A course on miracles

Enrique Olmos de Ita

Today I drive the Chariot, I guide it
I drive the Chariot into Hell, I am the
Great blasphemer.
Whoa, onwards, whoa!
We are on the road to hell
Hell is not an End, it is the Means!
Leon Felipe. "I am the great blasphemer"

The characters in this Play exist.

One

—Your son?

—Lives with his great-grandmother.

—With your grandmother, the one at the ranch?

—The same.

—The son is yours not hers.

—Someone had to take care of the child.

—That old woman is eighty years old, she can barely cope with her household full of mice.

—And Mass every morning.

—And saying the Rosary three times a day, after brushing her teeth.

—Yes, her.

—It's only for a while, until I find a job.

—How old is he now?

—Five. And yours?

—Nine or ten.

—How long has it been since you've seen him?

—It's been four years of paying child support in which I I haven't seen him.

—Doesn't his mother say anything?

—Not her directly; sometimes friends of hers bring messages from her.

—So what do they say?

—That they want to take me back.

—To jail?

—Right.

—Will you go back?

—I don't know. One never knows. Do you want some coffee?

—I thought you had shaped up. They told me you have a job, and everything.

—I worked for nearly a month.

—And then…?

—They accused me of stealing.

—Well, you've earned your reputation. I'll fix the coffee.

—That'll be much better. My time for being helpful is over. I don't like to do things for people.

—Now I'm all for relaxing.

—Where were you working?

—At a supermarket.

—Did you steal something, or was it only because of your reputation?

—Nothing of importance. Well, the coffee you are fixing came from there, and some cigarettes and some canned fruit but nothing important. I stole nothing those sons of a bitch couldn't afford… a jacket, cold cuts, juice, soup, tequila, nothing too valuable.

—A small larder.

—Right. Just the basics.

—Will you go back to work?

—For now I'm going to enjoy the month, while the free provisions in the larder last, then we'll see…

—Can I open a can of peaches?

—I'm keeping the fruit for the third week of the month..

—Oh, come on!

—It would mean a day without anything to eat.

—To celebrate.

—To celebrate?

—To celebrate that we've met again.

—I saw you last week.

—Last week?

—Yeah, I saw you on TV

—You did?

—You were interviewed on the subway, weren't you?

—Right. I was singing, earning my daily bread and some camera people showed up. Just things that happen.

—Earning your daily lines of coke, you mean. .

—OK, earning some cash for whatever, and then the reporter appeared, with a microphone and then some lights. Did you hear the whole interview?

—No, I changed channels when you were blaming your grandmother for having taken your child and asked for the President's intervention.

—Well, it was more or less like that. I tried to make the story sad. To say something that would make me look good before society, something about motherhood, I think the tears helped.

—What's the name of the TV program? The program where you were interviewed.

—"Working women".

—Nice title, it should be called 'women who work with their ass to make enough for some coke'

—Yeah, well, it looks like I'm famous now.

—Among all the women who work with their asses to make some cash for their coke you've always been famous, at least around this neighborhood.

—Well, today on the subway, a woman recognised me, came up and gave me this book.

—Oh yeah, whatever.

—Are you going to Juan Carlos' party?

—I think so, if I find a worthwhile disguise.

—I have mine already, it's a one-piece,

— Good. Are you through with your coffee? I have things to do.

Two

—You just took a snort didn't you? You can't even take a few steps. You'd better sit down.

—That's very kind of you. The floor is always I good place to take a rest. Do you have any tequila left?

—No, it's all gone. I saw you at Juan Carlos' party.

—My success was complete. Absolutely. Do you have any canned fruit you could share?

—I have nothing to offer, everything's gone, unfortunately. In that disguise it was easy to recognise you.

—Only my panties, the best disguise of the evening. Who were you?

—A Teddy Bear with its prick erect.

—Oh, right. Everyone wanted to pull on it for you.

—It's a shame it was only cloth.

—It would be great if yours were that big.

—When you lived here you never complained.

—Now that you are on the subject, I wanted to ask a favor of you.

—What favor?

—Can I come live with you? Just for a few days, I'm going to get a job myself.

