



An opera in two acts

LIBRETTO

COMPAGNIE LYRIQUE  
DE CRÉATION  
CHANTS  
LIBRES

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Music by Kristin Norderval  
Libretto by Naomi Wallace  
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# THE TRIALS OF PATRICIA ISASA

## SYNOPSIS

Patricia Isasa, at the time a 16-year-old student, was imprisoned and tortured for more than two years by the military Junta that governed Argentina from 1976 to 1983. She was one of the 30 000 « disappeared » taken into custody by the dictatorship and she is one the rare survivors. 33 years after her release, she brought her cause and those of the thousands of other victims before the courts and managed to put forward evidence about the abuse of power by the politicians at the time, to identify her torturers and to make them face justice.

## CHARACTERS

PATRICIA ISASA	soprano - Argentinian, in her thirties and early fifties, architect
YOUNG PATRICIA	coloratura soprano - Patricia's younger self at sixteen
EDUARDO RAMOS	baritone - Secretary of culture, former undercover investigator
JUDGE VICTOR BRUSA	tenor - Federal judge, former chief interrogator, in his sixties
MARIO FACINO	baritone - Mayor of Santa Fe, former boss of the interrogation center
ADOLFO FRANCISCO SCILINGO	actor (on tape & video) - retired Navy officer, fifties
A FORD MANAGER	mezzo-soprano
CHORUS	ghosts of the disappeared, Mothers of Mayo, police, students, bystanders

# ACT I

## SCENE 1A

YOUNG PATRICIA Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
I'm here!

PATRICIA Hmm  
Orange and blue  
Ah, tomorrow...

YOUNG PATRICIA It's raining, it's pouring  
the old men are snoring;

PATRICIA I live for tomorrow

YOUNG PATRICIA The old men, they went to bed  
and bumped their heads  
and couldn't remember in the morning.  
You have a life now.  
You built this house.  
Cut your own glass.  
Your hands are like hammers and nails.  
And, you have a new lover...  
Does she touch you like Annabel?

PATRICIA Yellow or green?

YOUNG PATRICIA Is this as soft as her skin?

PATRICIA We had an agreement.  
Once every six months, you pay a visit.  
You look more like a tramp every time.

YOUNG PATRICIA or a criminal?  
Someone who's done something, somewhere?  
Someone who's thought something, some-  
where?

PATRICIA Don't you wash?

YOUNG PATRICIA She washed me with lemon.

PATRICIA                    Go. Go. Go  
 Shut up and go.  
 I live for tomorrow  
 where it's sunny and mild  
 I'm living my life.  
 Tomorrow, tomorrow.

YOUNG PATRICIA        And no pestering child can disturb you?

PATRICIA                    I live for tomorrow  
 where it's simple and clean  
 Tomorrow, tomorrow.  
 where it's sunny and mild  
 I'm living my life

YOUNG PATRICIA        And no pestering child can disturb you?

PATRICIA                    And no pestering child can disturb me

YOUNG PATRICIA        Ah, once when you were me,  
 Annabel was your tomorrow.

PATRICIA                    She's forgotten you.  
 Moved far away.  
 Has a baby, or two.

YOUNG PATRICIA        Liar!

PATRICIA                    There's your lemons for you...

YOUNG PATRICIA        Liar!

PATRICIA                    Your big love!  
 So sure you were her 'it'  
 But she doesn't give a shit.

YOUNG PATRICIA        I can't sleep without her.

PATRICIA                    Tough luck, she has a man now.  
 Your time is done.  
 You are way back when,  
 You are long ago!

YOUNG PATRICIA        No, no, I am right now!

PATRICIA                   Hmmm  
You're just a piece of fluff in my head.  
A piece of me  
stuck in my teeth  
I'd thought I'd buried you  
deep underneath

YOUNG PATRICIA       Scilingo's been talking  
to that journalist, Verbitsky.  
He's going to spill his beans on tv.  
And not just his beans  
but his bowl and his soup.

PATRICIA                   I don't give a damn what Scilingo will spill.  
  
Listen; you with your chatterings,  
It's not time to remember.  
I remembered enough. Enough!  
Leave your mutterings.  
Get back in your hole in my head.  
When I got out, I spoke.  
Did what I could.  
Red Cross, Nunca Mas,  
Now I'm done.  
Done for good.

PATRICIA                   I live for tomorrow  
Where it's sunny and mild  
I live for tomorrow  
Where it's simple and clean.

