

01. trans-exile

[melina in greenland. empty place.
zero degrees. cold. white]

melina ::

yes, i was left with a bitter taste.
here. bitter.
why not admit it.
i nearly threw up.
yes, melina nearly threw up. she wasn't that tough,
after all.
i feel, how can i say it,
that something is stuck in my throat.
yes, i told luca i couldn't
swallow it down.
that i couldn't. that i was bitter.
and i left.
without looking back or ahead. my eyes closed.
the bag. the toothbrush.
goodbye, brother luca
goodbye to so many jails.
goodbye, mother.
bitter mother, that chokes me, that dirties me,
that forces me into exile.
once again.
the last time.
relentless.
i left. without looking back.
once again.
chewing something
i couldn't swallow.
yes, i was left with a bitter taste.
here.

[an almost imperceptible voice]

paul ::

an empty stage.

melina ::

what?

paul ::

is closer to god.

melina ::

who are you?

paul ::

me

melina ::

where are you?

paul ::

don't try it.

melina ::

try what?

paul ::

looking for me
shouting at me
touching me
tying me up
submerging me
cutting me

melina ::

who are you?

paul ::

you are choked.

melina ::

yes.

paul ::

and as beautiful as ever.

melina ::

thanks.

paul ::

and so sweet.

melina ::

who are you?

paul ::

me.

melina ::

where are you?

paul ::

don't try it.

melina ::

what did you say?

paul ::

that an empty stage,

it doesn't matter.

melina ::

of course.

it doesn't matter.

paul ::

sorry, you were speaking and i cut you off.

you were speaking.

to yourself.

melina ::

hey. don't touch me.

paul ::

i needed to

taste you

smell you.

melina ::

don't do it.

paul ::

your skin.

it tastes bitter!

you are bitter!

where have you come from?

melina ::

stay out of it.

it's none of your business.

paul ::

and this is also my house.

melina ::

so what?

paul ::

an empty stage.

zero degrees.

low depth

melina ::

i'd better go on.

alone.

putting my stuff in order.

my bag. my toothbrush.

i no longer want to please anybody.

i no longer want to think and feel

what the others want me to think and feel.

i come from a place where there was a sea,

where everybody was ready to die

of boredom,

where everything made sense.

too much sense.

i'm looking for someone that would make my head spin.

i want to be, how can i say it,

the partner of a knife thrower.

paul ::

i learned in a circus.

melina ::

enough!

i rented this place just for myself.

there shouldn't be anyone else. in here.

in here.

here.

there is nobody else.

there was nobody else.

just me.

melina.

and the cold.

the cold that erases the marks.

the cold of amnesia

what did i come

to this damn house for?

paul ::

have you ever lost?

melina ::

if i what?

paul ::

if you have ever lost.

02. cold

[melina and paul. motivations]

paul ::

you should listen to me.

melina ::

fine.

paul ::

don't laugh.

don't feel sorry for me.

i just want you to pay attention

to what i have to reveal to you.

melina ::

what are you saying?

what are all these strange things?

paul ::

your father.

i'm talking on his behalf.

don't laugh. don't be afraid.

these things sometimes happen.

his body was condemned,

condemned by dark acts of treason.

i don't hate them. you know better than i do.

i don't need to tell you about the horrors

of war.

the great war.

the tiniest detail would scare you.

listen to me, melina.

you must avenge the death of your father.

melina ::

murder?

i spent years trying to bury that word.

i don't want you to meddle in my life.

i want silence.

i want silence.

paul ::

calm down, melina.

you are not understanding me.

i've already told you, i won't be talking to you about that,

about what happened

you were a girl.

you will always be a little girl.

when i say murder.

mur-der.

i mean, daughter,

that everybody has been fooled

by the one that forced you into exile.

melina ::

mother?

are you talking about mother?

besides being the perfect mother,

should i ascribe to her the most terrible sin?

why should i believe you?

paul ::

because she was the one that chose

the end of your father.

silent and perfect, i have no further proof.

i have no further proof. please, don't insist.

i'd rather keep silent.

but it was her,

the one that with her genius and damned skills

saved her skin and all the rest of yours,

luca and melina, blood siblings.

knowing that she was handing your father over

to the machine,

leaving him in the middle of the most awful battle.

she preferred defeat. our defeat.

i spare you the details.

you can find them in your father's dead eyes.

which keep looking, hollow, blind with disgust.

because she was the one that exchanged

your father for hers.

because she was the one that perpetuated the stigma.

melina ::

stop.

please.

paul ::

as you wish.

melina ::

and luca?

paul ::

he's not innocent either.

melina ::

what do you mean?

luca was just a boy.

paul ::

i'm not talking about that.

melina ::

what do you mean?

paul ::

where does he live now?

why, on the other hand, did you run away?

marks repeat themselves.

the fractals.

some are on one side.

some are on the other.

if anything goes wrong,

war breaks out.

melina ::

and that?

paul ::

that doesn't matter.

don't forget about me, melina.

melina ::

i won't forget you, father.

i wish i could avenge you.

my exile ends today.

