

# Double Carolina

By Ignacio Apolo

Characters

**Carolina, 10**

**Woman**

## Act 1

*Carolina's room. Piled boxes; it all looks as if they were recently moved in.*

### Scene 1

*Carolina is against the door; the woman is standing by the bed.*

CAROLINA: For the last time. If you don't leave I'll call my dad and he'll kick you out.

WOMAN: No, No! Although I would really like to see dad again.

CAROLINA: Stop that.

WOMAN: Carolina...

CAROLINA: I don't know you. I don't know who you are or what you want. Leave.

WOMAN: I can't leave, I told you. Watch.

*She goes to the door. Carolina holds it open for her. The woman tries to walk through but she can't.*

CAROLINA: Come on; get out. *(Pause)* Walk out or I'll scream.

WOMAN: I'm trying. Help me.

*Carolina pushes gently but, hard as she tries, the woman can't cross the threshold. Carolina pushes harder with every try.*

CAROLINA: Come on, move; make an effort. You're not trying hard enough, girl!

WOMAN: I am trying, Carito.

CAROLINA: Don't call me Carito; I don't like it.

WOMAN: Well, sorry. I'd forgotten.

CAROLINA: Push!

WOMAN: Stop, stop! You'll get hurt. Sweetheart, there's nothing I want more than to leave! But I can't. Look at what happens if I move over there.

*She walks into the room without a problem.*

WOMAN: And now look.

*Determined, she walks towards the door and is stopped at the threshold by an invisible force.*

*Carolina comes closer and examines the woman's feet.*

CAROLINA: Let's see, let's see, move your foot over there. *(She points into the room, the woman moves it)* Aha! Now move it over there. *(She points towards the outter side of the door, the woman tries but she can't do it)* Ufa! Let's see... Move your arm over there. *(center of the room, the woman does)* Good! And now... Over there! *(outside; the woman's arm can't go through)* Ok. Let's try this. Let your arm go limp. *(the woman let's her arm*

*drop; Carolina takes it*) Limp, limp... *(She lifts it a couple of times and drops it)* Perfect. Now, one, two and... three!

*Carolina tosses the arm into the room .*

WOMAN: Ay!

CAROLINA: No moaning, it was just a little test. Let's see now. Limp, limp, limp... *(Lifts the arm and drops it a couple more times)* One, two and...

WOMAN: Wait! *(they stop)* Be careful, Caro, all right?

CAROLINA: Ok, ok. And at one, two and...

WOMAN: Wait! *(they stop)* Why don't you stand on that side? You could trip over from the effort... and...

CAROLINA: Ok, ok. *(She moves)* So, one, two and...

WOMAN: Wait!

CAROLINA: *(frustrated)* What now!

WOMAN: Eh...

CAROLINA: What?

WOMAN: Nothing.

CAROLINA: Good. One, two and...

*Pause. The woman says nothing, neither does Carolina.*

WOMAN: And?

CAROLINA: Eh...

WOMAN: And?!

CAROLINA: Well, nothing. You made me loose my focus. What was I going to do?

WOMAN: I dont' know.

CAROLINA: See?

*Pause*

CAROLINA: So how do you know my name?

WOMAN: It is my name too.

CAROLINA: Don't be a fool! Why would you be called lik...?

WOMAN: *(Interrupting)* Carolina Baez. *(She offers her hand)*

CAROLINA: But I'm Carolina Baez!

WOMAN: And so am I.

## **Secene 2**

*A few seconds (or minutes) later.*

*Carolina is sitting on the bed, her head between her hands. She's very worried.*

CAROLINA: What's my mother's name?

WOMAN: Teresa.

CAROLINA: What's my father's name?

WOMAN: Ruly.

CAROLINA: What's his real name?!

WOMAN: Raul, but they used to call him "Ruly".

CAROLINA: Ufa!

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Anyone can know that. What did I call...?  
WOMAN: Batata, the cat. Died of old age, right?  
CAROLINA: Yes... well. Maybe someone told you.  
WOMAN: Could be.  
CAROLINA: And my teach...?  
WOMAN: Irma, from first grade, the one you loved the most.  
CAROLINA: Ufa!

*Pause*

CAROLINA: What's in my pocket?  
WOMAN: How would I know, Caro?  
CAROLINA: If you were me you would know.  
WOMAN: But I don't remember, my love, I'm grown up, I don't even remember this moment.  
CAROLINA: See? Then it's all a lie.  
WOMAN: Unless...  
CAROLINA: What?  
WOMAN: Unless you still have it!  
CAROLINA: *(Surprised)* Have what?  
WOMAN: Of course! You still have it somewhere, and it's in your pocket right now because you carry it everywhere with you. Let me see it.  
CAROLINA: No!  
WOMAN: That old coin. The one passed from generation to generation since our grand-grand-something mother. The double carolina.  
CAROLINA: No!  
WOMAN: Yes!  
CAROLINA: No!  
WOMAN: Yes! Grandpa said you could talk to it.  
CAROLINA: No!  
WOMAN: Yes! And that no matter were you were, if you asked something of it he would help you.  
CAROLINA: No!

*The woman stretches her hand.*

WOMAN: Carolina Baez, give me the coin!

*Carolina, shaking and surprised, out of control, takes her hand out of her pocket and stretches it. She closes her eyes trying to avoid it, but she opens her hand and a coin shines on it. The woman takes it, she's excited.*

WOMAN: *(Observing the coin)* The double Carolina, wow! Do you still talk to it?  
CAROLINA: No.  
WOMAN: We used to talk to it.  
CAROLINA: But it was a lie.  
WOMAN: What was?  
CAROLINA: That it's magical.  
WOMAN: And how do you know that?  
CAROLINA: I'm older, I know.  
WOMAN: Are you? I believed it...

CAROLINA: Grandpa said that so I wouldn't suffer but I'm not dumb. Grandpa died and even if he went to heaven you can't talk to him.

WOMAN: Of course...

*Pause*

So why do you keep it then?

*Pause*

Carolina...

CAROLINA: I don't know. *(Pause)* Keep it.

WOMAN: Ok.

*The woman puts it in her pocket. Long pause. They're both thinking. Suddenly they both sigh. They look at each other and then they look away. They sit on the bed at the same time. They cover their faces with their hands, worried.*

CAROLINA AND WOMAN: And what do we do now?

### **Scene 3**

*Minutes later. The door is closed.*

CAROLINA: Caro, excuse me if I call you "Caro"...

