

Sergio Blanco

Kassandra

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*\* Esta pieza ha sido escrita en el inglés precario de su personaje Kassandra que apenas conoce este idioma, y en el inglés insuficiente de su autor que lo desconoce por completo. Se trata de una lengua de sobrevivencia tanto para el uno como para el otro. Esto último es el punto de encuentro entre ambos: subsistencia vital para «quien es escrito» y subsistencia literaria para «quien escribe». De este modo, la extrema llaneza lingüística de ambos usuarios coincide en esta pieza que no es un juego de*

*estilo ni un capricho formalista, sino un desesperado intento de sobrevivencia. Y puesto que esta precariedad lingüística será justamente el soporte fundamental de todo este texto, su traducción a otra lengua queda terminante prohibida, exceptuando las didascalias que han sido escritas en español.*

*A el/la...*

*Y lo más atroz que escuché aún,  
fue el grito de Casandra,  
la hija de Príamo...*

La Odisea  
Canto XI  
Homero

*Entonces también abrió la boca Casandra,  
nunca creída de los Troyanos por voluntad de Apolo,  
y nos predijo los futuros destinos...*

La Eneida  
Libro II  
Virgilio

*Hace un par de años un organismo de las Naciones Unidas declaraba que las mujeres constituían casi la mitad total mundial de migrantes internacionales que entonces sumaban 95 millones. La feminización de la migración con fines laborales es un fenómeno de fines del siglo XX, en ese período aumentó el número de mujeres solas que emigraban buscando mayores ingresos y otra forma de vida. [...] Con su trabajo pagan alimentos, estudios, construcción y mejoras en sus casas, gastos médicos y servicios de salud. [...] A lo largo del mundo las mujeres migrantes trabajan en labores domésticas y en otros servicios, en fábricas, en el campo, algunas en labores técnicas. [...] La explotación y la humillación las acechan, el extremo de la condición de vida de las migrantes se expresa en la esclavitud sexual a la cual son sometidas las víctimas del tráfico de mujeres y en los casos de trabajadoras domésticas que viven en el hogar de empleadoras que no respetan horarios ni cargas de trabajo e incluyen encierro, maltrato físico, verbal y sexual. [...] Las mujeres suelen aportar todo o la mayor parte de su salario al hogar. Los estudios indican que las mujeres invierten más que los hombres en la educación de sus hijos. [...] Las que migran a países vecinos suelen enviar paquetes con ropa, objetos para la casa, medicinas, regalos y aparatos electrodomésticos.*

Fragmentos del artículo

« Las Mujeres del siglo XXI: los aportes de las migrantes »

de Elía Ramírez Rouvalis



### *Personaje*

*Kassandra, hija de Príamo y Hécuba – reyes de la desaparecida Troya –. Durante toda la pieza lleva un ajustado vestido de color leopardo, medias negras de rejillas y zapatos rojos de taco alto. Sobre el vestido leopardo, lleva una chaqueta de falso cuero del mismo color rojo que sus zapatos. Su rostro está excesivamente maquillado. Sobre su exuberante cabellera pelirroja reposan inútilmente un par de grandes lentes de sol imitación DOLCE & GABBANA. En la muñeca derecha tiene un reloj de falsa marca CHANEL. En una de las solapas de su chaqueta, tiene tres prendedores redondos de aluminio: uno reproduce la célebre insignia del grupo musical ABBA, otro el logo del equipo de fútbol MANCHESTER UNITED y un tercero, reproduce la imagen del rostro de BUGS BUNNY. De uno de sus brazos cuelga un bolso negro de cuero sintético en el que se encuentra estampado en grande, el famoso logotipo de la marca NIKE.*

### *Espacio*

*Toda la pieza deberá transcurrir hacia la medianoche en un verdadero bar extremadamente marginal y sórdido que estará ubicado en la periferia próxima de alguna ciudad. Se tratará de uno de esos característicos locales de venta de todo tipo de bebidas que suelen ser mal frecuentados y que se encuentran muy próximos de algún puerto, de alguna estación de trenes o de alguna terminal de buses. Sentada*



*frente al mostrador, Kassandra parece estar aguardando a alguien mientras consulta su teléfono móvil al mismo tiempo que fuma y bebe de un vaso de leche.*

