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The globetramp

de
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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

I
THE SEARCH

The decaying glassed porch of a refuge. Tables and chairs. Some of them folded, leaning on the wall. A rocking chair and a hammock. A dressing table and a sink with toilette utensils.

The stage includes a round living room, whose walls are papered with cuttings (photographs, cuttings from magazines, illustrations, news...).

A spiral staircase and a mirrored folding screen.

There are two characters in the dim porch area: OLIVER, lying on the rocking chair, slowly and mechanically rocking back and forth, producing the noise of rotting iron; and DIANA, almost unperceivable, sitting in front of the dressing table in the corner, staring at the mirror.

It is a winter night.

OLIVER

Did you hear that?

Silence

OLIVER

Did you not hear it? A whistle. A whistle far away. *(Pause)* Again. Again that hollow whistle. Can you hear it?

DIANA

No.

Silence

OLIVER

The noise is repeated once and again. Once and again. It is sharp. Cracking rocks. They crack against one another. They are too close together. *(Pause)* A whistle far away. The wind has stopped suddenly. It produced a whirling of compact air and became immediately totally wind still. I went out for a moment. I wanted to check the night's density. The butcher's dawning did not move... Do you understand? It did not move at all. Completely wind still. And now... *(Pause)* Have you heard it?

DIANA

What?

OLIVER

The noise.

DIANA

No. *(Silence)* I haven't.

OLIVER walks up to DIANA. He lights a candle. It brings up a reflection in the mirror. The reflection spreads out on the porch pointing in all directions. It points out DIANA'S reflection in the mirror and a last shine in her right eye: a glass eye. The low light is recovered in the scene. OLIVER stands behind her, leaning his hands on her shoulders. They look at each other through the mirror.

OLIVER

Have you heard...?

DIANA

Heard... now?

OLIVER

I told you about a noise. I mean, something is not working out properly. It's a new sound, a new sound. I had never heard that rock cracking before. They hit against one another but it is wind still. Something is wrong out there.

DIANA

Don't press me.

OLIVER

I'm saying that something strange is happening.

DIANA

Don't press me.

OLIVER

The air is so dense. The butcher's awning is motionless.

DIANA

Let me go.

OLIVER

Something strange is beginning to wake. My guts tell me. My guts are screwed up. The butcher's awning...

Silence. Their eyes meet in the mirror. OLIVER steps back to the rocking chair and sits down. He closes his eyes. At the same moment DIANA stands up.

DIANA

When you went away. *(Pause)* That time, years ago, ten or nine years. Ten years. You disappeared for the whole winter. Nobody knew whether you would ever come back or we would never see you again. You were, so to say, a young boy... But then... on that cloudy day... The sky was dark, shining black, unbelievably black. Your face was soaking with sweat. Sweat drops slid down your

neck. In that winter... no one believed that you would come back. You were one of those who disappear forever. A face that grows blurred as the time goes. We remember people that we are never going to see again in the most unsuitable moments. Their image appears like a lightning and vanishes instantly. Nobody believed that you would ever come back.

OLIVER

I am here. They, nevertheless...

DIANA walks back to the dressing table. She sits down. She stares into the mirror. She inspects her face. OLIVER begins to move in the rocking chair with a nervous rhythm.

OLIVER

What happened that winter?

DIANA

Nothing happened.

OLIVER

I mean, why...? Often... every time that winter is mentioned... From time to time, one has the feeling... I mean... It's as if something had been totally destroyed that winter. Something important died that winter and it didn't even get buried. It stayed hanging in the air like a big question.

DIANA

No.

OLIVER

Then... What...? What might have occurred?

DIANA

Nothing.

Silence.

OLIVER

Why have you mentioned it?

DIANA

Why?

OLIVER

What for?

DIANA

Don't talk to me like that.

Pause.

OLIVER

A winter like so many others. One more winter, empty months of static time, caught in this piece of land surrounded by sea. Sharp rocks, preying wind, a whistle out of the window, a moaning at midnight. A winter without me could not be bad.

DIANA

It wasn't bad.

Pause.

OLIVER

Neither for me. Somehow I became able to assert myself about... I came to the conclusion that... I should stay here. I should keep confined to this piece of land in the middle of the sea.