03. magenta

[luca walks. first slowly.

then he comes and goes. paranoid]

luca ::

i've always known what it's like to be on this side.

on this side. on this side.

so i go, go, go.

do you know what i mean?

and there are always the same rugosities.

i call them rugosities.

i call them hands.

hands. hands. hands.

but they are marks.

time should be measured.

time can be measured.

it's easy.

now, i'm on this side. on this side.

on this side.

i go, go, go.

do you know what i mean?

after red,

there always comes white.

melina ::

after fun,

the blame.

and after liberation,

the horror.

luca ::

sister!

you really scared me! your words

sound, how should i say, inevitable.

what a nice surprise!

i like it because you always come back without a warning.

i'll tell mother that you are here.

she'll be glad.

melina ::

don't be silly.

you know very well that she hates me.

i have other plans.

what were you saying

about being on this side?

luca ::

nothing sister.

it's just that i feel from this side.

that i'm in a sort of jail.
and there are always the same rugosities.
as if it were, i don't know, the flaw of a system.

melina ::

it sounds complicated
and which is my side?

luca ::

i thought you were in greenland.
it's very cold there.

melina ::

it's possible.
we live in the same time.
in the same rugosity,
as you say.

luca ::

why did you leave?

melina ::

it doesn't matter.
now.

luca ::

there are things that shouldn't be logical.

you know what i mean,
the women of the family.
think about the journey,
the rugosities.
grandma fled her land.
she left everything behind.
mom didn't.
you, melina, fled your land.
you left everything behind.
you are uneven.
grandma and you.
missing your fathers
grandma locked up
in the attic, reading letters
that one day stopped arriving.
days and nights of war.

melina ::

and me, melina, in greenland.
the land of amnesia.
waiting.

you shouldn't know all of it.

luca ::

and me?

i'm neither even.

nor uneven.

i'm a flaw.

melina ::

don't say that.

luca ::

well?

melina ::

what's the question you are asking yourself?

luca ::

right now?

melina ::

yes.

luca ::

why did you come back?

melina ::

to take you to greenland.
we'll go together.

04. triangles

[melina, paul, luca. historic movements]

luca ::

our grandparents were italian.
mother says they emigrated in 1930.

melina ::

memories are useless, luca.

luca ::

they were running away from hunger.
from the cold, the fog. the mountain.
they say that once
great grandpa luigi's mule balked.
sick and tired of waiting, he bit one of its ears.

the mule's moans in the valley.
in the stones.
the broken ear.
luigi's boisterous laugh
in the valley of monferrato.
luigi never cried.
when he saw his daughter for the last time,
not a single tear.
she did,
she cried in the shitty ship.
very long days crossing the ocean.
she always remembered the mule.
the broken ear.

melina ::

memories are useless,
luca.
and mom and dad and our grandparents.
doesn't it bore you?
they arrived here and that's it.
in the ass crack of the world.

luca ::

don't talk like that, melina.

melina ::

besides.

luca ::

besides, what?

melina ::

you know quite well that the italians of the family
were not,
let's say,
heroic.

luca ::

what do you mean by that, sister?

melina ::

the same thing you were saying.
just a little while ago.
rugosities. marks, surfaces.

luca ::

what do you mean by all that?

melina ::

a box inside another box.
boxes boxes boxes.
dad, mom.
a happy world.

[soft. imperceptible. interfering.]

paul ::

we met at college.

melina ::

they met at college.

luca ::

who?

paul ::

we attended the same math class.
together.

she, the piemontese.
with those long braids and blue eyes.
the same class of random functions
and the glances and first smiles.
the protests and nights talking
talking talking
about the family marks
about this place in the world
full of cows and slaughter houses, full of corpses.
of corpses, of flags
made out on corpses.
corpses of indians and cows,
of anarchists and cows, of knife-makers
and cows,
of children and women, of cows.
she, the piemontese.
fell in love with these streets.
she said that her father.

melina ::

you are not understanding anything, luca.
depth!, you have to go beyond the surface.
i'd better give you a simple example.

romeo and juliet.
not that one.
or yes.
a box inside another box.
in order to find the figure infinite times.
the same figure.
infinite romeos and juliets
the originals and the copies, the copies,
and I feel that all this is like falling
into black holes.
paul ::
her father said that there was peace here.
far from europe.
here people were barbarians, smugglers,
not even bourgeois.
the italian said,
that, however, people in montevideo
had good taste.
but his daughter should not mix with the scum,
with the rats that had jumped off the ships.
neither with the russians nor the polish. not even the spaniards.
italian blood, he said, but from the north,
she told me, the piemontese girl,
in math class.

luca ::
romeo was also italian.
melina ::
napolitan. don't forget.
he spoke weird.
like the scum.
two children they had.
a girl,
and then a boy.

[from somewhere]

a voice ::
ophelia dressed in red waits.
weaving threads
in the loom of the palace,
while the beloved murderer of the spy,
her own father.
is dyed by denmark in blood.
hamlet hesitates.
he has the sword in his fist.
speaking, speaking breathlessly,
thrusting the sword
into his mother's womb.
he's already the king of his region
in the frozen lakes of insanity.
man and woman joined by embroidered
incest.
like two dolls.

05. end-points

[luca lets melina know
certain things]

luca ::
mother already knows that melina is back.
or senses it.
she asked me if i was not telling her something.
and went on to say that it's my sister
the one who is crazy,
with this about seeking purification,
about trips
your sister is crazy, and i call her crazy
because if i have to define real craziness,
what else could it be other than being
simply crazy?
we should take care of her, i said.
you are also crazy, she told me.
just like her.
just like your father, may he rest in peace,
who lived in a fantasy world
just like your grandfather,
who is intent on remaining alive.
you brought him, i told her.
stay out of it, she told me.

besides, he is handicapped, disabled.
you know.
and he gave us everything, she told me.
never forget that.
things that your father didn't give us, she also told me.
yes, i know.
i told her.
but.

melina ::

who are you talking to, brother?
i think she senses something.
what did you tell her?

luca ::

nothing.

melina ::

tell her, if that makes you feel better.
insinuate it,
to see if she feels, at least,
a little bit of guilt.

luca ::

what are you referring to?

melina ::

to what happened with dad.
a box inside another box.
the end of the happy world, luca.

luca ::

mother and grandfather did everything for us.
flag waving doesn't put food on the table!

melina ::

sometimes you shouldn't talk.
and grandpa?
is he still unable to get up from his chair?

luca ::

such hatred!

