

The olive

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The olive is an original playwright, whose staging was released in October 2009 at the Matucana 100 Cultural centre in Santiago Chile by Proletarian Child Theatre, a company founded by the author. 3

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The story takes place in a bar of a forgotten town in southern Chile. Inhabited only by hopelessness.

Frustration lives within those who visit the place.

Characters:

Julia: Young woman. She is sick and knows she is going to die. She would love to go somewhere far to know a different place. She starts a relation with Jaime in order to feel alive and contained during her last days.

Jaime: Sonia's husband, he is younger than her, was a miner, but since he is unemployed he sells plants. He lives out of dreams. He gets involved with Julia and situates himself in the middle of an existential conflict, unable to take a decision.

Sonia: Jaime's wife. Housewife, she grows and prepares the plants her husband sells. She was married many years to Eladio, a good man with not really big motivations, who went overseas after he found out Sonia was cheating on him with a younger Jaime, that is why she always dresses in black. 4

Blondie: She wants to get out of town to go up north and improve her lifestyle, she is taking care of her sick mother, awaiting for her to die so she can leave town. She has the soul of an artist and is always looking for a job, but to be honest her expenses are covered by an older man she keeps a relation with.

Micky: Young thief, he escaped from the city after a policeman shot one of his partners. He feels anguished and imprisoned living in such a small and quiet town. At the same time he starts experiencing a new relaxed lifestyle that seems to like him and makes him feel more connected to society. He does small jobs at the bar to earn some money.

Pedro: Bar singer. After Sandra (Ex wife) left him, he has been into alcohol and singing for tips for over 3 years. Also known as "Little Pedro", "The charro que that sings with red wine", "The Víctor Jarra", among others. He is the only one who doesn't want to leave town and expects things to improve and go back the way they were.

Sansón: Bar's owner. He is extremely short. A mysterious character, barely seen because he is always behind the bar. He is greedy and only shares his money with Aurelia because he loves her.

An old man: Survivor and national mythology ship Caleuche's crew's member. He arrives one night to tell them about the mysteries surrounding the ship and to invite them to travel to the magical depths of the sea.

Aurelia: French older woman, she arrived to Chile as the love of an exiled man who finally left her. She has an affair with Sansón in exchange of food and shelter. Just when she wants and Micky is not around, she helps with the tables. 5

Scene 1

(Everyone is at the bar "The Olive" – Except for Sonia – under a maddening calm, Aurelia walks through the unpaid tables collecting the coins and bills left.)

Pedro: ¿Have you realized that this town is as north as it is south, all at the same time like floating in the air?

Right in the middle it has an earth square, wooden benches with broken backs and giant trees crying disgrace and forgetfulness. In one corner a metal sign with the name of our town.

Around the square:

The one police headquarter where city cops who have fucked up end up working at.

People walking in circles at 5 pm, having their ice creams, watching their children on their toy cars with pedals. Rusted, worn and filthy cans...

The post office, the beauty salon with the faded old Wellapoon Model's photo, the bakery and next to it a small dusty bazaar with chinese toys hanging from the ceiling.

There is also a chapel that no one visits anymore, a graveyard decorated with plastic flowers and some street dogs that nobody feeds, therefore they have turned into a dangerous and ticked pack of dogs that everyone avoids.

There's a spot where the few buses that enter into town stop, no need for a terminal station since most of them just pass by and drop you in the highway.

By the end, in the side street, between the blackberries, you can see the abandoned train station. That's the place where junkies go do their thing.

From the end of that same side street you can feel the smell of sea, of a poor and dirty creek, with an abandoned concrete dock, feathers in the sand and dirt returned by sea.

The rest are only houses without yards, supported by discolored wet woods, and some smaller business whose owners open more by custom than by real money gain: Ana keeps selling wool and candles, Mister José Glass and blowers...

And at the other corner, there's always a place like this, where all the ...losers have ended up. Those would be us. 6

Some days I watch you from the square, sitting on the benches, holding my guitar. Some noons I laugh...

Everyone is leaving: Huenchumilla's family yesterday. Chambla's family last week and Barrientos' last month... if we keep like this we are soon going to turn into a ghost town.

