

ct

# Dancing with she-wolves

de  
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traducción de  
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*(fragmento en inglés)*

## TWO

*A golf course. They talk as they play. María is very good at it. Cecilia isn't.*

MARÍA

Wasn't Sara supposed to come?

CECILIA

She was, yes.

MARÍA

Well, where is she?

CECILIA

She's speaking to a guy she's met in the entrance.

MARÍA

Right, how unusual! I don't know why I ask.

CECILIA

You know what she's like.

MARÍA

Truth be told, I should be used to this, but I'm not. She is unbelievable.

CECILIA

She is not hurting anyone.

MARÍA

Herself. She's hurting herself. She's making a lot of damage. Even if she doesn't realise.

CECILIA

But María...

MARÍA

And she's hurting me.

CECILIA

You?

MARÍA

Yes.

CECILIA

I can't see how, actually.

MARÍA

Shit! (*After a bad shot*). Listen, what are you waiting to take your golf club?

CECILIA

Ah, me...I'm not good with it...I better watch you, I can keep you company, I don't mind.

MARÍA

Take it! (*She hands her a club and two balls. Cecilia takes them slightly disgusted*). I'm a married woman. And I'm convinced that's the best way to be in life, as adult, civilised people. I've got the peace of mind of having done everything the right way...

CECILIA

(*As in a prayer*)...the right way. Yes, you've told me many times already.

MARÍA

Do you think that when Sara or all of those like her fancy a man they stop to think if he's married or not?

CECILIA

I think you are forgetting a quite important part involved: men.

MARÍA

No, they don't stop to think. They don't care. They just want what they want for a while, and they couldn't care less if they destroy whole families.

CECILIA

You are exaggerating a bit, don't you think? If it's only for a while, it doesn't have to destroy anything, it has happened many times.

MARÍA

(*Defensively for no reason*) But I'm calm. I'm not talking about myself, I know she would never dare with Pepe.

CECILIA

No one had said we were ever speaking about ourselves, María. We speak of people in general. Of course you can rest assured, Sara is not like that.

MARÍA

I also say it for you.

CECILIA

Say what?

MARÍA

Don't play silly. Did you think I was going to remain silent after you told me you and Miguel had split up for good?

CECILIA

Don't use that tone, María. I told you very clearly because I know you, and in two days time you would be organising a dinner where we both would run into each other, pretending you had bumped into him in the street and that he has told you how much he misses me and all those weird things you do.

MARÍA

*(Pretending to take offence)* That's what I do?

CECILIA

Yes, it is.

MARÍA

Well, so what? What's wrong with trying to get a friend back with the man she loves?

CECILIA

There would be nothing wrong if I loved him, but if I was so rotund when I told you it's because I don't love him and so I don't need you to do anything to get us back together. Is that clear, María?

MARÍA

Will you hit the bloody ball at last?

CECILIA

I can't concentrate because of you, María, you are tiresome.

MARÍA

Would you stop repeating my name? You are going to wear it off. I know my name, you don't have to repeat it each time.

*Cecilia tries to hit the ball but misses.*

MARÍA

Not like that. Look. *(She shows her how to hit the ball placing herself behind. First, she gives her advice about the golf club, and then about the hip movement that should go with it).* Like this, you need to wrap the strike with this movement. *(They do it several times).* It's like dancing. See? It's not so difficult, the hip is very important when playing golf. Should I confide you my theory? I believe women are better at golf than men, because of our hip twist. *(She laughs, beaming proudly)*

CECILIA

*(Astonished but patronising).* An extraordinary theory, congratulations.

MARÍA

Isn't it? Thank you. Besides, I think it's somewhat normal, I imagine myself in the kitchen, at the end of the day we are among golf balls that are egg-like, and among golf clubs that are...

CECILIA

Don't! Don't take that way or you'll spoil the theory. It was enough with the hip argumentation.

MARÍA

*(Preparing her next shot)* So what was wrong with Miguel? I liked him for you. I think he is...very pleasant.

CECILIA

I didn't say anything was wrong with him, but if it doesn't work, it doesn't. Even if he's so... pleasant.

MARÍA

Look, Cecilia, I don't like prying...

CECILIA

*(Sarcastic)* Sure, of course you don't. That's one of the things I like the most about you.

MARÍA

...but, have you ever thought that there could be something about you, Cecilia? None of your relationships ends up working out.

CECILIA

*(Sensing where her friend is leading)*. I can't believe this, I can't believe it.

MARÍA

I'm serious, Cecilia.

CECILIA

I know you are, and that's what's so serious.

