

# BECA AND EVA SAY THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

BY JUAN LUIS MIRA

TRANSLATION: JOHN D. SANDERSON

Beca: 17 years old.

Eva: More or less the same

The other characters will be played by the two actresses.

**ONE**

**Classroom 301**

*A week before the academic year is over*

**Eva:** So?

**Beca:** What?

**Eva:** You haven't answered.

**Beca:** You already know.

**Eva:** No, I don't know.

**Beca:** Of course you do.

**Eva:** You've never told me.

**Beca:** No need, one feels it.

**Eva:** Fine, then tell me.

**Beca:** Fine. But don't let go of my hand, I love it. You have such smooth skin.  
*Pause.* Your arse.

**Eva:** My arse?

**Beca:** Of course! Your arse is what I like most.

**Eva:** Well, my arse...

**Beca:** What's wrong?

**Eva:** Look...

**Beca:** I can see. Sit down, if they come in now...

**Eva:** ...it's...

**Beca:** You have a gorgeous arse.

**Eva:** ...I've never...

**Beca:** As usual, you've never anything, but you've got an arse that drives me crazy.

**Eva:** Even with cellulitis?

**Beca:** Yes.

**Eva:** Look, please, look, if...

**Beca:** I know it well. And please pull up your jeans. That's a new thong!

**Eva:** And these stretch marks are new, too.

**Beca:** Sit down and let me hold your hand. You do exaggerate. Anyway, your cellulitis really turns me on.

**Eva:** If I have cellulitis now, imagine in twenty years' time.

**Beca:** If I have to imagine what will happen in twenty years' time, I might as well kill myself right away.

**Eva:** What will happen? That you and I will still be together.

**Beca:** Maybe.

**Eva:** And we'll be married.

**Beca:** First you'll have to propose.

**Eva:** Or you'll have to propose, you bragger!

**Beca:** What else? In twenty years' time, you know-all, what else will happen...

**Eva:** We'll have two children. A boy and a girl.

**Beca:** How?

**Eva:** Artificial insemination.

**Beca:** Too fucking expensive. We'll do it the traditional way. Forget about insemination, then.

**Eva:** Perhaps the NHS will be covering it in twenty years' time.

**Beca:** There'll be no NHS by then. We'll have to find a bloke.

**Eva:** Two blokes. Or do you want us both to screw the same bloke?

**Beca:** No! You screw one and I'll screw another.

**Eva:** Who'll be yours?

**Beca:** Haven't got a clue.

**Eva:** Iggy?

**Beca:** No way.

**Eva:** First loves last.

**Beca:** Get lost, not last (?). I don't even know if he's still in Madrid.

**Eva:** Who would you choose? Would you hold an audition or something?

**Beca:** Don't give me any ideas you might regret.

**Eva:** You'd have loads of blokes, that's for sure.

**Beca:** I'd go straight to someone I know.

**Eva:** And who would you like as a supplier?

**Beca:** I don't know. Well, yes. Someone with a good arse.

**Eva:** You and those fucking arses, Beca. So you really like arses, not my arse.

**Beca:** I like arses, and that's why I like that protruding arse of yours.

**Eva:** Well, I'll find an intelligent and sensitive bloke, even if he has no arse. He'll have a strong feminine side as well. Not that I don't want my daughter, cause mine will be a daughter, to have a good arse. If she has it, so much the better. But above all, I want her to be real. And a dyke.

**Beca:** I want my son to have a good arse. Period. That opens up many paths for blokes nowadays.

**Eva:** Specially if they are gay...

**Beca:** I did not mean that kind of path. And no, I don't want him to be gay. I'd like him to be hetero.

**Eva:** So we'll have one of each. Girl, boy, dyke, hetero. What do you think?

**Beca:** I think that thinking about the future is a waste of present time. What is important is us, now. And look at me, it's no time to celebrate.

**Eva:** A week and you are out of here.

**Beca:** They've been saying that for over a month now. I'm a bit fed up. *Pause.*

**Eva:** Couples talk about their future.

**Beca:** Because they don't fuck that much.

**Eva:** I'm leaving. I'll be late for school.

**Beca:** You swatter!

**Eva:** Let me remind you I've missed the first two classes for you.

**Beca:** Really!

**Eva:** Stupid.

**Beca:** I love you.

**Eva:** They miss you at school.

**Beca:** Bollocks!

**Eva:** Some do. Hector, for instance.

**Beca:** What a drag! He keeps ringing me.

**Eva:** Quite a few of them want to visit you. They ask me about you.

**Beca:** Pity or sleaze?

**Eva:** Because they love you.

**Beca:** Come off it, dear. They've hardly spoken to me for the whole year, and now they see me like this and they love me?

**Eva:** That's the way people are.

**Beca:** Fuck'em.

**Eva:** Well, I'm leaving.

**Beca:** Bye, little arse.

**Eva:** I love you. *Pause.*

**Beca:** Darling.

**Eva:** What?

**Beca:** Why don't you stay for lunch? I'll tell them, and they'll bring you a tray, it's not that bad. No salt, but it's good.

**Eva:** Like my mother's. You know.

**Beca:** Tell her I send her a kiss. And also tell her that blokes are all the same.

**Eva:** Let me remind you it's a girl who's dumped her.

**Beca:** It was a bloke with tits, take my word.

**Eva:** You having lunch on your own today?

**Beca:** No, it's my father today. They've changed shifts. What time will you be around this evening?

**Eva:** After Language classes.

**Beca:** Listen!

**Eva:** What?

**Beca:** And what if you play truant and...?

**Eva:** Hey!

**Beca:** The nurse has already done her round, and my father won't turn up for another couple of hours.

**Eva:** But...

**Beca:** But your arse with cellulitis really turns me on. Help me get up, we'll go into the bathroom and lock ourselves in. How does that feel? And after that...

**Eva:** What?

**Beca:** We can talk about our fut

## TWO

Sofa.

