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On the way to the sawmill (A hikikomori's space)

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(fragmento en inglés / english version)

A note from the Author:

In Japan “hikikomori” is the term that refers to reclusive adolescents or adults who withdraw from social life, often seeking extreme degrees of isolation. We are now at a hikikomori's space.

ACT I

SCENE I

NO ONE

(We see a group of people standing in complete silence, wearing antique Japanese silk kimonos. A hikikomori is at one side of the stage surrounded by magazines, computers and clothes on the floor... his small space is a mess. The group of people leaves the stage, only one of them called "No one" remains, standing in the middle of the stage while the hikikomori looks at his computers that illuminate his face. It seems that, all what he observes in the computers, is what the audience is about to see.)

NO ONE

A column of granite, solid by hate... an enormous amount of vertebrae of stone is the place where I rest.

I can imagine how it will be when I see him again... we will meet in the street. I see him coming. I tell him -Hi-, he says -Hi-, I say -What's up?- He tells me -Good-, I tell him -I've killed a young man to take revenge. To take revenge on you...- I say. -He was just a kid.- (Silence) -I have his picture in my phone...-

When I see him I would like to tell him, -They were other eyes, ones that neither... ones... that didn't love me, or knew me. Another breath, other incomprehensible words, like yours. Other hair, another mouth, other teeth... some of them on the floor. I step on them and he looks at me. But it's the same blood, the same fear, the same scream, the same heart beat, like yours... the same question with no answer, like mine.

(Silence)

But here it's possible... Yes, it is. ¡Yes! It is...

I want to take the knife and cut and stick him from behind...

If I could call him, from so far away, to tell him, -Today during the Sacrifice Feast the streets smell like blood.- I am ready to take revenge on you on somebody else... A body is hard! Its bones are hard! I have sat down on the floor waiting for the winter to come to its flesh... Death is warm! He emits heat and overflows with screams, from my blows! My brain is even more heated every single morning... And tell him, - In four minutes I will take down the garbage bags. Today this country is my accomplice. They will shake my hand, they will smile at me, they will help me carry the bags, to throw my sadness, dyeing another body in blood that is not yours...- They will think that it's leftovers from the feast... It won't be your body. You have to live in order to listen, so I can tell you how I have killed you in somebody's else's body... just a kid.

(Pause)

But I won't be able to tell him anything about this... It won't be this way, it won't happen like this. So much blood and teeth would be my verdict... It's not possible, no way. Don't be reckless! Think! (Silence) The one I met in the street will soon arrive, in just a couple of hours, and it won't be that way...

(Silence)

Why, if I close my eyes, I see an army walking backwards? Why are they smiling? What are you laughing at? At who? It's not possible... Why do I see my image tattooed on their faces? Enough! All of this is... is just fear... I am scared!

Don't say that! Don't allow yourself to say that! How dare you forget everything that happened! Doesn't that filthy happiness of his justifies everything?

I come from the dry land, the decrepit country, where the streets bark, and shit is your daily companion, the landscape that you deserve... waiting to be stepped on at any moment. But not here... No. Not here!

I have bitten my hand. Like this... (Biting his/her hand) in order not to scream. I have drowned that moment in a bite. Now I know... each night I will sink my teeth in my flesh. You have helped me so much with your betrayal without knowing it! You are just a reflection of so many...

I just arrived to this country a few seconds ago, a few hours ago, just a few days ago. I went outside to the street to look for you.

(A young black man comes in.)

I recognize you in him. You look at me for the first time. With the confidence of the desire of sex. You understand very quickly that I already belong to you... You look at me without smiling. If you could fuck me in front of those policemen you would do it. You follow me to the door of the apartment... you will come back in a couple of hours. I'll wait for you.

(The young man starts to take his clothes off.)

