give the money to my aunt, she takes pity on dad and gives it to him for alcohol. I don't know what happened to mum, but she's changed.

4. She seems colder, more distant, but at the same time more self-assured. The problem is that dad drinks increasingly more... he drinks all the money... But, you know what, in the end it's not mom who has to put up with him, it's me who has to put up with him! She's out there, all good, she sees him on the screen or two times a year when she comes home! But I stay with him all the time! So, she doesn't have any reason to divorce! I don't want them to divorce! I don't!...

6. And if they divorce, who will I stay with? I'm 14... And if I stayed with mom, would I need to move with her in Spain? From pictures it seems beautiful out there... With the sea only 30 minutes away. Mom says life's better there, since there's civilization.

8. But... go away from here? From Buzău? After school, I like to go through the Crâng Park on my way home. In there I used to walk with both of them - with mom and dad... they bought me pink cotton candy and we went the three of us with the pedalo on the lake. I liked Buzău back then. Now... I don't know... Would I like it in Spain?

PILAR: *(in Spanish)* 1. We're not the best, nor the kindest either. Perhaps it would be good for Carmen to go back home. Though, I would feel sorry. She's a trustworthy person. How could this have happened exactly to her? I should inform her family. But she told me she's thinking of getting a divorce, as she's no longer getting along well with her husband and she wants to bring her daughter here. Does she have any lover here? She's beautiful, she's single. If so, then of course, she should divorce...

3. Should I talk to the girl? She's a child, what can she do? What can it be done? Spain is not heaven on earth, Carmen has also realized that. *(She gets lost in her thoughts.)*

5. Facts are facts. Carmen didn't want to tell me anything, I mostly found out from the police.

7. Two men threw her to the ground and hit her. She was talking on the phone in Romanian. Luckily, there was a policeman nearby. At the station, the men declared with all serenity in the world that they wanted to teach a lesson to the gypsy. That's what they said. Because a few days ago, some Romanians robbed a child. That all Romanians should be sent back to their country. And not only Romanians, but also Moroccans and Ecuadorians. Hm. And what about the two of them, where should we send them? For them, this is home.

9. Carmen is very frightened, she thinks of going back to her country. But maybe it would be better to bring her daughter here. Would she adapt?

SCENE 7

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. May 2016 - yesterday, Beatrice turned 16. It's 19.00. Beatrice takes some clothes out of the wardrobe, then calls Carmen.

In Spain, Carmen's bedroom. It's 18.00. Carmen answers the call.

At the beginning of the scene, video call. At the end, Kinect animation.

BEATRICE: Mom, can you hear me?

CARMEN: Excellent. Unlike yesterday. Exactly on your birthday, we had problems with the Internet. I was so sorry that...

BEATRICE: Yea, ok. Mom, what should I wear? This, or this? *(Beatrice shows her the clothes.)*

CARMEN: Didn't you have a yellow dress...

BEATRICE: Oh, com'on, I didn't ask you about the dress, I asked you about these two. Tell me, this or this!

CARMEN: So you'll wear again those torn jeans?

BEATRICE: I'll wear what I want, ok?

CARMEN: Then why do you ask me?

BEATRICE: Tell me, which one?

CARMEN: Left-hand.

BEATRICE: Thanks!

CARMEN: But where are you going?

BEATRICE: Out.

CARMEN: With your classmates?

BEATRICE: Aham... Listen, Lara started wearing makeup. One day, the French teacher admonished her.

CARMEN: Was she wearing heavy makeup?

BEATRICE: I don't think so. Anyway, the French teach always picks on girl... But she looked good! Mommy, I'd like to put on makeup, too!

CARMEN: And what will your father say? You know he doesn't like it. He used to pout every time he saw me wearing makeup.

BEATRICE: Spare me the crap in his head.

CARMEN: Hey, don't talk like that... Well, if you want to, I can teach you, after you buy some makeup. Or I can send you from here.

BEATRICE: I already have it! Lara gave me a makeup kit as a birthday present.

CARMEN: And you didn't tell me anything!

BEATRICE: Well, you really want me to tell you everything? Look, I tell you know.

CARMEN: But don't *you* want me to tell you everything?

BEATRICE: So, tell me, will you help me?

CARMEN: With what?

BEATRICE: To put on makeup!

CARMEN: And what if your father comes in? He'll make a scene again.

BEATRICE: He won't come in, he's with Ana in Bucharest, to do some blood tests.

CARMEN: But what's wrong with him?

