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# Dreamed life

de  
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traducción de  
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*(fragmento en inglés)*

## Dreamed life

7 Characters

7 Scenes

1 Epilogue

## Characters

Berta, a young woman, around 30 years old

Carla, a woman, around 33 years old

Edward, man around 33 years old

Victor, a man around 35 years old

Adela, mother a little over 70 years old

Alicia, a mother around 35 years old

Enrique, a man around 35 years old

## Scene One

*Empty stage. Staircase landing. A young woman about thirty rings the doorbell. Waits. No one comes. She rings again. After a few seconds, the door opens. A thirty-something-year old woman appears through the crack in the door. She seems to recognize the woman who's rung the doorbell. The look on her face shows surprise, but she doesn't say a word.*

BERTA

For a second there I thought that... you had moved to another floor...

*Pause. The woman who has opened the door waits.*

BERTA

I only came to tell you that last night I finally got to see “La vida soñada de los ángeles” and... and... and it wasn't all that great...

*Pause.*

BERTA

I know that... I already know that you don't understand anything... Me... Me... neither, because after so much time... I don't know what... I don't know what I'm doing here, really.

*Berta makes a pretense of leaving.*

BERTA

*(As if to herself)* No... No it wasn't all that great...

*Pause.*

BERTA

I saw it on the tube, the flick... Well, I saw it on the tube, but it was taped... So I saw it on tape, really... But I didn't get it from the video store, but listen, I've been thinking about doing that for awhile... You see... It's that I'm not a member yet, I never seem to find time to become a member... One time I was on the verge of becoming a member... That was right after I moved, but they asked for a bank statement and since I didn't have one on me... Nobody carries bank statements on them... And I collect them in a shoebox, like the rest of the world, right? They want a bank statement to prove that you live where you say you live, to be sure that if you take a tape you're gonna return it... Stupid, uh? If you don't return a flick you can't get more, and man, if it's tough to join one video club, forget trying to join another, between finding one and everything... And since I didn't join on that day, the day of the statement, which was the day to do it, now not only am I not a member of the only video store in my neighborhood... Since then I always carry a light bill on me *(she takes a light bill out of her purse and shows it, smiling)*, in case I get home early, but what happens is that *(with the bus)* there's no way, every time I pass by I find it closed, the video store.

*Pause.*

BERTA

It was the other day, Thursday or Friday, I dunno, I think it was Thursday, whatever, it's all the same, besides, what does it matter... While I read the newspaper, I saw they were showing it at the movies, "La vida soñada de los ángeles"... Until then I was still looking for it on marquees, at second run movie theatres, every once in a while they show it again... And it's odd... It never worked out for me... Truth is I wouldn't see it, now that I think about it... The subconscious and all that... And I know, I know, movies are meant to be seen in the theatre, on the big screen, but... It never worked out... Sorta like what keeps happening with me and the video store (*making eye contact*), that we can't manage to get together.

*Pause.*

BERTA

...And since I don't have premium cable, I called Eva, who does... But you know what? Eva still hadn't gotten the freaking cord to tape stuff from cable...! So I said to her "Girlfriend, I don't care what you have to do, but I have to close this chapter, so you go and buy that damn cord and tape it for me"... And she, really cool, says to me "relax, I'll buy it tomorrow and tape it when they show the original with subtitles, which you'll like more..." And I was like.. "Shit! They show the original with subtitles, Eva"... (*realizing the absurdity of the situation, as if she could split in two and see herself through a camera, "What the hell am I doing here?"*) Shiiiiit...

*Pause.*

BERTA

You don't have to say anything... I already know what you'd say... I already know... There are two sides to every story. Even the ones with happy endings, the ones with people who find what they're looking for... There are as many versions as there are people... We have... We have this selective memory that twists everything around.. It transforms... We change unimportant details into... It's so hard to find a moment lived by two people at the same time that they both agree on what they felt... On what they said... Hell, especially on what they said...

*Pause.*

BERTA

(*Smiles as if it suddenly amused her*) You're freaking out...! You're freaking out, you can see it on your face... Nooo, don't believe it, I'm freaking out too, I don't know how I've managed to co... Suddenly I grabbed my bag, my helmet (*she raises it to prove that she's telling the truth*), I've looked in my address book, I didn't know your address by heart, it was one of the first things I forced myself to forget... It has to be like that, drastic, if not, between what you remember and what... you invent...

*Pause.*

BERTA

Shit! You have no idea how good I am at imitating people... Here (*touching her head*), of course...

Yours was complete (*stopping abruptly*), of course only I spoke...

