

DINOSAURS AT MY WINDOW,

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Awarded play of the contest "Delusions in Captivity" of the Chilean National Theater, year 2020.

Written to be performed by an actor aged 60 or over.

I.

I had a compulsive urge to buy a five hundred thousand piece jigsaw puzzle so that I would have something to do.

Something that is entertaining and, at the same time, makes my brain work.

But I don't want my brain to work so hard because I always, always end up thinking that we are all going to die.

I look at my room ceiling.

My room smells like dinosaurs.

I invented that smell.

It's a mix between cow poop and lizard skin.

But since I've never smelled a lizard, that too is an invented smell.

That's how I imagine it.

Don't ask me for consistency.

When I want to fly I hit the ceiling.

II.

There are dinosaurs outside my window. I recognize a velociraptor, a diplodocus, an ankylosaurus, a triceratops, and a pterodactyl.

But there are more. Many of them.

Oh. That's it. That's why it smells like that.

They have scales, big eyes, and teeth like penknives.

Some have sharper teeth than others. Those are carnivores. The others barely have teeth.

They have rough lips. Their tongues are like heavy, wet mats of meat.

They're just standing there looking at me like I owe them something. Or maybe they expect me to sing them a song.

What are they doing there? Why aren't they doing their dinosaur stuff? Don't they have a family?

Hey. Don't you have to go fight each other? Don't you have to go to work?
They don't tell me anything. I don't know why I ask dinosaurs to do human things. Well.
I go to the kitchen to find something to feed them. I don't know how long they've been
there but they must be hungry.
In the kitchen there is a bag of chips, two tomatoes and a yogurt about to expire.

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I have a book. I had a book. Without cover or back cover. And it was missing several pages.
The book was about dinosaurs. With many illustrations, scientific names and comparisons
of their sizes in relation to the human being.

My grandmother rescued that book from the jaws of the school garbage where she worked
as a cleaner.

I haven't seen it for a while.

I was a dinosaur boy.

Like so many other children.

I played with plastic dinosaurs and many times I dreamed of seeing them peeking out my
window. Now they're standing out there. And they don't look anything like the pictures in
the book.

In the book it never said that the dinosaurs ate French fries. Or tomatoes. Or yogurts about
to expire. But I think that maybe they have a flexible diet and that if they are that hungry,
they will surely eat these things anyway.

I do the same thing when I'm hungry. I eat anything.

When I come back the window of my room is open. The Antarctic cold enters. And there is
not a single dinosaur feather.

They left. They got lost. They were returned to the book. Or to the museum from which
they escaped.

Hey. You can't leave me naked like this.

The ghost dinosaurs in my room can't leave me wondering like this.

III.

I ask my mom, my dad, and my sister to gather around the table at home.

Ok. Come here. Listen to me. I know what I'm doing.

And when I say listen to me, it seems like I bewitch them because they don't question me at
all.

Hey, this is a drama, I tell them. I need an opposition from someone to move this forward.
That's how it works.

But they don't tell me anything, just like the dinosaurs.

They stare at me.

The table is rectangular but I imagine it can still be used. At worst it will just be a waste of
time.

And we have time to waste. We have time to take him for a walk around the corners of the
house.

We have time for it to get lost in the yard escaping from the dogs.

We have time to fill balloons with helium and throw them to the sky and count how long they take to burst as they go up.

If we threw time down the sink, we wouldn't need it so much.

Don't worry. I have a backpack full of time.

I could put it in a bag and throw it like confetti in the middle of the house.

I would like that very much, but afterward the angriest person in the house would be my mom and she would say things like: Oh, of course I have to clean up later.

Even if I tell her I will clean it up.

We get around the table and I pull out a chart with all the letters from A to Z.

Numbers from one to nine. And then a zero.

It also has a circle that says Yes and another that says No.

And below, in a big way, is written "Goodbye".

We hold hands around our rectangular table.

I tell them to hold hands.