KASSANDRA, *mientras termina de escribir un texto en el teclado de su teléfono móvil y sin dejar de observar a los espectadores.* Marlboro... Marlboro... Marlboro... *Luego de haber terminado de escribir su texto y haber guardado su teléfono en uno de los bolsillos de su chaqueta.* Marlboro... Marlboro... Marlboro... *De su bolso saca un paquete de cigarrillos Marlboro y discretamente lo ofrece a distintos espectadores.* Marlboro... Marlboro... Marlboro... *Se dirige a un espectador.* Marlboro... Four dollars... No?... Dou you smoke?... No?... Why?... Why you not smoking?... Yes... You!... Why?... Three... Three dollars... *Señalándolo con una de sus manos.* For you three dollars... That's ok?... You are my friend... For you only three dollars... It's ok?... No... Ok... *Se dirige a otro espectador.* Marlboro... You want?... Three dollars... For you three dollars... It's a good price... Really!... It's ok?... You are my friend... Also my friend... You understand?... What's your name?... What?... Ok... Hello Fernando... *Pronuncia el nombre en la lengua de sus espectadores con mucha dificultad.* I'm sorry... Sorry... I'm not speak Spanish... I'm very sorry... I can't speak your idiom... Only... Very, very little... Hombre... Casa... Sexo... Dinero... Caro... Muy caro... Hola... Señor... Muy señor amigo... I'm sorry... It's not ok... It's very difficulty for me... But I speak English... Little English... Sorry... Disculpe... Disculpa para mí señor... You are understand?... Ok!... You are my friend... *Le propone un paquete de cigarrillos Marlboro a otro de los espectadores.* Do you want Marlboro?... Listen... Listen me... For you only two dollars... That's ok... Two dollars for you... My friend Rodrigo... You are my friend... My name is Kassandra... *Señalándose a ella misma con una de sus manos.* Kassandra... You understand?... Nombre... My nombre... It's ok?... Kassandra... You know?... You know Kassandra?... Really?... The Trojan girl...

Yes... Troy... Trojans... Achaeans... The war... Ilium... The horse... Big horse... Ulysses... Achilles... Hector... Yes!... You know?... Fantastic!... And Menelaus... Helen... Agamemnon... Clytemnestra... You know?... You know Clytemnestra?... Ok... Very, very complicated woman!... Yes... Oh my god!... Very complication!... Oh!... I'm not love Clytemnestra... And you know Hector, Priam, Hecuba, Paris?... Really?... That's ok!... I'm happy... Very, very happy... You know my family!... It's funny!... It's very nice!... I love my family... Yes... *Se sienta en una de las mesas.* Priam is my father... The king of Troy... He's a remarkable man... Yes... One old, old man... He's a very immense king... A leader... I love Priam... He's my adorable father... I think about him... All days I think about my father... And Hecuba is my mother... The queen... I love very, very much!... I love my family because my family accepted me... You understand?... My family accepted my new body... But... I'm sorry... I'm not a woman... You understand now?... I'm not a girl... No... I'm a boy... I born boy... But after... I transformed my body... And now I'm Cassandra... It's ok?... You understand?... And my family accepted my new body... My mother... My father... My brothers and sisters... All family... My father ask me: why you want to be a women?... And I told: because... The first day I was a girl, my mother cry a lot... My boy... My boy... Where's my boy?... And I told: mother I'm here... I'm another but I'm the same... She cry a lot... She took me in his arms... My babe... My babe... Oh... It's very, very sweet... My mother is a wonderful women... Oh... I love my mother... She's in my heart... Yes... And Hector... You know Hector?... He's my brother... Yes... Hector and me... Brother... *De su cartera extrae una foto enmarcada de Héctor que muestra a los espectadores.* He's the more brave soldier... A colossal man... I think about him all the time... A very, very, very beautiful boy... *Besa el retrato de Héctor.* He's my preferred brother... And... And... I'm sorry... I talk for you one secret... It's ok... Ok... Hector is my amorous boy... You understand?... Hector and me... Love...

Love... Love... Sexuality relation... You understand?... Hector and me make love... Sex... Very, very intense sex... Hector is very, very good... His body... His legs... His arms... His torso... His dick... Oh!... Yes... I know... My brother... Yes... I know... No correct... Incest... But I love him... *Aprieta contra su pecho el retrato de Héctor*. And he love me... And one day my mother look Hector and me in the bed... Oh, my god!... She shout: It's not possible... Out... Out... I have ten years... Yes... Ten... And Hector sixteen years... And after Hecuba talk to my father... The king... And Priam told with Hector and me... No correct... It's not ok... The next time out of Troy... And me and Hector told him: ok, father... Sorry, father... But Hector and me continued... In secret... Sex... Sex... Sex... And sex every times... In secret... I love very much Hector... Hector is very, very nice... The sex in the morning... In the afternoon... In the night... All the time... The secret relation... One day I told to Hector... Hector I want live with you... And Hector told me: Cassandra I love you... But after, one day Hector married with Andromache... *Guarda en su cartera el retrato de Héctor*. You know Andromache? ... They married... Matrimonial obligation... And I cry a lot... Yes... I very, very sad... So... Hector live with Andromache but he make love with me... All nights Hector and me... The sex in secret... Andromache no good for sex... She is frigid... Yes... Hector told me... Andromache no good in the bed... I love Hector... And Hector love me... Hector no love Andromache... Love me... We are very, very happy... But one day... The war coming... Yes... The Trojan war... And Hector go to the war... Oh, my god!... My other brother, Paris, kidnap Helen... Yes... The beautiful Helen... The wife of Menelaus... You know Menelaus?... King of Sparta... Menelaus and Helena... The Kings... *De su cartera extrae una revista "people" y luego de buscar entre sus páginas, muestra las imágenes de una pareja navegando al sol en un yacht de lujo*. Ok?... And Paris kidnap the wife of Menelaus... Helen... My brother is crazy... Yes... Very, very crazy... Kidnap the