YOUNG PATRICIA       You were wearing pajamas  
when they knocked on the door.  
You were sixteen.

PATRICIA                   No. I was never sixteen.

YOUNG PATRICIA       It was morning.

PATRICIA                   T<sup>2</sup>was noon.

YOUNG PATRICIA       July 28th.

PATRICIA                   July 30th.

YOUNG PATRICIA Just keeping you on your toes.  
I was 16

PATRICIA So long ago. the Ice age.

YOUNG PATRICIA Neolithic, the dark ages

PATRICIA I live for tomorrow  
Where it's sunny and mild

YOUNG PATRICIA But I feel quite fresh.  
Like an apple.

PATRICIA An apple from seventy six?  
Then you're rotten and black.

YOUNG PATRICIA You! You....  
You are a bitch.  
Slurping from the river Styx.  
How did I grow up to be you?

PATRICIA I told my story.

YOUNG PATRICIA You didn't tell it in court.

PATRICIA There is no court for the past.  
No court, no.  
There is no court for the past.  
No court, no past  
Not in Argentina.  
You are a head-ache.

YOUNG PATRICIA I'm not a headache – I'm an architect!!

## SCENE 1B

YOUNG PATRICIA I refuse to go back in that hole in your head!  
I want to be an Architect!  
I want to build a new Santa Fe.  
It was founded in 1573  
And I think it's time for a change.  
I'm building a city,  
It's a secret that nobody knows.

Late at night  
With my pencil and ruler and string  
I'm measuring Paradise, penciling Paradise.  
I'm going to be an Architect.  
I'm going to build a new Santa Fe.  
It was founded in 1573  
And I think it's time for a change.  
I'm building a new Santa Fe,  
Sweet home of my birth.  
Move over Mister Lloyd Wright!  
I'm going to be an Architect like no other  
No other on earth.

You'll see, you'll see  
The Mayor will give me the key to the city!  
My streets will be made of white sand  
from the sea  
So you can bring shells on your way to find me.  
My houses will be so grand and so tall  
When you open the door, the clouds  
come to call

I'm building a city. I just turned 16.  
I'm already a city inside  
I feel the designs just under my skin.  
I'm aching to begin.  
It's a secret...

RAMOS

Don't be afraid. No one is allowed  
to touch you but me.

YOUNG PATRICIA

You are not here!

RAMOS

Sure I am. You just can't see me  
We have you blindfolded.  
But you can hear me.

## SCENE 2

SCILINGO                    Killer, remember me.  
                                  Maybe tonight I'll sleep...

CHORUS /  
YOUNG PATRICIA        Late, late at night  
                                  Measuring Paradise  
                                  Measuring memory  
                                  A city, a secret...  
                                  A secret that no one knows  
                                  And everyone knows  
                                  A secret...

SCILINGO                    I feel my hand on his back  
                                  He says, "Remember me."

CHORUS                    We were blind.  
                                  Like every child, I dreamed I could fly.  
                                  Rise like a bird, chart the sky.  
                                  We were all still alive  
                                  He talked! He told the truth!  
                                  We went up in a plane!

YOUNG PATRICIA        We went up in a plane today?

SCILINGO                    Not today, not today  
                                  In the time of the Junta...

CHORUS                    Today, it's always today.

SCILINGO                    It was a long time ago.  
                                  I was just a lieutenant.  
                                  Now I'm retired.  
                                  I have a garden and a daughter.  
                                  My wife makes the best soup in Argentina.

YOUNG PATRICIA        His wife makes the best soup.

SCILINGO                    I served Argentina,  
                                  Cast the net wide,  
                                  Artists, teachers, scientists...  
                                  I cast my net wide,  
                                  Above and below

I told those criminals  
 “You reap what you sow”.

SCILINGO I needed an answer  
 I wrote, I called.  
 They deny the orders they gave us!  
 They deny their faithful servants.  
 But my superiors disowned all  
 their loyal shadows  
 They deny Adolfo Francisco Scilingo.

SOLO MALE VOICE You told your story  
 But you didn’t tell them about me.

SCILINGO I can’t remember  
 Can’t remember the details.

CHORUS Liar.  
 You remember every face!  
 At night we lean over your bed  
 And fluff up your pillowcase.

YOUNG PATRICIA Every face at night!

