

DOC COMPARATO  
**RAINFOREST**

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**THEATRE**

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THEATRE

Translation by Fabiana Castro

1ª edição



São Paulo, 2014

## Reading Doc Comparato's Plays

Publishers used to avoid certain types of books because they were considered bad sellers: plays, poetry, short stories, biographies... With the e-book everything has changed. All genres are welcome. And we decided to invest in drama, in the theatrical work of dramatist Doc Comparato.

The author has lived for extended periods in a number of countries in Europe and Latin America, a sophistication reflected in the diversity of his work. His book on scriptwriting has been translated into various languages and used in film schools internationally. Many of his plays have also already been translated and produced outside of Brazil, but these e-book editions represent a multi-lingual collection of selected plays that will make this valuable author more easily available to people who do and love theatre.

His work is divided into three trilogies: **Tomorrow's Trilogy**, composed by plays written in the 1980's and 1990's: *Plêiades*, *O Beijo da Louca*, for which he won the National Theatre Award, and *O Despertar dos Desatinados* (*Rainforest*), not yet staged.

After that came the **Trilogy of Time**, with plays written until the year 2000: *Nostradamus*, *Michelangelo* and *O Círculo das Luzes* – all of which have been staged in Brazil and Italy. *Nostradamus* won the Anna Magnani Award.

And the last **Trilogy of Imagination** which is comprised of his most recent work, plays that have not been published up until now and still not staged.

And it is precisely with his new work that we are going to start. The plays are: *Sempre, Jamais* and *Eterno* (*The Secret Days of Orson Welles In Brazil*). With a very powerful imagetic capacity, he brings to life a writer of children's books, Calabar a traitor and the secret days of Orson Welles in Brazil, in texts apparently simple but full of hidden meanings.

We believe you will enjoy imagining these instigating plays staged as you are reading them.

Apart from the trilogies, Doc also has other plays that we are going to include in the second wave of digital editions. The children's play *A Incrível Viagem, Lição N.º 18* and *A Misteriosa Morte do Supremo Imperador da China e Outras Histórias*.

However, please remember that these e-book editions are licensed exclusively for reading.

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## Initial Notes

### 1. Temporality

The dramatic action happens in a near future, whichever that might be.

### 2. Location

Southern hemisphere. The Tropics.

### 3. Scenography

The set is composed of three integrated elements. These are:

#### **The veranda**

An open space serves as veranda to a house that we do not see. Characters come and go from this area, which is surrounded by tropical rainforest.

#### **The rainforest**

The veranda is surrounded by various shades of green. Nothing else is visible.

It is a tropical rainforest.

The rainforest is an important element and it can be made out of any material.

Apart from framing the actors' performance space, scenic transformations in the rainforest underline the passing of time and/or "react" to the dialogues. In this sense, it functions as the dramatic thread.

Lighting is fundamental.

#### **The objects**

Props and objects are minimal in order for the play to assume a character of timelessness.

An old wooden table out on the veranda and some stools around it.

There are two books, papers and pencils on the table.

We note a metal or crystal plaque on the table from which coloured beams of light are projected.

The colour and intensity of each beam of light are indicated throughout the text.

There is also an almost imperceptible water vaporizer. The same kind that we see at the beaches of Rio de Janeiro to refresh beach goers.

#### 4. Costumes

Elegant and sophisticated according to contemporary fashion. Discrete. Characters change costume several times.

Although the play happens “in the future” the costumes are always based on present fashion.

#### 5. About the text and characters

Notes on the text are in the afterword.

The characters according to their order of appearance:

#### CONRAD

Man on his 40's.

#### MARILLA

Woman also around 40 years old.

#### WILLIAM

Man on his late 40's or older. Married to Marilla.



URSULA

Woman, preferably younger than Conrad, between 30 and 40 years old.

There is also another woman who will act as Ursula's double.

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# THE RAINFOREST©

**DC**

Rio 1982 - Berlin / 2004

**Some place in the future.**

**Blackout.**

**Curtains open.**

**Sounds of a rainforest.**

## **SCENE 1    RED SAP**

**Veranda of Conrad's house – DAY 1**

**Light only on the veranda.**

**Silence.**

**Conrad comes in and one of his hands is bleeding.**

**Calmly, he gets a handkerchief that is on the table and dresses his wounded hand.**

**The handkerchief is stained red.**

**With his other hand he touches a metallic (or crystal) surface that is also on the table.**

**A small beam of blue light is directed to this surface area.**

**The intensity of the light is enough to capture everyone's attention.**

**Conrad starts recording his words but he doesn't use a microphone or any other type of equipment.**

**The metallic (or crystal) surface and the different colored beams of light will become a specific code throughout the play between the audience and the characters. In other words, the blue light will indicate that Conrad is recording, red will indicate someone's arrival, etc...**

**In short, all the technology and actions are signaled and concentrated on the metal/crystal plaque.**

**CONRAD**

Recording. Attention. Day twenty-nine, Wednesday. The rainforest is calm, it's a compact dark green block. In one tone.

**Silence.**

### CONRAD

The clouds are like stretch marks on a washed celestial blue, as if the sky had been swept by a broom. Looking at the sky I couldn't capture any particular forms, couldn't make associations. Wasn't able to imagine lions or eagles. Not even elephants. (PAUSE) It's amazing how I was hypnotized by a bunch of yellow butterflies that flew close to the rocks. They were hysteric. Is it correct to call a group of butterflies a bunch?

### CONRAD

The sky has fascinated many painters. Even inspired the mediocre. The sky and the sea. (PAUSE) What about the rainforest? (PAUSE) I should select word by word so that the recording expresses exactly what I feel and what I intend to say. It's weird for someone who has dealt with numbers his whole life to be dealing with words. (PAUSE) Pursuing the butterflies I fell on the rocks. I have a deep cut in my hand, which now bleeds. Extravagant as any hemorrhage.

**Conrad observes the handkerchief stained with blood. The blood trickles down his arm and drips off his elbow.**

### CONRAD

Staring at the sky I asked myself for the thousandth time if I had done right to isolate myself. To leave everything behind

and come to this place. I shouldn't have come. Maybe it was too sudden. I don't know. It took some time for me to understand that joy and happiness are two distinct things.

**Silence.**

**CONRAD**

In spite of all that has happened I have a feeling that I won the game of life. I am alive and surrounded by nature, by the forest. It is fascinating to live by the Rainforest. (PAUSE) These recordings could become a book. A book of thoughts and phrases of mine. A book of aphorisms. "Conrad's world of Aphorisms".

**Conrad observes the wounded hand dressed with the bloody handkerchief.**

**CONRAD**

My blood. My meaty red sap.

**Pause.**

**Blackout.**

## **SCENE 2    YELLOW BUTTERFLY**

**Rainforest - DAY 1**

**Music starts.**

**The rainforest lightens up in compact green.**

**The image should be revealing and of great impact.**

**In one of the corners of the rainforest we see twinkling yellow dots.**

**They are the yellow butterflies.**

**The butterflies disappear.**

**The green rainforest surrounds the veranda.**



## SCENE 3 MARILLA'S HIPS

Rainforest and Conrad's veranda - DAY 1

The veranda lights up surrounded by the dazzling rainforest.

Music fades.

We see Conrad dressing his wounded hand.

Pause.

He also speaks into a mobile phone, which consists of a simple cable hanging down from his ear. It is a modern set made of transparent material.

### CONRAD (on the phone)

Smith. Smith. Listen. The answer is: I am great. Never been better. What? No. No. It can be lonely. It is lonely. Yeah. (PAUSE) No. I'm not interested in that kind of thing any more. As a matter of fact I take this opportunity to announce that my arithmetic is dead. I have unlearned how to add and ended up divided. (PAUSE) There's something else. I have many other terrible and enlightened sentences. Actually, Smith, our communication is not in danger of getting any better. (PAUSE) Because I can't stand talking to you anymore. What? Ursula. No news. I don't want to know about Ursula. (PAUSE) It's a pity, Smith. (PAUSE) Ursula again. You can't control yourself and always end up talking about her. Ursula. She was my wife and you are the one always reminding me of it. It must be your favorite sport: talking about her. (PAUSE) Yeah. That's right.

**A red dot, or small beam of light, is lit on the crystal surface.**

**CONRAD (on the phone)**

A moment, Smith, someone is arriving.

**The red light generates another colored spot on the veranda.**

**Marilla comes in. She is elegant, modest yet with a reserved sensuality.**

**CONRAD (on the phone)**

Yeah. Smith.

**The red light will always light up when someone comes in the house and arrives at the veranda.**

**CONRAD (on the phone)**

My door is always open. A red light always switches on when someone comes in. Don't worry, I'm never caught unaware. (PAUSE) Don't complicate things. No insults. (PAUSE) You were only a work colleague. Was. (PAUSE) The friendship hierarchy is complicated. Aggressive. (PAUSE) Colleague. Colleague. (PAUSE) Friends don't have this kind of conversation. (PAUSE) Hello, hello, Hung-up. Hung-up.

**Conrad takes off his earphone and places it on the table. Silence.**

**Marilla and Conrad stare at each other.**

**CONRAD**

That was a colleague of mine. Smith.

**MARILLA**

The door.

**CONRAD**

I know. It was open. I always leave it like that.

**MARILLA**

My name is Marilla and I am here to work on your manuscripts.

**CONRAD**

Pleasure. Conrad. (PAUSE) Are you aware of the working conditions?

**MARILLA**

It was all arranged with the employment agency. Did you get my curriculum?

**CONRAD**

Yes. It's great.

**MARILLA**

So what is the job? Technical? Artistic?

**CONRAD**

I write. It's not text, nor poetry. Sentences. Thoughts. "Aphorisms," it's what it's called.

**Conrad walks towards the table, picks up a sheet of paper and reads.**

**CONRAD**

“Why can’t an evil person stop being evil? Because if he stops, he will cry. Cry a lot.” (PAUSE) I found this note in the middle of a lot of writings. I need someone to give form and coherence to my notes.

**MARILLA**

Aphorisms.

**CONRAD**

An aphorism is a sentence, which explains in a few words, a rule or a moral principle. It’s a short text, almost fragmented, which can be really revealing. Or destructive.

**MARILLA**

I understand. It’s like a one-person proverb.

**CONRAD**

Exactly. Perfect definition. Congratulations.

**MARILLA**

Thank you, but this is my job: to read and correct other people’s text. I knew the definition of an aphorism. (PAUSE) It’s usually an autobiography. Writings of one person. (PAUSE) Where is your manuscript?

**CONRAD**

Sometimes I write, other times I record my voice. (PAUSE).  
You remind me of someone. Your face. It's...

**MARILLA**

I've lived here for a long time. You might have seen me around.

**CONRAD**

No. That's not it.

**MARILLA**

I also know this house. This veranda. Is the computer still in  
the same place? Inside? (PAUSE) I worked here for a biologist.  
Eight months ago.

**Conrad slowly reacts with surprise.**

**CONRAD**

Marilla. This name.

**Silence.**

**MARILLA**

Can I start with the sheets of papers on the table?

**Pause.**

**MARILLA**

Did you remember?

CONRAD

I think so. Such a long time ago. About twenty five years.

MARILLA

We were neighbors.

CONRAD

Marilla. But of course. We dated. I just remembered it all. We were teenagers.