queen!... I speak to my brother... Paris, your travel is dangerous... I know... I can see the future... Don't go to Sparta... You will kidnap Helen... I know... I can see... You kidnap Helen and after, the war... The big war... Yes... Don't go... It's dangerous... Dangerous for you... Dangerous for me... Dangerous for father and mother... Dangerous for us... Dangerous for Troy... Paris, don't go, please... It's very dangerous... But Paris not listen me... And he go to Sparta... Kidnap Helen... Come back at Troy with Helen... And after, the war... Yes... Because Menelaus furious asked his brother the king Agamemnon to organize an expedition... You know Agamemnon?... The king of Argos... *En la misma revista busca una imagen de Agamenón que muestra a los espectadores.* Agamemnon... The big king... Menelaus asked his brother Agamemnon to organize an expedition... You understand?... An expedition to bring Helen back... The Achaeans, enraged, come to Troy... Menelaus, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Achilles, Ajax... And the war begin... Oh my good!... The very, very horrible war... *Siempre en la misma revista busca toda una serie de imágenes de guerra que muestra a los espectadores.* The enormous war... I told my father... Father I am not go to the war... The war is stupid... Very, very idiot... All day the deads... Thousands and thousands of deads... Why?... Because Paris love Helen... It's not possible... The war is very, very disastrous for Troy... Very terrible for the Trojans... Because we lose brothers, sisters, friends, husbands, sons... And I... I lose Hector... Yes... Hector is dead in the war... Yes... Achilles killed Hector... Achilles after killing Hector, he stripped him, bound him behind his chariot and dragged him to the Achaean camp... I remember the day... Very, very sad day... My mother... Very difficult... Yes... And me too... Someone talk: Hector is dead... And me: what?... Hector is dead... I remember... Yes... For me, very, very heavy... Why?... Why?... Why?... And his body very, very destroyed... I wash his body with water... His legs... His arms... His torso... The blood... The scars... Horrible... I speak with the cadaver... I told:

my brother... My love... My boy... My father... My angel... My life... My soldier... My man... Yes!... Very, very heavy... And I think of my mother... Hecuba... Yes... She suffered... After Hector, Astyanax... Little Astyanax... Oh!... For my mother, very, very difficult... You know Astyanax?... *Muestra la foto de un niño muerto en los brazos de una madre que lo levanta en alto.* Hecuba believe Astyanax is her grandson... My mother believe Astyanax is son of Hector... But Astyanax is not son of Hector... No... I know the veritable history... Astyanax is not son of Andromache and Hector... Because, Andromache make love with Achilles... Yes... Astyanax is a son of Achilles... Not of Hector... But, my mother didn't know... She kiss to dead body of Astyanax... Very, very heavy for Hecuba... And for my father... The war is very, very, very hard for them... My mother and my father see dead all their sons and all their daughters... My brothers and sisters... Hecuba and Priam see the destruction of the family... The destruction of the Troy... Oh... It's very sad... Very, very sad... Oh... I'm sorry... All days I think about my mother and my father... My mother is dead and my father is dead too... But my father no have sepulture... No funeral... No tomb... He's a missing... *Silencio.* A missing person... Yes... All days I think about my father... And I cry... Yes... Y cry very, very long time... But when I am sad, you know, I think of Bugs Bunny... Yes... Bugs Bunny... You know Bugs Bunny?... I love Bugs Bunny... That's all folks!... I love... Yes... Bugs Bunny is my idol... It's very, very nice... In my bedroom, everywhere Bugs Bunny... Posters of Bugs Bunny, little statues of Bugs Bunny, my towel is Bugs Bunny... Yes... Look... Look... Wait a moment... Look... *De su cartera extrae una toalla de playa en la cual hay impresa una imagen de Bugs Bunny.* Bugs Bunny!... I love Bugs Bunny... That's all folks!... It's very, very funny... He is my friend... *Besa el rostro de Bugs Bunny impreso en la toalla.* In my bedroom, I live with Bugs Bunny... Bugs Bunny... Bugs Bunny... Bugs Bunny... In my small bedroom... In the hotel... I live in the hotel... I lion