CHORUS Like every child, I dreamed I could fly.  
 Dive like a bird, chart the sky.  
 I feel his hand on my back  
 His touch almost tender  
 I beg him...  
 He’s a young man like me

SCILINGO I feel my hand on his back  
 He begs me “remove the blindfold”

CHORUS So white the sky, so cool the air.  
 Just seconds, seconds, seconds...  
 The blue sea is rolling below  
 The water as beautiful as home.  
 Water as hard as stone.

SCILINGO It’s all blurred into one

PATRICIA No! Not in my house.  
Get them out!

YOUNG PATRICIA Ramos is back!!  
And Scilingo,  
He pushed us out of a plane.

PATRICIA You have never flown.  
You survived!  
Those ones. They died.  
Not you. You lived.

YOUNG PATRICIA What's the difference between the living  
and the dead?

PATRICIA The dead don't drink soup.

### SCENE 3

RAMOS sleep...  
The world will turn without you  
sleep...  
The world will be safe without you.

PATRICIA You are not allowed in my sleep.  
You still look the same...

RAMOS I've always been young.  
Admit you find me handsome.

PATRICIA Don't touch me!

RAMOS I don't need to touch you.  
I'm in every breath that you breathe.  
I'm part of your body and soul.  
Without me you wouldn't be whole.

PATRICIA You're trembling, you're afraid!

RAMOS I'm never afraid.

PATRICIA Liar. You're here...  
You're here because of Scilingo.

RAMOS I'm here because I miss you.

PATRICIA He talked, told all!  
Scilingo broke the pact of silence.

RAMOS Listen:  
You can't take us to court. It's too late.  
The Amnesty laws are tight.  
Remember, Punto Final drew the line.  
I have my rights.

PATRICIA Afraid you'll get a knock at the door?

RAMOS Never

PATRICIA Never again!

RAMOS Don't break my heart.

PATRICIA You broke our agreement to stay out  
of my head.

RAMOS I break anything I want

PATRICIA I won't speak to you again.

RAMOS You say that every time.

PATRICIA One day I'll find what I need to destroy you.

RAMOS Have you forgotten, if not for me,  
You would never have found Annabella...

PATRICIA Annabella brought me life again

RAMOS She cleaned you up  
You fell in love  
Your body was a grave  
after we questioned you

PATRICIA Get out of my dreams, Bastard!

RAMOS Fine. It's over. Let it rest.  
Resentment is a rocking chair.  
So much motion...  
And it doesn't go anywhere.

PATRICIA After all these years, I can still smell  
your stink between my legs.

## SCENE 4

PATRICIA                    It's a sketch - for a library...

YOUNG PATRICIA        Looks like a jail.  
Where's the door?

PATRICIA                    I forgot. So what?  
Books cannot scream.

YOUNG PATRICIA        A book is alive.  
Tear out some pages,  
And it no longer makes sense

PATRICIA                    No one will notice that pages are missing.

YOUNG PATRICIA        Books know what's missing.  
They come out of their prisons at night  
Wander the streets,  
Looking for the pages  
That were ripped from their spines.  
Books know what's missing,  
I am a book, missing some pages.

PATRICIA                    I can't work with you here.

YOUNG PATRICIA        Everything you draw looks like Station  
Number 2,  
Where they first took you.

PATRICIA                    One. It was Station Number 1.

YOUNG PATRICIA        They softened you up.

PATRICIA                    Like butter. Then they moved me to

YOUNG PATRICIA /     Station Number 4.  
PATRICIA

YOUNG PATRICIA        Remember what happened there...

PATRICIA                    That's enough.

YOUNG PATRICIA        What?

PATRICIA                    You want me to 'share'?  
To shed some more tears?

To weep and to wail?  
'Oh how awful, how abominable,  
how terrifying...'  
Oh, how could such things happen to me?  
Boo hoo. let's all cry together.  
And then we'll go out to dinner.

YOUNG PATRICIA How did I grow up to be you?  
What a cunt.  
Okay. I'll go...  
I'll go when you put Ramos and Brusa and the  
others away.

PATRICIA You saw Scilingo!

RADIO  
ANNOUNCER Adolfo Scilingo,

SCILINGO We told them  
We were taking them to an island.  
The drugs made them sleepy and easy.  
I guided them on to the plane.  
"Have a nice flight."  
I stripped them.  
Their clothes were so thin  
I could pull them off  
Without unbuttoning them.  
One by sleepy one,  
I pushed them out of the plane.  
Compared to a bullet,  
Was it more humane?