MARILLA

Something like that.

CONRAD

What a coincidence. After so many years. It's incredible.

MARILLA

It's an old story.

**Silence.**

CONRAD

You've become a serious woman. Or is it bitterness?

MARILLA

No. It's just reality. (PAUSE) I think I should get started. I'll get the papers and go inside to work.

**She walks towards the table and picks up the sheets of paper.**

**CONRAD**

Sure.

**Marilla leaves with the sheets of paper.**

**CONRAD**

Your hips. Your hips haven't changed.

**Marilla stops for a second, and then continues walking.**

**Blackout.**

**Sound of cicadas.**

**Pause.**

## SCENE 4 THE CALL OF THE CICADAS

Rainforest - Dusk - DAY 2

**The Rainforest is slowly lit by a golden yellow light, and gains intensity as Conrad speaks off-stage.**

**It is dusk.**

**The blue light in the veranda, which indicates recording, lights up.**

**The sound of cicadas ceases.**

**Pause.**

### CONRAD (Off-stage)

Recording. The sun sets behind the trees. It's magnificent. Everything is golden. All of a sudden everything turns golden. The green turns gold. Shadows in form of filigrees cut the roots of the trees. (PAUSE) A yellow Rainforest. Strange. Marilla. Marilla. It was like a fibrillation that remains in your body after a strong bomb explosion. (PAUSE) Such complicity. Only both of us know. (PAUSE) I was seventeen. Or eighteen. It doesn't matter. She is still tasty. That skin. Interesting. She is a female, and I could see the seduction imprisoned in this woman, a prisoner of her own bitterness. (PAUSE) Women and bitterness. Quite a normal combination, since all men are mathematicians specialized in this equation. (PAUSE) But what harm could I have done to Marilla when I was eighteen? Even if I had done something bad, time would have forgiven. A mysterious woman, she is. Who excites me. Lust. (PAUSE) What excitement. It seems like the buzzing of a cicada. Intermittent. Slowly increasing in volume. Eager. Alive.



(PAUSE) There is nothing like the call of the cicadas. It is unique like an egg. And no one can improve on an egg. (PAUSE) I'm going to record the call of the cicada. (PAUSE) And eat a boiled egg.

**Sound of cicadas.**

**The yellow light reaches its maximum intensity.**

**The blue light is turned off.**

## **SCENE 5 BLUE THREADS**

**Veranda and Rainforest - DUSK - DAY 2**

**Music starts.**

**Veranda lights up.**

**Marilla and Conrad are standing still.**

**Conrad is wearing sunglasses with yellow lenses.**

**Marilla is holding the printed papers.**

**Marilla and Conrad have changed their clothes.**

**Music fades.**

### **CONRAD**

I love wearing these glasses at dusk. The Rainforest's color and humor changes. Yellow is a disconcerting color. Turns everything into gold without any criteria. (PAUSE) Did you find any interesting sentences in my writings?

**Conrad takes his glasses off.**

**The Rainforest light changes from yellow to green.**

### **MARILLA**

I've selected a few. Example: "He is intellectually slow, morally swift and politically contradictory."

**Conrad laughs.**

### **CONRAD**

It's Smith. I got inspiration from Smith's personality, the colleague. Intellectually slow, morally swift and politically contradictory. So dull. He is a slow man in every aspect.

**Marilla shows no reaction.**

**MARILLA**

Well, Conrad. I found another aphorism between two sentences that caught my attention.

**CONRAD**

Don't say a word. I'm finding this all a bit weird, strange. (PAUSE) Aren't you curious to know what happened in my life? (PAUSE) We were quite intimate when we were young. Isn't there anything left? (PAUSE) You don't want to know how I see our attraction. Now. Today. After so many years. (PAUSE) I want to know how you see this encounter of ours. Well. We did a lot of unforgettable things together. We made love, a lot of sex. Actually, you were the first woman I had in my life. And I the first man of your life. And we know that. Are you going to tell me you forgot about it? (PAUSE) All right, we are older now. Twenty years have passed. Great: what has happened since then? (PAUSE) You're a silent woman. Efficient and silent. More methodical than the biological cycles of the Rainforest. Reserved. You look like a sphinx.

**MARILLA**

Conrad.

**CONRAD**

This tone of voice. At least you've memorized my name. (PAUSE) Are you not a bit excited about this coincidence? To meet each other after so many years. The first love. Thinking about it, you were my first love.

**MARILLA**

Are you done?

**Silence.**

**CONRAD**

And which was the second sentence of my work you thought was worth selecting?

**MARILLA**

It wasn't a coincidence.

**CONRAD**

What?

**MARILLA**

It was premeditated. As soon as I saw your name at the employment agency I knew who you were. (PAUSE) I didn't come here out of curiosity. Well, actually, it was sort of a curiosity mixed with other feelings, which makes me confused and leaves me paralyzed, almost apathetic. (PAUSE) To say I didn't want to see you is a lie. (PAUSE) If anyone asked me

how I felt when I saw you, I would say: nothing good or bad. On the contrary: I felt nothing. Simply because I am a different person now. You, as I could notice, are the same. Which would be comical, if it weren't pathetic. (PAUSE)  
Sorry.

**Pause.**

**CONRAD**

Which was the other sentence that caught your attention?

**Silence.**

**She looks at the papers and reads.**

**She also gets a small pill tin from her pocket without Conrad noticing it.**

**MARILLA**

“There is no strength able to control a temperament” (PAUSE)

I finished my task for today. I've done the proofreading.

**Marilla turns around to place the papers on the table.**

**And discreetly opens the small tin and takes two pills.**

**Conrad doesn't see. Only the audience witnesses this.**

**CONRAD**

Marilla, there is something on your back.

**MARILLA**

What?

**Conrad comes closer and touches her back.**

CONRAD

It's a thread.

MARILLA

Where?

CONRAD

It's a plant burr.

**Conrad touches her back. He almost caresses her.**

MARILLA

Did you get it off?

CONRAD

A plant burr. This blue dress is pretty. It's common, but I like it.

**She turns around and moves away.**

MARILLA

Conrad. (PAUSE) Shakespeare once declared: "Words, words, words." Let's just say that for now you need only a verb: grow up.

**The red light on the crystal surface lights up.**

**The red light captures everyone's attention.**

**In comes William, he is about 40 years old, well dressed.**

**WILLIAM**

Sorry. Did I interrupt anything?

**CONRAD**

Who are you? What are you doing here?

**MARILLA**

He is my husband.

**Pause.**

**WILLIAM**

The door was open. Couldn't find a bell. (PAUSE) My name is William, nice to meet you.

**CONRAD**

Conrad, pleasure. (PAUSE) I didn't think Marilla was married.

**WILLIAM**

But she is. That's why I'm here. I came to pick up my wife.

**Marilla steps back.**

**MARILLA**

I'm done. I'm going to get my purse.

**Marilla leaves.**

**CONRAD**

Please have a seat.

**WILLIAM**

There is no need, she won't be long.

**CONRAD**

What a hurry. (PAUSE) William: it's a nice name. Around here, by the Rainforest we only find Wilson, Walter, Wagner, all with a W. Or with a mute letter in the middle, like Edmilson, Edner. I met an Edner, he was a failed theatre critic. They are all names from American origin. They are naïve. They should have indigenous or African names. Some indigenous. African. (PAUSE) But have a seat, do you want anything to drink?

**Marilda returns.**

**MARILLA**

Let's go? (PAUSE) See you tomorrow.

**WILLIAM**

Good night. Nice to meet you.

**CONRAD**

Do you have children?

**Marilla and William look at each other for a second.**



## WILLIAM

No. We have no children.

**Light fades.**

**Music starts.**

## **SCENE 6    HEAT HIVE**

**Bathroom - NIGHT 2**  
**Using a vaporizer.**

**Music starts.**

**A spot of light is projected on the crystal.**

**Light also shines at the water vaporizer.**

**The light with the vaporized water particles should produce a delicate cloud.**

**The image should be peculiar and evoke mystery.**

**Conrad is half-naked and involved by the particles.**

**Music fades.**

**He refreshes himself with the water vapor.**

### **CONRAD**

I am alone. One afternoon I decided to open a path through the Rainforest. I was careless. Suddenly night fell. It was as if a visible sound wave had taken over the crowns of the trees. And a noise started. An animal sound, and another, a moan, a whistle in the dark, a trill and roars and I fell. It was abrupt. And when I fell I felt the slimy skin of a snake. I was terrified, - fear became terror. And in face of my eminent death, I jumped and skidded. And I hit my head on a tree trunk. After, I felt a sweet taste in my mouth. Honey-like sap was dripping from the tree. Pure honey dripped down my mouth. Why, when threatened by so many dangers and faced by my own death, did I forget about all the horror and tasted the nectar: an immortal universe. I swore at that moment that I would never

allow indifference to overcome desire for life. (PAUSE) Marilla.  
Marilla. Drop of honey. Sweet nectar. I won't let anything  
interfere with the pleasure of being inside you again.

**Conrad leaves.**

**The water vaporizer ceases.**

**The blue light is also switched off.**

**Music starts.**

**Blackout.**

**Pause.**

# SCENE 7 EFFECTS OF AFFECTION

Veranda and Rainforest - DAY 3

**Music fades.**

**Rainforest and the veranda are lit in green.**

**Marilla, Conrad and William are present.**

**Conrad drinks an undetermined liquid from an old and refined crystal glass.**

**William and Marilla drink water from a normal glass.**

**WILLIAM**

Last night was unbearably hot. It hasn't been that hot in ages.  
It was really muggy.

**CONRAD**

I had to cool off several times with the vaporizer. And I still couldn't sleep very well. The water particles couldn't cool down my soul.

**CONRAD**

I wanted to thank you both for accepting my invitation. I'm happy you're here. (PAUSE) Our first encounter, William, was a bit dry. (PAUSE) My world does not obey my mathematical knowledge. My reactions are chaotic. (PAUSE) All I know is that I started talking about names starting with a "w." Total nonsense. I even remembered Edner, the theater critic. So this again: how long have you been married?

WILLIAM

Almost twenty years.

CONRAD

A friend once told me that a marriage that lasts longer than ten years is lack of hygiene.

**Conrad laughs.**

**William and Marilla don't laugh. Pause.**

CONRAD

William, what do you work with?

WILLIAM

Anthropology. I specialized in religious beliefs. At present I'm a professor of Afro-Brazilian religion.

CONRAD

*A Macumba* Professor?

WILLIAM

Almost. Macumba, "Voodoo," they are all vulgar names for a religion called "Candomblé." I study African religious rites and rituals in the formation of a population.

CONRAD

And does "voodoo" work?

**WILLIAM**

I don't practice "Candomblé." I study candomblé. Those are two completely different things.

**Conrad holds a crystal jar, he pours some for himself and offers.**

**CONRAD**

Does anyone want some?

**MARILLA**

No, Thanks. (PAUSE) Distracted. I was thinking about an aphorism that I transcribed today. You wrote: "the truth has the tendency of revealing itself spontaneously."

**WILLIAM**

Do you believe in that? Do you believe that the truth is always exposed?