BEATRICE: Ever since you two divorced, he's been drinking daily, he has severe stomach aches and takes useless painkillers. Nothing special.

CARMEN: I couldn't go on like that. I'm sorry.

BEATRICE: Stop blaming yourself, ok? I can no longer stand him either. He's my father. But enough! After I turn 18, I come to you.

CARMEN: I can't wait, I miss you. Let's see, what do you have in that makeup kit?

BEATRICE: Yes, wait, I'll show you. Just a sec.

(Beatrice shows her mother the content of the makeup kit. Carmen takes a mirror - throughout the scene, she will show Betty how to put on makeup. Betty will follow her example.)

CARMEN: First thing - foundation. Do you have any foundation?

(Betty looks for the foundation.)

CARMEN: Ok, never mind, you don't need it, you have perfect skin. So, let's start with the eyes.

BEATRICE: Yes.

CARMEN: Some dark eye shadow would suit you, let me see.

BEATRICE: Yes, just a sec. A sec and a half... Ta-dam!

(Beatrice shows Carmen her makeup kit.)

CARMEN: Look, that one in the corner. It's brown. It's brown, right?

BEATRICE: Yes, it's brown.

CARMEN: Now you look at me.

BEATRICE: I look at you.

(Carmen shows her what to do and Betty follows suit.)

BEATRICE: Good, perfect. Ok. Seems easy.

(Betty puts on eye shadow.)

BEATRICE: Like this?

CARMEN: Yes, yes.

BEATRICE: Like this?

CARMEN: Yes.

BEATRICE: Ready!

CARMEN: Do you have mascara?

BEATRICE: Yes.

(Beatrice searches for the mascara.)

BEATRICE: Just a sec, I have mascara as well.

(Beatrice finds her mascara and shows it to Carmen.)

BEATRICE: Ready, look.

CARMEN: Bravo! Now pay attention.

BEATRICE: I am.

CARMEN: Two, three, start.

(Both put on mascara.)

BEATRICE: Like this...

CARMEN: Can you see?

BEATRICE: Aham...

CARMEN: And... do you want to wear lipstick, too?

BEATRICE: Naturally, yes.

CARMEN: But where are you going so pretty?

BEATRICE: Out in the city.

(Carmen waits.)

BEATRICE: Ok, fine, I've met somebody.

CARMEN: Aham! So, what's his name?

BEATRICE: Ion. *[John]*

CARMEN: How old is he? Where did you meet him? How?

BEATRICE: He's in the 10th grade, maths-info profile. But you should know he studies very well!

CARMEN: And where did you meet him?

BEATRICE: At the photography class.

CARMEN: When?

BEATRICE: I don't know, some seven months ago, but it was only yesterday he told me he likes me and today we're going out.

CARMEN: Does he behave well?

BEATRICE: Hey, I don't go out with jerks, ok?

CARMEN: You should take care...

BEATRICE: Yea, right, *you* took care...

CARMEN: But I gave birth to you after we got married.

BEATRICE: Yea, ok, but I don't want to have children.

CARMEN: ...And, yes, maybe I rushed. But I've learnt my lesson, I'm not rushing anymore. And when you grow up, you'll understand that it's important for a woman to have children.

BEATRICE: Aham, and raise them on the Internet!

(Short pause.)

BEATRICE: Listen, but what do you mean?

CARMEN: I mean the feeling that a living thing is growing inside you...

BEATRICE: No, no, forget "the feeling that". What do you mean by "you're not rushing anymore"?

CARMEN: *(short pause)* I way just saying...

BEATRICE: *(interrupting her)* No, no, I know you! I asked you what you mean by "you're not rushing anymore".

(Pause.)

CARMEN: I've also met somebody.

(Pause.)

BEATRICE. Aham...

CARMEN: Yes. His name is Juan.

BEATRICE: Juan.

CARMEN: Juan Alonso.

BEATRICE: Ha, it rhymes with Alfonso... And? Have you met him at the photography class, too?

CARMEN: Pilar introduced him to me. After the divorce. He's a wonderful man.

BEATRICE: And was dad not wonderful? Aren't you rushing again?

CARMEN: I think he's a wonderful man. I've told you before, it's a different world out here, women are respected.

BEATRICE: You say he respects you...

CARMEN: You'll see for yourself, when you meet him.

BEATRICE: But maybe I don't want to meet him! And maybe I don't want to talk to you anymore either! Ok, someone's calling me. Ok, bye.

(Beatrice ends the call.)

