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Happily ever after

de
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(fragmento en inglés)

CHARACTERS

She and He could be anyone, that's why they don't have names or any particular features, but in every scene, despite being played by the same actors, they will experience some little changes in their looks to make it clear that they are different characters.

Their ages change in every scene, in Misunderstandings they are young (in their twenties); in the second scene, Don't take it personally, they are middle aged (late thirties, forties); and in the last scene, Melodrama they are an old couple in their sixties.

The Time is the present.

He and She are not real people. They could be anyone of us at some moment of our lives: we recognize these people, sometimes they even say the same things that we say. These scenes are only snapshots of love stories, or better said, "unlove" stories. We are like voyeurs observing what is happening in their minds and between their sheets. Maybe it's the same that happens in our own bed.

"There is nothing but troubles and desire"
from Hal Hartley's film *Simple Men*

Scene 1: Misunderstandings

(The stage is divided in two spaces -two cafes- where the action takes place simultaneously. In each space, He and She are seated in front of a table and an empty chair. He drinks coffee, She drinks a beer. Both of them seem to be waiting for someone, very upset. Both have cell phones on the table and they look at them now and then. Sometimes it seems as if they were about to call someone but finally they don't. Between the two spaces there is a clock on the wall. They both look at it constantly. Every time one of them speaks, the lighting changes to indicate where the main action is, although the other space is still visible. Only when indicated in the stage directions, one of the spaces will be completely dark to create the "flash-back" effect. At the beginning of the scene, the light is in the He space, he is looking at the clock on the wall and drinks his coffee very flustered.)

HE

She probably won't come. Maybe she's still angry... or maybe she wants to make me wait, get her "revenge"... Actually I don't know why we're even meeting, for what... there is nothing more to say between us. Maybe I should leave, she won't come... I know. This is nonsense.

(She, nervous, combs her hair and puts lipstick on her lips. She looks at the clock.)

SHE

He's late... I can't believe that he's not going to show up... I don't know what the fuck I'm doing here... What's he gonna say? That we can fix everything? Now? After all the things that happened...
(Looking at the clock) He's not coming.

(He looks around him, wistfully. When he starts to speak, her space grows dark and she walks towards him slowly, she sits in the empty chair in front of him.)

HE

I remember it was here where we had our first date... I recall she spilled her beer over her dress... She looked beautiful that day. She didn't stop chatting and laughing like a little girl... I was dying to kiss her.

(Her expression is very different now, almost like another person, maybe younger, maybe happier. She's smiling. She drinks a glass of beer compulsively.)

SHE

... And suddenly that guy, the drunk one, turned out to be the owner of the bar... *(laughs)* It was crazy! *(Suddenly she stops talking, flirting)* Don't look at me that way... why don't you say something? I'm not usually so chatty... *(She drinks)*

HE

I can't think of anything right now, I'm very focused on that mouth that says so many words... I

would like to know how those words taste... maybe sweet?

SHE *(flirting)*

My words? Sometimes they taste sweet, sometimes sour... sometimes I don't even like their flavor either...

HE

And today? How do they taste today? I would like to try them.

SHE

Today they're made of sugar... they taste like cotton candy... Come here, try...

(They get closer, one to the other and when they are about to kiss, he stops and talks to the audience. She gets up slowly and goes back to her table.)

HE

Good times! Four, five months really, really good, so fun... I was mad about her, but then, one day, I don't know how, all of the sudden, I stopped liking her kisses and her words.

(She looks around, upset. His space goes dark and he sits slowly at her table)

SHE

I don't know why we're meeting here. I hate this place. We had one of our last fights here... we were both so drunk, I can't even remember how that stupid argument started...

HE *(Angry, drunk)*

Shut up! I'm fed up with your complaints! I'm tired of feeling like this. Maybe we should call the whole thing off.

SHE *(drunk)*

Ok, great! For me it's not like it used to be either... in fact, lately I don't even know who you are. Everything is fake, you and me, this whole story of us, just a sham. At the beginning I thought that things could be different with you, but they aren't. It's always the same shit.

HE

Hey, hey, hey... It's not only my fault, you, your bad temper, and the arguments almost everyday... to be honest, I'm getting bored.

SHE

I know... that's true; I guess that you're looking for a substitute, maybe someone more fun... I probably have an expiration date... You know what? Fuck you! Bastard!

HE

You're drunk, I'm leaving. It's over.

(He leaves, she pauses and turns again to the audience)

SHE

But, it wasn't over. We kept dating like always, but it wasn't the same, not anymore. There were only arguments and emptiness. Little by little, we had fewer things to say to each other, more excuses not to meet.

(He looks at the clock on the wall, upset.)