

EL ROSARIO A

Murder



## Madness & Emptiness

When faced with madness and emptiness

The only thing to do is to play and enjoy

Felipe Dagos woke, the thought above within him

He was home...at the Hacienda del Rosario

Preparing his postgrad thesis

Whose success would lead to jobs in universities he hoped

Space

The exploration

Time

The measurement

He would revolutionize all

And create new images for the 21<sup>st</sup> century

He would go beyond :

Euclidian geometry

Vitruvian architecture

Newtonian gravity and clockwork worlds

Einsteinian 20<sup>th</sup> century ideas of spacetime

Big Bangs, Evolution and Relativity

These were his to develop

But mother has entered his private room.

Marietta Dagos: Would you pop into town for me?

Felipe: Sure. What for?

Marietta: I'd like you to pick up a saddle for your father from Torino's. His leg still hurts from his fall. I can't go as I have to prepare for the Saturday concert.

Felipe: Of course I'll drive over this afternoon.

Felipe did not like to be interrupted whilst he worked on his mathematics, but his mother was very dear to him and he would not upset her.

She Marietta was engrossed in the house. She was always preparing for something and making sure everyone did what she wanted.

He hoped she was happy. Her life was busy and secure.

His was as uncertain as the universe he was studying. He did not believe that light had a speed. He was excited by his ideas, and he strained to live them.

## Sand Lizards

"Don't they tickle your feet, those sand lizards?"

One of Hepe's friends was asking the question.

Hepe was stretched against a stone  
his feet bare trailing in the sand  
as several tiny lizards darted around his toes

A group of friends had arrived  
idle varied ages sauntering  
warm and meaningless

Hepe smiled but made no answer

Another friend:           Hepe does not mind them.  
                                  Come to the Canyon with us?

Hepe:                        I'd like to but  
                                  today I'm sad.

Friend: Why? What should make you sad  
in our village on a sun filled day like this?

Hepe: My dad says I'll have to work  
in the chicken factory

Friend: Well, what is wrong with that?

Hepe: I don't like the place

Friend: Don't worry. We'll be there.

Another friend: Yea, you'll love it. We'll have fun.

Friend: Just be glad there's something for us to do.

Hepe: Maybe that would be all right  
If we're all together

Friend: You were forgetting about us.  
Now come on, let's go over to the Canyon.

Another Friend: Little Manny can't come

Manny: I want to. Why not?

Friend: You're too young  
And it's dangerous.

Another Friend; I'll take him home

Hepe: I will come with you.  
These lizards are beginning to bite

The boys laugh

Hepe puts on socks and shoes

Little Manny is led away

Hepe and his friends run and walk out of the village

To the West

Away from the mountains

Along the plain

Far from the roads and the houses

Till the land says no more

And stops at a brink of stone

Boulders plummeting gulleys

Steep elongated drops of rock

That formed centuries ago

Very dry with little growing

A rare scrub or bush but that's all

The shapes of the boulders contrast

Sensual smoothness with

Crusty ruggedness

And the eye is caused to sink

"I feel quite dizzy" declares one boy

as the vortices of stones beckon the looker

downwards

Gazing into the red abyss

The boys hear distant drum sounds

"Someone's drumming up the band" says one.

"Must be having a practice for the weekend"

"Let's go and join in"

They all turn and race back to the village

laughing and competing

forgetting the dangers of the gorge

that is the Canyon, the Banned Canyon

Hepe is happiest of all

In his breathless running

## S O N G

"I have a lovely feeling, within my heart for you,"

Oh, what is that thinks Conchito

He is the son of Santiago.

A handsome boy feeling the first surge of life

Warming to being

But what is that haunting his brain

Over and over?

"I have a lovely feeling,

a lovely feeling,

"I know it's a song," thinks Chito. "But where does it come from?

It has a tune. I can hear that also. It has a rhythm. Quite a cheerful rhythm. Is it connected to those drums I can hear on the other side of the village?"

Chito can hear the boys rehearsing their band.

Chito is enjoying the sun with some goats he has taken to some shady trees.

But there is his song: "I have ... da duur da durr da – I have a lovely feeling ... yes ... The tune is chirpy. But what is it?"

The goats groan and croak to the persistent drums

Chito smiles at his companions.

"I have a lovely feeling, within my heart for you, oh yes, oh yes..."

"Yes I have it.