**CONRAD**

Depends on the truth. (PAUSE) For example: the unhappy critic. He was incompetent. Everyone knew he was being cheated on by his wife. Hence, everyone assumed he was unhappy. Maybe he even knew but didn't care. But when he was told the truth, his soul certainly felt wounded. (PAUSE) He became chronically ill, with one of these rare diseases.

**WILLIAM**

You have explained the effect of truth. It's not the same. I asked about the mechanism of exposing the truth.

**CONRAD**

Truths, lies. What does it matter? Why did we get ourselves into this philosophical conversation? Can we talk about something else? About the past, for example.

**MARILLA**

You were always daring, Conrad.

**CONRAD**

And you are both being cautious.

**WILLIAM**

Polite. (PAUSE) Marilla, let's go.

**William places the glass on the table.**

**WILLIAM**

I didn't want this meeting to be a confrontation.

**CONRAD**

Confrontation? It could be. There is definitely some hostility going on.

**MARILLA**

I want to make something clear, Conrad. William knows about our past.

**CONRAD**

Are you jealous? After twenty years? Your marriage is not going well.

**WILLIAM**

Our marriage is so solid that I know all that has happened between you both.

**CONRAD**

You're right, all that has happened. It's over.

**MARILLA**

Are you sure it is over in your head, Conrad? Or do you still fantasize about it?

**CONRAD**

This feels like a truth crusade. My intimate thoughts are of my own property.

**WILLIAM**

And risk.

**MARILLA**



We didn't come here in a crusade for the past. We came here to tell you a truth you are unaware of.

**CONRAD**

The only truth I am aware of, and apologies for your husband, is that you were the first woman in my life. My first love.

**MARILLA**

You were my first tear.

**CONRAD**

Don't tell me that old story of the man who seduced the innocent girl. I was an adolescent. Don't start.

**WILLIAM**

And why not? were you never curious to know the extent of your actions? Weren't you describing Marilla as a bitter woman with no curiosities?

**CONRAD**

Where is this heading? What are you trying to do?

**Pause.**

**MARILLA**

Maybe what we are trying to say is that only fools believe that sex is solely a physical act.

CONRAD

No theology, please. When sex and religion are brought together the result is always a great moral problem. Isn't that true professor?

WILLIAM

No ironies.

CONRAD

So, what was the big mistake I made twenty years ago?

MARILLA

Maybe it wasn't precisely twenty years ago.

**Red light switches on.**

CONRAD

Are either of you waiting for anyone else? I'm not expecting any guests.

**In comes Ursula.**

**Posh, well dressed and elegant. Dazzling.**

**Ursula comes in and looks at the red light. The light switches off.**

CONRAD

Ursula. (PAUSE) Ursula, what are you doing here? (PAUSE) I hid here to escape. To escape from you. And you turn up

clandestine. In my Rainforest. (PAUSE) Don't you understand that our relationship has been over for eight months?

**URSULA**

Eight months, fourteen days and a few hours. (PAUSE) Good afternoon everyone.

**CONRAD**

You were never good with numbers.

**URSULA**

Definitely not. (PAUSE) Smith was the one who did the math. He is also a mathematician.

**Ursula turns towards Marilla and William. Pause.**

**URSULA**

Nice to meet you. I'm Ursula.

**WILLIAM**

Nice to meet you, William. This is Marilla, my wife.

**MARILLA**

Pleasure. (PAUSE) We were leaving. We better go.

**URSULA**

No. There is no need. I only came to get some documents from Conrad. He has been refusing to answer my request for six months, nine days and a few hours. (PAUSE) Besides, there is no reason why he should keep them. I'll be quick.

**CONRAD**

No. That's not how it is.

**URSULA**

Conrad has a very peculiar way of dealing with reality. You have probably noticed.

**MARILLA**

You're right. It seems like he hasn't changed much in twenty years.

**WILLIAM**

Let's go, Marilla.

**URSULA**

No way. I mean, you have known him for twenty years, and his been like that for two decades? The same?

**CONRAD**

As you have noticed, I'm very coherent. It's commendable to be coherent nowadays.

**URSULA**

Irreverent is the right word, but I'm not here to talk about this. We've argued enough already. I came to get my papers. I'm sorry to interrupt, but we were married for many years and I know who I'm dealing with here.

**CONRAD**

Ursula, you haven't interrupted a thing. We were talking precisely about the noxious effects of love. I guess we are the living example. (PAUSE) Don't you think so professor?

**WILLIAM**

The problem with irony is that it loses its effect when the subject in question is serious. (PAUSE) Let's go Marilla.

**MARILLA**

Wait a moment William. I still have time.

**WILLIAM**

What do you mean?

**MARILLA**

I don't know if I want to go. We also have some unresolved business to deal with.

**URSULA**

Great. I like Marilla. (PAUSE) What a busy schedule, Conrad.

**CONRAD**

I also think everyone should stay. Simply because there is this judicial lawsuit going on, and Ursula and I decided to meet only in the presence of witnesses. In public.

**URSULA**

Please, let's not go into many details of our past. Specially the police matters.

**CONRAD**

It's true. There is a lawsuit. Murder attempt.

**WILLIAM**

I think we should go.

**CONRAD**

No. No, please, I ask you, stay. It's evident that you came here to tell me something. And until now you've said nothing. Let's take this opportunity to get to know each other, professor.

**WILLIAM**

I would like to talk to Marilla inside. In private.

**CONRAD**

Please, feel at home.

**URSULA**

I think I will leave you alone. You might deserve it. (PAUSE)  
Where is the bathroom? It's a splendid house. In the middle of  
a rainforest. Is the toilet outdoors?

**CONRAD**

Go into the house and turn left.

**Conrad walks towards the table and picks up a piece of paper.**

**CONRAD**

I'll take this opportunity to write an aphorism that just came  
to my mind. "The rainforest is disappearing because all trees  
are vegetarian."

**Willian, Marilla and Ursula leave.**

**Light fades.**

**Music starts.**

## **SCENE 8 WASP'S EGG**

**Veranda and Rainforest - Dusk - DAY 3**

**The rainforest is increasingly lit by a golden yellow light that slowly gains intensity.**

**It's dusk.**

**On the veranda, the blue light that indicates recording is switched on.**

**Conrad sits by the table, puts on his yellow sunglasses and starts scribbling on a piece of paper.**

**Music fades.**

**Conrad gets a jar full of live wasps from the table drawer.**

**The buzzing sound of the wasps takes over the audio.**

**Conrad places the jar by his side and starts writing.**

**The buzzing sound of the wasps becomes background noise.**

### **CONRAD**

We have just heard the sound of wasps trapped in a jar. I couldn't trap any cicadas. I didn't eat any egg either. Didn't have time.

**Conrad writes.**

### **CONRAD**

The sound of wasps. It's Ursula's tone of voice. A wasp. (PAUSE) Ursula and Marilla together. Unforgettable waspish music. (PAUSE) Another aphorism: "behind every free man is the stimulus of someone else's wife." Or perfecting the Ten Commandments: "Forever lusting after thy neighbour's wife."



**Music starts.**

**Blue light switches off.**

## **SCENE 9 WILD ANIMALS**

**Veranda and Rainforest - NIGHT 3**

**The rainforest is still lit by the golden yellow light.**

**Conrad is still writing on the table.**

**In comes Ursula.**

**Music fades.**

### **URSULA**

Please, take off these glasses. I'm sure this "hepatitis" yellow shade of your sunglasses doesn't do me any good. (PAUSE)  
Conrad, the sunglasses.

**Conrad takes off his glasses.**

**The golden yellow light fades completely.**

**The rainforest's dark green takes over.**

**The veranda lights up.**

### **CONRAD**

I'm writing a letter to attach to the documents. A handwritten commentary.

### **URSULA**

Nonsense. You were writing those senseless sentences on a blank piece of paper.

### **CONRAD**

“Power is like a vice, full of certainty.”

**URSULA**

Nice sentence, Conrad, But I must confess it doesn't move me anymore. At first it did, but not anymore. (PAUSE) You lost your self-esteem when you started expressing yourself in words. You were better with numbers.

**CONRAD**

Words are more emotional than numbers. (PAUSE) If a catastrophic accident happened in which 827 people died, would you cry less if there had been 615 deaths? (PAUSE) You probably wouldn't even cry. No one cries. But if I described in detail the agony and terror of a kitten that had its paw crushed, you would be moved.

**URSULA**

Not me. I'm allergic to cat hair. (PAUSE) Do you know what I really think about your sentences: they are “downgrades” but people look for “upgrades”. (PAUSE) You have no talent. Full stop.

**CONRAD**

My aphorisms don't impress you anymore? Not even a little?

**URSULA**

No. Maybe this couple is impressed. In fact, only God knows where they are. Anyways, I have no idea what is happening

here. How have you known this couple for twenty years, and I who lived with you for years never even heard of them? They can only be from a parallel universe.

**CONRAD**

It's a long story. But to cut a long story short, she was the first woman in my life.

**URSULA**

Poor her. (PAUSE) There is no need to explain anymore. You had a relapse. She walked in here, God knows how, and you must be having erotic delusions about her. (PAUSE) But, I could notice, her husband is definitely not liking it. And you still haven't noticed that one can make an "immoral" speech and only provoke "moralities." Life is unpredictable, darling.

**CONRAD**

Strange. There is something weird about you. The numbers, the parallel universe, the morality. It sounds like Smith talking. (PAUSE) Ursula, you fucked Smith.

**URSULA**

What if? What do you have to do with it?

**CONRAD**

But Smith?

**URSULA**

And why not?

**CONRAD**

He is slow, in everything.

**URSULA**

As both of us know, slowness does have its advantages.

**CONRAD**

Don't be cruel.

**URSULA**

I'm realistic. (PAUSE) My documents, please. (PAUSE) We know perfectly well that in the middle of those papers there is a doctor's note which proves that you suffer from premature ejaculation. Also that you tried several treatments. But this is part of our judicial lawsuit.

**CONRAD**

You love this part. (PAUSE) You know it's not true.

**URSULA**

You were the one who went through with the medical exam.

**CONRAD**

You were the co-author of this decision. Anyways, it was a phase of my life. A phase, understand? Why don't we ask

Marilla, for example? She is an exempt witness. She can say if I suffered from premature ejaculation in my first fuck. It'll be another statistical data for your documents.

### URSULA

Right, you are now exactly where you wanted, at the center of attention. I'm not going into this game. Anyway, I hate statistics. It's a nasty science. We stare at a graph figuring out if we are majority or minority. Rule or exception. If we are fast or slow.

### CONRAD

Viper. That's why you liked the house: you're in your natural habitat. In the shadow. In the rainforest.

### URSULA

Unfortunately it was you who showed me that men are smaller than their shadows.

**The red light switches on.**

**Silence.**

### URSULA

Once you wrote a sentence that still intrigues me. It read:  
Every unfortunate person is premature.

**In comes Marilla with different clothes and carrying a folder.**

### MARILLA

Sorry, excuse-me. William and I went home without saying goodbye. We are going through a crisis. (PAUSE) But I'm back. Got changed and came back. He stayed. I think I owe you an explanation.

**URSULA**

I'm hungry. Do we have to hunt to eat something around here?

**CONRAD**

Dinner?

**URSULA**

Dinner.

**MARILLA**

Dinner. (PAUSE) No. No, dinner.