—What about your singing in the underground?

—I need to be unionised.

—What Union?

—One for the blind, mentally retarded, the armsless, legless, and other types that sing and sell shit on the subway cars. That one.

—What do you plan to do?

—Ask you a favor. I need to live here for a while.

—It becomes quite evident when you show up at my house with three dusty suitcases…well, it's evident that what you want is to come back here…do you think I'm retarded or do you ask because you like to be polite?

—Because I'm, polite, of course.

—Since when are you so nice?

—I'm reading a book

—And?

—It's a book with lots of pages and letters in them, and I'm reading it to become more educated and make something of myself. I need to open my mind, to learn to thing a bit. Society requires educated people, cultivated people, or so they say.

—And?

—I want to find something like you did, something like a job at the supermarket and then get a whole month—full of free stuff in my larder.

—Something like that?

—Something like that or even better.

—What is the book called?

—A Course on Miracles.

—What kind of shit is that?

—It's a course to make miracles.

—What kind of miracles…

—You know, the kind of miracles God works, and the rest, miracles to cure deafness, impotence, lack of money, acne, those kinds of miracles.

—That's silly. They have pills for that. You're just wasting your time.

—That's what you say now, but when you see me working miracles here and there. When I become really important. When I'm famous and have loads of money…

—How much have you read?

—I'm about to finish the Introduction.

—I mean… how many pages?

—Almost three.

—You don't even know what the famous course of yours is all about.

—Yes, I do. Course on Miracles: put you faith into action, that's the beginning.

—You haven't even started the book, the Introduction doesn't count as contents of the book.

—It's in the list of Contents.

—OK. How much are you going to pay for living here?

—I'm going to pay you the way you like best: sucking every morning, sucking in between meals, and a small suck before going to sleep.

—How much money are you going to pay to live here?

Three

—Good morning.

—Hi.

—Do you have any coffee?

—We ran out of coffee last week.

—You should go back to a job a the supermarket.

—You should pay a bit for rent.

—I'm paying, right?

—I need money, not just your saliva on my prick.

—That means you don't want it sucked at night any more.

—That means we need money. And please don't distract me, I'm trying to fix this calculator.

—What for?

—To add, to do my accounts, to divide, to subtract, to work out things with numbers. At the supermarket I learned that it's always necessary to have a calculator. . It's basic. Very practical.

—Has the battery run out?

—Maybe.

—You can set it out in the sun. They say the battery will work with sunlight, it's as if you bought a new one.

—I tried that, and it didn't work. You'd better start working and get some cash, or at least find some batteries for the calculator.

—I'm working to pay my rent, right? Then we'll get the luxuries. First things go first .

—Oh yeah? Are you charging for it? You used to do it for fun, in your free time or whatever.

—But now I'm going to start charging for it.

—My house isn't a hotel.

—It's not even a house.

—My apartment isn't a hotel.

—It's not even yours.

—I'm the one who stands up to the landlord.

—I know that. I'm not going to charge for whoring, stupid, that's immoral, I'm going to charge for doing miracles. Remember that.

—What?

—With my book, I'm, going to put in practice what I know, what I've learned all these years. It's time I worked with my mind.

—Good, at least you work fast, with your body. Who will be your clients? The same whose asses you lick?

—I don't know, taxi drivers, I guess, and policemen, and the pushers, I think they would be good clients. They need miracles. At Juan Carlos' party I met lots of people interested in doing miracles. We're all looking for a way to connect our energy with the Univer's energy.

—Anyone with their nose full of white powder are interested in miracles.

—It's people seeking a spiritual road.

—You should go back to working in the underground. All that shit you're reading isn't good for you. You should put on some dark glasses and go back to singing. You can hide your arms and ask for money with your feet or pass around a few caramels wrapped in a piece of paper saying: 'I'm a whore who doesn't earn anything in the streets. Would you like a suck'?

—I would rather keep trying with the Miracles and all the rest. It brings me closer to God.

—To God and to money. Although I believe that it would be good, between stations, to provide a good bite on the prick, but it's up to you.

Four

—We need a loan.