It's a song

Taught to me years ago by Cesar

It must be because he has returned that I have remembered it

He used to like it a great deal

He sang it often

At the piano sometimes

How amazing that my father telling me last night that Cesar had returned to us should make me summon a memory, a melody a rhythm a poem

Wonderful

Even if it is pretty weird

In fact I think I am in love

And my joy is rushing to the weekend when I can tell her"

Chito stood

His feet feeling the firmness of the ground

His body rocking to the breeze

A breeze that rippled the soft feathery

Goatskins of his beasts

Who did not interrupt their feeding with his antics

He thought of his love for Conchita and  
How it had grown and  
Chito and Chita would become the village lovers  
Even if her father was against them  
He Chito would rescue his love from her father's prison  
The drums crescendoed down in the village  
His heart beat faster and livelier  
He loved it  
And his mind recanted  
"I have a lovely feeling, within my heart for you,  
Oh yes, oh yes."

## FRISCO SHOW

"But Cesar I've even got two senators coming to the opening in Frisco!"

Joanne Power is pacing the living room of Cesar's house.

Cesar is seated in silence.

Joanne is trying to persuade her favorite client to attend a show of his work she is mounting in San Francisco.

"You are a top artist. This is a big big exhibition. It will help me if you appear. I know you are shy and wary of people but there is a need for people to see you, to meet you, to talk to you. What you do is important. It matters to us. Please for me won't you... what is that noise?"

As she had been speaking a terrible noise of engines has been increasing.

"It sounds like a battle tank..." continues Joanne as she goes to peer out of the window.

"Well, it isn't a tank," she says, " it's a giant helicopter. And it's landing just beyond this house. Do you often have visitors arriving in such a noisy aerial fashion? Some chap's stepping out, and, struggling against the draught of the blades, he's running in this direction...he is actually coming here...who is he?"

Cesar sits back more firmly in his armchair and rests his right elbow on the chair's arm as he places his right hand against his right chin.

Joanne turns from the window and looks to the house's entrance as she waits for the visitor to arrive.

A tall slim well-dressed gentleman hurries into the room and approaches Cesar. The visitor begins speaking as soon as he sees Cesar. He rushes to the chair, bends and hugs Cesar.

"Francis. How well you look. I am glad to be here. In fact I'm happy. I trust you are OK. Yes, you look good. Forgive the cacophony of the arrival, but these taxi-helicopters are great fun. It saves me having to sit in cars in traffic jams such as the city appears to relish."

Pausing to gaze at Joanne, the visitor continues:

"Excuse me please. I am Arthur White. A close friend of Francis, or Cesar if you prefer."

"How do you do? I am Joanne Power. I am Cesar's American Agent."

"Of course you are. I know your name and I'm delighted to meet you even here."

"Even here?" Joanne asks.

"Yes, well, El Rosario is hardly New York or London. Not the cultural center I would have expected to meet you. I haven't been in this village for...oh how long is it, Cesar?...must be all of four or five years. I used to come to see him a great deal when he was hibernating here for those extensive periods...when was it, my dear?" he said, addressing Cesar directly.

But before the artist could answer, his agent interrupted:

"So you know this place and so you'll know why my top artist comes here? Please tell me."

"I haven't a clue," Arthur pursued. "Don't you know? I've been trying to have him explain it to me for years. I mean it is a delightful nonentity of a village, beautiful setting physically, fabulous weather, well climate I should say, wonderful gentle people, very tolerant; but as to why our creative society soul should want to spend so much time here, there's no stimulus; peace and quiet yes, but input, Frank, what do you find here to do?"

Cesar smiles and covers his mouth with his right hand.

"It's obviously going to remain a mystery," breaks the silence from Joanne.

"And I am trying to persuade him to leave and come to Frisco for his new show."

"A new show? Oh how exciting! I hope I can fit it in! But I'm here trying to persuade him to return to England," comments Arthur.

"To England?" asks Joanne.

"Yes, his mother wants....your mother wants you to come home...but I don't suppose that will make you budge...I'm just passing on a message. He's very stubborn you know.

When is the show in San Fran?

Perhaps we can take our charge on a round trip?

Come and have dinner with me tonight in my hotel."

"I'd like that, thank you. Where are you staying?"

"At the Vacation."

"Well, so am I"

"Is there anywhere else in the town?"

Good, we can land on the roof."

"But my car is here..."

still I can collect that later."

"Are you coming Francis?" Arthur asks Cesar.

But Cesar shakes his head.

"It appears we are both doomed to failure," Arthur says to Joanne.

"Still we will rescue what we can ... ourselves."

And they left, bidding Cesar au revoirs, and scrambling into their waiting 'copter.

Fernando Vilar

In the guest room of the Hacienda del Rosario

It is Saturday night.

The night of the concert.

Young Fernando is seated alone.

His shoulders try to fold around him.

Knocking fierce at his door.

His face lifts,

An expression of horror

"You can't come in!" he shouts at the heavy door.

Knocking again.

"Who is it? You can't come in."

He continues.

A soft female voice outside calls:

"Chita".

"No. Later.

