

ct

You and me

de
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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

A partially lit room.

Seven pm.

The evening light filters through the broken curtain.

A green, old, wasted leather sofa facing the audience, a square table with two non-matching chairs and lots of shoe boxes are the only furniture.

The boxes are colourful, with different shapes and textures. All of them are empty but perfectly, geometrically and chromatically—following the inverted rainbow colour palette— placed one on top of the other against the now invisible walls.

[An old WOMAN snoozes uncomfortably on the sofa. She wears old pyjamas of the wrong size and she covers herself, every now and then, with a torn tartan blanket]

The door opens.

[An old MAN enters the room struggling to carry lots of shoe boxes. He places them delicately and accurately on the table and sits himself on a chair, his back to the WOMAN who, as soon as the door opened, has covered her head with the blanket. The MAN's clothes are also mismatched.

He changes the heavy specs for heavier ones and begins to analyse the boxes he was carrying. He weighs them up in the air, checks the material, catalogues the contents, examines the colour and the size of the shoes they once contained and distributes them, precisely, on the table]

[This action takes place in silence]

WOMAN

[Suddenly, with a tired voice and totally subdued but without moving or taking the head out of the blanket] I hope you haven't brought any more of those damn boxes of yours...

[Long silence]

WOMAN

[With her head still under the blanket and talking in a low murmur in a mechanical way] ... boxes here boxes there boxes on top of the refrigerator boxes under the bed boxes in front of the door boxes in the toilet boxes on the way...

[Silence. He does not answer, he continues examining the first box instead. The same precise and detailed analysis will be carried out with all the boxes throughout the play]

WOMAN

[Taking the blanket slightly off her, as far as her nose] But you said that you are not going to bring any more, didn't you?

wanting to live so many years...

MAN

[Nervous and looking at the door as if he had heard a non-existent noise] They're knocking at the door.

WOMAN

[With no reaction] They must want something.

MAN

[Panicking, looking worriedly at the boxes] But I... now... I am too busy... I just cannot...

WOMAN

They'll come back later if they want anything... *[covering her face again with the blanket]* when there is someone at home.

MAN

But they keep on knocking... Can't you hear it?

WOMAN

[Showing only an ear from under the blanket] No, I can't hear a thing... *[covering the ear again]* but I am sure there is someone at the door... they always come at the least convenient time... *[speaking up from under the blanket]* Don't you see that this is not a good time for us? Don't you know that we are not at home right now and that, even if we were here, we are too busy to see you?

MAN

But... but... what if... why don't... why don't you open it?

WOMAN

Because right now I'm sleeping and I don't like to sleepwalk... I used to do it when I was a child and I woke up in a different place every day... one day I even woke up in your bed... how I wish they had tied me to *my* bed!

MAN

[Forgetting about the door and returning to the examination of the box that he still holds in his hands] Our destinies were written long before we were born. There is no point in trying to rebel against them: everything is planned and it will all happen as it has to happen.

WOMAN

And what will happen?

MAN

I don't know that myself. It is written. But I cannot read...

WOMAN

And why don't you learn to read?

MAN

Because I'm not in the mood for it right now... I am too busy, can't you see? And what about you... can you read?

WOMAN

No. But I have never need it... to read the silly things that people write nowadays...

MAN

[Writing down a new detail in the notebook] Because to write is extremely easy... you just need to place letters next to letters, and words next to other words, and sentences next to other sentences.

WOMAN

That sounds incredibly tiring!

MAN

I don't recommend it.

WOMAN

[Partly showing her head from under the blanket but with her eyes closed] And what do you write?

MAN

Anything. Everything. But my specialty are numbers.

WOMAN

But can people write numbers as well?

MAN

Of course they can!

WOMAN

And can people read numbers?

MAN

Don't be silly! People count numbers.

WOMAN

[Straightening up a bit on the sofa and looking discreetly towards the door] Are they gone?

MAN

[Delicately touching the surface of the box with a finger to relish the texture] Yes... who?

WOMAN

Whoever was knocking at the door.

MAN

I don't know. But I am guessing so.

WOMAN

And who was it?

MAN

Who?

WOMAN

Whoever was knocking at the door.

MAN

Noone... someone who got lost.

WOMAN

And how do you know that he was lost?

MAN

Who?

WOMAN

Whoever was knocking at the door.

MAN

Because we were not waiting for anybody.

WOMAN

Maybe I was.

MAN

Then he'll be back.

WOMAN

Who?