—I need you to pay your part of the rent. After two months living here I need you to pay something. I'm thinking of renting the empty room at the back, you're not paying a single penny.

—I'm going to buy incense, some pieces of colored paper. Perhaps an image of Allah, or Buda, or whatever he's called. It's an investment, you know.

—Allah is God and has no images.

—Well, an image of whoever, someone looking saintly, something that looks as if I had stolen it from a church. Something mysterious.

—An image of Christ?

—No, not Christ, no one believes in him any more. Nor a Virgin of 'I don't know what', of Jesus Arisen, the Redeemer, none of that stuff, something new, something that hasn't been said before. Those saints no longer work miracles. I need a new idea, that's what the book says.

—What for?

—To put up a sanctuary in the back bedroom, I'm thinking of putting a curtain on the window, darkening it a bit, put the sofa in place. I'll spread incense all around, put a blanket there, music as of people crying.

—Holy singing.

—Yeah, something like that, something that sounds very exotic, a few chairs here and there, in a circle, with a sign downstairs, in the street: "Courses on Miracles. Information in Apartment 3A".

—You can't have courses here. You can vomit when you're drunk here, you can clean your ass with your tongue if you want, you can set up all the lines of coke you please, a whole road full of powder in the toilet, you can even stay for a month doing nothing, without moving a single one of your body hairs, but I don't want you working your shitty miracles in my home.

—We'll be making money don't worry, the secret is here in these pages.

—Have you finished reading the book?

—It's not necessary, I've read enough. I catch on right away, it's not necessary to read all that stuff, the important things are always in the first pages.

Five

—Can you pick up your feet please?

—The fact that you swirl the broom around as if you were sweeping doesn't mean that I'm willing to pay all the rent myself. I'm going to rent that empty room. I need you to clear out all the junk that's in there.

—I'm trying to clean this place up.

—Are you still into your silly games?

—It's not a game, it's a spiritual session, it's miraculous, an act of faith.

—That's what you say to the poor stupid devils that come around. Is that what you tell them? That's so cheap, in such bad taste that they don't even say it in mass. And what miracles have you done lately?

—You don't understand anything.

—Have you cured any sick person, did you make the blind able to see? Did an old man get his prick up? Did you cure a guy of PRECOZ ejaculation?

—Our miracles are not of that kind, it's not doing miracles for the people.

—It's for animals, then.

—It's a matter of internal miracles, miracles for the spirit. Those are the true miracles, the ones that are worthwhile, that's what the course is all about.

—Ah, a miracle for you vaginal infections, for instance! An internal miracle. Right?

—Something like that.

—And for that you need five idiots wailing for three whole hours all around us? A session that turns into an orgy. That's a nice thing for the spirit.

—It is a spiritual group. Men and women who need help.

—Ah, right. All of them help you to get your vagina infected. Now I understand. Good, keep cleaning, don't worry. Let everybody see that you have a vagina full of germs, but the floor is clean, it's really spotless.

Six

—They've brought this message for you.

—Who did?

—I don't know, they left it downstairs, I think someone like a cousin of yours, something that has to do with you genes, I don't know.

—What a nice envelope. For sure it was my cousin who works for the government. Was he wearing a suit?.

—Yes.

—It says: Dear Mrs. by these means… you are hereby notified that… you presence requested… … … last month… We expect your… compliance …in paying due attention to the matter on hand… consequently the parties, through…court summons…Yours truly.

—And?

—They want to take the child away from me.

—That's good. Congratulations. It's too bad we ran out of coffee so we could have a toast to the news…

—He's my child.

—Will he be your grandma's child now?

—It says they saw the interview on TV and looked up a lawyer, and I don't know how much more The thing is that the child will now belong to them. Court matters and so forth.

—The price of fame.

—I have to go to a courthouse or some place like that. To go through a psychological testing interview.

—Don't go.

—Why not?

—Because you have no decent clothes to wear to an honorable place like that. Besides, those people only want to make you appear ridiculous before your child. They want to ask him: is this your mother, this woman who doesn't even know how to apply her lipstick on like a decent lady, this woman who goes without panties so she won't have to do laundry, this woman who's a daughter of a bitch. Is this your mamma? You must renege of her right now, while you can still do it, because later on she'll become a hindrance for you. She'll even ask you to pay for her rehabilitation. If you give her up you can even study to become a professional… What's your son's name?

