

DRUNKEN BOMB | Extract

A couple. A drunkard on the ground.

- *You have a very pretty freckle.*
- *You think?*
- *It's like a refreshing oasis amidst a...*
- *I like you when you look at me.*
- *Look, a shooting star.*
- *Should we make a wish?*

The drunkard burps.

- *The opera could hire you.*
- *What wish will you ask for?*
- *Geez, that's quite some breath.*
- *I wish for...*
- *Quiet, it's a secret.*
- *Do we really have secrets amongst each other?*
- *Boy did we eat well.*
- *I like when you complement me.*
- *I feel so happy.*

The drunkard vomits.

- *Are you feeling okay, sir?*
- *When you vomit you don't tend to feel so good.*
- *You know that you never know.*
- *He doesn't seem very friendly.*
- *It smells awful.*
- *They should bathe every now and then.*
- *The best thing you can do is to just move away.*
- *I only see you.*
- *It makes me a little embarrassed.*
- *Give me your hand.*
- *What soft, smooth and delicate hands you have.*
- *Want to know the name of my cream?*

- *No, please, no advertising here.*
- *The depth is in the skin.*
- *The poor guy is trembling.*
- *Hey, do you want us to help him?*
- *What a good idea.*
- *We could cover him up a bit.*
- *Alright.*
- *Let's call someone.*
- *Do you never clean your ears?*
- *I really like wax... You can make candles.*
- *Isn't that a little gross?*
- *It's the most natural thing there is.*
- *Of course.*
- *Aren't you an ecologist?*
- *I wash myself.*
- *No shit and so do I.*
- *Nature is a bit filthy.*
- *Do you wash your feet?*

The drunkard curls up into a ball.

- *He fell asleep.*
- *He'll sober up a little that way.*
- *He's drenched in his own vomit.*
- *We should do something.*
- *Dumpling?*
- *Something.*
- *Do you remember what the emergency telephone number is?*
- *Do you promise me you'll clean your ears?*
- *Hey, why don't we go dancing?*
- *That sounds nice.*
- *Then let's go.*
- *Has anyone ever told you that you're very clever?*
- *To tell you the truth, yes, yes I have been told.*

- *And has anyone ever told you that in profile, the squared hypotenuse of your nose is exactly the same as the sum of squared catheti?*
- *To tell you the truth, yes, yes I have been told.*
- *He's all alone. I really feel sorry for him.*
- *The poor guy is so ugly.*

The drunkard writhes about.

- *I think he's dreaming happy things.*
- *How wonderful it is to dream.*
- *Do you dream a lot?*
- *A little.*
- *Now it's you that I feel sorry for.*
- *And what do you do with all that sorrow that you receive?*
- *I dreamt that while I was sitting on the bathroom toilet doing my business, a caiman climbed up the sewer and bit my buttocks.*
- *Botox?*
- *Buttocks.*
- *I've never understood why bathrooms have toilet bowls.*
- *Ever since then I haven't been able to sit down on a toilet or eat out of a bowl.*
- *Try urinals.*
- *These days you can barely find those.*
- *Everything is disappearing.*
- *It's really sad.*
- *Let's not get carried away.*
- *We're left.*

The drunkard gesticulates.

- *I would say that he's giving up.*
- *Like a cadaver.*
- *You can tell that he's a very resourceful man.*
- *It's the best thing there is against boredom.*
- *Now we should definitely cover him up.*
- *You know what I like about you the most?*
- *The color of my pancreas.*

- *I'm being serious.*
- *What?*
- *That there are never any silences with you.*
- *Are you saying I'm a chatterbox?*
- *I hate couples that don't talk to each other.*
- *Can you hear the ocean?*
- *With everything that there is to talk about.*
- *Listen...*
- *Yes, very pretty.*
- *Can you hear the rhythm of the waves...?*
- *With this guy's rales it's impossible to concentrate.*
- *It's a shame that there's no ocean in this city.*
- *He's going to catch pneumonia.*
- *Help me help him.*
- *It's starting to rain.*
- *You know you're very sexy.*
- *No one had ever told me that.*
- *Boy, how you like to flirt.*
- *You're very sexy too.*
- *Copying doesn't count.*
- *I was just, just about to tell you.*
- *It's too late, sorry.*
- *Have you noticed that I have pimples?*
- *Well, but they're very well obtained pimples.*
- *Yes, but they're pimples. Pimples gross me out.*
- *Your pimples have a certain something.*
- *Dumpling?*
- *Something.*

The drunkard lets forth some sounds.

