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Underground

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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

SOL - ANTON MARTIN

ORPHEUS, a young man with an upper-class accent, enters the carriage and starts chanting.

ORPHEUS

Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me for disturbing you. I'm HIV positive and have just come down with AIDS. I don't have family or anyone to help me, since they never forgave me for abandoning them. I don't need money for drugs or vaccinations. I know they'd be of little use at this stage. I just need some food, and I don't want to get it through coercion, threat or intimidation. I know that my time here is up. Some time back I renounced the pleasures of this world. And now I don't want to take more than I've taken already, to twist anyone's arm or be more of a burden than I've been already. I'm only asking for a little help. That help is not for me, but another person. The only thing I can do is to help to the others.

ORPHEUS sings a capella an ancient folk tune, half mediterranean half celtic. Train stops and electricity comes down. ORPHEUS ends his song and people give him money.

ORPHEUS

A donation, pleas. A small donation please. It's not for me. A small donation please. For the love of God, a small donation for today's breakfast. Not me. Another person. A little help. God bless you. Thank you.

PACIFICO

RENGO, a vagabond, sitting on a bench in an underground station. His eyes are wide open and his mouth hangs open, in an expression of rapture. A young man enters, his face painted white, wearing a curly red wig. He sits down beside him. The platform is empty. The young man looks at the vagabond and gestures to him with his hands. The vagabond doesn't look at him.

COMEDIAN

Hey, you. You think I'm funny?

The vagabond doesn't reply.

COMEDIAN

I'm talking to you. Do you think I'm funny? Are you laughing at me?

The vagabond looks at the young man.

COMEDIAN

Do you think I'm funny? Are you laughing at my wig?

RENGO

I'm not laughing.

COMEDIAN

Are you telling me you're not laughing at me? We're alone. Just you and me and you're telling me you're not laughing at me. You're telling me you're not laughing.

RENGO

I'm not laughing. I never laugh.

A train goes by.

COMEDIAN

So you don't laugh? You never laugh? I don't believe it. But you're not the only one. Nobody laughs in this city. OK, OK. I'm sure you've got your reasons. I know, believe me. I don't have any reason to laugh either but, as you can see, I'm laughing. I can laugh and I can also make people laugh. I get dressed up this way to make people laugh. I've been unemployed for two months. I'm down and unemployed, but I keep going. I laugh and I make people laugh. I won't be discouraged. I go out on the street every day dressed up like this to make people laugh. You too. We've got to change the world, turn it around. I know if I try, I can make it happen. If I put all my effort into it, I can make it happen. I'll do it, I'll make you laugh. You deserve it, you deserve to be happy, you deserve to be laughing all the time. I'll make it happen, I'll make you laugh.

RENGO

I doubt it.

COMEDIAN

What do you bet? What do you bet that I can make you laugh?

RENGO

If you can't, I'll knife you.

COMEDIAN

Black humor, huh? I don't care. You wait and see.

A train goes by.

The comedian gets up and starts to perform, doing everything from imitations to a juggling act, but the vagabond doesn't even blink. The COMEDIAN, discouraged, goes up to the vagabond.

COMEDIAN

You're difficult.

RENGO

And you aren't funny.

COMEDIAN

OK OK, I've done all I can.

RENGO

It's my turn.

The vagabond gets up and stabs the COMEDIAN in the stomach. Staggering, the COMEDIAN goes up to the wall and falls to the ground.

COMEDIAN

What have you done? You've stabbed me.

RENGO

I'm a man of my word.

COMEDIAN

But...why?

RENGO

'Cos you're not funny.

A train goes by at full speed along the track. The noise is deafening. The COMEDIAN dies.

A vagabond crosses the way playing a circus tune in his accordion.

CRUZ DEL RAYO

ORPHEUS chews loudly on a sandwich. RENGO looks on, envious. Hunched up, they try to fight off the cold.

ORPHEUS

I never thought there would be clowns down here.

RENGO

He was an idiot.

ORPHEUS

I killed someone once too, but I paid the price.

RENGO

You're an idiot.

ORPHEUS

I got sick in jail. Sick forever, but my hands are clean now. I've paid.

RENGO

You're an idiot.

ORPHEUS

I'm clean now and I can live. I don't have much time left, I know, but I'm still alive and participate in the law of supply and demand. I'm alive. I beg in the underground, I lie, I get money, I pay my supplier, I buy heroine and shoot up, I spend a couple of days high till the effect wears off. I come down, ask for more money, pay my supplier again, buy more heroine, shoot up again, I fly again...another time. Again and again. Life's like a wheel, a wheel that keeps turning, and you've got to be on it, you've got to participate, occupy your place, be part of it, turn around... around and around... that's life. The law of supply and demand. As for the dead guy, I'm clean now, I'm free and I go round and round on the wheel. Capitalism, man, I'm part of it too.

RENGO

You're an idiot.

ORPHEUS

And I've got a girlfriend too. I found her down here, but I don't fuck her. I don't fuck her 'cos I don't want to give her AIDS. I work for her. Her too. She's on the wheel too.

RENGO

You two are idiots.

ORPHEUS

It's a contribution matter. I killed, but I paid yet for it. Now I'm a free man. I've paid yet. Capitalism man. Justice, is below everything.

RENGO

How much cost a clown?

ORPHEUS

Sooner or later, everyone pays. Everyone pays.

RENGO

Not everyone. I'm outside... I'm outside the wheel.

A train goes by.

ALTO DEL ARENAL

A gust of wind blows dry leaves and newspapers from the inside of the tunnel. The station is full of thick dust. A childlike wail can be heard in the darkness of the

tunnel, but it blends with the whisper of the breeze.

Two beggars sleep on benches in the station.