melina ::

we have to talk about that, luca

06. rugosities

[paul narrates. shrieking , knife-like
sound distortions]

other voices ::

according to mandelbrot, a fractal is an object
that is made up of fragments [distorsion] of
variable size and orientation [distorsion] mandelbrot
confers on fractals some special geometric properties
in terms of the existing relationship [distorsion]
these properties require certain mathematical tools
other than the ordinary ones in order to explain
[distorsion] the fractal dimension [distorsion] is an
index [distorsion] neither one [distorsion] nor two
[distorsion] nor three [distorsion] the fractal dimension is
an index [distorsion] two point thirty-seven [distorsion]
graphic form [distorsion] one point zero eight [distorsion]
metaphor [distorsion] acidic parabolas [distorsion]
neither one nor two nor [distorsion] three [distorsion]

paul ::

when meli was born there was a revolution
in the family.
year nineteen sixty-eight.
who cares about that. data are meaningless.
melina was a beautiful baby.
i kept very close to her. and her mother.
it was before.
between things other things always happen.
how could i explain that luca's birth
changed certain circumstances.
luca was born a year and a half later.
almost two years after melina.
neither one nor two.
a girl and a boy. brother and sister.
melina and luca.
the mother and all the triangles.
and the marks. the family marks.

other voices ::

in the mid-nineteen seventies, a scientist at the ibm,
mandelbrot, proposed a new tool for modeling

natural phenomena [distorsion] all objects existing
in nature have some kind of fractal behavior [distorsion]
one way to calculate the fractal dimension is by using
the hurst coefficient [distorsion] euclid said: one dimension
is a straight line [distorsion] two dimensions are a figure
[distorsion] three dimensions are volume [distorsion]
mandelbrot said: two point thirty-seven [distorsion]
he said chaos [distorsion] jonathan swift said: lilliputians
[distorsion] where are the genetic codes? what's my
number? my passport is valid, sir [distorsion] i want
to leave [distorsion] fractal geometry is the graphic
representation of chaos [distorsion]

paul ::

when melina was born
she took over the double bed.
melina and luca fought. over territory.
a happy world.

melina ::

dad said that war was about to break out.
that they had to fight.
mother told him to stop going
to meetings.
that grandpa didn't like him
to mix with the scum.

paul ::

melina and luca in the closet.

melina ::

dad, you are the blindfolded player.

paul ::

when luca turned five,
he and melina were inseparable.
never again could i touch them.

melina ::

children, get out of the closet.
mother shouted.
get out of there
you are ruining my clothes

paul ::

armed men went to the house.

melina ::

dad, you are the blindfolded player.

paul ::

between things other things always happen.
it's the point at which the pinball ball
starts rolling.

it bounces and bounces and bounces.
no two routes are the same.
regardless of the same marks.

melina ::

dad, you are the blindfolded player.

paul ::

the plan was to go away. the four of us.
far from the war.
their grandfather knew, that's why he went to pick up
melina and luca from school.
and their mother.

their grandfather knew.

he told his daughter about another plan.

to bring the pinball ball to a halt.

they left in that car. a long drive.

another four.

luca, melina, their grandfather.

and her.

melina ::

dad, you are the blindfolded player.

paul ::

i opened the last door.

the black and white tv.

the armed men.

melina ::

mother, i want to go to grandpa's house.

with luca.

luca ::

grandpa, i don't want to be big.

melina ::

where is dad?

07. siblings

[meeting. close-up]

other voices ::

don't worry i can stop by the supermarket – our girl passed the exam. buy her something – i need you to bring me some of those pills i took the other day – i'm calling to let you know that i have some. so tell me how many and i'll fetch them for you – let's meet at two in the waiting room. don't be late – i've already bought the tickets. they are for friday, for the friday nine o'clock show – nothing, i was in a bad mood today. sorry about that – you stop by the club, please, because i can't make it – call me now. call me or the bald guy. right now. show up – this is the last time you stand me up. i've been waiting like a fool since five – don't forget to bring the firewood. and a chocolate. the cold has started - it was great. you can't imagine. i'll tell you later.

luca ::

something horrible has happened in the shopping mall!

melina ::

so, what?

luca ::

it's horrible.

an attack.

they're showing it on t.v.

more voices ::

some day you could leave the damn machine on – if you lower the price, i'll buy it. call me to this number. today – they told me he came out fine from the the operation– buy some vegetables. do as i tell you – and i recommend those pills i told you about – three hundred is my last offer. three hundred. not one more. not one less – fucking whore. i saw you with that idiot – call me now. call me, it's urgent. just. whatever. i hope it's not too late – this is the last time you stand me up. i've been waiting like a fool since five – if you don't stop fooling around, i'm going to kill you – i hope you call me back. i'll be waiting – he is bringing it at ten. tell the others.

luca ::

it could be us.

i mean. the victims.

melina ::

always so scared

there are no innocents, luca.

neither you nor i are innocent.

it's war.

luca ::

what's war?

melina ::

how can i explain it to you?

it's like when

a tower falls,

luca.

more ::

some day you could leave the damn machine on – if you lower the price, i'll buy it. call me back at this number. today – we keep on looking for but we find nothing. you should come instead – buy some vegetables. do as i tell you – and don't forget to bring that stuff you always manage to get. but bring it clean – three hundred is my last offer. three hundred. not one more. not one less – he told me we could both go if we wanted to. do you feel like it?- call me now. he had a heart attack. call me. i hope it's not too late – a colleague told me he has a cheap one – i found something that looks like a finger in the car – i'm not going. not even if you get down on your knees – it was great. you can't imagine. i'll tell you later.

melina ::

there are no innocents, luca.

luca ::

but the others are worse.

the ones on the other side.

melina ::

your head is not working very well, luca.
the others are just like us.
it's horrible,
but our equals
can be worse than the others.