—Jonathan.

—Good, Jonathan, nice name, huh., Jonathan you can become a professional, you must renege of this person, this usurper who claims to be your mamma, and stay with your

great-grandmother and other relatives, study something, work for the government, become a decent person, purchase a car, even.

—Is that what they say?.

—Yes, that's what they tried to do to me. And I told Rosario, my ex—wife. Do you want this bit of shit, do you want to listen to his stories, care for him in health and in sickness, go to his school on Summer Festivals, purchase Christmas presents that he won't even like. Is that what you want? Because I don't. I'm OK as it is, and so I promised to provide a good chunk of child support.

—Did you?

—You can do the same, it's easy.

—But I want my child.

—You have no money, you have no clean clothes, you need a lot of experience with children. Look here, you should look out for Jonhy's future, you must think that Jonhy is happy out on the farm with a bunch of cows and with his grandma taking care of him as it should be.

—His great-grandmother.

—It's all the same. You shouldn't be so selfish.

—I was only waiting for an opportunity, a bit of… how do you call it?

—Stability, financial reliability, intelligence, a stroke of good luck?

—Yes, stability to have him with me.

Seven

—My book!

—Which?

—The one on miracles, the 'Course on Miracles'. Where is my book?

—I don't know.

—Yesterday, before a went to bed I saw it here.

—I don't know what you are talking about.

—I'm talking about my book, give it back to me.

—I don't know anything about a silly book on Magic or whatever it is.

—You'd better return my book or I'll cut your prick off and sell it to the hot—dog guy to sell for four dollars and fifty cents.

—And who's going to eat it. Are you?

—I've tasted it too many times, I don't need to pay anything…My book.

—I don't have it. What if your boy took it to draw over the letters. Haven't you even finished reading it?

—No, now yet. It's a slow process, it's a lesson for life each day, you need a year to read it complete.

—It's a good reading method, read a book a year, a page a day. I can't believe that anybody would write such trash.

—The book was written by a Saint. Besides, I'm paying rent, I'm paying for they light. I clean your prepuce with my mouth, my very own mouth, and now you want to keep my book.

—I don't need a book of magic for fools. And it's been a long time since you cleaned anything with your tongue, you seem possessed by that fake magic, cheap magic, for nothing but shiftless good—for—nothing morons.

—Well, those same morons are feeding us.

—Didn't those imbeciles ask you to bring the boy too?

—No, I discovered that by myself.

—They'll find you one day. Welfare people will come and they will take the child back to the farm with the cows, the ancient crone, far away from you.

—He's my son, I can be with him if I like. It's a law of nature, the son should be with his mother.

—Besides, we'll be accused of kidnapping. You shouldn't have brought him like that. Your should have said, 'I came to take my son to the park, to buy him some ice cream' and you could have brought him with you that way, without committing a serious crime.

—I didn't commit a serious crime.

—Entering the home of an eighty-years-old woman at midnight is a serious crime. Oh! And stealing a child not under your custody. That too. How come your grandmother didn't realise you were inside her home? Did you give her something to put her to sleep, or what did you do?

—No, the old woman takes off her hearing aid at night. The world could be coming to an end and my grandmother would keep on saying her Rosary, without hearing anything that's going on.

—Well, I think you really blew it.

—But all the children should be with their mother. That's the way nature works.

—That's not what the court said, is it? No. They only asked me for financial reliability, they told me that the child must eat, wear shoes, dress and live in proper quarters. That's what they said. It's not asking a lot.

—Proper quarters. Are these proper quarters? I don't think they are, quite!

—The boy doesn't realise that.

—Maybe the boy doesn't, but when the welfare people come and ask you 'What's your occupation, lady?

—I'll tell them I'm a healer.

—First of all, being a healer is not a profession, you should say, my occupation is…Healer of their bodies, healer of bodies together, collectively, multiple orgies in the name of the miracle of human semen. Telling them something like that would come closer to the truth.