PATRICIA Scilingo and the others are all walking free,  
Promoted!

YOUNG PATRICIA They're slurping their soup.

PATRICIA Promoted!!

YOUNG PATRICIA They're stirring their tea

YOUNG PATRICIA / Promoted to Judges and Officers!  
 PATRICIA As though it never happened.  
 As though we never happened.  
 Meanwhile a body is falling through air.  
 Falling...

PATRICIA No! No, no, no, no!  
 To hell with amnesty laws!  
 Such laws are illegal.  
 They knocked on my door.

YOUNG PATRICIA I was in my pajamas.  
 First Station one, then Station four  
 I remember.

PATRICIA / They took me away.  
 YOUNG PATRICIA

YOUNG PATRICIA My panties were orange and blue.

## SCENE 5

CHORUS Details. Remember the details.  
 Ask the right questions.  
 Take a note.  
 Visit the stations.

PATRICIA Cross reference. Take a note.  
 Go back to the same place.  
 Keep on...

CHORUS Remember the face.

PATRICIA Where are they now?  
 What are their tricks?  
 Victor Brusa?

PATRICIA / They are mayors and judges.  
 CHORUS

PATRICIA Incredible! Mario Facino!

CHORUS Write down the names  
 Take a note  
 Make a detailed report

PATRICIA                    How long will this take?  
                                  To do all this work?  
                                  To create a design  
                                  Of murder and torture?

CHORUS                    Don't worry your head  
                                  with the details of time.

PATRICIA                    Just how much time?  
                                  A year or two?

CHORUS                    You won't be alone. Others will help.

PATRICIA                    I've got the stamina.  
                                  Three years or four?

CHORUS                    We must have evidence

PATRICIA                    I know how to build.  
                                  I will build this case.  
                                  How?

CHORUS                    You'll cross the sea  
                                  Find a lawyer abroad

PATRICIA                    Someone must make the case.  
                                  Who has authority to challenge the law

CHORUS                    He's a Spanish judge  
                                  His name is Garzon

PATRICIA                    Garzon, Spain!  
                                  How long will this take?  
                                  Four years? Five years?

CHORUS                    In the end  
                                  You will have spent  
                                  Thirty three years of your life.

PATRICIA                    Thirty three years?

CHORUS                    Give or take a few days.

PATRICIA                    Thirty three years!

YOUNG PATRICIA        Your hair will turn grey!

PATRICIA No.  
I'm still a young woman  
I want to work,  
I want to play,  
I want to live!

CHORUS You are not the only one  
Who went to hell.  
Compared to others,  
You've done quite well.

PATRICIA No. I won't do it!  
can't do it.

YOUNG PATRICIA Stop whining!  
The clock is ticking.  
Get to work.  
Or it will take fifty years!

CHORUS Ticking, ticking, ticking...

CHORUS You must do it.  
You must be the one to do it.

PATRICIA Can I do it? Can I be the one to do it?  
I must do it. I must be the one to do it.

YOUNG PATRICIA Knock knock.

PATRICIA Who's there?

YOUNG PATRICIA The court! Order in the court!!

# ASK ME

PATRICIA

Ask me about torture, I'll spell it out clear.  
I won't hold back details, I've lost that fear.  
But why not ask of love?

Ever had someone rinse the blood  
from your hair?  
Ever had someone feed you when you  
no longer cared?

Or touch you where you thought  
you were dead?

Or clear the screams from your head?

Ever had someone put their finger on your  
hip?

Breathe on your thigh and launch you  
like a ship?

Ever fell in love and you can't stop falling?

Or wanted someone so much, the burn is still  
calling?

Ask me about torture, I'll spell it out clear.  
I won't hold back details, I've long lost that fear.  
But why not ask of love?

## ACT II

### SCENE 1A

CHORUS Judge Victor Brusa!  
BRUSA She says we detained her?  
BRUSA / RAMOS at Station Number 4?  
BRUSA / RAMOS / FACINO Ridiculous.  
BRUSA If she was a minor,  
We'd have shown her the door.  
FACINO / RAMOS Besides, it would have been recorded!  
BRUSA / RAMOS / FACINO How can we possibly recall  
What's past, done and dusted?  
It's all quite impossible.  
RAMOS Besides, I didn't have a choice!  
BRUSA What? You were the loudest voice!  
FACINO I was for reason. They used force.  
BRUSA / RAMOS / FACINO We know the law.  
We believe in order  
What do you take us for?  
BRUSA / RAMOS / FACINO / CHORUS When the government fell  
The nation cried out for protection.  
CHORUS WOMEN Danger! Subversion!  
FACINO I had a most important job...  
RAMOS / BRUSA / FACINO My job, was a most important job!  
FACINO ...detaining subversives  
at Station Number 4.  
CHORUS The Mayor? of Santa Fe? Unbelievable.  
RAMOS I was 24; employed as an analyst.

