

AS DAWNS BREAKS

by Víctor Vegas © 2006

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Play for two actors

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Characters

PAUL

THEO

Setting:

Motel Room.

Queen size bed in the center of the space. Night stands on both sides, with lamps and an alarm clock radio. Two easy chairs. THEO's clothes are laid over one of them, in the dim light, you can't tell if they are men's clothes or women's. Next to the door entrance, a coat rack with two coats: one grey the other black.

Scene one: An Unforgettable Night

In the darkness we hear PAUL's voice offstage say: "Bye, nigger!".

Lights up.

PAUL is at center stage pointing his gun towards the empty space. He is dressed in a suit and tie. At first he feels strange then bored as if saying to himself "again" he looks towards the lights, then at the audience...

He puts the gun inside his suit jacket and walks towards the bed. He observes it carefully. Takes out a pack of cigarettes and matches from his jacket. Lights a cigarette and takes long drag as he continues observing the bed.

A ghostly dim light follows his movements; the rest of the stage will remain in shadows.

PAUL: No one can really know how a night of partying will end. Sometimes improbable things can happen. (To audience) Happened to me some time ago. I worked as a salesman for a multinational computer corporation. I used to earn good money, you know? Even if I had to cover large areas of the country in my car. Well, I never liked driving. I prefer the warmth of the shooting ranges to the solitude of the road. (Pointing to the audience with his hands in the shape of a gun) BANG! BANG! (Reflects) I remember it was december and the company was celebrating it's year end party. To attend I had to travel to a distant city where the main offices were located. My position was: Provincial Foreign Sales. But, strangely, in this occasion, the company covered all transportation costs. They even paid for a round trip ticket. That year had gone well. (Brief pause) My oldest son, I have two, you know? (Reflects): Or, perhaps it's more accurate to say, I had two? Anyway. I was saying my oldest son would turn 8 the next day. I promised him that I would be back home early to give him the video game player he asked for. (Smiles) However, it never crossed my mind that there was a small chance that I would never be able to keep my promise. (Takes a long drag before throwing his cigarette to the floor and crushing it with his foot) One of the virtues of chance is not noticing your deficiencies (cretinism). The point is that (Starts to undress and leave his clothes spread across the stage), the morning after

the company party, I woke up in this room. When I opened my eyes I had no idea where I was. I felt totally disoriented, confused. I had no fucking idea how I ended up here... and what's worse (*looks at the bed*) I couldn't even remember what happened 4 or 5 hours before. (*To the audience*) Ah, let me make it clear to those who have the habit of thinking wrong, that in my nearly ten years of marriage, I have never been unfaithful to my wife. Never! Not even once. I swear! Not even before we were husband and wife, when we were just dating! (*Reflects*) But, fate manages to face us with the first time.

And now only in his underwear, he walks towards the bed and before getting in, he drops his underwear and leaves them at the foot of the bed.

Scene two: Waking up with the enemy

In shadows, The radio-alarm clock is going off and gradually gets louder until it becomes unbearable. The lights come up, PAUL wakes up, startled. Looks around, then realizes that what's playing is the alarm clock and turns it off. It is six am. PAUL observes the room for a long time, trying to absorb it. He doesn't recognize anything around him.

PAUL: Where am I?

He has a headache. He gets out of bed a bit stunned and steers his steps towards the bathroom, but the particular sound of when someone flushes the toilet, he realizes that he is not alone in that room. He runs and get into bed. He covers himself with the comforter. THEO enters, nude, with tattoos and piercings spread throughout his body.

THEO: (Sweet) Yay! What a miracle that actually woke up, Tesoro. (He runs and jumps on the bed next to PAUL) Ready for another round?

PAUL jumps out of the bed. He covers himself with the sheets.

THEO: What a face! Anybody would say you've seen a ghost.

PAUL: I need to use the bathroom.

THEO: Well, use it, my little treasure. Don't be scared. You'll find it "spik and span." Besides, I just peed and cleaned up a bit.

PAUL runs out. THEO gets up, he puts on his underwear and a flannel that he gets from the armchair.

THEO: (To the audience pointing to the bathroom) And that's where he stayed for at least a half hour, can you believe it? At first I thought he had a stomach ache, that something he ate the night before made him sick, you know?... But then I decided to get closer. I put my ear next to the door and I could hear him crying. Crying! Like a baby, it was heartbreaking. I thought: "Poor thing, he must be suffering from constipation." At some point in my life I also suffered from constipation, you know? and I must say it is a most unpleasant situation. Shameful! I wouldn't wish it on

my worst enemy. I assure you! So, I knocked at the door and said, "are you suffering from constipation, darling! Need help? A friend of mine taught me a foolproof technique so that these unpleasant moments are less cumbersome. If you open, I'll show it to..."

PAUL: (*Voice off*) No! I'm not constipated. And I don't need your help. I just need to be alone for a few minutes.

THEO: And right there, things started to smell bad.
(*Smiles*) No no, please do not misunderstand me,... It wasn't a bad smelling coming from the bathroom, but I thought the situation was becoming somewhat suspicious. Suddenly, he came out...

PAUL enters. He looks at THEO for a few seconds, then goes to his side of the bed and puts on his underwear. THEO looks at him curiously.

PAUL: What the fuck are you looking at?

Brief pause.

THEO: I don't understand.

PAUL: What don't you understand?

THEO: Your attitude this morning. Last night...

PAUL: (*Interrupting*) I don't care to know what happened last night.

From this point on, throughout the next dialogue, PAUL will put on his clothes, which he spread throughout the space, in the previous scene, until he is completely dressed.

THEO But last night, you were a different person...

PAUL: (*Violent*) I told you I don't want to know anything that happened last night. I don't want to hear you! Shut up while I get dressed!

THEO: Okay! Okay!

Long pause.

THEO: (*Facing PAUL, defiantly*) Listen! I don't care if you don't want to know about what happened last night in

this room, or what you and I did over that bed... The point is, I provided a service and you still haven't paid me. I want my money now!

PAUL: (*Incredulous and stunned*) Excuse me!

THEO: What you heard. Don't act dumb!

Pause.

PAUL: How much?

THEO: Five hundred dollars!

PAUL: Five hundred dollars!

THEO: That's what we agreed on and I can assure you you didn't complain and you didn't make that face. (*To himself*) Fuck, I should not have compromised with this mother fucker and charge in advanced like always.

PAUL: (*Checks his wallet, still stunned*) I only have five hundred dollars.

THEO: At this point you don't want me to give you a discount, do you?

PAUL: I need to take a cab to get back to my hotel...

THEO: That is your problem, friend. I need all of my money, right now.

Pause.

