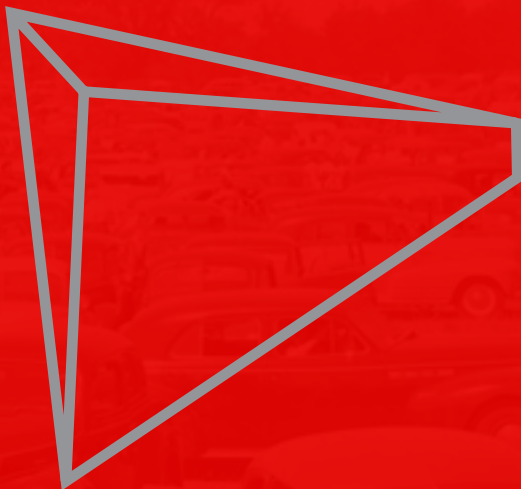


UN PROYECTO DE Momu & No Es

MIEDO DE MUCHOS. LOS MUNDOS POSIBLES

TO LISTEN IN THE CAR!





Dios engendró un huevo, el huevo engendró el cuchillo, el cuchillo engendró a David, David engendró la púrpura, la púrpura engendró al Duque, el Duque engendró al Marqués, el Marqués engendró al Conde, que soy Yo.
Dios engendró un huevo, el huevo engendró el cuchillo, el cuchillo engendró a David, David engendró la púrpura...

MARYLINE (*interrumpe*): ¡Por el amor de Dios! ¡Que pueda ver al menos algún fantasma cuerdo!

ENTIDAD ENCERRADA EN EL MALETERO: Si os hubieseis dignado a mirar en el interior del maletero os habríais dado cuenta de que estoy aquí...

MARYLINE: ¡Basta! Se os nota demasiado a todos, mis queridos compañeros de viaje, que os relacionáis solo con muertos.

TRASTORNADO: ¿Y tu?

MARYLINE: Yo con los vivos en igual medida, puesto que parte de mí aún recibe sangre, esa es la diferencia. ¿No estáis dispuestos a realizar el mínimo esfuerzo por intentar relacionaros con los vivos? Estáis con lo que llamáis "grandes espíritus"... ¿No es aterrador? ¿Dónde están los fantasmas atormentadores, los que remueven la conciencia de los vivos?

CHEPITA: Nigummmi guunñmiiii guuuummmi gummii.

SEBASTIÁN: ¿Cómo? ¿De qué hablas, Mary? Los vivos no temen a los muertos, los vivos temen que sus errores vuelvan a por ellos. El remordimiento, eso es lo que hace que no puedan dar un paso sin ver fantasmas, pero no muertos.

- TRACK 04 -
LA FURIA DE LAS PALMIPEDAS

La lluvia, que nos ha estado acompañando hasta ahora, se ha disipado, pero la calma parece no llegar. A lo lejos se intuye una densa y amenazante bandada de aves. Por el tamaño y sus graznidos podría tratarse de un numeroso grupo de caradriformes.

- TRACK 05 -
EL DIRECTOR DE LA AMERICANA MUTUAL UFO NETWORK

MARYLINE: Queridos, parece que nos alejamos de la tormenta, aun así el cielo sigue estando oscuro. ¿Os habeis dado cuenta de que las luces de la carretera se han ido apagando? Y todo ha quedado en silencio.

Sólo el chirrido de un grillo se oye entre los silbidos del viento de marzo.

SEBASTIÁN: Creo distinguir la forma de los campos de remolacha. Por esta zona creo que abunda este tipo de cultivo.

MARYLINE: Esta negrura profundísima nos acompaña, como un presagio, y oyen el viento, que llega como si hubiese cruzado el mar, helado de haber barrido leguas y leguas de tierra desprovista de toda vegetación.

MALROLLERA: Días como hoy son perfectos para los conjuros... Inmolación, expiación, oblación, ofrenda, holocausto, sufrimiento y padecimiento.

Dr. BLACK: Así estaba el cielo la noche que me asesinaron. Recuerdo la visión del jardín desde los ventanales del invernadero, fumaba el cigarrillo de las siete... últimamente la Señora Blanco no me dejaba tranquilo con mis cigarrillos.

MALROLLERA: Martirio, abnegación, ayuno, ejecución y misa.

SEBASTIÁN: Saquen los obituarios, amigos.