*Silence.*

BERTA

I'm sorry, I don't want to scare you... Anymore, I mean... I don't want you to take me for... one of those idiots... I'm sorry, I don't... You don't have a minute, right?... (*looks at her watch*) I know that it's really la... (*seeing the time*) ...te... Man, three in the morning! Maybe you have company and me here... Man, I almost didn't recognize you... Forgive me, I'm sorry, it's just that I had to tell you that now I've, now I've seen "La vida sonada de los angeles"... Really, what a load off my mind... it was... it was to be at peace with myself, I see that, but... To be able to close... It's the same...

*Pause.*

BERTA

(*Moving her head before the door finishes closing*) Since then I hate Eugenio d'Ors, you can't imagine how mad I get hearing people talk about that guy...

*The woman at the door, who has been confused for a while, smiles. Berta returns the smile and takes a step back.*

BERTA

There was a time when he followed me around, you know? Like when you fall in love... (*stopping abruptly*)... Like when you fall in love with someone who has one of those impossible names and it turns out that from that moment on that damn name appears everywhere, and you are such an idiot, that you go and think "oh, a sign!"... A sign... Of course with me it happened with... with Eugeni d'Ors... That there's a documentary on him on TV, that his nephew publishes a novel, that on the radio his nephew is talking about his uncle, that it's the centenary of his birth, that it's 50 years since he died, that a final collection of his articles is published... And I ask myself, who the fuck wants to know about Eugeni d'Ors? If no one cares about this guy anymore, screw him! (*brief pause*) Now that I think about it, if, if, this was a sign... (*letting on that she realizes that it is a bad omen*) But a sign...

*Pause.*

BERTA

(*Looking directly into her eyes*) You look tired... Sorry... I'll let you sleep... I'm sure we won't see each other again, it's pretty much guaranteed after what I've just done here... I hope that all goes well, honestly, honestly... Well...

*Pause.*

BERTA

Just one last thing... If we ever see each other again, I'd appreciate it if you'd pretend that this... this from tonight never happened... that... that you've dreamed it... (*brief pause*) Will you?

*The woman nods her head in agreement.*

BERTA

Thanks, thanks a lot.

*Pause.*

BERTA

Now I'll go. I've really liked getting to talk with you, like this, so relaxed... Now... perhaps at the beginning I bored you a little but now... We've understood each other, right? Man, see, this is what I was thinking when you suddenly disappeared, after the Eugeni d'Ors stuff... I knew we could understand each other really well... And don't believe, man, that now no, nooooo, it's not the same, things have to happen when they're happening... There's a very good saying by Oscar Wilde that in some matters... That in some occasions it's better to never arrive than to arrive too late... Since you really liked quotes... Well, maybe it wasn't exactly like that, but that's what it meant... Things have to happen when they're happening... *(smiling)* This is my... *(suddenly seeing herself again)* This is what always happens to me, I make my version, I always make my version of the facts and... And of course when someone compares their version with mine, like you and I are doing right now, I realize that it has nothing to do with what I thought had... Or felt... Or I don't know what...

*Pause.*

BERTA

Damn, now I've said too much...

*Pause.*

BERTA

It's that deep down inside, I'm not going to deny it, this late in the game... I really wanted to talk with you, there were so many things... I guess what I really wanted was to... Know... I guess I wanted to know... I mean your version, but now that we've talked...

*The two smile quickly, as if understanding the other's position for a moment.*

BERTA

Now I'll really, Now I'll really go, I'll let you sleep in peace... Oh, and if you're with someone, please tell him I'm sorry... *(brief pause)* Or, better no...

*Berta gestures with her hand to say goodbye, but at the last minute she returns again.*

BERTA

Just one question, one last question. Has it never happened to you, I mean... Have you never been left with the desire to... Or perhaps you've created stories to... Let's see if I'm capable of explaining myself... What I want to say is if you... *(brief pause)* Has that never happened to you?

*Blackout.*

## Scene Two

*A room with a double bed. A few empty pizza boxes, some beer cans and an ashtray full of cigarette butts on the floor. A man that appears to be asleep is stretched out half-dressed over the sheets. The woman who opened the door in the first scene is seated on the bed looking straight ahead, she has the remote control beyond arm's reach, in the back and turned away from the audience is the television at mid-volume. The shadows that the television projects onto the wall in the semi-darkness keep changing. Suddenly she decides to grab the telephone that's on the nightstand. She picks up the receiver and dials a number from memory. At a moment noted in the conversation the audience realizes that the telephone is disconnected.*

CARLA

Hi... It's me... Nothing, here, watching TV, I don't even know what they're showing... Wait I'll change... *(she pushes a button on the remote that's at a distance and the channel changes)*...

Unbelievable! With the shit they show during the day, they could rerun it at another time... They don't make shows like this anymore, with this sexual tension that appears to... Now that's dialogue! I have some episodes on tape from when we were in high school... Man, it's the Christmas Carol episode. When Cybil Shepard is visited by three spirits... The one that always gets me the most is the one from the future... It's so great that they replay these...