***Christmas. Probably a few months after Beca met Eva.***

**BECA/HER FATHER:** Look, Beca, does May '68 ring a bell? What '68 is all about? Well, last century's '68. There's been only one '68. You didn't learn that at school, bloody hell! Right, well today I'll give you a lesson in history. I know you hadn't been born back then but I, what a coincidence, was born the month after. Curious, isn't it? Your father came to this world at the date when -as those who know say- European consciousness suffered such a massive shock that, since then, nothing has ever been the same. Paris. Young university students went to the streets calling for a radical change. *Make love, not war!* That surely rings a bell. Well, and here comes the best part: your grandma was there. And I inside her. *Be realistic, demand the impossible!* Your grandma was a bit crazy, see who you take after, girl. *Teachers, you make us grow old!* She was about to pop, but she couldn't miss that party and stuck there, to demonstrate against bourgeoisie, today you'd say against the system. From there it's just a short step to the "15-M Indignant Movement" here in Spain. That surely rings a bell. *Innovation is revolutionary, so is the truth!* Look at this photo, you see her? It's easy to recognize your grandma, isn't it? Right up front in the demonstration. Your grandpa is the one behind her, the one with the frightened face. See the *gendarmes*, the French cops, frightening, aren't they? And your granny, look at her face as fierce as a tiger, with her big bump, you see it? And me inside, a few hours before being born, imagine the soundtrack I listened to: *Sous les pavés est la plage...!* Sounds good. That was the first music I heard, and all this as a fetus. Well... it more or less means...: Beneath the paving stones is the beach. A metaphor, girl, a metaphor... what kind of beach would have been there. That was kind of telling the materialistic world that, that, that behind this excessive consumerism, right? Of, of, of, the bullshit they were building... there was peace, life... The root of everything that has now become this "Indignant" phenomenon.

*Power to imagination!* One minute, Beca, one minute, damn, I'm only asking you for one minute. I'm making things short. I just want to say that, that, that I am not from the past, you know what I mean? There's no need to answer, otherwise I'll lose the thread, that means that, that, that I know what life is about and that's just why I don't mind what you do with your body, you know? Don't you interrupt me, fuck, that, that, that if you have made your choice... I mean, if you fell in love with a girl, great, that is your sexual preference, I understand it, your mother doesn't but I do, you know? Damn it, of course you know, don't you laugh, I know you know and I share it, I mean, I am not into guys but, damn, everyone should do what they want with their sex lives, always bearing in mind the principle that my freedom ends where somebody else's freedom begins. I'll shut up, Beca, damn, half a minute... but I just wanted to tell you that you aren't 17 yet, tomorrow is another day, but today you aren't... and, and, and at that age it is still, I don't know, that, that, that, that things aren't as easy as they seem, that, that, that your sexual option, why not let it be an option, you know? It's gonna cause you problems. The world is made, for example, for right-handed people, and if you are left-handed you will have a harder time than if you are right-handed, you know, I know there are distinguished left-handed people, sure, sportsmen, but that's not the same... By the way, did you know that left-handed people live 7 years less than right-handed ones? Homosexuals, I don't know, I think they live just as long. Only the left-handed, a matter of brain lobes, I heard it on the radio the other day and told my boss who is a left-handed, sod him. I really got him down, poor devil. Well, the question... girl... I hope it is not embarrassing for you but, believe me, I find myself forced to ask you. *(Pause.)* Have you ever tried with a boy?

### THREE

**The head of studies, in her office.**

*After Easter holidays.*

**EVA/HEAD OF STUDIES:** Close the door, Eva. Thanks. Well, I don't know where to begin. Sit down, please, sit down. Well. Look at all these letters: Coming back from Easter holidays, finding myself in this mess. This one is a complaint on behalf of the BOAS, no, not wild ones, Eva, this is not the right time for jokes. The Board of Advisory of Students. This one's on behalf of some teachers. Not many, that's true, but some did complain. Both, male and female teachers. This letter is from the teacher of 1D, Year Six, not 6<sup>th</sup> form1. Want to see more? Do you know that at this school there are 12-year-old lads and that there are things that you don't understand at that age? Don't tell me that there's nothing wrong, I know that already, you don't have to explain that to me, but there are things that - most importantly- a girl has to know whether they are right or wrong. Look, Eva, in 20 years this conversation we are having right now, well, okay, call it monologue but that's what it is, there might not even be a reason for it, but today there is, today there is because one thing is what the world should have been like, another thing what we want it to be like, and one very different thing is what it's like now, I don't know if I'm making myself clear. And the world today, that's what it's like. It depends, of course, stop telling me, please, I already know all these things. How? You'll see. Look all these letters, there are even anonymous ones. The fuss you kicked up. The hallway story, your sweet entering class, that story about the pub in Benidorm. What a load of drama, my God! Deep inside you like it, huh? You like to attract attention. That's your problem and nothing else. All this could have been avoided with a bit of sensibility on your behalf. There won't be any disciplinary action taken against you two, no. You don't give a shit, I know, but there won't be. There are no rules for the simple fact that this was inconceivable when the rules were drawn up. What? This country has changed a lot, yes, but not enough, especially during the

last years, it seems we're going from bad to worse. I am not going to forbid you anything, that's true, because I can't forbid you anything. This is not Iran, damn it! Listen, please: I'd just like to ask you, please, listen, ask you both, when Beca returns, by the way, do you know anything? Give her my best wishes, it won't be anything serious, you'll see. Right, I'd like to ask you, please, the more discreet you are, the better for everyone. Everything will be far easier. When you go beyond the fence out there do as you wish, deep in my heart I tell you I hope your thing lasts forever and you'll be the happiest couple in the world, but here, please, and I am telling you as your Head of Studies, circumstances oblige me to, I am up to here with them, not as your teacher and, I hope, your friend, please there are only two months left for the end of the academic year, both of you are good students, Beca not so good but with your help I'm sure she'll have no trouble with her marks, although she is on sick leave now, you know the teachers will give her a helping hand, some are even willing to visit her in hospital if necessary to explain anything she needs, so if you are discreet we'll avoid trouble, all right? I'm only asking for a small effort on your behalf, the world won't be coming to an end. That's it. Think about it. Both of you think about it. At least talk about it. You can leave now. Tell the teacher you were talking to me. He'll let you in. *Pause.* Regards to Beca. Tell her I'll give her a call when I'm not so busy. *Pause.* One last thing. That skirt looks gorgeous on you.