Un sonido metálico que proviene del cielo se acerca a mucha velocidad. Bajamos la ventana extrañados por esa intrigante vibración.

SEBASTIÁN: ¡Miren! ¿Qué es eso? ¡Desciende! Parece que está fuera de control.

MARYLINE: ¿Que es eso?

SEBASTIÁN: Una luz feérica, se está descomponiendo en una forma estructurada. ¡Miren! Es como un objeto ovalado metálico y gris azulado y parece que hay una luz en el interior.

Dr. BLACK: El Profesor Plum, en la Biblioteca, me contó que Walt Andrus -director de la americana Mutual UFO Network- anunció que, tras estudiar miles de casos, la organización había concluido que existían solo cuatro tipos de alienígenas que visitaban la tierra: las entidades con aspecto humano, los humanoides pequeños, los animales experimentales y los robots. En realidad, esto refleja que hay dos especies de alienígenas responsables de crear artificialmente a otros. Se ve que en el caos de alienígenas de los años cincuenta hubo una especie con as-

pecto humano; bella, de cabello largo y suelto y carácter benevolente, que mostró una cierta preponderancia, pero que luego a mediados de los sesenta se vio suplantada por un tipo de alienígena pequeño, cabezudo y de color gris.

TRASTORNADO: ¿Lo ven todos que ha quedado en suspensión sobre las remolachas?

MARYLINE: Nunca imagine encontrarme con una situación así a estas alturas. ¿Los espectros y los entes podemos ser abducidos? ¡Que la abduzcan a ella y a su perro! Y que me devuelvan mi cara.

El magnetismo del OVNI retiene el automóvil. Una onda extraterrestre-



tre irrumpe en el interior del coche, a través del parabrisas, como un rayo paralizador.

ONDA ALIENIGENA: Ha hai ha.

ONDA: ¡Groouuuuhhik!

ONDA ALIENIGENA: Hahiahohaiiaiaiaaiaaiaa.

La onda sale proyectada velozmente del coche, hacia la luz feérica. La luz desaparece súbitamente, emitiendo un zumbido que corta la realidad. El vehículo permanece parado. Todos seguimos estupefactos, aturridos, silenciosos en el interior del coche. El tiempo parece no transcurrir ya. Poco a poco, los ritmos parecen despertar de un ensimiamiento hipnótico.

- TRACK 06 -
PERDIDOS

SEBASTIAN: ¿Siguen ahí? ¿Se han ido ya?

MALROLLERA: Estamos parados, perdidos, desatendidos, desasistidos, desamparados, solos.

Maryline, nerviosa, se dispone a encender un cigarrillo.

MALROLLERA: Tú no tienes boca.

TRASTORNADO: ¡Ahora no, Maryline! Mejor no, nos quedan pocos y no sabemos aún para qué podríamos necesitarlos.

MARYLINE: ¡Es algo que me he ganado de sobra durante este periplo! Yo me apeo aquí, que tengan un buen viaje señores, señoras y señorita.

MALROLLERA: ¿Quién me llama?

MARYLINE: ¡Qué magníficas noches de horror me esperan, deliciosamente! ¡Al fin respiro!

TRASTORNADO: Dejenme salir a mi también. ¡Dr. Black, aparte!

Dr. BLACK: Comprenda que no le haga salir por la puerta principal, el portero no le dejaría pasar, querido. Una vez aquí uno no sale tan fácilmente... ¡del Na!!

SEBASTIAN: Ya han salido suficientes. ¡Y no es conveniente dejar demasiado sitio libre! No sabemos que antes querrian aprovechar esta carrera. Cerrad la puerta, no quiero que se escape mi perro, ni que entren otros, ni que me obliguen a incendiarme de nuevo.

Dr. BLACK: Miren lo que se acerca por ahí.

Por la espesura de los campos de remolachas un pequeño kodama asoma la cabeza. Nos mira unos instantes antes de salir a la carrera hacia el coche. Se nos acerca a la misma velocidad que Maryline desaparece entre una blanca niebla con rayos negros.

KODAMA: Tiquititiquiti.

SEBASTIAN: ¿No escuchan? ¡Cierren la puerta!

ONDA: Aughhh ighhh ouugh ighhh ouuughhh.

KODAMA (entrando en el vehiculo): Tiquititiquititocktackitatakaitatataatitta.

SEBASTIAN: Les avisé, espero que eso no allere a mi fiel amigo.

