

CICADAS

'He had no choice.'

A theatre monologue and radio play
by Mathias Sercu

Originally written in Dutch
Translated and read by Kurt Gelaude

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Produced by Yvonne Peiren, Publiekstheater Gent

1.

Cry, I would like.
Cry by the bucket.
I want to shed a flood of tears.
For us.
For me.
For myself.
Yes, for myself as well.
For I feel sorry for myself.

They are there, the tears.
They are ready.
A reservoir of grief am I, that you look at and
think: how beautiful.
What a quiet overcoming mass that can' get away.

Open that floodgate and there's no stopping me till I'm empty.
Until nothing is left but sludge, a high wall and a gap like this.

Cry my heart out, I want
Cry like a baby that can't be hushed
Because that's impossible.
Cause it doesn't want to be hushed.
Later.

Yes.

Later.
But not now.

The consolation will come later when all the water has gone.
The consolation will be there.
When all the water has gone, there is **only** consolation, I do
know that.
But for now, it must flow, unstoppable, flow it must.
Without a reason because the reason is too big, the reason is
too much, cannot be grasped, is colossal but not important.

And I try.
I'm standing right here, trying.

Doesn't work.
Because Fear is here.

Fear is bloody fast.
Fear rushes past me, as I'm trying and
when I'm finally ready, Fear is waiting for me.

"First" says Fear.

He is too fast for me

Fear for that gap.
The yawning gap, after I've run empty.

And too high a wall.
A far too high a wall.
A Mega wall.
A wall with a yawning gap and on top of it is your self-
confidence.
You put it there.
Before. To be sure.
But with all the water gone, you can't reach it anymore.

I'll never get there.
It is too big.

I stop trying.
I give up. I stand.
Just like that.
I stand.
I even smile a little and I say I love you.
Me too, She says.
She smiles.
I smile.

We smile at each other.

She has a beautiful smile, I think, and I broaden mine.

Two smiles in our living-room.
One stands, the other sits on the couch holding a book.
They're looking at each other and they both know something
has got to happen because you can't keep it up lest they freeze
and die.
Smiles know that.
Smiles know they can't last.

So, one goes on reading and the other one keeps standing
and wonders if She also has a reservoir like that.