

ct

Wonderful days

de
Antonio Morcillo López

traducción de
Nadia Hleb

(fragmento en inglés)

*Prologue**1981**Order: the placement of things where they belong.**Chaos: the amorphous and undefined state that proceeds the constitution and the cosmos.**Transition: the amorphous and undefined state that proceeds the Constitution and the autonomous cosmos.**Catalonia Transition: Freedom, Amnesty, Statute of Autonomy.**Freedom: the state or condition of those who are free.**Amnesty: general pardon.**Statute of Autonomy: the ability to govern by our own laws.**Rallies.**Protests.**Elections.**Referendum...coup d'état.**Politics and prison, prison and politics. We were living in a suppressed country.**Serious things happened. Very serious things happened as if nothing was happening.**Nothing was happening while people were being killed.**Silence**Order: the placement of all those years where they belong.**Democracy: We are all...democratic?...All?**And what good is democracy? That politics aren't discussed much.**A paradox.**A bomb explodes**Darkness*

1

Llupià
Garage
December 20, 1973
Rehearsal of "Endgame."

CARMETA

"Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished."

JORDI

It's freezing...

DOLORS

Shush.

CARMETA

"Grain upon grain, one by one, and one day, suddenly, there's a heap, a little heap, the impossible heap. I can't be punished anymore."

JORDI

They say it'll be the coldest Christmas of the decade...

RAMÓN

Quiet, please. Go on.

CARMETA

"...I'll lean on the table, and look at the wall, and wait for him to whistle me."

MANEL

(He remains motionless, sitting. With a bloodstained handkerchief covering his head.) "Me. To play. Old rag!"

Pause

JORDI

(Reading) "Can there be misery..."

MANEL

Thanks. "Can there be...be misery...loftier than mine? No doubt. Formerly. But now?" *(Pause)*
"But now?" Fuck.

ALL

"My father. My mother. My dog."

MANEL

“My mother. My mother. My dog.” (*Pause*) “Oh I am willing to believe they suffer as much as such creatures can suffer.” (*Pause*) “But does that mean their sufferings equal mine? No doubt. Not all is absolute, the bigger a man is the fuller he is. And the emptier. Clov! No, alone.” Shit, I’m sorry.

RAMÓN

Relax, relax....

MANEL

I can’t get it to stick.

RAMÓN

Relax. That’s right. Franco: oppression: relax, sit down, Franco: this sentence, “does that mean their sufferings equal mine?” should grow in the heart of every person watching and open like a flower.

Silence

The dictatorship is absurd.

Silence

He wants to convince us that chaos is order and order isn’t chaos.

Silence

The naturalness of every word. Slit them open: every word has a different bone structure, a different nerve, different muscles. Reading Beckett is constructing the human body word by word. Giving them *soul*. Aristotle. Your voice is the power of man made flesh.

JORDI

You’ve lost me.

RAMÓN

People are wrong when they say Beckett is a modern author.

MANEL

So am I.

RAMÓN

Beckett is the Origin. The Creation. “Does that mean their sufferings equal mine?” This is the core of his work: the rest of the phrases are electrons around it. Do you understand? Do you all understand?

DOLORS

Yes, yes...

CARMETA
That's beautiful.

JORDI
(To DOLORS) I'm lost.

DOLORS
He's talking about Franco's regime.

JORDI
Right. (Pause) And what does he say?

RAMÓN
It's direct, really direct...page 18. He's an asshole. From the top. I'm not giving up. I'll fight. From the top. From when Clov buries Nagg in the trash can. C'mon. (Silence) What's going on? What?

MANEL
Nothing. I just don't think I get it.

RAMÓN
Relax. It's an ironic text.

MANEL
I'm relaxed.

RAMÓN
Look for the humor. The mundane is sublime and the sublime, mundane. The birth of the clown...

MANEL
Okay...

RAMÓN
...Beckett describes the brain of the clown: sublime and mundane. It's pure anatomy. Beckett doesn't write, he anatomizes.

MANEL
You're not listening to me! I'm dying here!

CARMETA
Sorry, can we take a break?

Silence

RAMÓN.
Alright.

MANEL

I'm a little dizzy.

DOLORS

You went partying last night, huh? With who?

Silence

MANEL

Nino. I'm thinking about Nino. That's where things are happening. It's hard to understand this scene when things are going on there. I'm trying. We're here, practicing. I like Beckett. But you all know that serious things are happening there.

RAMÓN

We're aware, Manel.

CARMETA

Breathe.

DOLORS

Maybe it's time to ask why we're here.

MANEL

They're putting people in prison for thinking as they think and here we are, rehearsing... theater...

DOLORS

And this type of theater. Specifically.

MANEL

It's absurd.

CARMETA

I like being here, with you all.

DOLORS

Me too.

CARMETA

I like to rehearse.

DOLORS

(To MANEL) What do you want to do?