KODAMA: Kalatkakala.

Dr. BLACK: Señora Blanco, ¿es usted? ¿Qué lleva en el bolso? ¿Lleva una llave?

KODAMA: Tikikatakakala.

SEBASTIAN: Por el amor de Dios, Sr. Black, ¿no ve que no levanta quince centímetros del suelo?

KODAMA: Katitutatitkata.

TRASTORNADO: «Tendrás la respuesta», me dijo Satán, pero enjuágate el rostro, tienes un gusano en la mejilla.

SEBASTIAN: ¡S! ¡Qué curioso! Parece que hay un pelotón de ellos en el suelo.

Dr. BLACK: No hay peligro, joven; puede poner el pie encima, son conocidos. El Profesor Plum

los encontró arrastrándose por las losetas de mármol del Invernadero.

KODAMA (con la boca llena de gusanos): Tiquiftigluuffititakagluuff...

Dr. BLACK: Tienes chinchas, piojos y pulgas, tu tiempo no será demasiado largo.

Cansados, al fin, uno de los ocupantes cierra la puerta del coche.

- TRACK 07 -
CUANDO PIENSO QUE FUI ACTOR

Un último aliento de viento anuncia al conductor que debe reanudar la marcha y llevar a cabo el recorrido pendiente para llegar a su destino.

TRASTORNADO: ¡Cuando pienso que fui actor! Me olvide de todo por aquel hombre, no dormía ya y no comía tampoco. Entonces empezó la fiebre, la lepra antigua... al día siguiente por la mañana, el delirio, y la noche siguiente estaba muerto. Ignoro cuánto tiempo estube sepultado, creo que va a hacer casi medio siglo. Cuando me levante, los árboles no tenían ya hojas y torcian dolorosamente sus ramas como grandes esqueletos, entonces Satán se echó a reír como ríe Satán.

TRASTORNADO (modo joven): Más dicha que dolor hay en el mundo, más flores en la tierra que rocas en el mar, hay mucho más azul que nubes negras, y es mucha más la luz que la oscuridad.

Digan lo que digan, digan lo que digan, digan lo que digan los demás. Hay mucho, mucho más amor que odio. Mas besos y caricias que mala voluntad. Los hombres tienen fe en la otra vida y luchan por el bien, no por el mal.

Digan lo que digan, digan lo que digan, digan lo que digan los demás.



ONDA: Grraaauuck.

ONDA ALIENIGENA: Haack hack hack hack.

ONDA: Grauck grooouuk graick grick.

ONDA ALIENIGENA: Hackks ha ha hai.

ONDA: Grauck.

ONDA ALIENIGENA: Hocks hoo hai ha.

ONDA: Groouuiok.

Digan lo que digan,
digan lo que digan,
¡digan lo que digan!

- TRACK 08 -

¡RECUERDA MODDY!

SEBASTIÁN: ¡Recuerda, Moddy! Aquellas noches de iglú en la isla, con mis amigos. ¡Contigo, Moddy! ¿Lo recuerdas? Vendíamos aquellas guimaldas de hibiscos a los turistas para comprarlos dulces.

MODDY: Gouf gouf gouf gouf.

SEBASTIÁN: No te asustes, Moddy.

MODDY: Gouf.

SEBASTIÁN: Solo estamos parando.

El conductor echa el freno de mano. Nos damos cuenta de que este viaje no nos va a llevar más lejos.

Dr. BLACK: Ha llegado el momento de abandonar este coche hediondo. No sé si encontraré por aquí otro automóvil o carromato que me lleve a mi mansión. Me parece recordar que me había citado con la Señorita Amapola en el Estudio.

KODAMA: Tiquitititi...

ONDA: Uah uohgg uaahg.

KODAMA: Takaliitakkka.

TRASTORNADO: Aquí se separan nuestros caminos, a lo mejor coincidimos, se da todo tipo de tráfico en este mundo.

Señores, como mandan las sanas costumbres y cortesías, me despido de ustedes con mis mejores deseos. Ahora sí, Dr. Black, se lo ruego, ¡dejeme bajar!

Dr. BLACK: Tómeme de la mano y baje.

El Señor Trastornado abre la puerta liberando así el paso para que los demás podamos ir bajando, definitivamente el trayecto termina aquí. Al abrir la puerta se escucha la calle. Hay chinos tocando el erhu. Están en el parque que hay bajo el puente donde ha parado el coche. Todos vamos saliendo en busca de un nuevo método de locomoción o trasportin.