PAUL: (*About to give him the money; then as if waking up from a long dream...*) Hold on! Hold on! What if you brought me here under false pretenses? What if you spiked my drink with any of those substances that leaves you like an idiot?

THEO: (*Challenging*) How?!

PAUL: (*Backs away from THEO*) I've read similar news in the papers... That would explain why I woke up with you in this room.

THEO: What?

PAUL: Isn't that how you work?

THEO: Listen, it's not my problem you can't accept your sexuality. I don't care. I'm not interested. Let's end it now. Just pay what you owe me and I'll go on my way and you can go deal with your complex somewhere else.

PAUL: (*Furious*) I'm not gay! Understand? I'm not a fuckin fag!

THEO: Sure seemed like it last night, darling!

PAUL: (*More to himself than for THEO*) Last night, in one of those places I visited after the company party, you were probably there on the prowl, like a hyena or other scavenger, waiting for your next victim, an unsuspecting sucker like me. You saw me, approached me with God knows what excuse, and in my carelessness, put something in my drink.

THEO: (*Ironically*) Yes, of course!

PAUL: Then you brought me here and...

THEO: And I sexually abused you as many times as I wanted! In front, in the back... any position that came into my filthy mind, isn't that how it happened. And then I waited here until you woke up so I can tell you all about it. Isn't that how it happened?

PAUL: I don't know! Damn it! I told you I'm not gay! Why would I pay for services from a someone like you?!

THEO: Excuse me, but it is way too early for those kinds of questions.

PAUL: I'm married, ten years now, I have two kids...

THEO: Mmm! Darling, if you only knew the number of married men I've been with. The ones I've blown...even with over ten years of marriage and certainly with more than two kids. If there is something you can't fight against, it's your own sexuality. Sooner or later, it erupts, just like a volcano, and you give up all that ash and mud.

PAUL: (*To himself*) But I'm not gay...

THEO: Perhaps in the eyes of a few married guys that I sucked, just before saying goodbye, I noticed a gleam of guilt, of regret, you know? But I swear to you, no one has ever given me the kind of performance you are riding on.

PAUL: I'M-NOT-GAY!

THEO: Here we go again! Where do you think we met?

PAUL: I have no idea.

THEO: In a gay bar, my friend! Where you showed up alone!

PAUL: I don't believe you! You're lying!

THEO: (*Provokingly*) From the moment you came in I put my eyes on you. "That guy is fine" I said to myself. And not even ten minutes passed before I came up to you. And apparently, you ended up liking me too. After talking for a bit, making out and touching each other everywhere, we agreed on a price and ended up in this room.

PAUL: You're a liar. A fuckin liar. That couldn't have happened.

THEO: Oh, no? Then tell me what happened?

PAUL: (*After a pause*) I don't know, Damn it! I don't remember. Fuck my head hurts!

THEO: This is getting more and more pathetic. Give me my money and let's burry the issue, want to?

PAUL: I'm not going to pay you.

THEO: What?

PAUL: What you just heard.

THEO: Are you serious?

PAUL: Of course I'm serious. Now leave me along. I have to finish getting dressed and get the fuck out of hear.

Pause.

THEO: *(To himself)* I can't believe this! This happens to me because I'm an idiot, for trusting a stranger with an angel face. Never before has this happened to me, and now?

Suddenly, on the night stand nearest to him, he sees the room key; discreetly picks it up. And discreetly, goes center stage, towards an imaginary door which he tries to lock, but can't find the locks.

PAUL: *(Completely dressed)* Hey! What are you doing?

THEO turns towards PAUL, blocking the imaginary door with his body.

THEO: You're not leaving without giving me my money!

PAUL: You mother fucker!

Chases THEO around the bed. After one turn, they stand face to face on both ends of the bed.

PAUL: You, you... *(He holds himself back, then energetic)*
Give me the key!

THEO: After you give me my five hundred dollars.

PAUL: I'm not going to give you a penny.

THEO: Why?

PAUL: It's not that easy.

THEO: It's not? Let's see, let's see, I'll explain it to you, darling. Pay close attention: Reach into your pocket, take out your wallet, you open it, take out the green and give them to you... It's not that simple?!

PAUL chases THEO around the bed. Once again they are face to face.

PAUL: If I pay you, I would be acknowledging that I slept with you.

THEO: And isn't that what we did?

PAUL: No! No! Damn it, no! I wasn't even in the right mind... with my five senses...

THEO: I don't know and i don't care with how many senses you came into this room, my friend, but what's true is that before coming in here, you and I made a deal. I did my part. We both enjoyed ourselves. And boy did we enjoy ourselves. Now you have to do your part, which is none other than to pay me. It's that easy. Understand?

Once again the chase continues. This time, two circles around the bed. At the second circle, PAUL, exhausted, sits on one of the armchairs. THEO, on the other hand, remains fresh as lettuce.
Pause.

PAUL: It's fine, it's fine. Listen. Let me propose something: I'll give you two hundred dollars for the room key.

THEO: You already paid for the key, darling. Or did you forget? It's my services you have to pay for right at this moment and not with two hundred dollars, no, no, no, no (innunciating every word) with five hundred American fuckin dollars!

The sound of bells is heard far away. PAUL and THEO in unison, look at their wrist watch.

PAUL: (ABSORBED) At this hour I should be en route to the airport to take my flight back home... (brief pause) Did you know today is my oldest son's birthday?

THEO: (irritated) Ugh! No, no, no, no!

PAUL: Eight years old. And I had promised that I would be back early to give him his birthday gift. (*THEO is getting desperate.*) Instead, where am I? (Bitter he goes towards THEO.) In a motel room, with a black, bitch-fag, piece of shit, who only God knows what dirty things I did with last night...

THEO: Hey, hey! Watch it with words, they're not innocent, and one never knows what they can lead us to.

PAUL: (Menacing) What? Now youre going to tell me you aren't a black piece of shit, bitch-fag.

THEO: What's wrong with you. Calm down! Relax!

PAUL: One of the millions of pieces of shit that come to this country illegally, carrying on their backs their tricks and diseases, their strange customs, and satanic rituals, their religion where death and punishment are the only doctrines. Littering our streets with their pressence. Reproducing like rats, like the plague, and before we know it, they have multiplied and taken over our suburbs, where they threaten to contaminate the rest of the city, the country...

During his monologue, PAUL goes after THEO, not with the same intesnity as before, but with a firm determination. THEO runs to his chair where his clothes are. He looks into his pants and takes out a knife. The tables turn. THEO threatens and PAUL retreads.

THEO: Calm down! Calm down! Don't make me use it. I dont' want to hurt you. I just want my money. Give me my five hundred dolars and I'll leave here and you won't ever see my face in your fuckin ife...

PAUL: You see how you are? This country recieves you with open arms, gives you shelter, food, offers you the opportunity to live like people and what do you do? How do you pay it back? Threatening one of it's ligetimate sons with a knife.

