

# A Bad Decision

## written by Ignasi García Barba)

A huge desk. On the desk, a computer, a fax machine, two telephones, many papers and an intercom. To the left, a suit and tie on a hanger. Mr. Campos enters on the left. He wears a white shirt, jeans and sport shoes. He carries a painting: It is a landscape where a town is surrounded by fields and forests. He looks at the painting, satisfied, and after he looks at the wall of his office, searching with a stare. Finally he hangs the painting on a nail. He doesn't like how it looks. He takes it down. He hangs it on the other nail on the wall in the back. While he does this a woman's voice is heard on the intercom. It's Flora.

VOICE OF FLORA: Mr. Campos? Mr. Campos looks at the intercom and looks at the painting. He doesn't know what to do. Finally, he finishes hanging up the painting and steps back to see how it looks, without responding to the intercom.

VOICE OF FLORA- Mr. Campos! Mr. Campos turns towards the intercom, annoyed.

MR. CAMPOS- What's going on, Flora?

VOICE OF FLORA- Mr. Montes and Mrs. Matilda have come, they say that they want to see you.

MR. CAMPOS- (annoyed)- Montes and Matilda? (Brief pause. Doubts, finally decides). Tell them that now I can't see them, that I'm very busy.

VOICE OF FLORA- They are insisting.

MR. CAMPOS- Well they'll have to wait! Give them some magazines.

VOICE OF FLORA- But I don't any.

MR. CAMPOS- Well then, a newspaper!

VOICE OF FLORA- But all of them are old.

MR. CAMPOS (annoyed)- And today's newspaper? Why hasn't it arrived yet? As a secretary, you should manage this...!

VOICE OF FLORA- You have it. You left it on the desk. Mr. Campos looks at the desk. He finds it.

MR. CAMPOS- It's true. (Doubt) Well give them the Yellow Pages!

VOICE OF FLORA- But...

VOICE OF MR. MONTES (Interrupted by Flora on the intercom)- Hey, Campos, we have come to talk with you and we won't go until we have done it, is that clear? If necessary we will wait all day.

MR. CAMPOS (angry)- Well get comfortable, Montes, because it will be a long time!

VOICE OF MRS. MATILDA- Please Mr. Montes! It's very important!

Mr. Campos disconnects the intercom, angry. He looks at the painting. He likes how it looks. The telephone rings. Mr. Campos picks it up.

MR. CAMPOS- (to the telephone, angry)- And now what's wrong? (...) (Soft, affectionate) Ah, it's you...Hi, honey (...) Of course, sweet pea, today dad will come find you when you get out of school (...) To pick berries? But it's not the right season, pumpkin, we're not going to find any... (...) Okay, we'll go berry-picking, don't cry... (...) Yes, also poppies (...) And we'll make a big bouquet

for mom, yes. And what have you done today at school? (...) You drew a tree, really? (...) And you drew the letter A in red? Wow, you've done many things! (...) See you later, honey. He hangs up. Flora's voice is heard on the intercom.

VOICE OF FLORA- Mr. Campos...

MR. CAMPOS (to the intercom, angry)- And now what? You've got to be kidding me: Matilda and Montes don't want to read the Yellow Pages!

VOICE OF FLORA- No, I mean...

MR. CAMPOS (interrupted, angry)- Well they can read the instructions for some medicine! You still take that syrup for your cold, right? Well lend them the instructions, they can do whatever, but don't let them in!

VOICE OF FLORA- ¡But Mister Campos, let me I tell you ...!

MR. CAMPOS (Interrupted, angry)- I told you no. I don't want anyone to come in! Did not you understand me? I have many responsibilities and I can not receive to everyone!

VOICE OF FLORA- Well, The gentlemen of "Garbages and Associated, public limited company" have arrived.

MR. CAMPOS (nervous)- Why did not you say that before? Make them come in! Mr. Campos goes quickly to the hunger, he puts the jacket on and begins to put on elegant trousers over the jeans. It's hard. He almost stumble over. Finally, he gets to put them on. Then, he puts the tie, but he doesn't get to make the tie knot cause by the excitement. Someone is knocking on the door.

MR. CAMPOS- Just a minute! Finally he gets the tie knot. Then he takes off his sport shoes without untying the laces. He searches where he can hide them. Finally, he introduces them inside a drawer of the desktop. He starts to look for something desperately.

MR. CAMPOS (nervous)- And the shoes? Knocking on the door again.

VOICE OF MR. FUENTESECA (Anxious)- Mr Campos, can or can not we come in?

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, yes, just a moment. (He sits down at the desktop chair, so that the desktop prevents to see he is barefoot. He takes the pose to be someone important). Come in.

Mr. Fuenteseca, Mr Barros, Mr. Cenizo, Mrs Cardo and Mrs Hierbas enter on the left. Everyone wears suit and tie and elegant shoes. Everyone carries a briefcase. They stop some metres before the desktop, waiting for Mr. Campos stands up and goes to welcome them. Mr. Campos stands up but it is not to welcome them.

MR. CAMPOS- Ladies and gentlemen ...

They are a little bit annoyed because Mr. Campos doesn't move for welcoming and seating them, they go to him prepare to lend a hand.

MR. FUENTESECA (lending a hand)- Good morning.

MR. BARROS (lending a hand) - Good morning.

MRS. CARDO (lending a hand)- Good morning.

MRS. HIERBAS (lending a hand)- Good morning.

Mr. Campos gives his hand to Mr. Cenizo, but Mr. Cenizo drops his briefcase on the table and sets his hands on it.

MR. CENIZO- We get to the point, mayor, can we expand the garbage dump or not?

MR. CAMPOS (embarrass)- But I'm not still decided. The others five are looking at each other.

MR. CENIZO- Which's the problem?

MR. CAMPOS- Well... Some neighbours of the village ... they can't the garbage dump will be safe and...

MRS. CARDO (interrupting him, ofended)- How can they think the garbage dump won't be safe? And, what will they know? But we are invested a lot of money in the environmental security issue.

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, I know ... but ....

MR. FUENTESECA (offended)- We have done exactly what is mandatory by law!

MR. CAMPOS- Yes I suppose, but...

MR. CENIZO- Aren't you happy, the neighbours, with the improvements that the village has got thanks to the garbage dump money?

MRS. HIERBAS- Because obviously the village has improved, isn't that true?

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, yes of course, but...

MR. BARROS- Finally, you could build the necessary pipes to bring water to the houses...

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, I don't deny that ....

MR. FUENTESECA- And you could pave all the roads.

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, certainly...

MR. CENIZO- And, what do you say about the municipal pool? Or about the sports center?

MR. CAMPOS- Yes, yes, everything what you are saying is great...

EVERYONE (at the same time)- The, which is the problem?

MR. CAMPOS- So... the extensión... If now the smell is unbearable ...

MRS. CARDO- Smell? But, what a foolishness.

MR. CAMPOS- Ja... it doesn't smell of perfume.

MRS. HIERBAS. But, despite the fact that the garbage dump is in your district, we place it closer the nearby villages just for the smell doesn't bother you!

MR. CAMPOS- Yes... And the neighbours of the others villages are also complaining.

MR. FUENTESECA- Come on! They are out of place in this issue! Don't worry.

MR. CENIZO- is that only the problem? Smell?

MR. CAMPOS- No, it isn't only that ...

MR. CENIZO- Well, explain yourself, mayor.

Mr. Cenizo starts to walk around the office as his own. He placed behind Mr. Campos. Mr. Campos looks uncomfortable because someone can discover he is barefoot.

MR. CAMPOS-Well... People say the materials used in the planned extended area are not as waterproof as you are claiming, and that is dangerous because that area contains groundwater which end up in our drinking fountain.

MR. CENIZO (calm)- Go on.

MR. CAMPOS- ... Furthermore... the planned extension seem to them huge. They say that more than a extension it seems to be a new garbage dump. Moreover, There would be to cut down many trees in the forest. The visitors look each other. Mr. Cenizo is placed next to his briefcase, he looks threateningly at Mr. Campos and he opens his briefcase slowly. The take a champagne. Then Mr. Fuenteseca opens his briefcase, he take six cups out and he leaves them on the desktop. Mr. Cenizo serves champagne in the cups. They offer one to Mr. Campos.

MR. CENIZO- Do you want to toast with us?

MR. CAMPOS- No, no, thaks.

MR. CENIZO- As you like (He offers the cups to others four and he keeps one. Toast) To the progress!

MR. CENIZO- Saying to his collegues. Whenever you want.

MR. BARROS (as saying a lesson)- According to the geological studies carried out by our experts from several european and american universities...

MRS. CARDO- the materials used in the planned area for the extension exceed the waterproof level according to the legality.

MRS. HIERBAS- But, despite this fact, and as we want to extreme the cautions, ...

MR. FUENTESECA- the company "Garbages and Associated, public limited company" has planned to make a big investment to avoid the remains pollute the groundwater, aplying a layer of...(he gets stuck and doesn't know as going on. He tries again) a layer of... (he gets stuck again. He looks at others embarrassing. Mr. Cenizo, annoyed, makes gesture hurry to continue. Mr. Barros continues.