MARÍA

Come on, Cecilia...

CECILIA

Would you stop saying my name each time you talk to me? There's no one else, we can't get mixed up.

MARÍA

Come on; don't get upset, it's for your own good. *(She talks as a priest in a confessional)*. When things like these repeat themselves, a woman needs to look within, ask herself, find some answers. Have you considered the possibility that you might be doing something wrong?

CECILIA

Have you considered the possibility of being hit by this club on that thick head of yours? Oh, no, leave it; it wasn't going to reach the brain anyway...because it's just as big as a fucking tiny golf ball.

MARÍA

You won't make me feel ashamed for trying to help a friend fix her problems. *(In revenge for the thickheaded comment)*. By the way, I've seen your hair roots, you need some hair colouring.

CECILIA

I don't know how to get into your head that women are not always the troubled ones, that it isn't always our fault.

MARÍA

*(Getting in her stride)* Besides, you are not a child anymore. Are you not afraid of being alone?

CECILIA

No. I mean yes, of course I am, but I'm not going to be with someone I don't love just because of that. I still value myself a bit.

MARÍA

Don't you realise that things can't be wonderful and perfect all the time, each and every second? Has no one told you that's impossible? And not because of that... *(She rectifies)* And precisely because of that you shouldn't go breaking one relationship after the other. You should know how to...

CECILIA

If it starts with an *e* I don't want to know.

MARÍA

Starts with an *e* for endure.

*Cecilia manages to hit the ball with great power. Briefly after, Sara can be heard crying ouch! The ball has hit her on the head.*

MARÍA

*(Shouting at her)* Get out of the bush, you're going to hurt your back. If not for you, do it for your parents, I'm sure someone must be taping this, save them some compassionate neighbour telling them they have seen you on YouTube or the social networks playing golf...perfectly.

CECILIA

And has no one ever told you your theories are rubbish? This one more than any other. You know why I hit the ball so well this time? Because I was imagining that it was one of your theories and I have sent it to...to the wind. *(She tries to break the golf club hitting it against her thigh but she doesn't manage. She hurts herself)*

MARÍA

Don't even think about it, that club costs a fortune. So, now it's my fault. *(Suddenly realising)* Oh my God, it is. It's my fault, for letting you too long with Sara. I should have imagined. But honestly, I didn't think it would dent you so much. You have even used her favourite word: rotund. You said it before, don't deny it. I thought you knew better, that you weren't so easily impressionable. Honestly, I think there's no difference between what she does and what you do. You have let me down. *(She looks towards the horizon)* You think you have hit it well, but you're wrong, dear. The ball is out and there is no way to get it back.

CECILIA

Where is Sara? I need her to be here, I can't stand this any longer.

MARÍA

She must be in the 19th hole.

CECILIA

Which one is that?

MARÍA

Beside the golf course I used to go, a sharp businessman of sorts built a night-club called The 19th Hole. Men who didn't know how to play and couldn't get it in in the golf course went there at the end of the day, and they could *get it in* and go home satisfied.

CECILIA

*(Brief silence, Cecilia is open-mouthed. She breaks it with laughter)* Ok, ok, that's very good, wicked but very good. You are perverse, didn't you know? But I admit it's funny.

MARÍA

You can tell Sara, I don't care, I'm not afraid of her.

*Sara appears, beaming, hair in a mess, dusting her clothes.*

See? I told you.

SARA

Hi. Sorry I'm late. I saw an old friend as I was coming in. How does this go? Is it my turn?

MARÍA

You ask her, I'm leaving. I don't feel like playing anymore.

SARA

Already? But we came here because of you.

MARÍA

Well, I've realised it wasn't such a good idea. I have to go otherwise I'll be running around all day. I have a dinner. *(She walks two steps and turns around)* By the way, you are invited.

SARA

It's ok, we don't want to be out of place.

MARÍA

Don't make me start to regret it. Seven o'clock at my place, you have to give me a hand.

SARA

But...

MARÍA

No excuses, I'll be on time.

CECILIA

There's not much to it, you will be at home.

MARÍA

But I'm the only one with kids, therefore the busiest. So, if I'm ready to prepare dinner at seven is because I have worked hard before. You've got nothing to do while you are not working.

SARA

And here comes the same old song. Are they not going to stay with the babysitter?

MARÍA

That's from eight o'clock.

SARA

*(Without hiding she's not happy about it)* Oh dear, we'll run into them.

MARÍA

Yes, and you better not make any of your comments, my children shouldn't even imagine what kind of life you lead. Bye. See you at seven. Don't lose the golf clubs and the balls, they are worth some dosh. *(She exits)*

SARA

But what's wrong with her?