DIANA looks out of the window. She stays upright for some seconds, with a frozen face. Spontaneously she lies down on the floor and she bursts out laughing.

DIANA

You never left. You were hiding in some corner of this island. Hiding in some remote spot for months.

OLIVER

Why do you say that?

DIANA

I saw you. One night I could see you walking up the path. You looked completely lost. Awfully distant.

OLIVER

That wasn't me. It was probably... him. Him.

DIANA

Him?

OLIVER

I bet it was him.

DIANA

It wasn't him.

OLIVER

I bet it was.

DIANA

You mean... them?

OLIVER jumps up. He walks up to the windows. He searches the exterior looking

worried.

OLIVER
Shhhhhhhhhhhhh...

DIANA
You mean them?

OLIVER
Listen! Did you hear that?

DIANA
What?

OLIVER
Someone is coming.

DIANA
What?

OLIVER
Someone is coming. I can hear his steps on the grass. Listen. Listen... It's that. He walks with huge strides. He tramples with huge strides against the ground. He tramples the ground.

DIANA
I can't hear anything.

OLIVER
He is around the corner.

DIANA
I can't hear anything.

OLIVER
shhh...

A figure appears behind the porch large window. His profile outlines the countenance of a big presence. He stands still behind the glass for some seconds trying to look inside.

OLIVER
Here he is.

OLIVER walks towards the door. At the same time the figure begins to get anxious and moves from one side to the other. DIANA jumps up and takes her position again in front of her dressing table staring into the mirror. OLIVER opens the door. He meets MAX face to face. They stay there scrutinizing each other for some seconds,

trying to figure out whether the other represents a threat or not.

MAX

(Taking off his hat) Good evening... I mean... Could I leave my case on this...?

OLIVER

A high standard case. I haven't seen anything like that for a long time. Rather... I believe it is the first time that I come across such a kind of case... *(He begins to inspect the case)* Which material is it? I've never seen anything similar... hmmm... great.

Pause.

MAX

My case. Of course... one of the best. Could I put in on this...?

OLIVER

Sure. Put it wherever you want, of course.

Pause.

MAX

I thank you.

Pause.

OLIVER

And?

MAX

I am looking for accommodation. Well... Is here...? Some fishermen warned me that... in this time of the year I would only find one open hostel... A pension or a hostel...

OLIVER

We call it refuge.

MAX

Refuge?

OLIVER

Refuge.

MAX

It is the only one...

OLIVER

The only one.

Pause.

MAX

I have been walking through impossible paths for hours. There are not any lights anywhere. The evening's humidity is devouring my bones. I need to eat something.

OLIVER

Then... Are you staying?

MAX

Sure, of course... What else could I do?

Pause.

OLIVER

You are an important guy as I see. After all, your case gives you away. And this suit? Yes, yes, yes... A great quality.

MAX

What's the matter with my suit?

OLIVER

So, so. Don't pay attention. It is the first time I see a castaway (shipwreck) with a tie.

MAX

Castaway?

OLIVER

A castaway with a tie.

MAX

What do you mean?

OLIVER

Castaway with a suit and a tie. Socks matching the tie. Good heavens! Such shoes! Unbelievable. Such shoes.

MAX

Are you kidding me?

OLIVER

And your hat? What can you say about this hat? Unbelievable. Unbelievable. A real hat.

MAX

You cannot even imagine what I had to go through in order to get to this island. I have suffered a series of calamities that I promise I had never experienced before. I went through half a country by car and half a continent by ship.

OLIVER

Half a continent by ship.

MAX

Exactly. Once I arrived at the harbor... at the tiny harbor of the neighbor island... I cannot remember the name... the fishermen... the fishermen at the harbor gave me some directions so that I could get...

OLIVER

The fishermen brought you all the way here?

MAX

The stupid fishermen weren't kind enough.

OLIVER

That makes sense.

MAX

The fucking fishermen were not able to accept my money.

OLIVER

That makes sense.

MAX

It was mad. They burst into laughter when I offered my money.

OLIVER

It makes sense.

Pause.

MAX

They scribbled three signs on this piece of paper showing me the way to reach the island and the hostel.

OLIVER

Refuge.