BEATRICE: Hello? Yes! No, no, in three minutes. Ok, ok, bye-bye!

(Beatrice and Carmen raise their beds. Start of Kinect animation.)

SCENE 8

Later in 2016. Beatrice is still 16. The family's living room in Romania. Betty enters the room, agitated. She's talking on the phone with the ambulance. George is screaming with pain off stage.

In Spain, Carmen and Juan's bedroom. At the beginning, the audience in each country only see their own space. Later, after Juan answers the call, in each country we will see the other space via video call.

BEATRICE: Yes, yes, yes, he's vomiting blood.

(George calls Betty. She shouts back at him.)

BEATRICE: Yes, wait a bit! *(again on the phone)* Dorobanților Street, number 2, bloc A6, stair A, apartment 2. Yes, I wait for you. Please, hurry! Ok, ok, thank you!

GEORGE: *(off stage)* Betty!

BEATRICE: Yes, dad, I'm coming, wait a bit, please!

(Beatrice is calling Carmen. Until she answers, she searches for some drugs.)

JUAN: *(in Spanish, to Carmen)* Carmen, it's Betty!

(Carmen is off stage. Eventually, Juan answers the call.)

JUAN: *(in Spanish)* Hi, Betty!

BEATRICE: *(imperfect Spanish)* Is mom there? I need to talk to her, it's urgent!

JUAN: *(in Spanish)* Carmen, come here, please! Beatrice says it's urgent.

(Enters Carmen.)

CARMEN: Hi, Betty! What's wrong?

BEATRICE: Dad is very sick.

CARMEN: Again? Now what's wrong?

BEATRICE: Well, I think he's dying now, that's what! *(Pause.)* Hey, don't you care what I say?

CARMEN: Listen, what's wrong, his ulcer? Did you call the ambulance?

BEATRICE: *(interrupting her)* Well I don't know what's wrong, he's breathing with difficulty, he's lying in bed, he's having nausea, I don't know!

CARMEN: Does he have any drugs left?

BEATRICE: He has drugs, but how do I know what to give him? You tell me what to give him! He's vomiting blood, do you get it?

JUAN: *(in Spanish, to Carmen)* What's happening? Tell me.

CARMEN: *(in Spanish, to Juan)* George is very sick. The ulcer has aggravated. He's vomiting blood.

BEATRICE: You don't care what I'm saying even now?!

CARMEN: Betty, you know Juan's a doctor. Maybe he has some advice...

JUAN: *(in Spanish)* He has perforated ulcer. He can make peritonitis. He must be taken urgently to the hospital.

CARMEN: *(trying to translate)* Juan says...

BEATRICE: *(interrupting her)* Guess what, he has peritonitis! Thanks a lot, I knew that much! Ok, bye, just leave me alone!

(Beatrice ends the call. Then she calls Ana Maria, her aunt.)

BEATRICE: Hello! Yes, Ana. Yes, I called them. I don't know, they said they're coming. They said they're coming! I'll wait for you. I'm sitting, yes! I said I'm sitting! Bye!

SOLILOQUIES 3

BEATRICE: 1. Dad's feeling better. He was in hospital for two weeks. I and aunt Ana took turns. She's a tough, but kind woman. She's not married, she's been taking care of me and dad. She can't stand mom. Mom used to call me three times a day to see how I was doing, how I was hanging on. She asked about him, too, but I don't know how much she really cared.

3. She said she was sorry she couldn't be next to me "in these moments", because she had a lot of work to attend to in the restaurant. How formal she's become! "In these moments"... Just leave me alone with your Spanish guy and all! You're fine out there and you leave me here to exert myself!

5. Now, seriously, mom, seriously, dad, I'm just 16! How many of my classmates do you think are going through anything like this?! My drunkard father...

7. No, I shouldn't speak like that of my father. But drinking brought him here! He says he's giving it up... for the nth time. With a crippled hand and perforated ulcer! The recipe of success! If mom stopped sending me money, we would both be dead.

9. And for how long will she continue to send me money? Or at least for how long will she keep sending for him, too? I will have to go to university, won't I? Will I carry him with me all my life? I want to have my own life! (*Pause.*) Once, you promised you'd send me fulfilled dreams from (*ironical*) the Planet of The Golden Sea, mother. But I guess I'll stay here, right? Stuck on this damned Planet of Lost Dreams.

JUAN: 2. Tough day. Like many others... doctors need to get used to it. I leave early in the morning, I come back late at evening... Sometimes, late at night. (*He looks at his phone.*) It's good to know you're being waited. While I was single, everything seemed useless. Even going home. But now...

