

GET A DIVORCE AND ENJOY, HONEY | Extract

XII

On RICARDO'S couch.

RICARDO.- *Entering.* Get comfortable. *He turns on the television.* Everything we must have missed!...I love this show where the immigrants tell stories of their tragedies and we have to vote for the most tragic one! Some are insane! It's a good thing the third world exists so as to entertain us with its tragedies. We missed the tragedy...

ELENA.- *To the sky.* God, I think we already understand. *To the public.* Have you guys realized already or do you want me to repeat it a little more?... *To the sky.* Do you see! In annoyingness no one beats you. *TO RICARDO.* Is the plan to watch television?

RICARDO.- The plan is whatever you want it to be. If you'd prefer, I can change the channel and put on "Spicy Mojo"... Although, let me see "Bloomberg" for a moment to check how the stock market is doing. For me it's the most suspenseful movie to watch.... Aren't you going to take your clothes off?

ELENA.- I'm good like this.

RICARDO.- *He gets down to his underwear.* I'm always hot.

ELENA.- I would prefer it if you got a little less comfortable.

RICARDO.- My clothes itch. They don't itch you?

ELENA.- Aren't you moving a little fast?

RICARDO.- Moving? Where to?... Are you sure you don't want to take off your clothes?

ELENA.- Yes, I want to..., but in my house. I'm leaving...

RICARDO.- No, no, if it bothers you, I'll get dressed.

ELENA.- Nothing bothers me. Do whatever you want, but let me do the same. Thanks for the invite. *She's about to leave.*

RICARDO.- Wait. *He approaches ELENA and tries to kiss her on the mouth.*

ELENA.- *Moving him away with a smack.* I think you've got me confused for the wrong girl.

RICARDO.- So then why did you come up to my apartment?

ELENA.- I thought you had invited me in for a drink.

RICARDO.- *Getting dressed.* Yes, of course. What do you drink?

ELENA.- Nothing now. *To the public.* Why is it that men think that if you come up for a drink, really it's just to sleep with them?

RICARDO.- *To the public.* Because that is what happens 99% of the time.

ELENA. *TO RICARDO.* Well here is the 1%. I'll have a drink and then I'll leave. What do you have?

RICARDO.- We'll see about that. I have everything.

ELENA.- Then give me a glass of milk.

RICARDO.- A glass of milk?

ELENA.- Yes, a glass of milk. Have you never heard of a glass of milk?

RICARDO.- Yes...

ELENA.- Disappointed?... Your strategy for getting the girl drunk with a gin and tonic so that she'll be a bit looser has failed.

RICARDO.- You want a glass of milk, then I'll bring you a glass of milk... Now that I think of it, I don't have milk.

ELENA.- Little Ricardo, I wasn't born yesterday.

RICARDO.- *Taking her by the hand.* Elena, enough... Relax, you have a lot of pent up anger. I understand that you're nervous, it's probably been years since you've done this. I know you're attracted to me. Let yourself go...

ELENA.- You're a bit full of yourself, aren't you? I don't doubt that you have a great body..., but a good head on your shoulders, Ricardo...

RICARDO- *Looking at himself in the mirror.* What's wrong with my head?

ELENA.- Inside... *To the public.* I can't fall in love with a body no matter how good it looks. *TO RICARDO.* And yours does!... *To the public.* For me to fall in love I need brains, ones that will surprise me, that'll give me vertigo, that'll fascinate me, that'll fill me with curiosity, that'll read a book every now and then... *TO RICARDO.* And that'll talk to me about something other than whatever the latest is on this afternoon's television soap opera...

RICARDO.- *To the public.* But who is talking about falling in love?

ELENA.- *To the public.* The one in row four. *TO RICARDO.* I'm talking about falling in love! I know that all you want is for me to spread open my legs so that you can stick your...extremity inside of me. I know. I'll even let you know that all us ladies know that, always. All men go after the same thing... *TO RICARDO.* But you have to earn it... You have to have interest, convince me, interest me, seduce me... And honestly, I'm afraid that I haven't heard you say a single intelligent thing since I met you...

RICARDO.- I once said something intelligent. What was it?...

ELENA.- I don't want to offend you, but it's what I think. And now I'm leaving. *She is ready to leave.* Oh, and I meant to tell you, you have a very pretty apartment. Who decorated it?

RICARDO.- I did.

ELENA.- You have very good taste. Well, I'll see you around. *To the sky.* You could have introduced me to someone a little more interesting, Master, and not...

RICARDO.- *TO ELENA.* Are you okay?

ELENA.- Yes, very well, thank you.

RICARDO.- No, I say it because I am not sure if you realize it but you've said something pleasant to me. I believe you might be very sick...

ELENA.- Very funny.

RICARDO.- This we must celebrate. I am going to put on some music. *He does.* Shall we dance?

ELENA.- You are incombustible! *To the public.* Now that the alcohol strategy has failed, the close dancing one is in play...