WOMAN: No, it's alright.

CAROLINA: You have to go.

WOMAN: Yes.

CAROLINA: You can't be here.

WOMAN: No.

CAROLINA: If my parents see you...

WOMAN: Indeed.

CAROLINA: Good.

WOMAN: Sure.

CAROLINA: Yes, I just wanted you to be clear about it.

WOMAN: Very clear.

CAROLINA: Good.

*Pause*

And how did you get here?

WOMAN: Eh? What?

CAROLINA: How did you end up in here?

WOMAN: I was... How can I put it exactly, I mean... I entered...

*The door suddenly opens, they both stand, the woman is paralyzed, her jaw drops. Carolina, stunned, tries to talk but can't do it. She hears a voice and sees someone but the audience doesn't.*

CAROLINA: Eh, no mom. I haven't arranged my stuff yet 'cause... *(She looks at the woman and points to her.)* This... girl...

WOMAN: Mom...?

*Carolina looks at her mother. Pause.*

CAROLINA: This... girl... over here *(Pause)* Not the maid or the decorator, mom! This one.  
WOMAN: I can't see her Caro. Is it mom?  
CAROLINA: I'm... I'm talking about her... *(She points at the woman, who's looking at Caro with curiosity)* Playing? No.  
WOMAN: I can't hear her either; can she hear me?  
CAROLINA: Shh, you be quiet...  
WOMAN: She can't hear me, nor see me! And I can't see her! *(loudly)* Mom!  
CAROLINA: *(To the woman)* Shut up! *(To her mother)* Ah, yes, it's a game mom. I'm talking to... to the bed!  
WOMAN: Mommy! Mommy! *(She flails her arms around, testing her invisibility)* I can't see you and you can't see me!  
CAROLINA: I'm asking if she feels at home here... the bed... *(To the bed)* Do you?  
WOMAN: I wonder if I can touch her.

*The woman stretches her arms and makes passes were she thinks the mother is, but she can't touch her.*

CAROLINA: Don't do that! No, nothing mom, come in and see. I'm a little... lost in the new room... I don't know where everything should go. *(Taking any object)* Where does this go? *(Pause)* I'm not playing dumb, mom! *(Angry)* Alright, alright. I'll start with it now. And what did you want anyway? Why did you come?  
WOMAN: *(Trying to take whatever Carolina is holding)* Give me that, I'll show her!  
CAROLINA: *(Barely able to stop her)* Don't even think about it! *(Pause)* I'm not acting crazy, mom.

*The woman manages to take the object from Carolina's hands. She lifts it so mother can see her holding it.*

CAROLINA: Stop that! Nothing mom. I'm just nervous... because... moving is such a hassle. *(She hides the woman behind her and finally takes the object back)* Alright, alright; I'll stop playing and start working. Ciao, ciao!

*The door closes. Carolina looks hard at the woman, who is just now shedding a tear.*

WOMAN: Mom...

#### **Scene 4**

*Several minutes later. The woman is alone in the room. She takes things from the boxes, she tries to remember them and then she places the objects somewhere in the room. Carolina comes in.*

CAROLINA: I told you not to touch anything!  
WOMAN: Sorry, I was just helping you.  
CAROLINA: I don't want your help.  
WOMAN: Don't get upset, I just like to remember these things. You have our Barbie Journal!  
CAROLINA: Leave – that – alone.  
WOMAN: Alright, fine.

*Pause. Carolina checks on the things the woman touched and where she placed them; they are where they should be, of course*

CAROLINA: Listen, I've been thinking...

WOMAN: Tell me.

CAROLINA: I think I'm crazy and you're just in my imagination.

WOMAN: Oh really?

CAROLINA: So I'm going to concentrate, I'm going to close my eyes and when I open them again you won't be here anymore, Ok?

WOMAN: Well... But..

CAROLINA: Carolina: You have to cooperate.

WOMAN: Ok.

*Carolina closes her eyes and touches her temple, she opens her eyes. Pause.*

CAROLINA: What are you still doing here?

WOMAN: Eh... Nothing.

CAROLINA: Ok, ok, let's go again. But do your part, alright? Concentrate and think: I'm going to disappear, I'm going to disappear. Got it?

WOMAN: Got it.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: So?

WOMAN: Sorry.

*The woman closes her eyes and rubs her temple. Carolina closes her eyes again and makes "magic passes" with her hands: they both start walking slowly until they are back to back.*

*Carolina opens her eyes, squinting, and sees that the woman is not there; her eyes are wide open, she rubs them. A sigh. She bumps against the woman's back. She turns around.*

CAROLINA: Aaaaah!

WOMAN: Aaaaah!

CAROLINA: *(Stepping away)* What are you doing there?

WOMAN: Don't be scared.

CAROLINA: If I'm not crazy you'll grow wings and fly away... Now! *(A magic pass)*

WOMAN: You're not crazy...

CAROLINA: If I'm not crazy let a carrot sprout form your nose and be buried in the garden... Now! *(A magic pass)*

WOMAN: You're not crazy...

CAROLINA: If I'm not crazy you'll turn into a toad and leap away... Now! *(A magic pass)*

WOMAN: Well, alright.

*The woman crouches and imitates a toad.  
Carolina watches in silence, dissapointed.  
Pause.*

CAROLINA: What are you doing?

WOMAN: A toad.

CAROLINA: *(She sits on the bed)* So I am crazy.

*She cries, only she doesn't want to. The woman sits next to her.*

WOMAN: Don't cry Carito. Look at the bright side, Ok? I wished this had happened to me: finding myself and be able to chat, and ask things...

CAROLINA: And what can we chat about?

WOMAN: About what the life ahead of you is like, for example.

CAROLINA: Can I ask about my future?

WOMAN: Well, you can, sure.

CAROLINA: *(Ironic)* Yeah, right. Ja, Ja.

WOMAN: You don't believe me...

CAROLINA: Look, I'm very smart, you know? If you were me, you would have met me at my age and you'd remember. But you don't. And you know why? Because you're not me.

*Pause. The woman stands.*

WOMAN: You're right... I'm not you.

CAROLINA: *(Puzzled)* Really?

WOMAN: No. I am Carolina Baez, and once I was a little girl like you, and I moved to this house, and I grew up, but... Well, it must work some other way. Surely this is an opportunity, for both of us.

CAROLINA: What are you talking about?

