

ct

# The kitchen

de  
Roger Simeon

traducción de  
Roger Simeon

*(fragmento en inglés)*

## 1st ACT

*An empty stage, neutral. Maybe a stone bench or some outdoor chairs where the characters can sit on.*

*A constant rain.*

*Two strangers.*

*Waiting standing under the rain.*

*The FOREIGNER looks tired and his clothes are soaking wet.*

*The BROTHER wears a suit and a badly knotted tie that clearly puts him at unease.*

*Both characters are standing a bit far away from each other. They do not look at each other. They neither look at anything in particular.*

BROTHER

[After a good while. Still not looking at the FOREIGNER] How old am I?

FOREIGNER

[Briefly looking at the BROTHER with scarce interest] Don't know... I'm not good at these kind of things...

BROTHER

[Without looking at the FOREIGNER] Well, if you don't practice then you'll never be...

FOREIGNER

[Hesitates] Ummph... well... look... [lies nervously and in a very unconvincing manner] right now I'm kind of waiting someone and...

BROTHER

[Staring directly into the FOREIGNER's face] And aren't we all?

FOREIGNER

What's that?

BROTHER

Aren't we all waiting for someone?

FOREIGNER

[Hesitates. Looks at the BROTHER for a while and tries to change the topic] Well... if... if you don't mind... [and indicates that he is leaving. But he doesn't move]

*[The BROTHER keeps quiet and stares the FOREIGNER]*

BROTHER

You are not from here, aren't you?

FOREIGNER

[Avoiding the BROTHER's eyes] No. I'm just passing by...

BROTHER

You have no luggage... where are you going?

FOREIGNER

I don't know... [lowering his voice] I haven't decided it yet...

BROTHER

Will you leave with the person that you are waiting for?

FOREIGNER

I don't know... maybe... I certainly hope so...

BROTHER

And what prevents this person of going with you?

FOREIGNER

Me not being able to convince her that... [but he stops himself. He doesn't dare saying it to a stranger] Well... it... it doesn't matter... I'm quite sure I won't be able to convince her and I'll have to go back to...

BROTHER

[Getting closer to the FOREIGNER nervously, interrupting him] Don't go back! Now that you have left... don't go back... you already know what you are leaving behind... it never changes... it doesn't matter how many years go by, the past is always the same... no. Don't go backwards.

FOREIGNER

[Facing the BROTHER] Maybe you are right...

BROTHER

Of course I am! I know what I'm talking about... [looking around] I've done that same mistake... for a while I managed to escape from here, I went far away in order to be able to have a new beginning... but the past always catches up on you... regardless of your attempts to run away from it... if you're not extremely careful, it always captures you... that's why you MUST go far away and never go back!

FOREIGNER

So you're from here...

BROTHER

Was born here and I'm beginning to accept that I will also die in here... it's my cage.

FOREIGNER

Some cages have doors...

BROTHER

[Aggressive] Don't give me that shit!

FOREIGNER

[Moving one step backwards scared] No... I meant that...

BROTHER

I know perfectly well what you meant! [Getting closer again to the FOREIGNER] I've heard it before! [Starts walking up and down while he talks. Nervous] Nobody forces me to stay here... I can go whenever I want to... I'm FREE! Free! What the hell? Free of what? As soon as we are born we are already tied up! Free! The school, your parents, your work, the bills... which freedom is that? Huh? Tell me! Which freedom is that?

FOREIGNER

I... I don't know...

BROTHER

I'll tell you which freedom: the Frankfurt School's freedom!

FOREIGNER

[Surprised] What?

BROTHER

Soon it will be over a hundred years that they already warned us...

FOREIGNER

Who?

BROTHER

[Getting even closer to the FOREIGNER in a conspiratorial voice] It doesn't matter who. It matters what.

FOREIGNER

And what is that?

BROTHER

That we are not free. They make us believe that we are... they are interested in having us believing that we are free... that we can choose... but it ain't true: we can't... well, we can... actually, we must choose! And that's the problem! That's the catch! We have to choose! We have to choose which car we are going to buy... which shoes... [untying the tie] which tie... but that's not being free! If we were really free... we could choose not to choose... not to buy anything... and that they don't let us do it! Just imagine! All our system would collapse if we did it!

*[Silence]*

FOREIGNER

[Awkward] Well... so... I... I think I better go... it's getting late... [but he doesn't go]

BROTHER

And the person you were waiting for?