Hotel... Yes... And I live with Bugs Bunny... He is very, very crazy... Yes... Bugs Bunny is crazy... But me not crazy... No... It's ok?... I'm not crazy... I'm Cassandra... But I'm not crazy... Everybody say: Cassandra is crazy... Crazy woman... Dangerous girl... Cassandra is wild... Extreme person... But it is not true... I'm not crazy... Sorry... Aeschylus and Euripides writed about me... Yes... Writed plays... Tragedies... You know?... The greek tragedies... Agamemnon ... The Trojans... And me, in all tragedies, I am crazy... But it's not true... I am not crazy... Aeschylus and Euripides are stupid... I am sorry... The plays are good... Very, very good quality... I love the greek tragedies... But the story is not true... It is not good... Yes... I'm sorry... And I think Aeschylus and Euripides, and Sophocles also, they are not just with me... No... Because they writed plays about all woman: Antigone, Electra, Andromache, Medea, Hecuba, Helen, Iphigenia... But not writed a play about me... No... No play about Cassandra... No... Only one very, very little character in tragedies... It's not just... Sorry... Only a little crazy character ... Very crazy... Hysteric... And it's not true... I'm sorry... But I not crazy... I'm not a girl... I'm not a boy... I know... It's complicated... It's ok... But... I'm not crazy... Sorry... Euripides not know I am a boy... No... He think I am woman... Yes... And he writed a tragedy, The Trojan Women... Very, very good... But not just with me... In this tragedy I am crazy... Hysteric girl... Yes... You know The Trojan Women?... Very, very important tragedy... I agree... But not just with me... Not good with me... Sorry... All the time, I have with me The Trojan Women ... And I can read for you my speech in the tragedy... It is very, very little... I want read for you my speech, my not just speech... Crazy speech... Sorry, but I not love Euripides... The tragedy is good, but my character it's no good... Very, very nice, but not true... I want read for you... Ok... Wait a moment... *De su cartera extrae un libro, se trata de una antigua edición en griego de "Las Troyanas" de Eurípides.* Here... The play... I have with me all time... Yes... I travel all time

with the book... Yes... I travel in the world with the book and... And... Wait a moment, please... Wait a moment... I travel with the book and with the mask... *De su cartera extrae una máscara de Bugs Bunny.* Yes... Bugs Bunny... The mask of Bugs Bunny... Look... It's very nice... I love Bugs Bunny... Do you like?... I love... Look... *Se pone sobre su rostro la máscara de Bugs Bunny.* I'm Bugs Bunny... That's all folks!... It's funny... That's ok... Now I want read for you my little passage in Euripides... Ok?... Wait a moment... *Busca un pasaje entre las páginas del libro que tiene abierto entre sus manos.* It's here... Ok... And... I read in Greek... Original Greek and after I translate for you... Translate ... It's ok?... Listen... Listen Euripides... *Con una voz calma lee en griego antiguo la primera estrofa y antistrofa del primer parlamento del personaje de Casandra de la pieza "Las Troyanas" de Eurípides, mientras su rostro está siempre escondido detrás de la máscara de Bugs Bunny.* Oh... It's very, very nice... *Cierra el libro y se quita la máscara de Bugs Bunny.* Very poetic... Lyrical... Yes... I remember this day... The day of destruction of Troy... I remember my mother... She cried why, why, why?... And me too... All women cried why?... Why?... The war is stupid... Very, very stupid... I know... The fire destructed Troy... My mother, me and my sisters, looking the fire destructing Troy... I remember this day... This day is in my head... In my heart... This day is the last day for me with my mother and sister... Yes... Last day... Because in the night Agamemnon came to keep me away... Yes... Agamemnon rape me... When the war is finish, it's ok for the Achaeans but it's not ok for the Trojans... The Trojans are vanquish... My family is vanquish... The city of Troy is finish... All my family finish... All finish... Mother... Father... Brothers... Sisters... All finish in the war... You understand?... Me, Trojan... My life finish... But Agamemnon talk me... The king Agamemnon talk me... I love you... You are my slave... And me I talk him... Ok... Why not?... You are a king... I am your slave... Your girlfriend... Why not?... And my mother... No... No... It's



not possible... All Trojan women shout: no... Not possible... But I confess... When I see Agamemnon, I think: oh my god!... Yes... Y think: he's very, very beautiful... I want to be his slave... I want... Sorry but Agamemnon is a fantastic man... A immense man... I know... I know... He's my enemy... The adversary of my family... I know... Agamemnon is the rival... The enemy... My enemy... But I love Agamemnon... Yes... I know... It's not correct... It's not logic... But a man is a man... I sorry but I love Agamemnon... My love for him is very, very special... And... And very, very sexual... Yes... Agamemnon and me... Very, very sex... Yes... The first night... Oh my god... Agamemnon is a horse... Yes... Very impulsive... Very hot... Very open in sex... Yes... For him nothing is taboo... Nothing is prohibited... He's very, very hard... *Ríe*. Yes... And I like the sex hard... Agamemnon is very open... I know... He like the oral sex, the anal sex, the radical sex... He's excited all times... Yes... He like make sex... In the room, in the beach, in the street, on the table, on the chair, on the bed... Agamemnon is the king of sex... Yes... My king of sex... I love Agamemnon... In my life two man: Hector and Agamemnon... Hector is a romantic history... You understand?... The romantic love... And Agamemnon is a sexual story... Yes... Passion love... Hector is my boyfriend... Agamemnon is my sexual man... Yes... My two lovers... I love Hector and I love Agamemnon... Agamemnon is very, very gentleman with me... I respect Agamemnon... He's a splendid man... He's a king... I liked make love with him... And I liked to listen Agamemnon... He speak many idioms... Yes... He speak very good... And he love me... Yes... All the time presents, flowers, perfumes... And all the time sex, sex, and sex... No stop, never... Yes... Oh my god... But I liked... Yes... I liked very much... Do you want to know why?... Ok... I will tell you something... Ok... For you... It's a secret... But you are my friend... Agamemnon has a big dick... *Hace un gesto con sus dos manos*. Yes... You understand?... Big dick... Agamemnon is a horse... Yes... The horse of Troy is the

