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The small joys

by
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(excerpt in English)

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Dramatis personae

Sebastián

Déborah

Marisa

Rocío

anger



SEBASTIÁN

the fifth underground you let pass Sebastián once again i have to endure the steps of these people who cough who spit who shout i feel like pulling out their heads by the roots vomiting on them crushing their noise until they stop making noise stop breathing until they no longer exist Sebastián not a single step you are able to take you are no capable of nothing but running away hiding hiding yourself like a rat in this dark coffin of cement and noise i close my eyes i listen as i disappear into the crowd the rush my head is exploding your body doesn't obey you your body remains here taut what did you expect my fucking back again again his hand in my hair he tugs on my neck pushes my head against the wall you're hurting me hangintherehangintherehanginthere i keep my eyes fixed on the tile his body crushes my body i press my lips together i bite my tongue to keep from shrieking my back hurts i can't run i can't bite i can't see i can only hear his breathing behind me Sebastián how disgusting you are you repulse me he takes a step forward and silence at last this must stop you need to take that step already shit not now shit the phone rings her again she insists not now please this woman causes me a migraine with her irritating voice of a hoarse stork i would strangle her with my own hands she's the only one who puts up with me once more the indefatigable and her chattering i'm going to pick it up i'm going to tell her the truth once and for all i'd rid your tongue out stop piercing me i'm listening my bones ache you stink up everything with your disgusting worn-out chewing gum breath your gob smells you really snob woman with pearl earrings no you'd better hang up fuck off and leave me alone she's already here Sebastián come on hang up on the count of three just one step forward the sixth underground is approaching one two shit the phone to my ear

the trench



DÉBORAH

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat! Within my shooting distance! Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to talk to you for two days... Yesterday I turned up at your house and not even banging on the door did you open for me... And I did know you were inside... I'm sure, so don't give me that bullshit... I didn't want to call the police again and make a scene... You have to stop taking those pills at once... You go from hysteria to unconsciousness... They leave you worse off than you already are... Are you listening to me?

SEBASTIÁN

Uh-huh!

DÉBORAH

You have to pick up the phone and don't give a toss about my calls... Get out, Grandma's on the phone! Yes...! My task as editor is to accompany you, but I'll stand no nonsense from you any

longer... I don't have time for your tormented scenes... I'm here to get the best out of you... Because this is my work, of course... And because I, after the 'pellet', I still believe in you, unlike the majority of publishers in this country... Because you do know what people say about you... Your passion for those group plays... Okie dokie pokie? Let's not fool ourselves, I make you a better writer, Sebastián... And you there without saying a word, without uttering a single fucking sound ... I don't know, call me stupid, but sometimes I think you're not aware of how lucky you are... You can't win this battle alone... Get out of here! Bloody kids! Why on earth did I...? Anyways... Are you writing? I take it for granted that you are writing a lot and that's why you disappear... Although, given your background, you may be in a destructive phase and you're screwing all the scum of the city... Anyways... Now the lemon peel... Let's see how I grate with these nails... I don't know why on earth would I set about making these damned cupcakes?... The packet ones are so good and they don't stain so much... But that's just the way children are, they want to see their grandmother cooking and reproduce shitty happiness shown on TV... Sebastián, I don't mind you shooting your load in any piece of meat, but for God's sake please write... Ah! I have good news, *The Rebellion*, after two years, is still being sold like hot cakes... The sixth edition is coming out! And it is a bestseller in Bulgaria! In Bulgaria! So we will organise a meeting to ride the wave... You'll also have the opportunity to talk about the "pellet" of course... In fact, you have to talk about that primarily... Strategy is crucial! Let's see if we are lucky and, at least, we endorse it in Bulgaria... You'll be able to screw as many Bulgarian studs as you want... We need new ammunition! Everybody is looking forward to reading the new stuff... We are already closing promotion dates for after the summer... It's going at a very good pace, Sebastián... Do you have your diary handy? Write down, please... No, wait! I'll send them to you later... Now I have my hands in the dough... Literally... Don't hang up! Can you stand still once and for all? Well, more importantly... How's it going? Are you writing?

SEBASTIÁN

Uh-huh.

DÉBORAH

Oh, Sebastián! You don't know how much I like to hear that! So much mystery drives me crazy... What is it about? Let me know something in advance... We have to attack... You know how much journalists like to have privileged information... We have to involve them in the process of creation, from the genesis... It's in our interest to have them on our side... I'm sure it's something very different... I know... I'm sure it is... Different... But, different like the first one or like the "pellet"? Anyways... I'm sure it's a... fresh material? Groundbreaking? Personal?

SEBASTIÁN

Uh-huh.

DÉBORAH

'Personal' is the right word... I know... Sounds good... It smells good... Very good... And bake it in the oven... Hmm... Something 'personal'... Something very 'personal'... Very well, Sebastián... Something wildly 'personal'.... Okie dokie pokie... Very well... We can sell that... Everyone is interested in something 'personal'... When will I be able to read anything? Be quiet! Very nice... Very nice your drawing... What a pain in the ass this kid is... And his bleeding drawings... He takes after my ex's family... I have to hang up... I have to clean up this mess... Anyways... Sebastián, you are no longer young, and no longer old... You're at that point where if you don't get with it, you're

out... So back to the trench... I'm sure you'll soon be able to send me something decent... And remember, I have a shot at you.