**Light fades.**

**Music starts.**

# SCENE 10 BENIGN INSECTS

Rainforest and Veranda - NIGHT 3

**Music.**

**Blackout.**

**From the dark rainforest spots of light start to pop as if a cloud of fireflies is invading the Rainforest.**

**Ursula is eating an apple and lights a candle that is on the veranda table.**

**The candleholder is made of crystal.**

**Light shines on Ursula's face.**

**Music fades slowly until it's completely silent.**

**In the rainforest the light from the fireflies stops.**

## URSULA

Look. The rainforest has been taken over by a cloud of fireflies. How interesting: they possess light and are simultaneously possessed by it. (PAUSE) Like myself. Like you, Marilla. Females. Possessing and being possessed by everything.

**The veranda light comes back to normal and the candle remains lit.**

## MARILLA

A cloud of fireflies.

## CONRAD

They were definitely female fireflies. I just don't know if they are aware of the fact that Ursula is creating aphorisms like me.



Are you copying me, darling?

**URSULA**

Just because I said that every female possesses and is possessed. Please, everyone knows that. (PAUSE) Conrad, you exhaust me. (PAUSE) My papers, please.

**MARILLA**

Enough. I've been waiting years for the courage to say what I came here to say and I won't sit here watching the rise and fall of fireflies.

**Silence.**

**URSULA**

If you want I can leave. (PAUSE) My appetite was satisfied by the apple. I lit the candle, which until now has only attracted fireflies. At least they weren't mosquitoes. I just wanted to change this veranda's atmosphere. (PAUSE) You deserve some privacy: I'll leave.

**Ursula acts as if she is going to leave, but doesn't. Silence.**

**MARILLA**

Conrad. I had a child by you, a son.

**Pause.**

**CONRAD**

Wait a minute. I never knew you got pregnant. Especially from me. This is ridiculous, after so many years. A son. Can't be.

**Marilla starts to cry uncontrollably, but not hysterically.**

**Marilla leaves.**

**Music starts.**

**Light fades.**

# SCENE 11 CATALOGUING WINDS

Veranda and Rainforest – NIGHT 3

**Music fades.**

**We can hear the sound of the wind on the tree leaves.**

**The veranda and rainforest lights are gradually lit.**

**Conrad drinks an undetermined liquid from a crystal glass.**

**The sound of the wind becomes intense.**

**All of a sudden total silence.**

**CONRAD**

I can hear the wind; the leaves singing. Why can't I feel the wind? (PAUSE) Not even a breeze. Let the wind blow, Rainforest. Wind. (PAUSE) I'm completely disorientated.

**Conrad wipes his face with a moist cloth.**

**It is hot.**

**CONRAD**

Unbearable heat. It's suffocating. Humid.

**In comes Ursula.**

**URSULA**

It's all we can expect from a tropical rainforest: humidity, heat and insects. (PAUSE) And in your case a compass for orientation.

## CONRAD

What did Marilla say?

## URSULA

Practically nothing. She cries. Only cries. (PAUSE) She is inside hugging a cushion. You better not go inside, Conrad. In times like this we all know it's better to give it some time. (PAUSE) After all a kiss is an act of two, but crying: is a lonely business.

## CONRAD

I do not understand. Please, can someone explain me? A hurricane swept my mind. (PAUSE) So I have a son walking around whom I never met. Whom I didn't even know existed.

## URSULA

It is a collective "misunderstanding." To start with: you never wanted a child. You were always extremely careful not to. As far as I know you never wanted to be a father. At least not with me. (PAUSE) Off course, now I understand: because you already were a father. Is this your only child?

## CONRAD

Stop, Ursula. Don't distort it all. I am just as shocked as you are. Don't start bringing up our marriage again. For the simple fact that there is no going back. You shouldn't have any hopes.

## URSULA

Always running away from love. (PAUSE) You know why? You are driven more by delusion than talent. You don't even have talent for love. Poor child. Or even, poor lad. Your son. (PAUSE) In fact, you shouldn't even meet him: he might be just as destitute as his father.

### CONRAD

Shut up, Ursula. (PAUSE) You used to be a pleasant person, but now you have become a domestic tyrant. And as any tyrant: sadistic. Your favorite sport is to criticize my acts. As far as you can see I only made mistakes. All with one single intention: To change my behaviour. To turn me into a Smith.

### URSULA

Smith never did and never will represent my ideal of a man. (PAUSE) Conrad, your words are like the wind: they have no sense or direction. You were born insecure and will die insecure. You are afraid of being abandoned. It was no use hiding in a Rainforest. You ran again. Surprise: a son turned up in the middle of the rainforest. (PAUSE) It's hot. Thirsty. I'm thirsty.

**Ursula pours herself some water.**

### URSULA

Sometimes I wonder if you are against love. No one is against love, Conrad. The only heresy in the world is not to know how to love. Not to love means not to achieve what is essential in a human being.

## CONRAD

It's always good to remember that "Romeo and Juliette" is not a happy story. It's a tragedy. And there is plenty of love in it.

**Pause.**

## URSULA

What about your son? Do you think you will be able to love him? Do you think your son will be an exception?

## CONRAD

What if I'm able to love my son? Truly? (PAUSE) Maybe it will reveal itself in the form of my son or Marilla. Anything is possible. What is the problem? (PAUSE) Why do my desires always sound like threats to you?

**In comes Marilla after crying intensely.**

## URSULA

I still couldn't get my papers, Marilla. (PAUSE) Also couldn't satisfy my thirst. I'm going to have a shower. Conrad?

**Ursula leaves.**

**Conrad and Marilla are alone.**

**Marilla walks around the veranda and talks very emotionally.**

## MARILLA

Yesterday, before I went to bed, I read a story that was in a book about Afro-Brazilian religions. It was William who wrote it. He found this mythic fable about an African God: an evil

God. A totem that lived where there was no light. (PAUSE) He seduced and slept with every woman he met. Until one day he had a son with one of them. (PAUSE) Realizing she had just given birth to the devil's son, the woman denied her child. Refused her own son. Returned the child to his father. (PAUSE) So the evil god went looking for a family to raise the child and teach him about the human world. He searched. And found, in the savanna, a couple from the "Tribe of the descendants of Monohá". (PAUSE) He came close to the couple's refuge. And realized that every morning the husband would go hunting and the wife stayed home alone. The god waited. Until one day while the husband was away he pretended he needed someone to look after the boy for a moment, and left his son with the woman. (PAUSE) As the man arrived home, realizing his wife was with an evil child, and taken by an uncontrollable anger he yelled: "Why did you accept the evil one? Once again you were fooled by lies." (PAUSE) Then, to give an end to the evil once and for all he killed the child, chopped him into small pieces and scattered them around the savanna to be eaten by the animals. He thought he had solved the problem. (PAUSE) But the totem, who knew all the craftiness of the world of the dead, put his son back together again, and in the following day, delivered the living child once again to the same woman. (PAUSE) Upon return, the husband terrorized to find the evil child once again, cooked the child in oil. Then both of them ate the meat. Finally they had solved the problem of this evil existence. (PAUSE) At this moment the evil god emerged from the shadows and laughed like a hyena. He proclaimed: "now my son lives. Lives twice. Duplicated in both of you. He is going

to get to know more about the human world than anyone. That is exactly what I intended.” (PAUSE) What do I mean with this story? It’s simple. I have duplicated the sadness inside me. Or even worse, I have trebled my grief. And I’m spreading it around. (PAUSE) (MOVED) I regret having come here in the first place. And then to have returned. (PAUSE) It’s impossible for me to tell you what happened. I think you better forget it all. (PAUSE) There is no son.

**Pause.**

**CONRAD**

Wait a moment. Calm down. It is not fair what you are doing to me. I want to know what proof you’ve got that the son you had twenty years ago is mine. I don’t remember a thing. I mean: I remember very little. For me it was nothing more than a fling, the first time I came in a woman.

**MARILLA**

I’m a crybaby. I always cried for nothing.

**Marilla tries to hold back her tears.**

**CONRAD**

This story about this evil god makes no sense. (PAUSE) Actually, in hindsight, maybe you meant to say I was him. (PAUSE) Off course, I’m evil. That’s why you told me this story. I made the child and then you raised him like in the fable. (PAUSE) Did you eat him too? (PAUSE) What is my son’s name? Does he know I exist?



**Marilla leaves.**

**CONRAD**

Marilla. Marilla, come back. Answer me.

**Conrad leaves after Marilla.**

**The veranda is empty.**

**Light fades gradually on the veranda.**

**Music starts.**

**The rainforest is still dark green.**

## **SCENE 12 PRECIOUS STONES**

**Bathroom - NIGHT**

**Using the water vaporizer.**

**Music starts.**

**A small spot of light appears where the vaporizer starts to spray water particles.**

**Subtle light shines onto the water particles forming a delicate cloud.**

**Ursula is half-naked involved by the cloud of water particles.**

**The image should incite sensuality, from her body covered with drops of water to her mannerism.**

**She bathes with the particles.**

**Then she spreads over her body a smooth silver (or golden) lotion.**

**Gradually, as she spreads the lotion, she paints her own body.**

**Together with the water particles, the shiny lotion and the delicate lighting, Ursula's shower becomes an intriguing and sensuous display.**

**An opaque screen appears and partially hides Ursula's body.**

**Conrad stands on the other side of the screen.**

**Music fades.**

**Silence.**

**Conrad knocks twice on the screen. Calls for Ursula.**

**Conrad can't see Ursula showering, only the audience.**

**CONRAD**

Ursula. Ursula.

**URSULA**

I thought that bathing in the rainforest was a solitary act.

**CONRAD**

What are you doing in there?

**URSULA**

Having a shower. I asked your permission. Don't even think about coming in.

**CONRAD**

With the sparkling soup?

**URSULA**

Lotion, Conrad. (PAUSE) I am just as sparkling as a female firefly.

**CONRAD**

You don't know what happened to Marilla.

**URSULA**

What have you done?

**CONRAD**

Nothing, I swear. Nothing. She ran away, disappeared.

**URSULA**

You must have done something. Did you two argue? Maybe she went to get your son.

## CONRAD

No. Marilla and her husband are both completely disorientated. I still don't understand what they want from me. Marilla even said this son never existed. That it was all a big lie.

## URSULA

Do you want some advice: the rainforest is full of goblins; maybe these two don't even exist. I wonder if this is all but an invention, but the truth is that this relationship you had with Marilla meant completely different things to you both. It was much more violent to her than you. And then, as is typical, you ran away from your own memories. That is so you, Conrad.

**The vaporizer stops.**

**Ursula gently wipes her body with a sponge.**

**The sponge spreads the sparkling lotion all over her skin.**

**Ursula is completely sparkling.**

**During the dialogue she massages her body.**

## URSULA

I've turned off the vaporizer. I'm going to massage my skin for the final shower.

## CONRAD

You are such a narcissist.

## URSULA

Among other things.

### CONRAD

Carrying on. She also told me a mysterious and senseless story, that I believe was meant to offend me. About a devil who lived in the middle of an African savanna. A fable.

### URSULA

Fable. Do you want to drive me crazy? Who would tell a fable in a moment like this? I'll go talk to Marilla. You must have done something. I want to know her side of the story.

### CONRAD

But she ran away. It's true: she spat out a theological story her husband had written. And as you know: a professor's erudition is able to catalog even winds. (PAUSE) I mean, it's useless. It's like believing you can explain the reason why Hindus adore cows. (PAUSE) She was deranged.

