

## **THE PEOPLE WHO FEEL**

Produced by **ARIANA MARTINEZ** for BBC Radio 4's **SHORT CUTS**

[00:00] *Scene opens with wind blowing through dry grass, footsteps, and the crying of goats in the distance*

**Narration (Ariana Martinez):** "That place is very special to me. It is where I go to pray," he said of the little hill where his goats roam.

[00:13] *Farmer, Henry Córdoba begins to whistle a tune. Wind continues to blow. Birds chirp.*

[00:17] **Narration:** Lajas, Puerto Rico.

[00: 22] **Narration:** It's my second day on Henry's farm—my second day of rising at dawn to meet him.

*Henry's whistling ends. Ambience fades out.*

[00:30] **Narration:** Today, one of his fellow farmers has called him to say that one of the goats had given birth to six kids.

*Ambience resumes. Goats cry in the distance*

[00:38] **Henry (farmer)** We are going to check for the babies I have here.

**Ariana** Okay.

**[Henry speaking in Spanish] Translation:** *the guy called me...*

**Ariana** [00:19:16] really?

**[Henry speaking in Spanish] Translation:** *when you were with Javier and you saw that I left... I received a message from the guy that worked with me...*

**[Henry describing what the farmhand said, in Spanish] Translation:**

*The goat gave birth!*

**Ariana:** how recently? how recently ?

**Henry (farmer & Ricky's best friend):** this was this morning

**Ariana:** This morning?!

**Henry:** It is wet.

**Ariana:** Wow.

*Henry and Ariana continue to walk through the field. Footsteps and birdsong.*

**Henry:** The navel is bloody.

**Ariana: Wow.**

*Footsteps continue. Wind and bird song*

[01:08] **Narration:** When we arrive, the mother is surrounded by her children, their bellies still wet with traces of blood, placenta from the birth still fresh on the ground. Ambience stops. Only narration remains.

[01:21] **Narration:** Henry tells me to stay quiet so he can coax one of the newborns toward him. He gets himself acquainted with a little auburn kid and is able to lift the trembling animal from the ground to hold it to his chest.

[01: 37] **Narration:** He presses the goat's face to his own, giving its ears sweet kisses.

*Goats begin to cry in the distance again. Hilltop ambience of wind, grass, footsteps, and birdsong resumes.*

[1:41] **Ariana [to the goat in Henry's arms]:** Oh

[1:43] **Henry [ Speaking in Spanish to the goat in his arms] Translation:** *What is it? What is it? What is it? Look! Ariana is here!*

[01:50] *Goat lets out a loud cry close to the microphone. Wind, footsteps through grass continue.*

**Henry [to the goat in his arms]:** no, no, don't cry...

**Ariana [to the goat in Henry's arms]:** Oh

**Henry [to the goat in his arms]:** Don't cry baby.

**Henry [speaking in Spanish] Translation:** *Ariana, look.*

**Ariana [speaking in Spanish] Translation:** *Hello. Hello.*

**Henry:** *See, nice eyes. (Kisses goat)*

**Ariana [to the goat in Henry's arms]:** Oh

**Narration:** All I can do is marvel at the delicacy of this time.

**Henry [kisses the goat, speaking in Spanish] Translation:** Your father!

**Ariana [to the goat in Henry's arms]:** Oh

**Henry:** Nice color.

**Ariana:** Wow, yeah, the red color. Beautiful.

*Hilltop ambience fades out, leaving only birdsong.*

[02:21] **Narration:** Earlier that day, I had seen a veterinary student treat a sick dairy cow at Henry's other farm. When she was done, she handed me some of her tools to hold while she cleaned up. There had still been blood on her hands, which transferred onto mine. I wasn't afraid. Then, there had been a similar kind of grace as there was now. A rare moment of clarity in which I realize the physicality of my body and its time here.

*[02:57] Hilltop ambience of wind, grass, footsteps, resumes.*

[3:01] **Narration:** Back on the hill, with the goats, the gentleness overwhelms me.

**Henry:** **There's more babies over there, you see.**

**Narration:** I lose words and questions and thoughts to feeling—a transference—radiating tenderness reaching toward my body like sunlight.

*Henry's whistling resumes*

[03:21] **Henry [Speaking in Spanish to the goat in his arms, kisses] Translation:** look, my little one.

*Henry's kisses, and laughter in the background.*

**Ariana [speaking in Spanish to the goat] Translation:** Hello.

*Henry's whistling fades out, bird song comes back in.*

[ 3:34 ] **Narration:** "The future of the world is with the people who feel," Henry had once said. The words warm in my chest, a reminder, an affirmation.

**Narration [spoken in Spanish] Translation:** "El futuro del mundo está con la gente que siente."

*Scene ends with bird song and wind. END. [4:00]*