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Trance

de
Silvia Peláez

traducción de
Avila Reese

(fragmento en inglés)

Set: a table, upon which are placed ingredients for a salad, kitchen utensils, bottle of red wine, a wine glass, and a cell phone. A camera set on a tripod in front.

(Tesa begins chopping vegetables. She grabs the bottle of wine. She speaks).

Everything seemed fine until last night. Seven years.

That's when it's supposed to fall apart, right?

Or so they say. The "Seven--year itch."

It hasn't been that hard.

So. What are we...

Seven years... wool. Right?

We made it through cotton, silk, wood, through each... Someday we will be crystal, silver, pearl and maybe even someday, we will be gold.

But now, yes, we are... wool.

Pure wool, soft, white, caressing the body, holding me. All these years, so sweet. But, how do I carry on? Let go of the pain? Here, on a cloud, just floating... Seven years. Hmmm.

What I wouldn't give just to stay...

(Sounds from the apartment upstairs. Tesa listens a moment, shrugs.)

You can do this. Teresa.

What is it? Don't worry. Just try. Concentrate.

(Tesa turns on the camera.)

My love. I'm recording this video for our seventh anniversary. Sounds a little cheesy, right...? But I can't say these things to your face. I'm sorry, no... no, I... I'm grateful for... No. Sorry, I don't know how to go on. I should have written this down...

(To the camera. She begins again.)