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# Silvia K's last stand

de  
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*(fragmento en inglés / excerpt in English)*

*It's a shame, because the lack of communication with horses has held humanity back", said Abrenuncio. "If we could crack it once and for all we could construct a centaur:*  
Gabriel García Márquez

*A badly wounded horse was knocking  
at all the doors*  
Federico García Lorca

*God's lioness,  
How one we grow,  
Pivot of heels and knees! —The furrow  
Splits and passes, sister to  
The brown arc  
Of the neck I cannot catch.*  
Sylvia Plath

*Feminism is the most powerful weapon  
to fight against racism and fascism.*  
Angela Davis

*In our era, when the "proletariat" has become the petit-bourgeoisie (and the lumpen exclude themselves from the political scene), fascism has to find its public in this new majority.*  
UR-FASCISM Umberto Eco

## SYNOPSIS

An epidemic of equine mutations divides the world's population into Humans and Hybrids. As a tsunami of violence and fanaticism advances across the globe, a woman runs a circus on the outskirts of a big city, a father tries to sacrifice his son "to create a MYTH" and a son, born through surrogacy, decides to look for his mother.

A narrative fragmented by corrosive satire, not only visits the circus where Silvia Koryfa and the LGTBIQ+ Chorus performatively recreate the way in which the transformations occurred —based on the voices and poetics of Proust, Artaud, Genet, Alfred Jarry, Bukowski, Müller, García Lorca, and Sylvia Plath—, but also explores the life of Iggy Horse, his relationship with his father, his working environment, and the journey that he decides to make.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

If at first the idea for this play was an indirect dystopia, the text itself drove a reflection around fear, around the distrust that those who are (those of us who are) different provoke in most societies, along with the contagious desire for their annihilation.

Before, sons and daughters went in search of their unknown fathers. Will they now go looking for their surrogate mother? Will they be capable of looking into the eyes of the woman whose uterus once held them? And that mother, who perhaps never wanted to be a mother, what will she do before the expectant gaze of her adult child?

In such dark times as these, faced with the anguish of living in this society, there are two options on how to be in life: not to see or think and try to flee forward; or to shine a light on those places where injustice prevails.

I believe in theatre as a meeting place, where we question all points of view. A theatre in which there could be a revolution of the word, and which might bring dignity to our 'desirable selves' as Juan Mayorga puts it. Maybe now is the time to refine our imaginations in order to approve a new line of action, adding to the bellicose term "theatre of combat", that of theatre of life, of risk, of making present the absent, where language is the most important political issue, together with humour, in order to keep on going forward, in life, a little bit longer.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

9 actors 24 Characters

|                       |                                               |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| SILVIA KORYFA         | Ring mistress (48 years)                      |
| IGGY HORSE / FEDERICO | HUEP Deputy (33 years)                        |
| CHORUS L              | Veiled Woman / President of Congress (60)     |
| CHORUS G              | Old Coachman / President Government PPCP (70) |
| CHORUS T              | Vice-president Govt PPCP / Horsefluffer (40)  |
| CHORUS B              | Equus Proust / She-wolf (20)                  |
| CHORUS I              | Pony Alf Jarry (HUEP) / Equus Genet (30)      |
| CHORUS Q              | Man / Equus Artaud (50)                       |
| CHORUS +              | Defence Minister PPCP/Hylonome Kentaurus (40) |
| DIVINE MAJESTY        | Father of Iggy Horse (Voice off.)             |

## STAGING

The audience should be divided into two groups encircling the action:

- Humans: Pure and Perfect Citizens Party (PPCP)
- Hybrids: Horses United through Equality Party (HUEP)

## SOUNDSCAPE

The writing process was augmented by the echoes of the punk rock of Iggy Pop, Patti Smith, Nina Hagen, Siouxsie and The Banshees; Eastern European circus music; the Italian music of Nino Rota, Tom Waits and The Bryan Ferry Orchestra also got a look in.

SCENE I  
YOU KNOW IT

*Waste ground on the outskirts of a city. Light rain falling on the mobile homes and trailer vans of a circus.  
Silvia Koryfa, seated at a table beneath the tattered awning of her caravan, spreads the Tarot cards for the Veiled Woman.*

VEILED WOMAN

So, if I take this path then, you think that...?

SILVIA KORYFA

Look, we have been here all afternoon, I do not know what else you want to hear. *(gets up.)* If you will forgive me, I have to get ready for the show.

*The Veiled Woman tries to keep Silvia Koryfa back.*

VEILED WOMAN

*(Nervous)* Wait! My sister says you are infallible.

SILVIA KORYFA

Some people believe everything they are told and more... *(Sniffs the air.)* What is that smell?