MAX

Refuge. Refuge. It doesn't matter.

Silence.

OLIVER

Well, then, are you staying?

MAX

Sure, of course. Can't you see in which state I am? I am nearly fainting.

OLIVER

How are you going to wash your suit? We haven't got a laundry.

MAX

I have brought another kind of clothes. What do you think?

OLIVER

Have you brought the island's wear?

MAX

Of course.

OLIVER

Have you brought shorts?

MAX

Of course. Baggy pants, t-shirts, that kind of things.

OLIVER

I would love to see those baggy pants.

MAX

Are you still kidding me?

OLIVER

No. I'm serious. I would love you to show me the contents of your case. I haven't seen the new trends of gentleman fashion for a long time.

MAX

Of course. May I go in?

OLIVER

Sure. You said you are going to stay?

MAX

I am going to stay. Can I eat something?

OLIVER

Eat?

DIANA stands up and walks up to MAX observing him.

DIANA

(To OLIVER) You could warm up some canned food from the pantry... Take one of the best. The visitor seems to deserve it.

Silence. OLIVER leaves. DIANA takes off his jacket and his hat. MAX watches her with reserve.

DIANA

Yes

MAX

What?

DIANA

My eye.

MAX

...?

DIANA

My eye... Yes.

MAX

Excuse me...

DIANA

Never mind. Do you like it?

MAX

Your eye?

DIANA

My eye.

MAX

Well... Yes. I'd rather see it in daylight.

DIANA

You'd rather see it in daylight? Are you one of those men who don't trust women after sunset?

MAX

Excuse me...

Pause.

DIANA

I don't like that kind of men. I live at night. I'm a night being from nature. I doubt that you will be

able to see my eye in daylight. Sorry to disappoint you. I am not one of those face-washed ladies, who do their laundry humming a love singsong. I find those women disgusting. Probably you are one of those looking for a young lady with dimples and a bun, wearing a gauze dress; with a constipated walk, depressive expression, keen sensitivity... One of those women who cry for an insect's death, mourn it and bury it with high honors. *(Pause)* I'm nightly. I live at night. You will never be able to see my eye in daylight. *(Pause)* And of course, I have never paid tributes to any dead bugs. *(Pause)* How did you get here?

MAX

I'm fainting... Can't you see me? I've been long...

DIANA

How could you make it to the island by yourself? You said that the fishermen didn't bring you... How could you manage?

MAX

Did you hear me before as...?

DIANA

So?

MAX

You won't believe it.

DIANA

I will.

MAX

As the fishermen left me there alone in the dark... So dark. I walked by the moorings for hours..., trying to... They told me it would take days before a ship came. So, I plucked up my courage and I stole a boat. I stole a boat. I rowed exasperatedly. I had a broken torch and a compass I wasn't able to understand.

DIANA

For heaven's sake. Recalling it seems to confuse you a lot... Where did you get the torch and the compass?

MAX

The fishermen.

DIANA

The fishermen?

MAX

Did you not hear it? *(Pause.)* Excuse me... Can I sit down?

DIANA

Of course, gentleman. At the moment you are a guest, aren't you? Otherwise I wouldn't let you. I feel obligated to give in about certain questions. I can't avoid it. For some time I ... I mean... I've been able to rebel many times, I warn you.

MAX rearranges one of the chairs. In the act of sitting down he gets a strong cramp in the Knee zone. He doubles up. DIANA watches him attentively and approaches him slowly until she is finally standing beside him. Then she sits down on the floor.

DIANA

Are you OK? If you want I can prepare a bone ointment for you. The island's humidity..., it will take you time to get used to the humidity.

MAX

A bone ointment?

DIANA

Would you prefer a pill? We haven't got any pills here. We have no pills.

MAX

Haven't you got any medicines?

DIANA

We haven't got any pills.

MAX

Are you pulling my leg?

DIANA

We haven't got any pills. I have already told you. I don't understand why I must repeat everything so many times. I'm fed up from repeating everything so many times.

MAX collapses on the chair. DIANA observes him precisely.

DIANA

Then, are you staying?

MAX

Sure. Didn't you hear it? I am staying.

DIANA

How long are you going to stay?

MAX

For some days... just some days.