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The axe

de
Antonio Morcillo López

traducción de
Germán Andreucci

(fragmento en inglés)

Prologue

The scene appears in shadows. Above it, there are spread many yellow metallic pieces which belong to a car. Between them, there are tools, metallic bars, wheels, guiding lights, and four pieces of wood .

GROCIUS gets in with a grey coat over his shoulders. He stands in front of the pieces and looks at them very carefully. Picks up some of the tools from the ground. After that, he sits upon one of the wooden pieces.

GROCIUS

I don't think i can recognize it.

BOLO gets in.

BOLO

Me neither. We are we?

GROCIUS

What all these pieces mean?

BOLO

This looks like a car.

GROCIUS

Do you know something about cars?

BOLO

No, i don't.

GROCIUS

Have you ever made a play in a car?

BOLO

I haven't.

GROCIUS

Me neither. I'm cold.

BOLO

Do you want my coat?

GROCIUS

And you?

BOLO

Never mind.

GROCIUS

No, leave it. Thanks.

BOLO

What are we doing here?

GROCIUS

What we always do i guess: playing.

BOLO

Playing, always playing. Do you recognize the stage?

GROCIUS

Not yet.

BOLO

Have they cut a car for us?

GROCIUS

It seems. ¿And where are the wheels?

BOLO

There. (*Takes a wheel*). I don't understand.

GROCIUS

There is nothing to understand. Follow the game that we are proposed .

BOLO

Without the lines?

GROCIUS

We'll have them later.

BOLO

You and me here alone?

GROCIUS

No, as far as i know.

BOLO

Where do we start?

GROCIUS

By the car. I guess we'll have to assemble it.

BOLO

Since when have you started doing that?

GROCIUS

Do what?

BOLO

That.

GROCIUS

I don't really know. I never realized about that.

Pause. BOLO goes to the back of the stage and takes out two blue coveralls from under dirty rags.

BOLO

¡¡Look, GROCIUS!! ¡¡Coveralls!! *(He delivers one of them)*. You were right. We have to build the car. *(they wear the coveralls)* Does it fit well?

GROCIUS

Perfect. ¿What about you?

BOLO

Perfect.

GROCIUS

Lets go over there.

BOLO

Where do we start?

GROCIUS

Take that part. No, no, no that one. The one that matches this one. Give me that iron. Like this. Do you see? Now lets put these to pieces together and we do the same with these two. Now i remember. *(Long silence while they build the car)*.

BOLO

GROCIUS; i feel very cold.

GROCIUS

It wasn't so cold here before.

(Pausa)

BOLO

Do you remember about everything?

GROCIUS

What do you mean with that?

BOLO

Do you remember all the events?

GROCIUS

No... Yes... I remember a mirror. And behind it, the echo of a scream.

BOLO

i hear that scream too.

GROCIUS

We can't think of that right now.

BOLO

But why?

GROCIUS

What for?

BOLO

The doubt turns me anguished.

GROCIUS

Me too. Come on, we have work to do.

BOLO

Since i arrived here, i have begun to see things as when the fog of a landscape disappears.

GROCIUS

And what have you seen?

BOLO

the pain squeezes my chest.

GROCIUS

Your pain?

BOLO

No.

GROCIUS

Whose pain?

BOLO

I don't know.

GROCIUS

¿Quién dañaba a quién?

It is heard a voice from the back of the stage: "An eight year old boy loses his testicles and both legs after kicking a bomb placed by E.T.A inside a box on the street." During the reading, BOLO and GROCIUS are paralyzed.

BOLO

Lets keep working. *(He takes off his cloak and runs his hand across his forehead).*

GROCIUS

there is something ammoying in this place.

BOLO

Don't you remember?

GROCIUS

No. it's hot here.

BOLO

There is a red stain in my memory, and everything is still confusing.

GROCIUS

What is confusing?

BOLO

Our dialogs.

They work in complete silence.

GROCIUS

Do you realize?

BOLO

Yes.

GROCIUS

We can assemble it perfectly.

BOLO

i always knew it.

GROCIUS

I can't imagine what can happen here.

It is heard the same voice as before: "Two students are killed in a cafeteria when they are mistaken for ETA members by gunmen from G.A.L. ". BOLO and GROCIUS get

paralyzed again.

BOLO

Who knows. A comedy, maybe.

GROCIUS

So, why do I feel so bad?

BOLO

How do you feel?

GROCIUS

Violent.

BOLO

You have always been like this.

GROCIUS

That's why i am here?

BOLO

Why do you ask me? All i know is that we have to assamble this car.

GROCIUS

People talk about us just for what we are.

BOLO

Exactly. Why don't we open a window?

GROCIUS

What do you mean? There is no window here.

BOLO

I'm burning.

GROCIUS

What are we going to do from now on?

BOLO

We will be mechanics.

