



Fugaç

Josep M. Benet i Jornet

Fleeting

ACT TWO

GIRL: You've admitted it. Don't come back right away. I want to talk, now I do, and I want you to hear me, but I don't want to see you while I'm talking. You've told me a memory of the past, a real, authentic memory. Now I want to tell you one of a time that is yet to come. We can't know what will happen, over a period of time, and surely what I'm going to tell you won't happen. I'll tell you a lie. Don't come back, wait. Be patient and wait until I've finished. A special memory: mother will have died, let's imagine it. Don't move. You won't move, right? If mother died... I don't want her to die. If mother died, we'd cry. We'd find ourselves terribly alone. We'd buy, we will buy a wreath of carnations, not just any wreath, a huge wreath, the largest we can find, because she liked carnations, and we'll place it on her casket. It won't be of any use, it'll be a useless gesture. Then I'll insist that they cremate her and you'll say yes, whatever I want, and they'll cremate her and in that way her body will go from being sweet and welcoming to a handful of remains and dust, without the shame of decay. We'll scatter her ashes in the sea. It's where people scatter ashes when they don't know what to do with them and they don't have a more original idea. We'll scatter them in the sea, at night, perhaps, a sad night because we feel sad. A night, for example, like this one. Afterwards... Afterwards you won't be seeing any other woman. You'll preserve mother's memory, you'll be an eternally faithful widower. People will say: that man overdoes it. Some of them will laugh behind your back, and others, in contrast, will admire the strength of your decision. I'll stay here. I won't go away. I'll take care of you. Forever. A sacrificing daughter, who will waste her life in a senseless way. (Pause). I've finished.

Translated by Marion Peter Holt