

# DRAMATIS

**MARINA (24)**

**ALEX (27)**

**LOLA (34)**

**SAMU (28)**

\*

**[1]**

/ indicates a cut, overlap

[Bold bracketed fragments imply that a radio-filtered voice is speaking, as an interference with some white noise]

\*LET'S imagine a hot summer night. Now it doesn't even have to be summer, but it's hot. Not "I'm in the countryside and we're going to pull up a chair and breathe" hot. Not "what a nice night, let's go and see the stars" either, no. Warm in the style of "this winter they've paved the park", warm in the style of "last search for a street sweeper before dying: Ok, Google, what to do in case of heat stroke". That kind of night, that kind of city. A very normal block of buildings. Second A. Double bed. Lola reads in her knickers.

*Lola reads in her knickers.*

\*No, no, no, no, it's not the *top less* that you would like to imagine, please, just a moment, yes. I'm going to demand the intelligence that comes with knowing the difference between being in your panties reading home alone and being *t o p l e s s s s s s*.

Let's do this delicately. That's it. Let's keep the atmosphere. The intimacy of a normal flat. Here we go.

*Lola reads in her knickers.*

\*One block of buildings. Second A. Double bed. Lola reads. She is really reading, sometimes it happens. When she discovers for a few brief moments that fruition with which she used to read before<sup>1</sup>, something is activated. Something akin to pleasure. Pleasure and the FORSÅ lamp as his only companion. Yes, FORSÅ with a kind of miniature *o* over the *A*, like the eye that accompanies those of us who always buy the cheapest option from Ikea. *O* over the *A*, like the look that accompanies Lola in her bed, here, alone at home.

*The first notes of something unpleasant sound. Lola turns the page.*

\*Attention, we are losing focus. There. A laser pointer<sup>2</sup>, actually a green dot of light, the size of a parcheesi chip.

A quiet woman occupying space. And a laser pointer is running over her from the tip of her toes to the crown of her head. It draws her. It draws her hips, it draws her collarbone, it draws her slightly wrinkled forehead. And it lingers on her tits, directing our gaze, even though I tried not to let it happen.

---

<sup>1</sup> "Before" is not an accurate assessment at all. The indications are that it refers to the following: when she was about nine years old, she would hide under the duvet with the Nintendo DS tented on top of the book until as late as 12.30 a.m. at night.

<sup>2</sup> Laser is an acronym for *light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation*, which attempts to generate a beam of light that is both temporally and spatially coherent.

*The fan shakes the curtains.*

\*Until something is reflected. Something stirs. Something changes. Something we didn't see is suddenly before your eyes: a green dot, on your chest.

**LOLA.-** I see a green dot on my chest.

\*It is more; a green dot followed by a very long thread of light that escapes directly from your chest to the window, goes out between the curtains, and is lost between all the windows in the courtyard of your building.

*The lamp switches on and off, intermittently.*

\*We see the laser line grow strong, a string, in the momentary darkness of the room.

*Lola gets up, instinctively. She covers herself with a T-shirt from the pile of dirty clothes that says "this girl needs a nap".*

*The laser spins around the room, searching for his body, menacing<sup>3</sup>.*

**LOLA.-** I look out of the window. I can't see anything. Calm down, Lola. I see little squares: windows 0101010101 in the buildings surrounding my neighborhood. I turn around. It looks like a normal room. God, I'm so stupid, what a scare. Just in case, I close the window. I put on my T-shirt. I take one last look, close the curtain.

*The light goes out suddenly.*

**LOLA.-** I freeze. The laser is still pointed at my pajama top. I move quickly, but the laser is already pointing at what I'm about to pick up, my cell phone. I run down the blind. The laser disappears. I tremble.

\*I'm scared I'm scared I'm scared I don't want to tell anything I'm scared please I'm scared who will point us to what's going on I don't want to tell this because I don't know if I can live with the consequences I'm scared I can't say anything cool anymore.

**LOLA.-** I'm an imbecile, but I tremble.<sup>4</sup> I call my sister.

*The unpleasant sound mixes with the anguish of long, lazy tones.*

---

<sup>3</sup> Laser pointers top the list of dangerous souvenirs. Last year, Consumo recalled 650 units of both items for non-compliance with safety regulations. The head of the opticians' association says: "Under no circumstances should a beam of light be projected onto a person's face or eyes. Nor should they look at the light, which, even when reflected in a mirror, has the same energy".

<sup>4</sup> I feel/observe increased heart rate, sweating and pupil dilation, as well as release of hormones such as cortisol and adrenaline.

\*Marina should be here.

**LOLA.**- No answer.

\*Fantastic, the protagonist of the story does not answer.