**Conrad lights fades slowly.**

**Ursula's light increases slowly and achieves maximum intensity when she ends her speech.**

### URSULA

Conrad. Not everyone thinks or feels like you. You are not Jerusalem. The world doesn't revolve around you. Are you still not convinced that we are all children of a perfect imperfection? Our true fears and desires are just as precious as they are vague. (PAUSE) Imperfect and necessary. (PAUSE) I

feel for her. Marilla is going through a disorienting moment. (PAUSE) I've been through this before. It was horrible. And it happened when I least expected. It was just after that fight we had. Do you remember? Do you know which fight I mean? (PAUSE) I ran to the park and sat on a bench. It was under a tree, in front of a fountain. I, who had been a firm and secure woman, felt nothing at that moment. Just sat there. (PAUSE) Then a boy came and sat next to me. He stamped his feet on the ground. Then turned to me. And stamped his feet again. It seemed like a game. But I felt nothing. I watched that scene but couldn't see. It was strange. (PAUSE) I remembered I stared at the boy and started crying. If I had to cry right now, not a single tear would drop. Because I'm not that kind of person. But the boy's feet, the park, made me cry. (PAUSE) I cried as if I had no form, no age, no life, I could be an old lady or a little girl. And I wanted the boy to ask me "why," why was I crying. So that I could say I didn't know, that I should not have been crying. But he didn't ask. Neither did he stamp his feet on the ground again. (PAUSE) Conrad, I forgive your aggressions. Even the kick you gave me. But I'm never crying for you again. I wish this torment upon no one. (PAUSE) Even so, I still think that the act of loving is an art.

**Light achieves its maximum intensity.**

**Ursula shines in gold or silver as if she were a metal statue. She is the most beautiful woman.**

**Suddenly a dense water cloud from the vaporizer takes over.**

**Light fades completely.**

**Blackout.**

**Rainforest sounds start.**

## **SCENE 13 HUMAN NATURE**

Veranda – MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - DAY 4

**Rainforest sounds continue.**

**A small spot of blue light is lit on the crystal surface.**

**The intensity of the light is enough to capture everyone's attention.**

**Conrad appears next to the spot of light. He drinks an undetermined liquid from a tall crystal glass.**

**He records.**

### **CONRAD**

Solitude is a science. (PAUSE) As much as I tried projecting my calculations I was unable to achieve the results I expected in this rainforest. (PAUSE) And I have now found the word that defines what I thought I would find here: solitude, doctrine that considers the "I" as the only reality in the world. The science of being alone. (PAUSE) My research was in vain: my ex-wife lubricates herself in the bathroom, in an endless bath. Meanwhile Marilla can't tell for sure if she did or did not have my son, she only cries. A son whose name is probably Wilson, Walter, Wagner, anything starting with a "W".

**The Rainforest gradually lights up.**

**In a corner of the rainforest we see tinkling yellow dots.**

**The yellow butterflies.**

**Conrad looks at the butterflies.**

### **CONRAD**

The yellow butterflies are back. It is still night. Soon it will be day. (PAUSE) I had a strange memory now. The word “fibroma” came back into my mind. I don’t know scientifically what it means. “Fibroma.” It’s some sort of benign tumor. In the uterus. I was never curious to know, never researched the origin of the word. (PAUSE) I think it was a friend who told me about it when Marilla’s belly started growing. (PAUSE) He said: this is not a pregnancy belly, it’s a “fibroma.” (PAUSE) It’s been so many years. I used to jump her like a dog. And the only thing left is the word “fibroma.” It was the only time I was left with no words. “Fibroma,” I said to her. Then I turned around not to see her reaction. (PAUSE) Soon after she was gone and took the word “fibroma” with her.

**The butterflies disappear.**

**The veranda gradually lights up.**

**At the same time the Rainforest lights up.**

**The blue spot of light remains on.**

**Silence.**



## SCENE 14 PRIMATE TRACES

Veranda and Rainforest – MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - DAY 4

**The veranda is lit and Ursula turns up from the other side of the blue spot of light.**

**She is facing Conrad.**

**It is as if she has been present since the previous scene.**

**Ursula has changed her clothes and is looking elegant as always.**

### URSULA

Stop. You can stop. The worst thing that can happen to a woman is to have a man talking about the other one right next to her. It must be a primitive instinct. Especially if the subject is a past relationship. I feel completely impotent. (PAUSE)  
Why did you leave me talking to myself in the bathroom?

### CONRAD

Because I knew that story.

### URSULA

I could never explain what that day at the park meant to me, not even if I told it a thousand times. You are right: the true life experiences are not fit for words. Or maybe words aren't enough.

### CONRAD

Maybe they are missing from your vocabulary. (PAUSE) I suspect, Ursula, that when we attribute too many words to the same subject, it becomes no longer useful.

### URSULA

Each person has their own tactic in life, darling. It seems like your tongue operates like a machine gun. The problem is that God is not at war. In fact, God is not at war with anyone. Neither am I. I just want my papers. (PAUSE) Please, erase this recording. Such a compulsive thing.

**Conrad touches the crystal plaque and the blue light is turned off.**

### CONRAD

You look good in that outfit. Where did you get it?

### URSULA

I always travel with my creams and a change of clothes. Especially in the case of a safari. (PAUSE) Where is Marilla?

### CONRAD

How many times do I have to repeat myself. I told you in the bathroom: she ran away. It's absurd. Don't you believe what you hear?

### URSULA

Apart from "fibroma" and from the first time you came, what else do you remember? Was it love?

## CONRAD

I felt affection. Feelings without love. An orgasmic bliss. Or maybe that's just my way of feeling what for others is "love." (PAUSE) Anyway, even though you feel the opposite: sex can be pleasurable on its own. It can be done without love, Ursula. What explains in fact why prostitution had a past, a present and will have a prodigious future. (PAUSE) I also need to consider that I was totally beside myself at the time. It must have been the hormones.

## URSULA

No. It wasn't glandular. It was passion. You loved, Conrad.

## CONRAD

I had no Idea what was love or passion. It had never happened before. But I had heard about it.

## URSULA

Naturally, at home, at school. People use the word "love" a lot in their daily lives. Maybe you read it in a novel?

## CONRAD

In your prose there is always a bit of scorn and irony.

## URSULA

No. There is no contempt. It's just that my experience was different from yours: I loved from the start. Love, this is the

word I give to what I did and felt back then, when I was young. (PAUSE) It's difficult to believe, but my first love was platonic. I cooked Andrew a sweet. And then I stuck my finger in the pot. And sucked it: my finger covered with the sweet. (PAUSE) sweet. My soul was sweet. It was at that moment that I realized I was in love. Or even, that I could love. It was revealing. With the sweet in my mouth I learned that there is just one law for love: you don't keep happiness for tomorrow. (PAUSE) I never gave Andrew the sweet. He never got to know the extent of my love.

### CONRAD

What about Smith? Be honest: did anything happen between you two?

### URSULA

If you insist. (PAUSE) I know I'm not truthful all the time, but I'm honest. It's a shame this quality is no longer appreciated nowadays: integrity. (PAUSE) Smith tried. I even thought it could be possible. But when time came: I felt sick. A hideous nausea. It seemed like Smith and his body had everything: bad breath, smelly feet and body odor. He was a monster of odors.

**Both laugh.**

### URSULA

It was all psychological. I made it all up in my head. I only said: no. And the monster left. (PAUSE) So, nothing happened.

**CONRAD**

Premature ejaculation. (PAUSE) I mean: you don't know if he does or does not have this problem.

**Silence.**

**CONRAD**

Why are our true fears and desires always hidden?

**URSULA**

Because otherwise they wouldn't mean much. They would no longer be fears or desires.

**The red light is lit on the crystal plaque.**

**Someone is coming in.**

**Ursula and Conrad are standing still.**

**All lights fade apart from the red spot.**

**Birds singing.**

**Day breaks in the rainforest.**

# SCENE 15 RAINFOREST

Veranda and Rainforest - Dawn - DAY 4

**In comes William.**

**He is wearing different clothing.**

**The red spot of light is turned off.**

**The Rainforest becomes blue and red.**

**Intense sounds of birds singing.**

**Veranda light is on again.**

**Sound fades completely.**

**Silence.**

**WILLIAM**

Good Morning. (PAUSE) I saw the veranda light on. So I came in.

**URSULA**

We didn't sleep. (PAUSE) The birds go crazy in the morning. It's not surprising that people wake-up early in the rainforest, when they manage to sleep at all.

**WILLIAM**

I didn't sleep either. Walked around, had a shower and now I'm ready for my class. (PAUSE) Conrad, we need to talk.

**CONRAD**

Certainly.

**URSULA**

What about Marilla: did she manage to sleep?

**WILLIAM**

She took some pills.

**Silence.**

**URSULA**

Coffee. It's time for coffee. Would you like some?

**CONRAD**

I want mine with a shot of whisky.

**WILLIAM**

Black. Thanks.

**Ursula leaves.**

**WILLIAM**

I need to tell you something: you are at the same time totally involved and not involved at all with what is happening. (PAUSE) Marilla and I are completely lost. (PAUSE) All because of this part-time job here with you and in the worst moment.

## CONRAD

William, just go straight to the point.

**William gets emotional as he speaks.**

## WILLIAM

Do you know where I went yesterday when I left here? (PAUSE) To the cemetery. I have nothing against cemeteries. Absolutely nothing. (PAUSE) I even visit them with my students to teach them that the ancestors of the most important African tribes become so powerful and scary in people's imaginary that they start to be seen as gods. (PAUSE) (EMOTION) A man can consider himself to be a living god, but he will always be merely a mortal god. Only few turn immortal in their deaths. (PAUSE) Immortal humans. (PAUSE) According to the African legend, the spirits of "fear" and "mercy" emerged from these immortal humans. They live amongst the dead. That's why in the Afro-Brazilian religions offerings are made by the ancestors' graves. At the cemetery gates. (EMOTION INCREASES) (PAUSE) You said I'm a voodoo teacher. Omulu, is the African spirit of the cemetery. (PAUSE) This is all to say...

**Conrad makes a gesture as if he wants to say something. William briefly interrupts his speech, but continues.**

## WILLIAM

Let me continue. (PAUSE) I went alone, with no students. I went to visit my son's grave. My only son. Your biological son. (PAUSE) I cried. Then I went for a walk between the stone



graves. Feeling a bit dizzy I leaned on a statue of an angel with a cross. (PAUSE) I could smell the dead. (INTENSE EMOTION) (PAUSE) He died so recently, Conrad. Day and night I make an effort not to remember him, but I do. I frequently remember. Is not that his face pops up in my mind all the time. It doesn't. Not frequently. (PAUSE) But he is here. He just is.

**Silence.**

**Both feel very emotional.**

**WILLIAM**

Yes, he was your son. When I met Marilla she was already pregnant by you. Six months.

**CONRAD**

Why? Why tell me now? Is this revenge? Did you come to avenge his death on me? (PAUSE) You came to fill me with regret. Guilt. (PAUSE) (EMOTION) Well, you managed to. Now that I know everything: what do you expect from me? What is the right thing for me to do with this truth?