(Long silence)

¡Ah, virgin of Carmen!

(Blondie empties the glass in a one shot drink and smashes a wurlitzer trying to play a song)

Micky: What is it Blondie?

Blondie: nothing, nothing, I'm just feeling a bit paranoid ... got like a super bad hunch.

Micky: *Pff*, not much of an *ecstajoy* mood you got.

Blondie: Yep, there's something freaky going on. Like something was going to happen to me.

Micky: I think.... That I urgently need some booze in my veins to give some ticking to my heart, it has been bitching for a while.

Blondie: Well, what do you expect, you are so lame... you are hot looking, young, shouldn't keep doing nothing. Could find a decent job, do some sports, I don't know. What stuff you like doing?

Micky: I like... like to play ball, drink some crappy wine, hot dogs, partying, to speak out loud... but best of all I like to run, I like cars... an old black convertible. How would we look in one of those Blondie, 200 km/h on our way to Viña, with a big wad of gringo's dollars? I like the wheel, drive like a flash, feel free under its rhythm, that's awesome.

Rucia: Then why don't you look for a job as a driver at the mayor's office?

Micky: You are fucking with me right?

Rucia: No, Why?

Micky: I'd never be their bitch, those men work with their gentleman's suit but underneath are just a bag of corrupted shit.

Blondie: But it's a decent job. 7

Micky: Decent?, they suck, you know why? „Cause they are full of crap, they are sold moles. People buy their speeches only „cause they wear ties.

Blondie: But they work everyday, not like you, always running away from taking another wrong step.

Micky: Wrong Blondie, they are stealing just like me. I'm a thief, aware of my own file, respect mommies and mankind, yes. But those scumbags don't have respect for anyone, they steal just through paperwork.

I don't Blondie, i show my face, i say i steal so fuckin what. You gotta have a big personality to do that. Or you think any bro" has the guts to turn pale and point some iron? It hurts, but in silence. **Rucia:** Then why you said the other day last time had been different?

Micky: „Cause that time cops sent Chure to the quiet yard. You think that didn't hurt? Deep inside we feel, but no one sees it, that's the way law works.

Rucia: and... Doesn't it scare you?

Micky: Party and live Blondie, that's all we want.

Rucia: Do you keep mugging?

Micky: Ok, quit interrogating me, playing the questions machine with me now, you look like a button, stop raving Blondie.

You need to wake up, you should go have a trip out of town, here farmpeople are all like chickens, you need to stop all the golden thinking, should leave that stinky old man you have just to use his Money, stop dressing like a capitol girl from Santiago, stop watching soap operas Blondie.

(Silence)

Jaime: Julia, a moment ago you were quiet ¿What were you thinking?

Julia: oh, didn't notice it... I was thinking that when I was a little girl I loved to watch the Andes mountains.... When I die I'll fly over them...

Jaime: Like an air balloon *(laughs)* 8

Julia: I've never been out of Chile

Jaime: ¿Not even Argentina?

Julia: No, not even Argentina. I can't imagine how another country looks like because i only know this one, and this country has everything, everything this country has. Rivers, lakes, sea, deserts, woods, islands and even volcanos, i can't think of something new another place could have.

Jaime: animals, many animals...

Julia: What?

Jaime: Yes, animals. I once Heard in Norway there's an animal called ÑU, it's like a puppy dog, a Little beast, short hair, yellowish, black little eyes, a bit like a pudú. They say that people who gets to see them are lucky, like getting to see god.

Julia: Come on...

Jaime: Well then, you are going to be my animal...Ñu. You are going to give me some nice good luck.

Julia: No, not at all, i'm no good luck to anyone, to anyone i'm no good luck.

(long pause)

(Blondie and Micky light a cigarette)

Micky: just boring here, Right Blondie?

Blondie: Why do you say that?... Yes, it's true, i'm bored, can't do anything about it... nothing but force myself to like being here, at least „till my mommy dies. Can i tell you something? When i get bored i go to the beach, breathe and scream out loud „till i start crying. That is something good here, the air.

