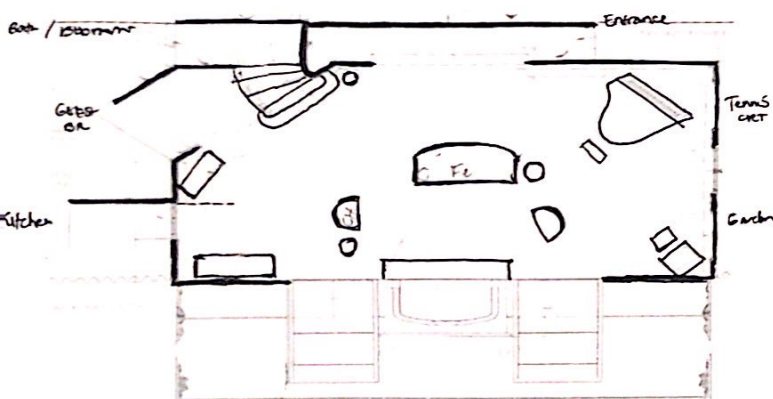
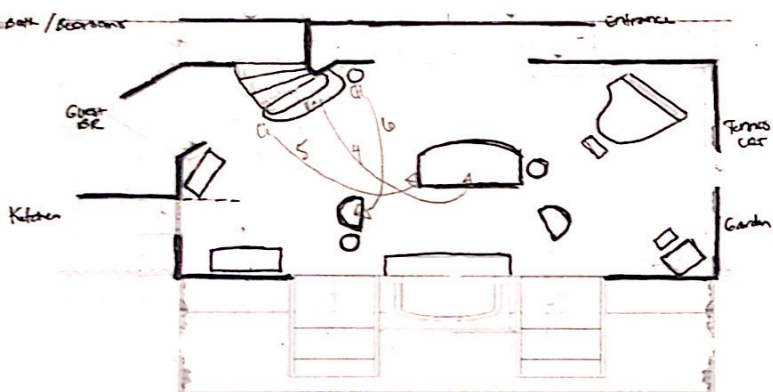
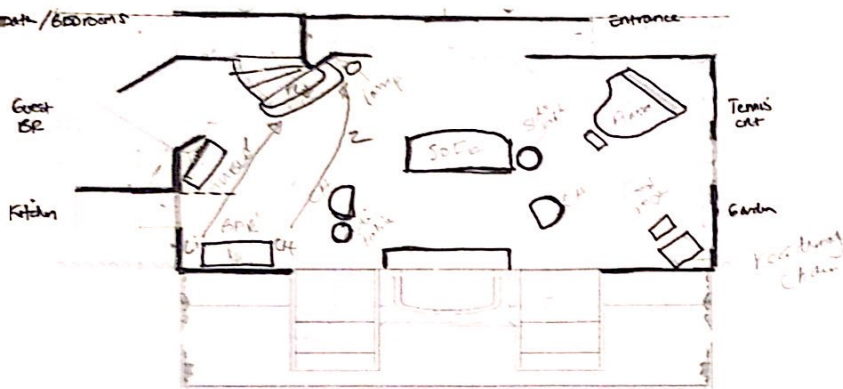




FEFU AND HER FRIENDS

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CINDY: You did?

FEFU: I did. The water stopper didn't work. It drained. I adjusted it. I'm waiting for the tank to fill up. Make sure it all works.

CHRISTINA: You do your own plumbing?

FEFU: I just had to bend the metal that supports the rubber stopper so it falls right over the hole. What happened was it fell to the side so the water wouldn't stop running into the bowl. (Fefu sits near Cindy.) He scared me this time, you know. He looked like he was really hurt.

CINDY: I thought the guns were not loaded.

FEFU: I'm ⁴ never sure.

CHRISTINA: What?

CINDY: Fefu, what do you mean?

FEFU: He told me one day he'll put real bullets in the guns. He likes to make me nervous. (There is a moment's silence.) I have upset you . . . I don't mean to upset you. That's the way we are with each other. We always go to extremes but it's not anything to be upset about.

CHRISTINA: You scare me.

FEFU: That's all right. I scare myself too, sometimes. But there's nothing wrong with being scared . . . it makes you stronger.—It does me.—He won't put real bullets in the guns.—It suits our relationship . . . the game, I mean. If I didn't shoot him with blanks, I might shoot him for real. Do you see the sense of it?

CHRISTINA: I think you're crazy.

FEFU: I'm not. I'm sane.

CHRISTINA: (Gently.) You're very stupid.

FEFU: I'm not. I'm very bright.

CHRISTINA: (Gently.) You depress me.

FEFU: Don't be depressed. Laugh at me if you don't agree with me. Say I'm ridiculous. I know I'm ridiculous. Come on, laugh. I hate