unanswered calls ::

please, call me when you get to the office. i'm nervous -
some day you could leave the damn machine on - i'm
watching it on tv. it has all been blown up. it's horrible.
call me - tell me you didn't take that one. the one you
always take - some day you could leave the damn
machine on - dad, I need three hundred to buy the
present for mom - this is the tenth message i've left you.
turn on the phone - should I leave him a message or not?
what should I do? his cell phone is off - i was tempted to
cut the thing there and see what happened. but the stupid
nurse didn't dare.

luca ::

what are you doing?
what are you reading?

melina ::

you know.
words.words. words.

luca ::

what do all of those words say?

melina ::

lies, calumnies.
it says here that a woman ratted out her man
and that her children are happy
even when they hear about the crime.

luca ::

that's such a strange story, melina!

melina ::

it's no more strange than those things
you run around screaming about.
that they blew up some such thing.

luca ::

they are talking about hundreds of dead people.

melina ::

so what?
a war is a war,
and this one seems quite productive.
because if there are so many dead people it must be
a good war.
i'm sick and tired of all this, luca.
that's why
i feel that if this were the great war,
i would feel safer.

luca ::

what you say is strange.

melina ::

it's written in some books, luca.
you should know
that peace is even worse,
because we would be fearing
the onset of war.
do you follow my reasoning?
i'd rather desire peace, as a utopia,
than leave in fear surrounded by cowards.
how many dead people did you say?

luca ::

hundreds.

melina ::

that makes me feel safe.

luca ::

melina,
we could be among the victims!
there are children!

melina ::

we were children of other wars.
you should know that.
and not forget what has happened.

luca ::

i would like to know
what you have come here for.
it seems to me that you've come back for something more
than just to invite me to greenland

melina ::

i came here for some justice.
to see some blood shed.
and i also came for vanity.
to justify myself in front of those
that cannot tell the difference between a simple storm
and a tempest
and they laugh. frozen laughs.
look at their faces. cold.
against the wall.
i came back, luca, for some justice.

[luca and melina. back to back.
not speaking to each other]

luca ::

i don't know where it all started.
i'm lying. i know, but i don't want to remember.
what for?
i'd rather go on like this. closed up.
closed up in this bubble.
can you see it?
i know that nobody can see it. my bubble.
i am up here. you all are down there.
none of you can imagine
of course you can't. no one can image.
i woke up today. from a long night.
i felt a prick. a pain. here.
on this side. on this.
implacable.

melina ::

where did it all start?
i was there.
and he was strange.
i noticed he was strange.
he was no longer mine.

[disagreement. close up]

luca ::

you are still the same.

melina ::

i learned to live with it.

luca ::

what are you doing here, sister?

melina ::

i came back to ask why all the harm.
why did they do us all that harm?

luca ::

no one is innocent.

[recurrences]

melina ::

luca,
i need something.
a cigarette.

luca ::

calm down, melina.
calm down.

melina ::

i've never been this calm.

luca ::

what are you doing?

melina ::

no matter how i throw the dice,
it always comes out the same.

luca ::

it's natural,
our destiny is sealed.

melina ::

for god's sake, luca,
listen to me.
to me. listen to me.
not a word to anyone.
i fear that there might be a flaw.

luca ::

i always knew it.

melina ::

what are you saying?

luca ::

i always knew what it is to be on this side,
melina. on the side of fear.

melina ::

i just hope that you don't do it.

luca ::

what is it i shouldn't do?

melina ::

mess up the plan.

luca ::

what plan?

08. other rugosities

[paul goes on]

other voices ::

according to mandelbrot, a fractal is an object that
is made up of fragments of variable size and orientation
[distorsion] a fractal is an object that has the property of
self-similarity [distorsion] if we take a stone and smash it
against the floor each one of the resulting fragments is a
stone [distorsion] if we take a branch off a tree, the shape
of both the tree and the branch is the same [distorsion]
stone and tree are self-similar [distorsion]

paul ::

the world had to be changed.

romeo without juliet.

juliet, the piemontese with braids

left with her father,

mute with pain, invisible.

almost without intending to.

brushing through disappointments, absences

ill-dreamt books by brecht and shakespeare.

the world had to be changed.

it was romeo's illusion.

the theater of dolls: black or white.

romeo giving birth to hamlet, the parricide

that will put an end to all the triangles.

treachery chews up dreams.

romeo had to die.

other voices ::

recursive algorithms [distorsion] non-linear equations
[distorsion] crossfire [distorsion] population growth
[distorsion] chemical [distorsion] urban [distorsion]
storms [distorsion] relationship between the shape of
an object and the sound it gives off [distorsion] streets
[distorsion] become flooded [distorsion]

[melina and luca. in action]

luca ::

and why isn't he here?

melina ::

it's the same with or without grandpa.

we can't hesitate.

luca ::

but, he.

melina ::

the best time is when she's

reading the newspaper

that way she has her back to us

you know what? i had a dream.

luca ::

stop. i had enough with all this.

melina ::

it's important for you to know.

if i tell you that it was you, in the dream,

who gave her the most blows

to the head.

what would you say about it?

luca ::

stop. please.

melina ::

i really couldn't believe it.

luca ::
we'd better forget about that dream.

melina ::
dreams are our best mirrors.

luca ::
i think that she's going to read the newspaper.

melina ::
not yet, silly. this is not the right time.
first she leaves everything in order.
just like grandma did
before going up to the attic.
she still has to clean off the tablecloth.

luca ::
and grandpa is upstairs.

melina ::
yes.
in his chair.

luca ::
we said that he.

melina ::
it's going to be better this way.
that's what i say.
in the dream you went first,
without my telling you anything.
with that stick. the stick
with the arrow on the end.
the sting.

luca ::
stop with that. please.
i don't feel well.

melina ::
the same stick with which we smashed
the wasp hives.

luca ::
please.

melina ::
once they chased you all across the garden.
and they stung you.
and she, the one who's over there, you know.
wasn't happy just with scolding us.