YOUNG PATRICIA Interrogator! Undercover.  
 CHORUS The Minister of Culture?  
 RAMOS You can't believe a word from a woman like her.  
 RAMOS / BRUSA / We can't recall if we detained her or not.  
 FACINO Memory?  
 No, it's a lie. All lies galore.  
 What do you take us for?  
 We know the law  
 We went to school  
 The School of the Americas.  
 We have diplomas!  
 Lastly, lets not forget  
 The spirit of the Law  
 The Law of Due Obedience.  
 We did what we did  
 For Due Obedience.  
 CHORUS Obedience...  
 RAMOS I was young. I just followed orders.  
 BRUSA I never hurt a fly, just ask my lawyers.  
 I was 28. A court secretary.  
 I took statements. Nothing more.  
 CHORUS Now you're over sixty and a Federal Judge!  
 FACINO Those two; they were the enforcers.  
 BRUSA He lies, they lie, I argued for discharge.  
 RAMOS They lie. They were in charge.  
 FACINO He liked the ones who were underage.  
 FORD MANAGER Excuse me!  
 YOUNG PATRICIA Who the hell are you?

FORD MANAGER      The man with the better ideas:  
the company man.  
Ford gave you better ideas.  
Business was a whole new thing!  
Was the way to swing,  
Was the going thing!  
Ford gave you better ideas  
We warmed you, transformed you...

CHORUS              Torture took place on Ford's company property.

YOUNG PATRICIA    Silence!

BRUSA / RAMOS     She says we detained her?  
at Station number four?  
Ridiculous.  
If she was a minor  
We'd have shown her the door

FACINO              Might I add, your honour,  
It was a sign at that difficult time  
In imitation of Christ,  
We punished the guilty,  
And dismembered the poltergeist.

CHORUS / BRUSA /  
RAMOS              Punto Final!

FACINO              A General told me,  
"We're going to kill  
All of the subversives,  
Then their collaborators,  
Then their sympathizers,  
Then the indifferent"

YOUNG PATRICIA    Even the indifferent ?

FACINO              Of course the indifferent!  
And then the timid!

CHORUS /  
BRUSA / RAMOS     Punto Final drew the line!

FACINO “We’re going to kill  
All of the subversives,  
Then their collaborators,  
Then their sympathizers,  
Then the indifferent”

YOUNG PATRICIA Then the timid!

BRUSA That woman is a traitor!  
She and her foreign lawyer!  
It is uncivilized and unsanitary  
To open old wounds.  
This assault on amnesty laws,  
Trumpeting ‘crimes against humanity’  
It shows she harbors the flaws  
Of someone whose lost her sanity!

FACINO Partisan politics!

BRUSA Not to mention the fact that Patricia,  
Who presents herself as  
So sweet and soft-core...

FACINO Why, she might be a whore!

VARIOUS VOICES A whore? Who says she’s a whore? Is she lying?  
OF CHORUS Is she making this up?  
She’s a victim. A subversive. A collaborator.

RAMOS I diagnose a poisonous mix  
of Marx, Freud and Einstein,

FACINO Hostility to all that is Christian.

BRUSA An aim to erase our beloved Argentina!

YOUNG PATRICIA Silence! You!  
You are NOT one of the desaparecidas.

PATRICIA No. I’m not. I lived.

RAMOS She lived and she wants to complain?

YOUNG PATRICIA This is a court for complaints. Go ahead...

## SCENE 1B

PATRICIA I was sixteen  
I was in school  
it was so nice,  
it was amazing!  
We were students.  
We worked for more art  
We made toys for the poor.  
We took the toys to the barrios.  
We drank mate with strangers.  
Why were they strangers?

CHORUS Why were you strangers?  
Why are we still poor?

PATRICIA We drank mate with strangers  
Why were they strangers?

CHORUS WOMEN Why were you strangers?