**WILLIAM**

It was a coincidence that happened at the wrong time. (PAUSE) Marilla and I don't know how to deal with all of this. You turned up when we least expected. We were mourning his death. It hasn't been long. (EMOTION) (PAUSE) Now I ask you: what would you have done in my place? (PAUSE) What is the right thing to do with this truth that belongs to you too?

CONRAD

Why? Why did you tell me?

WILLIAM

Because I have this excess of your son in me. Excess of everything that existed on him. Even his own death.

**Light fades completely.**

**Sounds of birds singing.**

## **SCENE 16 MORNING INTERLUDE**

**Veranda - MORNING - DAY 4**

**Veranda light is on.**

**Birds singing fades out.**

**Ursula, Conrad and William drink coffee from transparent mugs.**

**They express perplexity.**

**They drink in silence.**

**Ursula walks towards the table and picks up a lighter to turn on a modern heating element.**

**Then she places a metallic gauze over the flame.**

**Finally, she places a transparent round kettle full of coffee.**

**The red light on the crystal plaque lights up.**

**URSULA**

**She is here. (PAUSE) Come in.**

**Light fades completely.**

**Sound of boiling liquid: it's the coffee.**

**Flame from the burner is the only thing lit.**

## SCENE 17 OPEN WOUNDS

Veranda and Rainforest - MORNING - DAY 4

**Rainforest is lit again.**

**Spot of light on the boiling coffee. Marilla is standing next to it.**

**Sounds of boiling coffee fades out.**

**Marilla, with a different outfit, turns off the flame of the re-heating element.**

**Silence.**

**She seems to be alone on the veranda, but we see many shadows.**

### MARILLA

I have vague memories. Vague. (PAUSE) Firefly flashes. It must have been the pills. The medication makes leave me calm but completely empty. I was even able to pretend I was working. (PAUSE) I faked the image of life as if I were a machine. I searched for aphorisms, sentences, Conrad, all for you. But I was unable to find the strength needed to tell you what I had to, I couldn't even say it to myself. (PAUSE) I don't want to take those pills anymore. I want to cry the loss of my son. I want to hear my grief. (PAUSE) I remember him singing a song about lemons, I'm not sure, and it's a miracle that I'm able to keep this song in my mind still in his voice. Only very few words, few notes, but it's too long. (PAUSE) Things should have happened differently, but it doesn't matter now. The way things came about. It just happened. And those lips that had once kissed me. That heart that had loved me. The hands: that played with my hands. (PAUSE) I want to learn how to think

of nothing but my pain. (PAUSE) On his death bed he wasn't young or old, his face was suspended between youth and death.

**The spot of light opens until we see Conrad.**

**William appears and places his coffee mug on the table.**

### WILLIAM

Someone said it was the ambiguous look of death. Because the body still twitches with the blood flowing under the skin. (PAUSE) Don't worry Conrad. He was a happy boy. And we were too. We were all happy.

### MARILLA

Please, Conrad, don't ask me for anything of his. Not even a photo. It's not worth grieving a happiness you never felt.

**Light is intense and we now see Ursula as well.**

**Ursula holds a stack of papers: her documents.**

**She also carries a small suitcase.**

### URSULA

Thank you for my papers, Conrad. (PAUSE) But this dossier seems foolish now. Proof of the existence of an ignorant hell. It makes us feel stupid, as we realize we were happier despite our ignorance.

**Conrad appears.**

**Everyone is present.**

### CONRAD

Enough, Ursula. You already have what you came for.  
(PAUSE) Please, leave me alone. I want to be on my own. Is that possible?

**URSULA**

I understand. Everything that happened was so unexpected and difficult. I just hope it doesn't stay with you for the rest of your life as remorse. (PAUSE) Don't start with your apathy crisis: the world won't stop for you.

**Ursula turns towards Marilla and William.**

**URSULA**

It was a pleasure meeting you both.

**Ursula leaves with her papers and suitcase. Silence.**

**WILLIAM**

We are going off on a trip. We leave tonight.

**CONRAD**

Tropical rainforests are too suffocating. Sometimes they are oppressive. It's good to change airs.

**WILLIAM**

I forgot to thank Ursula for the coffee.

**Light fades out completely.**

**Music starts.**

## **SCENE 18 INSOMNIAC DAY**

**Veranda and Rainforest - VARIOUS MOMENTS – DAY 4**

**Music continues.**

**Various moments of Conrad's day follow.**

**Spot of light on the table: Conrad rips papers.**

**Blackout.**

**Spot of light on the veranda: Conrad takes two blue pills.**

**Music.**

**Green light on the rainforest.**

**Conrad takes his clothes off on the veranda. It's hot.**

**Blackout.**

**Music continues.**

**Yellow light takes over.**

**Conrad is wearing the sunglasses with the yellow lenses, he is squatting, naked on the center of the veranda.**

**Pause.**

**Light gradually fades.**

**Music fades.**

## **SCENE 19 WHITE NIGHT**

Veranda, Rainforest and bathroom – NIGHT – DAY 4

**Blue light on the crystal plaque.**

**In comes Conrad, naked, holding a crystal candleholder with a lit candle.**

**Silence.**

**He places the candleholder on the floor and squats next to a green bush which partially covers his body.**

**CONRAD**

It's night. Recording. It's night. (PAUSE) Where are the female fireflies?

**Small spots of light appear on the rainforest: they are the female fireflies.**

**Conrad moves his hand down his abdomen. It seems like he is touching his genitalia.**

**The forest partially covers his action.**

**CONRAD**

Where are the female fireflies? (PAUSE) I need them so bad. (PAUSE) No one is ever going to mold me again out of soil and clay. No one is going to talk about my dust. No one. (PAUSE) As it shall be, no one.

**Conrad masturbates behind the bush.**

**Pause.**

**CONRAD**



We were nothing, we are nothing. (PAUSE) My penis is a rose  
that belongs to no one.

**Conrad continues masturbating.**

**Conrad gets increasingly aroused.**

**Light focus on the water vaporizer.**

**A woman with the same body and hair as Ursula bathes with her back to  
the audience.**

**In other words, she should look like Ursula to the audience.**

**Small beam of light on the vaporizer, which is spraying water particles.**

**The gentle light over the particles of water should form a delicate cloud.**

**The woman's body is naked and involved by the cloud.**

**It should be a sensual image.**

**She bathes in water particles.**

**Conrad masturbates.**

**Pause.**

**The candle is still lit.**

**Light gradually fades.**

**Conrad reaches orgasm.**

**Light fades completely.**

**The candle is still lit.**

**Silence.**

## SCENE 20 THE REST OF THE RAINFOREST

Veranda and Rainforest - NIGHT - DAY 4

**Light on the table.**

**In comes Ursula wearing a different outfit, she carries the papers and suitcase.**

**She places it all on the table.**

**URSULA**

Do you feel relieved? (PAUSE) The candleholder on the floor.  
You are a hazard to the rainforest. Leaves catch fire very easily.  
This is a circus. A mess.

**Silence.**

**Conrad is still squatting behind the bush.**

**The veranda and rainforest are lit again.**

**URSULA**

Didn't you hear what I said? You must have had a terrible day.  
(PAUSE) Do you feel relieved?

**Conrad covers himself with a towel as he blows out the candle.**

**CONRAD**

Did you come back to ask me that?

**URSULA**

No. I came back to return the papers and tell you that I'll end the judicial lawsuit. (PAUSE) As Shakespeare could have said: the rest is Rainforest.

**CONRAD**

Why are you doing this?

**URSULA**

You ask too many questions. (PAUSE) Just accept the mystery. As long as we are able to bear the mystery, whichever it is, then we know we are alive.

**CONRAD**

I never understood what you meant by your "mysteries" and "truths". It's like science trying to conceive a poet. (PAUSE) It can't conceive it. It can't even explain the birth.

**Silence.**

**URSULA**

You have just created your own mystery. So natural that you don't even realize it. How did you manage that?

**Pause.**

**They stare at each other intensely.**

**CONRAD**

I don't know. It just happened. (PAUSE) It created itself. Crushed between feelings and thoughts.

**URSULA**

As if it were an aphorism or nonsense. (PAUSE) What about the feeling? Where did it come from?

**CONRAD**

From the truth inside each one of us. (PAUSE) Now explain to me once and for all your truth.

**URSULA**

The truth is always in the eye of the beholder. (PAUSE) In a glimpse. (PAUSE) Even when wet with a tear.

**Light gradually fades out.**

**URSULA**

Do you want to eat something?

**CONRAD**

A boiled egg.

**Light fades completely.**

**Music starts.**

**Music with rainforest sounds.**

**Curtains close.**

By DOC COMPARATO  
Rio de Janeiro / 1982 / Written  
Berlin / 2004 / Revisited  
Final version / 30th of May 2004, Rio /

Translation by Fabiana Castro.

# RAINFOREST<sup>©</sup>

## CONRAD'S APHORISMS

### List of sentences

1. The sky has fascinated many painters. Even inspired the mediocre.
2. Joy and happiness are two distinct things
3. My arithmetic is dead. I have unlearned how to add and ended up divided.
4. The friendship hierarchy is complicated.
5. An evil person can't stop being evil because if he stops, he will cry.
6. Aphorism: a one-person proverb.
7. The buzzing of the cicada is as unique as an egg, and no one can improve on an egg.
8. Intellectually slow, morally swift and politically contradictory.
9. A woman as methodical as the biological cycles of the Rainforest.
10. There is no strength able to control a temperament.
11. A secret of life is never to allow indifference to overcome vigor.
12. Another secret of life is not to allow anything to interfere with the pleasure of rediscovering yourself.
13. The world does not obey mathematical knowledge.
14. A marriage of more than ten years is lack of hygiene.
15. The truth has the tendency of revealing itself spontaneously.
16. Only fools believe that sex is solely a physical act.
17. When sex and religion are brought together the result is always a great moral problem.
18. The problem with irony is that it loses its effect when the subject in question is serious.
19. The rainforest is disappearing because all trees are vegetarian.
20. Behind every free man is the stimulus of someone else's wife.
21. Power is just like vice, full of certainty.
22. I only find "downgrades" when in fact I search for "upgrades."

23. An “immoral” speech can only provoke “moralities.”
24. Statistics is a nasty science.
25. Even great men are smaller than their shadow.
26. Every unfortunate person is premature.
27. Females, possessing and possessed by everything.
28. A kiss is an act of two, but crying: is lonely a business.
29. A fake writer is closer to delusions than talent.
30. It’s always good to remember that “Romeo and Juliette” is not a happy story. It’s a tragedy with plenty of love.
31. Desires always sound like threats.
32. Erudition tries to explain the reason why Hindus adore cows.
33. We are all children of a perfect imperfection.
34. True fear is just as precious as it is vague.
35. Solitude would only be a science if love weren't an art.
36. True life experiences are not fit for words.
37. Sex can be pleasurable on its own, what explains in fact why prostitution had a past, a present and will have a prodigious future.
38. There is just one law in love: you don’t keep happiness for tomorrow.
39. The true monster of odors: bad breath, smelly feet and body odor.
40. Our true fears and desires begin clandestinely.
41. When a face becomes fixed between open and closed, you will see the ambiguous look of death.
42. It’s not worth grieving for a happiness you never felt.
43. The hell of ignorance is to live life in remorse.
44. No one is ever going to mold us out of soil and clay.
45. As Shakespeare could have said: the rest is rainforest.
46. As long as we are able to bear the mystery, whichever it is, then we know we are alive.
47. Inconceivable is the science that tries to explain the birth of a poet.
48. It created itself.
49. Madness is born crushed between feelings and thoughts.
50. The truth is always in the eye of the beholder.