MR BARROS- ... made of polyethylene, with a thickness and a density that will be the double of the laws permissions for clayeies and permeables floors that have to take in the lixiaviados, liquids that come from the remains' rotting

ALL- Clapping- Very well!!

MRS CARDO- And there is more! With regard to the bad smells coming from the methane gas coming from the rotting...

MRS HIERBAS-...coming from the remains of the Villalimpia's dumping site coming from the...

MR CENIZO (interrupting, angry)- Please, save the unnecessary details.

MR FUENTESECA- Well, we were saying that the methane smell will decrease considerably because of the building of a biogas factory that is going to supply the public lights of the nearer residential areas, a biogas that, like you'll now, will came from the methane that comes from...

MR CENIZO- Thank you for your intervention, Mr Fuenteseca, congratulations.

MR FUENTESECA(by his way)...the rotting of the remains coming from the dumping site coming from the...

MR CENIZO- Shut up!!! (Mr Fuenteseca shuts up) Well, what do you think, mayor?  
Mr Campos doubts.

MR FUENTESECA- (worried) Did I do it well?

MR BARROS- (giving little hits on his back enthusiastically) Very good Fuenteseca, seriously. You're an expert! I didn't understand anything, but it was amazing.

MR FUENTESECA (proud) Thanks!!!

MR CAMPOS- It seems like you've got everything under control.

MR CENIZO- Sure!! "Control, control and more control", that's our business slogan.

MR CAMPOS- But... it's a very big ampliation... The village's children play in this forest  
Tense pause

MR CENIZO- (Serious) Mr Campos, there are thousands of people...did I say thousands? Millions!! that depend on your decision. You can't let some neighbours influence you. They even don't know what they say. They talk a lot but they aren't experts in remains. All the town group expressed their gratitude when you accepted to include in your town place the dumping site of all their wastes...

Mr Campos walks to Mr Cenizo, thinking and paying attention to the monologue and let the people see his barefoot feet.

MR CAMPOS- Yes, but you all promess not to realize any ampliation and...

MR CENIZO(ignoring the comment) This act represents a generous town leded by the most generous of its sons, you Mr Mayor, who knows you can not stop the progress, who has the feet on the floor and knows which land is he walking on, who walks to the future with... Why are you walking barefoot?

Mr Campos has been discovered and feels embarrassed. Doubts and doesn't know what to say.

MR CAMPOS- Well... because of what you said... because...because in this matter we must have our feet on the land...

MR FUENTESECA- Yes, but not that much...

MR CAMPOS- I would like to know what you would if you were me.(he points a painting) All the town is waiting for my answer.

MRS CARDO(looking at the painting)- It's true, it's Villalimpia. Who painted it?

MR CAMPOS-Me.

MR CENIZO-You?

MR CAMPOS- Yes.

(Mr Cenizo, Mr Barros and Mr Fuentesca, Mrs Cardo and Mrs Hierbas look to themselves)

ALL-(at the same time)- How beautiful!!!

MRS HIERBAS- And what a colors!

MR BARROS- A perfect brush-stroke!

MR FUENTESECA- And what a great expression!

MRS CARDO- And what a colors!!

MRS HIERBAS- I said that before...

MRS CARDO-Oh, really? Well... I don't know what else to say...(Thinking)

ALL(at the same time)- It's wonderful!!!

MR CAMPOS- Don't exagurate, it isn't a masterpiece. It's just a painting. Of course, The town is really beautiful...

MR CENIZO- And its beauty will increase. When you will increase the school, when the park is finished... and the Third Age building... and the inn.

MR CAMPOS(sadly)- I would like it! It has been prepared for a long time but there wasn't enough money in the municipal strongbox.

MR CENIZO- That's easy.(Makes a movement to Mr Barros and it leaves a briefcase on the table). Major, here it is the future of your town. (Mr Barros opens the briefcase and a angelical music sounds. Mr Campos opens his eyes a lot)

MR BARROS- It's the money that all the members of the Municipal Corporation offer to Villalimpia.

MR CARDO- And to his Mayor as a gratitude way.

MRS HIERBAS- Because we know Villalimpia it's a generous town that won't stop the progress of the country.

MR CAMPOS(flipping out)- There is a lot of money here!!!!

MR FUENTESECA-It's the money that we'll earn month by month in the Municipal strongbox for you to use it and do that upgrades in the town.

MR BARROS- Or anything you think it's appropriate... if you accept the ampliation and renove the permissions 5 years more. Then, we'll leave.(Mr Campos takes a look again, doubting.Mr Fuenteseca takes Mr Cenizo away from Mr Campos)

MR BARROS(to Mr Cenizo and trying Mr Campos not to hear them)- Only five years? We didn't talk about thta...

MR CENIZO(annoyed and murmuring) -Sut up! Do you want to make a fail?

MR CAMPOS (thoughtful)So... only five years?

ALL(at the same time)- And no more!!

MR. CAMPOS (almost persuaded)- Well... in such a case... Mr Cenizo looks at Mr. Barros, desperate. Mr. Barros immediately takes out a contract from his jacket and give it to Mr. Cenizo. At the same time, Mr. Fuenteseca takes out a pen from his pocket and offers it to Mr. Cenizo. Mr Cenizo takes both of them. Then, Mr. Barros leans his back and Mr. Cenizo set the contract in it. He offers the pen to Mr. Campos.

MR. CENIZO (satisfied)- Sign! Mr. Campos hesitates. Expected pause. Finally he takes the pen and signs the contract. When he has already signed it, everyone observes the contract with veneration, turning their backs on Mr. Campos and ignoring completely. Finally Mr. Cenizo kisses the contract and stores it in his briefcase, satisfied. Mr. Barros closes the briefcase with money and offers it to Mr. Campos, who takes it with hesitation. Mr. Fuenteseca takes the cups that they have used to drink champagne and stores them in his briefcase. The three visitors get up to leave, but suddenly they stop and turn towards Mr. Campos.

EVERYONE (at the same time). And put on your shoes, man! The three leave on the left. Pause. Mr. Campos takes the bottle of champagne that his visitors have forgotten and looks at it, pensive. Then he slowly looks at the painting of the town, also pensive.

MR. CAMPOS (to the painting). Do you think I've done a good thing? The painting, naturally, doesn't respond. Mr. Campos opens the box where he has kept his sports shoes and takes them out. He squats, ready to put them on. Suddenly the scene illuminates with blue light. Women are heard screaming from afar at first, then getting closer, until they enter the scene from the right side, as if they were pushed by a strong wind. They have their hair messed up and they are dressed in tattered clothes. They are the fairy godmothers. Rosa is wearing pink, Spring is wearing blue, and Fauna is wearing green. Mr. Campos observes them, bewildered and afraid.

ROSA- OOF! The landing when you change dimensions is always complicated.

MR. CAMPOS (surprised and scared)- But...who are you?!

SPRING- (annoyed) Decidedly, this town has to be cleaned! She gets up and starts to brush the dust off of her clothes.

MR. CAMPOS- Bu-But what?? I mean, how...? Like, how have you come in here?

FAUNA (brushing the dust off herself)

MR. CAMPOS- But...who are you?

ROSA- What's wrong, don't you have eyes? We're the Fairy Godmothers of Dirty Town! He jumps at the sight of us! What's wrong, have you left your glasses at home?

MR. CAMPOS- (surprised) Let's see if I understand...hold on..You say you're the Fairy Godmothers of Dirty Town? The three godmothers?

SPRING- Talking to her colleagues in a quiet voice. This guy hasn't seen "Sleeping Beauty". She talks now to Mr. Campos. Exactly! (she gives him a card) Here's my card. But now I work an intense work schedule, so you can only find me in the morning.

MR. CAMPOS- Ah (Going along with it) And...where is Dirty Town? Fauna, who observes with curiosity from the office, doesn't attend the mayor and because of that doesn't hear the question. She sits on the chair of the office and puts her feet on the table and whistles, amazed.

FAUNA- Your office is awesome, pal! This is true elegance! And how clean it is! It's been a long time since I've seen something so clean!

MR. CAMPOS- Mrs., do me the favor of taking your feet off the desk! And get off of my chair right now!

FAUNA (getting up, indignant) Hey, a little respect, I'm the Fairy of your town!

MR. CAMPOS- Right, and I'm the Crazy Bird! Also, my town, that is to say, this town, is called Clean Town, not Dirty Town.

The Fairies begin a laugh loudly.

ROSA- (laughing) But what a joke! I'm cracking up!

MR. CAMPOS (offended) Please do me the favor of leaving my office! Don't you know who you're talking with?

SPRING- Of course, with Eduardo Campos, mayor of the town that for a time was known as Clean Town, but that know everyone knows as Dirty Twon. (Brief pause. Mr. Campos seems confused) And now look over here (She points to the right). What do you see?

MR. CAMPOS- Nothing...

FAUNA- Make an effort, man. What is your imagination for? We already know that this is a play and that there's nothing there, just the colleague that whispers the lines to you when you forget them. But this is supposedly an office, right?

MR. CAMPOS (bewildered) Yes...