FOREIGNER

She won't come.

BROTHER

How come are you so sure about it?

FOREIGNER

Because we haven't arranged any meeting.

BROTHER

Then... if you don't mind... I will make you company while you wait for her...

FOREIGNER

[Stares at the BROTHER for a while, like analysing him] Suit yourself [and he goes to sit placidly on the bench]

*[The BROTHER also sits on the bench and looks up to the sky mumbling]*

BROTHER

Bloody rain!

*[The FOREIGNER doesn't reply. Keeps his eyes fixed staring at nothing, absent-minded]*

FOREIGNER

[After a while] When I was a kid I liked the rain... I found it magical... water falling from the sky! It was unbelievable... I remember... I remember sneaking out of the house and into the street to get myself soaked by the rain... [stretching his arms] I stretched my arms and... [moving his head up and closing his eyes] I let the water fall on my face, my hands... my whole body... and I felt happy... real happy... until my mum shouted her lungs out and [lowering his head and arms and opening his eyes] sent me back to my sad reality...

BROTHER

I don't like the rain at all... I find it an annoying inconvenience.

FOREIGNER

I guess you're right... [and lifts up his head again to look at the rain] but even though... I still find it magical...

BROTHER

Because you must be one of those who still believe in magic.

*[Silence]*  
*[The FOREIGNER doesn't reply]*

BROTHER

[Looking his watch] Shit! I gotta go... [he stands up and walks towards the right side of the stage]  
Enjoy the rain...

FOREIGNER

[Without looking at him] 35.

BROTHER

[Stops right at the edge of the stage] What's that?

FOREIGNER

I think you are 35 years old...

*[The BROTHER looks at the FOREIGNER for a while but doesn't reply]*

FOREIGNER

[Somehow begging for mercy] Am I close?

BROTHER

No... but it doesn't matter [and he leaves]

FOREIGNER

Actually, you're right...

*[The FOREIGNER stares for a while to the right side of the stage, to the absence left by the BROTHER. Then, slowly, he stretches his arms up, lifts his head and closes his eyes]*

*[The SISTER comes in from the bottom of the stage carrying two heavy loaded bags full of groceries]*

*[Visibly tired, the SISTER goes toward the bench where there is the FOREIGNER who hasn't noticed her yet]*

*[The SISTER looks with curiosity the FOREIGNER's odd posture and, after deciding that he is not some sort of rapist, she leaves the bags on the floor, next to the bench]*

*[The FOREIGNER opens his eyes surprised by the noise of the bags but he keeps his arms up for a while]*

*[Simultaneously to the FOREIGNER lowering his arms, the SISTER sits herself in the bench trying to gain her breath]*

*[The FOREIGNER remains quiet with his eyes to the floor]*

*[The SISTER hesitates. Looks around her. Stands up nervously]*

*[The FOREIGNER glimpses at her discreetly]*

SISTER

[Getting closer to the FOREIGNER and in a soft voice] Are you alone?

FOREIGNER

Yes.

SISTER

[Looking around] Do you want some company?

FOREIGNER

Who doesn't?

*[The SISTER sits next to the FOREIGNER, so close that she is almost touching him]  
[Silence]*

SISTER

What are you doing here?

FOREIGNER

[Closing his eyes] Psshhttt. Don't say anything...

SISTER

Why not?

FOREIGNER

I like the silence.

*[The SISTER shuts up. Tries to be quiet, but she feels awkward]*

SISTER

And why do you like it?

FOREIGNER

[With his eyes shut still] It calms me down.

SISTER

Are you nervous?

FOREIGNER

[Opening his eyes] Always.

SISTER

Why?

FOREIGNER

Don't know... just because... I have lots of troubles lately...

SISTER

[Getting even closer to the FOREIGNER] Do you want to explain them to me?

FOREIGNER

[Now he is awkward] I rather not.

SISTER

[Sweet] Hiding them inside of you won't make them go away...

FOREIGNER

Sharing them with a random stranger neither...

SISTER

No. You're right. [She stands up] Sorry to bother you...

FOREIGNER

[Begging] Don't go, please...

*[The SISTER hesitates. Looks around but doesn't dare to sit down again]*

FOREIGNER

I don't want to be alone...

SISTER

[Sits down] Me neither...

*[Silence]*