RICARDO.- *Turns off the music.* *TO ELENA.* You're right. Up to here! It's best that you leave. I'm throwing in the towel. I don't need to take any more insults. Yes, that's right, I feel like sleeping with you. *To the public.* Is there something bad about that? *TO ELENA.* Yes, that's right, I don't say it to you directly, rather, I try to seduce you little by little. *To the public.* Is there something bad about that? *TO ELENA.* Yes, that's right, I'm a good-for-nothing person, I have no interest, I don't present myself to the world as an intellectual and I've never read that Michi guy or whatever hisname is. *To the public.* Is there something bad about that? *TO ELENA.* And just so you know, even though it may be unimaginable for you, I am very happy, I have a great time with my guy friends and my girl friends love my conversation. I don't interest you because you consider yourself to be superior and you look down on me, well them, there's the door! There are a lot more people in this world. Get out of here with your superiority and your disdain and stick it where the sun don't shine... But not in my house! I have failed with you, what are you going to do about it, it doesn't matter, sometimes you win and sometimes you lose, that's the law of life. Life goes on and I will find many other girl friends that won't be like you, sure you're divorced and attractive, that I won't deny, but also embittered, lonely, sad, bored and filled with pretensions. *To the public.* Is there something bad about that?... Well no, there isn't. *TO ELENA.* You have your life and I have mine. Goodbye, it was nice to meet you and now have a nice...

ELENA.- *Cutting him off with a kiss on the lips.* Shut up already!...

RICARDO.-Life is a permanent surprise.

ELENA.- Really, I like you much better when you're quiet!

ELENA and RICARDO kiss passionately and fall onto the couch.

ELENA.- *To the sky.* No, no, God, no. I am in complete disagreement with this turn. It's implausible. How am I going to kiss this guy? He's not of my category. I aspire to much more than this...

XVI

On Ricardo's couch. A second later. REMEDIOS persisting. ELENA and RICARDO struggle to close the door. Insults.

REMEDIOS.- *Screaming.* Run, José Miguel, my strength is losing way!

ELENA.- I don't want to see him! Let go of the door, you scoundrel!

RICARDO.- This is my house and I rule here! Close the door, Reme!

REMEDIOS.- If you call me Reme one more time I will crash the door into your nose. *TO JOSÉ MIGUEL.* I'm so glad you made it!

JOSÉ MIGUEL.- *Coming in through the door.* So this is your bachelor pad?

ELENA.- Please, José Miguel, don't ruin everything.

RICARDO.- Sorry, but this is a house and I decorated it myself.

WOLFRAMIO.- *Entering.* Oh, Jesus, what speed. I'm so hot. Here the slowest run for it, but the fastest fly...

JOSÉ MIGUEL.- *TO ELENA.* I'm the one that's ruined everything? *TO RICARDO.* This is what you call taste?

REMEDIOS.- José Miguel, I think you're mistaken. Concerning everything else, I'm not sure, but Ricardo has very good taste.

WOLFRAMIO.- I love the paintings that match the curtains. I've always wanted to know: What goes before, the painting or the curtains? Which is the same as saying, the egg or the chicken? For Aristotle it was clearly the chicken that went first, because the final logical and ontological cause...

ELENA.- *To the sky.* Are you delirious, God?

WOLFRAMIO.- *TO RICARDO.* You haven't said a thing to me, Ricardo. I'm very nervous... Is it that you don't like me? Haven't you been impacted by me at first sight?

RICARDO.- I haven't told you that I only address people in the finest of ways?...The library scene is coming to my head.

WOLFRAMIO.- I've failed! *TO JOSÉ MIGUEL.* I'm sticking with you...

REMEDIOS.- Well, boys, why don't we all relax? Now that the four of us are all finally together, it's quite the opportunity for us to go to dinner, to get to know each other and become friends...

WOLFRAMIO.- And what about me..., am I a broom?

REMEDIOS.- You go sweep the lobby, lobby man, since I'm afraid that the next time we'll see each other you'll have ascended to beggar!...

WOLFRAMIO.- Concierge, if you don't mind!... And I am sure that the world of the beggar is fascinating compared to yours. *To the public.* It's just that there are so many worlds to get to know and we only have one life to live! The one which I certainly don't want to miss out on is that of the hairdresser because you get to find out about all of the gossip and this country is governed by hair salons...

REMEDIOS.- *TO RICARDO, ELENA and JOSÉ MIGUEL.* Did you know that I got the position in the Congo for this summer. *TO JOSÉ MIGUEL.* Do you want to come with me? That way you can switch things up a bit and breathe new air. The blacks are the best.

JOSÉ MIGUEL.- *TO ELENA.* Slut!

ELENA.- What did you say?

JOSÉ MIGUEL.- Slut!!!...I hate you, I hate you...

ELENA.- Goodbye, José Miguel.

RICARDO.- I don't consent you talking to her like that. *He throws himself at JOSÉ MIGUEL.* Out of here! You're leaving right now! *TO WOLFRAMIO.* Concierge, help me get this man out of my house!...

WOLFRAMIO.- No, you'll ruin my uniform!

RICARDO.- Wolframio!!!!

WOLFRAMIO.- Ugh, you know that when it comes out of your mouth it sounds so good! Ricardo, I just don't believe in violence.

RICARDO.- You're fired!

WOLFRAMIO.- Well you don't have to overreact. *He joins RICARDO to kick out JOSÉ MIGUEL.*

ELENA.- *TO JOSÉ MIGUEL.* Congratulations, you've managed to do it. I don't ever want to see you again in my life. Are you satisfied? So many years living together and for this!... *To the public.* When you peck at these macho men just a little bit, the most

primitive, the most beastly that lies within them comes right out. *TO JOSÉ MIGUEL.* I thought you were different...

WOLFRAMIO.- Who is feeling me up? Or worse, who isn't feeling me up?

RICARDO.- A little bit more and you're out of here!...