The distances between us are disparate. My dad has short arms and can't reach my sister.

Okay let's do it on the floor. The table doesn't matter. I never heard anything of the importance of the table. Let's get next to the fireplace, it's warmer.

They don't tell me anything.

Again.

*

I tell them to close their eyes. And they close their eyes.

I tell them let's breathe at the same time.

And they all make the effort to breathe at the same time. Until they do.

We did it.

I feel like I could tell them anything and they would do it.

What do we do? my mom asks me like she's a five year old girl.

Call the dinosaurs, I tell them.

What? says my dad and for the first time I think he's not hypnotized.

This is where the drama starts, I think.

CALL THE DINOSAURS AND ASK WHAT KILLED THEM.

If it was a meteorite or a virus.

Call the dinosaurs with this ouija board, I say.

Silence.

Let's clear up a scientific doubt.

Let's be an apocryphal carbon fourteen.

Flying, short-armed, big-headed, sharp-toothed dinosaurs from a second-hand children's book given for a fifth birthday.

Is there a way for this to work? My sister asks.

Is there a way to ask them what awaits us?

Say something! I yell at the dinosaurs with my finger on top of the upside down glass.

What does it feel like to go extinct?

Does it hurt? Or it's like a painless blink. A dry cough.

Or more like a cancer-like pressure, like watching Grandpa gasp for air in bed.
The glass stays like I want and then my parents and my sister get bored of spending so much time on the floor around the Ouija board.
This is the drama, my dad tells me, and for the first time in my life I think he's right about something. This thing doesn't work. You probably bought it wrong. Ask them to change it or return your money.

IV.

Back in my room I think that the house is going to burn down and we are all going to die. The other day the gas key broke open and we all almost died.
Luckily my mom noticed.
Without her we would all be dead.

***At this point, the window of my room opens again and the head of a ghost dinosaur of incalculable proportions appears through it.
He speaks, as if he were addressing a crowd.
In the room, however, there is no one other than the protagonist.
THE GIANT AND MYSTERIOUS DINOSAUR:***

Hey, one day you're going to die.
Someday you will be this: the fantasies of a boy locked inside his room.
And oil. Someday you will look from behind a glass through empty eye sockets with an eternal smile and you will not be able to move.
And tourists are going to take flash photos of you.
And the guard will come to point out a sign hanging on the side of the exhibition that says:
PHOTOS WITHOUT FLASH
I didn't notice, the tourist will say.
That is going to happen when humanity ends and the planet is colonized by aliens who by then would be terrestrials by adoption.
Or maybe we are colonized by intraterrestrials. Or the stones are going to develop consciousness.
Perhaps the stones already have consciousness.
Anyway.

The dinosaur disappears the same way it entered.

V.

Is the first human already here? The first human whose skeleton will be preserved so whole, so complete, that it will be the main attraction of a museum in the year ten thousand?

They are going to give us new names in that post-history.
In another language.
The one the aliens use.
The one the intraterrestrials use.
Or the one with the stones with a conscience.

*

In the year ten thousand half of humanity will be dust and bones;
the other half is going to be oil.
We're going to end up burning in the engine of a car from the year ten thousand.
Unless they have decided on non-conventional renewable energy.
(Very conventional for that harmonious ecological future)

*

Are they going to celebrate when our corpses squirt out in the form of oil from a hole in the Earth?

*

I think the ouija wasn't so bad after all so I don't have to complain at the store.
There was never drama then.
I open the window to let in the Antarctic cold, and I ask, again, hoping to smell invented smells again: How does it feel to become a fossil?
I need a little help with this extinction thing.
It's not that I don't want it, it's that I don't want it to come to me without being prepared.
Can't you give me advice?
Some private lessons on how to die?
How to keep me in a museum?

But they don't tell me anything.
And it makes me angry.
So I think that at least they have
The privilege of not feeling anger.
The privilege of not feeling anything.
The privilege of being dead.