GROCIUS

But, what do we do to justify ourselves?

BOLO

Don't ask me, GROCIUS. I see the same as you.

GROCIUS

It seems we have finished. Put that one over there. That's it. Very well. Now i think it's time for us to rest.

BOLO

To rest?

GROCIUS

While others, who are ourselves, wakes up and surprise us.

Takes a drum of oil and, putting it beside the stage, he sits. BOLO goes close to the car. Darkness.

Act I

A car repair workshop. The floor and the walls are dirty. Rags and tools are everywhere. At the back, placed in long rows, you see all kinds of mechanical utensils and an old calendar with a naked woman. On the left side, lays a small work table full of different types of rubber, metal nuts, screws and ssome books cornered. There is a yllow car on the center of the satge, with it's hood up.

BOLO, with a blue coverall, watches the engine reclining with his two arms, in an attitude of total concentration. Sometimes moves his head slowly, biting his lower lip. On the other side, sitting upon a drum of oil on the proscenium, GROCIUS, also wearing a blue coverall, makes up his face in front of a small mirror while he sings quietly. He has a small makeup box in his lap. He wears glasses that are repositioned at regular intervals, holding the glass with his thumb and heart, using a mannered gesture for it.

Narrow pale lights fall over both of them. They seem clean and rested. The music of the radio sounds distant.

GROCIUS

(Trying to remember; declaims very slowly, with his eyes closed and moving his lips grotesquely).

Leeeeeet iiiiit..! *(Pause. Thinking).* Let it...let it... what?!! *(Pause)* ¿BOLO?... ¿BOLO?... I don't remember, i can't remember... *(Pause)* Let it... *(Pausa)* Let it... let it look at us again, look at us again, yes... , let it look at us again, oh walls...!!

BOLO

I don't understand anything, GROCIUS, there are...there are lots of cables and scrap, and pipes, what am i supposed to do?

GROCIUS

Let it look at us again, oh walls... *(Silence)* What was next?... oh walls...!

BOLO

It seems that something has failed here inside, don't you think? It's some kind of failure or something, GROCIUS, give me a hand.

GROCIUS

Oh, walls, disappear from the earth,... and don't 'protect Athens anymore!! Nothing i will take from you, except my nudity, stinky city. Let Timón grow with each breath, Nada llevaré de ti, excepto mi desnudez, ciudad apestosa. Dejad a Timón crecer con cada respiración, the hatred of everything human. Amen. *(Silence)* Now i remember... *(Pause)* ... i remember everything...

BOLO

¿GROCIUS?

GROCIUS

(Speaking quickly). Well mate, do you know what the hell is happening to this jalopy? We don't have all the day. Hurry up , fuck. The man is coming, we don't...*(Pause. GROCIUS is thoughtful)*.

BOLO

¿What happen? Why are you talking like that?

GROCIUS

... i'm trying to remember... we don't have all day... do you know what the hell...? Fix up that french machine... we don't have...

BOLO

He looked like a joke.

GROCIUS

Who?

BOLO

The guy who left us the car.

GROCIUS

You have good memory.

BOLO

Can you give me a hand?

GROCIUS

Look, mate, you are not just a useless person, metaphysically, but also Mira, chaval, no solamente eres un inútil, digamos metafísico, sino que the ballast of your stupidity achieves to obscure... achieves to obscure... achieves...

BOLO

With a...

Both thinks.

GROCIUS

With a ... perverse effect!!!, my brilliant predictive mind. *(Pause)* Are you listenig?

BOLO

Yes. *(Pause)* sorry, Do you have a minute? Would you mind giving me a hand now?

GROCIUS

I have told you a thousand times: i don't fix french cars.

BOLO

And i have askes you a thousand times why.

GROCIUS

Well, that's my business.

Silencie.

BOLO

Do you realize?

GROCIUS

What?

BOLO

They are not confusing anymore.

GROCIUS

What is not confusing anymore?

BOLO

Our dialogs.

Long silencio.

GROCIUS

You don't have a clue about how to fix this bloody french machine, and you expect me to do it, i've told you a thousand times, i don't touch french machines, wake up mate; you have reached the top of the mountain, it is failing, there is a serious failure inside, and now you have to go on, wake up, it's failing, fix it for once and for all, and let me recite.

BOLO

I need you to help me.

GROCIUS

This is bullshit, you can't fix anything, we are making the fool working here in this workshop, if we

can't even tight a screw, can you understand that? It would be better to play at a theatre, at least theatre tells something about life, but no, you had the brilliant idea of opening a workshop, you made some calculations and said, yeah!! if we open a workshop in this town the gold will rain...

BOLO

But it was your idea.

GROCIUS

... if you keep thinking, and letting your thoughts fly, you would set an underground astronomic observation centre, you would have planned an igloo with heating system...

BOLO

It was you idea!