luca ::
i don't want to remember. i told you.

melina ::
it was just a dream.
you shouldn't get upset like that.

luca ::
the thing about the wasps was not a dream.

melina ::
i thought it was a hallucination.

luca ::
i don't know if i'm up to it today.

melina ::
I hope you are not thinking that i'm willing
to spend all nights
looking at the world like a fool.

luca ::
what are you saying?

melina ::
you heard it.
all or nothing, luca.

luca ::
she's going to make noise.
she's going to make a lot of noise.

melina ::
in the dream she screamed. and you also screamed.
and i laughed.

luca ::
enough!

melina ::
she just has to wipe the tablecloth with a rag.

luca ::
where is he?
he should be here
it's the two of them, isn't it?

melina ::
a change of plan.
who knows.

luca ::

i could also change the plan.

melina ::

i don't think so.

luca ::

why don't you think so?

melina ::

you'll be turning your back on me.

like in the dream.

you'll be turning your back on me.

luca ::

you wouldn't dare.

melina ::

it's possible.

but i can't assure it.

luca ::

you wouldn't dare, meli.

melina ::

in the dream you didn't hesitate so much.

luca ::

if anything fails.

melina ::

all roads are different.

all roads lead to greenland.

the marks. the signs. they're all there.

she finished wiping the tablecloth. now it's your turn.

there are few possibilities for failure.

there are no further variations.

the countdown has begun.

luca ::

i hate numbers.

melina ::

five. four.

three.

two.

luca ::

what was that?

melina ::

a wasp.

luca ::

it stung me, melina.

it stung me.

melina ::

one.

[from somewhere]

a voice ::

the poor man is hungry.

he points the gun at the crowd,

then at his victimizers.

the poor man, then, puts the gun

to his own head.

before pulling the trigger,

the poor man takes a look

over there in the river,

next to the wall,

a so-called hamlet plays darts

with a vanquished opponent.

bang!

[apparition of paul]

paul ::

do you both still feel like playing?

melina ::

this is not the best time.

paul ::

if we take a stone

and smash it against the floor

each one of the resulting fragments

is the same stone

if we take a branch off a tree

luca ::

i hear voices, meli.

isn't it grandpa?

melina ::

there are no voices.

and the sons of a bitch have lost their speech.

luca ::

so?

melina ::

rugosities.

you should believe in them.

luca ::

damned wasp.

it hurts.

the sting.

other voices ::

hello, mother. how are you?, melina said [distorsion]

luca ran and hid in a corner [distorsion] melina, i'm

very angry with you [distorsion] what on earth is she

doing, luca thought, referring to melina [distorsion]

change of plan [distorsion] luca, the shadow of his

mother [distorsion] the weapon being held erect

[distorsion] my father is very angry with you, melina

shouted at her mother [distorsion] a fractal is an object

that has the property of self-similarity [distorsion] are

you pulling my leg?, answered the mother [distorsion]

i've come back from greenland to say it. to your face.

melina stated. [distorsion] if we take a stone and smash

it against the floor [distorsion] not yet, luca thought

[distorsion] each one of the resulting fragments is a stone

[distorsion] you are pulling my leg, the mother shouted

again [distorsion] you are pulling my leg!, melina shouted.

[distorsion] enraged [distorsion] blind [distorsion] have

you forgotten who i am?, the mother asked [distorsion] i

haven't forgotten. you are the one who killed my father.

and, i wish you weren't my mother [distorsion] i'm going to

call someone that can speak to you [distorsion] the

mother called luca [distorsion] luca was behind her

[distorsion] if we take a branch off a tree [distorsion] luca

dropped the stick [distorsion] the sting entered her again

and again [distorsion] dispersing its poison [distorsion]

screams [distorsion], the shape of both the tree and the

branch is the same [distorsion] afterwards, silence

[distorsion]

paul ::

some stories are better than others.

so i'd rather tell you a very simple one.

my story.

so.

ladies and gentlemen,

i'll tell you the story of a crime

"do you love me and will you always love me?",

asked he, romeo,

and she, juliet, answered: "always".

they led a good life,

like any other couple at that time.

between parties and conspiracies.

more conspiracies than parties

there is always a triangle.

but how are we to name

the triangle of horror.

of family marks.

don't mix with the scum,

she had been told.

and she mixed with the scum.

and the scum rebelled against everything

in the great war.

the victory was close.

and so was defeat.

and treachery.

the piemontese grandfather, jealous of his daughter,

and enemy in all wars,

sold him out.

the grandfather stayed with the

braided and lost juliet,

and she went on living for her children.

she went on living, accomplice to the worst sin.

some people might think

that she also planned the crime.

i don't want to know.

i'm not exactly asking you to have mercy on her.

nor compassion.

and i swear i know nothing about how this vengeance ends.

i barely guided my daughter, melina,

towards the door to her liberation.

she can see beyond.
though i don't know how far she may get.
and luca?
i feel nothing for him
but resignation.

09. connections

[more starting points]

luca ::

bubble. a simple and insignificant bubble.
that's what i am.
i am what you want me to be.
and before her eyes,
there remained not a single doubt.
she left. she. i didn't mind.
i didn't cry.
now that i fulfilled her plan she'll leave again.
was i the traitor?
i'm a bubble that remembers.
i neither hate nor detest her.
it's nothing. i feel nothing.
while she hallucinates.
absolutely.