- *What if he's a spy?*
- *What if he's a terrorist and he wants to kill us?*
- *What if he's a drunkard-bomb?*
- *He certainly fits the part.*

- *He's starting to really scare me.*
- *He's faking it.*
- *Definitely.*
- *I'm going to tell him that...*
- *Tell him that we've caught him.*
- *That it doesn't matter how much he tries to fake it.*
- *I admire your intelligence.*
- *We have to call the police.*
- *We're in danger.*
- *No one is safe anymore.*
- *Such insecurity is making me anxious.*
- *I'll give you security.*
- *I think that's the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me.*
- *What if he's an exiled? Or worse, an immigrant.*
- *I'll never understood why they insist on leaving.*
- *And considering how well off they are in their own country.*
- *Ours is the best country in the world.*
- *There's nothing quite like traveling in order to confirm that.*
- *I understand that they all want to come and live here.*
- *But that just can't be.*
- *Then they ruin it for us.*
- *They never really adapt.*
- *They expect us to adapt to them.*
- *That really is the last straw.*
- *Now we really have to call the police.*
- *Police! Where could there be a cop?*
- *Have you ever noticed that the police are never where they're supposed to be?*
- *Come on, let's go...*
- *Wouldn't you say that the moment has come for us to kiss?*
- *Well you know what, it's true.*
- *Kiss me.*
- *I don't know, like this... just right..., all cold..., it's not very romantic... you kiss me.*

- *No, you first.*
- *Fine. Let's not continue arguing. I'll kiss you.*
- *What kind of kiss are you thinking of?*
- *In a simplex kiss.*
- *Why that's my favorite. We have telepathy.*
- *I wonder how you're supposed to put your mouth.*
- *Like this, in the form of a donut.*
- *Your confidence captivates me.*
- *Then kiss me.*
- *Your teeth dispel a blinding glimmer.*
- *I can tell you what toothpaste I use.*
- *Please, we already decided that there would be no advertising here.*
- *And where do I put my tongue?*
- *Tongue...*
- *From experience I can tell you that the tongue is always a problem.*
- *I can see that you're a person with plenty of experience.*
- *I would like to glide my tongue around your gums.*
- *But your tongue is wet.*

The sounds of a garbage truck approaching.

- *The garbage truck is coming.*
- *It's going to crush him.*
- *He looks so calm.*
- *He makes great company.*
- *Do you have any change to give him?*
- *Better yet, a bill. Today is a very happy day.*
- *We should get to know each other more intimately.*
- *Do you prefer showers or baths?*
- *That's too intimate of a question.*
- *Do you like the sounds made when squashing cockroaches? Splat...*
- *They impassion me.*
- *Me too.*
- *Should we squash one? I'm sure there are some around here.*
- *Ah, yes, what an excellent plan.*

- *Now I really do think that we're made for each other.*
- *Will you love me your whole life?*
- *My whole life is too little.*
- *The vomit has blocked his nose.*
- *Come one, let's give him a hand.*
- *I like the fact that solidarity is one of your values.*
- *I like when you speak well of me.*
- *What I'm not sure of is where to put his hand.*
- *Did you notice that the vomit has chorizo in it?*
- *It's obvious that he's Muslim.*
- *You never know.*
- *Do you still think that he's faking?*
- *I prefer ham without a doubt. It's nobler.*
- *Wherever there's an avocado you can forget the rest.*
- *My mouth is watering.*
- *Try a cauliflower.*
- *My mouth is flowering.*
- *You're a poet!*
- *That reminds me, what do you do in life?*

The drunkard loosens up.

- *I can't hear him breathing.*
- *He must be dead.*
- *Tonight is turning out to be very exciting.*
- *And to think that for a moment there I wasn't going to go out.*
- *We would have never met.*
- *I don't even want think that.*
- *Do you believe in destiny?*
- *I believe that this is turning out to be love at first sight.*
- *Do you think people die that quickly?*
- *I confess that I have never seen anyone die.*
- *I, on the other hand, have seen many people die... in movies.*
- *Cinema is so glorious.*
- *Now is when they tend to say their last words.*

- *Speak louder, please!*
- *You've done well. We don't have to miss a thing.*
- *Maybe he'll tell us a very important secret.*
- *Maybe he's a philosopher and he'll tell us a maxim.*
- *Maybe he has no heirs and he'll name us instead.*
- *I often think that the world is my oyster.*
- *It must be a bit hard in texture.*
- *It was a metaphor.*
- *Now I definitely think that we should think about the future.*
- *Let's not lose any more time.*
- *I still use baby powder on my lady parts.*
- *Now that sure is being a lady.*
- *I cry a lot while I watch the news.*
- *You know, I do too.*
- *I think I'm falling in love.*
- *We should already be kissed.*
- *We should already be loved.*
- *We should already be married.*
- *We should already be with children.*
- *We should already be with grandchildren.*
- *We should already be dead.*
- *And this asshole just got ahead of us!*
- *No!*
- *Son of a bitch.*

They kick the drunkard.

- *I told you to wait, bastard.*
- *He has no right.*
- *I can't swallow such egotism.*
- *Look at what he did to your shoe.*
- *And with the expensive price of footwear nowadays.*
- *And the filthy bastard pooped himself.*
- *It's a good thing we use cologne.*
- *Excuse me, but I use perfume.*

- *Well, it's the same.*
- *No, no, sorry, it's not the same.*
- *For its effect it is.*
- *No it isn't!*
- *I'm afraid we've entered in crisis.*
- *Our first crisis.*
- *Do you think we're a couple already?*
- *I hope the truck squashes him.*
- *With your permission...*

They kiss. The garbage truck arrives. They take the couple as if they were just another piece of garbage and they throw them into the truck. The drunkard still lies on the ground. The truck leaves.