You, foreigner, that ignore the volume of my disgraces, will soon be my god. A new god, naked and powerful... fair. I will admire your body, I will let you lick my wounds if you find them. I will let you penetrate me with care and use controlled sexual violence as a stranger. You have the right to possess me if you are going to be my god. I want to feel you before I pray to you. I will kneel in front of your immense body before knowing what will be the following prayer. Now, that I hear the call to pray, to that other god, in this distant and strange country to me, now that I wait with the excitement of the first time, foreigner, I feel love and I'm proud for my pain. Now I understand it... All of this takes me to a new place, where plenty of flowers are climbing my legs. You were also born with sin on your back. You will pay. His happiness will be your verdict. Soon you will be able to hear it.

Now that you are kissing me I'm thinking... I wish his mouth was like yours. I wish what was lived, every night could be forgotten, and start from scratch. Do you know something? Inside me there is a hidden human being... so pure and authentic... so violent, cruel, sadistic and miserable... so tender.

To see myself, I don't need mirrors. I don't visit the woods and I don't walk along the riverside either, I don't fish in the infected seashores of oceans that you, foreigner, have never seen, because the trunks of the trees are the map of my misfortune and in the river my violent desires sail like hundreds of trunks, down the current river, on the way to the sawmill. My rotten corpses are trapped in the fishermen's nets. If we could forget, what we lived, every night... if I were able... all the suffering... to start from scratch. If at least, last night, I had forgotten a little, I wouldn't kill you today, foreigner. I want to tell you everything without words, when you arrive. When I'm yours. I hope that, when you see me, and you touch me, you will discover the tons of days that have crushed me, and that so much pain will make you loose your conscience. To feel your body collapsed on mine... that would be love! Your body surrendered to my sadness, enormous and naked. You, monument and sepulcher, cathedral of the overflowing sperm, cave of my revenge, temple, my new god... I will pray to you from now on every afternoon. I promise you.

After that there will be nothing left... the emptiness of the paradise transformed, in me, forever, into a deep inferno. Into a secret, huge as a desert. The warmth of fear. I will hide it in the back of the closet as if it were a dildo.

Now the wind has stood still and those birds that were resting on the antenna have disappeared, evaporated. The time is close. I would like to tell you everything, foreigner, but why aren't you the one who ask me? Maybe, it's very possible, that when you stroke my hair you will get close to my ear and very softly, almost whispering, tell me -Kill me.- It would be so beautiful that, in that very instant, I could fall in love again... You won't do it! You won't say those words... I will take that plastic bag and suffocate your pleas, to make justice and offer to this world what it is asking of me. Do you understand? Foreigner, I have come from so far away to your world... on the tray of the airplane I dissected my dreams. You can destroy a world during a five hours flight. Observing the lights... my eyes make an emergency landing on the obsessive idea of revenge, on the runway of my cowardliness... immense. For me that airport terminal was just a kind of surgery room where I was wishing to bleed to death... without transfusions, without blood from other bodies. Right there on the belt that spat out the suitcases. In your country the newspapers don't talk about cadavers... from today on, your homeland will be mine. Your homeland, where the police stations are dark caverns full of pyres. Here it's possible! Here, I can love him again... once again, the last time, but the most intense... when I kiss you with all my love in order to hate him, when I kill you thinking about him. Yes! From now on your homeland will be mine and your flag my daily uniform. I will have the lyrics of your anthem tattooed between the toes of my feet, where only I can read them.

(No one indicates the young man to lay on the floor. No one ties the young man's hands and feet.)

But, how will I do it? Will I be able to find in me the special charm of a psychopath? Where will I hide this weak gaze of mine? How will I brighten all of this blackness that, in form of rings, is orbiting over my face? I am an inhospitable planet where satellites crash. A ruined investment on my surface. A crater where metallic objects rest. Without emitting any signal. Where will I hide this gaze of mine, these fish eyes with no brightness, like the dead ones resting on the slimy ice and the

false plastic green leaves?

(He laughs.)

Like the whores I will hide my disgust under an intermittent collapsed smile.

(Silence. No one sits on the young man who is on the floor.)

You are already in me. I feel you. Slowly. Wait. Slowly...