WOMAN: Something must be going on in our lives, Caro. Something really important. That's why we're meeting now. You're not me yet, and depending on what you do and how you do it, you'll become me... or someone different. And I... I still don't know why I'm here, but it's got to be for something. Maybe when we solve this problem, what brought us here, maybe then we'll separate and forget about the whole thing. But meanwhile, I'm caught, Caro. And we're the only ones who know. We have to find out why I came, we have to see if there's a problem in your life and mine, and sort it out.

*Carolina remains quiet, pondering.*

CAROLINA: I'll think about it.

WOMAN: Good.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: There is something I would like to know about my future.

WOMAN: On second thought, I don't think it would be good if I told you about it. *(Sighs)* But hey; if it's just one thing, ask me.

CAROLINA: Am I ever going home?

WOMAN: You are home, Caro.

CAROLINA: No. This is the place dad brought us to; I don't know anyone here, no one knows me, I don't like these people, and I miss my things, my place, my friends.

*Pause*

WOMAN: Do you want to know the truth?

CAROLINA: Yes.

WOMAN: No, you're never going home, Carolina. Never.

CAROLINA: Leave me alone then; don't speak to me again.

*Carolina lies in bed and closes her eyes. The woman walks away and sits on a chair, observing her. She sighs. She will remain looking at her.*  
*End of act one.*

## **Act 2**

*Carolina's room, everything's in order. There are no more boxes.*

### **Scene 1**

*The woman is lying in bed, looking at the ceiling. Carolina comes in, she's carrying her school stuff.*

CAROLINA: I told you not to lay in my bed!

*The woman looks at her for a moment and then returns her gaze to the ceiling. Carolina straightens and points a finger at the woman.*

CAROLINA: Carolina Baez. Get off my bed!

*The woman, shaking, out of control, gets up.*

WOMAN: *(Fixing her clothes)* Eh... Sorry. How was school today?

CAROLINA: Horrible. They're all fools; I don't like the teacher, I don't like the school, I don't like my classmates. They talk funny, I can't understand them. I'm not going back.

WOMAN: No, of course; you're going to lock yourself up in your room until year's end!

CAROLINA: No mocking. I don't know what you may have done in this place, around these people...

WOMAN: I can tell you...

CAROLINA: ... but I don't want to know. I'm not going back to that school.

WOMAN: I can tell you about a lot...

CAROLINA: I don't want you to tell me anything. It's over.

WOMAN: But Carito, in time...

*The door opens. The woman interruptse herself. Carolina looks ate the person that just walked in and engages in dialog.*

CAROLINA: Fine, Mom, really fine. *(Pause)* I was introduced to my classmates; yes, very nice. We played during recess, and I borrowed a notebook to see where they are up until now and... two girls have already invited me to their homes! *(Pause. She looks in her backpack)* Here's the book we have to buy, *(She gives the notebook to her mother, who "holds it" in the air)* No; they told me that the first day... I mean... That the first week is homework free. *(Pause)* Yes, no. *(Pause)* Allright. I'm coming. *(She reaches for the notebook)* Fine, in a little while. Just let me drop my things and I'll go.

*Pause. The door closes. Carolina puffs and tosses the notebook onto the bed.*

WOMAN: Wouldn't it be better to tell her what's wrong?

CAROLINA: Wouldn't it be better to keep your mouth shut? You don't let me think.

WOMAN: I want to help you.

CAROLINA: Yes, sure.

WOMAN: Love, if I help you with your problems I'm helping myself too.

CAROLINA: I want to ask something of you.

WOMAN: Ask.  
CAROLINA: Don't call me "love"

*Pause*

WOMAN: Allright.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Are you upset now?  
WOMAN: *(Lying)* Obviously not.  
CAROLINA: Oh, good.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Because you have no reason to be.  
WOMAN: No.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Caro...  
WOMAN: Don't call me "Caro".  
CAROLINA: Mam...?  
WOMAN: I'll kill you if you call me "mam". What am I? An old woman?  
CAROLINA: Sorry...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Eh... Carolina...  
WOMAN: What?  
CAROLINA: Do you really want to help me?  
WOMAN: Aha.  
CAROLINA: *(She opens her backpack and takes stuff out)* Would you do my homework then?  
WOMAN: But you said you hadn't got any!  
CAROLINA: Yes, yes. I also said I had played during recess, that a couple of girls had invited me home, that I borrowed a notebook...  
WOMAN: Don't tell me it was a lie.  
CAROLINA: Will you do my homework or not?  
WOMAN: What happened to you, at school?  
CAROLINA: Nothing, nothing happened to me.  
WOMAN: Tell me.  
CAROLINA: Nothing, I tell you. Nothing! I just sat there all day and talked to no one, just like you, who stayed here all day talking to no one, but in bed.  
WOMAN: Why?  
CAROLINA: Because I was thinking.

*Pause.*

WOMAN: Sweetheart, you're unwell because you miss your friends. You're upset with mom and dad because they brought you here. But if... if you lock yourself up in your sadness and talk to no one, you're not giving yourself the chance of meeting new people.

Pretty soon you'll see...

CAROLINA: Give me the coin.

WOMAN: What?

CAROLINA: Give me grandpa's coin.

WOMAN: Why? You didn't want it.

CAROLINA: *(She extends her hand)* Carolina Baez. Give me the coin!

*The woman, shaking, out of control, takes her hand out of her pocket and stretches it. She closes her eyes trying hard to avoid it, but she opens her hand and the coin shines on it. Carolina takes it. She picks the notebook.*

CAROLINA: See you later. Don't forget about doing my homework.

WOMAN: Where are you going? What are you going to do?

*Carolina exits. The woman is alone, thinking. Suddenly she grabs her head.*

WOMAN: Ah! I know what you're going to do! I remember now. That's why I never saw my coin again!

## Scene 2

*Hours later. Carolina is back.*

WOMAN: How much did you get?

CAROLINA: That's my business.

WOMAN: I think it was worth a lot of silver...

CAROLINA: You might think so, but it was old.

WOMAN: Antique.

CAROLINA: It's the same thing.

WOMAN: No.

CAROLINA: Yes.

WOMAN: No.

CAROLINA: "Old", "antique", what's the difference?

WOMAN: Something old, loses its value over time. Something antique on the other hand, is worth a lot more as time passes.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Anyway, it wasn't magical.

WOMAN: No, but it was unique.

*Pause*

CAROLINE: It was mine. I could do whatever I wanted with it.

WOMAN: Yes, it was yours. But not anymore.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: I made some phone calls.

