

# **One Last Waltz Before the Angel Passes**

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## **CHARACTERS**

Woman

Man

Narrator

NOTA BENE: The narrator is a character.

NARRATOR

A hall after a celebration. Everything's a mess: stained paper tablecloths, bottles knocked over... in short, what one would expect. Nothing changes. An elegant, troubling woman sits on a chair at the head of a long table. Stolid, stoic, staring at nothing in particular, nowhere. Nothing really matters. Around her, it gets colder. We hear the voice of a man.

MAN (off-stage)

I think I left it in the hall. I'll be back in a minute, wait for me.

NARRATOR

He changes his mind.

MAN (off-stage)

No, just go without me. I'll catch up later.

NARRATOR

People we can't see respond. (Pause) We can't hear them either.

MAN (off-stage, annoyed)

Yeah, I got my car. (Pause) Yeah, I know how to get there. I'll be fine.

NARRATOR

The man enters the hall and searches. He doesn't see it at first, of course. It always happens this way. Nothing is new under the sun. After a few seconds, he sees her. He's surprised, obviously.

MAN

Oh!

NARRATOR

He approaches her slowly. Something in him makes him go.

MAN

Are you alright?

WOMAN

Of course.

NARRATOR

She murmurs, with a delicate smile, perhaps.

MAN

I think this place is going to close soon.

NARRATOR

He says, almost worrying. She doesn't answer.

MAN

You didn't dance much tonight.

WOMAN

You didn't ask me to.

NARRATOR

She's right. He's confused, but refuses to show it.

MAN

Are you on the groom's side?

WOMAN

Does it matter?

MAN

I don't know. I don't care.

NARRATOR

He says, comfortable enough to say what he really thinks.

WOMAN

Well, fine.

MAN

I wanted... I thought you... You're right, I didn't ask you... I don't know why... You know how it is, a waltz, some rock, a slow dance...

WOMAN

You were very popular.

MAN

I know everyone here. Almost. Don't we already know each other?

WOMAN

You're not sure.

MAN

I don't know you.

NARRATOR

Silence.

MAN

I thought...

WOMAN

Yes?

MAN

That you... maybe.

WOMAN

I was at your last fight.

MAN

Ah! Oh!

NARRATOR

He's touched. Truly, deeply, intensely... *really*. Embarrassed as well.

MAN

You like boxing?

WOMAN

I don't think so. It was my first. A sort of obligation. You know... a favor... with a friend... all the things I normally hate.

MAN

But you broke your normal.

NARRATOR

He says as a joke.

WOMAN

It was difficult to do otherwise.

NARRATOR

He's having trouble breathing. He takes off his jacket. After a long silence, almost arrogantly...

MAN

Did you like it?

WOMAN

Your body is...

NARRATOR

She hesitates. Many adjectives come to mind. She could articulate them if she wanted to, but she prefers to say only one.

WOMAN

Monumental.

NARRATOR

The man laughs, obviously. He's embarrassed. Rather staccato and endless, the laugh. She waits for him to finish.

WOMAN

There, present. Entirely. Very solid, like steel, well proportioned, reassuring...

MAN

That night, I lost.

WOMAN

Not everything.

NARRATOR

She says suggestively. She gets up and goes to lean against the table, her back leans against the table, her haunches against the edge of the table. She could sit on the table, that's how tall she is. She's opposite him.

WOMAN

Your hands...

NARRATOR

He doesn't understand.

WOMAN

I couldn't see your hands.

NARRATOR

A short pause.

WOMAN

Because of your gloves.

NARRATOR

He spontaneously holds out his hands. The good thing about him is that he doesn't need to be begged. He's natural, real, almost pure.

WOMAN

Good.

NARRATOR

She says, looking at his hands without touching them. She is wearing a tight dress, a long, blue dress. She lifts up the bottom of her dress with both hands in one fluid motion. She stops at her thighs. He leers at her. She doesn't turn away. She is very serious. Extremely. He doesn't want to break his stare either.