THEO: I repeat it's not my intention to hurt you. Unless you make me, of course. Give me my money and we'll leave it in peace.

PAUL: in peace? you said in peace? What do you mean "in peace?" black mother-fucker?! Do you think that someone who loves this country like I do can live in peace knowing there is vermin like you walking the streets willing to destroy it?

THEO: I don't want to destroy anything.

PAUL: You've already done it.

THEO: Excuse me!

PAUL: Last night. When you put that shit in my drink you destroyed a man, a family, an essential, valuable part of this country...

THEO: I didn't put anything in your drink, damn it! I'm gettin sick of you! (He attacks, PAUL dodges) I don't want to hear you anymore! I've been fucking patient with you. So give me my five hundred dollars or I'll stab you.

PAUL: Why don't you stay in your own piece of shit country, huh? Why do you have to come fuck up the lives of decent people?

THEO: Give me my five hundred dollars!

PAUL: Okay! Okay! I'll give you what you deserve.

In one quick movement, PAUL pulls out the gun from his suit jacket. THEO drops his knife. Brief pause.

THEO: I'm not armed. Please don't shoot.

PAUL: And now, where's all your arrogance, black mother-fucker!

PAUL, still pointing at THEO, drags the knife towards him with his foot, he picks it up, and puts it in his pant pockets.

THEO: Don't shoot, please! Don't shoot! (THEO pleads on his knees) Here's the key to the room! Get it. You can leave, but please, don't shoot!

PAUL gets the key.

PAUL: There! One shot to the head! That's what you and every one of your kind deserves. Sons of bitches want to wipe out the country! Since they only know how to live in chaos, wallowing in shit, so they want to turn into chaos and shit our society. (He grabs THEO violently by the hair and puts the gun into his throat.) More than five hundred cars burned, dozens of businesses looted, all in under two weeks of riots, black mother fuckers! And you still think it's not enough?

THEO: Riots? What are you saying? What riots are you talking about?

PAUL: Don't play stupid with me!

THEO: I swear I don't know what you are talking about!

PAUL: We'll need to build a giant wall around your ghettos, confine all of of you forever, or send your asses back to your cardboard country...

THEO: You're hurting me!

PAUL: Hurting! Hurting is what you have been doing to us for decades. Since you started planting your filthy seeds in our country...

He pushes THEO violently.

PAUL: I don't understand! I don't understand anything!

PAUL: (teasing) Oh, oh, oh, oh... The black boy started to cry... (to the audience) Please, can someone give the boy a hanky? Don't worry their tears won't stain or leave smell... (To THEO) Or am I wrong, fucking faggot? (drags him by the back, violently puts his hands all over THEO's cheeks.) You see?? It's true. They don't stain or smell... I told you! (pushes him again) Maybe it's the only thing we have in common, black piece of shit: Our tears...

Points his weapon to THEO's head.

PAUL: Adios, Negro!

Blackout. Then you hear a bang followed by a flash where THEO's head is. You can hear sound of a body falling. Seconds later, another explosion and another flash, this time near PAUL's mouth. Another body falls. Brief pause. A dim light shows THEO and PAUL's lifeless bodies over the stage.

Scene three: Ghosts

Wrapped in a ghostly atmosphere, THEO gets up.

THEO: *(To the audience)* It's strange... despite having been on more than one occasion before death, looking at it face to face, straight in the eyes, as you say, I swear, never did I stop to think about what to do when I found myself in it's dominion, once I crossed the threshold of its kingdom. I guess I was too busy living. I think that was my only concern while I was in that world: to stay alive at the expense of anything. So I decided to run away from my place of birth. I wanted to leave behind, at all costs, hunger, fear, misery, anxiety, war. *(Pause)* I've forgotten how many black or white dicks I had to eat to get out of my country. I will only say they were many. I was only a child and the mouth of a child is pretty tempting, in difficult times, for a certain class of men. I don't even want to remember when I fled. I'll just say that I never felt so miserable like I did in those days... *(Pause)* When I got here, things were were at first somewhat different. Twisted, but still different. The same people I paid to get me out of my country, found me a job cleaning, along with other brothers from the same race, the sewer and pipes of the city. It was work that only people like us dared to do, they said. *(Brief pause)* But I could not get used to smelling or cleaning other people's shit. So, I preferred to try my luck with my old vocation as a professional cock sucker in my new adopted country... And I will say that in all those years, it didn't go so badly. I had even thought of retiring... If there is one profession that is like professional soccer, it is ours: at thirty years you are too old and no one wants to hire you. *(Brief pause)* So, like I was saying, I was seriously thinking of doing something less stressful, when death surprised me in this room. It's ironic, isn't it? I left my country crazy to live, turning my back to death in a place where you could easily run into it at any corner -and this isn't just asaying-, I found it in the right place at the wrong time. *(Philosophizing, after a brief pause.)* The fucked up thing about death, is that it takes you just when you are alive.

Scene four: PAUL's Confession

THEO is sitting on the bed. He has a white mask over his face. PAUL plays with a basket ball.

Both are wearing shorts and sweatshirts that makes them look like professional basketball players.

THEO will represent MARCEL and PAUL will represent himself at sixteen.

MARCEL: And then what happened?

PAUL: I didn't have a choice but to go up to the room.

Plays with the ball.

MARCEL: With the whore? PAUL: Of course!

Plays with the basketball.

MARCEL: And your dad?

PAUL: He stayed downstairs.

MARCEL: With the other whores...

PAUL: Uhum.

MARCEL: And then he went up with one...

PAUL: I don't know. when I cam down, he was already sitting at the table. The truth is that I didn't ask him after.

MARCEL: You've never been in one of those places before?

PAUL: Never

He throws the ball to MARCEL, who quickly gets up from the bed and walks towards PAUL. Going forward, they will throw each other ball.

MARCEL: And how are they?

PAUL: What?

MARCEL: Those places...how are they?

PAUL: Not very different from the ones in the movies.

MARCEL: With red, dim lights where you can barely distinguish the face of others, isn't it? Isn't it? (slight pause) Sordid... loud music... and many scantily clad women... with almost no clothes.. isn't it? Isn't it?

PAUL: Yeah, yeah, something like that.

MARCEL: How was the whore you slept with?

PAUL: I didn't sleep with her.

MARCEL: What?!

PAUL: Well, I did sleep with her. Just not the way you imagine it.

MARCEL: Oh, really, then?

PAUL: That's what I'm trying to explain to you.

MARCEL: Well, explain because I don't understand.

Plays with the basketball.

PAUL: Have you ever spoken to your dad about women?

MARCEL: Ah?!

PAUL: About sex and women. Just like we're doing. Have you talked about it with your dad?

