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Dead point

de
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traducción de
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(texto completo en inglés)

A company's toilets. A basin with two tubs, a mirror, and a shelf with soap and a hand-drier on the wall. At one side, three urinals and, at the other, a little W.C room. DAVID comes in and puts his case on the basin. He walks back to the door and locks it. He is nervous. He opens his case and takes out a bunch of papers. He revises them and puts them down. He sits down on the W.C. cup and sighs wearily.

DAVID

You walk looking down. You walk the same corridor every day, sleepless, looking down. You say that's the best for you. Everybody believes it. Every morning you walk into the revolving door, walk up the great hall up to the lift area. You often meet some colleague from the next department there, by the lifts. You don't feel like greeting, but you do. You don't feel like talking, but you do. He makes a stupid remark about anything you don't care at all. He talks about his weekend, his amount of work, the company's basketball team... He suggests that you join it. They need someone. Since Alex got his dismissal, a defender player is missing. He tells you that you are tall. You are tall and strong and, now, that he comes to think of it, you would make a great defender. He recommends it to you. All those who joined the company's team got promoted a few months later. It's easy. The lift has arrived to your floor. 'Think about the basketball team', he says while the doors close. You walk down the corridor throwing glances into the offices to see who is there and who isn't there anymore. Sometime you recall some of the colleagues who left. You remember... what matters? You are an ass, you think as you sit down on your chair. You sit down thinking: you are a sick rat, you are disgusting, a hypocrite, you are a fucking asshole. That's what you are. You look at the window. The scaffolding is still there, but the workers haven't arrived yet. In a few minutes the drillers roaring will fill up the air. Hitting, iron screeching, cranes... You are an asshole. You are a fucking asshole to be here. You think of this, smiling at Sara that just came in. You think she is also an asshole. You think of it while you watch her joining the group around the coffee machine. Almost automatically you respond to the sign they give you to join them and you stand up. Why do you do it? While stirring the sugar in your coffee, your head goes around the same idea. You remember they cut your wages, you lost your yearly bonus, they changed your working times, your functions, and they have even threatened with further cuts, if you don't improve your objectives. Your objectives. And you bear it. You resist. You are a stoicist. You will resist whatever they do. You remind yourself of the fact that you, at least, have got a job. You have a rented flat, a motorbike. The teaspoon is stirring in the cup. You have work. How many days were you ill last month? Eight? Or nine? You become pale, get a shock. You know that wasn't a good question. Only five, you say. Just five. I had high temperatur. I stayed in bed. You go back quickly to your working place, you turn on the computer and you prepare your papers.

DAVID stands up and leaves the W.C. room. He walks up to one urinal zips down his trousers and urinates.

Shouldn't I do something, break everything, put an end to it? Say no. Go and talk to him. This morning. Open his office door. Hi Adam, good morning. Smile at him. Tell him totally serenely that I didn't achieve my objectives. I didn't make it. I have been quite down this week. But I am calm. I'm happy for not having managed those fucking objectives. I love it. Tell him I'm leaving. Today. I quit. I'm leaving. I'm leaving right now and I don't care about the payoff. I don't give a shit about

the payoff or anything else. I'm leaving right away. This morning. Forever.

He pulls up his zip and walks up to the basin.

What about María? Tonight I will catch her by her waist. I'll take her for a walk in the middle of the night. For a walk through Madrid. We can just walk aimlessly, like we used to. Buy some cans of beer, sit on a bank at the Gran Vía, and watch people going by. In the middle of the night. Talking about something... indecent. Rebellious plans, inflammatory, wild. And, at the end of the night, when I'm drunk, I'll tell her that I cannot go on like this. That I'm tired.

He opens the water-tub and throws water on his face. He looks at it in the mirror and begins to dry it with his shirt sleeves. He stretches. He rehearses an hipotetical conversation in front of the mirror.