WOMAN

You didn't see me. You didn't know me before tonight. There are no secrets, no ulterior motives, no attempts at vengeance. I don't have any compromising information. We are nothing to one another. I had only seen you once before tonight. At that fight. I wanted to see you again. You, I desired. Fortunately we have a common acquaintance. She doesn't know... about my fascination with your body... Who, when, how, we don't care, do we?

MAN

No.

NARRATOR

He agrees as if it's obvious, as if they're linked, he understands her that well.

WOMAN

Penetrate me, Xavier. Your name is Xavier, isn't it?

NARRATOR

He says...

MAN

Yes.

NARRATOR

He has his back to the audience, facing her. He lowers his pants, he isn't wearing underwear. She lifts her dress even more, she's not wearing panties. The audience would like to verify – but can't – that she's not wearing panties. She directs her gaze to his member.

WOMAN

You never disappoint me.

NARRATOR

He puts his hands on her thighs and spreads her legs. She spits on her hand and covers his penis in saliva.

WOMAN

Now.

NARRATOR

He has a few false starts. This isn't a movie, but he manages to penetrate her. At first he shakes in her, mechanically. She continues to stare at him. Stolid. He's moved by a deep desire to grab her face and lick it. He voraciously licks her whole face, crazily, like a child who finds his mother after having lost her among the aisles of a supermarket. The comparison is not apt. He's a man. A boxer. He likes to hit men, he likes to dance on his legs, play with his arms, uppercut, right, left, jab, punching. For sport. This sublime stranger in his arms, she gives herself away, his penis in her vagina, excited, surprised, ravished, ravished, ravished. He represents the man that all women want to love. He's a man of the present. She knows. From the first time she saw him, she knew that it was he who could bring her to climax. They pant in concert. She's happy in his strong arms. Her dream is realized. It lasts a long time. The audience is getting tired. They don't see anything. They don't care about pleasure that isn't theirs. They can't even join in. Even worse, they paid to see this like idiots! As they're about to leave, the woman and the man are taken by a simultaneous orgasm. A long silence, depending on the mood of the audience. They separate weakly. She lets her dress fall to her ankles. He pulls up his pants. What can they say right now? What can they do? Even worse, neither of them smokes. First, she talks and gently tells him.

WOMAN

Go catch up with your friends.

MAN

But...

NARRATOR

That's all he answers. No, no, he doesn't want to go, he wants to stay here. It was good, too good dammit, he has her under his skin. Not even this boxer, a man admired by other men and desired by women, has ever experienced this. Leave? Impossible.

WOMAN

There's nothing left for me to give you.

NARRATOR

Look at how she talks. He can't stand it, this sentence that she just said. Just who does she think she is? She's doing it on purpose, he's sure. She'll do anything to make him go.

WOMAN

Yes.



NARRATOR

He was sure.

WOMAN

I can't give you anything else.

NARRATOR

He's desperate. He knows he can't win. For a second he thinks that he's in a film written and directed by Marguerite Duras. He hates Marguerite Duras. Suddenly, he recognizes her, he knows her, this stranger that he just mounted. The other day he walked by a bookstore and he stopped to look at a book in the window. He doesn't read. That much is obvious. It wasn't the book, but the picture on the book that caught his attention. Of course, that's her, that's the author of the book that excited the whole country: The Last Explosive Waltz of My Angel. He looks at her, circumspectly. She falls.

MAN

Shit.

NARRATOR

He runs to help her up. With the last bit of force she has, she tries to push him away.

WOMAN

No, please, go.

NARRATOR

Fuck, it's Duras-esque. He wants to help her. She gets mad. She pants. Between each breath we hear what she says.

WOMAN

Don't waste it, don't waste it.

NARRATOR

A little bit later.

WOMAN

It's what I want.

NARRATOR

She looks at him with a delicate smile. A smile, the kind of smile that disarms, that melts, that penetrates one's soul and makes one cry.

WOMAN

You're so beautiful, my angel.

NARRATOR

She utters tenderly. She passes out. She passes away. She took something very strong before the party. She planned everything. She knew that he couldn't keep himself from joining her. She wanted to feel him inside her before going. It could only be him. It was her last wish. Her last wish. Her last wish. It's important to repeat it several times so the audience can be immersed in this essential detail. She didn't have anything else to add. And so?