MANEL

I also like it. *(Pause)* I don't know what to do.

RAMÓN
Breathe...

MANEL
But I don't think theatre is exactly what we should do.

DOLORS
And what should we do?

MANEL
More forceful action.

DOLORS
Action. What action?

Action: the exercise of power.

MANEL
I don't know. The ETA.

DOLORS
I don't know...the ETA.

RAMÓN
We're doing something. We're doing theater.

Action: for the speaker, singer and the actor, a set of attitudes, movements and gestures determined by the meaning of the words.

CARMETA
What we should do is get Nino out of jail.

JORDI
Yeah.

Action: posture, gesture.

RAMÓN
Nino likes theatre.

DOLORS
But he hates Beckett.

RAMÓN
That's because he doesn't get it.

JORDI

It's difficult.

MANEL

The ETA doesn't spend the day stuck in a garage rehearsing Beckett.

RAMÓN

ETA does its job and we do ours.

MANEL

Lately...*(Pause)* All I'll say is what Nino always says: Catalonia should be free. Period. Free. Not a little free, or a gram free, or a liter free, am I making sense? We have to do something, dammit. We can't spend the day hiding out, talking about the absurdity of existence, while Nino is put behind bars.

CARMETA

Breathe, MANEL, breathe...

DOLORS

MANEL, do you like theater? *(Pause)* Do you like it? Yes or no?

MANEL

Yes.

DOLORS

What do you want RAMÓN to do? Get involved in shootings?

RAMÓN

We don't spend the day hiding out.

MANEL

Dammit, the only thing I'm saying...

DOLORS

Who do you think we are?

CARMETA

Breathe, Dolors, breathe...

RAMÓN

Nobody. We're not nobody.

DOLORS

They're dying of hunger.

CARMETA

Let's do something now. *(Pause)* Right now!

MANEL

I have contacts.

DOLORS

Why do we do theatre? That's what we have to ask ourselves. Why do some starve as we rehearse theatre?

Action: the effect of doing.

CARMETA

Because we like it, right?

DOLORS

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

JORDI

That is: why do we do theatre?

RAMÓN

It's our way of saying what we think.

MANEL

It's no use.

DOLORS

I don't know. I only know that rehearsing like this, here inside...night after night...nothing else...

RAMÓN

She speaks.

DOLORS

No, RAMÓN, you know this isn't how things are done. You can't ask somebody after working all day to rehearse Beckett until midnight. You can't ask that. The conditions of this theatre don't allow it. Objective conditions. Terrible conditions. Conditions that involve going drunk in a run-down truck, driving the necessary hours, unloading a ton of boxes, putting together a scenery of cardboard, cardboard that doesn't hold up, theatre that doesn't hold up, looking for the caretaker who knows nothing about the place, hanging up the lights, without time to spare...Nobody has bothered to ask before what dimensions the stage is...there's always less light than expected, the stage is smaller than normal, nobody knows if it's working, nobody cares if the curtains are ironed, for god's sake...

JORDI

Yeah. That's true.

Silence. Everybody looks at JORDI. MANEL leaves.

JORDI

It wouldn't be hard to iron the curtains.

DOLORS

Good intentions. We only offer good intentions. And effort. The Theatre of Good Intentions, we could call ourselves. I don't think it's bad...no...but we don't change anything...we change absolutely nothing...Good intentions. Do you understand me now, Carmeta? Good intentions: we find misery normal. What's going on? Our most intimate concept of what theatre should be is what's going on, but also our most intimate concept of what we should do here and now has been brutalized by finding misery normal. With our Theatre of Good Intentions we help make things stay the way they are: miserable. Oppressive.

Silence

CARMETA

We should do something to get Nino out.

DOLORS

I'm only saying: not like this.

RAMÓN leaves

CARMETA

I'm sorry, I need to use the bathroom. (*Leaves*)

DOLORS

One can't say what one thinks.

JORDI

This theater is a drag.

DOLORS

You know nothing.

JORDI

You want me to walk you home?

DOLORS

Yes.

JORDI

I don't get why the curtains stay wrinkled.

DOLORS

You know nothing.

JORDI

It would be an easy fix.

DOLORS

Can we go?

JORDI

I like it when you talk like that...about theatre.

DOLORS

I'm tired. So tired.

JORDI

Yes. (*JORDI comes over and kisses her. MANEL and RAMÓN enter, hurriedly. They smile. CARMETA leaves the bathroom and exits through the back. JORDI and DOLORS separate*)

RAMÓN

We just heard on the radio: they blew up Carrero Blanco's car!!

MANEL

They killed the wolf!!

Footnote: Carrero Blanco was assassinated on December 20, 1973.

Footnote on the footnote: Along with Carrero Blanco, his chauffeur José Luis Pérez Mojena and his escort Juan Bravo Fernández also died.

Darkness