dick of Agamemnon... It's true... And I like big dicks... Yes... I like very, very much... I love men with big dick... Menelaos for example, has a small dick... Yes... *Con una de sus manos hace un gesto*. Very, very small... I know because I looked at Menelaos... Very, very small... Helen go with Paris because Menelaos very, very small dick... Everybody know... Yes... And Paris has a big dick... I know because I looked at my brother... Paris, no sex with me, but I looked at his sex all the time... Yes... He has a big dick... And Helen like big dicks... But, Menelaos... Very small... Small dick and sexually precocious... Yes... I know because I make sex with Menelaos... One day... Only one day... Yes... I know because... Because... So... Ok... I will tell everything... Me... During the war... Yes, during the war I make sex with all Achaeans... Yes... With all enemies... Yes, I know... It's not correct but for me a man is a man every times... I not like war... I like love... Sex... During the war I make love... Menelaos, Ajax, Patroklos, Nestor, Diomedes... And... And... Achilles... Yes... Achilles... The assassin of Hector... I know... But yes... Oh... Ajax has a big dick... I love Ajax... He's very, very crazy... Yes... I know all Achaeans... All enemies excepted Odysseus... You know Odysseus?... He's a very noble boy... Yes... *Llevándose sus dos manos contra su pecho*. I love Odysseus... He's very, very cute... Masculine... Serious... Practical... Stoic... Intelligent... Brave... The perfect man... One day, I see Odysseus and I told: Odysseus, do you want make sex with me?... And he say: no, thank you Cassandra... And I told: Odysseus, for you, it's free... But he told me: I'm sorry Cassandra but I love only Penelope... The only woman in my heart is Penelope... Oh, my god... It's cute... You know Penelope?... I love Penelope... She's a noble women... Yes... Odysseus and Penelope are very cute... And for Odysseus, the travel to come back in his house was very difficulty... Yes... He suffer ten years before return to his homeland... Ithaca... Yes... Very difficult... The tempest... The sea... The storm... I love Odysseus... His way from Troy to Ithaca is related by

Homer... Yes... Homer read a book... The Odyssey... You know The Odyssey?... You read The Odyssey?... I think Odysseus has a big dick... Yes... But I not know... I only think ... The big dick of Agamemnon... *Ríe.* Yes... Oh my god!... Agamemnon... Twenty-two centimetres... Yes... It's very, very good... I'm sorry... I speak with you because you are my friend... That's ok?... *Señalando a un espectador.* You are my friend... *Señalando a otro espectador.* You are my friend... *Señalando a otro espectador.* You are my friend... *Señalando a otro espectador.* You are my boyfriend... *Ríe.* I'm sorry... It's a joke... *Señalando a todos los espectadores.* That's all my friends... That's all folks!... Bugs Bunny!... *Ríe.* I'm sorry... I tell you my secret... Only for you... Yes... For me it is very important speak with you... Yes... Tell... Tell my story... Because my story is very complicated... Yes... My life is very complex... Very difficult... I'm sorry... My life is very problematic... Yes... Hector, the war, my family, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra... You see?... Are you ok?... I'm ok... *De pronto su teléfono móvil empieza a sonar.* I'm sorry... *La música de su señal de llamado es la canción "The winner takes it all" del grupo ABBA.* It's my telephone... *Atiende su llamada.* I'm sorry... Hello... Hello... Hello... *Cuelga su teléfono.* Yes... It's my telephone... Dou you like?... You know?... ABBA... The winner takes it all... Listen... *Selecciona la señal de llamado y hace oír la música de "The winner takes it all".* It's beautiful... When I listen I cry... Yes... Listen... I think of my father... Yes... Because Priam liked this song... The winner takes it all... I love... *Se mueve al compás de la música.* I love ABBA... I love very, very much ABBA... Look... *Se señala una de las solapas de su chaqueta en donde tiene tres prendedores redondos de aluminio que reproducen la insignia del grupo musical ABBA, el logo del equipo de fútbol Manchester United y la imagen del rostro de Bugs Bunny.* Here... I have ABBA near to my heart... Yes... ABBA... Bugs Bunny... And the Manchester United... Yes... I love the Manchester... It is my favorite club... I like football...