MAN

Whoever was knocking at the door.

WOMAN

But was it not you?

MAN

No, I haven't been out today.

WOMAN

[Lifting the blanket up to her neck and closing her eyes] I don't remember...

MAN

[Raising his arms to look at the bottom of the box] We had lunch together.

WOMAN

And what did I eat?

MAN

A little bit of everything. As usual. I believe you had meat and fish, but maybe it was ostrich egg with boar paté...

WOMAN

Tasty! And did I drink any wine at all?

MAN

A couple or five glasses. Just to wash the meal down. But now we'll have to buy more wine... you never told me that the wine runs out.

WOMAN

[With her eyes still closed] It depends.

MAN

It depends on what?

WOMAN

On a lot of different things. *[Straightens herself up on the sofa. Opens her eyes and looks at her hands that are gesturing as though they were firmly holding a bottle of wine]* It depends whether there is a hole in the bottle... here *[she points at the empty space where the imaginary bottle is]*, right at the bottom of the bottle, so tiny that no-one can see it...

MAN

[With the box raised but changing the examination angle] If you cannot see it, it means that it is not there.

WOMAN

[Keeping the imaginary bottle on her hands] Are you saying that only that which we can see exists?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

But I don't see the bed and this morning it was certainly there...

MAN

But not anymore.

WOMAN

And how do you know?

MAN

Can you see it?

WOMAN

No...

MAN

[Conclusive] Because it does not exist.

WOMAN

[Confused but still holding the imaginary bottle] But... but... if I go into the room right now... will... will the bed be there?

MAN

If you see it, it will be there.

WOMAN

And if I don't see it?

MAN

Then it won't...

WOMAN

Wow... now I am really tempted to go in there and...

MAN

Then go.

WOMAN

But, what if it's not there? What if they have taken it? *[Covering her head with the blanket but without throwing the bottle that shows its shape under the blanket]* Oh my! How scary! Now I don't want to go in there! Never. You go and tell them that they must return our bed right now because I want to go to sleep!

MAN

[Checking the last corner of the risen box] I can't do that.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

Because I don't know where they are... we will have to wait until they come back for more and then we will ask for a business card.

WOMAN

[Lowering the blanket and still holding the bottle] But... what about you? I... I can't see you... do you exist?

MAN

Do you hear me?

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

Then it may be that I exist.

WOMAN

That's interesting... *[looking at her arms and the hands holding the imaginary bottle]* then... this bottle does not exist either... *[moves the arms throwing the bottle violently against the door: noise of broken glass]*

MAN

[Calm now, looking at the door still holding the box up in the air] All theories are valid until they are not.

WOMAN

Therefore, do things that we don't see exist?

MAN

So far they do.

WOMAN

Then the wine can really disappear through a tiny hole *[takes another imaginary bottle]* right here, at the bottom of the bottle...

MAN

That's why we have no wine left!

WOMAN

But the wine can also run out due to the inclination of the bottle at the moment of pouring it... see? *[gestures as if pouring wine]* If the angle is higher than 45 degrees, then we pour the liquid...

MAN

[Screaming] Don't waste it! It's such a good wine!

WOMAN

Don't worry, I've poured it into the glass *[pretends to grab an imaginary glass from the table and takes a long swig]* Excellent. But do you know what?

MAN

That today we will have tea at midnight with all your explanations...

WOMAN

No...

MAN

That so much wine is giving you a headache...

WOMAN

No...

MAN

Then, how do you expect me to know it if you don't tell me...

WOMAN

If the angle is larger than 270 degrees, then the liquid is preserved...

MAN

[Keeping his eyes on the box] And if it is a 425 degrees angle?

WOMAN

Then the wine gets sick.

MAN

[Pleased with the answer] Sure... but who told you that?

WOMAN

[Visibly enjoying the imaginary wine from the imaginary glass] Nobody... this is one of those things that you know from birth... like the fact that we all are going to die...

MAN

Well... all all... I don't think so.

WOMAN

[Slightly turning her head without looking at him directly] And why not?

MAN

Because there is not enough room in the local cemetery.

WOMAN

But they are building a new one...

MAN

[Dropping the box to calculate the time it takes to fall] It won't be big enough... there's so many people in the world nowadays... you wouldn't believe it: there's people everywhere! And everybody wants to die... I don't know where they think they are going to fit them!

WOMAN

Well, I'm sure they'll find a place for them...

