

HOLY SHIT | Extract

An empty room with a toilet in the center. A man walks in through the audience. He pulls his pants down and sits on the toilet.

MAN. I don't know about you, but I just can't take a shit. I'm sorry, I can't go number two... I don't mean to be rude. I have a really hard time trying. Well, who doesn't, right? I just can't. I really want to go. I really do, but nothing. Just as I start to sit down, everything shuts tight and nothing comes out. I can sit for hours or days. It doesn't matter. The only thing I get are hemorrhoids. They grow, they hurt... they bleed. I can dig around with my finger, I can take a book and read, I can think of stables crowded with cows and manure everywhere or streets covered with dog shit. I think of dogs taking a shit in the city and their owners picking up those steamy sausages with their plastic gloves, and I see the disgust on their faces, and I get mad. What are you doing? Leave them there! Can't you see that they embellish the city and make it more natural? Those organic sculptures, like a fleeting art form left to the rain or the oblivious shoes that step on it. And nothing. I can't even get a bowel movement with those bucolic thoughts. Sometimes I wonder if what I have would be considered a psychological problem. I don't know. *To the audience.* What do you think? Speak up, tell me your experiences. Do you have problems? Taking a shit, I mean. Do you shit well? Perhaps I'm invading your privacy. But, what's privacy? Do you use any tricks? C'mon! Tell me. Maybe you can help me. Ok, that's it! I'm not going to take a shit ever again in my life. I'll stick a stopper up my ass and, from now on, I'll get a surgical procedure done at a hospital once a week. I'm tired of all this suffering. Oh, God, oh shit!!! But, what's going on? Something's moving... I'm not feeling well. Is there a doctor in the building? It's you! You're back! I light a candle so that Mom and Dad won't get a divorce. I light a candle so that my owl won't die. Please let him live. You know how much I love him. I light a candle so Grandma won't scold me. I know I'm the darkest one of all the brothers. But, what can I do? Just make her understand it's not my fault. I light a candle so you will whisper the answers to me during the math exam. You know it all, God, so I'm sure you'll know all the answers. Whisper the answers to me, God, and I swear I'll leave without turning my back to you. I swear I'll always walk inside the cracks of the floor slabs in your temple. I swear! I apologize for swearing before. I know it's wrong. It slipped out. I won't do it again. I swear I'll never step on the cracks of the floor slabs. I'll do it so everything I'm

asking for becomes true. I can't remember now if I stepped on the first crack of the floor slabs before. I'd better go back or those things might not become true. But, who cares if I did? You don't care, do you? It's not important... Of course it is! A big deal! If you don't start over, say goodbye. God won't answer your prayers. Even more, I'll make sure nothing becomes true for you. Things will get really nasty for you... No, please, don't do that! I'm good and that's why God helps me. I'm sure He does. Because you're good and understand that I didn't mean to step on the cracks of the floor slabs. I was too focused on lighting the candle and not turning my back to you... So what? If you didn't mean to, then it came from inside, deep inside. You can't control your actions, so you're rotten. You're completely rotten. You've sinned so much that nothing in you is good. Everything escapes your control. That's why you stepped on the cracks of the floor slabs. That's why you swore. You're hopelessly damned! You're going straight to you know where. You know where, don't you? Of course you don't. You don't even do your spiritual exercises well... That's not true. Of course I do... What is this? You're rebelling?... No, God, I'm not, but I assure you... Don't use my name in vain!... I'm sorry, I never know what to call you. I've done everything you told me to. I've seen with the sight of the imagination the length, breadth and depth of Hell. I've seen with the sight of the imagination the damned twisting and turning in the great fires, thirsty for death and worse than death itself. I've slowly suffered the heat of the flames, as you wanted me to. Not that burning slowly to die quickly. Not that pretending that some people do... Are you ratting on somebody? You snitch! That's so wrong!... No, of course I'm not. But I've burnt slowly, in slow motion. First the flames roasted my hair. That's when I started to cry. Then the flames started to burn my skin and I cried louder. The pain was unbearable. The pain is coming back to me now. The flames were burning my eyes, my brain, my insides, everything. Oh, it hurts so much! I offered you my suffering. What else do you want from me, Lord? My flesh was burning and, even though I was writhing with pain, I was still conscious, I was for a long time, until I passed out. I suffered the way you wanted me to. Can't you forgive me? I'll start over, from lighting the candles so I won't step on the cracks... *Applauding*. Bravo! Encore! Great performance! Liar! Scum! Coward! Who do you think you're talking to, you freak?! You can't lie to me. I read each and every one of your thoughts and you know you're lying to me. You were absentminded, unfocused, only thinking about that tramp from the bus. You fell in love like a fool. This is how you thank me for it? I, who died for you. I, who delivered you from death so you can enjoy eternal life. I, who brought you to this world. You. I pulled you out