BEGGAR

What's that sound?

BEGGAR 2

I don't hear anything.

BEGGAR

You don't? Listen, listen to them. Don't you hear those screams?

BEGGAR 2

Now I do. Yeah, now I hear them.

BEGGAR

What are they?

BEGGAR 2

Wolves. They're wolves.

BEGGAR

Wolves?

BEGGAR 2

Little wolves. Baby wolves.

BEGGAR

Baby wolves!

BEGGAR 2

Yeah, that's right. Baby wolves.

For a moment the cries become more audible, but they quickly get lost in the sound of the wind.

ALUCHE-EUGENIA DE MONTIJO

Two Peruvian musicians, with guitars and quenás, start singing an Andean version of "My way."

PALOS DE LA FRONTERA

SCAR, and old blind man sells lottery in an old fashionable smart suit. He brings a red wig in his hand

SCAR

What colour is it?

RENGO

It doesn't matter.

SCAR

Police found a bited body in lane four.

RENGO

A body?

SCAR

A clown's.

RENGO

Wolves.

SCAR

There are wolves in every lane.

RENGO

They are predators.

SCAR

But, tell me. What colour is it?

TIRSO DE MOLINA

Musicians keep on playing Andean version of "My way". A policeman awake two beggars sleeping under papers.

POLICEMAN

Stand up, fucking pig.

BEGGAR

What happens? What happens?

POLICEMAN

Stand up if you don't want to be in the rails.

BEGGAR 2

No, not in the rails. Not in the rails.

POLICEMAN

Get up and put your hands on the wall.

BEGGAR

On the wall? It's so strange!

POLICEMAN

I'm going to make you a bodily search.

BEGGAR 2

What is a bodily search.

POLICEMAN

Have you seen a clown underground.

BEGGAR

Don't you have a more respectable thing to look for?

POLICEMAN

Shut up.

SAN LORENZO

Queuing on the underground platform.

ORPHEUS

Hey you! Don't jump the queue!

BEGGAR

Huh? Who's jumping any queue?

ORPHEUS

I see your intentions. They're written all over your face. Don't jump the queue.

BEGGAR

What's the fuck you're saying?

ORPHEUS

Wait for your turn. In the queue.

BEGGAR
What queue?

ORPHEUS
This queue. Go to the end.

The BEGGAR obeys, but then comes back.

BEGGAR
And what's this queue for?

ORPHEUS
It's the soup line.

BEGGAR
The nuns' soup?

ORPHEUS
Yeah, you asshole.

BEGGAR
But nuns never come into the underground.

ORPHEUS
They do today. Get on the queue.

BEGGAR
The nuns are going to come down? The nuns are really going to come down?

ORPHEUS
What a waste of soup!

BEGGAR
The nuns are coming down. Well, it'll be the first time they do. The nuns. The nuns never come down to the underground. It'll be the first time. It'll be the first time they do it. They've never done it. Never.

A beggar plays the accordion. The BEGGAR moves his head to the sound of the music. CRYSTAL appears. ORPHEUS gets up and gives her his seat. CRYSTAL sits down. The BEGGAR gets up and protests.

BEGGAR
Hey you! Keep your place on the queue. There's a queue here, an order. You have to go to the end of the queue. The end of the queue. To wait your turn.

ORPHEUS
But she's a woman.

BEGGAR

She isn't a woman. There are no women here. If she was a women, she wouldn't be here. Anyway, women eat soup just like men. So go to the end of the queue. Her tummy roars like mine. Fuck off! Roars for nuns' soap. God's soup! The end of the queue. And wait your turn.

ORPHEUS and the BEGGAR stare at each other.

ORPHEUS

OK. Come on, Crystal. We'll both go to the end of the queue.

ORPHEUS and CRYSTAL give up their place on the queue to the BEGGAR, while the other beggar keeps playing romantic tunes in the accordion. BEGGAR laughs.

ORPHEUS

There'll be soup for everyone.

BEGGAR

Down here there are no men left. No men. No men or women. Just clowns.

Two short plump nuns dressed in white come into the station, weighed down by shopping bags from Marks and Spencer. The BEGGAR howls and laughs like a lunatic. The other beggar steps up the rhythm of the music on the accordion.

BEGGAR

Here they are. Here are the nuns. They've arrived. Shit, long live the nuns!

ORPHEUS

There'll be soup for everyone.

CRYSTAL

I'm not hungry.

ORPHEUS

You've got to eat. You've got to make an effort. You've got to eat to live.

The BEGGAR begin to make Indian shouts.

BEGGAR

Long live the nuns and the virgin mother that bore them!

PUEBLO NUEVO-ASCAO

An old hunchback woman, dressed all in black with a black scarf on her head, her head down. Leaning on a crutch, she walks slowly and haltingly through the carriage..

OLD WOMAN

Good morning, signiori and signior. Forgive me for disturbing you, signiori and signior. I'm a poor gypsy widow from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Sono paralizata on my left side and I non posso work. Dying from hunger. I don't have nothing to eat. A small donation, please, to buy little food, please, signiori and signior. I have two little children who are hungry and now I am pregnant. I don't have milk or food. A piece of bread for children, please. Dying from hunger, dying from cold in the night, please, signiori and signior. I ask for a little help, signiori and signior. I don't have blanket, I don't have roof, please. I don't have house or money, my children are hungry and I don't have milk or food. Very sick, paralizata refuge from Bosnia and Herzegovina. A little help for love of God. A little help, signiore and signor.

The old women walks through the carriage between the commuters. Leaning on her crutch, the curvature of her spine makes her unable to raise her face above her navel, giving her an exaggerated look of a total hunchback. The big black handkerchief covers her face.

Small nuns see her and make the Cross sign.