MARCEL: You're crazy!

Plays with the basketball.

PAUL: You see?! There you have it. What would you say, if all of a sudden, your dad, the day you turn sixteen, decided to take you to a brothel without warning or protest? You're not going to deny it could be an uncomfortable situation.

MARCEL: Well, seeing it from that point...

Plays with the basketball.

PAUL: And while I was there, I found out he moved around there like a fish in water. All the whores came up to greet him, affectionately,.. they kissed him, shook his hair, they joked with him... As if they knew him all of his life. (Pause) I swear, at that moment, I only thought of mom...

MARCEL: (Shocked) What?! of your mom!?

PAUL: She didn't deserve to be deceived by dad like that.

MARCEL: Ohhhh!!!

PAUL: Even I felt like I was deceiving her.

MARCEL: You? Why would you?

PAUL: Because if she asked me anything, I wouldn't have the guts to tell her. I would've lied to her.

MARCEL: I think you're exaggerating!

PAUL: My Mother is a saint you bastard! And dad didn't have a right to do that bullshit to her... And then gets me involved...

Plays with the ball.

MARCEL: OKAY OKAY... calm down.

PAUL: Plus, I respected him, (dribbles the ball), I admired him... and then seeing him have fun doing that stuff, the way he had fun in that gross place, with those women who were nothing like my mom...well, it hurt, you know? It hurt me a lot. He seemed like a different...no he WAS a different...he had become a different person, a different man...nothing like the one I was used to seeing at home..

Dribbles the ball.

MARCEL: But your dad isn't a bad person.

PAUL: He's not a bad person, but he acted like he was. (picks up the ball, holds it and lets it fall) It was like watching him fall. For the first time in my life I felt like he was dishonest and selfish and kind of an asshole...But at the same time I

didn't want to let him down. I didn't want him to know what I was thinking about.

MARCEL: That's why you decided you'd cover it up and go upstairs with a hooker?

PAUL: Uh-huh.

Throws the ball to MARCEL.

MARCEL: what happened in the room?

PAUL: That's the worst part. (pause) When we went into the room, the woman went to the bathroom. She told me to get comfortable while she was washing herself. I looked around the room, at the bed...I thought about the number of bodies that had sweat on those sheets, about the semen and vaginal fluids that had spilled. It grossed me out and I started to shake. (brief pause) When the woman came out of the bathroom and saw me like that she told me to relax and that it would all be ok. She treated me gently and talked to me like I was her son, though that would have been impossible because she couldn't have been over 25 herself. (pause) I calmed down after a while and then she tried to suck my dick. She used every trick in the book but I just couldn't get it up. I wound up crying. The only thing I said, between sobs, was to not tell my dad. I didn't want him to be ashamed of me. She told me not to worry. If he asks me I'll tell him you acted like a man. I wiped away the tears and she kept saying nice things to me, until we were laying down on the bed that had grossed me out so much before, hugging each other, letting the appropriate time go by before going back down to the table and saying that everything was great, fun, unforgettable. (pause) After a while we took a shower and went downstairs. We sat at a table with my dad and some other hookers. She told him how good I'd been in bed when my dad asked her. (takes the ball from MARCEL and starts to dribble it, frustrated, angry) That at first I'd been a little nervous but then I'd reacted like a chip off the old block...And I saw a glimmer of pride in my dad's eyes and I felt even worse...(pause) we didn't talk much on the way home. Before we got out of the car he put a hand on my shoulder and told me he was proud of me. That I'd taken the most important step

towards becoming a man. (dribbles the ball) That from now on I shouldn't let any little sluts get away from me... (dribbles) But that I should do it responsibly and use condoms. (dribbles) That anytime I wanted to go back to the whorehouse, I should tell him, and he'd happily go with me. (dribbles the ball a few times) And that's how my sixteenth birthday ended.

Pause.

MARCEL: Do you think you'll go back to the whorehouse?

PAUL: Of course not!

Plays with the ball.

MARCEL: I also want to tell you something.

PAUL: What. (Plays with the ball. Pause) What?

Dribbles the ball.

MARCEL in one motion takes the ball away from PAUL so he can pay attention to what he's about to say.
Pause.

MARCEL: I don't like women either.

PAUL stares at MARCEL, holding back laughter. For a few moments he fights it, trying not to let out a huge guffaw, but he finally gives up and explodes into a laughing fit.
Lights change.

THEO: (takes off the mask, furious): Fuck you!

He goes off stage to get rid of the mask and the ball.

PAUL: (can't stop laughing) I'm sorry! I'm sorry, THEO. I can't help it. Forgive me, please!

THEO: It's been weeks and we can't get past this spot because when we get to the most important point, you crack up.

PAUL: I'm sorry! (laughter) But your face just... (laughter) it's funny. Hearing you say that speech is funny...I can't help cracking up..

THEO: You know it's supposed to be serious, right?

PAUL: I know, I know. But it's the face you make...(laughter. Imitating THEO) "I don't like women either" (laughter) it's too funny.

THEO: (confronting PAUL) I think that you're laughing not because my face is funny, but because it makes you nervous.

PAUL: (stops laughing dead in his tracks) Excuse me!?

THEO: You heard me. Your laughter is a shield, an excuse, so you don't have to remember that afternoon your friend told you he was gay...

PAUL: Fuck off!

Ignores THEO, scanning the stage for the ball.

THEO: Maybe what's at the bottom of this is that you don't want to go through it again. You don't want to face it. Because you and I (and probably MARCEL, too) both know that underneath it all, you're gay...

PAUL: (turns to THEO, tired) The same shit again. I'm not gay. I've told you over and over again. I'm not fucking gay!

He pretends to grab a ball and starts playing, dribbling and shooting an imaginary game of basketball.

THEO: (to the audience) And do you know what this son of a bitch did that afternoon? After actively listening to him tell his traumatic story about the brothel, MARCEL, his best friend, also wanted to confide in him. The timing was perfect, they were good friends and he needed to talk to someone about his sexuality. And who did he pick? His best friend. Of course. (brief pause) and what did this...beast do? (brief pause) He didn't say a single word and left MARCEL's house furious.

PAUL: (confronting THEO) I was a little shit...I was only sixteen...

THEO: The next day he broadcast his best friend's confession to their entire school. From then on the poor kid became the center of attention for ridicule, bullying, ignorance, intolerance, and isolation, at the hands of the people that used to be his friends. (pause) Things became so hostile that MARCEL wound up leaving his high school.

PAUL: I never heard from him again. He ran away from home. His family, the police and private detectives searched for him, but they never found him.

THEO: (after a pause) Did you ever stop to think that maybe your friend MARCEL might have taken things into his own hands?

PAUL: What?!