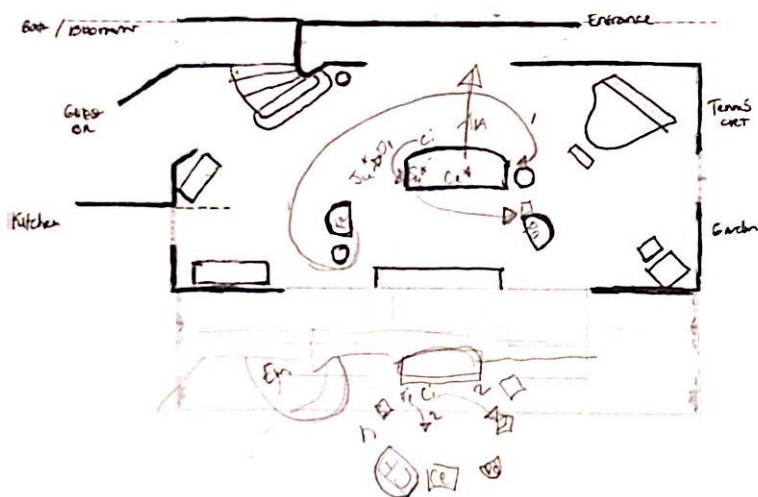
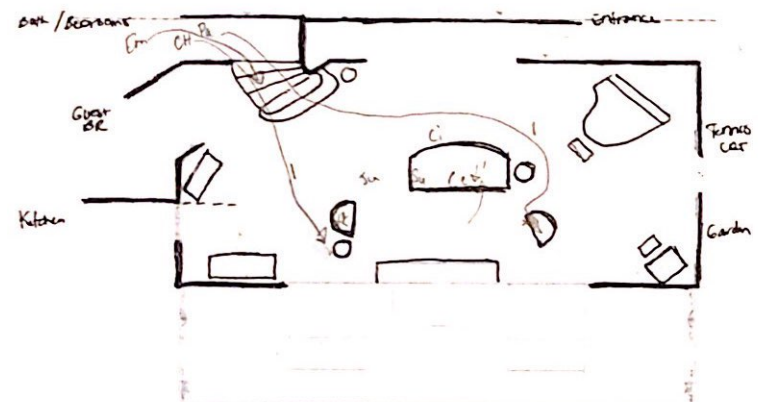
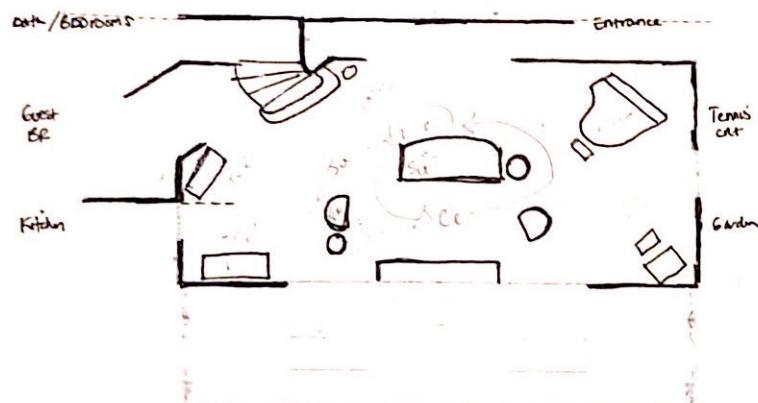
cannot survive in a vacuum. We must be part of a community, perhaps 10, 100, 1000. It depends on how strong you are. But even the strongest will need a dozen, three, even one who sees, thinks, and feels as he does. The greater the need for that kind of reassurance, the greater the number that he needs to identify with. Some need to identify with the whole nation. Then, the greater the number the more limited the number of responses and thoughts. A common denominator must be reached. Thoughts, emotions that fit all, have to be limited to a small number. That is, I feel, the concern of the educator—to teach how to be sensitive to the differences in ourselves as well as outside ourselves, not to supervise the memorization of facts. (*Emma's head appears in the doorway to the stairs.*) Otherwise the unusual in us will perish. As we grow we feel we are strange and fear any thought that is not shared with everyone.

JULIA: As I feel I am perishing. My hallucinations are madness, of course, but I wish I could be with others who hallucinate also. I would still know I am mad but I would not feel so isolated.—Hallucinations are real, you know. They are not like dreams. They are as real as all of you here. I have actually asked to be hospitalized so I could be with other nuts. But the doctors don't want to. They can't diagnose me. That makes me even more isolated. (*There is a moment's silence.*) You see, right now, it's an awful moment because you don't know what to say or do. If I were with other people who hallucinate, they would say, "Oh yeah. Sure. It's awful. Those dummies, they don't see anything." (*The others begin to relax.*) It's not so bad, really. I can laugh at it. . . . Emma is ready. We should start. (*The others are hesitant. Julia speaks to Fefu.*) Come on.

We must be part of a community
FEFU: Sure. (*Fefu begins to move the table. Others help move the table and enough furniture to clear a space in the center. They sit in a semicircle downstage on the floor facing upstage. Cecilia sits on a chair to the left of the semicircle.*) All right. I start. Right? *And now ladies & gentlemen*

CINDY: Right.

(*Fefu goes to center and faces the others. Emma sits on the steps. Only her head and legs are visible.*)



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MARIA IRENE FORNES

EMMA: (Off-stage.) I found them.

FEFU: (Off-stage.) Where were they?

EMMA: (Off-stage.) In the closet in the kitchen.

FEFU: (Off-stage.) That's where I thought they were.

EMMA: That's where they were.

(Pause.)

Can I play now?

FEFU: We're waiting for you.

(Sue looks out the window. There are the sounds of a tennis game.)

SUE: (Walking towards Paula.) So, what else do you have?

PAULA: (Reading.) The body leaves but the things are still at the apartment. You must come back. You move everything out of the apartment but the mind stays behind. Memory lingers in the place. Seven years later, perhaps seven years later, it doesn't matter anymore. Perhaps it takes longer. Perhaps it never ends.

SUE: ... it depends.

PAULA: Yup. It depends.

SUE: Something's bothering you.

PAULA: No.

(There is a pause.)

SUE: I think there is.

(Paula lowers her head. Sue goes to her. A moment passes.)