ROSA- And that the only door of entrance is there, that that's where people enter and leave, right? (She points to the left)

MR. CAMPOS- Of course, well...yes...

PRIMAVERA- Well if in your office there isn't any other door or windows...What is that over there? (She points to the right again, demanding the correct answer)

MR. CAMPOS- (looking to the right). Well.. (He thinks) The wall?

FAUNA (satisfied) Exactly! The wall! And do you know of any mortal being that can enter in an office of a mayor through the wall?

MR. CAMPOS- No.

ROSA- Of course, well that's why we say we are the Fairy Godmothers. Pause Mr. Campos looks at her, still without trust

MR. CAMPOS- So then show me the magic wand. Because if you're a Fairy, you'll have a magic wand, right?  
The Fairy Godmothers look at him, annoyed by his distrust, but finally they accept. They take off their backpacks, open them, and begin to take out inverosimile objects from the inside while they look for the wand.

PRIMAVERA (Grumbling while she looks) The wand! But you're so silly! Ever since the guys at Walt Disney invented this magic wand thing, everyone thinks that the fairies are like the ones in the movies. (She takes out of her backpack a wand that consists of a hard tube of plastic covered with glitter, that has a sticker of star on it. Fauna and Rosa do the same. They show the wands to Mr. Campos)

FAIRIES- Are you happy?

MR. CAMPOS (disappointed) That thing is your wand?

FAUNA (offended) What's wrong? We're modest fairies, we have to conform and get good deals at the dollar store. But look it's incredible, if I push it here the star lights up. (She flips a switch on the wand. Nothing happens).

FAUNA (annoyed) And now what's wrong? (She flips the switch several times) Rosa and Spring do the same.

ROSA- Maybe the batteries are dead... (She takes some batteries out of the bag of her outfits. Then she takes out the used batteries and throws them in the garbage can.

MR. CAMPOS- (takes the batteries from the can, annoyed) Hey, you have to put batteries in special containers! (He leaves the batteries on the desk)

SPRING- It's annoying right? Well you'll have to see the huge mess there is on the ground in the future! And all because of you!

MR. CAMPOS- What do you mean?



ROSA- You're right, currently the town is called Clean Town. But within a few years it will be called Dirty Town. And do you know why? Because of that dump! (They put in the new batteries and flip the switch. The stars light up. They show the wands to Mr. Campos, satisfied). What? Do you believe we're fairies yet? (Pause. Mr. Campos is completely bewildered).

MR. CAMPOS- But..So then this means that you come from...from...

FAUNA- Yes, sir, from the future! (Presuming) It's what the Theory of Relativity has. For us traveling through time is easy.

MR. CAMPOS- But...but... (Mr. Montes enters from the left with energy, wearing jeans and a shirt, and Mrs. Matilda, wearing pants and a patterned shirt, more or less the same age as Mr. Campos. After them enters Flora, scatterbrained.

FLORA (excusing herself) I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor, I wasn't able to avoid it.

MR. MONTES- We won't let you sign that expansion for the dump, Campos

MR. CAMPOS- Wow! You're all still here?

MRS. MATILDA- Yes, but we're already getting bored!

FLORA- I mean, they've already read the information pamphlet on the medications.

MR. CAMPOS- And how about the Yellow Pages? They don't want to read them?

MR. MONTES- I can read those at home. Please, leave us alone, Flora. (Flora gets up to leave)

MR. CAMPOS- Wait a minute! (Flora stops) I'm the one who should decide what my secretary has to do! Do you understand?

FLORA- Of course, of course Mr. Mayor. Let me know what you want me to do.

MR. CAMPOS- Leave us alone, Flora. (Flora leaves on the left, bewildered)

MR. CAMPOS (to the Fairy Godmothers) You'll have to excuse me for a moment.

FAIRIES- Calm down, do what you need.

MR. MONTES (intrigued) Who are you talking to?

MR. CAMPOS- Well with some... (He stops speaking and looks, bewildered)- You mean you don't see them?

MR. MONTES- Don't see who?

MR. CAMPOS- These weird girls over here...They say they are the Fairy Godmothers of the town.

FAIRIES (offended) Hey, a little respect! Right? (Pause. Mr. Montes looks around, confused)

ROSA- He can't see us or hear us. Only you can do it. It's our will. You should be happy, you're a lucky guy.

MR. CAMPOS (to Mrs. Matilda) You really don't see them?

(Pause. Mr. Montes and Mrs. Matilda look at Mr. Campos, worried)

MRS. MATILDA- Listen, Campos...Okay, yes, we're very annoyed with you about the dump but...you're our friend and...it worries us that...You really think that there are fairies here??

(Rosa goes to the desk in the office, she sits on the chair and observes the computer, full of curiosity)

MR. CAMPOS- Right now one is sitting on my chair and looking at the computer (Rosa begins to type on the computer, having fun) Hey, Madam, that keyboard is delicate! (He takes her hand off it) Don't you know how to behave yourself?

ROSA- Well of course! More than you! (Mr. Montes sits on the chair and hangs up the phone)

MR. MONTES- I'm going to call the doctor, I think you need a few days of rest. (He begins to dial a number) You work too much, you have too many responsibilities, you're under too much pressure...

MR. CAMPOS (annoyed) Don't sit on my chair, Montes, it's not the armchair of the movie theatre! Come on, get up! (Mr. Montes gets up. Mr. Campos takes the speaker from him and hangs up). You're not going to call anyone! I already know what you want... You want me to go home and go to bed so that I can't sign the expansion, right?

SPRING- But you've already signed it!

MR. CAMPOS- Don't you get involved in this, Madam, this is Politics!

MR. MONTES- You know too well that that expansion is too big.

MRS. MATILDA- We'd have to cut down half the forest and the security measures aren't as great as they say.

MR. CAMPOS- What I do know is that we have to expand the school, the people never stop asking me for a day center for the elderly, and the restoration workers want to finish the youth center already, and the kids need a park.

MR. MONTES- And to give them a kiddy park you're going to sacrifice the forest, the fields, the clean air and the springs?

MRS. MATILDA- We don't need a kiddy park, not at such a high price!

FAIRIES- Well said colleagues!

MR. CAMPOS (To the fairies)- Don't get involved in this!

FAUNA- Why not? They know better towards where to go!

(Tod@s descubren que el Señor Campos va descalzo. Las hadas empiezan a mofarse)

MR. CAMPOS- I also know where I'm going! (Everyone discovers that Mr. Campos is barefoot. The fairies begin to laugh at him)

MR. MONTES (laughing)- Now I believe it! Although you won't get very far barefoot.

Mr. CAMPOS- Well it's just that...this way I'm more comfortable.

MRS. MATILDA- You'll see...But we won't let you sign that expansion. The people of the town are not willing to...

MR. CAMPOS (interrupting, defiant) - I've already done it.

MR. MONTES and MRS. MATILDA- What?!?

MR. CAMPOS- Right now. Next week they will begin to move land. (Large pause. Mr. Campos and Mr. Montes look at each other tensely)

MR. MONTES- I thought we were friends. And that my opinion and that of the majority of the people of Clean Town would count for something.

MR. CAMPOS- Calm down. I already know what's in the town's interest. (Pause)

MRS. MATILDA- Don't speak to us again, Eduardo. Never again. (They get ready to leave).

MR. CAMPOS- Come on, don't take it like that. We're friends, right?

MR. MONTES- That's what we thought until now.

(Mr. Montes and Mrs. Matilda leave. Mr. Campos seems disheartened)

ROSA- You've messed it up big time, dude. We have arrived too late. We wanted to get here before you signed it, but we haven't perfected traveling in time yet.

FAUNA- We missed some classes of the school year and...now you see.

MR. CAMOS- What happened? Did you play hooky?

FAIRIES (offended)- Hey, we're responsible fairies!

SPRING. We had an emergency in the other pueblo. So don't come to conclusions.

MR. CAMPOS (who doesn't believe it)- Right...

ROSA (thinking)- But maybe we could still do something...

MR. CAMPOS- Something? Like what?

FAIRIES- We could transporte you to the past... (getting more and more enthusiastic)

FAUNA- Yes, yes, that! A few minutes before you sign the contract!

FAIRIES- (Search in their backpacks) Let's see what we've brought... (They begin to take out new things from the backpack and leave them on the table: a stuffed teddy bear, a rubber duck, some boxing glove, some ski glasses, some flippers, other weird things...)

FAIRIES (still searching)- Where would I have put it? (Mr. Campos reacts with surprise to each object)

SPRING- Here it is! (she takes out an old alarm clock with some cables and shows it to Mr. Campos, satisfied. It shows a time that is different from the time it is working.

ROSA- We only need to push it back 15 minutes and then say the magic words.

MR. CAMPOS- But it doesn't tell the time, look. (He shows her the time that his watch says)

FAUNA- Of course, it tells the time of the place where our mom lives.

SPRING- That's how we call her so that she doesn't forget to take her pill.

FAUNA- Well, anyway, let's go! (She sets the clock back 15 minutes). And now the magic words.

MR CAMPOS- But I'm not sure that I want to go back to the past.

ROSA- What do you mean?