SEBASTIÁN: Ha sido un placer para mí compartir con ustedes este, mi primer trayecto hacia algún sitio.

KODAMA: Tikititikiitkk.

ONDA: Uhooh.

MALROLLERA: ¡Ja, ja, ja! Ustedes creen en el destino final.



¡Clack!

SEBASTIÁN: Parece que nos han cerrado las puertas del coche.

Dr. BLACK: Bien, tendremos que esperar. Odio llegar tarde a un compromiso. Por cierto, joven Sebastián, entiendo su aturdimiento, así dejan las muertes por combustión espontánea, pero será mejor que le comunique que usted no tiene perro.

SEBASTIÁN: ¿Esta usted libre mañana?

Dr. BLACK: Estoy libre siempre.

...Only You...

- TRACK 01 -

THE ADVENT

There's a car parked in the Horse Square (that's how King Alfonso XXI Square is known). It only takes me two minutes to get there from my house. As soon as she sees me coming, Creep looks at me with mischievous eyes. There are hundreds of them queuing, all waiting for the driver to show up. In these kind of situations, everything is so normal that it's incredible that someone can get down, you realize that problems don't exist; they are only unexpected turns in the script. The driver shows up.

Dr. BLACK: Hurry up, before he starts the car.

CREEP: There's room for one more.

WAVE: Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii wuit.



DISTURBED ONE: No, not you, let her get in.

The driver shuts the door and sets off, completely beyond the slightest suspicion of invasion. We make ourselves quietly and relaxingly comfortable knowing that we are sitting on one of the free seats in the car, when suddenly... Zas!

Dr. BLACK: It must have been roughly an hour that I was sleeping when I felt a hand shaking me vigorously. I woke up startled and watched, in amazement, my night visitor. She was my maid, Mrs. White.

MARYLINE: Écoutez-moi! Elle est atrocement défigurée. Elle se met alors à porter un masque blanc afin de cacher ses traits disgracieux. Se sentant coupable, le professeur va alors tout faire pour redonner un visage humain à sa patiente. La faisant passer pour morte, il va, avec l'aide de son assistante, se lancer à la recherche de jeunes femmes blondes aux yeux bleus, et les faire enlever pour prélever un visage et le greffer sur le sien.

A scream and dog barks doom Maryline's words.

MARYLINE: I would like to crash this paving stone on the wing mirror and say: "From now on, you will never reflect anyone else!" The mirror would split into thousands of pieces. With them, this

woman with my mouth and her dog would prick themselves when getting in the car and stain their pants. Don't look at me like that, actually the mirror it's neither reflection nor memory, not in me. If I try to look at myself, I see my living image, my image live, ripped. She speaks from my mouth, but not on behalf of me.



I don't understand what my tragic destiny has been that has divided and spread me like San Martin's cloak.

- TRACK 02 -

CHRISTMAS TALE

SEBASTIÁN: You know, I always remember what I did as a child when traveling by car. I had two games, one for Christmas and another for the rest of the year.

I liked the Christmas one more because I only could play it at night. Luckily in winter it gets dark early. Furthermore, it allowed me to compete with my mother. It was about counting Christmas trees with intermittent colour lights you could see through the windows. The ones on the balconies wouldn't do, neither would commercial decorations on the streets, only the ones you could get from the insides of the houses. And only from one side of the car, the other was reserved to my mother. In the city it was easier, well, more frenzied. Sometimes I even skipped houses; I hadn't enough time to get into all of them with a glance. But when we moved away, when the flats turned into houses and castles, we could even get in and touch them.

I remember sensing the lights in the distance... then I got out of the car very quickly; and once I reached the last meters, I could stop and look at some country animal and take off flying again. With the movements of a bird flock, I reached

the window, the door and got in, looked at the tree, touched it, and always looked for someone. Sometimes I stood behind and pushed them to make them see me. The majority never noticed anything. Sometimes I succeeded in crossing glances, which delighted me. I almost never beat my mother, not in number.