I can't.

I'm not supposed to open the door." Vilar explains.

"I'll see you downstairs," the beautiful voice replies.

"Yes, that's better. Thank you," the young man answers. "It's cos I'm not ready, you see."

Fernando Vilar sinks alone.

"I'm not ready, you see," he repeats.

His shoulders try to fold around him

His back is bent

But he thinks: "This visit will be over.

It will end."

And he smiles and rises.

Luis del Rosario

Lupita is standing in the middle of the floor of her living room. She has her right hand on the top of an upright carpet cleaner and her left hand clasps her left hip. Her long black hair is curling and hanging loose. She has paused as she always feels lost in herself when doing housework.

Then she is aware of a movement by a window.

She feels fear.

Then she remembers Luis.

Luis was supposed to meet her husband, Santiago, and together the two men were to have gone to see some horses.

But Luis is late.

It is he.

He stands at the open door.

She looks to him and smiles to hide her even greater fear.

"Hiya! Isn't he here?" asks Luis.

Luis is the same age as Lupita and Santiago. They are about 40.

Luis is very dark and strong with a face whose complexion has just begun to weather, to dry up and make him seem ready to decline from life.

"No, Santiago's gone on ahead. He waited for you but he left about 10 minutes ago," Lupita tells him.

"How have you been? How are you?" he asks.

Lupita's fear comes from the fact that she and Luis were once boyfriend and girlfriend until Santiago came along. And although that was 20 years ago, and she and Luis have kept a pleasant relationship, she feels uneasy still in case the old feelings should overtake her. But she fights it all off.

Luis only asked to gain time. He tried to pretend to himself that he had accidentally been late, but he knew he had wanted to be alone

with her. But he had to conceal this. So he asked how she was and he resolved to give false descriptions of himself.

"I'm always late," he said. " I am so shy and that's why I'm a mess. But I'm doing well at the factory. I'm being promoted."

He paused, waiting for a remark from Lupita.

She offered: "Really, Luis. I am glad. That is good."

"I hope to buy a house and maybe I'll find a wife. There's some possibilities where I work. But I don't know. I'm so uncertain. You never know, do you, if things will work or not. Not like they have for you and Santiago. I am so happy for both of you."

"Thank you. Would you like to wait till he comes back?"

"Oh no. I'll go ahead to catch him up. I'd better not stay. Thank you again. Goodbye."

He disappeared from the doorway.

Lupita looked down at the carpet cleaner and thought about continuing her work.



Vilar: Who is he?

Felipe: Santiago's son.  
Chito's a good guy.  
But not what my dad wants.  
You are.

Vilar: Makes me nervous  
The whole thing.  
Wish I could get away to one of those stars.

Felipe: Maybe you will one day  
When man starts flying out there.

Vilar: Not in our life.

Felipe: You never know.  
Are you coming to Cesar's concert?

Vilar: Yes. I like his playing.

Felipe: Yes I do.

Vilar:                                Maybe I'll be tied to Conchita.

Felipe:                                Oh, lucky you.

They laugh as Felipe teasingly pushes Vilar off the wall and they tumble onto the ground.

## Sugar Models

Hepe and friends are in the garden of Faunio's house making sugar models for the Day of the Dead. They are busy making mostly sugar skulls that they decorate with color paints.

1<sup>st</sup> Friend: Which of you guys thinks men are warlike? I've read an article in an American magazine that says men are not naturally aggressive; but that it is all conditioning.

2<sup>nd</sup> Friend: I've always thought men have wars because they like them, but maybe not.

3<sup>rd</sup> Friend: You mean men are warlike because they are brought up to be like that?

4<sup>th</sup> Friend: Perhaps it varies.

1<sup>st</sup> Friend: It's quite interesting. Course people become aggressive over territory, but that seems feeble in today's multi world.

- 2<sup>nd</sup> Friend:                   What do you think, Faunio?
- Faunio:                        Men are brutes, born it or made it. There's  
more disaster and catastrophe to come.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Friend:                   I'm scared.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Friend:                   Oh, I've dropped my jaw. It's broken.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Friend:                   You'll have to make another
- 4<sup>th</sup> Friend:                   No. I'll eat this skull to give me energy  
to make another one.
- Hepe:                         Do you mean the Day of the Dead, Faunio?
- Faunio:                        Maybe.
- 1<sup>st</sup> Friend:                   Oh but it's the village's party day of the year.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Friend:                   Yea, we're going to have music and dancing.
- Manny:                        I want to be a skeleton.

3<sup>rd</sup> Friend: I want to wear a horror mask, but someone said I didn't need one.

All: Aaahhh! Hee-hee!

2<sup>nd</sup> Friend: I'll drink lots of tequila, and that will make me warlike!