THEO: A sensitive soul who found himself rejected and betrayed by those he loved and trusted from one day to the next...The people he thought were his friends pointing at him, making fun of him...you don't think he could have done something extreme?

PAUL: Like what?

THEO: Like taking his own life, for example.

PAUL: Suicide?

THEO: Exactly.

PAUL: No!

THEO: It's a possibility you have to consider.

PAUL: No! No!

THEO: Your recklessness and intolerance led to a kid's death. Your best friend's death...

PAUL: (covering his ears) No! No! No! NO!

THEO: Another death on your conscience.

PAUL: No! It's not true!

THEO: How can you be so sure?

Brief pause.

PAUL: MARCEL probably grew up. He's probably in a gay bar right now, like the ones you used to go to.

THEO: You didn't pull the trigger, like you did with me, but you may as well have.

PAUL: No! No! No!

THEO: Maybe MARCEL is still suffering in his own hell, his own personal purgatory in a room just like this one. Condemned to repeat the last moments of his life over and over again, just like you and me... Because isn't that what we do every day? Our existence is confined to this room and this moment in time: from six thirty in the morning until when? No one knows. (brief pause.) Some best friend you turned out to be!

PAUL: My dad hated gays. That's why I couldn't accept my best friend was gay. (pause) If he hadn't told me he didn't like women I'm sure we'd still be friends today. But he had to open his big mouth...

THEO: He was only reciprocating the trust you had just shown him by telling him about the whorehouse.

PAUL: I was telling him about man problems.

THEO: So was he.

PAUL: It's not the same!

THEO: He was braver than you.

PAUL: He was a dirty fag! (pause) I couldn't forgive him for that. It hurt me to find out. It hurt me even more hearing it from him. I felt furious and that's why I left his house right away. It felt like betrayal...I cared about him...he was my best friend...why did he have to tell me? (pause) After that all I thought about was humiliating him, getting my revenge by telling everyone at school. Fuck him for being gay!

THEO: So you did pull the trigger.

PAUL: (looking THEO in the eye, after a pause, yells)
MARCEL is gay! MARCEL doesn't like women! MARCEL is fucking gay! Gay, gay, MARCEL is fucking gay! (to THEO) So MARCEL became the butt of the meanest jokes. (to the audience, like it's stand-up) How to you put 7 holes in 1? Stick a flute up MARCEL's ass! I bet you can't guess what MARCEL's costume is for the party tonight? A sucker! He gets naked, covers himself in honey and stick a broom up his ass! ...Guess what MARCEL's last name is? (waits as if the audience will answer) La Pin~ata!

THEO: La Pinata?

PAUL: Yep!

THEO: Why?

PAUL: Because he's crazy about being plowed with all that wood!

Laughs, but stops when he sees THEO's face.

THEO: Original!

PAUL: But one day it got out of hand when a group of us played a mean joke on him...I don't know who came up with the idea, but we all agreed to it. The school janitor, Pignon, had a huge german shepherd. And one of the guys had a cocker-spaniel at home who was in heat. And in order to walk her around the neighborhood they'd put these super flirty dog-panties on her, so other dogs wouldn't impregnate her. "what if we put thosedog-panties on MARCEL and lock him in a classroom with Pignon's german shepherd?" (brief pause) A few days later we put our plan in action. One afternoon, some of us tricked MARCEL into coming with us while the others grabbed the dog. The rest was easy: pinning MARCEL down, putting thedog-panties on him and shoving him into the room where the dog was waiting. The german shepherd chased him around the room for a long time trying to get on top of him. MARCEL would push him off, kick him, but the dog wouldn't give up. Not even when MARCEL managed to get the panties off. They went on like that for what seemed like forever. I stopped laughing when MARCEL started begging us to let him out. But his begging was useless. Those of us outside the room had become a

thoughtless mass, and you know that in moments of great excitement, the masses don't really listen to reason... (pause) We only let him out after we'd seen him overcome by, and under, the animal's weight. Dozens of pictures immortalized MARCEL's pitiful face, next to the giant face of the german shepherd, for posterity... Flash! Flash! Flash! (brief pause) And that was the last we ever heard of him, the last time we saw his face.

THEO: Some kind of best friend you turned out to be.

Lights go down as far as they go.

PAUL: MARCEL...

Scene five: THEO's Confession

PAUL and THEO are laid on the bed under the sheets. They sleep. Dim Light.

THEO becomes agitated, mumbles unintelligible words, he moves side to side as if he were in the middle of a nightmare. Suddenly, he screams and sits up over the bed, huffing, completely drenched in sweat.

PAUL also gets up after THEO screams.

In the following scenes, PAUL will play THEO's Uncle, and THEO will play himself at sixteen years old.

PAUL wears a black mask.

UNCLE: The nightmare again?

THEO: (still breathing)

Uncle gets up and puts the robe on the floor at the foot of the bed. Take the glass and carafe that are on one of the nightstands. All his movements are executed with extreme parsimony. Fill the glass and offers it to THEO who drink it desperately.

UNCLE: Drink it. Easy... like that... slowly...

When finished, more relaxed, THEO gives the glass to Uncle who stands next to the bed. Pause.

UNCLE: Want to talk?

THEO: It's the same nightmare.

UNCLE: No changes?

THEO: No changes.

UNCLE: I don't mind hearing it again. One day, from repeating it so much, you will stop fearing it and then it will disappear. It will vanish and stop chasing you, tormenting you.

THEO: I doubt it will disappear.

UNCLE: I don't understand. What are you talking about?

THEO: The monster is there, outside, waiting for the right moment to bite.

UNCLE: You talk strange, boy, like an old man.

THEO: I think in the last few years I have gotten older than I want.

Pause.

UNCLE: And?

THEO: Do you really want to hear it again.

UNCLE: If you want to tell it...

THEO: (to the audience) I am standing on a deserted plain. I can only see the occasional tree in the distance, and the same dry grass that is under my feet repeats and repeats until it disappears in the horizon. It hasn't rained in months. It's night, but I can see everything with such clarity that it makes me shake. I have no idea how I got there. (pause) There is a supernatural silence. You can't hear the sounds of animals or the wind. Suddenly, huge drops start to fall from the sky. But they aren't water drops they're drops of blood and to me that seems the most normal thing in the world. Then pieces of something begin to fall, something that I think is, I don't know why, birds; nocturnal birds that a some poacher with glasses and infrared vision has been hunting for his collection. Suddenly i realize that they are not birds, but mutilated body parts of people. Hundreds of body parts, millions and millions of body parts (Uncle is completely disgusted; he struggles to hold his gags.) that fall around me. Legs, arms, hands, heads, guts even breasts and bloody penises falling from the sky.... (pause) And all I do is contemplate that horror which should scare me, but doesn't even worry me.