Hi, Adam. Yes, yes, everything's all right... I just wanted to talk to you for a moment. Can I... *(He stops abruptly, he sighs)* You cut my pay, Adam. It's more than I can afford. Do you know how much I pay for our flat monthly? María is unemployed, for longer than a year now. As the hours go by it gets harder for her. She is an engineer, did I tell you? She is an engineer and she is worth a lot. A lot. Somedays she says she will leave for Germany. She says that she cannot keep on like this, that she will leave and I should go with her. But, how can we leave our house, our country? She is losing heart here. She begins to doubt if she is good for anything at all. She is hurt. *(Pause. He leans on the wall. He sighs)* Fuck. He doesn't give a shit about María. *(He straightens himself again, weaker than the first time)* Adam, I was ill last week, truly sick. *(Pause)* I think I'm getting crazy. I can't work on the night shift for one week and on the morning shift the following week. And then, suddenly, I work in the afternoon for two days. I'm tired. I'm irascible. I haven't met my friends for weeks. María... *(Pause. He punches the wall)* Fuck, Adam! Fuck! My whole life is running around this fucking job. I'm suffocating.

Pause. He stands for some seconds watching his image in the mirror. He walks back and sits down on the floor. He moves his head from one side to the other. He takes a mobile phone out of his pocket. He tips a number and waits.

(...) I can't hear you (...) I can't hear you well. It's very noisy. Where are you? (...) What? (...) Listen. We have to talk. Can you hear me? (...) We have to talk. (...) About the money. About the money I lent you. (...) Where? (...) Where are you? (...) At Puerta del Sol? What the hell are you doing there? (...) What? (...) Be careful. (...) Hello! Are you still there! (...) Dany, listen... (...) What? (...) Have the other demonstrations helped anything? (...) Everything stays the same. It's all the same. Or worse... (...) I am working. Working. I can't waste my time in fucking demonstrations (...) The money I lent you... I need it. (...) I need it. I have already told you. (...) I know you can't. But I can't either. No longer. Do you hear me? You owe me money, Dany. And I need it. (...) You are drowning in debts? And me? What about me? They have cut my pay, Dany. They have called off my bonus, fuck. (...) I can't hear you! (...) If you spend your life doing that crap, there is no reason why I should pay for it. Wake up, fuck. Wake up. Look for a job and pay off your debts! (...) Hello? Hello? Dany? Dany?

He hangs off. With great uneasiness and fury he calls back, but his phone is off. He throws it furiously against the floor. He is very excited. He nervously picks up his

papers. He begins to crease them and tear them fiercely. He drops them. Afterwards he takes a cigarette and a lighter out of his pocket. He hesitates before he lights it. He takes a deep drag. He stands up and walks up to the basin. He looks into the mirror. He makes rings of smoke and takes another drag looking at his image all the time. He is nervous. A munition about to burst out. He takes a step back. He walks stepping on the papers. He walks back to the W.C. room. He stumbles against the dustbin. It falls down spreading its contents all around. He stares at the state of the bathroom.

I'm going to the mountains. Alone. I will take my bike from the storage room. I will take the train and go to the mountains. A route full of bumps and stones. I will overcome all kind of obstacles. I will not get stuck. I won't slide down. I won't stay at a dead point. Riding up the paths, suffocating out of exhaustion. Feeling my panting breath. My accelerated pulse. The vertigo. And if I do fall down... if I slide down, get stuck and fall... If I break my leg... Then I'll get fired... Sure.

He keeps quite for a while, thinking. Now he does break out in wrath: he takes his lighter out of his pocket and begins to burn the papers. In a few seconds the whole bathroom is full of smoke. He walks back and watches the room with a sadist look. At that moment, the fire alarm gets on and the sprinkles begin to work filling the room with water. DAVID gets into a state of shock. Following statement has a prayer tone.

You are going to leave this work. You are going to leave this work. You are going to quit.

You won't come into this bathroom again. You won't.

You will make it. Yes. You will be authentic.

Hard knocks at the door begin outside. DAVID, soaking wet, begins to clean up the floor, putting quickly the rubbish into the bin. The hits get harder. Punches. As if they were about to knock down the door.

DAVID looks in the mirror. He smooths his clothes. He cleans his face. He straightens his hair with his hands.

DARK.