[melina. certain explanations, recurrences]

melina ::

i can't concentrate like this.
not like this. those noises.
up there.
those voices. the voices. down there.
i lived many years with them.
without realizing.
time after time.
and i left. and i come back.
i won't be coming back anymore. i know.
i won't come back.
to any home.
not to any of the homes.

paul ::

there's only one home.

melina ::

no home!

paul ::

there's only one home.

melina ::

why are you provoking me?

no, i can't. but i'm talking to myself.

i'll go crazy.

paul ::

there's only one home.

melina ::

i can't concentrate like this. those noises.

it must be.

paul ::

make no mistake.

melina ::

enough!

paul::

make no mistake with your prey.

melina ::

enough! a thousand times, enough!

isn't it enough to control my actions?

is that a father?

paul ::

there's only one home.

only one place, melina.

melina ::

yes. ok. you're right.

there's only one home.

there's just one.

and i want to come back. home.

but, to which one?

is there anybody who can answer that question?

paul ::

i don't know.

[hallucinations from afar. more decisions]

melina ::

why?

luca ::

no one is innocent.
you said it yourself.

melina ::

you are crazy. crazy. all of you.

luca ::

probably. but i would also like
to know why you left.
why you didn't look back.

melina ::

it's quite easy, luca.
it was horrible. pure horror.
i've never seen anything so horrible in my life.
mom was the perfect mother.
and grandpa, with that twisted look.
a happy world.

luca ::

that never happened.

melina ::

yes it happened.

luca ::

you were taking those pills, meli.
there were rats eating your food
or monsters that got into your body.
you weren't well.

it's a different story.

melina ::

not this time, luca.
i took those pills the day i found out the truth.
it still
makes me sick.

and you couldn't understand. you didn't.
i'm not asking you to understand!

luca ::

i told you not to do it. you didn't pay attention to me.

melina ::

and i didn't look back, because.
in any case, why is everybody leaving?

luca ::

who? to whom are you referring?
you are not the same as when we were children.
before, you were.

melina ::

more tender?

i still am.

as you said so well:
no one is innocent, dear.

let's go.
time is up.

luca ::

meli?

melina ::

what?

luca ::

i want you to take me with you.

melina ::

where?

luca ::

to greenland.

10. white distances

[luca and melina monologue. distant from each other]

luca ::

dad,
are you ok?
you know what?
i always wanted to talk to you about something.
the other day i found the chair
i used when i was a kid.
you also used it, didn't you?

melina ::

shhhh.

he won't talk to you.

luca ::

i don't care.

it's all the same to me.

melina ::

i know.

when do you think we should leave?

i can't stand it anymore.

he's going to stay.

he's the one that comes back.

yesterday i dreamed we were travelling by ship.

months.

years.

centuries.

we are descendants of sailors.

i must have the mark. somewhere.

luca ::

no matter how i throw the dice,

it always comes out the same.

our destiny is sealed.

melina ::

luca,

i need a cigarette.

luca ::

calm down, melina.

calm down.

melina ::

enough.

i can't stand you telling me

to calm down

enough, brother.

luca ::

calm down, melina.

melina ::

i know this story better than you.

better than anybody.

do you still doubt

that they were cowards?

damned useless cowards.

that's why everything has to be erased.

a change of plan.

you are not the flaw.

we are the flaw!

we have to clean it all up.

luca ::

something is bothering me.

melina ::

about cleaning it all up.

[melina throws an object at luca.
she manages to hit him]

luca ::

no. no.

no.

melina ::

what are those noises?

luca ::

the old bag.

she's still moving.

melina ::

for god's sake, don't even think

that such a thing could happen.

luca, listen to me. to me. listen.

i'm leaving. i'm leaving.

we are leaving.

but i won't allow you to make any mistakes

when you talk about what really happened.

luca ::

but, melina.

we had a happy childhood.

a happy world.

[melina leaves]

luca ::

melina says that we have to go far away.

she says that the world is nicer
out there.
the day she left, she came into my room.
she said i had to bite them on the ear.
all of them.
she said that grandpa didn't do it and,
that's why, no.
it's not like that.
i'm mixing up my words.
it's not logical.
our great grandpa indeed bit the mule.
he bit his sadness over a lost family.
but there must be a link
between the ear of the damned mule and the fact
that grandma ended up locked in the attic.
reading letters. speaking italian.
alone. cleaning.
cleaning all day long.
mom used to say.
what does mom have to do with all this?
the ants, the cats, the hens.
what do all of them have to do with all this?
grandma loved her father more than grandpa.
and that's why he was so obsessed with his daughter.
dad said that. and melina laughed.
he said it when mom wasn't home.
damned consistency!
i remember it now
that i'm going up to that room.
who's talking with my voice?
who's locked in here?
why am i so cold?

[melina's voice]

melina ::

what are those noises?

luca ::

the old bag.

she's still moving.

melina ::

the last time we talked

she told me it was all my fault.

what more can a mother say

to her daughter?

11. prelude

[paul. temporary
destabilizations]

paul ::

enough! enough!

melina ::

memories are useless.

memories are the ruin of idiots

paul ::

we had it all prepared. [distorsion] are you

listening to me? [distorsion] the tv antennae

would be blown away. away. they would be

blown away. and it would be psychosis.

[distorsion] that's it. like that. just imagine.

and then we would have to target the key

points. the nerves of the system. to set the

cars on fire. [distorsion] brigades of pyromaniacs.

[distorsion] wearing red bracelets. [distorsion]

are you listening, melina? [distorsion] we are

anethetized in all times. we have to take out the

violence. to explode. otherwise, we implode.

and the burden is turned against our own bodies

swollen with benzodiazepine. [distorsion] as in

all times. as in none. something had to be done.