—I don't have to tell them all that. Please, I'm searching for my book.

—And where is the boy going to sleep, hey? On the floor like he did yesterday? I believe that the welfare people won't really appreciate that. Do you? There's only one empty bedroom and that's where you do all your miraculous antics.

—With me. He can sleep with me.

—And what about me?

—I don't really know…maybe the three of us.

—Impossible. And what about school for him?

—I don't know, I really don't, first of all I need my book and then I'll think about the boy.

—You can't even think for yourself any more. The book on magic tells you everything you have to do. Right?

—It's not about magic.

—What is it then?

—It's faith.

—And what's faith?

—It's what works miracles, something like a spirit, something that cannot be explained. Faith is what one has inside oneself to be able do what one considers to be important.

—Like bringing a defenceless child to a mystical whorehouse.

—It's a spiritual place. That's what it is, even if sometimes things happen that the majority of society does not recognise as being spiritual. That's what the book says. Just like that.

—All that about the spirit isn't even Magic, it's pure bullshit to make some money out of stupid morons. You could have at least disguised it as a massaging session.

—How do you expect me to know what faith and the spirit are if you don't give me back my book. In the book it says what faith is, and everything else.

—You have no idea of what you are saying, you need the book to be able to open your mouth. I can't believe that there are people that think that bullshit about miracles in bed is true.

—I've told you that the book is not to work true miracles, it's to do things that are internal. Things that seem impossible. Things such as love.

—Impossible things? As impossible as your keeping your legs closed, any day. Love was invented by someone with nothing better to do.

—Now I'm a spiritual guide. Where's my book?

—Spiritual guide, that's why you bought those clothes, you look like a Jehovah Witness. More like a guide for pricks, telling them how to reach the most infected vagina in the block.

—It's my working clothes, any decent woman with some spirituality dresses this way. And I don't need your observations, what I need is my book. Are you sure you haven't seen it?

—Maybe one of your clients took the stupid book and now you're blaming me. I'm too busy.

—What are you doing?

—I'm reading the book.

—What book?

—I think it's called 'A Course on Miracles'.

—There you are.

—Almost.

—Let me see. These are only loose leaves, where's my book? …. My book?

—I think it fell apart and I was only able to recover these pages. They were trying to go down the toilet. They dove in…

—What? You tore them up, you son of a bitch.

—Jonhy will hear you, stop yelling. It seems to me that I actually did you a favor. This is pure bullshit.

—Yeah. bullshit that paid for two months' rent and light, and the food coming out of your annus.

—Why don't you come and relax and we'll start over again, we don't need bus drivers and taxi drivers looking for their small miracles, why don't you and I start all over again. You used to like it with me. We don't need your son with us either, your grandma is a woman with experience, she's had three generations full of experience, he'll be better

off with her. Listen to me. Think of Jonhy, think of the welfare people, they'll take him away from you. Hey, don't worry about the book. We can stick our hands in the toilet and catch a few more pages. Then we can past them together, and then we'll make the book over again, I can ask for a job at the gas station, we can sing together in the underground, if you like.

—Idiot.

Eight

—The boy is the most important, of course, the child is the most important. Of course, grandma. Don't worry… It's really good that you cancelled the lawsuit from the lawyers. It's better to let things work out this way… Well, we'll bring some clothes and all of Jonhy's stuff, you know. Yes grandma, in your house we'll all fit in, don't worry. Your house is perfect for us. Do you still have the cows? We could even learn to milk them…Jonhy, he's fine, perfect, he asks about you all the time. We'll see you real soon. He's grown a bit, you'll see… Yes, thanks for everything, we got the money for the tickets…I have to go because I'm running out of credit for my card.. Well, I did tell you that we're coming with my boy—friend, didn't I? No problem? He's a very educated guy, reads a lot. You'll like him. He likes to fix things, he knows all kinds of things… The bus? It leaves in two hours, we're all set, we have the tickets and everything OK, Grandma, I have to hang up now. I'll see you down there…Yes, thanks….

*And we say **THE END** so that people will clap and the actors take their bows.*