## FOUR

### Beca and Eva share an apple at school

*September, first day of classes.*

**EVA:** Hi.

**BECA:** Hi.

*Pause*

**BECA:** You're not having lunch?

**EVA:** Not for now, until I lose the love handles.

**BECA:** What love handles? Don't you want some? It isn't fattening.

**EVA:** Everything is fattening. Well, thanks, but just a bite.

**BECA:** Get closer, girl. Give it a good bite.

**EVA:** Hell, a bit acid, no?

**BECA:** Just as life is.

**EVA:** It's good.

**BECA:** Glad.

**EVA:** Isn't your new institute like a black hole?

**BECA:** Yeah. Every institute is the same.

**EVA:** In the city, too?

**BECA:** Noisier. You like it, eh?

**EVA:** Sorry, sorry. Take it.

**BECA:** One bite each. Why is he looking at us like that?

**EVA:** If you'd been in this penitentiary for five years you wouldn't even ask. Who, the one in the green shirt?

**BECA:** No, but he as well; I mean the one in the red and black track suit. He sits at the end of the classroom. Five years?

**EVA:** Ah, Grau. I don't know, he must be looking at you. Or maybe you've come too close, and I, for one, have my own fame. Here I began my secondary education and here I'll be till they throw me out.

**BECA:** He's looking at both of us.

**EVA:** Take no notice. It's my turn.

**BECA:** You are liking it.

**EVA:** Yes. And you're telling me it's not fattening.

**BECA:** I have the same lunch every day.

**EVA:** Isn't it a bit boring?

**BECA:** Just as life is. And who are these with the dorky faces?

**EVA:** Who?

**BECA:** Those who are laughing next to the trash bin, without taking their eyes off us.

**EVA:** Third year cunts. Perhaps they fancy us, Rebecca.

**BECA:** Beca.

**EVA:** Beca?

**BECA:** Yes, please.

**EVA:** The professor called you Rebecca. I prefer Beca. Rebecca sounds...

**BECA:** Older and colder.

**EVA:** Eva.

**BECA:** I know, I noticed when they called the register.

**EVA:** You did?

**BECA:** A bit.

*Pause.*

What are you doing?

**EVA:** Saying hi to the PE professor. And why are you called Rebecca?

**BECA:** Beca. Because of my father.

**EVA:** Your father is called Rebecca?

**BECA:** It's from a movie. He likes cinema a lot and there's an old film named Rebecca and he couldn't think of anything else but to call me Rebecca.

**EVA:** Well at least he didn't like that other film, Emmanuelle.

**BECA:** Thank goodness. Now I'd be called... Manuel. Go ahead, laugh. I have the impression that more and more people are staring at us.

**EVA:** Relax, girl. And if you want them to really look at us, come a bit closer.

*Pause.*

What, are they looking now or not?

**BECA:** Damn right they are.

**EVA:** They'll get tired of it, they have nothing else to do.

**BECA:** I don't think they'll get tired of it because they'll never have anything else to do. My grandmother tells me that there are two kinds of people in the world: those who do something and those who look at those who do something.

**EVA:** Do you get along well with your grandmother?

**BECA:** She's the one I get along with the best.

**EVA:** Mine won't talk to me.

**BECA:** That's bad.

**EVA:** It's cool. When she does talk to me it's worse.

*Pause.*

Does the staring bother you?

**BECA:** In the city I also had people staring at me like this.

**EVA:** I wonder why.

**BECA:** You know why, don't play stupid.

**EVA:** Chill, I was only joking.

**BECA:** I don't think you came close to me just to tell me a joke on my first day in this den.

**EVA:** Why not?

*Pause.*

We have developed a special instinct to... detect valuable objects, like people who go with those machines looking for metals, rings and stuff like that at the beach, you know what I'm talking about?

**BECA:** No.

**EVA:** Doesn't matter. Girl, I saw you walk into the classroom and I told myself: there she is.

**BECA:** There is who?

**EVA:** You. The one who will stop this class being a bore.

*Pause.*

**BECA:** I saw you were looking.

**BECA EVA:** And what did you do?

**BECA:** I rubbed my apple clean.

*Pause.*

You have a beautiful smile, girl.

**EVA:** The bell, right on the dot. The last bite. We do it together?

**BECA:** How?

**EVA:** You on the one side and me on the other, at the same time, without hands.

Like a competition, it's fun. Dare you?

: Here we go.

**EVA:** You got balls.

*Pause.*

A good start for the year.

**BECA:** Hot.

**EVA:** With Rebecca.

**BECA:** Beca, Eva, Beca.

## FIVE

**The boy who does not understand tries to write an sms while his buddy is gulping a liter beer bottle.**

*A few days before the academic year is over.*

**BECA/PABLO** Look, dude, you're wasting time and money sending an sms to that bitch, because that's what she is, fuck, and if you don't like what I'm saying, that's how I feel about it. Girls, shit, she is depraved and you're an asshole for getting the hots for a bitch who likes pussy. Fuck, you had to fall for her when there are so many other normal ones begging for it.

What have you written? Let me see. Shit, you haven't written anything! Think, Hector, think, it's too hard on you. What can you write to a girl who likes pussies instead of cocks? A swill for inspiration! It's enough of a fuck up to tell a girl you are all for her, imagine telling one who ignores you and any other guy.