You couldn't do that over north because people there are stuck with polutioned air (Micky laughs) Are you laughing at me?

Micky: Don't be paranoid Blondie

Blondie: I'm not being paranoid, but you know more things tan i do, you know everything.

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Micky: I don't, you're wrong, i'm just a brave stud, i look forward. You live easy here, up north it's to go crazy, you gotta be smart, or you get fucked. I don't understand why you want to go over the city to get sick...

Blondie: To know other things, to have more options, to go to those things you call malls, work as a Singer, to know Italia square, the mountain with the virgin statue on top. Micky, What's it like to go into the subway for the first time?

Micky: *(laughs)* *Shit*, don't know, fast i guess.

Blondie: When i go to the north i am going to move only in the subway, even if i get scared on the first time.

(Silence. Micky watches Aurelia writing at the bar)

Micky: What are you doing auntie?

Julia: Same as usual, messing around with puzzles.

Micky: I'm great with words

Blondie: Me too, i don't know how you have enough head to know so many names in your head. *(pause)*

Julia: But you „ve been working on that puzzle for days Aurelia. What is left to finish it?

Aurelia: Chilean town or city starting with P...

Sansón: The one who guess gets one booze shot on the house *(massive joy)*

Micky: Putre

Blondie: Parinacota

Pedro: Puqueldón

Julia: Porvenir

Jaime: Pumalín

Pedro: Pucón

Micky: pocitos

Blondie: pocitos?

Julia: Where is that? 10

Micky: It's a beach near Algarrobo.

Jaime: You're *shitting*...Petorca

Julia: Punta Arenas, Puerto Natales but that's two words.

Blondie: Then Puerto Octay

Pedro: Puerto Montt

Julia: Puerto Varas

Micky: Penco

Jaime: Pichasca

Pedro: Palena

Blondie: Puñihüil

Micky: That shit ain't known by nobody.

Blondie: But it exists, i used to go over there all the time.

Julia: Puerto del Hambre

(Pause, a glass is dropped)

Sansón: no, i got the name already

Julia: What was it?

Sansón: Pid Pid

Julia: Where is that?

Sansón: ext to Llau llau

Todos: ¡ah!

(Silence comesback, Blondie watches Aurelia perfuming herself, she goes near her, Micky leaves)

Blondie: Madame... can i have some?

Aurelia: This is very expensive *(thinks)* Tres bien, but only a bit.

Rucia: Nice, it's so fresh! Madame, Is it true that french women use perfume „cause they stink?

Aurelia: How dare you, that's so impolite! ... The thing is in France there aren't to many bathrooms.

Sansón: Julia Did the drugs arrive?

Julia: no, bad news Sansón, as usual. I waited the whole day but the boat didn't show. 11

(Loud bird sounds out in the sky)

Aurelia: ¡Regardez! les oiesaux, les oiesaux, regardez..!

Julia: What are you saying Madame?

Aurelia: Those, those birds... they where less tan 10...

Julia: *(Sits)* Those are bandurrias, nothing good comes with them, that must be the reason they announced a storm with strong winds and rain, a storm with strong winds and rain they announced. Ay, my knees hurt!

(Micky enters with a large roll of paper)

Micky: Sansón, one drink to be payed later *(Blondie just looks at him)*

Blondie: Those are the posters i told you about Julia

Julia: What have you gotten into?

Jaime: Nothing good i bet...

Micky: Got a problem Jaime? What tha' fuck is wrong? You are too dark, I am behaving pretty well, can't even think of turning famous around here, not that way at least.

Sansón: Ok Micky, calm your *passions*.

Micky: You go tell him to calm his own,... I'm just gluing posters, they gave them to me at the radio.

Aurelia: What are they about?

Micky: Don't know, something about a ship coming to town.

Aurelia: A ship? A big real ship?

Jaime: You are sticking shit and don't even know what is it about.

Micky: You shut your mouth?...Aurelia this ain't no movie.... I'm putting one at the door.

Aurelia: ¡Ne touche pas la déco!

Micky: You say what?