1<sup>st</sup> Friend: It's possible men are naturally calm, and only go to war because they are made to, by social pressure.

Faunio: How many more skulls do we need?

4<sup>th</sup> Friend: As many as possible. We may be able to sell some to visitors.

Faunio: Tourists never stop here.

3<sup>rd</sup> Friend: We don't mind, do we Hepe?

Hepe: No. We are happy.

Dropping in

Lord Arthur White is chatting to Cesar del Mundo

Lord Arthur White:

I've just seen your priest, Father Rickard. He's quite extraordinary. Chats frantically. He was in a vehicle, very odd. Thought it was one of those pedalos at one point, but when he set off it made ghastly chugging noises and stumbled down the road. He was telling me he had come from San Miguel where he had been visiting the Bishop. Did you know there was a Bishop of San Miguel? I didn't. Apparently so. Called Podger Gelding. Father Rickard was telling me Podger is from Sweden. A Lutheran Swede who converted to Catholicism and for his reward- is now episcopal shepherd. Father Rickard told me he had gone to see the Bishop on your behalf.

My dear Francis, everyone is labouring on your behalf. I hope you appreciate it. Something about solving your sinful problem. Sinful indeed, you. Still what sin could you commit, my little sanctified? But the priest insisted you had told him you were troubled by some guilt, and he the priest could not discern it, so he asked the bishop's advice. "And what did the Bishop Podger Gelding suggest?" I asked. "Nothing I hadn't thought of," he replied. So you have them all worrying. But what is the matter with you? Why don't you come with us to Frisco and on to England? Let's go and walk, and discuss this matter."

## Chito and Chita

A bright afternoon  
and Chito and Chita are walking  
along the main road that separates El Rosario

they do not hold hands  
their body language shows they are wary of each other  
straining away  
yielding towards  
and away again  
nervous and shy

Chita:               Why did you do that after the concert?

Chito feels she is cross with him and wonders why.

He answers:

Chito:               I wanted to see you.

Chita:               It was funny of you to jump the wall.  
Were you trying to spy on me?

Chito: No. I just wanted to see you.

Chita: But why?

Chito: It was Saturday night. I always see you then.

Chita: But you can't say why.  
It's because you love me.

Chito: So. Why make it an accusation?

Chita feels the argument is escaping her. She wants to console him but he is becoming upset. She waits to try a new approach.

Chita decides to be outrageous:

Chita: I had just left Fernando Vilar.  
Did you see him?

Chito: Yes. Do you love him?

Chita: I don't know.

Chito: Do you wish to marry him?

Chita: My father wants me to.

Chito: Do you I asked?

The exchanges were too quick to think about. Both of them allowed their feelings to deliver their thoughts directly.

Chita: I love my father.  
And I like Vilar.  
Our marriage would be a good one.  
A profitable one.

Chito: but we are born of El Rosario  
you and I  
he is not....  
Fernando Vilar is from San Miguel

Chita: But I don't want to disappoint my father.

Chita is losing ground. She is confused and nervous.

Chito feels no better.

Chito: But which of us do you love most?

Chita: Love? I don't know any love anymore.  
Is it for us?

Chito: I know I love you.  
I may not want to marry you.  
I grant marriage is finished.  
A thing of the past  
Our parents' past  
I want our baby  
That's my wish

Chita: A baby.  
You never said.

Chito: Our baby  
Not a baby  
Look See  
I know I'm at the bottom a microbe  
Nothing Nobody cares what I think  
I don't mind I understand that  
Everybody understands everything  
They know  
Everything is what you are born into

But I love you  
I want our baby

Chita: I know and I love you  
But is it for marriage?  
I don't know

Chito: I understand  
You need money power  
I don't  
Everyone wants money -- it's OK

They have approached a burro tied by rope to a tree by the roadside.

Chito takes a carrot from his pocket and feeds the animal.

Both Chito and Chita stroke the brown beast's forehead.

Chita: You'll still take me to the Day of the Dead Party?

Chito: Course.

The three are very content in the warming sun, laying their troubles to one side.

Fallen Down

A knife pierces

The heart breaks

And the darkness and the stars are no more

Maybe they that have died

Do not know they have died

The revels of the Day of the Dead were fading and the midnight  
time brings the hours of mystery

The victim strolls alone

Wearing a poncho

He passes the trees and rocks

From which emerge the murderer

The poncho is raised and the blade  
Pushes into the breast

Little blood spurts

The murderer steps back and the poncho  
Falls to reveal the victim's  
Brightened face

The murderer leans over the dying face  
As its mouth utters  
Words hard to make out

The murderer cannot be sure  
And steps away  
Fleeing his crime.

Could the words have been ?:

"God only....

there's only God..."