I used the other game as training. This way, every Christmas I traveled more quickly and controlled my moves better. I was more precise. The other game consisted of jumping sticks. Jump all the posts I found on one of the sides of the car at the same speed it circulated. I succeeded at it with a slight head movement. If there weren't posts, I really liked finding elements in the ditches, especially plastic bags. It is absurd, but I always thought there could be parts of some mutilated person who was abandoned on the curb. As a child I only could imagine dead people and prostitutes as sublime beings, and sublime were their parts, white flesh, really smooth skin and always young. Grandfathers and ugly people just disappeared. If I could not jump an element, I died. Now it would be a Game Over. And a new game started. But I realized that every winter, every Christmas, it was getting more and more difficult to find trees. Now when I remember this and continue playing, I don't find trees any more, but I keep on skipping posts and finding dead people on the curbs, although now I also see them even if they are old and ugly.

DISTURBED ONE (young mode): Hey look! I'm going to tell you a joke... This was a romantic full

moon night, when Pedro said: «Hey, mamacita, let's do 'weeweechu'». «Oh no, not now, let's look at the moon!», said Rosita. «Oh, c'mon baby, let's you and I do 'weeweechu'. I love you and it's the perfect time», Pedro begged. «But I wanna just hold your hand and watch the moon», replied Rosita. «Please, corazoncito, just once, do 'weeweechu' with me», said Pedro. Rosita looked at Pedro and said, «Ok, one time, we'll do 'weeweechu'». Pedro grabbed his guitar and they both sang... «'Weeweechu' a Merry Christmas, 'weeweechu' a Merry Christmas, 'weeweechu' a Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year».

A gloomy carol bursts. It comes from a Christmas toy which has been unexpectedly activated.

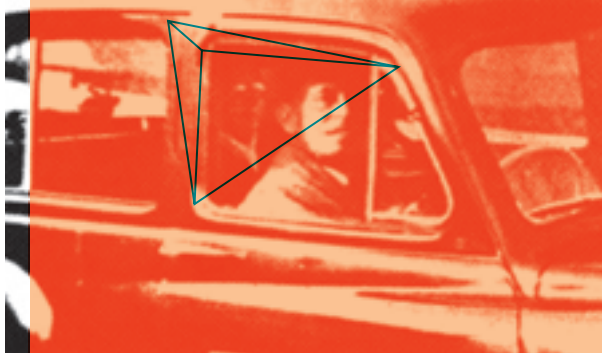
- TRACK 03 -

THE EGG AND THE KNIFE

Thunder in the distance announces an approaching storm. It will start raining soon.

Dr. BLACK: Of course, Colonel Mustard, in the Kitchen, with a Knife!

DISTURBED ONE: God engendered an egg, the egg engendered the knife, the knife engendered David, David engendered the purple, the purple engendered the Duke, the Duke engendered



the Marquis, the Marquis engendered the Earl, which is Me!

He hit his head several times, snapped his fingers and repeated five, six times in a row... God engendered an egg, the egg engendered the knife, the knife engendered David, David engendered the purple, the purple engendered the Duke, the Duke engendered the Marquis, the Marquis engendered the Earl, which is Me!

God engendered an egg, the egg engendered the knife, the knife engendered David, David engendered the purple...

MARYLINE (interrupts): For God's sake! Let me see at least one sane ghost!

ENTITY LOCKED IN THE TRUNK: If you had condescended to look into the trunk you would have realized that I am here...

MARYLINE: Stop! I can tell — my dear travel companions — that you only mix with dead people.

DISTURBED ONE: And you?

MARYLINE: Me, with living people to the same extent, since part of myself still receives blood. This is the difference. You are not willing to make the slightest effort to mix with living people? You are with the ones you call 'the great spirits'... isn't it terrifying? Where are the tormenting phantoms, the ones that stir the conscience of the living people?

CHEPITA: Nigummi gunnmi.

SEBASTIAN: What? What are you talking about, Mary? The living people don't fear the death people, the living fear their mistakes to come

back for them. Remorse, that's what prevents them from making a step without seeing a ghost, but not dead people...

- TRACK 04 -

THE FURY OF THE WEB-FOOTED BIRDS

The rain which was accompanying us has now since vanished, but calm doesn't seem to come. In the distance one suspects a dense and threatening bird flock approaching. Judging by their size and squawking it could be a big group of caradri-forms.

- TRACK 05 -

THE DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN MUTUAL UFO NETWORK

MARYLINE: Dear people, it seems we are moving away from the storm, yet the sky is still dark. Did you realize that the lights on the road kept going off? And everything has gone quiet.

Only the squeaking of a cricket can be heard among the whistling of the March wind.