UNCLE: As if it were raining.

THEO: As if I were raining during the rainy season.

UNCLE: No matter how hard you tried, you couldn't do anything.

THEO: I was so scared.

UNCLE: Naturally.

THEO: And I ran to hide... to save my skin.

UNCLE: Anybody would have done the same.

THEO: I acted like a coward.

UNCLE: (consoling) You were only a boy. What could you have done against an angry mob full of hate, resentment, thirsty for revenge.

THEO: I should've died with my family.

UNCLE: I think you are being hard on yourself.

THEO: Instead I ran, I ran to hide in the nearby house... The houses that had been visited by the murderers where they wiped out everyone inside.

UNCLE: Who can blame us for choosing life?

THEO: I hid among the mutilated corpses, like crazy I smeared blood all over me: face, arms, all over my body... I played dead... I pretended I was dead... I pretended to be one of the thousands of corpses of those bloody days... and I stayed there until the smell became unbearable and I had to leave my hiding place.

UNCLE: (COMPLETELY DISGUSTED) Stop remembering those things!

THEO: How, uncle? How? My nightmares return to that moment, that precise place.

UNCLE: You need to try to forget, kid. You can't continue to live like that.

THEO: It sounds easy: "try to forget." But the images are still here, uncle, here... (hitting his head with his open hand.) Bodies of men, women and kids, mutilated with machetes. Inside and outside of the houses, on the streets, wherever the murderers found them...

While THEO speaks his monologue, PAUL makes gestures of uncontrollable gags. Finally he runs out. THEO sees this, but tries to continue until he hears the sounds of PAUL vomiting off stage. THEO gets off the bed and sits on one of the chairs. Pause. PAUL re-enters with the mask on his hand.

PAUL: I'm so sorry, THEO. Please forgive me. Honestly. What can I do. I'm a sensitive spirit.

THEO: (Ironically) Yes, of course. Did you forget that it was you who put a bullet to my head, "sensitive, spirit?"

PAUL: Precisely for being a sensitive spirit did I do it.

THEO: Yeah, sure.

PAUL: If you hadn't put that substance in my drink, none of that would have happened.

THEO: (Standing up) Are you going to continue with that?

PAUL: (Confronting THEO) You brought me here under false pretenses.

THEO: Of course I did! I had forgotten: You are not gay.

PAUL: Exactly! I'm not gay. I am not GAY!

Both turn and give each other their backs. Long Pause. Sound of bells. PAUL and THEO in a synchronized manner, look at their wrist watches.

THEO: Should we continue?

PAUL: With what?

THEO: With your representation?

PAUL: No. I don't feel so well today and this story of yours just gets more and more grim, too much blood for my sensitivity.

THEO: But haven't we re-enacted this a bunch of times? Why is it affecting you so much today?

PAUL: I don't know. (Trying to change the topic.) Why don't you tell me that story about when you left

your poor country? Especially about that odyssey that you lived through to get here and those shitty jobs you had to take to make some money. Feel like it? We can kill some time that way... (Looks at his watch) I mean, as dawns breaks.

THEO: (suspicious) I don't know why it smells to me like what you don't want is to continue playing the role of my uncle.

PAUL: Excuse me?

THEO: You refuse playing the part of any mother-fucker that isn't you, isn't that right?

PAUL: Hey! No offense!

THEO: You always want to be the fucking protagonist.

PAUL: Cut it out, okay!

THEO: But mother-fuckers are everywhere, if you didn't already know. It doesn't matter what race, nationality, religion or ideologies, mother-fuckers always stand out.

PAUL: What about you? You take yourself for a victim, but I imagine that you have also played the part of a mother-fucker in your life, isn't that right?

THEO: Of course. Although, I do lack a feature that you have to make you the great and perfect mother-fucker.

PAUL: Which one?

THEO: The color of your skin. Every white guy is a potential mother-fucker.

PAUL: You say that because your'e fucking dark.

THEO: No. Because history says it.

PAUL: (Ironically) Oh, really? And who was just talking about history of hate, massacres, and genocide among the same people with the same skin color, of the same race, even the same nationality?

THEO: Don't play that, you guys have been playing the same tune over and over and I can sing it to you if you want.

They turn their backs to each other again. pause. we can hear the tic tac of a clock. PAUL and THEO look at their watches, just like they did a bit ago.

PAUL: Okay. Okay. Let's leave things here. (Incredilous) Have you really played the part of a great mother-fucker.

THEO: Of course. But only a few times. On the other hand, I've lost count of how many times I've been the victim of a great mother-fucker.

PAUL: (teasing) Lets see. Lets see... tell me one of those times where you were a great mother-fucker.

THEO: During last years riots.

PAUL: During last years riots?!

THEO: Yup.

PAUL: So, you did participate in the riots!

THEO: Of course. I was there with the rest of my brothers, the excluded ones.

PAUL: But that morning you denied everything.

THEO: Any black would have done it if a white nationalist, son of a bitch, was pointing a gun to his head.

PAUL is trying to find his gun inside of his robe. When he doesn't find it, he appears a bit disoriented. Pause.

THEO: Well? Any variant? (PAUL shakes his head no, silence.) PAUL... have you ever felt as if you were inside a pressure cooker about to explode?

PAUL: Fuck!

THEO: That's how a lot of us felt the night of the riots, as we took to the streets and decided this was the right time to pop. There was this guy on top of a parked car, he started jumping on the hood, then the

trunk, then the roof of the car. A short time later, that same scene started to multiply. Our goal was to draw attention to the State. And what better way than with vandalism... There is nothing that will fuck authority than to make it feel it has lost control. That makes them panic. It doesn't allow them to think.

PAUL: And you thought you had control in your hand.

THEO: We didn't think.. We had control in our hands.

PAUL: That's what you thought?

THEO: Mobs don't think, dear. When mobs grow they become loaded with power. If you come between a mob and its target, you will feel its power.

PAUL: And what did you feel at that moment?

THEO: (Bewildered, not knowing what to say) Well... um... I don't know. It's difficult to explain... No! Wait. (As if he had a gun in his hand, he points to PAUL's head) It was like holding a gun, with your finger on the trigger, the head of your enemy in front of it, kneeling at your feet, shaking like a leaf on a pond, begging you to not kill him.

PAUL: Nice image!

THEO: Is there a better example to define power?

PAUL: Did you have any doubt before pulling the trigger?

THEO: DID YOU?

PAUL: No. I didn't.

THEO: Neither did I.

Silence.

PAUL: What happened afterwards?

THEO: After? (to the audience) At first the media used all their resources to cover the events and created a huge snowball in the public's opinion which pressured the government. But when we stopped being the latest news, when we no longer were of interest

to the media, things went back to their place, just like before. Later, some of the riot leaders ended up behind bars and no one even knew.