VEILED WOMAN

Smell? Don't know, I can't smell anything. The cards though, what do they point to?

SILVIA KORYFA

The cards do not point, Madam. The cards are not a gun.

VEILED WOMAN

Yup, what I mean is, the cards, what direction? /

SILVIA KORYFA

The cards are not a weathervane.

VEILED WOMAN

Of course, but *(points to a card on the table)* each horse pulls the carriage in one direction, they're pulling in opposite directions, what are they saying? /

SILVIA KORYFA

The cards do not speak, they do not point, they do not indicate, there is nothing written on them. They are pure theatre: images from another age when the Purebloods were the masters. *(Pensive.)* Just like now, everything returns.

*From the distance the metallic noise of thunder followed by the sound of a bugle call.*

SILVIA KORYFA

(*Agitated.*) Equality and justice tremble over the mined territories.

*She heads towards the interior of the Big Top.*

VEILED WOMAN

What are you saying? Wait! You know it!

*Silvia Koryfa disappears behind an opening in the canvas of the Big Top.*

VEILED WOMAN

Don't leave me like this...! (*Cries*) You know it! You do!

*Silvia Koryfa reappears through a crack.*

SILVIA KORYFA

You have to think about what unites us, not what separates us. You as a Human and I as a Hybrid not only share the letter "H". Whether with tichel, hijab, wimple or mantilla, the Pedagogy of terror will be strongest against us women. Do yourself a favour and don't collaborate with them. Resist!

*Blackout.*

## SCENE II YOU ARE ALL TERRORISTS!

*In the Congress of Deputies, the honourable members are taking their seats. On the right, the deputies of the PPCP (Pure and Perfect Citizens Party) with cowboy hats. On the left, the deputies of HUEP (Horses United by Equality Party) with their manes loose. The (female)President of Congress opens the session.*

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

Honourable ladies and gentlemen, let us staaart the session. I must inform you that this pleenary will be broadcast both regionally and nationaaaally. I would ask you all to speaaaak clearly and to keep your interventions short. Fiiiirst questions directed to Miiister President of the Government. To open Mr. Iggy Horse from the parliamentary group Horses United by Equality... Mr Iggy Hooorse...? Mr Hooorse?

*Iggy Horse enters the chamber, bare-chested, riding a jockey who struggles to carry him, accompanied by the type of triumphal music played at boxing matches. The members of HUEP applaud the entrance by hitting their horseshoes together. The members of PPCP boo him.*

PRESIDENT OF CONGRES

Mr Hoorse, kiiiindly take your seat.

IGGY HORSE

Madam president, I was hoping to step up to the lectern on the podium, next to your good self.

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

*(Laughs blushing.)* Don't play the newcomer. You know perfectly well that this session is conducted from the beeenches.

*Iggy Horse heads to his bench.*

IGGY HORSE

Good morning comrades. Mr President of the Government, you already know that I'm not one to straddle the fence: when you go outside do you ever look up to the heavens...? Don't make that face at me! It is unbelievable that they continue to taunt us with those genocidal statues, reminding us, in streets, squares and especially from the terraces of the most illustrious buildings, of the slavery that we suffered under the whip of the humans. When will there be an Equine Gratitude Law? Thank you very much.

*Applause from the HUEP group.*

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

*(Passing the baton.)* Mr President of the Goveeernment.

*President of the Government PPCP gets up and takes the floor.*

PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

I will say to you, Mr Horse, that when I go outside all of my attention is focussed on the public roads and pavements. Trying not to be flattened when you lot stampede and run rampant through the streets at full tilt. You speak of slavery, yet you use a jockey as a means of transport? We gave you the option of using junkies, even small people, or dwarves as they used to be called, thus facilitating the inclusion of these groups into the labour market, but you flatly refused. I would call this show, this attempt to seek compensation, The Contempt Law. Let me tell you something, Mr Horse, you lot might want to erase history, but history will continue to stay where it is. You are attempting a sectarian rewriting of the Historical Memory Law and are wrecking our proposal for a Concord Law. We are making massive efforts to assimilate you into our insobriety - Society! I mean "society"! Even providing financial support for your disabilities, which are very varied, given that there's not one Hybrid that's like another. The truth is, I don't know what you're complaining about. Thank you very much.

*Cheers from the PPCP as the President of the Government sits down again.*

*Pony Alf Jarry, the HUEP secretary of Policy and Strategy, whispers something in Iggy Horse's ear.*

MINISTER OF DEFENCE PPCP

Mr Iggy Horse, the next time your secretary wishes to whisper something in your ear, please make

sure it is outside the chamber, in his free time and in private.