**Fifty selected sentences / Vienna /Belgrade / 2004.**

DC.

## AFTERWORD

# THE RAINFOREST<sup>©</sup>

### Author's notes

I should say that this play was written in 1982 and rediscovered in 2004. The pages were forgotten in a box.

That's not all. I re-read the text and liked it. And a flight between Vienna and Belgrade was time enough to imagine new scenes and feel the desire to transform old ones.

I probably used more than half the original version.

The play's dramatic structure was kept very much the same from what I created twenty-two years ago: the same fragmented sequence of scenes, which occur in a story that happens only during three days and is restricted to a veranda.

If the structure of the play was hardly modified, the same cannot be said about the original characters. I amplified and modified them until I was able to conceive new conflicts. Ursula gained an unexpected protagonism, and her dialogues with Conrad evolved from pure cynicisms to gain poetic strains and become ferocious.

On the other hand I canceled the physical presence of Conrad's young son, character that only exists in the first version. Thus, the dialogues have been rethought in the transformation of the characters. While rewriting them I gave preference to the alternation of intersected discourse as opposed to using plain monologues.

I refined the scenographic resources, reducing the number of objects in scene, with the intention of contributing to the timeless amplitude of the text. Therefore: baths and showers become vaporized micro water particles; doors,



lifts and computers have become codified as colored spots of light on a crystal plaque, and so on.

In a sense, textual changes can provide a subtext: two dramatists trying to survive in the same text. It is also clear that the strength of the play will reside on the strength and inventiveness of its cast, transmitting emotions ranging from the serious to the somewhat deranged.

Originally, I had specified that either Marilla or William be black, opening up possibilities of racial tensions and prejudices to the dramatic mix. A director could cast according to that sub-reading, but I prefer to concentrate on the “reasons” behind each character’s affective eccentricities. I enriched the vocabulary to project the four characters as belonging to the same social class - well educated, elegant and knowledgeable in the social graces even though not always subscribing to them.

Final answers: Why did I write it in 1982? The actors wanted a play with four characters. Why did I decide to revise the text in 2004? They kept insisting.

Welcome to the text.

Welcome to the theatre.

**By DOC COMPARATO**  
**Rio de Janeiro / 1982 / Written**  
**Berlin / 2004 / Revisited**

## Curriculum Vitae

### Doc Comparato

(Luiz Felipe Loureiro Comparato  
Rio de Janeiro, 1949)

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**I. BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY:** Luiz Felipe Loureiro Comparato - known as Doc Comparato - was born in Rio de Janeiro, November 3, 1949. A medical doctor with a specialty in cardiology at 22, Comparato won a fellowship from the British Council at the National Heart Hospital in London in the late 1970s. Returning to Brazil, he left medicine to dedicate himself fulltime to screen, stage and TV work. Since then, he has written over fifteen plays that have been published and produced in Brazil, Latin America and Europe (Spain, Italy, France, England, and Germany, in translation), several novels and children's books and a prizewinning collection of short stories. One of the founders of TV Globo's Creative Center (*Centro de Criação*) in 1986, Doc's prodigious accomplishments as a creator, author and collaborating author of innumerable series and miniseries since 1978 for Globo, Record and TV networks in Latin America and Europe have won him a number of international prizes. Among the series and miniseries for TV Globo that he has authored or co-authored: *A Justiceira* (1997/1998); *O Tempo E O Vento* (1985); and *Lampião E Maria Bonita* (1982, the first Latin American miniseries and the first Globo TV series).

A truly international figure, Comparato has lived for extended periods outside of Brazil, engaging in innovative media projects in England, Portugal,

Spain, Italy, Germany, Cuba, Mexico and Argentina and has traveled often throughout Latin America and Europe working as a professor, script consultant, Creative Adviser, and Script Doctor. In 1987, he worked with Gabriel García Márquez on a miniseries, *Me Alquillo Para Soñar/Rent Dreams* in Cuba - produced on TV-E, in Madrid in 1990 - and with Russian script writer Alexander Chlepianov in Moscow. From 2002 to 2003 he lived in Barcelona where he worked as a scriptwriter, as well as creative director for Prodigius Audiovisuals (Producer of European TV-movies) and also director of DEA Planeta (De Agostini Planeta Corporation, with headquarters in London) for the development of miniseries and European audiovisual projects. He was also Consultant for the European Script Foundation - Pilot Project (with headquarters in Amsterdam). His Spanish/Catalan script credits include *Hospital* (Tv Antena 3/Madrid /1997) and *Arnau* (Miniseries/Barcelona/1994).

Comparato has also worked occasionally as an actor, but his thespian talents are most often applied in the courses and seminars he teaches on script writing. His two books on writing screenplays - *Roteiro, arte da televisão* (1983) and *Da Criação Ao Roteiro* (1995) - have gone through several editions and languages and remain important pedagogical references today. A frequent lecturer and professor in Latin America and Europe, he continues to give seminars, courses and lectures worldwide. Doc now lives in Rio de Janeiro.

- **Please see following complete CV for details on Comparato's extensive travels, publications and international work.**

## DOC COMPARATO COMPLETE CV

### II. MAJOR AWARDS, HONORS, DISTINCTIONS:

#### National Awards (Brazil)

APCA/ Association of Art Critics of São Paulo. Best new author, TV, 1982.

SNT (Serviço Nacional de Teatro) honorable mention, *Estudo sobre portas e janelas (Beijo da louca)*, 1980.

SNT (Serviço Nacional de Teatro) honorable mention, *Novíssimo Testamento (Pléides)*, 1979.

Concurso de Contos do Paraná, Short story prize, 1978.

#### International Awards

FyMTI. Buenos Aires. Festival y Mercado de TV-ficción Internacional. International Achievement Award for Contribution to TV Fiction. 2012.

LALIFF (11th Annual Los Angeles Latino International Film Festival) – Best Film Script, *Corazón de la tierra*. 2007.

Ana Magnani Award for best stage production, *Nostradamus* – Italy. 2003.

DAAD - Deutsch Academic Art Development - Teaching Fellowship, Munich Film School, 2002.

Academy of Catalan Literature - Best script, *Arnau* - Barcelona, Spain. 1995. (adapted as a novel in 1994 (Barcelona: Proa) by Doc Comparato and Xesc Barceló.

El Coral Negro - Cuba - Best miniseries, adapted from Erico Veríssimo's novel, *O Tempo e o Vento*. 1986.

Best original script, children and adolescent category - *Cangaceiro Trapalhão*, Tomar Film Festival - Portugal. 1985.

Prague Television Festival. *Malu Mulher*, Regina Duarte received the best actress award for episode, *Parada Obrigatória*, scripted by DC, 1984.

New York Film and Television Festival, gold award, best original script for TV miniseries. (TV Globo Production *Lampião e Maria Bonita*). 1982.

**III. PUBLICATIONS AND PRODUCTIONS: (For information on available sites for e-books, please see: [www.doccomparato.com.br](http://www.doccomparato.com.br))**

**PLAYS, MOST RECENT EDITIONS:**

**Portuguese:**

*Plêiades (ou Pequenas Cirurgias para Aracnídeos)*

*O Beijo da Louca*

*O Despertar dos Desatinados*

*Nostradamus (O Prisioneiro do Futuro)*

*Miguelangelo (O Prisioneiro do Presente)*

*O Círculo das Luzes (O Prisioneiro do Passado)*

*Sempre (Ou, o Caso da Moça de Gargantilha ou na Intimidade das Coisas)*

*Jamais (Calabar, um elogio à Traição; ou, Na Posse das Coisas)*

*Eterno (Ou, Xanadu, no Limite da Criatividade; ou, No Inalcançável das Coisas)*

*A Incrível Viagem.* (children's theatre) Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Ebal, 1984.

*As Tias: Tragicomédia Em Dois Atos*, with Aguinaldo Silva. Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Achiamé, 1981.

**In English:** (Pix Editora, E-Books)

*Rain Forest (O Despertar dos Desatinados, from Trilogia do Amanhã)*

*Nostradamus (from Trilogia do Tempo)*

*The Secret Days of Orson Welles in Brazil (Eterno from Trilogia da Imaginação)*

### **MAJOR PRODUCTIONS, PLAYS:**

*Nadistas e Tudistas* (Rio de Janeiro / 2014/ Teatro Ipanema)

*Lição Nº 18* (Rio de Janeiro / 2010 / Teatro Poeira)

*Nostradamus* (São Paulo / 1985/86/ Award: Best play,1986 São Paulo Producer's APETESC) (Rio de Janeiro / 1999 / Teatro Centro Cultural Banco do Brasil/CCBB / Italy, 2003 /Ana Magnani Award for best stage production) Roma / Italy, 2003 /Ana Magnani Award for best stage production.

*O Círculo das Luzes* (Rio de Janeiro / 2002 / Maison de France)

*Miguelangelo* (Rio de Janeiro / 2001/ Teatro Carlos Gomes)

*A Incrível Viagem* (First produced in São Paulo and Rio / 1984 / produced throughtout Brazil)

*O Beijo Da Louca* (Rio de Janeiro / 1981 / Teatro Vila Lobos)

### **OTHER PUBLICATIONS: Fiction and Didactic**

#### **Fiction:**

*A Guerra Das Imaginações.* Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Rocco, 1997.

#### Translations/International editions:

*La Guerra Delle Immaginazioni.* Rome, Italy, 2002.

*Von Der Entdckun Des Paradieses.* Frankfurt, Germany: Ed. Eichborn, 2000.

*La Guerra De Las Imaginaciones.* Buenos Aires, Argentina: Ed. Planeta, 1998.

*La Guerra De Las Imaginaciones.* Mexico, D.F.: Ed. Planeta, 1998.

*A Guerra Das Imaginações.* Lisbon, Portugal: Ed. Pergaminho, 1998.

*La Guerra De Las Imaginaciones.* Madrid, Spain: Ed. Planeta, 1998.

*Padre Cícero*, with Aguinaldo Silva and Regina Braga. (Based on TV Globo miniseries). Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Record, 1984.

*O Calo, O mundo encantado de uma gorda, Esses alucinantes termos médicos, Verão tijucano, O homem que perdeu o humor, Hada e o 'H', A História da pestana.*

Crônicas/Short stories in *O Melhor da Crônica Brasileira 2.* Luis Calvalcante Proença. Rio de Janeiro: José Olympio, 1981.

*Sangue, Papéis e Lágrimas.* Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Codecri, 1979. (Short stories)

### **Didactic:**

*Roteiro, arte da televisão.* Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Nórdica, 1983.

#### Translations/International editions:

*El Guió: art i técnica d'escriure per al cinema i la televisió.* Barcelona: Generalitat de Catalunya. Institut Català de Noves Professions ; [Bellaterra] : Universitat Autònoma de Bellaterra, 1989

*El Guión.* Barcelona, Spain: Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona, 1983.

*El Guion.* Madrid, Spain: Instituto Oficial de Radio y Televisión, 1983, 1999.

