

The Forest

Daniela Feixas

Judith's voice

Hey...Adele...Come on, hey, open the door... *(Brief silence)* Adele. *(Brief silence)* Hey it's me... Judy... *(She pounds on the door with increased force)* Hey, are you listening to me? *(Brief pause)* You're inside, aren't you? Yes, of course you are. I saw the light on in the house. I was there, in the woods, I was about to leave, and then I saw, I saw a light, a small lamp, like in that movie, you know? *(She pounds on the door nervously)* Damn, Adele, it's scary out here; it's fucking scary... *(She pounds once, this time with increased force)* Adele, I'm here, OK? That's a fact. We can talk about it. I mean you're inside and I'm outside and even though you turn out the light and stick your head under a pillow, I'm going to stay here, alone, waiting. *(Judith tries to force the lock. Afterward, she remains with her head propped up against the door for a few seconds. She fumbles around inside her purse, lights up a cigarette and crouches down near the door.)* You want me to tell you a story, Adele? It's a really horrible story. The fact is it's a good story; if it weren't for... it's... Joanna. Joanna was my... roommate. *(Brief pause)* Well, in fact she was much more than that. She was much more than a roommate. *(Brief pause. Judith tries to force the lock)* Shit... all right... it all happened on a Friday, Friday the thirteenth coincidentally. I mean coincidentally because of that movie and... it doesn't matter, it's Friday the thirteenth and it all happens in Queens, New York. It's cold, it's the wee hours of the morning and Joanna -we called her Jana, I mean her family and I and her friends from work- so anyway, Jana comes home after the night shift, she works in a bar, she's in charge, and it's always her job to close up. There's no one on the street with she gets off work, there's never anyone. Jana is thirty-five years old; she has brown hair and a delicate face. And green eyes, emerald green. It's a quarter to four in the morning, and she parks her Volkswagen -a light blue Volkswagen- in what's sort of an empty lot that's one the block south, then she gets out of the car and walks home.

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Translated by Sharon G. Feldman