Dou you like foot?... I like foot but I like football players... Yes... I like look matches... It's very, very exciting... My favorite match is Manchester vs. Liverpool... I like... *Su teléfono móvil empieza a sonar de nuevo.* I'm sorry... *Atiende su llamada.* Hello... Hello... Hello... Yes... Who's that?... Ah!... Ok... I'm sorry... Yes... Yes... How are you?... Find... Find... Very well... And you... That's ok... Yes... Yes... It's possible... Yes... At what time?... Now?... Yes... Of course... No... No problem... Yes... Yes... Ok... I'm sorry... Ok... So... One hour... Fifty dollars... Why?... No... Ok... Forty... What?... Ok... Yes... It's ok... And the taxi... Ok... You pay the taxi... Ok... I wait here... The taxi... The name of the pub is... I'm sorry... Ok... I wait... Thank you... Bye... *Cuelga su teléfono.* I'm sorry... It's a client... Yes... A French client... Yes... He's French... He's very generous with me... He is not Agamemnon, but he's generous with me... He give me presents all the time... Perfumes... French perfumes... Yes... Yves Saint-Laurent... Coco Channel... Christian Dior... Cartier... He's very, very pig... Yes... He like to hit me... Yes... Very pig... He like violent sex... Yes... He is a bit violent... But it's ok because he pay very good... I call him Monsieur Flaubert... Yes... It's not his name but I call him: Monsieur Flaubert... Yes... Monsieur Flaubet is a pig... You understand?... Monsieur Flaubert est un cochon... Monsieur Flaubert est un very, very cochon... Très, très cochon... Beaucoup cochon... I speak very, very few French... *Dirigiéndose a un espectador.* Bonjour... Ça va?... Bonjour Monsieur Flaubert... Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?... Ce soir?... *Rie.* I love French... Très bien... Je t'aime... L'amour... Paris... Tour Eiffel... I Love Paris... And I love Tour Eiffel... Yes... But, je n'aime pas Monsieur Flaubert... He's special... A special client... Yes... He's sadomasochist... He's crazy... But he pay very, very good... You understand?... And I need Monsieur Flaubert... Yes... I need money... *Hace un gesto con sus dos manos.* Cash... To eat, to sleep, to smok... To live... *Entona la famosa canción de ABBA.* Money, money, money... You know?... I not love the

money but I need... For me and for my sisters... Yes for all my sisters in the world... I give money to my sisters in Filipinas, Zagreb, Europe, South America, New Mexico, Maghreb, United State, Iraq... I help my sisters... And my sisters help me... I need money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money... Yes... I need Monsieur Flaubert... I need work... Work with my body... *Se dirige a un espectador.* Do you like my body?... Do you like me?... Really?... Thank you... I like my body... Now I like my body... I'm not operated... No... I have my zizi... Yes... No chirurgical operation... Not possible... I wanted... But very, very expensive... Yes... *Entona nuevamente la canción de ABBA.* Money, money, money... Not possible for me... Today it's not possible... I wanted to have a body of women... A beautiful women... A pretty woman... Pretty women... You know?... I love Julia Roberts... I love... I wanted to be Julia Roberts... Yes... To be a women... Fatal women... But not possible... No... Very, very expensive... But, maybe one day... In the future... My mother Hekabe, my mother said all the time during the destruction of Troy: the hope is very important, my children... She looked the devastation of Troy but she said: It's very important not lose the hope... Then I think, maybe one day, I transform in the really women... But today impossible... Yes... I wanted to be born a women... I told my mother... Mother why I am a boy?... Why?... Mother, why I not born a girl?... I told my mother every times: I want to be a women, I no want to be a boy... Yes... It's true... I wanted to can have children... Yes... A baby... One baby... The baby of Hector... Hector the father, and my the mother... Yes... I love children... It's funny... A baby into my body... Oh... I wanted... But... Not possible... And my mother told me: *Kassandra you are a boy... And me... Cry... Cry... Cry... Con sus dos manos reproduce el recorrido de sus lágrimas sobre sus mejillas.* Why?... Why?... Why?... I'm very sad for me... In the adolescence... I wanted to be a women but my body changed in a boy... Very difficult moment... Yes... I no wanted to be a boy... And

I looked all days my body transforming to a body of man... And I lived all the time alone... And I taked drugs... Yes... Cocaine... Heroine... *Reproduce el gesto de inyectarse algo en uno de sus brazos.* Now it's finish but in my adolescence I taked many drugs... All the time... Yes... It's not ok... It's very dangerous... But very difficult for me... The past is not simple for my... Yes... So... Dou you like my body?... Thank you... Agamemnon like my body too... Yes... He told my all the time: Cassandra you are the best... You are better than Clytemnestra... I love you... And I love sex with you... Agamemnon very, very hot in the bed with me... Agamemnon and me, very passion... Very sex... All the time he told me: you are better than Clytemnestra, my wife... Yes... Clytemnestra... You know?... Clytemnestra is the wife of Agamemnon... The queen... She's not good... No... Clytemnestra is crazy... Yes... Very, very crazy... Crazy woman... Yes... I not love Clytemnestra... You know why? Because she killed me... You understand?... She killed me... *Se da un golpe en el pecho.* Yes!... With a knife... Yes... One... Two... Three... Oh... My god!... Blood... Much, much blood... Clytemnestra... Not a good woman... I not love Clytemnestra... It's normal... She killed me... Sorry... It's normal... It's logic... For me, Clytemnestra is a bitch... You understand?... Bitch... Big bitch... Sorry... It's true... The queen bitch... *Ríe.* Very, very jealous of Agamemnon... Very, very possessive... When the war finished... The war of Troy finished... Agamemnon returned in his house... His country... Argos... You know Argos?... Argos is the country where Agamemnon live with Clytemnestra... In the palace... The big palace... The king Agamemnon and the queen Clytemnestra... So... One day, Agamemnon returned with me in his country... Argos... Yes... I not wanted to go to Argos, but Agamemnon has very nostalgic his country... He told me: I want to look my wife, my children, Electra and Orestes... And me: you are crazy, Agamemnon, my love... If we return to Argos, it's finished for us... Listen Agamemnon... I can see the future... Don't return to Argos...