WOMAN: Why didn't you do that from home?

CAROLINA: It was an international call, I didn't want mom and dad to find out.

WOMAN: And who did you talk to?

CAROLINA: I made... several calls.

WOMAN: I see. Who did you talk to...?

CAROLINA: I used all the money I got for the coin... on those calls; I talked a lot.

WOMAN: Who did you talk to?

CAROLINA: I started with the letter "A"...

WOMAN: You called all of your friends?

CAROLINA: Yes, in alphabetical order. The money ran out when I got to "S"... I have to get more.

*Pause*

WOMAN: And so? How are they? What did they say?

CAROLINA: Fine. They're all fine. They were happy to hear my voice.

*Pause*

WOMAN: And you?

*Pause*

How did you feel?

*Pause*

Carolina...

*Pause*

I did your homework... I think I did a good job, but you know what? It doesn't make a lot of sense to be doing your homework because that way you're never going to learn...

CAROLINA: I have to get more silver.

*She stomps out of the room and bangs the door shut. The woman sighs, sad.*

WOMAN: I miss my people too, Carito. I'm locked up in here and I miss them too...

### **Scene 3**

*Some time later. The woman is sitting on the bed by herself. The door opens. The woman stands.*

WOMAN: Mom? Or is it you dad? Why can't I see you? Why? It's Carolina, Carolina grown up! Mom, dad, why can I see myself as a child but I can't see you? How would I love to... Oh, how much I'd love that! You know? I'm not well, mom, dad. I never did tell you, dad, mom, but the moving, the change of country, of school, of people, is killing me, mom, dad.

*She doesn't know where to look to but she's searching. Suddenly a drawer opens.*

Ah, there you are. I want to talk to you, mom or dad. Make an effort and listen. I'm saaaaad! Moom, Daaaad! I'm sad, I miss my old house, my old school, my friends!

*The drawer closes.*

I know it was very, very important to you. Dad's new job, yes. I understood, I was older and could understand. We couldn't stay home, people were getting fired; dad was offered a chance to leave and the family was a responsibility. It was going to be an adventure, you said. I was going to be in a new city, have new friends, see fantastic places, but... Mom, dad?

*The door opens and is about to be closed when...*

You're not listening to me!

*The woman knocks some pencils on top of the desk. The door remains ajar. The woman is still and silent. The door opens up again, slowly. Pause. An invisible hand lifts the pencils and puts them back. Long pause. The door closes.*

WOMAN: You're not listening to me.

#### **Scene 4**

*Carolina is sitting in a corner of the room. The woman is questioning her.*

WOMAN: How much did you take?

CAROLINA: What do you care?!

WOMAN: Of course I care, Caro. They're my parents too! They will find out, they'll think someone broke in, they'll be worried. They would never think that it could have been you...

CAROLINA: Shut up.

WOMAN: No, I won't shut up. How much money did you take? What do you intend to do?

*Pause*

CAROLINA: They promised we would go and visit soon. That I would see my friends again in a short while. *(Pause)* But then you show up and say I won't. *(Pause)* You said: "you're never going home".

WOMAN: But Caro, you shouldn't listen to me because...

CAROLINA: Because you are wrong, I know. I know you're wrong, and I'm going to prove it. *(Pause)* I was chatting with Gisela and Fabio; with Martin and with Karla, and we planned the whole thing. If I arrive at the city during daylight, they'll manage to pick me up at the terminal...

WOMAN: You're running away?

CAROLINA: I'm going back. *(Pause)* To visit.

WOMAN: But it's not so easy to go there...

CAROLINA: You say that I never went back but I'm going to show you that I did.

WOMAN: Aha.

*Pause*

WOMAN: You have it all worked out.

CAROLINA: Yes.

WOMAN: And mom and dad?

CAROLINA: They'll go looking for me later. They'll understand; they have to.

*Pause*

WOMAN: I see. *(Pause)* And, when are you leaving?

CAROLINA: Shhh. *(She listens attentively; She talks to someone outside the room)* Yes, mom, I'm coming. Yes, yes. *(To the woman)* Don't ask me anything else. I don't ever want to talk to you again.

*Carolina walks out.*

WOMAN: *(To herself)* Gisela... Fabio... My friends; my very best friends...

## **Scene 5**

*Early in the morning. Carolina is pressuring stuff into her backpack. The woman watches.*

WOMAN: It won't close with that much stuff. *(Pause)* And it will be too heavy, Caro. *(Pause)* Did you take the toothbrush? You can't travel without a toothbrush. *(Pause)* Do you want my help? *(Pause)* Alright, do it by yourself. *(Pause)* But if dad takes the backpack on the way to school he'll notice it is too heavy. *(Pause)* Ok, ok. We'll tell him it's heavy because of the new books; he won't notice a thing. *(Pause)* And just as we get to the courtyard, we say to some teacher that we "forgot something in the car", and run out of the school "to see if we can catch up with dad". *(Pause)* Brilliant. Once outside, we run towards the avenue which the cabs pass by; if someone asks us where we're going we say that dad already saw us and he parked over there. We turn the corner and stop a cab! *(Pause)* Brilliant. "Driver, to the long distance terminal". And then the cab starts and...

CAROLINA: *(With her wheeled backpack's handle gripped, about to walk out the door)* You know what, Carolina? You never shut up; so one of the best things about leaving is never having to listen to you again.

*Carolina exits.*

WOMAN: *(Continues to talk as if she had not left)* But you should listen to me, Carolina, my love. You should hear me out. Tickets for this kind of long trips are usually purchased in advance; you don't just arrive at a station and say things like "give me a ticket for another country". Specially when you're ten years old. You need to be of age in order to buy tickets for other countries. Because they have special permits to cross borders, if you're under age. Do you know what a border is, Carito? You will go far Caro. You will fool your parents and your teacher; you'll even get a taxi driver to drop you at the long distance window. You will offer the money to the ticket lady, but she'll ask you about your parents. And what then, Carolina? What then? Very clever, you'll tell her they're buying some magazines and that they sent you to buy the ticket so you could learn how to do it. And the lady will smile, but she will tell you that she needs your passport and your permit to leave the country, if you're going on your own. And you will tell her that the ticket is not for you, but for your dad. Then the lady will tell you that she needs your father's passport. And you will ask her if she can't just sell you the ticket, and you'll come back with the passport later, and the lady asks about the date of the trip, and you say that it is now, and finally the lady will notice that something is not right, and she'll ask you to bring your father, and you'll get away from the window to think about what to do, and you will start asking with other ticket vendors, but those companies don't go to your country, or have run out of tickets, or start with that passport thing again. And so finally a police man comes to talk to you, followed by the ticket lady. They will ask for your name. You will tell them nothing. They will go through your backpack, they will find your notebook among your clothes and your

toothbrush. They'll call up the school, where they are already looking for you desperately, Caro; Mom is already there, and she's desperate for some news while dad is at the police station finding about a missing child that left her house carrying a wheeled backpack, wearing jeans and a striped blue sweatshirt, ten years of age and answering to the name of Carolina Baez, last seen on the corner of her school, number such and such. You should listen to me Carolina. But you don't. *(Pause)* No one ever does. Why am I stuck here then? I've had it.