from the obscure nothingness where you could have remained forever. And beyond. For eternity. And beyond eternity in, in... whatever its name is. What's beyond eternity? It's so vast! Call it God. I was endlessly generous to put together bits of nothingness and give it a special soul and body, and that's how you came to be who you are. You, you, you, full of me, me, me, with your whims and desires, your fights and tantrums, your selfishness and unfairness, your misery and betrayal. What do I get from your being alive? Answer me! In my master plan for the world, why are you so damned special? Come on. Answer me! What's the use in another human being, another vicious sinner, as if there weren't enough of them? Answer me, damn it!... I don't know. Not much, I guess... Not much? None at all! At all! You are a completely dispensable, infinitesimal little microbe. And what does the microbe do?... Uh, I don't know what I wanna be when I grow up... What does the microbe do? He asks for things! You do nothing but ask. You light candles and start asking! And as if that weren't enough, you step on the cracks of the floor slabs. That's the only thing you do well: asking. Has it ever occurred to you, little microbe, that you should also give?... That's not fair, I give a lot... And you're full of hatred! You possess all the capital sins. The fallen angel's damn hatred. What you do is not giving. You give what you don't need. You think too much before you give. No! Giving means giving something really important to you, something that takes a piece of you with it and that you can't get back. Well, let's leave it as is. Accept your ordinary life... No, Lord, please. I don't want this ordinary life. I long for an extraordinary life. Please help me. You can do it... Fine. I'll give you one more chance: go back to where you started, light a candle and leave without turning your back to me and without stepping on the cracks of the floor slabs. Keep your feet inside the cracks, get it?... Yes... Yes what?... Yes, Lord... But this time you won't ask for anything. This time it'll be your time to give. And you won't disappoint me, will you? I will forgive you and you'll be welcome in my eternal kingdom. Is that clear? So, what are you going to give me?... Thank you, thank you, Lord, for trusting me, although I don't deserve it. Yes, of course I'll give you everything. Everything I own is yours. You're good and I want to be good. I want to belong to you. I want to give my life for you. Take my life to spread your word through the world. Use me as an instrument to convert the unfortunate ones who had the disgrace of being born in Godless countries or in countries that worship the wrong gods. I swear I'll cut off my tongue so I can't ever deny knowing you, like that missionary that we met the other day. He stood in the center of the altar, opened his mouth, stuck out the little tongue he had left and we all lined up to see it, just a few feet away. I saw the

stitches of the wound, darkened and scarred after so many years, his teeth black. I saw the green saliva, the viscid, watery fluid secreted into the mouth by the salivary glands. I looked at him, his eyes sheltered by a beard, and I was about to leave when I saw him wink at me and he said, You'll be one of mine. I knelt down and said, yes, I'd be like him, that he would be my hero forever, that I would give him everything, that he would be my role model and that I'll be persecuted for defending you. I'll never betray you. I won't hesitate. I won't conceal. I won't be ashamed. And I'll suffer with joy, I'll be proud of you and me. And they will torture me and I will expose all my appendages for them to cut them off. And they will rip off my tongue, and I'll be smiling. And they will poke my eyes out, and I'll be smiling. And they will puncture my ears, and I'll be smiling. And they will tear my nails off, and I'll be smiling. And they will burn my mouth, and I'll be smiling. And they will chop my hands off, and I'll be smiling. And they will sever my legs, and I'll be smiling. And they will hack my dick off, and I'll be smiling. And when I'm nothing but a torso and I can't stand up because I have no legs, I can't touch you because I have no arms, I can't kiss you because I have no lips, I want you to know, Lord, here and now, that I say thank you. Thank you for letting me exist. Thank you, Lord, for not leaving me to live an ordinary life, like everyone else, and for having given me this graceful opportunity to show that my life is only meaningful if I die for you. Thank you for bestowing upon me the honor of being your martyr. Thank you. Because, even though I don't know the reason why everything needs to be cut off, I'm sure that you, Lord, know the reason. Because you're wise, and good, and beautiful. Oh, Beloved God, where have you hidden and left me moaning? I went out calling you, but you were gone. Why, since you wounded this heart, don't you heal it? And why, since you stole it from me, do you leave it so, and fail to carry off what you have stolen? How soft is your lap when I lay my head on it. You soothe me with your universal tune. I close my eyes and finally rest. I rest knowing that you look after me, that you watch my sleep, that the world is well finished and that you're here caressing me. Oh, Beloved God, how wonderful it is not hesitating anymore and being part of your flock. My soul has used up all it can to serve you. I don't have anything else and I don't have another job. Loving is my only duty. You've stopped my vertigo, my constant insecurity, my mind reasoning in the void, that terrible knife that cuts and chops endlessly, my loneliness. I lived in loneliness, in the loneliness of a wounded heart, in the loneliness of a solitary existence. You showed the meaning of "we," "us," "wholeness", we are happy in you. Oh, Beloved God, let us enjoy ourselves, let us go deeper. Let my eyes see you, because you're light for them and I