MR. CAMPOS- Well I don't want to change things. I'm convinced that I've made a good decision, that if I went back to the past, I'd sign the expansion.

FAUNA- So you don't regret having signed the contract?

MR. CAMPOS- No. (Pause)

SPRING (annoyed)- And couldn't you have said it before we emptied our backpack??

MR. CAMPOS- Sorry, but you haven't asked me. And it's an important matter, so you should have asked me.

ROSA- So we should have asked you, right?

MR. CAMPOS- Yes.

FAUNA- Because to you it's an important matter, right?

MR. CAMPOS- Of course.

SPRING- (cutting)- So why didn't you consult the rest of the town about the dump? Why haven't you done a referendum or something? What's wrong? Isn't it an important matter to you? (Long pause. Mr. Campos doesn't know what to say).

MR. CAMPOS- Listen, don't change the subject on me. Now we're talking about time traveling.

ROSA- Look, we're going to do something: We're not going to take you to the past. Not yet. You know what we're going to do? We'll take you to the future!

MR. CAMPOS- To the future?

FAUNA- So you'll what Clean Town has turned into. Better said: Dirty Town. And after you'll make a decision. How does that sound to you?

(Pause. Mr. Campos hesitates)

MR. CAMPOS- I don't know, I don't know...

FAIRIES- Come on, man!

SPRING- What I wouldn't give to see the future! Y with us you'll see it for free!

MR. CAMPOS- Are you sure?

ROSA- Consider it an opening bid.

MR. CAMPOS- And I can come back here when I want?

FAIRIES- Whenever you say.

FAUNA- Look, let's make a deal: When the sun goes down, we'll go back to the present. How does that sound? (Mr. Campos hesitates for a few moments)

MR. CAMPOS- Okay.

FLORA- What's going on? (Sees the Fairy Godmothers) Who are you? How have you come in?

FAIRIES- We are the Fairy Godmothers of...

MR. CAMPOS- (interrupting her)- It's a guest.

FLORA- And did they have an appointment?

MR. CAMPOS- Well...no, not exactly...We'll just say they have visited unexpectedly.

FLORA (suspicious) Right..They have crashed...When was it? When have I gone to the restroom?

SPRING- No. We came in through the wall.

MR. CAMPOS (to Flora, briefly) He, he, they're a bunch of characters...

FLORA- I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor, but I don't think it's funny.

ROSA- It's not a joke. We have come in through the wall. We're the Fairy Godmothers of the town.

FLORA- And on top of all that they're crazy! Do you want me to call the police, Mr. Mayor?

MR. CAMPOS- Why?

FLORA- What do you mean why? Because these women are bonkers and they could be dangerous!

MR. CAMPOS- I mean, they're not sane either... (The fairies come towards Mr. Campos, angry. FLORA, alarmed, puts herself between the Fairies and the Mayor)

FLORA- If you take one more step, I'll call the police!

FAUNA- Hey, a little respect, we came to give you a hand.

SPRING- Don't treat us as if we were criminals! (Spring tries to push her aside but Flora doesn't let her. They struggle. Mr. Campos tries to separate them without success)

MR. CAMPOS- Girls, please don't fight!

FLORA- (Flora holds Spring) Run, Mr. Mayor! Run and call the police!

MR. CAMPOS- Please, Flora, calm down...

SPRING- Let me go right now or I'll turn you into..into a potato!

MR. CAMPOS- Flora, let her go! It's not what it seems like!

FAUNA and ROSA- (They take out their wands at the same time: Pippity, Poppity, turn into a potato!

SPRING- It will be better if we escape to the future right now!

MR. CAMPOS (alarmed)- But what have you done?? (He takes the potato and holds it delicately in his hands. To the potato, almost crying) Flora, forgive me, it was my fault!

ROSA- Let's stop making a scene and get on with it.

MR. CAMPOS- And what will happen to Flora?

FAUNA- Don't worry, the spell will only last a few minutes, so she'll go back to normal. Come on, give us your hand. (Mr. Campos hesitates)

Come on, we don't have all day! (Finally Mr. Campos offers them his hand timidly. They grab it with force). Ready? (close your eyes)

FAIRIES- Pippity, Poppity, take us to the future

(The lights turn off and the scene is dark. A windy noise like a hurricane is heard. Simultaneously the tick-tock of many clocks is heard, sounds of coo coo clocks and clocks that chime giving the time. First the sound isn't loud, but little by little it gets louder.

VOICE OF MR. CAMPOS- I'm getting dizzy!! Don't go so fast!!

FAIRIES- Wooooow!! How incredible!

VOICE OF MR. CAMPOS- (alarmed)- Careful with the stoplight!! (A car screeching to a halt is heard and after a horn of a car)

SPRING- This is crazy! Today there are a ton of people traveling through time!

ROSA- Even if it were Sunday!

VOICE OF MR. CAMPOS- If I come to know it I'll put on a helmet! Where did they give a driving license to Fairy? In a raffle? (While he says this last reply, Mr. Campos's voice changes progressively from the tone of an adult to the tone of an old man).

FAIRIES- We're almost there, hang on, we're going to land!!

(A succession of prolonged and loud bangs are heard)

## ACTO II

A weak yellowish light lit the stage. In the middle of the stage there's a rusty, dirty swing that is falling apart. At the back of the stage, a panel simulates a concrete wall full of graffiti. On the sides, trees planted on plant pots. Everywhere, garbage and all kind of scraps: cardboard and polystyrene boxes, plastics, tins, bottles, banana skins and a lot of garbage bags. Next to the swing there's a GIRL looking distracted, playing with a doll. Mr Campos has become an old man. He's still barefoot. He's sitting on the ground and scratching his head, as he had hit himself because of the "landing". The GIRL seems to ignore him. The FAIRIES have disappeared. OLD CAMPOS sniffs the air and covers his nose as he has smelled something horrible. Then he looks around with an astonished face. He sees the Girl next to the swing. Making an effort, he uncovers his nose and tries to get used to the horrible smell. But looking at his screwed face, we can see it's really hard for him.

OLD CAMPOS- Girl... (The Girl doesn't listen to him and keeps on swinging)

Hey, girl! (The Girl keep on swinging without listening. Campos moves towards her)

OLD CAMPOS- What's your name, girl?

(The girl looks at him)

GIRL- My name's Girl.

OLD CAMPOS- And that's all? Only Girl?

GIRL- Don't you like it?

OLD CAMPOS- Well.. I don't know... There're more beautiful name...

GIRL- Oh, really? Which ones?

OLD CAMPOS- Mmm... Rose, for example. Or Daisy. Flowers names.

GIRL- Flowers? (She thinks) Oh yes, once I saw one. It was beautiful.

OLD CAMPOS- What color was it?

GIRL (thinking)- I don't remember. It was long long ago, I was very young.

(Pause. The Girl looks at Campos with curiosity)

GIRL- And who are you?

OLD CAMPOS- Me? (He hesitates). Before I was the Cleanfield major. But I'm not sure of who I am anymore.

GIRL- What are you saying? You, major? Are you joking me?

OLD CAMPOS- No, no, I'm serious!

GIRL- Besides, it is not called Cleanfield long time ago, they told me about it in the school! Now it's called...

OLD CAMPOS (sad, interrupting her)- Yes, I know: Dirtyfield. (He looks around) It's obvious. (Pause) What happened?

GIRL- What do you mean?

OLD CAMPOS- How did it change from Cleanfield into Dirtyfield?

GIRL- I don't know. They tell you about that in Secondary, I'm in Primary. You should ask in the school.

OLD CAMPOS (he starts to go to the right)- So let's go to ask about it.

GIRL- Where are you going?

OLD CAMPOS- To the school.

GIRL- But it's so far, you cannot go walking!

OLD CAMPOS- Nonsense! It's just here, behind the City Council!

GIRL- Oh... you mean the old school. (She laughs). But it closed down long time ago! Before I was born, you see! Oh my god, where have you been?

OLD CAMPOS- It closed down?

GIRL- Right, because of the bad smell, they said it was really bad for children.

OLD CAMPOS- Oh... indeed, the bad smell is unbearable.

GIRL (surprised)- Really?

OLD CAMPOS- Can't you smell it?

GIRL (hesitating)- I don't know... (She thinks) The town has always had this smell. Maybe I got used to it.

On the left enters CHARLIE, a boy of around 13 years. He's wearing rapper clothes, with a jacket, wide and baggy trousers, sneakers and a cap with its peak on the back part of his head. He's hiding something in his hand, which is below his jacket. He

looks at Campos, surprised first, and later with distrust. He doubts. Finally he walks toward the back wall, he looks to one side and the other, and brings out what he was hiding below his jacket: to paint sprays. He starts writing on the wall: "We want a clean town". While Charlie is writing, Campos talks to the Girl).

OLD CAMPOS- Girl, who is this one?

(The Girl turns around and sees Charlie writing on the wall. Angry)

GIRL- The same again, Charlie? Stop now!

CHARLIE- Don't talk to me, girl, you're distracting me.

GIRL- I will call the guards!

CHARLIE (mocking her in a goofy way)- "I will call the guards!". You are such a stupid!