*She goes to the door, resolutely, and tries to go through it. She doesn't.*

*She tries again; in vain.*

*Desperate, she pushes and scratches at the invisible wall, she throws stuff at it and, finally, in a rage, she takes impulse and launches herself with all her might.*

*She crashes against the barrier, which makes her fall back.*

*She's on the floor, motionless.*

*End of act two.*

### **Act 3**

*The room is transformed into an architect's studio: design desk, computer, scale models, appropriate lighting. It is evident, nonetheless, that this is Carolina's former bedroom, refurbished.*

### **Scene 1**

*Carolina is standing by the threshold of the open door. The woman is on the floor, in the same position as the last scene.*

CAROLINA: Are you dumb? Get up.

WOMAN: *(reacting)* What happened? Where am I?

CAROLINA: You got scared and tried to run out. But you tripped with the desk and BAM!, to the floor Carolina.

WOMAN: Where am I? What are you doing here? Who...?

CAROLINA: Again. You're in your... studio, I think. You made a studio out of my room. It's really cool... You're a designer, right? Or an architect. And you're wrong in the head, 'cause you just ram against stuff.

WOMAN: *(Looks around)* What are you doing here?

CAROLINA: I don't have the slightest clue. But, can you believe that I can't get out?

WOMAN: Wait, wait a moment. *(Pause)* I fell asleep! I fell asleep and dreamt that... I went back to the past and found myself as a young girl and... And I still am! I'm still dreaming! That's why you're here. I'm sleeping.

CAROLINA: Oh, really? You don't say.

WOMAN: Yes, yes, yes. So I'm going to lay down... on the couch. That's where I must have fallen asleep in. I'm going to lay dow. *(She does)* And close my eyes *(She does)* And when I open them again... I'll be awake and you won't be here! Ok? Ciao!

*The woman turns her back to Carolina and stays still.*

*Carolina comes near and observes. She touches her, the woman does not react, so she touches her again. Nothing.*

CAROLINA: Hey, Carolina... *(No reaction.)* Carolina. *(Nothing yet)* Carolina, Carolina, Carolina, Carolina, Carolina, Carolina, Carolina. *(Still nothing)* Allright.

*She leaves her and takes a tour of the studio, observing with interest everything*

*she finds. The woman “wakes up”, she sits up and looks to where Carolina was; she's not there, so the woman sighs and stands. She goes to the door not noticing the girl and is about to leave, but she comes back to her desk to pick something up just as Carolina walks to the other side, so they miss each other. Suddenly they bump backs, turn around and see each other. The woman jumps.*

WOMAN: Aaaaaah!

*The yelp frightens Carolina.*

CAROLINA: Aaaaaah!

WOMAN: Aaaaaah!

CAROLINA: Aaaaah!

*The woman covers Carolina's mouth.*

WOMAN: *(To someone outside the room)* Nothing, love! I hit my toe with a desk leg!  
*(Pause)* Yes, I know it's not so mu...!

*The door opens. The woman stares horrified at the apparition only she can see, and looks from Carolina – who, along the audience, can't see anyone.*

WOMAN: No, no. Well... I yelled because... because... I got upset... because...

CAROLINA: Wow!

WOMAN: I didn't mean to scare you.

CAROLINA: *(Flailing her arms towards the “presence”)* I can't be heard or seen; can he touch me? Ja!

WOMAN: *(To Carolina)* Don't even think about it! *(To the other character)* No, nothing, my love. Don't even think that I wanted to scare you, nooooo!

*Carolina moves forward, arms reaching; the woman blocks her way and grabs her hands. They spin, lock and break free.*

WOMAN: *(To the other character)* Yessss, I'm crazy, crazy, crazy in love, crazy happy! Jaja. I was dancing. That's why I hit my toe. *(Pause)* Just because, just because. Come, dance with me, yes, yes.

*Pretending, the woman takes the invisible figure in her arms and starts dancing, laughing loudly. She pushes Carolina while they dance, getting her out of the way; Carolina comes back, having fun, trying to touch the man.*

WOMAN: I dance because I want to my love; Because you make me happy! Jaja! Happiness should be expressed, I read that in a magazine: if you do not express your feeling you can get sick! Jaja. No. I didn't take anything. Don't be frightened.

*Carolina stops her hunt. The woman takes a breather.*

WOMAN: It was an exhausting day. *(Pause)* But I'm still working for a while, I got some new ideas, so... Let's get bussy! *(She pushes the figure out, as if it was resisting)* Go on, go on; I'll come down to dinner once I'm done.

*She closes the door and sighs with relief.*

CAROLINA: Who was that?  
WOMAN: What do you mean "who was that"?  
CAROLINA: I didn't see anybody.  
WOMAN: I can see that.  
CAROLINA: Was it dad? A... a... boyfriend?  
WOMAN: No, Carolina... That was my husband.

## Scene 2

*Seconds (or minutes) later. Carolina is sitting on the couch, fascinated. The woman sits on a stool, bewildered and thoughtful.*

CAROLINA: Aw, Caro, you got married! I can't believe you!  
WOMAN: Yes, I got married.  
CAROLINA: With whom?!  
WOMAN: It doesn't matter.  
CAROLINA: Of course it matters.  
WOMAN: I mean, you don't know him.  
CAROLINA: And is he cute?  
WOMAN: Very.  
CAROLINA: I could die! And does he love you?  
WOMAN: Very much.  
CAROLINA: Aw, heavens! And do you love him?  
WOMAN: Very much so.  
CAROLINA: Of course, obviously, him being so cute! And the party?! What was the party like?  
WOMAN: Brilliant.  
CAROLINA: Aw, so great, so great, so great, so great! And how many kids do you have?  
WOMAN: None.  
CAROLINA: How many?  
WOMAN: No children.  
CAROLINA: Uy, why?  
WOMAN: I don't like kids.  
CAROLINA: What?  
WOMAN: Nothing Carolina, grown up stuff.  
CAROLINA: Excuse me?  
WOMAN: Adult business, I said. Let's think on what to do about you.

