

EXTRACT from ***Vacants*** by Lluïsa Cunillé translated by Rebecca Simpson

Comprising six short plays ***Empties*** is a two-hander in which Woman and Man each appear five times.

(Pause)

Woman I'm starting my holidays in a week...

Man How lucky...

Woman As it didn't really suit me in the summer I've asked to take the time now. They agreed at once, they didn't make any objection.

Man Where are you going...?

Woman I don't know yet.

Man You don't know?

Woman In the end I might just stay here... Unless I take the car at the last moment and go off on a bit of an adventure...

Man On an adventure?

Woman Yes, you know..., without making too many plans... But to tell you the truth, in the end I might just stay at home... It depends on how I feel...

Man And who will you go with...? (Pause.) Go on... Come on... Who're you going with...?

Woman Nobody. I want to do my own thing..., be relaxed about it...

Man That's great. (They smile. Pause.) I'm going out with somebody now... I don't believe I told you, did I?

Woman No... well, the last time we saw each other I believe...

Man In fact we're thinking of getting married...

Woman      Married?

Man        Well, we're still mulling it over, there's nothing certain yet...

Woman      I think we ought to order champagne, don't you? Waiter... hey... waiter!

Man        No, but listen... it's still not certain, you understand...? I mean it would be better if you don't say anything to anyone...

Woman      I won't say anything to the waiter...

Man        I mean to friends, you know..., until it's certain..., it's for the best, really...

Woman      Alright, as you like... Instead of champagne, fingers crossed, how about that?

Man        I shouldn't have said anything...

Woman      No, but it's done..., Look. (*She shows him her crossed fingers.*) And I won't breathe a word... (*Pause. Lower.*) Do I know her..., your fiancé?

Man        No, no you don't know her. She's an air-hostess, we met on a 'plane and she's called Cheryl.

Woman      What?

Man        Cheryl. She's English, but we talk French together... You didn't know I was half French, did you? Well, hardly anybody knows, I think... I don't know, it's always made me feel rather awkward to say that I'm half French..., I mean when you say it everyone goes quiet for a bit, they don't really know what to say after that... (*Pause.*) You see? The same thing's happened to you...

End of extract.

***Empties*** was presented in a semi-staged reading at the International Symposium of the Obrador de La Sala Beckett 2004, Barcelona.

Extract from: *Vacants* (1996) by Lluïsa Cunillé, (edicions 3 i 4, València, 2000).

(*Pausa.*)

DONA: Jo d'aquí a una setmana començo les vacances...

HOME: Quina sort...

DONA: Com que a l'estiu no m'anava gaire bé he demanat de fer-les ara. M'han dit que sí de seguida, no m'han posat cap problema.

HOME: I a on aniràs...?

DONA: No ho sé encara.

HOME: No ho saps?

DONA: Potser al final em quedaré aquí i tot... Això si no agafo el cotxe a última hora i m'ho munto una mica a l'aventura...

HOME: A l'aventura?

DONA: Sí, ja saps... sense fer gaire plans... Però ja et dic, potser em quedaré a casa al final... Depèn de com m'agafi...

HOME: I amb qui aniràs... (*Pausa.*) Va... vinga... amb qui te'n vas...?

DONA: Amb ningú. Vull anar al meu aire... Prendre-m'ho amb calma...

HOME: Està molt bé. (*Somriuen. Pausa.*) Jo surto amb algú ara... Em sembla que no t'ho havia dit, oi?

DONA: No... bé, l'última vegada que ens vam veure em sembla que...

HOME: De fet estem pensant de casar-nos...

DONA: Casar-te?

HOME: Bé, encara ho estem rumiant, no hi ha res segur encara...

DONA: Em sembla que hauríem de demanar xampany, no? Cambrer... Eh... cambrer!

HOME: No, però escolta... que encara no és segur, ho entens...? Vull dir que és millor que no ho diguis a ningú...

DONA: No li diré res al cambrer...

HOME: Vull dir als amics, ja saps... Fins que no hi hagi alguna cosa segura... És el millor, de debò...

DONA: D'acord, com vulguis... En comptes de xampany creuarem els dits, què et sembla...?

HOME: No t'hauria d'haver dit res...

DONA: No, però si ja està... Mira... (*Li ensenya els dits creuats.*) I tampoc no penso dir res... (*Pausa. Més flux.*) La conec... la teva nòvia?

HOME: No, no la coneixes... És hostessa, ens vam conèixer en un avió i es diu Cheryl.

DONA: Com?

HOME: Cheryl. És anglesa, encara que entre nosaltres parlem francès... Tu no sabis que jo sóc mig francès, oi? Bé em sembla que no ho sap gairebé ningú... No sé, sempre m'ha fet cosa dir que sóc mig francès... És que quan ho dius tothom sempre es queda una mica tallat, no saben ben bé què dir-te després... (*Pausa.*) Ho veus? A tu també t'ha passat el mateix...

Fi de l'extracte / End of extract