OLD CAMPOS (to Charlie)- What are you doing?

CHARLIE- Can't you see? A graffiti.

OLD CAMPOS- And do you think it's a good thing? Can't you see you're making the wall dirty?

(Charlie looks at Campos and starts laughing)

CHARLIE- Amazing. Can't you see everything is so messy! And who are you to tell me what I need to do? Where are you coming from, old man?

OLD CAMPOS (with dignity)- I am the major of this town.

CHARLIE- Yeah... and I'm Spiderman. (Continues writing the graffiti)

GIRL (To Charlie, angry)- You are a... a... (she thinks of a strong insult. Finally she finds it)... a reactionary!!

(Charlie looks at her, puzzled)

CHARLIE- What is that?

GIRL- I don't know, but it's something very ugly. They said that on TV! (Charlie walks towards the Girl, threatening)

CHARLIE- Do you want me to break your face? (The Girl is not scared and goes to Charlie, challenging him, ready to fight with him. Campos goes between them to intercede)

CAMPOS (interceding)- Come on, come on... don't fight. (to the girl, because of Charlie) He's right, after all... everything is so dirty...

(Short pause. Charlie and the Girl look at each other, still angry. Finally Charlie makes a disrespectful gesture and goes back to the wall to finish his graffiti. Once he has finished, he signs "Charlie")

CHARLIE (satisfied with his graffiti)- It looks cool. (He looks at them. Suddenly, he looks to the right, alarmed, hides the paint sprays inside his clothes. He looks for something and finds an old ball)

(To Campos). Quick, let's play. Come on, hit the ball. (Both the Girl and Charlie look at Campos' feet)

OLD CAMPOS- It's because I like being barefoot.

CHARLIE- With all this garbage? That's ok, kick and act normal.

Two robot come into the stage. P-1 and P-2.



P-2- Transport number five hundred and forty nine of industrial waste and non-organic urban solid waste. Origin: confidential. Register number nine zero zero four slash seven and a half. One hundred and fifty kilos. Wow, it's so heavy!  
(They throw the garbage bags on the ground)

OLD CAMPOS (shocked at P-2)- What is he doing?

CHARLIE- Don't say anything. It will be worse. Give me the ball. (They throw the ball to each other with their hands)

P-1 (looking at Campos)- Processing rude old man's face in the software. Unknown face. Foreigner. Stranger. Go away, old man.

OLD CAMPOS (to Charlie)- Are you listening to him?

CHARLIE- Don't listen to him. Come on, keep on playing.

(P-1 finds the graffiti on the wall)

P-2- Attention, found underground reactionary graffiti. Sabotage.

P-1 - Processing name of signature "Charlie" on the database. Unknown origin.

GIRL- I will tell you who did, Mr robot.

(Charlie goes to her and looks at her, threatening)

GIRL- It was...

(Charlie covers her mouth with his hand. The girl fights and gesticulates, complaining)

CHARLIE (to P-1, trying to act normal)- It was a strong guy, 1.90 cm, black hair. I haven't seen him before in all my life, he's probably from another town. (to OLD Campos) Right?

CHARLIE (following his story)- You're right, you're right!

P-1 (to OLD Campos)- And who are you? Identification. (Campos doesn't know what to say.

Charlie- He's my uncle. He's here to stay with us for a few days. It seems that this place makes him feel good.

(P-1 looks at Charlie and then, looks at Campos who breaths deeply so as to demonstrate that the issue of the air is true. P-1 coughs)

CHARLIE (excusing him)- He still didn't get used, it always takes some days. He lives in the mountain, you know?

(P-1 starts an exit by the right side)

P-1 - Accurate instructions. Inform. Report. Arrest warrant. Exemplary punishment. What a hard life that of the robot!

(P-1- Goes out by the right. After some time, Charlie releases the Girl)

GIRL (furious) - Stupid!

CHARLIE - Shut up, snot!

GIRL - If you don't like Villasucia, why don't you go away?

CHARLIE - Because it's my town, any problem?

OLD CAMPOS (surprised) - Do you like it the way it is, Girl?

GIRL - Yes I do! The men of Rubbish & co said it was an instance of progress and modernity. And the men of Rubbish & co are really smart, the TV says so.

CHARLIE - What a goon girl!

GIRL - And you, don't go beyond the pale, otherwise I'll go to the guards to tell them that it was you who did the graffiti. I'll tell them that you are Charlie.

OLD CAMPOS - What's the matter? Isn't your name Charlie?

CHARLIE - No, it's not

GIRL - His name is Boy. But he likes being called Charlie. What an eyewash! He is so immature!

CHARLIE - Look who's talking. (Girl, very angry, tries to go out by the right. Charlie stops her)

CHARLIE (alarmed) - But are you stupid? They will lock me up in home for a month! Come on, be cool. If you don't tell them I will do whatever you want! (Girl stops hesitatingly)

GIRL - Whatever I want?

CHARLIE - Yes (Girl hesitates. She finally goes to the swing, picks a messed-up doll that looks like new from the floor and offers it to Charlie)

GIRL - Ok, so fix this doll for me

CHARLIE - Where did you take it from? The rubbish?

GIRL - Yes. Isn't it beautiful?

CHARLIE (resigned) - Ok, I'll fix it. It's a piece of cake.

(He takes the arms, the head and the legs of the doll and tries to fit them together within the doll's body. He can't. He gets desperate)

CHARLIE (giving her the doll back) - It is impossible. I'm sorry, sort it out for yourself.

GIRL (annoyed) - You tricked me! You'll see!

(Girl starts again an exit by the right)

OLD CAMPOS - Wait! (Girl stops). Let me try it. (He takes the doll and fits all its pieces together) Do you really like it?

GIRL - Of course. I do really like dolls

OLD CAMPOS - And why don't you buy a new one?

GIRL - Why? Just walking by the street you find lots of toys that are almost new, children get bored of them and throw them away. They have so many...

(Campos gives her the doll back completely fixed)

GIRL (Taking the doll, happy) - Thank you! (she looks at her) It seems even new (grateful, to Campos) how could I thank you? (she thinks) I know! I'll find a pair of shoes for you. (She searches around the wastes. Finds a pair of dirty old shoes). Here you are. Put them on!

CAMPOS (worried) Em... no thanks, I thank you...but no. I prefer walking barefoot.

GIRL (shocked) - Are you sure?

OLD CAMPOS - Yes...(improvising) the doctor recommended me so.

GIRL - Alright

(Starts an exit by the right. Stops. Goes back. Kiss Campos on his cheek and then, goes out by the left. Campos and Charlie looks at her as she goes)

CHARLIE - You are a real handyman. Where did you learn to fix dolls?

OLD CAMPOS - With my daughter, she always breaks hers. When she gets a new one, she breaks it right away. I wouldn't be surprised if I decided to become a mechanic in the future.

CHARLIE (surprised) Sorry... Have you said...your daughter?

OLD CAMPOS - Yes I have, what's the matter?

CHARLIE (annoyed) Are you kidding me?

OLD CAMPOS - No, I'm not, I have a four years-old daughter. Her name is Rosa.

CHARLIE - Who do you think you are? Do you think I'm silly? How would be possible that an old man of...of...? How old are you? 70? 75?

OLD CAMPOS - I'm thirty-three

(Pause. Charlie stares at him open-mouthed. Suddenly he starts laughing)

CHARLIE - You're completely mad, dude.

OLD CAMPOS (annoyed) -It's true! I was the mayor of the town too.

CHARLIE (going along with him) - Oh yes? When?

CAMPOS - Some time ago. When the town was called Villalimpia

CHARLIE - But what are you saying! That happened in the prehistory! Don't trick me and tell me where you come from.

OLD CAMPOS - I'm telling you I'm from Villalimpia! I know this town like the palm of my hand. Look, I'll show you: (he points one end of the theatre) that's the way to the new fountain. If you turn left, you get the field where sheep graze. And then, if you turn right, you get to the forest.

CHARLIE - To the forest? What are you talking about? There's no forest there.

OLD CAMPOS - Isn't there?

CHARLIE - And I don't know which field you are talking about. What is there is a junkyard. Do you want to keep playing riddles?

OLD CAMPOS - But, if there's no forest... where do kids play?

CHARLIE - Here. Anyway, there aren't many kids in Villasucia. Just Girl and I live here (brief pause). Well, now it's my turn. Let's see...(he thinks and finally points some point in the theatre) What is behind that hill?

OLD CAMPOS - There?...(thinks) the orchards and Matias' farm

CHARLIE (satisfied) No! You're busted! There it is the incinerating plant.

OLD CAMPOS - What? No...it's not possible. An incinerating plant?

CHARLIE - Yes! Two - zero. Come on, It's your turn.

OLD CAMPOS (annoyed) - For you it is just a game, isn't it?

CHARLIE - Of course, it isn't for you?

OLD CAMPOS (very angry) - No! It's more serious than you think! (he takes him by the lapel) Are you lying to me, aren't you? I'm sure it's that! You're just trying to make me believe that my town has turned into a pile of rubbish! Come on, confess!

CHARLIE - What are you talking about?