[distorsion] to explode. at the very beginning

there were very few conspirators. look what

happened later. reality and social circumstances

are, how can I say, psychosomatic [distorsion]

we had it all prepared. to love and hate at the

same time. [distorsion] de-sta-bi-li-ze. [distorsion]

but as it happens in all times, we negotiated, we
sold our will. and we lost track of gratuitous actions.
we had to learn to give up, melina.

melina ::

you seem sad. don't fall down. don't give up
now.

father.

let the blood flow.

paul ::

that's it, to let the blood flow. [distorsion] like
now, that everything is a horror. [distorsion]
that phones are ringing and nobody answers
[distorsion] it's the war. [distorsion] it's all the
wars. [distorsion] thousands are falling, from
towers. [distorsion] thousands being blown up
[distorsion] into pieces. [distorsion] thousands
are travelling on the highway to death. [distorsion]
they will never arrive at the airport. [distorsion]
thousands falling and there's not even blood
to show. [distorsion] blood can be cleaned up.
[distorsion] and planes destroy it all. [distorsion]
and it doesn't matter. [distorsion] because the
worst war is when war it's invisible. [distorsion]
when nobody can tell about it. [distorsion]
when our eyes ache from seeing the last image
repeated.

melina ::

let the blood flow. white.

paul ::

let the blood flow, let the blood flow.
we had it all prepared. [distorsion] and
i fell in love. [distorsion] and there was a traitor.

melina ::

what's going on? i'm still talking to myself.
i'm going crazy.

paul ::

let the blood flow.

melina ::

let the blood flow.

paul ::

tell me about your life.

melina ::

i don't want to look at myself in the mirror.

paul ::

if you'd like i'll go back to my place.
maybe i hurried it too much.
or you are too rational.
rational.

it happens to all of us.

melina ::

can i talk to you?

paul ::

we are already.

melina ::

i come and go.

to escape.

paul ::

calm down.

calm down, melina.

we can live together for a time.

take me or leave me.

you choose,

but nobody will release you from the game.

besides, i know that you didn't come here to stay.

nobody stays too long

in a place like this.

have you, by any chance, come here to die?

melina ::

maybe.

paul ::

ambiguities displease me.

melina ::

maybe i'm not going alone.

that's what i meant to say.

paul ::

i think that you are making
an important decision.

melina ::

yes.

paul ::

did you also want to talk?

melina ::

but it displeases me not to see the other speaker.

you know it well.

paul ::

you won't see me.

melina ::

until what?

until i hang

from one of those ropes

people use to kill themselves.

paul ::

i didn't say that.

don't be so cruel.

melina ::

until the chair slips away.

and the body hangs in the bathroom

of any house.

this house.

and the parents arrive.

the brothers and sisters arrive.

the friends arrive.

the others arrive.

and time melts away.

excited.

paul ::

i didn't say that. it's just that you won't see me.

but i can touch you.

melina ::

i'm leaving.

paul ::

at one time i believed the world destroyed

my truths. i felt besieged.

it was all in my head.

i had spent ten days without moving

from that hole.

melina ::

i said i'm leaving.

paul ::

see you.

melina ::

i don't know if i'm coming back.

paul ::

i'd like to touch her

caress her, tie her up

cut her

melina ::

so?

you weren't wrong, father. don't fall down now.

you weren't wrong when you asked me

to avenge your sorrow. our horror.

i'm not her. not even her mirror.

i'm not her.

these are my hands.

and it's not even these hands

which have taken revenge.

there was a flaw. or not.

i'm not uneven. or not.

i desire you. or not.

paul ::

calm down, melina.

i know that you are choking.

it's nothing personal.

[other voices, also distorted, are heard.
flashes. footsteps running by]

paul ::

what are those noises?

melina ::

i don't know.

they scare me.

paul ::

i'll have a look.

upstairs.

melina ::

be careful.

paul ::

it's also my house.

melina ::

i know.

paul ::

i hope it's not what i think it is.

melina ::

what?

you'd better go and see.

paul ::

what are you doing?

melina ::

what's going on upstairs?

paul ::

don't come up.

melina ::

what are those noises?

who is there with you?

paul ::

don't come up, melina.

your brother.

melina ::

what about luca?

paul ::

that your brother is not listening to me.

that your brother went too far with all this.

please.

don't come up.

I want you to save yourself

[from somewhere]

other voice ::

cold.

ice.

snow.

they cut off an arm from the doll.

they cut off the other arm from the doll.

they cut off a leg from the doll.

they cut off the other leg from the doll.

hamlet resists, doll.

assassins resist, dolls.

a box inside another box.

cold.

ice.

snow.

blood squirts out of the fridge.

ophelia's blood,

blowing up her watch,

the drum that she carried in her chest.

the grief.

arm, arm. leg,

leg.

the head cut off from the doll.

five parts hanging from the wall.

cold.

poison.

trash.

12. noise

[luca, upstairs. scene of cannibalism]

melina ::

him. my brother.

him. my only brother.

luca.

him.

he was there. in front of my eyes.

right in this very place. here.

with my clothes. my perfumes. my

movements.

luca.

with another man.

don't get it wrong. he was with the other one,

the old man in the chair.

our grandfather.

a party with my clothes. my dresses.

my jewelry.

my flowers.
and my dreams.
i ran.
i didn't look back. i refused to.
i left him there. in that bed.
i ran. ran. ran.
he. my brother. called me.
he said, dinner's ready, sis.
do you want to taste it?, he asked
luca ::
dinner's ready, sis.
do you want to taste it?
melina ::
do i have to?
luca ::
no one is innocent.