PAUL: And what happened to you?

THEO: I returned to my job as a professional cock sucker.

PAUL: Another story without a happy ending.

THEO: And without justice.

Pause.

PAUL: Should we continue?

THEO: Are you ready?

PAUL: I think so. I feel better now.

THEO: Great. Where did we leave off.

PAUL: Where your uncle reveals his secret.

Both walk towards the bed. Each on either side. They both sit and lay down in a synchronized manner.

Scene six: Uncle's Secret.

Uncle and THEO are asleep under the bed sheets. Dim light. THEO becomes agitated, he mumbles a few unintelligible words, he moves from side to side like he did in the previous scene. Suddenly, he screams and gets up over the bed. he is drenched in sweat. Everything is like the previous scene.

THEO: At first it was just words. Words htat little by little blew up like a balloons. A grimace, a fist punching an open hand. A finger obscenely pointing to the heavens or at an adversary. From there, a spit to the face, punches, rocks, beatings, only a foot between us... One day the dead will come back. At first we thought it was isolated incidents. A groups of extremists on both sides that by chance decided to gather on the street. (He gets up on the bed and points his index finger to the people.) But the words continued their corrosive work, prompting encouragement. On the radio, the voice of an announcer, turning into an efficient needle, inoculating hate into souls of its listeners. After a few days, weeks, months, even years... One day we wake up and the violence has reached all of us.

During THEO's monologue, Uncle gets up and gives him a glass of water. Just as he is about to finish, he extends it to him. This Time THEO pushes it away. Uncle puts it over the nightstand.

UNCLE: Any variant?

THEO: No. (surprised) Wait! Wait! Yes, there is something new...

UNCLE: (Expectantly)...

THEO: I saw the hunter's face! (Uncle begins to shake). The one who shot the birds which later turned into mutilated body parts falling from the sky.

UNCLE: So you finally see his face?

THEO: Yes, Uncle. I finally see his face, his noce, his mouth and (pointing, accusingly) It's your face, Uncle. Your face!

UNCLE: You don't know how much I've been waiting for this moment, kid. But it's here and now I don't have the courage to face it. (pause) But I don't have any intention to prolong it any longer. That night I was at your house.

THEO: What are you talking about?

UNCLE: The day the massacres started.

THEO: You were in my house?

UNCLE: That's right.

THEO: And what did you go there for?

UNCLE: The same as thousands of common people that took to the streets that night: to kill.

THEO: (coming off the bed facing uncle) But, your own family?

UNCLE: At that moment there was no family, just enemies. Enemies that needed to disappear. There were so many humiliations, kid, so many abuses... the resentment... the need for revenge...

THEO: But dad was your brother... He was the same blood.

UNCLE: He stopped being when he married your mother.

THEO: And your nephews? Were we also part of your plan?

UNCLE: In your veins flowed enemy blood.

THEO: Son of a bitch!

UNCLE: I didn't kill any of your family -not because I couldn't, but simply because I got there too late, others had beat me there-, but it was as if I did kill them with my own hands. (Pause) I didn't feel compassion or remorse.

THEO: Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch! You're the biggest son of a bitch!

UNCLE: Some time later, I don't know when, I started having nightmares like yours. (pause.) But this time it was them that came for us, the came into our homes at

night, to repeat with us the same thing we did to them. the killed us in cold blood... Our wives, our children... And my brother, your father, slaughtered me slowly while your eyes shot tears of fire.

THEO: My father was not a killer!

UNCLE: And neither was I or many of the people that took to the streets that night.

THEO: You were full of resentment and hate...

UNCLE: A hate built up during many years, kid. That was our true weapon, the most lethal: Hate.

Long pause.

THEO: I don't understand why looked for me? Why did you worry about me?

UNCLE: At first I didn't look for you. I thought you had also died those days. (Pause) A neighbor who knew my brother, and you of course, saw your name on a refugee list. She didn't know I had participated in the massacres... Few people knew. Just those that had also participated. And they didn't say anything. (Pause.) After I thought about it, I went for you.

THEO: To finish your work...

UNCLE: No no... By that time I was someone else. I was profoundly sorry. (pause.) I looked for you to protect you and support you in whatever I could. I thought this way I could reduce my fault. Somehow compensate for the deaths I caused, including your family... Somehow get them to forgive me.

THEO: (goes towards uncle) Forgive you, you son of a bitch?! (grabs him by the robe) Did you say forgive you?

UNCLE: That's what I said.

THEO throws uncle to the floor.

THEO: Not only are you the biggest son of a bitch I have met in my life, but the most naive!

Scene seven: Epilogue. Good morning, sun radiating

In the dark. PAUL and THEO's voices are heard off stage..

PAUL: Hey! Careful! (pause) Ouch! Fuck! It hurts! It hurts!

THEO: If you relax it won't hurt.

PAUL: no no no no! Take it out!

THEO: I'm not going to finish like this!

PAUL: Hold on. Let me change position.

Pause.

THEO: There it goes... there it goes... See, it doesn't hurt if you stay still.

PAUL: OUCh! Take it out! Take it out!

THEO: Fuck! (pause) You know what? Let's just stop.

PAUL: Alright! Alright! Continue. This time I'll try to take it a little more. I promise.

Pause.

THEO: There, there, like that...

PAUL: Slowly, slowly.

THEO: It's going in. Don't move.

PAUL: Mmmmmmm...

THEO: There!

PAUL: OHHHH!!!

Lights up.

PAUL has been sitting on one of the chairs.

THEO is standing a few steps behind.

PAUL is touching his left ear, where THEO has just put a hoop earring.

It could be one that THEO was wearing earlier.

THEO will be wearing latex gloves and an apron.

THEO: It fits you magnificently! In one word: Spectacular!

PAUL: Really?

THEO: Prove it yourself. Take a look.

THEO gives him a small hand mirror that he took out of a bag or small suitcase that is now sitting at the foot of the chair. PAUL observes it for a long period, he touches his piercing, makes faces.

THEO: Well then?

PAUL: It's not bad.

THEO: What do you mean it's not bad? Now you have a certain air of Jack Sparrow.

PAUL: Who?

THEO: Jack Sparrow.

PAUL: Who is that?

THEO: (taking off his gloves) Jack Sparrow! The pirate that Johnny Depp played in Curse of the Black Pearl. Jack Sparrow, Fuck! You didn't see it?

PAUL: No. (Pause) The truth is I never get out to the movies.

THEO: You don't know what you've been missing.

Throws the gloves and the apron into the bag or suitcase. Long pause where neither one of the does anything. The sound of a clock ticking. It would seem like both are left without anything to say.

PAUL: All right. What should we do now?