Clytemnestra, your wife want to kill me... Yes... She want to kill me and you... And Agamemnon told me: it's not possible... Clytemnestra is my wife... And me: yes, it's possible... I can see the future... I can read the future... And I see Clytemnestra married with Aegisthos... And they want to kill us... You and me... You understand?... But Agamemnon told me: you are crazy... I want to return in my country... In my palace... It's not dangerous... Agamemnon wanted to live with me and with Clytemnestra... Yes... You understand?... *Hace un gesto con sus dos manos*. Ménage à trois... Yes... He's a man very, very progress... Very liberal... Very opened... Me too... But Clytemnestra, no... No... She's very, very jealous of Agamemnon... Possessive... The first times when I see Clytemnestra, I told: Clytemnestra, wait a moment please... The life with you, Agamemnon and me, it's possible... It's possible, the ménage à trois... You are the queen, he is the king and me, I am the slave... I accept... I respect you and you respect me... But Clytemnestra it's no progress women... She's not liberal... Not open... She's very traditional women... Victorian women... Jealous... Possessive... Overprotective... I think Clytemnestra no love Agamemnon... And the first night in the palace, Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon and after she killed me... Oh... I remember... It's very, very far, but I remember... I slept in the palace, and at midnight I listen the shout... The cry... The horrible cry of Agamemnon... Help me... Help me... She kill me... Oh my god... I am alone in my bedroom and I listen the shout of Agamemnon... Ah!... She kill me... She kill me... She hit with his knife in my heart... I die... Oh my god... I remember his shouts... I hear... Today I can hear his shouts... Help me... Help me... And after Clytemnestra come in my bedroom... Yes... I remember... I am afraid... I am alone in my bed... And I am afraid... Very, very fear... The fear... The fear of the death... My death... She open the door and I can see her face... Her hands... All red... Much blood... The blood of Agamemnon... I think, the blood of Agamemnon... And she told me: look at

this knife... No, Clytemnestra... Don't kill me... But she it in my heart... *Con uno de sus puños cerrados reproduce los gestos de la forma en que fue apuñalada.* One... Two... Three... I remember... Four... Five... Six... She shouted, crazy... She entered the knife in my body... And I blood... My blood... I can see my blood... On the bed... On the wall... On the floor... In one night, Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon and me... Clytemnestra and Aegisthos... And after, Clytemnestra, with an axe... You now axe?... With an axe, she's cut my body... Yes... My hands... My legs... My head... She's cut my body... She destructed my body... Disfigured me... It's true... Aeschylus and Euripides not writed that... No... Forbidden... Yes... In the Greek tragedy, it's forbidden to show violence... *Negando con su cabeza.* Not correct... Censure... To show violence is not good... Yes... In the Greek theatre the heavy violence is no authorized... Very dangerous... Yes... In the tragedies of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles, it's not possible to see extreme violence... No crime in direct... No murder... No blood... Absolute interdiction... Not authorized... But me, I can tell you the true history... All the truth... For me, no censure... No interdiction... I am free... I am a free woman and I tell you the truth... The violence reality... Yes... Me, I can show the violence... Here, extreme violence is possible... Yes... Now, the reality show is possible... Yes... The reality tragedy... Listen to me... Clytemnestra killed me with very hard violence... Ok?... You understand?... And now you are go to see my scars... My hurts... My wounds... Look... *Se descubre algunas partes de su cuerpo y muestra a los espectadores algunas de sus cicatrices.* Here... And here... And here... There is my war wounds ... My war scars ... My body is destructed... My body is burned... Destroyed by fire... And here... Here... Look... *Con una de sus manos se señala su principal herida.* Here is the scar by where I died... The fatal scar... Looking... The fatal scar... Here... In the center of my heart... But wait a moment... It's not finished... Listen to me... After kill me and after cut my body,



Clytemnestra cut my... My... I'm sorry... Clytemnestra cut my testicles... Yes... My testicles... I'm sorry... *Se detiene invadida por la emoción y sin poder continuar.* It's very difficult for me... Yes... Clytemnestra cut my testicles and she gived my testicles to the dogs... *Sus ojos se emocionan.* Yes... The dogs of the palace... Now, you know the truth... Yes... The true tragedy of Cassandra... *Silencio.* I'm sorry... It's no simple for me... It's ok... I'm sorry... It's finish... The reality tragedy is finish... No more show... *Con la palma de una de sus manos se seca las lágrimas que corren por su rostro.* I'm sorry... It's ok... No more... Finish... *Trata de cambia de tema.* What time is it?... Oh my god!... It's late... Very, very late... And I am hungry... I am hungry all the time... But I make regime... Yes... Diet... You know?... I control my body... Yes... No chocolate... No sugar... No oil... It's normal... Logic... I work with my body... You understand?... My body is indispensable for me... Yes... If my body no good, no Monsieur Flaubert... And if no Monsieur Flaubert, no money... But I think my body is ok... Yes... I like my body... *Señalando a uno de los espectadores.* And you?... You... Dou you like my body?... I think it's ok... Yes... I'm not really a women but it's ok... My body is ok... I look like a girl... My hands... My legs... My face... My hair... My gestures... My movements... I like me... I thing every time: I'm not a women, I'm not a boy, I am Cassandra... One day, I will be a women... I no lose the hope... I have the hope all the time... The hope of Hekabe... Yes... I think all the time: tomorrow will be better... I'm optimist... Today, not ok... Tomorrow ok... The hope is very, very important in the life... In my life... I think all the time: tomorrow is another day... Yes... Tara!... You know?... Tomorrow I'll go to Tara... Tomorrow is another day!... I love Scarlett O'Hara... I'm Scarlett O'Hara... You know "Gone with the wind"... The film... I love... It's my favorite film... I have the music of the film in my telephone ... Wait a moment... *Busca en su teléfono móvil diferentes músicas hasta encontrar la célebre música del final de la película*