Visit her, dude, if you've got balls. Go to the hospital, that's easy, and tell her. This will be over soon, and it's a long summer. She'll be with Eva, she's always with Eva. Of course she'll be with her, has been with her since she first set foot on this school. Are you aware? She's your rival. I know, our rivals don't usually have tits. So what? It's a different game, another strategy, be aware of your enemy, analyze it, though this time it's different. Go and tell Eva: please, can I talk with Eva on my own for five minutes, only for five minutes? And make her leave the room. Politely, even if you'd rather beat her up, be polite, please leave. She'll leave. And you will take some flowers for Beca, I don't know, different colours, daisies, for example, all the colours in the rainbow, that's what these people like. Yes, there are daisies of every colour you can think of, they grow them in greenhouses, you see, genetically manipulated. That's how the world goes nowadays, and that's what they'll leave for us. Give them to her. Smile, sit on the bed, showing off your tattoo, they like that, and polish your piercing, cool, look into her eyes and say: How are you? Like that, for a few

seconds, just that, and then: And those blood tests? And then straight to the point, go for the jugular. Look, Beca, girl, I'm all for you and I've come here to give you my best wishes and also to tell you that, once you leave the hospital, no-one in the whole world will make you as happy as I will, and when there's a bloke around you might as well give up on all the girlies and, fuck, don't interrupt me you dude, I've read it in a magazine my father has, it says there is nothing like the pleasure a man can give a woman, it says so, I swear, it's penetration! Ain't it true? Millions and billions of couples have got it all wrong throughout History? Nature is wise.

So if girls dig boys and viceversa, there's a reason, penetration is essential, and of course there is someone for everything. The exception that proves the rule, doesn't our maths teacher say so? Well, fuck, all right, don't go into that, I'm only telling you it's good reasoning, but if you don't want to, well, then, then, tell her... Yes, go for her maternal instinct, the soft side of the coin: Beca, one day you'll want to have a child and I, that's you, can give her a child but she can't, and you'd love to have a child with her, not tomorrow, but the day after who knows, and sure that will soften her, even if she's a dyke, bingo. Hey, have thought that perhaps she's bi, dude? Sure she's bi, or even hetero, and has never tried it with a bloke, she came across a girl who gave her some kind of pleasure, she got hooked and thinks that's all there is to it, but when she discovers good sex, true sex, a good cock, penetration, then she'll find out what it is really all about and will realize she was normal, dude, just that she didn't know. It's like my little sister, she always went to McDonalds, only McDonalds, I was up to here with McDonalds, till one day I took her to Burger King, I dragged her to Burger King, and now she's discovered Burger King she wants nothing to do with McDonalds. You see? Exactly the same, dude, when Beca discovers true sex with you, those ghosts haunting her will be gone forever.

Let me see! Fuck. You haven't written anything yet! I don't let you think! Better, there's nothing to think! You don't want her only for a lay, whatever you say. Yes, she's hot, very hot, that's true. I also noticed the first day, wow, what a great fuck! Who would've thought...? What a waste! And you've fallen in love,

fine, love is hell, especially when you see where it is leading you to and you still stick to it, but better accept the fucking reality. You love her. Shit. You love her in spite of. So go ahead, dude, go ahead. Stop those stupid sms and go to see her, I tell you... *Pause*. Loving the one you shouldn't, I know quite a lot about that. Sorry, I've drunk all the beer.

## CHAPTER SIX

**Eva has to make a presentation in the Biology class.**

**February, probably Friday, five months after the academic year started.**

**EVA:** I'm going to talk about the albatross, mainly, but also about penguins and, if I have time, blue butterflies. I got it all from Wikipedia, a magazine my mother lent me and a documentary I watched on TV.

Shall I begin? It's just that those two at the back won't stop laughing. Well, I'll get down to business, but if you can tell them to shut up, so much the better. Thanks.

Albatross. Louder, fine. Albatross. The albatross are birds that look like seagulls, but bigger. They live in couples. They migrate for six months, flying for thousands of kilometers looking for a suitable climate in order to mate after all that time, and while one of them stays there looking after and incubating the egg, the other one, whether it is male or female, looks for food for both of them. Albatross are an example of faithfulness because there are hardly any divorces and couples very rarely break up. Bush's wife, that president who made up the war in Irak, gave a speech to families setting the albatross as an example for American marriages, who should imitate their faithfulness and dedication and things like that. What she didn't know was discovered shortly afterwards. A researcher analyzed the behavior of albatross in Hawaii and published some conclusions which were astounding for many scientists. It turns out that it is very difficult to tell the male and female albatross apart, so everybody thought that, naturally, when we saw two albatross smooching each other, so close, so tender, with a sexual behavior so similar to humans, it would be male and female, right? But the researcher, Lindsay... Can I have a look at my notes? Well, Lindsay whatever, the researcher, after analyzing dnaes and things like that, found out that it was not all what it seemed. In one of every three cases the couple was made up of two females, yes: the faithful couple were female and female. One of them would incubate the egg, conceived with a male who had later been

replaced by a female albatross lover, who would look for food and play the male role. So Mrs. Bush had really put her foot into it, hadn't she?

Now I'll talk about the most famous penguins in the San Francisco zoo. You know what I mean, penguin and penguin. They are inseparable and they've been behaving as a couple since they met. Their keepers say they've never seen anything like it, mainly because they never argue, something that, it seems, is not very common among the rest of couples, who spend the whole day screaming at each other. And two penguins screaming at each other could, as you can imagine, make you want to slit your wrists. These don't, they are so cute. And they seem to be so happy. So much, actually, that one day they decided to adopt a baby penguin whose parents had just died. If you go to the San Francisco Zoo you can see the whole family: the two penguins and the baby penguin, whom visitors call Chuck Norris, you know what Americans are like. But even more curious is the fact that in Central Park's zoo in New York more and more same sex penguin couples are being made up, breaking the traditional schemes, as if they had heard about the San Francisco case. The director of the zoo, and some family associations, so traditional, don't know how to handle this what they call 'sexual epidemic'

Now I would like to speak about the macaques, Japanese monkeys about 75 cm high with pink faces whose females mate each other and... My five minutes are up? That was quick. The macaques are real funny because... I heard, fuck. I'm so sorry I can't tell you about the blue butterflies in Morocco that are so cool... fine, I'm through. Let me finish, just ten seconds to finish. Thanks.