CHORUS They took her away  
She got caught in the clutter  
of those inconvenient to the system of misery!  
Patricia was fresh as pure butter

YOUNG PATRICIA Butter!  
This is not a cooking show.  
Stick to the facts.  
In a nut shell.

PATRICIA In a nut - shell?  
I have seven,  
I have 17 suitcases  
stuffed with the facts.  
Evidence.

PATRICIA /  
CHORUS It must all be brought in.

PATRICIA There were over five hundred secret prisons!

PATRICIA /  
CHORUS Hundreds of children born in those prisons  
and given away

CHORUS                    Given away to military families

PATRICIA                 Thirty thousand people were disappeared.  
To silence us  
They took one or two from each school.  
From my school: thirty!!  
Brusa had his list  
These are the facts.

BRUSA                     Hypocrisy!  
The facts are as solid as air.  
In that time:  
Instability, insurgents, insurrection, armed  
rebellion!  
And we kept you safe.  
And now?

## SCENE 1C

BRUSA                     In a world of such vast deprivation,  
Where just bad water  
Produces yearly slaughter  
you point a finger at me?  
Look at it, if you will, in terms of scale.  
It's like comparing an elephant to a snail.  
Why pick on me?  
Think about the global economy.  
How many per day  
Die clean away?  
And who will pay  
For that neo-liberal auto-da-fe?

BRUSA / CHORUS        Fatherland, Motherland, Homeland, Hooray!  
To keep the house clean, there's a small price  
to pay.  
Don't be short sighted...

BRUSA I'm just a straw man,  
 A target you can hit without fail  
 Though you ignore the coffin,  
 you cry for the nail.  
 Why pick on me?  
 When it's plain to see  
 That torture is a fee  
 For our free market/capitalist luxury.

BRUSA / CHORUS Fatherland, Motherland, Homeland, Hooray!  
 To keep the house clean, there's a small  
 price to pay.

BRUSA / CHORUS Don't be short sighted!

FORD MANAGER The Grill, the Submarine...

BRUSA You point a finger at me?  
 Was I really so very ugly?

FORD MANAGER For good ideas to really gain traction,  
 A little dose of fear is needed for action.  
 To keep the house clean,  
 There's a small price to pay.  
 The Grill, the Submarine, the Parrot's perch.  
 That's the way it's always been.  
 Our ideas trump yours.  
 Good ideas trump laws.

BRUSA /  
 FORD MAN Fatherland, Motherland, Homeland, Hooray!  
 To keep the house clean, there's a small  
 price to pay.

FORD MANAGER Our ideas trump yours.  
 Good ideas trump laws.

BRUSA Was I really so very ugly

## SCENE 2A

RAMOS Patricia...  
 I still like tasting your name.

PATRICIA You can't in-ti-mi-date me.

RAMOS                    Your friend Jorge vanished today.  
                                 He won't testify again.  
                                 Silvia Suppo is most likely next.  
                                 She should shut her trap.  
                                 None of this is personal.

PATRICIA                You raped me.

RAMOS                    I don't remember.

PATRICIA                Your friends ejaculated on me.  
                                 And laughed.

RAMOS                    Listen!  
                                 Although Adolfo Francisco Scilingo  
                                 Now sits in a Spanish jail  
                                 To try that with us is bound to fail.  
                                 With all due respect,  
                                 I'm warning you:  
                                 Be more circumspect!  
                                 We all have our wheres  
                                 And our whens and our whys;  
                                 Our alibis.  
                                 That Spanish lawyer of yours,  
                                 He's not Jewish by any chance?

PATRICIA                You murdered thousands  
                                 For the simple reason  
                                 They rejected their poverty.  
                                 That was their treason.

RAMOS                    Yes, the new disappeared are the poor  
                                 in the world.  
                                 Why don't you testify for them?  
                                 You have such a good heart for humankind.  
                                 You're good at this.  
                                 You should write a book.

PATRICIA                Eduardo Ramos  
                                 Have you ever known love?

RAMOS                    I don't remember.

## SCENE 2B

SINGLE VOICES  
FROM  
THE CHORUS

My daughter was wearing that yellow raincoat.  
My son was wearing that ugly hat, his favorite.  
She is 8 months pregnant, coming home  
from school.  
His arms are full of books he is going  
to the library.

CHORUS

Un dia mas,  
We will never stop looking  
We will never stop calling their names  
Love, what do we do with this love?  
Where is my daughter?  
Where is my son?  
We will never stop looking  
We will never stop calling their names

We no longer work  
We no longer sleep  
We will never stop looking  
You took them alive.  
We want them back alive!