4. I like it very much that Carmen is ambitious and sensitive. She wants to go to university. Will she be able to study and continue to work? I think so. But if her daughter comes here... she will have to decide. I sometimes find the kid difficult. Crises that come with the age. But it's not only her age. All the situation with that sick man. And addicted to alcohol. I've heard he's supposedly gave it up.

6. The crux of the matter is whether he gave it up for good. This is also an illness. When I was a student, I came across desperate cases. Some people start drinking when trouble hits them. Carmen's been through a lot, but she's stayed strong.

8. I can't imagine life without Carmen. I see, I know she suffers she can't bring her child here. I also want a child from her. Children. And to bring her daughter here, too.

10. But what if she won't want to come? If she takes after her mother, that means she's a dedicated person and she'll want to stay to take care of her father. With ulcer in an advanced stage... if he quits drinking and follows a strict regime, he can live for many years. And Beatrice, at 18, will be able to live her own life.

SCENE 9

2017. Beatrice is 17.

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. Afternoon.

In Spain, Carmen's bedroom. Afternoon.

Ongoing video call. Carmen and Beatrice are studying, each in her own space. Carmen is studying Spanish, while Beatrice practices drawing.

BEATRICE: Sorry to interrupt you...

CARMEN: Yes, tell me.

BEATRICE: I've hesitated to ask you...

CARMEN: Tell me.

BEATRICE: Ok, you're studying Spanish. And what will you do after graduating from university?

CARMEN: I'm thinking of teaching intensive Spanish classes to Romanians who want to work here. There are associations for Romanians out here that do such things... But why are you wasting your time instead of studying? Don't you have an exam on Friday?

BEATRICE: Yes, but I've studied. And you should know I'm still studying!

CARMEN: Come on, stop joking.

BEATRICE: I'm not joking, I'm studying for the university entrance exam.

CARMEN: What university?

BEATRICE: Fine Arts.

CARMEN: Wonderful news, when I came for Christmas didn't you tell me you were going to become a doctor?

BEATRICE: Leave it, one doctor in the house is enough.

CARMEN: You're starting again?

BEATRICE: Ok, sorry!

CARMEN: But instead of Fine Arts, why not do architecture? Artists die of hunger. With architecture, you can earn good money.

BEATRICE: Yes, but I can't swallow that much maths!

CARMEN: I'll pay you a personal tutor.

BEATRICE: Better pay me a personal tutor for drawing.

CARMEN: For drawing?

BEATRICE: To teach me about perspective...

(Enters George. He's sober. He wears glasses.)

GEORGE: What are you doing here?

BEATRICE: Good, we're studying for university. I, for Fine Arts, mom for...

GEORGE: Mom? For? Has she finished the school of life?

CARMEN: Don't get angry, or your ulcer will strike back...

GEORGE: I, get angry? Only in case you're preparing my daughter's flight to Spain. Got you, you've been plotting. But, since I'm not giving her my signature, you still have to wait. Otherwise, never in my life have I got angry, perhaps I only played theatre. I've got talent, have I? *(Pause. George gives Betty a paper and*

gets on a chair to pose as a model. Betty starts to draw him.) Carmen, I've heard Spanish women are superb. Have you got any friend interested in a smart...

BEATRICE: Don't move!

GEORGE: ...handsome and one-handed man?

CARMEN: Maybe. But for this you should quit drinking.

GEORGE: I know... Deja de beber! Ole!

BEATRICE: Perfect.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 10

May 2018.

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. Betty is in an excellent mood.

In Spain, Carmen's room. Carmen is packing her luggage. Later, Juan will also enter the room.

Ongoing video call.

CARMEN: Do you need more money?

BEATRICE: Anytime. Any sum. *(She laughs.)* No worries, mom, I will manage! I've already made the reservation at the restaurant. And: the shoes are here!

CARMEN: Do these fit you?

BEATRICE. What do you think?

CARMEN: I went to the shop with that paper you drew your foot on. They let me return the small ones. Let me see, how do these fit you?

BEATRICE: Wait, wait, wait.

(Beatrice puts on the shoes and shows them to Carmen.)

BEATRICE: Ha?

CARMEN: They are also 37!

BEATRICE: Really?

CARMEN: *(calls)* Juan!

(In Spain enters Juan.)

JUAN: *(in Spanish)* Hi, Betty!

BEATRICE: *(in Spanish)* Hi, Juan! I hope you'll accompany mom to my party!