OLD CAMPOS (angry, without releasing him) Confess that the forest do still exist! And that there's no incinerating plant! Not even a junkyard...! (Charlie frees himself pushing Campos who falls to the ground)

CHARLIE (annoyed) - Look, old fellow, I'm a calm man (takes a bag full of rubbish and looks at him, threatening) but if someone provokes me, I defend myself, you understand?

(throws the bag full of rubbish to Campos, as a warning. Tense pause. They look at each other. Finally Campos stands up and throws another bag to him. A battle of bags that go here and there starts, until throwing them turns into a game. Enters by the left side old Mister Montes. He's wearing the same jeans and the same green shirt as before. But now, he has a long old dark coat, square-printed slippers and glasses too. Campos and him don't recognise each other)

MISTER MONTES (telling them off) - But...What are you doing? (When Charlie sees him, he runs out of the scene by the right side)

MISTER MONTES (referring to Charlie) - Hellish boy! One of these days, we'll have an accident because of his fault (to Campos) And what about you? Do you like to play stirring rubbish? (stares at him. Brief pause) do we know each other?

OLD CAMPOS - I don't think so

MISTER MONTES - You are not from here, right?

OLD CAMPOS - Yes, I mean, no. Well...not exactly. But one of my relatives lived here some time ago and...

MISTER MONTES - Really?

OLD CAMPOS - But it was many years ago.

MISTER MONTES - And what have you lost here in this landfill?

OLD CAMPOS - I'm a journalist and I'm writing an article about Villalimpia

SEÑOR MONTES - About Villalimpia? But it's so long from that! Did you relative live in the town when it was still called that way?

OLD CAMPOS - Yes

SEÑOR MONTES (excited) - What was his name? Maybe we knew each other

OLD CAMPOS (indecisive) - No...I don't think so...he didn't really go out

MISTER CAMPOS - Come on, dude, tell me. I knew everyone in those times. (Pause. Mister Montes waits for the answer smiling).

MR. CAMPOS (talking to himself)-Eduardo Campos  
(Mr Montes stops smiling and adopts a serious attitude)

MR MONTES- Did you say ... Eduardo Campos?

MR. CAMPOS (shy)- yes... (pause)

MR. MONTES (with resentment)- yes, of course I met him ... he was such a scamp. We were friends, Did you know? Everybody in the village likes him. He even became mayor. Everybody was convinced that Villalimpia would change a lot thanks to him. And it did change! Because Rubbish and Company arrived and convinced him to put a landfill in the village. After that, they got the permission to make it larger and, to begin with, we were left without forest/ ran out of forest. But that is not all! After the first extension/enlargement ... there was another ... and another one ... until the village became part of the landfill and it is ... (he looks around sadly) ... what you can see now.  
(short pause)

MR. CAMPOS- Did you know each other for a long time/ a lot?

MR. MONTES-If we knew each other? ... Yes, we did. We went together to school when we were small. (He sighs). I warned him. I said to him " Be careful, Campos, those guys from the landfill are going to play dirty, that kind of people/ those guys doesn't / don't care about people. And do you know what he used to say to me. "Don't worry Montes that I really know what is good for our village" I would like he could see what has happened in the village because of his fault.  
(Since he has learnt the old man he is talking to is Mr Montes, Campos looks at him astonished. Short pause).

MR. CAMPOS (astonished)- It cannot be ... Are you Manuel Montes?

MR. MONTES (surprised)- What did you say?

MR. CAMPOS (reacting and concealing)- Nothing... (according to what Mr Montes told him) It is a very sad story.

MR. MONTES- I think so. Write everything I told you in your work. I hope today youngsters have more common sense that we used to have (looks around sadly)And this is what some people call progress! (he takes out a bottle of water from his pocket) I'm sorry but I have to water the trees.  
(he starts pouring very carefully few water drops in the trees)

MR. CAMPOS- What happened with the fountain that used to be here/ in this square?  
(Campos looks at him, surprised)

MR. MONTES- How did you know there used to be a drinking fountain here?

MR. CAMPOS- (concealing) ehh ... Charlie told me.

MR. MONTES- Charlie ( thinks) Do you want to say the Boy?

MR. CAMPOS- yes, that one. Do you know him?

MR. MONTES - Of course, I know him! He is my grandson. He has listened to me talking so much about Villalimpia in the past that now he is always painting on the walls asking for a clean village/ place. I'm afraid he gets in trouble because of my fault.  
... Did you ask me for the fountain, didn't you? The thing was that the drinking fountain was removed because it was not useful anymore. It is because of the liquid that rubbish produces/ generates in the landfill/ dumping site ...

MR. CAMPOS- landfill leachate.

MR. MONTES- (surprised with the answer)- Yes, the leachates, I see you are a well- educated person ... The thing is that landfill leachate results from permeating surface water and water pressed out during compaction of the water mass and contaminated the groundwater. Many people got sick and many trees got dry. Since then we drink bottled water, and now if you let me I am going to water the plants from this other side.(he crosses the stage and starts to water the flowerpots from one side to another. P-1 gets in from the right side and he takes Charlie from his ear. Charlie has got a spray paint in his hand with face of physical pain. P-2 goes towards Mr Montes. P-1 follows them)

P-2- (without releasing Charlie's ear)- vandalism, terrorism, loutishness, sabotage. Problem child ...

CHARLIE (complains) woe, woe, woe ...

P-1 (without releasing)- troublesome. A- social, Ab- normal, A-nimal.

CHARLIE (protests) - Hey, hey, hey

MR. MONTES- A bit of respect! Let's see! What did he do?

P-2 - He painted on a wall. A wall. He wrote subversive messages.

P-1- Banned/ Prohibited words. Illegal letters. We have to arrest him. Punish him. Send him to prison.  
(Charlie releases from P-2)

CHARLIE (protests)- I didn't do anything, I'm a good guy!  
(pointing to Campos) you shall see, ask that mayor.

(MR. MONTES, P-2 and P-1 turn round at the same time to have a look at Old Campos)

MR. MONTES and P-2 (at the same time)- What a mayor!

CHARLIE: (about Campos) He's told me he's the major of Clean Village  
(P-1 gets close to Campos and watches him)

P-1: Impossible. Scanning. Some coincidences. Let go back to confirm information

P-2: (he lets go of his hand). We'll settle accounts later.

(P-1 and P-2 leave on the right)

CHARLIE: Uff! Thank goodness! (He shakes his hand to Mr Montes). Granddad, have you seen what a cool guy?

(Mr Montes looks at Campos distrustfully)

Mr MONTES: Who are you?

(Pause. Both old friends look at each other, seriously. Charlie looks puzzled)

CHARLIE: Wha's the matter?

(Pause. Campos Child looks down)

Mr MONTES: (stunned) Then.... What's true?

CAMPOS: Yes, Manue. I'm Eduardo Campos.

Mr MONTES: (stunned) Eduardo? Campos? (Pause) But, how can it be possible? (Pause) Obviously...that's by you made me all those questions.

CHARLIE: (to Mr Montes) But who is he?

Mr MONTES : (to Charlie) He was the major of the village when they created the dump. He just disappeared after the signing of the first enlargement and nobody knew about him any more. (to Campos) I can't understand anything.

CAMPOS: this is a long story, Montes. I have no time to tell you it.

Mr MONTES: Why have you come? To see how is the life in the village?

OLD CAMPOS: More or less. But don't ask me how I have done it because it is very long to explain and you wouldn't believe it.

CHARLIE: Really amazing! He can travel all the time!

CAMPOS: Yes, but I don't advise you do it, because there is a lot of traffic.

Mr MONTES: Come on, Charlie, go home. This man and I have things to talk about. And don't get into trouble.

CHARLIE: (complaining) You old people only give orders.

CHARLIE: Hei, if you finally are here, will you show me how you travel through the time? I'd like to go back to the past and see Messi playing; it is said he's amazing.

CAMPOS: That's impossible! In short I'll have to go back to my time.

CHARLIE: So nasty! Well...I wish you it will go well there in Prehistory .

(Charlie leaves and a child comes in. they mock each other when they meet. The Child starts playing with her dolls)

Mr MONTES: (to Campos) I warned you. I told you not to sign that document.

CAMPOS CHILD: Yes, that's true.

Mr MONTES: Now you can see what future we gave the children. Most of them leave, because it was impossible to live her.

CAMPOS: Only these two ones have remained. Charlie and the Girl (child)

Mr MONTES: Yes, my grandson and your granddaughter.

CAMPOS: (astonished) Sorry? My granddaughter? Is the Girl my granddaughter?

Mr MONTES: Yes, she is.

(Campos Boy looks at the Girl with incredulity. A soft and emotive music sounds. Finally, Campos Boy goes to the Girl and he embraces her)

GIRL: (angrily) What are you doing?

(She pushes and moves away from him. Music stops abruptly. Mr Montes starts laughing)

CAMPOS: Let him embrace you! I'm your grandfather!

(He goes to embrace her again. But the Girl avoids him, takes a stick that is in the rubbish and menaces him. Campos stops)

GIRL: (distrustfully) Well, and I'm your mother. Don't get close to me or I'll hit you. OK? But what are you on about? Do you think we are a family because previously I kissed you?