[melina. deep thoughts]

melina ::
i'm the oldest. i was born before.
but it's not only that.
i have control. i have control. that's what i thought.
at least,
i think i had control over all.
something happened. once.
everything was fine.
someone broke the dream.
it was at school. an afternoon. at recess.
i was playing with some friends.
i was in second or third grade.
i don't remember.
my parents weren't coming to pick me up.
the teacher told me.
i felt it was something serious.
i felt a knot in my stomach.
i went to tell luca the terrible news.
i didn't mean to scare him.
i just wanted to tell him.
he went on playing. i had to protect him.
and i did it.
protect him from everybody.
always protect him.
everything hurt me.
then, shortly after,
i started to lose control over certain things.
i dropped the glasses. the plates. everything.
i stopped laughing.
that's why i made the decision.
a trip.
i went up and up.
until i reached the absolute white.
but sometimes i think i made the decision
that afternoon. at recess.
when i was seven.
the time grandpa came to pick us up.
the time i hugged luca. crying.
and he didn't understand a thing. or very little.
or it was me who was exaggerating.
i know i didn't exaggerate that much.
and the others, they'd better tell their stories.
them.
but they are no longer here.
now they know silence.
dad.
went and came back.
once, in greenland, he told me:
i always had the conviction
that stories are predetermined.
that nothing new can be invented.
i told him that he had turned into a cynic.
he looked at me. he burst out laughing.
and said:
i'd rather be surrounded
by old books.
reading about what's next
in those yellow pages.
contemplating time is much healthier.

and love? and her? mother?
he said that he followed her everywhere.
because love was like that.
he says that one morning he realized.
it was late.
that's why he chose to wait till the end.
but he told me that later.
the last time we talked.
and luca?
luca!
LUCAAAA!!
luca ::
they say that melina is crazy.
they said it at the table
and i barely understood those words.
a bit crazy, said mom. i remember that.
they say many things about her.
but we did invent everything with her.
the war.
the children's war lasted for many years.
much longer than the adults' war.
a war against the world. almost silent.
but i don't want to talk about that.
we made plans.
we didn't fulfill them.
i was locked up.
i will continue to be locked up.
until the end.
melina ::
i'm not sad that
he's no longer a boy.
now he's blind.
it doesn't matter.
the ice blinds.
the white stuns.
paul ::
let the blood flow.
melina ::
are you still there?
waiting?
paul ::
i waited.
i told you once, melina.
contemplating.
knowing about the future made me blind.
like the old people from the tribe.
don't laugh.
blind but wise.
the world no longer interests me. you already know that.
the marks always repeat themselves.
i didn't make decisions
because i knew them beforehand.
i didn't have surprises.
because i never believed in throwing the dices.
after the chaos.
melina ::
after the chaos,
there comes pleasure.

[all roads lead to greenland]

luca ::
is this greenland?
have we arrived?
melina ::
we have arrived. to our house.
to oblivion.
it's like i promised you. look at the sea,
the white, the silence.
a glass tower, near the sky.
a happy world.
luca ::
i hear noises.
wasps.
melina ::
what's wrong, luca?
luca ::
i can't see. blind. i'm blind.

i can't feel. i feel nothing.

it's my head.

the damned head that doesn't ever stop.

melina ::

you must rest, luca.

calm down.

i'll protect you.

luca ::

no. no.

get out.

don't touch me.

melina ::

luca!

we've waited years for that.

we won the war.

the children's war.

for years we wanted a house like this.

our house.

luca ::

i don't want this house!

i'm not.

paul ::

i told you, melina.

that your brother is not listening.

that he went too far with all of this.

luca ::

I hate the buzzing of wasps.

louder and louder. those noises.

buzzing.

what was i saying?

ah, yes, that i'm a flaw.

the flaw of the system.

i was born like this. don't deny it.

i'm not part of the family. of that succession.

of that chain.

of that math function.

daughters and fathers.

the blue-eyed great grandfather and his daughter,

our blue-eyed grandmother.

grandma took exile in the attic

to be closer to him.

our also blue-eyed grandfather

and blue-eyed mother

i'm not crazy, melina.

all the fathers making plans

that executed their daughters.

the uneven chain chose exile.

just like you, melina.

you belong to that chain.

you are always trapped in dad's memory.

you can't escape.

dad, blue eyes.

he always made me notice it.

about the flaw.

all the women in the family cleaning.

grandmother, mother. and you, melina.

mother went too far, yes.

but it's fairer to say

that grandpa's plan went too far.

the war. i don't know.

you went and came back, melina.

you all clean.

why can't i also clean?

wipe out mother. grandfather.

i'm the last executing hand.

i hate the buzzing of wasps.

the sting. pinching me. here.

i went crazy. it was a moment.

i understood it all, melina.

it's cold in greenland.

i don't feel.

i don't recognize you.

melina ::

i don't understand, luca.

there was no point in killing grandpa.

he didn't even make noise.

but.

here.

we are.

luca ::

for me there was no point in doing away with her!

melina ::

why did you do it?

luca ::

the sting. it was a moment.

and she, mother.

yes, she.

always thinking about grandpa.

paul ::

the system has broken down.

another system is needed.

luca ::

the system has broken down, melina.

another one is needed.

paul ::

another fractal.

luca ::

i'm blind.

melina ::

i'm sad.

[bitter tastes]

luca ::

i keep hearing voices.

buzzing.

melina ::

and i have a bitter taste.

here.

bitter.

i feel like throwing up.

i'm going to throw up, luca.

i can't swallow it down, luca.

i can't go on.

luca ::

i'd better leave, melina.

melina ::

dinner tasted bitter,

dad.

so i left.

without looking back.

or ahead.

my eyes closed.

my bag. my toothbrush.

goodbye, brother luca

i left.

without looking back.

once again.

chewing something

i couldn't swallow.

yes, i was left with a bitter taste.

here.

paul ::

an empty stage is closer to god.

melina ::

who are you?

paul ::

me

melina ::

where are you?

paul ::

don't try it.

melina ::

what did you say?

paul ::

that an empty stage,

it doesn't matter.

melina ::

of course.

it doesn't matter.

paul ::

sorry, you were speaking and i cut you off.

you were speaking.

to yourself.

melina ::

hey.
don't touch me.
paul ::
i needed to
taste you
smell you.
melina ::
don't do it.
paul ::
your skin.
it tastes bitter!
you are bitter!
what have you eaten?
melina ::
stay out of it.
it's none of your business.
paul ::
and this is my house.
melina ::
so what?
paul ::
an empty stage