Sansón: I like my deco just the way it is. 12

Blondie: This is the only place where a ship was announced.

Pedro: Maybe it's a boat bringing back all the people who has left, they are coming with their tail between their legs regretting to have abandoned town.

Jaime: Don't be a fool, must be an industry and they are just making some image cleaning before it arrives.

Micky: Should be a disco-ship, to party a bit (*While posting the papers on the door*).

Jaime: He wanted a discotheque, What for? So 4 dumbasses can dance, we are lucky enough to have a radio.

(Pedro leaves)

Julia: I think something so misterious is not a good thing.

Aurelia: Maybe is a ship from France... full of french men...

(Pause)

Julia: Aurelia, What did you do for a living before you came here?

Aurelia: (*Uncomfortable*) In France? Well, i worked at the Moulin Rouge, a very important Cabaret (*Julia and Blondie are surprised*), it was full of beautiful Young women, wearing peackocks feather crowns, with tiny waists, huge breasts... I loved to sing.

Blondie: Really? Then why don't you sing something. You were hiding that grace... (*Insists, untill Aurelia starts singing a very sad song*)

Julia: It musted been nice to have worked over there.

Aurelia: (*With tears in her eyes*) Actually i didn't work there, i just stood at the main door to sell flowers and cigarettes... sometimes I sang... until that fuckin' chilean showed up and turn my life into a living hell.

(Awkward silence. Aurelia has one shot of drink and then lights some candles to the plaster virgin of the wall) 13

Blondie: I believe in the Virgin too, but in Guadalupe's virgin... i pray to that one everyday, even if she is far in Mexico, i like her better because the virgins we got are a bit boring.

Aurelia: Carmen's?

Blondie: Yup, boring, all dressed in Brown, with a baby midget hanging from her, no shine, no grace, but Guadalupe's got golden rays.

Aurelia: That baby is Jesus.

Rucia: Don't care, Guadalupe's virgin is powerful, she has golden rays.

Jaime: Argentinians got one with rays and they don't seem to have much luck.

Julia: That one passes flying over the Andes Mountains, over the Andes Mountains passes flying.

Jaime: Lujan's virgin... i know her because she is the patroness of a football team, my brother from Mendoza told me.

Aurelia: Quit being so ignorant, The Virgin is only one.

Blondie: Wrong, Guadalupe's and Luján's are closer to the people with power „cause they shine, they go first in the virgin's priority list when they go beg for the parishioners by the end of the month.

Jaime: That must be why argentinians are so good playing ball.

Blondie: Carmen's virgin is boring... like covered with dust. When i was in school, our history teacher used to say that the virgin was at the independence war and that the place where the battles happened was all just country, I bet that's why they made her brown, „cause she was burried for spending to much time with soldiers.

Julia: Horny.

Blondie: What?

Julia: Horny like... like Javiera Carrera giving her butt away to any man, that is why she is the queen and patroness of Chile (laughs)

Jaime: Carmen's virgin is pretty powerful, she's got her miracles: Do you remember Blondie when Miss Martas' house burned down?, people say she ran to the street holding her scapulary, begging the virgin to please protect her house. Firemen arrived, cops and all the noise but, after they turn off the flames and smoke flew away, Miss Martas' house was impeccable. 14

Blondie: Even the pope Heard about the miracle and sent a letter to our neighbor.

Aurelia: Is she still your neighbor Julia?

Julia: No, dead Marta left years ago, and her children sold her house, even her house sold their children.

Blondie: If she is so powerful, we should ask the virgin to tell us what's going to happen with the ship posters are announcing... I'm so intrigued.

Sansón: Stop it Blondie, you're Obsessed.

Blondie: But... Maybe is an event from governors' office and if so I could ask for a job.

Sansón: You, the hardest worker.

Blondie: No really, Don't you remember when Jirafales professor's circus came? When two of his crocodiles died „cause of our cold air, they filled town streets with posters asking people to disassemble the stage, they payed 10 thousand pesos. But these posters just say "Soon, soon our national ship, don't miss it", nothing else, I'm just going to tie myself to the creek „till I see the famous ship in the horizon.