CECILIA

Don't know.

SARA

I do.

CECILIA

What is it? *(Realising immediately what she's about to answer, she covers Sara's mouth)*

SARA

She hasn't been lai...

## THREE

*The three of them in a karaoke bar.*

CECILIA

You insist in coming here but I can't sing.

SARA

It was María's thing. You don't have to sing if you don't want to. (*Looking around*). There are some other attractions.

MARÍA

(*Going to them*). That's it.

CECILIA

That's it what?

MARÍA

I have asked for a song. It will be our turn very soon.

CECILIA

It will be your turn.

SARA

Which song have you asked for?

MARÍA

You'll see.

SARA

If it's one of those cheesy sentimental songs you like I'm not getting anywhere, don't say I didn't tell you. (*Sara looks around constantly, plays seduction with the guys*)

MARÍA

You'll love it, both of you.

CECILIA

Don't count on me.

SARA

Don't be a spoilsport, Cecilia. Whatever! For a day that María gets out! (*Looking around*). Look, I didn't know so many men liked this karaoke thing. What a discovery! I've been with some men who sing while we are in bed, or who sing after we are done, but never with any man who sings before. (*She laughs*) How exciting! (*She laughs again*)

CECILIA

Can you imagine if they asked me to sing right there?

SARA

You wouldn't last long.

CECILIA

Not even a siesta. *(They laugh, but not María)* If you were professional singers, what kind would you like to be? Me, a rock star. *(She pretends she's, shaking her mane and playing air guitar).*

SARA

I think you still need some guts, but if you go for it you can make it.

CECILIA

*(To Sara)* I think you would be great at flamenco.

SARA

You're getting close, but more than flamenco I prefer the dancing troupe. The flamenco singer complains too much, my dear. I need a bit more of joy. Besides, in the dancing troupe there are more people.

MARÍA

*(To Cecilia)* I imagine you with a guitar, singing softly in whispers and all that.

CECILIA

You mean like a singer-songwriter? Could be.

SARA

Or country, an American country singer.

MARÍA

You think? They are almost all lesbians.

SARA

In general, all solo artists are, the ones with the guitar, I mean.

CECILIA

Wow, I don't know where you get that from, I've never heard something like it.

SARA

Haven't you?

MARÍA

They say the same of folk-singers.

CECILIA

Those are all urban myths, you never know if there's any truth in them.

SARA

Well, you don't need to get all defensive, we are just talking nonsense.

CECILIA

I'm not defending anyone. Besides, I said I would like to play in a rock band. You, María, it's clear: the quintessential Spanish romantic song. Well, or Italian, because of your mother's Italian lineage.

MARÍA

That's my song. My turn, my turn! *(She takes the micro. Fools around a bit)*. One-two. Can you hear me? One-two. One-two. *(She laughs)*

SARA

What's up with her? I'm in stitches.

*The music starts off. It's an unrequited love theme. Beautiful but harsh. Not what her friends were expecting. María starts to sing.*

SARA

What a surprise! I love this song.

CECILIA

Me too! It's gorgeous.

SARA

She's unrecognisable today.

CECILIA

She's acting weird.

SARA

That guy over there is hot.

CECILIA

The one who sang *Fierce Little Bull*?

SARA

*(Disappointed. She doesn't fancy him anymore)*. Yeah, that one. How graceless. And what about that one?

CECILIA

The one beside the sweet-voiced girl?

SARA

The one in the red tie, I didn't pay attention to her tone of voice. I didn't even notice she had sung.

CECILIA

*(Wanting to change the subject)* You know what I think? María hadn't invited anyone else for dinner.

SARA

I thought the same. I was going to mention it. Years ago, her dinners used to be very crowded. But listen, it's OK, isn't it? It was a long time since we weren't the three of us alone for so long.

CECILIA

Yes *(With unusual enthusiasm)*. I'm very happy.

SARA

What for?

CECILIA

Well, it's obvious. For being here with you two.

SARA

*(Sassy)* It sounded more like "I'm happy because I've got something to celebrate with my friends"...not like "I'm happy because I'm with my friends". In that case, it would have been more normal to say "I'm happy", that's it.

CECILIA

It just came out like that.

SARA

*(Trying to coax her)* Come on, blurt it out! You've met someone, haven't you? I've noticed something about you when I saw you. You are happier than normal. Who is it? Do I know him? Did you meet in the net? Is he here? Are you meeting him? Text him and tell him to come! Can he sing? Oh dear, in internet I find my pet!