*El Guión.* Buenos Aires, Argentina: Garay Ediciones, 1983.

*El Guión.* Mexico, D.F.: Planeta (2nd edition), 2000.

*El Guión.* Buenos Aires: Oficial Publicación del Cbc, 1997.

*Da Criação Ao Roteiro.* Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Rocco, 1995.

*Da Criação ao Roteiro.* São Paulo: Summus Editorial, 2009.

#### Translations/International editions:

*Da Criação Ao Guião*. Lisbon, Portugal: Ed. Pergaminho, 1992.

*De La Creación Al Guión*. Madrid: Instituto Oficial Radiotelevisión, 1988, 2008.

*De La Creación Al Guión*. Buenos Aires : La Crujía Ediciones, 2005

Testimony/Depoimento, Doc Comparato and others. *Tv Ao Vivo Depoimentos*. São Paulo: Ed. Brasiliense, 1988.

### **Published screen/miniseries scripts:**

*Me Alquilo Para Soñar*. Bogotá, Colombia : Editorial Voluntad, 1995.

*Me Alugo Para Sonhar*. Niterói, Rio de Janeiro: Ed. Casa Jorge Editorial, 1997.

*Me Alquilo Para Soñar* . Madrid,Spain: Ollero E Ramos Editores, Spain, 1997.

*Arnau, Els Dies Secrets*, with Xesc Barceló. Barcelona, Spain: Ed. Proa, Spain, 1994.

### **Childrens' Books:**

*A Incrível Viagem*. (play) Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Ebal, 1984.

*Nadistas E Tudistas*. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Ebal, 1984. (Re-edited, Editora Leitura, 2013).

### **E-Books**

In 2013/2014, are released in digital format [www.facebook.com/doccomparatodigital](http://www.facebook.com/doccomparatodigital) published by Simplíssimo the following e-books: *Pleiades*, *O Despertar dos Desatinados*, "O Beijo da Louca", *O Círculo das Luzes*, *Nostradamus*, *Michelangelo*, *Eterno*, *Jamais* and *Sempre* (theater plays in Portuguese). Follows: *De La Creación al Guión* (didactic book in spanish).

## **IV. CINEMA (Screenplays):**



*El Corazon de la Tierra* (Spain/Madrid) 2007 - Antonio Cuadri, Director

*Piège* (Paris/France) 1993 - Jorge Marrecos, Director

*Encontros Imperfeitos* (Lisbon/Portugal)1991 - Jorge Marrecos, Director  
(unfinished film, Alexander script written with Chlepianov)

*O Trapalhão na Arca de Noé* (Brazil) 1985 - Daniel Filho, Director

*O Cangaceiro Trapalhão* (Brazil) 1985 - Daniel Filho, Director

*O Bom Burguês* (Brazil) 1979 - Oswaldo Caldeira, Director

*Bonitinha mas Ordinária* (Brazil) 1981 - Braz Chediak, Director

*O Beijo no Asfalto* (Brazil) 1981 - Bruno Barreto, Director

## **V. SUMMARY: WORK IN TELEVISION, TV GLOBO, AUTHOR OR CO-AUTHOR**

### **A. SERIALS:**

#### **Plantão de Polícia: (Creator and Author)**

22/06/1979 - *Crime do Vidigal*

06/07/1979 - *Vampiros Tropicais*

27/07/1979 - *A Voz do Além*

24/08/1979 - *Vermelho 23*

31/08/1979 - *O Enigma da Pensão do Reno*

28/09/1979 - *Balão Apagado*

19/10/1979 - *Despedida de Solteiro*

30/04/1980 - *O Cavaleiro do Apocalipse*

28/05/1980 - *Nos Porões da Liberdade*

25/06/1980 - *O Arqui-inimigo*

09/07/1980 - *O Acordo*

16/07/1980 - *A Doceira de Bangu*

01/10/1980 - *O Venerável Azul Turquesa*

15/10/1980 - *Pega*

10/12/1980 - *Caixa de Surpresas*  
17/12/1980 - *Camisa de Força*  
05/05/1981 - *Trem Noturno*  
04/06/1981 - *Sangue, Calçada e Milk-Shake*  
11/06/1981 - *O Caminho das Estrelas - I*  
18/06/1981 - *O Caminho das Estrelas - II*  
25/06/1981 - *O Caminho das Estrelas - III*  
03/07/1981 - *O Caminho das Estrelas - IV*  
13/08/1981 - *Olho da Morte*  
03/09/1981 - *O Herdeiro*

***Malu Mulher: (Author)***

11/08/1980 - *Parada Obrigatória*

***Retrato de Mulher: (Creator and Author)***

16/12/92 - *Era uma Vez... Leila*  
18/05/93 - *Era uma Vez... Madalena*

***A Justiceira: (Creator and Author)***

09/04/1997 - *Preço da Vida*  
16/04/1997 - *Cinzas no Planalto*  
17/04/1997 - *Bala no Trem de Prata*  
23/04/1997 - *O Filho da Madona*  
30/04/1997 - *O Navio Luminoso*  
07/05/1997 - *Viagem ao Inferno*  
14/05/1997 - *Eternos Diamantes*  
21/05/1997 - *Mesmo que Seja Eu*  
28/05/1997 - *Filha Única*  
04/06/1997 - *Criador e Criatura*  
11/06/1997 - *Balas Perdidas*

18/06/1997 - *Trem de Prata*  
02/07/1997 - *Viver por Viver*

***Mulher:* (Author)**

22/04/1998 - *Fator Humano*  
21/10/1998 - *De Braços Abertos*  
11/11/1998 - *O Néctar da Vida*  
13/04/1999 - *Vícios e Virtudes*  
01/06/1999 - *Perfume do Amor*  
27/07/1999 - *Lindo Maravilhoso*  
07/09/1999 - *A Bela Adormecida*  
14/09/1999 - *Sabotagem*  
09/11/1999 - *O Segredo*

**B. MINISERIES: (Author and Creator):**

26/04/1982 - *Lampião e Maria Bonita*  
10/01/1983 - *Bandidos da Falange*  
09/04/1984 - *Padre Cícero*  
22/04/1985 - *O Tempo e o Vento*  
24/06/1990 - *A,E,I,O... Urca*

**C. OTHER TV WORK, (Globo):**

***Caso Especial.* TV Movies: (Author)**

10/05/1978 - *E Agora, Marco?*  
02/01/1981 - *Os Amores de Castro Alves*

***Quarta Nobre.* TV Movies: (Creator and Author)**

06/04/1983 - *A Dama das Camélias*  
27/04/1983 - *O Inspetor Geral*  
25/05/1983 - *A Pata do Macaco*

08/06/1983 - *Damas, Valete e Crime*  
31/08/1983 - *Morte no Paraíso*  
05/10/1983 - *A Vida Secreta de Berenice*  
26/10/1983 - *Do Outro Lado do Túnel*  
02/07/1998 - *Brasil 500 Anos* (Daily updates)  
*Brasil 500 Anos*: (Author)

## **D. ACTING CREDITS (Globo):**

### **Miniseries:**

1984 - *Padre Cícero* - (Macedo)  
1990 - *A,E,I,O... Urca* - (The Jew Jacob)  
1998 - *Labarinto* - (Himself)

### **Telenovela**

1985 - *A Gata Comeu* - (Himself)

### **Quarta Nobre**

1983 - *A Dama das Camélias* - (guy with the clapperboard)

## **VI. SUMMARY: OTHER TV WORK, BRAZIL, INTERNATIONAL BRAZIL**

2008/2009: TV Record - *Os Mutantes*  
2007: TV Record - *Caminhos do Coração*  
2004: TV SBT - Creative Consultant

## **INTERNATIONAL**

1997: TV Antena 3/Spain - *Hospital* - Miniseries  
1996: T.V. R.T.P./Portugal - *Na Paz Dos Anjos* - Coordinator for the soap opera  
1996: Catalan TV/Spain - *Poble Nou* - Miniseries Script Adviser  
1995: TV R.T.P./Portugal - *Visita De Natal* - TV movie

1994: Catalan TV/Spain - *Arnau* - Miniseries with Xesc Barceló  
1994: TV R.T.P/Portugal - *Véspera De Natal* - TV movie  
1993: TV R.T.P/Portugal *Procura-Se* - Miniseries - Script Adviser  
1990: TV R.T.P/Portugal - *Histórias Que O Diabo Gosta* - Serials  
1990: Catalan TV/Spain - *Locos Por La Tele* - Script Adviser  
1990: TV-E/Spain - *Me Alquillo Para Soñar*, in collaboration with Gabriel García Márquez

## **MAJOR CONSULTANTSHIPS**

2004: Creative Consultant for SBT Television channel (SBT – São Paulo – Brazil)  
2002-2003: Creative Director for Prodigius Audiovisuals (Producer of European TV- movies).  
2002-2003: Director of DEA Planeta (De Agostini Planeta Corporation, with headquarters in London) for the development of miniseries and European audiovisual projects.  
2002-2003: Consultant for the European Script Foundation - Pilot Project (with headquarters in Amsterdam).  
1994: Creative Adviser, TVI (Portugal).  
1992: Creative Adviser, SIC (Portugal).

## **VII. SELECTED TALKS AND SEMINARS:**

2014: Doctor script of eight international screenplay DreamAgo program, Switzerland, Europe.  
2014: Opening Post-Graduation course, “Character, dramaturgy and screenwriting,” International School of Film and Television (EICTV) of San Antonio de los Baños, Cuba.  
2008: “From the creation to the screenplay,” lecture, Brazilian Academy of Literature (Academia Brasileira de Letras), Rio de Janeiro.

2008: seminar, "Guión y Creatividad," Medellin for the XII International TV Encounter.

2002: Workshop seminars, RAI Television, Rome, Italy.

2001/2002: Professor, Screenplay. Berlin Film School, Berlin, Germany.

1994: Founding Coordinator and Professor, MFA Script writing . Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona.

1984: Professor, screenplay. Casa das Artes Laranjeiras (CAL), Rio de Janeiro.

Comparato will administer a seminar

## Addenda:

Upcoming seminar series, Sponsored by the Festival y Mercado de TV - Ficción Internacional, Buenos Aires, August 26 - 31, 2013. (<https://eventioz.com.ar/events/script-doctoring-a-cargo-de-doc-comparato>)

An excerpt from the program publicity, taken from the Spanish newspaper *El País*, that describes Comparato's contribution to Television in the following manner:

*An expert in Television, with the extraordinary capacity to produce and theorize within the most difficult means of mass communication. He distinguished himself by putting into practice modern and original concepts that reverberated in immediate innovations in television culture. Doc Comparato's acute vision has earned him a place as one of the most respected men of Television, enhanced by the advantage of his knowledge of Latin-American spectators that few possess. The workshops, conferences and debates that he provides always leave the participants with a need of making better television the following day. He is one of the most important Latin-American dramatists alive.*

**Recommend, in Portuguese:** In the following interview site - Webwritersbrasil - Doc Comparato offers an informal but incisive overview of his work and ideas. Interviewed by Alexandre Gennari and Felipe Moreno:

<http://webwritersbrasil.wordpress.com/a-arte-do-roteiro/entrevistas-2/doccomparato/>

**NOTE: All specified dates in this CV are listed as Date/Month/Year**