I just wanted to dedicate this presentation to someone who is sitting in the third row, Beca, my penguin.

## SEVEN

**Beca is driving a scooter and Eva is behind her.**

*End of April.*

**BECA** I feel like claustrophobia or something.

**EVA** Well, put up with it, but you are not taking your helmet off, because if they stop us we are in deep shit, and my mother will snatch the keys away from me; we'll be there in a minute, anyway. And let go of my tits, you'll make me lose concentration and run headfirst into something.

**BECA** Where are we going, dear?

**EVA** Surprise.

**BECA** If you don't tell me right away I'll get hold of your tits like this.

**EVA** Stop it. I've got my period and they hurt.

**BECA** Sorry, sorry. Didn't know you had your period.

**EVA** A real fucker. She's just arrived, the bitch.

**BECA** It's all right.

**EVA** She does it on purpose. I was so hot and...

**BECA** It's happened other times and we did it just as well. Anyway, when you don't have it I do.

**EVA** But it's not the same thing

**BECA**

**EVA** That as well.

**BECA** Let's see if we can agree one month...

**EVA** You son of a...! Have you seen that asshole...? The fucker had to stop and nothing; of course, as he's got that huge car, fuck motorbikes! What an asshole that asshole... Asshole!

**BECA** Slow down and it'll be fine.

**EVA** And you stop playing around with your hands and don't take your helmet off. And hold tight, because if I break we'll be swallowing that lamppost.

**BECA** Hey! You drive very well!

**EVA** I'm scared shitless. Even more with someone riding bitch.

**BECA** You've got a bitch... me!

**EVA** You are my bitch!

**BECA** That turns me on.

**EVA** Please, wait, we are almost there.

**BECA** Have you seen my arms?

**EVA** No. Well, a bit. I noticed when I picked you up.

**BECA** I've had tests, again. I've had more needles stuck into it than a junkie. Nurse did not know where to shoot the last one in. And the bruises...

**EVA** Do they hurt?

**BECA** It depends. Not that much any more. Something like a pissed off mosquito. I look terrible. Sorry, dear.

**EVA** I'd eat you up, you stupid.

**BECA** That depends on how hungry you are. My baggy eyes, and don't fool me, I've just looked at myself in the bathroom mirror. I'm fast asleep and, bang, they wake me up for a pill, night after night after night.

**EVA** You are as hot as usual, and you are not that thin. Look, perhaps I'd be better off after a week in hospital.

**BECA** Better not.

**EVA** I'm getting chubby.

**BECA** I quite like your tummy.

**EVA** You are tickling me, love. And that paleness of yours gives you a touch of Twilight that is so cool...

**BECA** I look horrible.

**EVA** No way. And what's important is how I look at you.

**BECA** And how's that?

**EVA** When we arrive you'll find out. I'll go down on you, down to your toenails.

**BECA** The way you say it, I'm all wet now.

**EVA** If you only knew how wet I've been since I saw you leave the hospital, so cut the shit, we'll be there in a minute. *Pause.*

**BECA** What's school like?

**EVA** As usual, you'll see.

**BECA** Not till next Thursday. I have to rest for three days now, and then the doctor will tell me if I can go back to school, or back to hospital.

**EVA** Rest?

**BECA** Yes.

**EVA** I'm gonna give you a good rest now.

**BECA** When you have a good look at me you may not like me.

**EVA** Or you may not like me. *Pause.*

**BECA** I love you, dear. You are the best thing that's ever happened to me. *Pause.*

**EVA** I love you too, Beca. Whenever I see you something gets into me that makes me want to explode.

**BECA** Me too. As my grandmother says, as if I were flying inside myself.

**EVA** You must introduce me to your grandma.

**BECA** She is the only member of my family who really wants to meet you. *Pause.*

**EVA** Promise you'll get well?

**BECA** Sure. Remember I'm immortal.

**EVA** Do you really feel well?

**BECA** Fucking great right now. *Pause.*

**EVA** We're almost there. Hold tight.

**BECA** Where?

**EVA** Wherever you fancy, love.

**BECA** There?

**EVA** There.

## **EIGHT.**

**The grandmother shares her photo album with her granddaughter.**

*Mid-May.*

**BECA/GRANDMOTHER** Between us, Beca. Tell your mother that I'll only let her send me to an old people's home if I can have a nurse like the one who's just left looking after me. Have you seen how she moves? Of course you have. That white gown really suits some of them, they should let them walk the streets in them. My pearl, you are smiling, what a sweet face you have! My god, no, I swear you are just as beautiful as usual. You are the most precious gift I've had in my whole life.

My pearl, how I wanted to be alone with you, not with those drags, your mother or my son, hanging around, and show you something I've been willing to show you for years. So now we are finally alone... I stick my hand in this bag... and... Alehoop, here it is!

I know, it's a book in a way, but it's far more than that, it's an album. No, you've never seen this one. No, it's not the one we saw at home on my birthday, when we were laughing at your dad's hairy head and your grandpa's bell-bottom trousers, no, this is an album only for me, the one I look at when nobody is watching, and now I want to share it with you, only with you. The other one would not fit in this bag, this one does, it's small, but tough. It's not heavy on the outside, but inside, oh dear, if you only knew. Not even your grandpa got a chance to see it, he would've kicked the bucket far sooner than he did. There are memories that might hurt other people, and one is old enough to know certain things. It's my book, you see, touch the cover, smooth... But you cover up, Beca, you could catch a cold. I love caressing the cover, it feels like velvet, doesn't it? Well, you'll see the inside is even smoother.

Don't open it yet, let me be your guide, like in a museum. First, the introduction. You are about to go into, young lady, your grandma's cellar, where only the privileged, like you, have access. You are its second guest. One moment, if you

are going in like that, in a hurry, close it, give it to me and I'll put it in my bag.