want to have them only to see you. Reveal yourself and may your presence and beauty put an end to my life. Let me blend into your infinite softness and let my body dissolve in you at the end. That limited, heavy, bodily existence is no more. I've exploded in you and my consciousness fades in thousands of particles that sink in your infinity. I am you. I'm not me. I'm God. And now, beyond time and space, I admire and understand your creation, your master plan, your final victory and the arrival of thy kingdom, a time when we, humans, animals and plants, will kneel down to worship you to enjoy your grace. And now I look and understand that the lives of some people were needed sacrifices for the great final triumph. Now I look and understand the millions of people killed in the name of Jesus Christ. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people killed in the name of Allah. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people killed in the name of Jehovah. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people killed in the name of Buddha. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people killed in the name of Visnu, Brahma and Shiva. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people massacred in the name of every single brand of God. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people tortured in the name of all the brands of God. Blessed art thou, Lord. Now I look and understand the millions of people deranged in the name of all the brands of God. Blessed art thou, Lord. Do you remember? Say you remember, Lord, when I served in your temple and helped your ministers. I was purified by the odor of the cassocks and chasubles. To me, that was the smell of God. The sparkles on the stains of the cloth. The white dandruff on the black shoulder pads that resembled dewdrops of a morning in May. Your minister would affectionately scold me in the sacristy for laughing during the consecration. Do you realize you're in mortal sin?, he asks me while casually laying his big, rough, hairy hand on my freckled, pink little thigh, little pimples here and there under my shorts, even though I'm darker than my brothers, as my Grandma tirelessly reminds me... If you die now, in mortal sin, you know what will happen to you... And the big, rough, hairy hand crawls up my thigh... You don't want to die in mortal sin, do you? You have to mend that horrendous fault that you committed against God: laughing to His face, in front of Him, in the most solemn moment of his sacrifice for us all... And the big, rough, hairy hand caresses my little thigh and rubs the little head intermittently... Do you repent, my son? Aren't you going to say anything?... And the big, rough, hairy hand gently slaps my little thigh and keeps rubbing the little head... Let it all out, my son, confess your sin... And the big, rough, hairy hand spends

more time around my dick, which becomes alive in my underwear... Say something, my son! Speak, repent your sin, because if you died right now, God forbid, you'd be in mortal sin! Do as the saints did, who sinned as often as they repented... And the big, rough, hairy hand vigorously strokes my dick, which, to my surprise, begins to stiffen... For God's sake, my son, say something! I order you to say something. If you don't speak, God will take your voice away as a punishment for not speaking. Your big arrogance makes you defy God with your silence instead of confessing your sin and speaking and... I'm dying, Father, I'm dying. I know I'm dying. I'm starting to stiffen. This has never happened to me before. *Screams and cries*. I'm dying in mortal sin. I'll be damned. Help me, Father... Calm down, my son, relax, it's nothing. Don't you play with it?... Play with what, Father? Help me, Father. I'm dying. I'm so stiff. I didn't mean to laugh. I swear. I didn't know what I was doing. My friend stuck out his tongue to... Calm down, my son, it's fine. You're stiffening, but you'll see how it'll become soft again. It's very natural. Go ahead, pray and ask for God's forgiveness for what you've done. To show your repentance, imitate the saints. Go with God, my son, and don't tell anyone that you were with me. It'll be our secret... But it wouldn't get soft. I was dying and even though I was asking for God's forgiveness, it was obvious He wouldn't give it to me. I promised God that I would become a saint if He forgave me. I followed your minister's example and became Saint Catherine of Siena... The wickedest and worst of all your servants, I, Catherine, ask for your forgiveness. Forgive this terrible sinner. Help me defeat the Devil. I cannot do it alone... Get out of the way, repulsive serpent. Get away! Lord, you know I'm yearning to serve the poor and the needy. Give me the strength to attend to those with leprosy and cancer, whose stench keeps the relatives, friends and doctors away. I can do it! But please, Lord, I'm only asking that my stomach won't turn when I kiss and lick their rotten tumors, so the poor sick experience some relief. I know it's him. I know it. The evil one is tempting me to take my virtue and corrupt me... But you've got another thing coming, Satan. You can't defeat Catherine. Get away! I belong to God. I've dedicated the treasure of my virginity to Him. I've relinquished the pleasures of the flesh. I've turned away my reputation and the opinion of men. There's nothing more painful to my eyes than the sight of men. I'll overcome you, infernal beast! This Good Shepherd's lamb won't be your prey. Look! Watch me take the putrid pus and the pestilent fluids from the scabs, wounds and rotten ulcers of Andrea, this poor cancer sufferer. Watch me put them in this cup, stir them up and drink them. Watch me! Never in my life have I drunk something so sweet and tasty. See? I didn't even get nauseated.