*Pause. Carolina stands.*

CAROLINA: Don't use that on me.  
WOMAN: "That" what?  
CAROLINA: "Adult business"  
WOMAN: I'm sorry, Carito, but that's how it is...  
CAROLINA: No, that's not how it is: there's no such thing as "grown up stuff"; you only say that when you're afraid to talk about things you're embarrassed about.  
WOMAN: Excuse me?!  
CAROLINA: Something you're embarrassed about. You, grown ups, are embarrassed to talk about certain things. And then you say it's "adult business" and that's that.  
WOMAN: That's not true.  
CAROLINA: So let's talk about sex then.  
WOMAN: Eh?  
CAROLINA: Let's talk about sex Carolina. Tell me about sexual relations with my

husband. Because your husband is my husband, isn't he?

WOMAN: *(standing up)* Carolina!

CAROLINA: What's it like? What do you do?

WOMAN: Carolina!

CAROLINA: You're embarrassed, see?

WOMAN: No!

CAROLINA: You don't want to tell me!

WOMAN: It's private!

CAROLINA: We're the same person Caro!

WOMAN: No, you're just a child!

CAROLINA: So what?

WOMAN: That's a topic for a later age.

CAROLINA: What are you talking about? You can't have a serious conversation with a child? Why? Why?

WOMAN: Because I can't.

CAROLINA: Why not?

WOMAN: Because I don't want to!

CAROLINA: Don't want what? Don't want to talk? You don't want to have children? What is wrong with you?

WOMAN: Nothing's wrong with me, you insolent brat! I don't like kids, get it? I don't want to have kids, I don't want you here, I don't want anything. I'm fine the way I am. I don't-like-kids and I won't have any. That's what I said and I repeat it. Finally got it?!

*Pause*

CAROLINA: Yes. *(Pause)* I don't mind kids; all the opposite...

WOMAN: Carolina, we have to find out how to get you out of here.

CAROLINA: Yes.

WOMAN: Yes.

CAROLINA: Yes, I want to leave. *(Pause)* You're really unpleasant. *(Pause)* And on top of that, you don't love me.

*The woman is astonished and looks at Carolina.*

*They regard each other for a while; they look away. They sit on their own places.*

*Face between their hands, worried. They both sigh in unison.*

### **Scene 3**

*Carolina is alone. She's looking at the drawing board. She moves the objects. She gets excited. She grabs a pencil and pretends to draw over the sheet. Suddenly she strikes a line on the draft.*

CAROLINA: Oops, goofy me.

*She looks desperately for an eraser. She finds one and tries to erase the line but she wrinkles the sheet.*

Oops, goofy me.

*She tries to flatten the sheet. She wets the eraser tip with her tongue and when she tries to erase again she makes a hole in the sheet.*

Oh, oops, goofy me.

*She removes the sheet from the board, spilling stuff on the floor.*

Goofy, goofy me

*She crumples the draft into a ball she doesn't know where to hide.*

So goofy, so goofy, so goofy.

*She finds a paper basket under the board; she crawls under the table and knocks it over when she tries to come out.*

Gooooooooofyyyy!

*The door opens. Silence. Carolina keeps still. Pause. The board is lifted, as if someone was checking underneath it. A moment. It comes down.*

CAROLINA: Wait, don't go! *(Pause)* Wh... what is your name? *(Pause)* It's Carolina, Carolina when she was a girl...

*The door shuts slowly.*

And even though this is my home... I feel lonely. Because I won't know what to do with myself once I grow up... I mean, if I just appear like this, myself. I won't know what to do. Do you know what I mean? That's not good; none of this is good. I don't know you ywt and you're already gone. You shut the door in my face. Do you love me? Will you love me when I grow up? What am I saying? It's Carolina who doesn't love me, who doean't want children... How can that be? What happened to me?

#### **Scene 4**

*The woman is fixing the mess Carolina left.*

WOMAN: No, it's allright Carolina. Do not help me.

*Carolina is silent but watchful.*

I said it's all right; don't you move a muscle. I can handle it.

*Carolina remains watchful and silent.*

I'm being sarcastic, girl. *(Pause)* Do you knwo what that means?

*Carolina stays the same.*

Hey, Carolina. Do you know the meaning of "irony"?

CAROLINA: *(Neutral)* Saying one thing to signify the opposite. Example given; Saying "that's pretty" meaning "that's ugly", or "it's all right, do not help" to ask for help.

*The woman looks at her, dazzled.*

WOMAN: Yes, well, that.

CAROLINA: Saying "I don't love children" can mean the contrary.

WOMAN: Get off my case, Caro. I didn't say I don't love children, just that I didn't want

to have children, which is not the same.

CAROLINA: You said "I don't like kids".

WOMAN: Well, I did say that, it's true: I was not ironic.

CAROLINA: Yes.

WOMAN: No.

CAROLINA: That's just it. You don't want them.

WOMAN: Stop it, Carolina.

CAROLINA: To tell you the truth, I don't care.

WOMAN: No, right. It's none of your business.

CAROLINA: No.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: I want to go back home.

WOMAN: Yes, I know. I understand, but... Wait a minute!

*Pause*

CAROLINA: What?

WOMAN: No, I don't get it. You want to go back home? What do you mean by that?

CAROLINA: I want to go back home.

WOMAN: Home?

CAROLINA: I want to go back home, girl! Is it so hard to understand?

WOMAN: Seriously?

CAROLINA: What is your problem?

WOMAN: I remember now! I remember!

CAROLINA: What? What's with you?

WOMAN: Yes! I was in your room, in our room from when I was a child, your age; we had recently just moved in here, our new home... Get it?

CAROLINA: No.

WOMAN: Yes. We were here you and I, when I was a girl and had recently moved in, and you said all the time that you wanted to go back home, but it wasn't this home, this place that you meant. You explained that to me that time we met, you said: "Am I ever going home?" and I said "You are home, Caro". And you said... you said... "No, this is the place..."

CAROLINA: *(Continuing the line in a neutral voice)* "... where dad brought us; I don't know anyone here, no one knows me, I don't like these people and I miss my things, my place, my friends".