Ready? Here we go. You can open it very slowly, the first page.

It's not a photograph, of course it's not. I never said it was a photo album, Beca. It's far more than that. A piece of cloth. Yes. Towel. That's it. Think. What can it be. If you guess, I'll steal a million pounds for you.

It is a piece of sanitary towel. My first. No connection with what we have nowadays, they didn't even call them that way. The day of my first period, I was far older than when you get them nowadays. My grandma came up with a pile of towels and told me: Louise, you are a woman now, take one... and she gave me one. The first thing I thought was that with that terrible stomachache and feeling as if I had peed myself I was starting to be a woman, what had I been till then? I panicked. What had I been a while ago? An artichoke? Laugh, I love it when you laugh. I took a towel, then, which smelled like medicine and lavender. I didn't know if I had to blow my nose with it or if I had to keep it in my hand, like a handkerchief, and wipe off that drizzle of blood every time it came down my thigh. That's how ignorant we all were in this country back then. You never talked about certain things. They eventually taught me how to use that thing, more like a nappy than anything else. What you can see in that corner is my first sanitary towel. Hardly a few threads. My mother would wash it and I would put it on again. When she washed the first one I decided to keep a bit of it, and here it is.

Why is it on the first page of the album? I wondered that myself for a long time, but one day I came up with an answer. Because that was the moment they imposed on me a world divided into two halves: boy and girls. And I'd ended up on the girls' half. And girls must like boys. Period. That's why they have a period, so they won't forget who they are and how they must behave. You don't understand. Turn the page, and you'll understand.

Have a good look.

That is a photograph. My godmother took it, a sepia photograph which has lasted all this time, for a reason. Two girls on the beach, with those awful swimsuits. I am on the right. As thin as you are, look, your same eyes. I was pretty, yes. Not as pretty as you, my pearl. The other girl, have a good look at her. See how she

looks at me. How I look at her. Fourteen, we were, no more. Laura was her name.

You can see how happy we were, even though neither of us could understand how, if we both had our periods and have to use those towels, we still enjoyed looking at each other so much.

Do you get it, my pearl?

I mean, my pearl, that this girl's name was Laura, but it could've just as well been Eva.

And now I'm putting my album back into my bag, because I can hear your father's hoarse voice coming up the corridor. It couldn't be anybody else's.

We'll go on with the visit some other time. Pearl, pretend.

Wow! Man! Look how smart your father has turned up today.

## NINE

**Eva has a row in a Spanish bar with a little help from Beca and her dictionary.**

### *Easter Holidays*

**EVA** No pushing! O.K., we are leaving, hey, I said no pushing, I know the way out. This bouncer is an asshole! Nosotros ir, O.K., but, not so quickly. Despacio, por favor, and before we leave you'll give us... Un momento, por favor. Beca, look up complaint form. What?... solo un momento, impreso de... what?... reeclamaceones, página, libro, whatever. Por favor... Don't you touch me, fuck! Don't you understand me? ¿Habla ingles? Speak English here! Calm down, Beca, don't lose your temper, darling. It's just that these assholes are not going to get away with it. At least they'll have to realize that they can't throw us out of here just because they feel like it, as if we were some sort of disease or something. I'll wait. Sí, esperar. Yes, I have trouble with those endings. Fuck, Beca. Learning Spanish at school to realize now that they teach us shit. Nine out of ten I got from the teacher in the last semester. What good is the passive now? I want to talk and defend myself and tell these suckers. This term I'm joining an academy. Keep your hands to yourself, fuck! Manos, stop, por favor. Wait, I'll try again: Tu tener libro reeclamaceones, quiero reclamacion. ¿Por qué? This grease ball's got guts! Look, in the corner over there. Rincón allí. That couple, chico y chica, beso. And it's all right! Bonito. We agree, of course. Beso, and you won't say anything. No decir algo, nada. You don't tell them to fuck off as you told us when we were kissing and having our vino just minding our own business. There is no scandal there, right! And us! No escándalo either. It's not the same thing? What do you mean, no es lo mismo? We weren't fondling each other! Don't look that up in the dictionary, I'm sure they haven't got it. They only word I know is joder, and I'm sure that's too strong. And don't yell at me! No llorar, por favor! What is the fucker laughing at now? Cry and shout is not the same thing in Spanish, I can

never tell the difference. What? Yes, I can see you don't cry. Boys don't cry. Hombres no lloran. What an asshole? Perdón, querer decir, no gritar. See if you can find it... I have the right or something like that... They should have that complaint form on a board somewhere here in Spain. Can you see it, Beca? Everything would be easier if we found it. Escuchar, por favor: no nerviosa... pero no hacer malo, camarero. Beso no malo, for Heaven's sake. Just one kiss, solo un beso, ella y mí enamoradas, beso, ¿qué pasa? What, Beca? Thanks. Tengo derecho. ¿Policia? Great, call the police, o.k., let's see what the police has to say, pero no ir sin libro reeclamaceeones. Is this Europe of Afghanistan? Beca, Spain is in the European Community, isn't it? Look up dignity, quickly. Right. Dignidad. Tener dignidad. If you yell, I yell, right? And keep your hands to yourself, you grease ball, your hair is going to fall off. No pelo, because you are a homophobe! I'm sure that word does not even exist in Spanish. No me toques fuck! If you toques, I toques. Let them laugh. You leave if you want to, darling, but I'm not moving till I get a complaint form or something. ¿Saber historia soldado Americano Vietnam? ¿Saber? Wait, Beca, I'm going to tell these dinosaurs. Antes morir, viejo soldado escribir: yo matar dos hombres en guerra y gobierno darme ¿medalla?, medalla, y después yo amar hombre y ellos expel, look up expel, Beca?

Why did we choose Spain when we could have gone to Amsterdam?

Expulsar, Yo amar hombre y...