CECILIA

You're nuts!

SARA

Do you know him from work? Please, not someone from work again. Mate, you have already had some of those losers, lowlife clients and bores. There's a great deal of rich businessmen and politicians in need of lawyers!

CECILIA

Oh dear! In the net I find my clarinet. How "some"? You're exaggerating! It was only two.

SARA

You slut! So there we go.

*María starts singing shyly, interrupting herself chuckling and looking for the right tone. Then she embraces wholeheartedly the song. She sings badly but gets the*

*audience in her pocket with her emotion. Her friends talk until she reaches that part. Sara does the support voices in the chorus until she realises she has to leave her singing on her own. María ends up crying. She gets a round of applause. At the end, she stays with the micro in her hand. She doesn't want to let go. She feels like speaking.*

MARÍA

Thank-you, thank-you.

SARA

That's the way it's done, gorgeous!

CECILIA

Bravo, bravo!

SARA

You hot chick!

CECILIA

Encore, encore...! (*Sara joins her*). Encore, encore...!

MARÍA

Thank-you so much. Good evening, my name is María. And I want to tell you that besides singing so badly I can do magic.

SARA

What's she doing?

CECILIA

Leave her. María, are you all right?

*María smiles at her and goes on.*

MARÍA

As the very good magician I am, I can assure you, as the song I've just destroyed goes, that love is magic. Look, nothing here, nothing there: magic. That's love, nothing at all, absolutely nothing. My name is María Sánchez Montofarno. Yeah, my mother was from Italian descent. I was attracted to opera, but I ended up in light song. These days, they ask you anywhere for all your personal details, why the karaoke bar would be different? I don't mind at this point. Name, surname; this doesn't tell you much, most of the times. Then is your address; here, if the one asking knows the city a little bit, they start to get a picture about you: this girl is loaded, I could tell right away; they will have thought that about me many times. Marital status? Married. They write it down mechanically, but they register it in different ways; in my case, given my age they think I'm not alone, I'm no spinster. That makes people happy, you can tell. Although at the same time they may be disgusted, at least they don't feel obliged to pity me. Envy is always better than pity. If they ask me what I'd rather provoke, envy or pity, I choose envy without a doubt. And if they asked me what I'd rather feel, I say envy too, before pity. It's normal; pity makes you feel bad and could even force you to

act. And, let's not fool ourselves, who feels like doing something for someone right this moment? That's right, better to feel envy. Others, I don't dare to say if many or few, will think that I may even be in love, that me and my husband are together and that everything's great. And even more if besides you confirm it in the next box answering yes to the question Do you have children? Two, in my case, a girl and a boy, the perfect couple. *(Someone asks her for the micro)*. Yeah, I'll give it to you right away *(She wrestles with the person, and wins)*, wait a minute, I haven't finished giving my details. And besides I'm performing a magic trick, I've got everybody hanging on. *(She pretends someone is speaking in her ear)*. Oh, they tell me you can keep on drinking, get yourselves to the bar and order your drinks. It doesn't interfere with the number at all. Thank-you. In this full-package many people would add: husband, businessman travelling a lot; yes in my case. Children all day at school, swimming-pool, piano lessons, support classes, judo. Incorrect, in my case, my children spend a lot of time with their mother, that's me, the one here. Wife practising yoga, but I don't, I play golf. Every week goes to the hairdresser, I don't either, I go every ten days. She has dinners and cocktail parties all the time. Dinners yes, in my place, I love to organise them; I don't do cocktails too much, even if I get invited, it's true. Husband always travelling, she must be cheated on all the time. There's also something in exchange, this woman spends a lot of time on her own, she must be needy, to say it in a delicate way, certainly she must have lovers, you know, typical, the handyman, fix this pipe and all that. In my case, it's the second part of the package. Woman, if your husband loves you, that young girl doesn't mean anything, he will return to you. And he did. Yes. The second time as well, he had gone off with the same one of the first time. But he left her, I'm completely sure. I'm completely sure because now, the third time, he's not with the first one, he's with someone else, it's not that I have eagle eyes, there's not much about it. I don't know if he'll be willing to come back in a while, but I do know I don't care. He's not going to do the same thing to me all over again. I wanted to tell you I'm a bluff and that I have performed my magic trick, when I started my number I was a married woman and now I'm not. My name is María Sánchez Montofarno but I don't know who I am. I wore a ring but now I don't. No one has noticed when it fell off, not even me: Magic. Young man, your microphone. Wait, one last thing: I need a lawyer.

*(She breaks. Random clapping can be heard)*