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Leonor must die

de
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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

*(Sofa.
Leonor is sitting at one side)*

LEONOR

Will the blood disappear from the leather?

That was the first question in my mind after he turned on the radio and that song started. What's the name of that song? It's a great song. That's the fucking great song for all the great moments for all fucking generations of women inside their friend's boyfriends nineties' cars.

In the nineties I was ten. Well... I was nine, because I was born at the very end of the year so every time something happened to me...

"The girl can't hear"

"The girl can't talk"

"The girl can't"

...Every time something happened to me my mother said: "Sure, she's just almost a year younger than the rest".

Poor thing. (Me, not my mother).

In the nineties while that great song was being written, composed and recorded I was taking my first communion and painting with wax crayons and talking to the radiators.

Alone.

(Pause)

It's fun to lose and to pretend.

We all have been in that car. Our friend's boyfriend car. You have had dinner with him, around two weeks after they've broken up. Well, not two weeks; maybe ten days after.

Ok. Not ten days; maybe one week.

You have met him because he feels bad and at the end he doesn't want to lose you too.

(You don't want to lose him either).

You have eaten a veggie pizza with extra goat cheese and you have resisted a dessert temptation while he has been rambling for forty-two minutes about what a slut your friend is. You know this because you were cutting your pizza, very focused, and each time you looked over his shoulder you checked the digital clock on the restaurant freezer. The red bright numbers ran in a countdown to nowhere.

(You don't want to lose him either).

And while you were listening to him you have thought that you had to stop him: Hey, I don't want to hear that about my friend; you think she's a slut because you don't love her anymore. But I do love her and I don't have to listen to all that crap.

But you haven't stopped him. You look at him fascinated while chewing pizza and you see him like framed by the red light of the digital numbers of the freezer and you think that:

You don't want to lose him either.

Then you let him drive you home. He is a real gentleman. And maybe this is why he's always turned you on, even if you have never admitted it. At least while he was with you...

He stops the engine and also his speech about your friend the slut. There is too much light in the street and you think it's early at night and the neighbours can see you. And you ask yourself

whether there is a full moon tonight and he looks at you in silence. And it is then when he turns the radio on and your belly starts aching and you think fuck, today is the 30th, today I should have gotten it. He manipulates the radio and then that fucking song starts to play. (But what is the name of the song?). Fuck I'm getting it. He doesn't stop looking at you. I'm getting my period. His hand moves away from the radio but doesn't go back to the steering wheel. While you see him approaching you, you look sideways at the cloth over the grey-pearl seat and think:
Will the blood disappear from the leather?

It doesn't matter if you have never admitted that. Self-delusion doesn't exist. This is a utopia produced by fiction overdose. I had always known that my friend's boyfriend turned me on. And at that moment, when he approached his mouth with mine, I realized that he didn't anymore.

I saw every hair, every pore on his big and disgusting head while he was approaching me, and I knew –sure as the grey-pearl colour in the seat's leather- that I did want to lose him. And that was it. It was done. It made no sense to feel guilty or like a slut for dating him only five days after he and my friend had broken up: fate had punished me and he just didn't turn me on anymore. The world disappeared behind his big head and I knew that the upholstery was being soaked by blood.