**LOLA.**- Fuck, that's too bad.

\*All right, whatever, calm down. She'll come out later, she'll have his reasons. Let's calm down. I'll continue until she arrives, I'll put in an introduction.

**LOLA.**- Has the light gone out? I can't see anything.

*Music plays. Out of nowhere, the laser flashes again at her feet. Slowly, it writes in the room the title of the piece.*

\*Now it begins:

**\*BUENA SUERTE, CHICA**

A child pornography network with more than 64 members has been dismantled.

**LOLA.-** And yet, today I am going to Pilates.

People with disabilities are being marginalized from Turkey's earthquake relief.

**ALEX.-** And yet, today I found a parking space at the first time.

In Spain there are children who do not eat breakfast because 26% of Spaniards skip meals to save money.

**MARINA.-** And yet I managed to pop a pimple in my groin.

290,000 dogs and cats are abandoned in Spain, 794 involved in traffic accidents.

**SAMU.-** And even so, I still got a brutal potato omelette.

The chicks that are ground up for big corporations to make Nuggets.

**ALEX.-** And even so, we were 5-4 without a goalkeeper!

The soft fruit lobby is emptying Doñana, the catastrophe is//

**LOLA.-** Yes, but my *Shein* order has finally arrived.

We have little water, increasingly scarce, heavily polluted, and poorly managed.

**SAMU.-** And yet we are all going to a spa for my mother's birthday.

Motorcyclists get into the bike lane.

**ALEX.-** We closed the disco, I went with some Chileans, very nice.

Cars run over bikes.

**LOLA.-** New chapter of *Succession*.

Bikes run over dogs.

**MARINA.-** New album by *Els Amics de les Arts*.

Abandoned dangerous dog severely attacks 67-year-old woman/

**SAMU.-** I have run ten kilometres and enjoyed eight of them.

3 out of 10 young people drop out of school because they can't afford it/

**ALEX.-** They have opened an excellent speciality coffee place.

Variable mortgages keep rising, you have to look for a second job.

**SAMU.-** My nephew has lost a tooth.

There is a war in Europe. Flats with Ikea furniture blown up by drones.

**LOLA.-** We had such a fit of laughter that we had to get out of the house.

Mass tourism. Cruise ships as tanks. Football fans in pitched battles.

**ALEX.-** She's really hot.

There are no doctors in the clinics.

**MARINA.-** He's so hot.

The minimum wage is fucking bullshit. Women victims of/

**SAMU.-** I'm hot as fuck.

Strawberry seasonal workers: victims of labour and sexual exploitation/

**LOLA.-** Fuck, it's hot!

Children are dying of the heat in schools: average temperatures of//

**MARINA.-** Tomorrow is a long weekend!

Accidents at work: dying on the job, no papers/

**SAMU.-** The call has gone out!

Earthquakes. Droughts. Fires. Floods. Hurricane season.

**LOLA.-** He looked at me.

Explosive drones. Drone attacks. Counter-attacks with drones.

**MARINA.-** I feel so sexy.

Stop breathing in the rubble/

**ALEX.-** She answered!

The football team accused of gang-raping a young woman/

**SAMU.-** I can't believe it's happening to me.

Terrorism is a global tool.

**LOLA.-** The world is falling apart.

*Fake news* elects and overthrows governments.

**MARINA.-** And yet we fell in love.

Alligators bite children to death.

**ALEX.-** And yet we fell in love.

**LOLA.-** The world is falling apart.

**MARINA.-** But be warned: this is \*not<sup>5</sup> a love story.

---

<sup>5</sup> Not.

## 6. DIASTEMA AND BUBBLE TEA

*We hear the din at the end of the demonstration, the whistling and banging in the background.*

*Samu is sitting in the cinema, watching a film. He has an XL bubble tea on his knees. In the hand that is not holding the bubble tea, he is holding a stone.*

*Little by little, the green beam, threatening, runs through the seats near Samu.*

**SAMU.-** The last movie I will ever see in my life will make me cry.

It's not particularly good or anything

but I don't know

my mother used to tell me

if you are sad you are sleepy

if you are angry, eat

but he forgot to say, for everything else: go to the movies.

I get off work, and it's right at four o'clock.

The best session. And I get a *bubble tea*. That's the name of this thing.

If my friends could see me... I know it's for fags.

Which is nothing, neither ecological, nor sustainable, nor/ worth almost seven bucks.

But I like it. I like it a lot. I don't tell anyone.

I wouldn't know how to explain it if someone found me here.

When it goes up the huge plastic straw

the jelly-like ball, like a jelly bean, like a tidbit

I'm glad, man,

I chew it,

It's so cool.