*The woman looks at Carolina with the same astonished expression.*

WOMAN: Exactly. You wanted "to go back home". You wanted to return to your old home. And...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: And?

WOMAN: And...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: And...?

WOMAN: And I told you...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: What did you tell me?

WOMAN: I told you the truth; I told you...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: You told me...?

WOMAN: That you weren't going back, Carolina. Ever again.

*Carolina cries, though she doesn't want to, motionless. The woman approaches timidly. She caresses her head.*

WOMAN: I'm sorry, Carito, my love. Is that why you're here? Because I never went back to that house, that school and our friends? I couldn't Carolina, I really couldn't. I'm very sorry, I do regret it.

*End of act three.*

#### **Act 4**

*The studio. The light has visibly changed.*

#### **Scene 1**

*Carolina and the woman are hand in hand, facing the couch. Pause.*

WOMAN: I'm holding her hand right now, yes. *(Pause; she looks at Carolina as if studying her)*... She is... like me. A little chubby. *(Carolina stares)* I mean, just a tad heavier... Ok, sorry, I didn't mean "heavy", she's beautiful, she's a beautiful ten-year-old! *(Pause)* Well, at this age she was this tall... *(She places her hand on Carolina's head)* And her hair was straighter, how I envy it, and blonder, divine, look... *(She touches Carolina's hair)*

CAROLINA: Leave me be.

WOMAN: Alright, alright, she was a little meaner too! I'm wearing jeans that are way, waaaay cool, with a nice embroidery. *(Carolina shows the details, playing the model)* A flowered t-shirt... Yes, I loved this t-shirt! A divine plush sweatshirt; and the coolest scarf and boots. Carito, didn't we have those very fashionable bracelets... *(She interrupts herself and looks over to the couch)* Well, sorry love, I know you don't care about that, but I'm so excited... *(Pause)* Ok. *(Putting her hands on Carolina's body parts)* The shoulders are here; the arms over here. Her head, her back, her belly. Here, here.

*Pause. The woman looks at the couch in disappointment.*

CAROLINA: What's he doing? What's he saying? *(Pause)* Carolina!

WOMAN: Nothing, Caro. I think... *(Pause)* he doesn't believe me... *(Pause; worried)* No, no, my love, don't go, don't...

CAROLINA: Well, I've had it! Ask him to look over here.

*Carolina picks a ruler from the board and holds it in the air.*

WOMAN: (To her husband) Eh... honey, don't be scared... Look.

*Carolina brandishes the ruler as a sword.*

WOMAN: Don't be scared... (Pause) Aha. Yes, she's there. (Pause) I'm not doing it, love. Look, I'll put my hands back. (Pause) Ask her to do anything... (Pause) Carolina, extend the ruler forward...

CAROLINA: What?

WOMAN: Like this. Extend it like this, pointing at him; like a sword.

*Carolina obeys. Suddenly she feels a yank and the ruler moves forward.*

CAROLINA: He's pulling!

WOMAN: Don't let go! (To her husband) It's not me, you see? Try to take it from her, and you Carolina, hold on to it.

*Carolina pulls hard, resisting and letting loose, very excited.*

CAROLINA: Uhh! Jaja! Let go, let go! Jaja!

*Carolina pulls, but she loses her balance and is shot backwards. The woman can't stop it.*

CAROLINA: Ow! Ahh!

WOMAN: Careful, careful! Are you alright? (To her husband) How could you do that, you big bully? (to Carolina, helping her up) Are you hurt?

CAROLINA: That was... crazy! Jaja!

*They both look to where the ruler is lying. It's suddenly lifted and taken back to Carolina, who takes it back softly.*

CAROLINA: Thank you sir. I'm Carolina.

WOMAN: (smiling) She's thanking you and introducing herself; "Carolina". (Pause) She called you... "sir". (She laughs) Well, my love, she can't see you. Carolina, he's not a "sir", he's not that old. (Pause) My husband introduces himself: Ignacio.

*Carolina, respectfully, reaches with the ruler and "shakes hands" with Ignacio.*

CAROLINA: Nice to meet you.

WOMAN: My pleasure.

*Pause*

WOMAN: Good. Now that we're all acquainted, I think we have a lot to talk about.

## **Scene 2**

*Carolina is sitting on the stool. The woman is on the couch, lying sideways, on her invisible husband's shoulders, looking "directly" at him.*

*Some lines are given by both women at the same time.*

CAROLINA: All I wanted was...

WOMAN: ... to go back home, see my friends again...

CAROLINA: *I was sure that mom and dad...*

WOMAN: ... would understand; that they would pick me up later. And that, in the end they'd realize we all had to go back home, because no one asked me, no one consulted me about a thing...

CAROLINA: ... *no one asked me if I wanted to leave, change countries, home and friends. No one asked me.*

*Pause*

CAROLINA: So? What does he say? Carolina... What does your husband say? Is he still there?

*Pause*

WOMAN: It was horrible. When the police went looking for me at the terminal. The challenges, mom's crying, dad's screaming: did I want to scare them to death? How could I think of doing something like this? And then...

*Pause. She can barely hold her tears. She can't speak.*

CAROLINA: Then what? What happened then, Carolina? What did I do? What happened?

*Pause*

WOMAN: I was so, so embarrassed. Everyone talked about me at school; the kids would laugh and mock me. Or so I thought. The teachers watched over me. Everyone kept watch over me; they thought I would run away again. I felt so bad that...

*Pause*

WOMAN: ... I promised I would forget them all. I swore that...

CAROLINA: That I would never go back.

WOMAN: *(Following)* That I would never go back.

*Pause*

WOMAN: I told myself that and repeated it until it was written in fire.

BOTH: I never have to think about going back.

*Pause*

WOMAN: I made no more phone calls, nor did I answered any messages from my friends, not one of them; if I happened to take their calls, I would be distant, cold. Until I took no more calls. Until...

CAROLINA: They stopped calling.

WOMAN: *(Following)* They stopped calling.

*Pause*

WOMAN: In time my parents invited me to take the trip and visit those friends, but I said no. I refused.

CAROLINA: I refused.

*Pause*

WOMAN: I was a baby.

CAROLINA: I'm a baby.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: I'm still a baby, Carolina. And I'm stuck in here.

*The woman stands and goes to Carolina. She takes her hand and they both look to where Ignacio is. They wait.*

### **Scene 3**

*Seconds (or minutes) later. Carolina and the woman face the couch.*

CAROLINA: I want to go back home.