Where has that asshole gone now?

TEN

**Beca and Eva are late for school for the first time.**

*Mid-March.*

**BECA** What a bore she is! Listen to her. I think it's Descartes today.

**EVA** How interesting!

**BECA** This will really piss her off.

**EVA** She can piss off. The other day she let Peter and Sally go in fifteen minutes late and nothing happened.

**BECA** I'm nervous.

**EVA** So am I. Kiss me first, darling.

**BECA** That guy is staring at us.

**EVA** Ignore him. He is fourth year, and he's just been expelled. He spends the whole day in the corridor. He gets expelled before the class has even begun. Kiss me.

**BECA** I don't want to be a heroine, Eva. I just want to love you.

**EVA** It's not that. They are not going to throw stones at us. Heroines were those they set on fire in the factory, as the social science teacher said last week. We're only going to do something everybody else does.

**BECA** Arrive late.

**EVA** You know it's not that. Anyway, the whole bunch know by now, don't they?

**BECA** Know what?

**EVA** About us.

**BECA** That's why we don't need to cry it out loud. You know how I hate those tv programmes where couples say how much they love each other. Pathetic.

**EVA** Darling, we are not going on tv to say how much we love each other. That shit gets on my nerves as well. It's just that we are going to do

something we've been willing to do for the last couple of months and haven't. Isn't it?

**BECA** Yes.

**EVA** So that's we are finally going to fucking go into the classroom holding hands. You promised yesterday.

**BECA** In bed one promises things that later...

**EVA** What?

**BECA** Nothing, nothing.

**EVA** The longer we take to go in, the worse.

**BECA** It's embarrassing.

**EVA** When we do it every day, like all couples do, you will stop feeling embarrassed.

**BECA** And why don't we leave it for tomorrow?

**EVA** Because tomorrow starts today.

**BECA** Fuck. That's beautiful.

**EVA** Today is the first day of the rest of my life. *Pause*. It's the writing on the door of the toilet I've just been to.

**BECA** That's cool shit! Fuck, don't laugh.

**EVA** It is the first day of the rest of my life.

**BECA** The rest of our lives. *Pause*.

**EVA** I want to grow old with you, Beca. *Pause*.

**BECA** Go ahead.

**EVA** So, we walk in holding hands, we ask for permission, we apologise for being late, I'll do it, I've got more guts, Niche will stutter even more than usual, then we let go and sit at our own desks. As if there were nothing to it.

**BECA** Nothing to it. Fine. *Pause*.

**EVA** And remember: when the bell rings for the break and we leave the classroom, we hold hands again.

**BECA** That'll be worse.

**EVA** That'll be better. *Pause*. I only want to hold your hand whenever I feel like it.

**BECA** Me too.

**EVA** Things are far worse in... Yemen, which sounds so far away and it's just round the corner. They hang them there for less.

**BECA** Fuck.

**EVA** Come on. Otherwise, they'll have fallen asleep by the time we go in.

**BECA** Let's go. *Pause.* Another kiss.

**EVA** You see. That boy's stopped looking at us. You get used to anything. *Pause.* And now your hand. *Pause.*

**BECA** I love you.

**EVA** Me more.

## ELEVEN

**One cannot understand love.**

***Beginning of November.***

**EVA/BERTA** A coke? Fine, we'll order two beers, I'd rather have a cup of tea, but if that's the way, that's why we are meeting, anyway. Two beers. Thanks for coming, Eva. I didn't think you would, but you don't take after your mother in this. You are getting prettier and prettier. I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks and it seems like a year, you've changed so much. You are going to be a real beauty, I tell you. You just have to get rid of a few pounds/kilos. No pastries and you'll see. It's all that vegetable fat, girl. It wrecks you. I used to be like that, too, but I gave up those chocolate rolls which were such a big deal and I started losing weight. *Pause.*

It's odd to talk like this, away from home. They've been wonderful years, with the occasional row, yes, but on the whole it hasn't been that bad, don't you think? Do you remember when I came into the house for the first time? Eva, a friend. She's going to stay for a few days. And you there, at your computer, paying no attention to us. And it's been three years. Instead of telling you straight away, as if you lived in Mars or something. And, actually, you, how lucky I've been with you. Your mother, girl, I'm sorry, has always been a bit clumsy. And slow. She's always been reluctant to admit things, or she'd rather fool herself, as so many do. It took her ten years to realize she did not love your father. Nor any other father. And now she's reluctant to understand that our relationship doesn't work either. And she is a wonderful woman. You know I adore her. I'll always love her, but when it's over and done, it's over and done. And if love doesn't move forward it will sink forever. That's something some people do not understand. Or do not want to understand. Love either grows or disappears. Wait, I'm talking about love, not affection. I'll always love your mother, I'm saying. Even if she goes around talking trash about me every time she mentions my name. She doesn't

want anything to do with me, I know. But she'll get over it. If she tells you it's all Ilona's fault, the polish girl, she's wrong. If it hadn't been Ilona it would've been someone else because when passion dies, love dies. And ours died long ago, I realized, your mother realized, but I took the decision, something your mother would never have. And I'm telling you because I like to close things down the way they must be, because for me you are a woman who knows what she wants, if we ever do at all, and because I would like you to understand that I will always be by your side, not like your ex-stepmother, do you remember how we laughed at that word?, you say it, ex-mother's girlfriend, whatever... or simply Bertha. So Bertha, even though she has stopped being something for your mother, would like to be for you what I've always tried to be. And I would also like you to look after her, even more now, terrible what she must be going through, but it's harder than it seems, I know I'm hurting her, but it would be worse if we kept on with our relationship artificially. Look, Eva, what am I going to tell you, no one can understand love. You get older and it gets worse. You fall in love, you fall out of love. You get the hot, you go cold. I know you don't see it like that now, and I really hope it will be like that for you your whole life. I can see it in your eyes: that light was not there a year ago. I never remember your girlfriend's name, Beca, that's it, what a name! By the way, is she feeling any better? You are still very young, but I hope your love will be forever. It is important to love. The opposite is the death of desire, someone important said that. We have to love above everything else. *Pause*. Even if it's shit. *Pause*. Tell your mum she can keep my collection of cds. And the red shoes you like so much, I left them behind on purpose. They are for you. A memory.