*“Lo que el viento se llevó”*. Listen... *Imitando al personaje de Scarlett O’Hara mientras de fondo se oye la música de la escena final de la película*. Tara. Home. I’ll go home, and I’ll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day!... *Completamente emocionada y dejando correr nuevamente algunas lágrimas en su rostro*. I love... This is my philosophy... Tomorrow is another day! ... Yes... *Interrumpiendo la música de su teléfono móvil*. The philosophy of Hekabe... Today, not ok... Tomorrow, it’s ok... You understand?... Tomorrow... Tomorrow... Tomorrow... Tomorrow I’ll go to Tara... Yes... Tomorrow I’ll go to Troy... In the life is very important, the optimism... Sometimes the life is very difficult... Yes... And is very important, the hope in the future... My life is very tragic... The war... The death... The death of Hector... The death of my mother... Of my father... Of my brothers... The death of all my family... The destruction of my city... My house... The travel in the world... Argos... Clytemnestra... My death... Violent death... You understand?... My life is very tragic... A real tragedy... But I have the hope in the future... All the time... All the time I think: the life is a tragedy but Bugs Bunny... *Ríe*. It’s ok?... Yes... I have the hope in the future all the time... I know the future... Yes... I have the power to know the future... Wait a moment... Look... *De su cartera extrae un juego de cartas y las muestra al público*. Tarot... I can know the future... I can read the future... Yes... Do you want?... Free... For you it’s free... You are my friend... No money... For you it’s free... That’s ok?... What’s your name?... Ok... Wait at moment... *Le tira las cartas a uno de los espectadores*. Oh!... It’s good... For you it’s ok... Work, good... Love, good... Health, good... Very, very vigour... Family, ok... It’s ok... I like to look the future... And I can look my future... Yes... Look... *Se tira las cartas a ella misma*. I can see Monsieur Flaubert... The cochon Monsieur Flaubert... I can see the taxi... Oh my god!... Oh!... It’s not good... I see the accident... Yes... The fatal accident of the taxi... Oh!... And I die... Oh my god!... I

can see my death in the accident this night... Oh shit!... It's not funny!... I need a taxi... I need to work... I need to go to Monsieur Flaubert... I need money... It's not good... You understand?... I can see the crash of the taxi... This night... Yes... But I need a taxi... Oh shit!... Ok... It's not good... *Guarda las cartas rápidamente en su cartera.* I forget... Yes... I forget the crash... I forget the accident... I forget the taxi... I forget the future... Yes I forget the future... It's ok... What time is it? ... Oh my god!... It's late... And I am hungry... I am very, very hungry... But it's ok... *Su teléfono suena.* Oh... I'm sorry... *Atiende su llamada.* Hello... Hello... Hello... Yes... Who's that?... Ah!... Ok... I'm sorry... Yes... Yes... I wait... Yes... Who much long?... I'm sorry... Ok... Three minutes... Ok... I wait... Ok... Thank you... Bye... *Cuelga su teléfono.* I'm sorry... The driver of taxi... He's here in three minutes... Yes... Oh!... Now I have to go... I am very, very happy with you... Yes... Now, all friends... Ok?... Ok!... You are my friends... Yes... Thank you... Thank you very much... You listened my story... My tragedy... You are funny... Yes... I love you... I love you very much... Yes... Thank you... For me it's very important talking... You understand?... Mi life, very complication... And talking for me is very, very good... I'm sorry, but for me it's very important talk with you... Oh... Thank you very much... I love you... You are very, very funny... Yes... Oh... I don't like bye bye... No... I'm very sensitive... Yes... Look... I cry... Yes... Oh... It's not good, bye bye, for me... Really!... You are my friends... And I love you... *Se dirige hacia la puerta de entrada para ver si su taxi ha llegado.* Oh... The taxi is here... Ok... Good bye!... And remember: the life is a tragedy, but Bugs Bunny... It's ok?... Thank you!... Thank you very much!... *Sale, se dirige hacia el taxi que la aguarda, abre la puerta del mismo, entra, cierra la puerta y luego de dirigir un saludo hacia el público con una de sus manos, le hace una seña al chofer del taxi para que arranque.*