*Pause.*

CARLA

Noo, I called because I had... I felt like talking with you, and since I knew you'd be awake... Good, here at my side, sleeping... As if nothing, he doesn't hear a thing, deeply...

*Pause.*

CARLA

I have to tell you something... Thrilling? Thrilling... Depends on what you think is thrilling... *(repeating to herself)* Algo excitante... Algo, let's leaving it at algo, because what's said is exciting... I think I'll just come out and say it, because there are some things that can't be said any other way, without beating around the bush... *(confession)* Edward is sick... He's losing his memory... *(brief pause)* That, that he's losing his memory, but he hasn't noticed yet, not fully... He suspects... But I humor him, I pretend that he's just a scatterbrain, but he's not a scatterbrain, no, he's losing his memory...

*Pause.*

CARLA

Sometimes it makes me scared, he seems so unaware... What do you mean it's not that serious...? No, no, we don't get stoned anymore, we gave it up... True, what happened is that I didn't tell you because... It's just that at first I didn't tell you because... At first I thought it was all because of the

weed... I thought that spending all day getting stoned was killing our brain cells, but it's been four months since we lit up and I... I can tell I'm much better, like more awake in general, though sometimes there are nights that I can't sleep, like this one...

*Pause.*

CARLA

No, no, I don't want to, and besides I need to try and get some sleep in a little while, I go in at eight and if not I find myself... No, we haven't gone to the doctor yet... Alzheimer's? What are you talking about, he's only thirty-three...! The first phase was carelessness, he was careless about things, he went shopping and left the bags in the market... he called someone on the phone and suddenly he couldn't remember who he was calling... What, "How do I know?" Because he did it to me too... We'd plan on going to the movies and after waiting for him at the door like an idiot, I returned home and found him watching TV as if nothing... You'd say, at first he was trying to pick a fight... I thought he was starting to get sick of me... Until the other day, this past week, Eli and her brother came over for dinner and we were looking at photos from Marruecos and I notice that he's anxious, nervous, I don't know, he got really nervous, just really nervous, pale, and it's already difficult, yes, eh, because the other thing noo, relax, you know how he is, first and foremost he's very calm... And finally he starts saying what is he doing in these pictures, if we'd doctored them as a joke... We have an appointment to go to the doctor, this week, on Friday afternoon... A rush? No, now, now we just wait for the appointment...

*Pause.*

CARLA

He may have a brain tumor, I've already thought about it... I've already thought about it... And the hardest part of all of this is that since I started to think that he could have a tumor and that he's dying and I'm going to end up alone (*stopping abruptly*) It seems to me that... he's lost his memory just as I've lost my ability to feel...

*Pause.*

CARLA

I just thought of it now, as I said all of this... I'll be right back, I need a cigarette. (*Carla looks for a cigarette and lighter in the drawer in the nightstand, she stands and gets the ashtray to empty in one of the pizza boxes and sits down again and lights her cigarette. At this point the audience notices that the telephone wire is disconnected.*) Hello? I'm back... Relax, the bill this month is going to be scandalous, I have been calling my sister in Sweden, that says it all... It was cheaper when I wrote letters, not to mention that it was prettier... You seem a different person when you write letters...

*Silence.*

CARLA

Sorry, I lost my train of thought, I can't remember what I was saying... (*laughing at the joke*) Maybe it's contagious, look, I wouldn't mind forgetting depending on what I'd be forget...



*Pause. The boyfriend turns towards Carla, sleeping.*

CARLA

What was that you were obsessed with? That about your island... Who said that everyone has a right to their own private island to lose themselves in? *(smiling)* Ah, you... Bora-Bora... Bora-bora... In Polynesia... Bora-Bora... Seems like we're conjuring something, doesn't it? Bora-Bora... How long is the flight? 16 hours? There must be a stop somewhere, right... or no? Of course you have to find one far away, the farther away the better... These things don't occur to me, islands to escape to...

*Pause.*

CARLA

Now you have another? *(excited)* Then... Then could you turn it over to me during... Yes, your island Bora-Bora... How I would like to have Bora-Bora for my... To have a place there where I could... Rapanui? No, wasn't there a really bad movie called Rapanui? No, no I haven't seen it... Well, because you can see bad movies coming a mile away, can't you? And what island is that? Easter Island... Well, then it's set, you get Rapanui and I get Bora-Bora...

*Pause.*

CARLA

Fuck? Fuck you say? We don't do anything but fuck, he must forget it so quickly that we don't do anything else, it has me fried... I've never liked sex as much as you... Of course I always thought that you liked it so much because you don't have a steady partner and you do it when you want, and if not just wait and see... I think there are women who don't like it, but they stay silent out of fear that they'll be called prudes or... *(laughing)* Or frigid!

*Pause.*

CARLA

Have you seen "La vida soñada de los angeles"?

*Blackout.*