CAMPOS: (conciliatorily) Come on! Don't be so angry!

(Mr Montes is still laughing)

GIRL: (in anger to Mr Montes) And what are you laughing at? That's not so amusing!

(She sticks out her tongue to Campos and leaves on her right. Short pause. Mr Montes stops laughing)

Mr MONTES: Well... An now you've seen your future... What do you think you'll do?

CAMPOS : For the momente I'll try to go back to the past, just before I sign the contract. I think I'll give "Rubbish and Perners Public Company" a piece of my mind. This is not the future I want for our grandchildren.

Mr MONTES: Yes, that's well said, mister!

CAMPOS: (looking up the sky) Where is the Sun?

Mr Montes (surprised): The sun? Why do you want to know it?

Campos: The people who brought me here must come to look for me at sunset.

Mr Montes: Well, it is an uphill struggle because it is a long time since we saw the sunset. The crematorium smoke makes the sky look grey.

Campos (confused): Damn it! (annoyed). I think the Fairies have deceived me. (He starts walking along the stage, thoughtful. Finally he stops.) I guess it! (He places himself in the middle of the stage. He addresses Señor Montes). Get out of my way. I don't want to drag you to the past withme and then, imagine, what a mess, with two Manuel Montes, the young and the old ones. (Mr Montes moves away, with curiosity). I hope to remember... (he closes his eyes) "Pararito Pararuto, take me to the past". (He shrank, waiting for a spell to happen which can take him to the past. But nothing happens. He opens one eye and, on checking he stays there, his normal attitude returns). Damn it! It was not like this!

Mr Montes: May I know what is the reason for this show?

Campos: Obviously! I am trying to come back in time.

Mr Montes: And for coming back in time do you have to say this foolishness?

Campos: It is the only option! (He sighs). I will try it again. (He places himself in the middle of the stage again). Next try. (He closes his eyes) "Pararito..."

(He shuts up because suddenly the stage lights up in blue and some women can be heard screaming, first at distance and then getting closer, up to the momento where the Fairy Godmothers come into the stage from the right side as if they were being pushed by a strong wind, trying not to lose their balance. Finally they fell down spectacularly. Mr Montes looks at them atonished).

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (sat on the ground and annoyed) The landing again!

Campos (to the fairies): You are late. (He shows them the time in his watch)

Rosa: But do you want us to lose our job or what's the matter? How do you dare to try by yourself our magic spells when we are not present?

Mr Montes (surprised): But... these women... where have they come from?

Campos: Calm down, they are not dangerous. They are the Fairy Godmothers of the village.

Mr Montes (surprised): Are you serious? The three of them?

Fairies: At your feet, sir. (SPRING gives him a business card). Here you are our card.

Campos (to the fairies): Did you want to deceive me, didn't you?

Fairies (dissimulating): Did we? Are you crazy?

Campos: When we were in my office you didn't tell me that it was impossible to see the sun in Villasucia.

Fairies (dissimulating): Did we? Are you sure?

Fauna: Well, it doesn't matter. You can't get angry with this misunderstanding.

Campos: A misunderstanding? We agreed that you would take me away after the sunset. How were you going to do it if sunset can't be seen? I could have stayed here forever!

Rosa: And you don't like the idea, do you? This is a beginning.

Mr Montes: It seems to me that Ms Fairies were afraid of the fact that you wanted to come back to the past without having changed your opinion. Am I right?

Spring: Wow, you are really smart! I think we will get along.

Campos (to the fairies): If that was what worried you, we can come back to the past when you like because I have changed my opinion and I am not going to sign the contract.

Fairies: Really?

Campos: Of course! Meeting the future has helped me a lot. I wish all politicians could see the result of their actions.

Fairies (excited): Hurray! (They hug him warmly and cover him with kisses. They hold his hand immediately and drag him to the middle of the stage).

Fauna: Let's go! We can't lose more time (To Sr Montes) Please, would you be so kind to take the watch out of my rucksack?

(Mr Montes approaches the Fairy Mother, confused. He opens her rucksack and looks inside, looking for the watch. He takes out a very tacky kitchen clock).

Mr Montes (showing it to the fairies): Is this one?

Rosa (catching the clock): Yes, it is. Thank you. (She show it to Campos) I have just bought it in the street market. That is why we have been late. (She sets it back one hour).

Fairies: And now, to home! (To Campos) Give me your hand. (Campos gives his hand),

Mr Montes: Good journey, Eduardo.

Campos: We will meet again just right here, Manuel. But the future will be a different one. We will be playing with our grandchildren in the forest, both of us, together.

Spring (impatiently): Ok, it's enough! Have you finished? Perfect... (Closes her eyes) "Parasín, patasado, we come back to the past." (Lights are switched off and the stage remains in darkness. A hurricane is heard. At the same time we start hearing the sound of many grandfather clocks, cuckoo clocks and chime bells indicating the time. First the noise is only a rumour but little by little the volume is raised).

Campos' voice (shouting): Slow down, I am getting dizzy!

Fauna's voice: I regret to have left the street market so early. You can't imagine the bargains one could find there.

Campo child's voice (screaming): The traffic light! Be careful with the traffic light! (It is heard the jamming on the brakes).

Rosa's voice: ... There were gorgeous print blouses.

Spring's voice: Now I regret not to have bought one of them for mummy.

Campos' voice (shouting): The stop signal! You are going to kip the stop! (Jamming on the brakes is heard and right after the long horn of a car).

Rosa's voice (screaming angrily): What's the matter with you? Can't you see I have the priority?

Campos' voice (shouting again): Please, be careful, I want to come back alive! I want my mum to be here!

Fairies' voice: Grab it, we are arriving!

(A blow is heard. The stage is lit up. We are again the Mr Campos' office. The trainers are on the ground, in sight for the public. The smart clothes have disappeared. Mr Campos, adult, lies on the ground. He is dishevelled. He gets up, confused and in pain).

Mr Campos: Oh! What a journey! (He looks at himself and tests he is an adult again) I am young again! Great!

(He laughs and then he starts to jump and dance repeating "I am young again". Flora comes into the stage hastily on the left).

Flora (startled): What has happened? I have heard the noise of a blow!

Mr Campos (happy): Flora! (He runs to her and hugs her. Flora doesn't know how to respond) You aren't a potato anymore.

(Mr Campos starts to jump and dance without freeing Flora).

Flora (annoyed): Hey, I know that I am not very pretty, but to compare me with a potato is...!

Mr Campos (freeing her): Look at me! I am young again! I am not old anymore!



Flora (untrusting): Are you ok?

(Mr Campos begins to dance and jump again repeating "I am young again! I am not old anymore!")

Flora (shouting): Would you like to stop behaving like a child?

(Mr Campos grind to a halt and looks at her. Flora is surprised and gets afraid of her own reaction).

Flora (apologizing): I'm so sorry, Mr Campos. I don't know what has happened to me...

Mr Campos (astonished): Flora, you have never treated me like that before...

Flora (frightened, shyly): I know... Sorry, I'm nobody to talk to you in that way. But when I have seen you doing all this foolishness... I can't have helped it (frightened). I do apologize.

Mr Campos (thoughtful): Why are you afraid of me? Do I treat you badly?

Flora (in fear, lying): Nooo, you don't.

Mr Campos (thoughtful): Telling you off and shouting at you all the time?

Flora (in fear): Nothing at all! If you treat me excellently!

Mr Campos: No, it isn't true. I have treated you really bad, but from this moment on this is going to change. (He holds her hand.

Flora doesn't know what to do). Thanks Flora, yo have taught a lesson to me.

(Mr Campos puts on the trainers, goes to his chair and sits down).

Mr Campos: What are the issues in the diary today?

(Flora is so confused that she doesn't hear him. Mr Campos notices it).

Mr Campos (calling her attention): Flora...

Flora (reacting): What?

Mr Campos: Is there anyone waiting to see me out there?

Flora (still confused): What? Someone? (She reacts). Ah, yes... The representatives of "Rubbish and Associates, S.A." firm.

Mr Campos: And... is there someone else?

Flora: Well yes... Mr Montes and Ms Matilda. But you have told me you don't want to see them and that I had to distract them by making them read my sirup pamphlet. Can I tell them to come back tomorrow?

Mr Campos: No way! Make all them come in.

Flora (surprised): All of them?

Mr Campos (kindly): Yes, Flora. Make them come in, please.

(Flora looks at Mr Campos surprised by his sudden change of opinion and attitude. She finally reacts).

Flora (happily): Right now, Mr Mayor (she prepares to leave).

Mr Campos: And don't address me formally. Call me Eduardo.

(Flora stops and looks at him, much more surprised).

FLORA- Como quieras... Eduardo.

(Flora sale, contenta. El Señor Campos se levanta y contempla el cuadro de Villalimpia, pensativo. Llamam a la puerta)

FLORA- As you like ... Eduardo.

(Flora goes out, happy. Mr. Campos stands up and looks the Villalimpia painting, thoughtful. Knock on the door).

MR. CAMPOS- Come in

SEÑOR CAMPOS- Adelante.