The worst is not knowing,  
but sometimes the knowing  
is knowing in your heart that she's dead.  
One day you let out a breath  
and he's no longer in it  
A single breath, and you know...

That lady there, I envy her.  
She knows how her daughter was tortured  
then buried with a bullet in her back.  
I envy that mother, she has a body to mourn.  
We want them back alive!

## SCENE 3

CHORUS Patricia Isasa.  
We have read your reports  
Your dates, your times, your places  
Your memory of faces!  
Now is the time. Tell us the details, all the  
details.  
Patricia, are you ready?

PATRICIA I've been waiting to speak to this court for  
thirty-three years.  
I'm ready.

YOUNG PATRICIA Wait.  
I'm not ready!

PATRICIA But this is what we worked for:  
So the whole world will know.

YOUNG PATRICIA They know already!  
We are famous for being tortured and raped.  
Everyone knows.  
They know the outline.  
The rest is private.

PATRICIA What happened to us was not a private matter.

YOUNG PATRICIA No,  
I was a child.  
I was in my pajamas.  
That's enough evidence to put them away.  
I say no..

PATRICIA July 30th. 1976. They brought me here.  
It was noon.  
They tied my feet to my hands.  
They beat me.  
They kept me like this for one week.  
After one week two men...

YOUNG PATRICIA Please stop. Not like this.  
 I will do it.  
 I must be the one to do it.

YOUNG PATRICIA Two men appeared.  
 They played good cop and bad cop.  
 They said I should talk for my own good.  
 One of them said “That one is crazy”.  
 The crazy one?

RAMOS Eduardo Ramos. That’s me.

YOUNG PATRICIA They led me to a room  
 gave me water and a lemon.

RAMOS And Ramos said:  
 Tell me if anyone touches you.  
 Because I am the only one who can touch you.

Young PATRICIA Shut up. This is our turn.

PATRICIA I couldn’t believe it.  
 I was his property.

YOUNG PATRICIA No one knows where you are.

PATRICIA He was God.

RECORDED No one knows where I am  
 VOICE of I say how is it possible?  
 PATRICIA No voy a permitir que me maten.  
 Voy a vivir.  
 This moment is going to finish.  
 I am going to be alive.  
 Pay attention for all the details.  
 Remember.  
 Two windows  
 The floor.  
 The smell  
 Remember  
 Listen, a name...  
 I’m going to be the same person  
 Yo voy a contar esta historia  
 I am going to tell the story!

Victor Hermes Brusa - 21 years of prison  
Mario José Facino - 20 years of prison  
Eduardo Alberto Ramos - 23 years of prison

We're joined by a torture survivor from the dictatorship - Patricia Isasa. She was a 16-year-old student union organizer in 1976 when she was kidnapped by police and soldiers, tortured, and held prisoner without trial for two and a half years. After a long legal battle to bring her torturers to justice, 6 of her 9 torturers were recently sentenced to prison. Broadcasting from Buenos Aires.

## SCENE 4

PATRICIA                      Five long hours I spoke!

YOUNG PATRICIA          We even made a joke, or two!

PATRICIA                      Now it's all on record.

YOUNG PATRICIA          Forever.

PATRICIA                      Thank god it's over.  
   Although there are others just like me,  
   who wait

YOUNG PATRICIA          Right now, waiting for justice

PATRICIA                      Although we are all still afraid

YOUNG PATRICIA          Sometimes.

PATRICIA                      But you are me and I am them

YOUNG PATRICIA          And they are me and I am you

PATRICIA /  
YOUNG PATRICIA          And we are them.

PATRICIA                      Those who silence and destroy,  
   If they come again,  
   When they come again,  
   We'll be ready.

YOUNG PATRICIA / We're not alone,  
PATRICIA We're not alone.  
Never more.  
We're going to build our city.  
Late at night in our rooms  
With our ruler and string  
We are measuring paradise,  
We're going to build our city.  
A luminous city  
We're building our city.  
Everyone knows.

YOUNG PATRICIA We are building a new Santa Fe  
It's time for a change!  
And everyone knows!

PATRICIA It's a secret that everyone knows.

YOUNG PATRICIA Are we ready?

PATRICIA Yes. We are ready.

YOUNG PATRICIA / Who is here?

PATRICIA

- THE END -



COMPAGNIE LYRIQUE  
DE CRÉATION

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