Another beer?

## TWELVE

**Beca thinks about what she would have liked to tell Eva.**

*A week after the end of the academic year.*

**BECA** That the first day I saw you at school my heart nearly escaped through my mouth, I swear, darling. You could see your back while you were facing the blackboard talking to someone, then the tutor arrived to speak about schedules and that kind of thing. I noticed your arse, I never told you, I didn't want you to know that it was the first thing I noticed, your arse, you are always pulling my leg about that, I know you are only joking... When you turned round to sit down I pretended not to look, but I had already seen how beautiful you are, and when we exchanged glances I felt that vertigo we experienced when we went down with that rollercoaster. Then I knew that you were the love of my life. I do not like acid apples, darling, I'm sorry. I like all kinds of apples but the green ones. I'm an expert in apples. That first day my mother made a mistake and put one of those granny apples in my rucksack, that's how they call them, almost like those famous awards. But I could not miss the chance of sharing it with you, so when we bit them together, I did not feel that acid taste that gives me the shivers, quite the opposite, something very very sweet. And I thought what I'm thinking now, that life is not what happens to you but who it happens with. And with you life could never be acid.

In that Spanish bar I almost peed myself, I was terrified. I did not tell you because you had enough going for you, but if you saw me that quiet, with my legs crossed, that's why. I was peeing myself.

I love fucking with you, babe. It sounds tough, but it's true. I did tell you that you were the first, but I did not tell you that it had been like... like the Big Bang, it was goddamn cosmic. Do you remember that after we did it for the first time I kept quiet for half an hour? I could not put it into words. I had a nuclear explosion in my tummy. And since then sometimes I feel embarrassed because you might

think I'm a degenerate or something as I come so easily and it takes you longer, and I don't want you to think that I'm a wild girl who only wants to fuck you, no, darling, I want to see you happy, that's what I like the most when we get into bed, how we laugh and everything stops and how you caress my hands and we give a shit about the whole world, and, and, and when we come at the same time it is as if we touched heaven with our cunts and you and I shared the same tickling. I always knew that this, my thing, had no cure, but you know me, I can't stand sharing the pain so I swallow it on my own. Doctors are the worst actors in the world. I knew the first day. Fuck God was my first reaction. Then you came to see me and I understood that cosmic justice my grandmother talks about so much. And, actually, I felt good. Having you by my side was like a fucking great shot of happiness in my veins. And that's how I found out that you made me immortal.

It is not true that I wanted to have a baby, I just went along with it because you wanted to. At this stage I know my genes are shit, and what I really wanted was to build up a family with you, that you would have the baby and I would help you to hold an audition to find the bloke we'd select as a father. And look after your belly as if it were mine and put up with your cravings, because knowing you I'm sure you'd be unbearable when you saw yourself so fat, and you'd really have stretch marks.

You are not only the best thing that's ever happened to me. You are the only thing that's ever happened to me. The rest doesn't count.

And...

## THIRTEEN

### Gallery of faces at a photo booth.

#### *Mid June*

**EVA** You choose. *Pause.*

**BECA** Mmmm. We pretend to be interesting.

**EVA** Fine. As if we were ministers before a press conference.

**BECA** Wearing glasses?

**EVA** You do, I don't. They don't suit me.

**BECA** As you wish.

**EVA** You are gorgeous, minister. I insert the pound and press. You count one, two, three. Now.

**BECA** One, two, three. *Pause.*

**EVA** You were laughing.

**BECA** Doesn't matter. Another one.

**EVA** My turn. Bitches, now that suits you.

**BECA** Very funny. How bitchy?

**EVA** Real bitchy. Like this.

**BECA** Tongues are essential.

**EVA** I'll press the button and you count up to three. Ready?

**BECA** Ready. Real bitch.

**EVA** Fucking real bitch. I press.

**BECA** One, two, three. *Pause.*

**EVA** That's great. Another one.

**BECA** I know. Innocent. Good girls.

**EVA** No. Better bad good girls. Like Joan Agnes of the Cross.

**BECA** Who?

**EVA** Yes, of course, the Lit teacher told us the other day and you missed it. A Mexican nun. She was a dyke and had no choice but to become a nun. He read some cool things. She had an affair with a countess. What a babe!

**BECA** So it's innocent nuns then.

**EVA** And hot.

**BECA** Difficult.

**EVA** Not at all. Put an innocent face and think the opposite. I press, you count.

**BECA** Fine. One, two, three. *Pause*. Let's have a look.

**EVA** Wait. The last one.

**BECA** It's going to cost us.

**EVA** I've got a euro left. And one is missing.

**BECA** Which?

**EVA** Kissing.

**BECA** Fine.

**EVA** I press the button and count three. It's going to be the best one. *Pause*. I insert the pound. Wait, if I Kiss you I can't find the button. But don't laugh.

**BECA** I can't help it. I won't laugh, I won't laugh. Have you got it?

**EVA** Now. Yes. Count up to three.

**BECA** If I count I can't kiss you.

**EVA** Fine, count mentally after I press the button. Now.

**BECA** I love you, Eva.

**EVA** I love you, Beca.

**END (OR BEGINNING)**

**Eva takes her apple out of her rucksack.**

***First day of the following academic year.***

**She looks at it, remembers, she's going to throw it angrily into the dustbin, she thinks twice, smiles, a couple of tears drop down her face, she smiles again, she feels the stare of other students during the break, she shows them the apple as if she were showing them a prize, she looks at the apple again with her best smile/memory, she looks at her right, where Beca is no longer there, she gulps, takes a deep breath.**

**And she bites her acid apple as if she were giving a delicious final bite at time. *Pause.***

**END.**