

Description of the scenography:

As the script developed, it became clear that each scriptwriter had revealed something deeply personal, often tied to trauma and sorrow. Five of the six stories shared a common thread: the pain of leaving home and family. Yet, rather than merging into a single narrative, their stories unfolded into a tapestry of distinct yet interconnected experiences.

I suggested we create a shared space - where the scriptwriter's memories, although from different regions of Peru, could coexist as a neighborhood. Places like the bar and the prison, where they had felt trapped, became part of this common landscape, a community woven from shared experiences.

The aim was to immerse the audience in this space, not as distant observers but as participants, connected to the lives and worlds of these scriptwriters. This approach honored their stories, inviting both empathy and engagement, and allowing room for moments of humor and warmth.

Though these scriptwriters came from far-flung regions, their experiences felt like neighbors, linked by themes of loss, violence, and resilience. The set became a reflection of their fragmented memories - homes and objects drawn from the lives they lived before being trafficked. I wove these elements into a new, collective space, echoing their pasts yet reborn in the theatrical landscape.

Each scriptwriter described her home vividly - the texture of the walls, the color of the roof, the feel of the air. Some recreated their homes as they were, others from how it felt. The scenography evolved into a communal space, extending the shared experience we built in Porto Maldonado.

Returning to my notes and sketches, we saw how specific details - the color of a door, the roughness of a wall, the silhouette of a window - stood out sharply, while others blurred into the background. This became the core of the scenography, mirroring how memory works: focusing on vivid details while letting others fade.

Their voices guided me throughout. They shared their memories, sometimes sketching them out, and we wove these fragments into a new, shared space. In the scenography, we gave these fragmented memories a home.

Description of the Environments

Mayra's House

Mayra's home was a prison within a prison. Living with a violent man, her house felt like a suffocating cage. Inside, it was dark, with a heavy padlock symbolizing her lack of freedom. Yet, outside, she imagined her liberty in colors—a soft pink above and a deep purple below, with flowerpots brimming with life. Her house held the weight of her desperate need to escape the violence.

"I lived with a violent man who abused me, so I want the inside of the house to be brown, claustrophobic, and depressing, like it felt. The door that kept me locked in was heavy wood, brown. Inside, it's messy, chaotic. The outside should represent freedom, with cheerful colors—purple and pink, like the sky sometimes looks—the lower part purple and the upper pink. A small terrace with flowerpots filled with beautiful flowers."

Fortunata's House

Fortunata's house was steeped in the silence of abandonment. Raised in a small, windowless mud house in the Andes, surrounded by avocado, coffee, and citrus trees, it was a place marked by solitude. The absence of her father and the simplicity of her environment echoed through her story.

"A tiny mud house on the mountains that my father built. Dirt floors, with sticks on the façade to hang things on, shelves to place dishes on. No windows. A patched tin roof, old and rusty. Inside, hooks where my father hung his tools: a machete, an axe. Around the house grew avocados, coffee, tangerines, oranges, and bananas."

Corina's House

Corina's memory was precise. She remembered the iron door, the light purple tiles outside, and the white wooden walls within. It was the last familiar image she had before leaving her child behind to work in the bar.

"The house was covered with light lilac-gray tiles. The floor felt cold underfoot, with white porcelain tiles patterned with flowers. An iron door with a crisscross pattern—make a careful drawing of it. The sidewalk outside was brown, packed earth. By the house, there was a fish stall, always shouting 'Fish! Fish!' A small patio in front where children played. A gate made from old pallet wheels. Inside, there was a full-length mirror, a hammock, a TV to the left, and the cold light from a single bulb."

Karla's House

Karla's pain was tied to the loss of her grandfather. Her home was on a mountain, reachable only by a long, steep staircase. The house was brown, with a light blue door and a small window.

"My grandfather's house is at the very top of the hills. A long concrete staircase with many steps, a blue railing tied with ropes. It takes about 25 minutes to reach the house. The house has a blue metal door with a tiny window, around 15x15 cm. Inside, it's like a corridor with doors to many small rooms, all in light brown cement. There's no roof in the corridor, but the bedrooms have roofs."

Erika's House

Erika's memories began in her bedroom, split between green and blue, with a star-patterned bedcover. Outside, the walls were painted bright pink. It was here that her world shattered when her husband never returned from work.

"No roof. Cement floor. A rug. A bed with a blue bedspread with tiny yellow stars on it. Above the bed, a framed Real Madrid Ronaldo T-shirt, in memory of my father, who loved football. The walls were light green—split vertically so half the room was green and half blue. Beige curtains. Outside the window, I want to honor my son with framed pictures surrounding it, and the words 'Gareth Ronaldo' painted below. My son is named after Ronaldo."

Kathy's Boat and Jungle

Kathy's survival story unfolded in a boat that carried her and her child through the jungle. She vividly described the boat's details, the struggle against treacherous waters, and the dense jungle closing in around them.

"A 'peke-peke,' a wooden boat made of dark wood with tar between the planks. A long, narrow boat, about 3 meters long. I brought food and a big bag of rice in a white sack. The boat's engine sounded like it was calling out 'Llevo-llevo' (come with me). There was always a plate in the boat for scooping water to move faster; otherwise, it went at a sloth's pace. The smell of the water was bad, with algae and rotting fish. At night, the birds sang."

The Bar

Mayra sketched the bar, including the fridge, private rooms, and a poster of a naked girl. Corina recalled the wooden building, where girls waited outside on blue plastic chairs for their clients. Fortunata also described a wooden bar with concrete floor and colourful plastic chairs. Erika: *"There are lots of lights and sounds. A disco lamp that moves, flashing signs. A stereo. A fridge with a fan that always hums loudly but can suddenly go quiet. A laptop behind the bar playing music, where the customer chooses the songs. Beer glasses and bottles on wooden tables. Blue plastic chairs. A tiny private booth with a small table for customers who need to be discreet. The girls sit in a row on plastic chairs outside, waiting and smoking."*

The Prison

Mayra; *"The cell is a concrete bunker with an iron door, two bunk beds. A window with iron bars. A small sink where you had to wash at 6 AM, then make the bed perfectly, or else... Inside the cell, there was a cross, a radio, and a Bible. There was also a chapel in the prison with an altar. When you enter the prison, you cling to your faith; you go mad without it. Surveillance cameras everywhere, constant radio noise, gates with locks, and slamming iron doors. Birds sometimes sang wildly when someone was about to be released."*

Oscar's memory: I felt Oscar's presence had to be part of the scenography, just as it is in the play. Though he centres the scriptwriters, this entire project and method is his vision. His Swedish-Peruvian duality as an artist bridges Sweden and Peru, grounding the stories in his own memories of the jungle. To honour that, Oscar himself built a table inspired by his own memories from Puerto Maldonado:

"If there is something I remember with a great deal of nostalgia, it is the smells. The smell of breakfast at my grandmother's house, where turtle eggs were served with their very distinctive stink. Or the smell of chapo, which is a sort of banana smoothie. When I try to visualise those smells, I can only think of the huge wooden table where we would sit and eat, always with a lamparín (oil lamp) in the middle, surrounded by the many flying insects you find in the jungle."