I've watched great movies while chewing this matcha balls...

Fassbinder shooting at all and sundry and I'm like this:

with the straw

like a bubble tea ball elevator.

*Samu slurps noisily through the straw.*

Some Iranians crying that they are going to split up and me like this:  
with the straw.

*He laughs.*

*The green laser is pointed at his forehead. More and more intense. It's a thread.  
It's a line. It's an arrow.*

I'm not going to fool you. The first time I saw one of these films in the original version, it was because of a girl. She was hot. I know it's wrong to say it, but she was hot as fuck. I was excited to go with her, so I went everywhere with her. To the dentist, whatever.

*Interference sound.*

*Figures with helmets and truncheons appear from behind the cinema seats. The green lightning indicates the places on his body that will be hit.*

I suppose it doesn't really matter now, but not really.

Because I will remember this girl, whom I have never spoken to again, when they break my first sternal rib.

I will think about her diastema. This weird thing of having gapped teeth.

I'll think about that when my right incisor pops out and digs into my cheeks, inside.

I laughed a lot, with that chick.

See how silly it is.

My cheekbone against the curb.

My rib puncturing the lung.

My blood.

My body.

And I'll just think -because I won't understand much- about the mark that stayed on my arm when that girl,

the one with the diastema,

said to me: Shall I make you a watch?



and I said: bite me hard  
and the circumference with the shape of their teeth  
on my adolescent arm  
is the last thing on my mind.

Leaving the cinema, happy, with my teeth sticky with sugar from the bubble tea  
with eyes red from crying it all out  
ready to get on with fucking life.  
Because our revenge is to be happy  
in this shitty system.

*Interference sound.*

**[The phone you are calling is switched off or out of coverage at the moment].**

**[Get down! Get down!]**

**[The phone you are calling is switched off or out of coverage at the moment].**

**[It's him! It's him!]**

**[The phone you are calling is switched off or out of coverage at the moment].**

**[We wear that shit, man, like this next to our face].**

## 8. BELIEVE ME

*Marina arrives home after the long run. She has run all the way home without looking back. She rummages through all the objects in her house.*

\*Believe me, you don't want to go through your boyfriend's jacket.

Marina, you don't want to go through your boyfriend's jacket.

But in this life, there are many things you don't want to do

and you end up making them

because the body pushes you

or desire blinds you.

**MARINA.**- I don't want to go through my boyfriend's jacket.

Believe me, I don't want to go through my boyfriend's jacket.

My favourite boyfriend, even if we're not dating

even if we've been here for a year

even that time I didn't want to meet his mother

and he'll get a hell of a pissed-off.

But in this life there are many things that I don't want to do

and I end up making them

because the body pushes me

or desire blinds me.

**LOLA.**- I don't want my sister to go through her boyfriend's jacket.

Believe me I don't want to/ I wish Marina had never looked in her boyfriend's jacket.

I know I wasn't there

but sometimes the people you love the most draw chasms like that

with a futile gesture.

A woman in indonesia has a tendon injury from years of sewing

the same pocket, making a "c" between his fingers

repetitive stitching <sup>6</sup>

and here is now a pocket to reach into  
in which to get dirty.

We know it is unethical to buy fast fashion.

But in this life there are many things that I don't want to do  
and I end up making them  
because the body pushes me

**MARINA/LOLA.-** Or desire blinds me.

**ALEX.-** I don't want Marina to go through my jacket.

Believe me, I don't want Marina to put her hand in my jacket pocket.

Because Marina is an energetic diamond

that has been refracting splinters of excitement into my life for a whole year now  
and sometimes I make a visor with my hand

and I make beginner's mistakes

I don't want you to think I'm a beginner.

But in this life, there are a lot of things you don't want to do  
and you end up making them  
because the body pushes you

**MARINA/ALEX.-** Or desire blinds you.

**SAMU.-** I wish Marina had rummaged through that jacket much earlier.

Believe me I wish she had/

I don't think it's their fault

she is putting her hand inside the pocket, but it's not her fault.

I say "hand" and I confess: I think about sucking his fingertips,  
she would be angry.

---

<sup>6</sup> An investigation reveals that Indian manufacturers working for large firms such as Zara and Nike have not paid their staff salaries, which are around 55 euros per month, since April.

But in this life, there are a lot of things you don't want to do  
and you end up making them  
because the body pushes you

**MARINA/SAMU:** Or desire blinds you.

\*Would you rather your boyfriend be an asshole or an undercover cop?

**MARINA.-** Excuse me?

\*Marina? We need you to continue with the story. Well, at least I do.