WOMAN: *(To her husband)* She wants to go back home.

*Pause*

WOMAN: *(To Carolina)* Which home?

CAROLINA: Mine.

WOMAN: *(To her husband)* She says "mine".

*Pause*

WOMAN: *(to Carolina)* He wants to know... He wants to know... Well, forgive him... He wants to know which is "your" home. This one, where mom and dad brought you, or the other one, the one we left behind when we moved...

CAROLINA: Neither...

WOMAN: *(to her husband)* Neither. *(Quickly, to Carolina)* What do you mean "neither"?

CAROLINA: The home I left behind, in that other city, with my friends... I can't go back there as much as I want to, right? You told me that, Carolina; And you know my future. You clearly told me I wasn't going back. *(Pause)* But the house mom and dad brought me to, the house where we moved in is not it either, not yet anyway. Because I have no memories of this house yet, good or bad, happy or sad. I have no friends here, no favorite corners, no secrets, no feelings. That's why I want to go back, to my time, to the moment I was in, and finally begin to live in that new house, have new friends, favorite corners, find my new secrets and new feelings. And for that, I have to let the past go, and not be waiting and waiting to go back.

*Pause. The woman stands still, bewildered by the girls words. Carolina goes on...*

I have to forget about the past. I have to start growing up, only then will I be happy like you Carolina. Then I'll be able to grow up and meet Ignacio, and marry him. Only then will I become an architect and have my studio. I want to go back, Carolina. And forget.

*Pause.*

WOMAN: *(As if waking up, to her husband)* Eh?... She says that... she says... that... she has to... forget about the past in order to grow... forget about the past in order to grow up... she has to forget about the past in order to grow up. To be happy... here. She has to forget...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: What's wrong, Carolina?

WOMAN: Nothing.

CAROLINA: What's wrong?

*Pause*

WOMAN: I don't want you to. I don't want you to do that.

CAROLINA: Do what?

WOMAN: Forgetting about everything.

CAROLINA: But I have to.

*Pause. The woman grows increasingly tense while the girl continues.*

CAROLINA: I want to grow up, get it? I want to be like you.

WOMAN: So, if you want to be like me... if you want to forget about the past... get through that door immediately, go on! *(She separates from Carolina and points to the door, angry)* Go on, now! *(To her husband)* Nothing, nothing's wrong! I want you to leave me alone. *(To Carolina, screaming)* Carolina, walk out of that door! You're leaving! You're my past to and I don't want to see you ever again!

*The woman goes to the couch and places a firm hand in the air, as if holding his husband were he is. Carolina looks sadly at the woman.*

WOMAN: Go on, Carolina.

*Carolina lowers her head. Turns. Goes to the door. Makes it to the threshold, gains momentum, tries to get out but she can't. She pushes but it is useless.*

Get out! *(Screaming)* Get out!

CAROLINA: I can't, Carolina. I can't get out.

WOMAN: Go on! You're my past: you have to go! *(She goes to where the girls is)* Get going! Go! Go! *(She pushes but she can't move her)*

CAROLINA: Don't push me Carolina, you're hurting me. You're hurting me!

WOMAN: I want you gone! *(She takes her by the shoulders and shakes her hard)* I want to forget about you!

*She makes a last attempt and the emotion finally breaks her. She cries and holds Carolina against her.*

WOMAN: I'm sorry, Caro, my love. I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

*She cries.*

#### **Scene 4**

*Some time later, in the studio. The woman wears traveling clothes and a suitcase.*

*Carolina is standing next to her.*

CAROLINA: Aren't you a little bit frightened?

WOMAN: Don't worry, I'll be fine.

CAROLINA: But we had no passport the last time, or that permit to leave the country.

WOMAN: But I do have a passport now, Caro. And I'm a grown up: I don't need a permit to leave the country. *(Pause)* I'm going back, Carolina. After all these years... After all these years, even if it's too late, I'm going back.

CAROLINA: Will they be there still? The boys and the girls.

WOMAN: I don't know; maybe they are... maybe they are...

*Pause*

CAROLINA: And what's next?...

WOMAN: What do you mean?

CAROLINA: What will you do then?

*Another suitcase flies in, landing on the threshold.*

WOMAN: Jaja. We'll see... We have all the future ahead of us.

CAROLINA: And what will become of me?

*Pause*

WOMAN: Well... I think this is how it will turn out: You're going to close your eyes and take a deep breath, when you open them again you'll be in your room and will have forgotten me.

*Pause.*

CAROLINA: And... about my life?

WOMAN: You mean your future?

CAROLINA: Aha.

*Pause*

WOMAN: She wants to know what her life will be like? *(Pause)* Allright. *(To Carolina)* We're not telling. What for? The future has not happened yet, you're going to build it.

*Pause*

CAROLINA: But I'm sad.

WOMAN: About?

CAROLINA: Because you and I are separating.

WOMAN: Yes, but there is a difference, Caro. From now on, I will never forget you.

CAROLINA: And me?

*The woman sighs, bending over to be at Carolina's height.*

WOMAN: You will. You'll go back to that house, which will become yours and which you'll love very much; and you will... you will forget about me.

CAROLINA: No. I don't want to!

WOMAN: Love, it is only natural; necessary. I am your future. Sooner or later, you'll find me. I'm the one who will never forget you.

*They hug.*

Don't worry love, sweetheart. It's a good thing to forget about the future, it doesn't exist yet and everything can happen.

*Pause.*

CAROLINA: Say hi to the children if you meet any.

WOMAN: Will do, even if they're not children anymore.

*She smiles, tajes her suitcase, looks at her husband.*

Shall we go?

*The other suitcase flies out. The woman crosses the threshold but we can still see her shape.*

*(To her husband)* Yes, yes, Caro is coming with us, she's right here. Uy, she's just outside the door! She's finally out!

*She looks at Caro, who is still inside. She winks at her. She leaves. Carolina sighs, she shuts her eyes and the lights of the studio go out, only the light coming from the door bathes Carolina. Pause. From outside, a feminine adult voice is heard.*

MOTHER: Carolina, come on! Hurry up or you'll be late for school!

*Carolina opens her eyes.*

CAROLINA: *(Shouting)* Yes mom! I'm coming, I'm coming!

*She takes her backpack and walks out of the door.*

Yes, mom! I'm coming!

*Once outside, she looks into the room. She smiles big.*

*Lights out.*