JUAN: *(in Spanish)* I'd love to, but I can't promise, I depend on my schedule at the hospital and, what's more, my father hasn't been feeling very well lately. But Carmen will come for sure.

CARMEN: *(in Spanish)* I miss you very much, there's been four months since we haven't seen each other, but they feel like four years!

JUAN: When you'll start university in Madrid, you and your mother will see each other more frequently.

BEATRICE: I've changed my mind. I want to go to your university in Murcia.

CARMEN: Really? When did you think of this?

BEATRICE: It took me a while to decide...

JUAN: Well, Betty, kisses, take care!

BEATRICE: Take care!

(Juan exits.)

BEATRICE: Mom, you know dad is feeling increasingly worse, don't you?

CARMEN: That's a pity. But you have your whole life ahead of you! And I'm so happy you're coming! We have enough space here to live together the three of us. Is Lara going to Cluj?

BEATRICE: Yes, with her boyfriend, Florin. I hope they won't be late tomorrow, like they were on St. John's day. By the way, Ion promised to do the music playlist and said he'll choose a piece especially for you. Mom, you are coming for sure, right?

(Carmen shows her a present box. Blackout.)

SCENE 11

At the beginning, parallel scenes – the audience in each country only see their own space. Later, video call. At the end, Kinect animation.

In Romania, Beatrice's bedroom. It's around 5.00 am. Beatrice enters the room, dressed in party clothes.

In Spain, Carmen's bedroom. Carmen calls Beatrice. Beatrice takes the video call.

CARMEN: Betty, did you understand why I couldn't come?

(Beatrice stays silent.)

CARMEN: Can you hear me? Is your Internet working well? *(Pause.)* You hear me.

(Beatrice stays silent.)

CARMEN: Please understand, Juan's father died. Yesterday morning, before I got to leave. How was I to leave?... Juan was taking his father out of the morgue and I was going to the party... You should know that, with all he's going through,

Juan hasn't forgotten and has asked me to say "happy birthday" to you! *(pause)* Did Ion come? What did he bring you? Did they like your dress? *(Pause.)* I know what you're going through. *(Pause.)* I've had lots of moments when I felt alone. And, though I may seem like a fulfilled woman, being away from you has always been a torture. Day and night. I have no memories of you. I couldn't even be with you on your first day at school! I didn't tell you what to do when you reached puberty and you've never even told me anything about your first kiss.

BEATRICE: If you want, I can tell you...

CARMEN: Yes.

BEATRICE: ... what happened at my 18th birthday party. So, we gathered at around eight. We stayed on the terrace, it was warm. I danced and I was overly cheerful all night long. I wanted all to see that I didn't mind that you... well...

CARMEN: But right after the baccalaureate you're coming to me, I've bought you your plane ticket, now you don't need any signature, you can come straight away.

BEATRICE: And what if I can't?

CARMEN: But why not? Now you're 18.

BEATRICE: Oh, so now I'm 18, that age when I can do whatever I want, right?

CARMEN: Yes, now you can come to me.

BEATRICE: And? What if I can't? *(Pause.)* I can't leave my father like this, do you understand?

CARMEN: Yes, yes you can.

BEATRICE: No, no I can't.

CARMEN: Ana Maria will take care of him. Or else, I can pay for him to be admitted to an asylum.

BEATRICE: Yes? Well, perfect, in that case it's wonderful, please do that.

CARMEN: We'll prepare your room here.

BEATRICE: I don't need it. Ok, stop it. I'll go to Cluj with Lara, or I'll go with Ion, I don't know.

Kinect animation. Sound background – the story. Soundtrack – Betty's voice at different ages:

The Planet of Lost Dreams was full of poor people, who yearned for the light coming from the stars and from the other planets that came through their dark sky from time to time. The poor gathered all they had, borrowed money from friends, and flew away for galactic periods, leaving behind The Planet of Lost Dreams and their children also, their beloved children, who may not have survived the tough life of interplanetary runaways. They often left for their sake, for their children's sake, to send them dreams gathered with effort from the other planets. That's what she did, too - she flew to The Planet of The Golden Sea to gather for me as many fulfilled dreams as she could, to send them to me on a sparkling ray of light and help me ascend one day the throne of the Universe. Let me tell you a secret: you, the parents wandering on other planets... and us, the children left behind... perhaps we'll succeed one day in transforming the mother-planet in The Planet of Regained Dreams.

(Lights on Betty.)

BEATRICE: Where to? Where should I go?

(Blackout.)

THE END