MAN

Sure! Right in the middle of the square! Nah! I've made up my mind. I don't want to be a problem to anyone... and I am aware that it is a huge sacrifice that no one else is prepared to do... but I've decided that I will never die.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

That I'll live forever. Don't get me wrong... it's not that I enjoy being here, but I'm kind of used to it and I move around easily... and now, to think about all the hassle of dying and having to wear my Sunday's clothes and being measured for the coffin and having to go to church to endure my service and all those never-ending tales of the tears and the people bothering me opening the lid to kiss me and fill my cheeks with saliva and makeup and the... nah! Such a pain! So many unnecessary complications... I accept my condition of martyr and I remain here and that's that.

WOMAN

[Staring at the audience with deep concern in her expression] Oh! I didn't know that you could choose... I haven't thought what I want to do...

MAN

[Delicately closing the box's lid] You're already too late. There are such long queues at the registrar's office! Now it's in vogue to die because they see it on TV and everybody wants to do it... I don't think you'll be able to choose and maybe you'll be forced to keep on living until there's room amongst the dead ones.

WOMAN

Is it really in vogue nowadays?

MAN

Of course! People prefer it to weddings these days! Don't you see that the whole thing of marriage is outdated and nobody buys it anymore? Weddings last a fortnight and all the hassle for nothing. The guests complain about having to go four times to the same friend's wedding and the couples are hopelessly looking for excuses to attract the guests' interests... besides, in the best case scenario, the attention is always shared with the other one... nah! To die is 10 times juicier: everybody looking at you, clapping, crying (because people cry a lot at funerals, much more than at weddings where grandma is the only one who still cries)... oh my... you really have grown old and out of date!

WOMAN

I see that... what a shame! Imagine that somebody mentioned it at the home and I was lost for words... but tell me, tell me... right now, everybody wants to die?

MAN

Yes. People go mad looking for the most flamboyant tombstones with the cheesiest inscriptions that you can imagine: *[faking the voice]* "Tonight, a new star will shine up in the sky, it will be you, Mary-Ann, who was cremated in... in... in the Isle of Skye"

WOMAN

[Thrilled] How beautiful! I want one of these!

MAN

And that's not all. They buy luxury dresses to be buried in... they say that the clothes maketh the corpse...

WOMAN

Oh my! I must go shopping... tomorrow if not sooner... maybe a red dress because red has always suited my eyes...

MAN

Yes, you're devilish eyes...

WOMAN

Or maybe a bright-green one, so I could be seen from far away...

MAN

Not far enough...

WOMAN

[Decided and banging the floor with her feet] I want to die as well!

MAN

Great, another one! Let's all go with the flow... everybody wishing to belong...

WOMAN

[Closing her eyes and laying on the sofa to dream about her thoughts] I should die on a Wednesday, though, because they get the fresh fish on Tuesday and you know how much I love fish...

MAN

[With the same angry tone] ... everybody to be mindless sheep...

WOMAN

I would relish on shellfish and the following morning, not too early in case I looked hurried, but not too late either so no one could call me lazy, I would die. Here. On this sofa. Happily. Quietly. Dressed for the occasion. With a smile on my lips, even...

MAN

Well, tomorrow it happens to be Wednesday... so if you want, you could start dying or we'll have to wait for another week.

WOMAN

[Oblivious] I will give all I have to my sister...

MAN

But you have nothing because you've never worked!

WOMAN

And I will write a beautiful poem to be read by our son at church...

MAN

But you've never been to church because you always got lost!

WOMAN

And I will buy stiletto shoes, but comfortable ones so they won't hurt me if I have to walk a lot...

MAN

[Giving up, waving his arms in rage and returning to his box] Then do it! I'd rather be alone than in such bad company!

WOMAN

[Covering her head again] You've always been a selfish man...

MAN

[Throwing the box onto the sofa] Selfish me? I, who have slaved all my life to bring you money so you could keep on sleeping? I, that have given up all my dreams to give you a roof! I, that have given everything and have received nothing in return! And now you are calling me a selfish man... to me?

WOMAN

[Mocking him from underneath the blanket] Me me me, I I I...

MAN

Selfish are all these people that want to die only to be looked at, only to get your obituaries all over the papers, to get the neighbours talking well about you for the first time... you are indeed selfish! But me... poor me! I, that am a selfless person, that have never had a second to think about me and my interests. *[Grabs another box and repeats the detailed analysis]* Selfish, Me?

[The dialogue evolves in a crescendo]

WOMAN

Yes you are.

MAN

Then good.