(THEY COME IN ON THE LEFT el Señor Cenizo, el Señor Barros, el Señor Fuenteseca, la Señora Cardo y Señora Hierbas. THEY DO THE SAME THAT THE BEGINNING. El Señor Campos DOESN'T WELCOME TO THEM. THE FIVE VISITOR LOOK TO EACH OTHER, SURPRISED. THEY GO CLOSE TO THE TABLE ALL TOGETHER.)

(Por la izquierda entran el Señor Cenizo, el Señor Barros, el Señor Fuenteseca, la Señora Cardo y Señora Hierbas. Hacen como al principio. El Señor Campos no los saluda. Los cinco visitantes se miran sorprendidos. Se acercan juntos a la mesa.)

SEÑOR CAMPOS (SELF CONFIDENT)- LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. GOOD MORNING Buenos días.

TOD@S (al mismo tiempo)- ¡Buenos días!

(El Señor Montes se asoma tímidamente junto con Matilda, un poco extrañados. Le acompaña Flora, que les invita a entrar con un gesto. El Señor Montes y Matilda entran en el despacho y Flora se dispone a irse. El Señor Campos se da cuenta)

SEÑOR CAMPOS- Flora, don't go away, stay here, please. This is you problem too. (Flora stay, happy. Everybody looks to each other,surprised)

SEÑOR CAMPOS- Flora, no se vaya, quédese , por favor.. (Flora contenta, se queda. Todos se miran sorprendidos)

MR. CENIZO (upset minded when he sees Señor Montes)- ¿Is it necessary that this gay listen to our conversation? you know that..

MR CENIZO (molesto cuando ve al Señor Montes) Es necesario que este individuo oiga nuestra conversación? Usted ya sabe que...

SEÑOR CAMPOS (cortándolo)- YOU SAID THAT, MISTER CENIZO: I DO KNOW EVERYTHING I MUST KNOW. AND THAT IS WHY I WANT ALL OF YOU LISTENS TO ME

SEÑOR CAMPOS (cortándolo)- Usted lo ha dicho, Señor Cenizo: Sé todo lo que tengo que saber y por eso quiero que todos me oigan.

MR. CENIZO-certainly? (self confident) ok, start, come on. (Cenizo, Fuenteseca, Barros, Cardo y Hierbas, are sure they will win)

SEÑOR CENIZO-De verdad? (confiado) De acuerdo, empeece, vamos. (Cenizo, Fuenteseca, Barros, Cardo y Hierbas está seguros de que ganarán)

MR. CAMPOS: Gentlemen,we, the neighbours in Villalimpia, are honest and humble people. We want to get improved but we will not have a high prize to pay. We want to see our children to growing, drinking clean water, although you think that pollution is a lesser evil,

SEÑOR CAMPOS:Caballeros, nosotros, los vecinos de Villalimpia como gente sencilla y honrada. Queremos progresar, pero no a tan alto precio. Queremos respirar aire puro, beber agua limpia, libre de esa contaminación que ustedes quieren que consideremos un mal menor.

(MEANWHILE el Señor Campos SPEAKS, THE FAIRY GODMOTHERS APPEAR ON THE RIGHT AND LISTEN

(Meanwhile señor campos speaks, the fairy godmothers appear on the right and listen

(Mientras el Señor Campos habla, las hadas madrinas aparecen por la derecha y escuchan)

MR. CAMPOS-We wish to see our children playing in the nearby forest. We wish to see them going happy to school thinking that their future depends on us. We are sure that we will take care of it till this future depends on them

MR. CAMPOS: Aspiramos a ver jugar a los niños en el bosque que tenemos la suerte de tener tan cerca; a verlos ir a la escuela contentos, convencidos de que el futuro que les espera está en nuestras manos y sabremos velar por él hasta que ellos nos tomen el relevo en la carrera de la Vida.

MR. CENIZO (SURPRISED)- BUT...

SEÑOR CENIZO (SURPRISED)- Pero...

SEÑOR CAMPOS (suddenly he cuts him): Maybe it is not important for you, but it is our way of life.

MISTER CAMPOS ( cortándolo)-: Puede que no les parezca gran cosa. Pero es nuestra manera de entender la Vida.

MISTER BARROS- Don't let down. You are the mayor

MISTER FUENTESECA- If you are not agree with them, don't listen to them

MISTER CAMPOS- But, I really agree with them. And this is the reason why I was elected as their mayor. So that I do not let you build the landfill/ dumping site.

Mr. CAMPOS: Pero es que resulta que pienso como ellos. Y precisamente por eso me escogieron para que fuera su alcalde. Y por esa misma razón debo decirles que no pienso firmar la ampliación del vertedero.

(THE FAIRIES, Mr. Montes and Flora ARE CLAPPING, HAPPILY)

(Las hadas, el señor <montes y Flora aplauden entusiasmados)

SEÑORA CARDO (al Señor Cenizo)- ¡Pues vaya! ¿AND NOW?

SEÑORA CARDO (al Señor Cenizo)- ¡Pues vaya! ¿Y ahora qué?

SEÑOR CENIZO (to Mr. Campos,UPSET MINDED)- ¿IS IT YOUR LAST WORD?

SEÑOR CENIZO (to Mr. Campos,UPSET MINDED)- ¿Es su última palabra?

SEÑOR CAMPOS (con firmeza)-YES, DEFINITELY.

(El Señor Cenizo LOOKS LIKE OFENDED. WHEN El Señor Barros, Señor Fuenteseca, la señora Cardo y la Señora Hierbas SEE HIM IN THE WAY, DO THE SAME. El Señor Cenizo LOOKS AROUND HIMSELF AND BEGINS TO GO OUT ON THE LEFT..

EVERYBODY FOLLOWS HIM IN A SINGLE LINE. SUDDENLY el Señor Cenizo se detiene y el Señor Barros y el Señor Fuenteseca AND THE LINE CRASH INTO HIM )

(El Señor Cenizo parece ofendido. El Señor Barros, Señor Fuenteseca, la señora Cardo y la Señora Hierbas lo miran de esa forma y hacen lo mismo. El Señor Cenizo mira a u alrededor y comienza a salir por la derecha.. Todo el mundo lo sigue en fila india. De repente el Señor Cenizo se detiene y el Señor Barros y el Señor Fuenteseca AND THE LINE CRASH INTO HIM )

MR. CENIZO (very angry, to the mayor: you win. anyway, we'll set up the dumping site in other village! if they don't want to, we will go to another one! We will find a village where their inhabitants believe in progress

SEÑOR CENIZO(TO THE MAYOR, VERY ANGRY)- ¡Usted gana, pondremos un vertedero nuevo en otro pueblo! ¡Y si en un pueblo nos rechazan, iremos a otro! ¡A uno que crea en el progreso! ¡Siempre habrá un pueblo para nosotros!

MR. CAMPOS: Certainly. But it won't be Villalimpia

SEÑOR CAMPOS (seguro)- Seguramente. Pero no será Villalimpia.

(Cenizo, Barros, Fuenteseca, Cardo y sra. Hierbas appear at the scenery)

(Cenizo, Barros, Fuenteseca, Cardo y sra. Hierbas salen de escena)

SEÑOR MONTES y MATILDA (happy)- ¡Congratulations, Eduardo, you have been fantastic! (they shake their hands)

SEÑOR MONTES y MATILDA (contentos)- ¡Felicidades, Eduardo, has estado fenomenal! (Le ofrecen la mano. Se dan la mano)

SEÑOR CAMPOS- Thank you very much

SEÑOR CAMPOS: Gracias a vosotros

SEÑOR MONTES (surprised)- ¿to us?

SEÑOR MONTES (desconcertado)- ¿A nosotros?

(Mr. Montes looks con complicidad a las Hadas, who smile, proudly)

(El Señor Campos mira con complicidad a las Hadas, que le sonríen, orgullosas)

MR. CAMPOS: ... Thanks to a bit of magic...(Flora, Mr. Montes and Mrs. Matilda look to each other, surprised) And now, if anybody phones asking for me, please, tell him that i will not come until tomorrow. I have a vrey important appointment.

(He begins to go out on the left)

SEÑOR CAMPOS-...Y a un poco de magia..

(Flora, el Señor Montes y la señora Matilda se miran, desconcertados) Y ahora, Flora, si alguien llama por teléfono preguntando por mí haz el favor de decirle que no volveré hasta mañana.

Tengo un compromiso muy importante.

(Inicia una salida por la izquierda)

FLORA: Are you going to meet the majors of the nearby villages?

FLORA- ¿Con los alcaldes de los pueblos vecinos?

MR. CAMOS: Not, I'm not. I'm going to meet my daughter. We'll go to the country to pick up mulberries

SEÑOR CAMPOS- No. Con mi hija. Nos vamos a coger moras.

(He goes out. Flora and Mr. Montes look at him going out. It is getting darker slowly in the scenery, but over the Villalimpia picture, which stay lightened for a moment)

(Sale. Flora y el Señor Montes lo miran mientras se va. La luz se va apagando lentamente en todo el escenario, excepto sobre el cuadro de Villalimpia, que permanece iluminado unos instantes)

FIN