I've defeated you! I've overcome my human nature! Get away from me, filthy creature, because I will pray to my Lord... *A voice from heaven*. Beloved wife, you've never been dearer to me and you've never pleased me so much. As a reward for that holy hatred that you've shown for yourself and your disgusting body, my divine munificence has decided to pour on you the abundant grace of my celestial liquor: drink, my wife, drink the blood that flows from the holy wound on my side in the crucifix... *Knelt down*. No, no, no, my divine husband, don't exacerbate my loving enthusiasm with the violence of your holy passion if you don't mean to take me with you and set me free of this mortal body. I'm just your slave, my Lord, an ordinary, miserable creature who doesn't deserve such honor. I'm not worthy of your blood. Give me your feces, husband of mine, which will be my only incentive, the holiest of all foods... *A voice from heaven*. Drink my blood, Catherine! Are you contradicting me? Don't dare show your arrogance!... Yes, yes, yes. I've sinned, my Lord. The venomous beast has tricked me again. It's evident, isn't it? I haven't yet defeated the germs of my pride, my vanity, the origin of all vices. I haven't been humiliated enough. Lord, punish me so you can return to me. I'll appease your ire with a full atonement. Let me go to an isolated place where I'll discipline and torture this fragile body, pile of rotten earth, with exemplary punishments. *Takes his belt and begins to whiplash himself*. I'm infinitesimal. I'm microscopic. I'm imperceptible. I'm insignificant. Of course, thy will be done and not mine. I will drink your holy blood, your elixir, right away. Not only will I drink your blood but I will also suck on the wound on your side. Not only will I suck on the wound on your side, but I will also suck your whole body, husband of mine. Aaaaaaaa. The soul is breaking free from my body. I'm losing my senses. My limbs are becoming numb. They are contracting. I can't feel anything. An endless ray of light in my heart takes me to Heaven. My soul is ascending. My body catches on and wants to follow the soul. It's going up. I'm levitating. It's unfortunate I'm so fat. I'll start a new diet tomorrow. Aaaaaaaa. *Makes strange sounds. Ecstasy. Pause*. What's that smell that distracts me from your heavenly delicacies? Is it you, husband of mine? *Looks into the toilet*. What a big fucking turd! How awful! I suppose you can smell it. I apologize. Somebody give me a match, quickly! Does anybody have a match? *Lights a match*. What happened? Did I talk too long? How long has it been? Are you all the same folks as before or is it like in that medieval story, where several generations have passed when the monk returns? Uh, no, there is... *Names someone in the audience*. It's been a long time since I took a shit like that. It was great. I'm empty inside. Maybe this is Nirvana. Emptiness. Maybe I'm a Buddhist. *Flushes the toilet*. God has granted me this

big shit. Thank God. Farewell. *Leaving through the audience.* Please, don't touch me. Let me get out. I don't want violence. I know I have powers and that you'll get cured if you touch me. Don't worry. We'll auction my shredded clothes outside. They are miraculous. And for those hopeless cases, I'll give you a tooth. *Pulls a tooth.* See? That's why I don't want you to touch me. Please. Don't tear me apart. *Runs away.*