SEBASTIAN: I believe I can make out the form of the beet fields. I think this sort of crop is abundant in this area.



MARYLINE: This heavy, deep darkness comes with us—as an omen—and you can hear the wind, coming as if it had crossed the sea, frozen after the sweep of leagues and leagues of earth lacking of any vegetation.

CREEP: Days like today are perfect for spells...Im-molation, expiation, oblation, offering, holocaust, suffering and undergoing.

Dr. BLACK: This is how the sky looked the night I got killed. I remember the vision of the garden from the Greenhouse's large windows, I was smoking the seven o'clock cigarette, and lately Mrs. White hadn't been leaving me alone with my cigarettes.

CREEP: Martyrdom, abnegation, fasting, execution and mass.

SEBASTIAN: Draw the obituaries out, friends.

A metallic sound coming from the sky gets closer at a great speed. We roll the window down, surprised by that intriguing vibration.

SEBASTIAN: Look! What's that? It descends! It looks out of control.

MARYLINE: What's that?

SEBASTIAN: A faeric light is decomposing into

a structured form. Look! It's like a bluish grey, metallic, oval object, and it seems there's a light in the interior.

Dr. BLACK: Professor Plum in the Library told me that Walt Andrus—director of the American Mutual UFO Network—announced that, after studying thousands of cases, the organization concluded on the existence of only four types of aliens visiting the Earth: the entities with a human appearance, the little humanoids, the experimental animals and the robots. Actually, it shows that there are two alien species responsible for the creation of the other two. It is said that in the aliens' chaos of the fifties there was a species with a human appearance; beautiful, with long and loose hair and with a benevolent mood, who showed some preponderance, but who then, in the mid-seventies, was supplanted by a sort of small, big-headed, grey alien.

DISTURBED ONE: Can you all see that it is suspended over the beet fields?

MARYLINE: I never imagined finding myself in such a situation by that stage. Can we, specters and beings, be abducted? Let her and her dog be abducted, and my face be returned to me.

The UFO's magnetism holds the car. An extraterrestrial wave bursts into the car—through the windscreen—like a paralyzing ray.

ALIEN WAVE: Hoo hoog hoo hoag haq.

WAVE: Grraaauack.

ALIEN WAVE: Haack hack hack hack hack hack hack hack hack.

WAVE: Grauck groouok graick grüick.

ALIEN WAVE: Hackks ha ha hai.

WAVE: Grauck.

ALIEN WAVE: Hocks hoo hai ha.

WAVE: Groouuiok.

ALIEN WAVE: Ha hai ha.



WAVE: Groouuuhhik!

ALIEN WAVE: Hahiahoohaiaaiaiaiaa.

The wave gets swiftly projected out of the car towards the faeric light. The light disappears all of a sudden, emitting a buzzing which cuts reality. The vehicle remains off. We all remain astonished, stunned and quiet inside the car. Time seems to not go by now. Slowly, the rhythms seem to wake up from a hypnotic engrossment.

- TRACK 06 -
LOST

SEBASTIAN: Are they still there? Are they already gone?

CREEP: We are stopped, lost, unattended, unassisted, defenseless, alone.

Maryline, nervous, is about to light a cigarette.

CREEP: You don't have a mouth.

DISTURBED ONE: Not now, Maryline! Better not, there are only a few left and we still don't know for what we could need them.

MARYLINE: It's something I deserve by far for this entire voyage! Here I alight, have a good trip, ladies, gentlemen and miss.

CREEP: Who is calling me?

MARYLINE: What wonderful nights of terror are waiting for me, deliciously! I finally breathe!

DISTURBED ONE: Let me get out as well. Dr. Black, move away!

Dr. BLACK: You will understand I won't let you get out through the main door. The doorman wouldn't let you go, my dear. Once here, one doesn't get out so easily...from the Ball!

SEBASTIAN: Enough people went out. And it is not convenient to have much free room. We don't know what beings would take advantage of this journey. Close the door, I don't want my dog to

run away, nor do I want others to get in, to force me to set myself on fire once more.

Dr. BLACK: Look what's coming from there.

Among the beet fields' thick-ness, a little kodama pops his head out. He looks at us for a while before rushing towards the car. He comes closer at the same speed as Maryline disappears amongst a white fog and black rays.

KODAMA: Tiquititiquiti.

SEBASTIAN: Don't you hear it? Close the door!

WAVE: Aughhh ighhhhhhhh ooooooughhh.