THEO: I don't know. It's our day off. Today we aren't obligated to represent anything... (pause) Before it dawns, I'd like for a little couple to show up.

PAUL: Hey! Naughty!

THEO: No! I mean. To use them. IT's been a while since we scared anyone.

PAUL: That's true.

THEO: And honestly, I miss it.

PAUL: I do too.

THEO: Remember that last couple we scared?

PAUL: How can I forget?!

*THEO jumps up and signals to PAUL.
They both stand over the nightstands.*

THEO: They were in bed. The guy was over her about to peak. (gestures, PAUL moans like a girl) We were looking at them, waiting for just the right moment to attack. (the make ghost noises, like the ones we associate from tv or film) Just when he was about to cum, to finish, (He jumps over the bed and opens his legs in a V.) I appeared to her face and...

PAUL: And I grabbed his balls with my cold hands...

They scream and then laugh!

THEO: The guy couldn't continue and they had to leave!

PAUL gets off the nightstand and sits over the bed.

PAUL: The poor girl didn't understand what happened.

THEO: And the guy...

PAUL: Pale as the moon.

THEO: We made him look like an asshole!

PAUL: Well, he deserved it.

THEO: Why?

PAUL: For cheating on his wife.

THEO: How do you know that?

PAUL: I was married, when I was alive. Did you forget? I know about those things. You didn't see the guy had the ring mark on his left finger?

THEO: Really?

PAUL: But she didn't. And it was clear that he was at least fifteen years older.

THEO: Really?

PAUL: (boasting) I'm very observant. Like a good salesman! The guy was a jerk.

THEO: She could've been a little slut.

PAUL: Same thing. That still doesn't take away the fact that he's a jerk.

Pause.

THEO: Come, sit here. (grabbing him by the arm, confidently) Have you ever thought scaring these little couples that stay in this room is our way to exercise our power?

PAUL: Really?

THEO: Of course.

PAUL: That's what you think?

THEO: I'm sure.

PAUL: I have my doubts.

THEO: Why?

PAUL: The feeling is different.

THEO: Excuse me?

PAUL: It doesn't feel the same.

PAUL gestures, as if he was testing the effectiveness of a gun. pause.

THEO: Oh, of course! You're talking about the feeling you experienced that night, when you had me on my knees at your feet and you were pointing your gun to my head. Well, that is a pleasure you will never feel again. So start getting used to what we have...

PAUL: (Stand up) That's just it! I can't get used to it,

THEO: We don't have a choice.

Long pause where neither one of them does anything, or what ever they do is so mundane, so trivial, to kill time, in an enormous boredom. After a while, we hear the sound of the clock ticking.

PAUL: I just thought of something!

THEO: Mhm?

PAUL: At this point, there is no doubt that are condemned to repeat, over and over, the last thirty minutes of our lives. You agree with me?

THEO: Of course. As dawns breaks: between six and six thirty in the morning.

PAUL: (to the audience) And God worked six days during the creation, and on the seventh day, he rested.

THEO: What are you talking about?

PAUL: (goes towards THEO) Today we don't have to follow a script, isn't that true? Because it's our day off! Our day of rest. The seventh day!

THEO: I don't understand anything.

PAUL: What generally happens on this day?

THEO: (bothered) I don't know. I don't know what generally happens on this day, according to you, the seventh day?

PAUL: Almost always a couple shows up and we leave it to luck if we scare them or not.

THEO: Yeah. Fine. I still don't understand.

PAUL: (Like he was revealing a big secret.) It's like somebody was playing with us.

THEO: How?

PAUL: Someone is looking at us.

THEO turns to the audience.

He observes them. Then looks at PAUL saying with the eyes "Oh, yes. of course. And?"

PAUL: (After taking a quick look at the audience) No, no, no! Not that somebody, but someone who is more intelligent than us... But we will catch them. We will catch them!

THEO: Oh, no, no, no, no, PAUL! I'm over it!

He moves away.

PAUL goes after him.

PAUL: And now we will show them that they are wrong. We will challenge them. (Looks at his watch) It's almost six thirty. come here! Help me put the plan into action.

He goes upstage.

THEO is sitting on one of the chairs looking at him. He is still confused.

THEO: What plan?

PAUL: (To THEO) The one to show that someone else that they are not smarter than us. If we can't get out, then we will not let anyone in. Let's see what happens...

THEO: You have definitely gone crazy!

PAUL: Maybe. Or I'm just simply tired of the situation.

He goes upstage, towards an imaginary door. Puts his ear and listens carefully. Pause.

PAUL: Here they come! Here they come! Come help me! THEO: I don't plan on moving from here.

PAUL: As you wish!

With great effort, pushing the bed as much as he can, PAUL manages to put the bed in such a way that it blocks the imaginary door. Both are waiting. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps coming close is heard. the steps get closer to the door. the sound of keys and locks. PAUL and THEO hold the bed against the door. Unintelligible mumbles are heard. then the sound of footsteps walking away.

PAUL: (Euphoric) Ha! It worked! They couldn't come in! It worked!

Great euphoria. they both celebrate the triumph!

THEO: What now?

PAUL: (Doubtful) Well, let's wait a bit, and see what...

The both sit. Then the sound of the clock is heard. Long pause.

THEO: (after looking at his watch) It's past 6:30 and we are still here!

PAUL: And?

THEO: Supposedly at this time we shouldn't be here. We should've disappeared.

PAUL: You're right.

THEO: We have never gone beyond 6:30 and now there's only twenty minutes left for seven o'clock!

PAUL: Seriously?! We did it! We did it! It worked! It worked!

He hasn't even finished his phrase when the entire stage goes black. THEO screams. The dialogues will continue in a black out.

THEO: I don't want to die. I don't want to die!

PAUL: Idiot! We're already dead!

THEO: What happened to the light? IT's the first time this happens?

PAUL: How the fuck am I going to know?

THEO: But you said there couldn't be anything worse than death.

PAUL: I said that?

THEO: Yes! you did!

PAUL: When?

THEO: I don't know. forty or fifty or a hundred or three hundred presentations back... I don't know!

PAUL: Will you get your hands off my face, please?

Light over PAUL and THEO. Both are standing center stage facing the audience. The rest of the is completely empty. Suddenly they turn and stand back to back.

THEO: And now?

*Suddenly a hum is heard making their ears hurt. They crouch in pain. The hum turns into a celestial sound, one that later will turn into a chorus and then into the sound of a heart beating. Suddenly, a bright light surprises us, as if it were a flash from an atomic bomb, or the milky way, or the crash of the sun. The light returns to center stage and shows us an empty space. After a while, little by little along with the music, the chorus and the heart beats, the light begins to fade. In the end, all that is left is darkness, the absolute darkness.
End of play.*