*The Pure and Perfect Citizens Party applaud the comment.  
The Horses United by Equality Party boo in between whinnies.  
Pony Alf Jarry stands up in anger.*

PONY ALF JARRY

If you really want to assimilate us into society then don't keep fencing us off.  
Why the *Horse Pissers* on the ground floor? (*Boos from PPCP.*) Don't get offended my honourable friends, that's what it says on the sign! We see those "separate" bathrooms as discriminatory. We want to piss where everyone else pisses. Mr President, honourable ladies, and gentlemen, it would appear you are scared of seeing our dicks!

PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

Such populist language!

VICEPRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

Tell the dwarf to put the bit in his mouth!

MINISTER OF DEFENCE PPCP

Or a muzzle!

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

Article 70.1. No Depuuuty shall speak without having requested and obtained from the President of the Government, or the President of Congress, or me that is, permission to take the flooor. Miiister Pony Jarry, moderate your language, respect your turn or I shall invite you to leave the chaaamber.

PONY ALF JARRY

Madam President, I request the floor. Mr President of the Government, Is "male member" better? Or perhaps...? (*Rapidly.*) Penis, banana, wiener, gherkin, tool, organ, dong, schlong, cock, phallus, prick, shaft, anaconda, ding-a-ling, willy, winkle, wang, knob? (*He gets out his "male member" which reaches to his knee.*)

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

Oh!

*Pandemonium in the chamber.  
Iggy Horse struggles with Pony Alf Jarry until he gets him to sit on the bench.*

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

(*Shouts.*) Silence! Whooooa!

MINISTER OF DEFENCE PPCP

Show them a pair of spurs, that'll silence them!

PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

You are confusing me, mixing the tissues. I mean issues! I meant to say "issues"! Where were

we...? Ah yes! The bathrooms. The “separate bathrooms” are because you make use of the shared spaces for other things. If memory serves, just a while ago, the secretary for policy and strategy, Mr Pony Alf Jarry, cut his mane in the deputies’ bathroom before a photoshoot clogging the sinks with so much hair there was an incubation. Inundation! Inun-da-tion!

PONY ALF JARRY

President, I wish to speak. (*Furious.*) It was an action demarcated in the Historical Memory in order to protest against damaging traditions such as the so-called Cutting of the Mares!

PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

And you think we’re the worst? Well talk to me after the next elections, when other extremists are sitting on these benches, and they start by forbidding your fillies from entering the chamber.

IGGY HORSE

Honourable ladies and gentlemen of the PPCP, I presume that the hats you are debuting today are to prevent you from getting shot and spattering the upper chamber with the pus from your *drains*. I mean brains. Fuck! It’s catching!

VICEPRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

(*Shouts.*) Demagogue!

*Uproar interspersed with neighing from the Horses United by Equality Party.  
Insulting gestures from the Pure and Perfect Citizens Party.*

PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS

Stoop! Whoooa!

*A horseshoe flies across the chamber and strikes the President of the Government on the forehead.*

VICEPRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT PPCP

(*Holding an unconscious President of the Government in his arms.*)

Terrorists! You are all terrorists!

*Fade to black.*

## SCENE II CIRCOPOLI

*Lights illuminating the ring of an old circus big top which in other times must have been magnificent.*

*The Chorus enliven the scene with circus music that has Italian resonances.*

*Silvia Koryfa comes out into the centre to applause from the audience*

SILVIA KORYFA

Welcome ladies and gentlemen welcome!

At last, on this very night, in this very city, the most poetical extravaganza by Hybrids who have come here from all over the world!

Acrobats emanating from mists of opacity  
Mimes with the most lascivious loquacity  
Tumblers exhibiting quick-change precocity  
Contortionists with cramps exacerbated by velocity  
Psycho clowns eviscerating fake physicians  
Mute ventriloquists voicing lying politicians  
Human cannon-balls burying hadron colliders  
Lion-tamers chasing patriarchal insiders  
Sensitive stilt-walkers shaming dodgy traders  
Puppet masters terrorising street invaders  
Tightrope walkers crossing over broken glass  
Fire-eaters letting heated insults pass  
Trapeze artists fleeing Emirati murderers  
Oil-drum jugglers and hate-fuelled perjurers  
High-heeled escapologists - deftly debonair  
Dinner-ladies conjuring meals from thin air  
Knife-throwing women defying time...  
Musclemen felled by reason and rhyme  
Giants and tiny people dancing mazurkas  
Intersexual conjoined twins in Chanel burkas

Roll up, roll up everybody! Perhaps this will be our last show!

*Silvia Koryfa and the Chorus dance with the audience and afterwards invite them to take their seats.*