KODAMA (getting into the car): Tiquititiquitock-tackitatakkititatatatttta.

SEBASTIAN: I warned you, I hope this won't upset my faithful friend.

KODAMA: Kalakatkata.

Dr. BLACK: Mrs. White, is that you? What's in your bag? ...is that a Key?

KODAMA: Tikikalakatkata.

SEBASTIAN: For God's sake Dr. Black, don't you see he is fifteen centimeters tall?

KODAMA: Katitutatitkata.

DISTURBED ONE: << You'll get the answer >>, said Satan to me, but rinse your face, there's a worm on your cheek.

SEBASTIAN: Yes! That's curious! It seems there is a squad of them on the floor.



Dr. BLACK: There's no danger, young man; you can step on them, they're known. Professor Plum found them crawling on the marble paving stones in the Greenhouse.

KODAMA (with his mouth full of worms): Tiquffit-igluuffititakagluuffitigluuffititakagluuff tiquffitigluuffititakagluuff...

Dr. BLACK: You've got bedbugs, lice and fleas, your time won't be too long.

Tired, at the end, one of the occupants closes the car door.

- TRACK 07 -

WHEN I THINK ABOUT WHEN I WAS AN ACTOR

A last wind breath announces to the driver that he must resume the motion and carry out the unresolved route to his destination.

DISTURBED ONE: When I think about when I was an actor! I left everything for that man. I didn't eat and neither did I sleep. Then the fever started, the old leprosy... on the next day in the morning, the delirium, and on the next night I was death. I ignore for how long I was buried, I think it will soon be almost half a century. When I woke up, the trees didn't have any leaves and they painfully turned their branches like big skeletons, then Satan burst into a laugh the way Satan laughs.

DISTURBED ONE (young mode):
More bliss than pain is there in the world,
more flowers in the land that rocks in the sea,
there is much more blue than black clouds,
and stronger is light than darkness.

Whatever they say,
whatever they say,
whatever they say the others.

They are many, many more the ones who forgive,
than the ones who pretend to sentence everything.
People want peace and they fall in love,
and they love what's beautiful, nothing more.

Whatever they say,
whatever they say,
whatever they say the others.

Whatever they say,
whatever they say,
jwhatever they say!

- TRACK 08 -

REMEMBER MODDY!

SEBASTIAN: Remember Moddy, those igloo nights on the island, with my friends. With you Moddy! Do you remember? We sold those hibiscus garlands to the tourists to buy sweets.

MODDY: Gouf gouf gouf gouf.

SEBASTIAN: Don't get scared, Moddy.

MODDY: Gouf.

SEBASTIAN: We are just stopping.

The driver pulls the handbrake. We realize this trip won't take us any further.

Dr. BLACK: The moment has come to leave this foul-smelling car. I don't know if I will find another



automobile or covered wagon to take me to my mansion around here. If I remember right I had dated Miss Scarlet in the Study.

KODAMA: Tiquitikititi...

WAVE: Uah uohg uahg.

KODAMA: Takatiialakkkka.

DISTURBED ONE: Here we part ways, maybe we will coincide; there occurs all kind of traffic in this world.
Gentlemen, as the healthy habits and courtesies tell, I say goodbye to you with my best wishes.
Now, Dr. Black, I beg you, let me get off!

WAVE: Uhooh.

MALROLLERA: Ha, ha, ha! You believe in the final destiny.

Clack!

SEBASTIAN: It seems they closed the car doors.

Dr. BLACK: Well, we'll have to wait. I hate being late to an engagement. By the way, young Sebastian, I understand your confusion, that's how the spontaneous combustion deaths leave one, but it will be better if I tell you that you don't have a dog.

SEBASTIAN: Are you free tomorrow?

Dr. BLACK: I'm always free.

...Only You...

Dr. BLACK: Take my hand and get off.

Mr. Disturbed One opens the door leaving the way free for the others to go getting off. Definitely, the journey ends here. When opening the door, the street can be heard. There are Chinese people playing the erhu. They are in the park under the bridge where the car has stopped. All of us keep getting off in search for a new means of transport or locomotion.

SEBASTIAN: It's been a pleasure for me to share this with you, my first journey to some place.

KODAMA: Tikititikiitkk tikititikiitkk.

MIEDO DE MUCHOS. LOS MUNDOS POSIBLES

BY MOMU & NO ES