

“My Left Breast (and my Right Cat)” - excerpt  
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SCENE ONE

YANNIS

I came as fast as I could.

*PAUSE*

What happened?

*SILENCE*

Stella... Stella, are you alright?

STELLA

Thatcher is dead.

YANNIS

What? When?

*PAUSE*

STELLA

A while ago.

YANNIS

How?

STELLA

Does it matter?

YANNIS

No, but...

STELLA

But what? She was the only creature that understood me.

YANNIS

You're being unfair.

STELLA

I'm not. That's how it is.

YANNIS

Is she in the box?

STELLA

Yes, Yannis.

YANNIS

What do you want us to do with her?

STELLA

She's still warm and you're already thinking of ways to get rid of her?

YANNIS

That's not what I said -

STELLA

Is this what you're going to do with me as well?

YANNIS

Don't talk like that, you're fine.

STELLA

This cat was the sweetest thing in the world. She wasn't like the other cats. She didn't just expect to be petted, she understood everything... whenever I was happy, whenever I was sad... She would come and huddle at my feet, caressing me with her muzzle. She would tickle me with her whiskers and make me laugh ... She always made me laugh. PAUSE. But lately I could see a change in her. She started looking depressed. She didn't drink all her milk, and she sat there lethargically, watching old soaps.

*PAUSE*

Surely there was something wrong with her... I think she knew. She understood.

YANNIS

She understood?

STELLA

Do you doubt that she understood more than I what I told her?

YANNIS

Stella -

STELLA

You don't believe me. You think I've lost it.

*PAUSE*

You always act as if I'm a fragile little thing, but I'm not. When will you realize that? When will you stop acting like I need you to save me?

YANNIS

I will do it, if you ask me to.

STELLA

I don't need you to do anything!

YANNIS

Tell me, what do you want me to do?

STELLA

Nothing.

YANNIS

Tell me.

*SILENCE*

How did she die?

STELLA

Why? Are you going to deliver her eulogy?

YANNIS

Why are you so aggressive?

STELLA

Aggressive? You haven't seen me being aggressive, apparently.

YANNIS

In any case, if someone did it, I want you to tell me.

STELLA

Someone did it alright. Isn't that always the way it goes? Do you think she chocked on her mashed fish or something?

*PAUSE*

YANNIS

Who? Who did it? Tell me.

STELLA

It's best not to ask.

YANNIS

Please, tell me, I can't bear seeing you like this.

STELLA

Don't you? I thought you liked it.

YANNIS

You are not serious.

STELLA

How can you save someone who does not need saving?

YANNIS

So you do?

STELLA

What I need is Thatcher.

YANNIS

I wish I could give her to you.

STELLA

I know you do.

YANNIS

Did she suffer?

STELLA

No, she didn't.

YANNIS

How do you know?

STELLA

Because I did it.

YANNIS

What?

STELLA

It was me.

YANNIS

You?

STELLA

I killed her.

YANNIS

Why?

STELLA  
Because she wanted to die.

YANNIS  
Really?

STELLA  
Yes. This world was too boring for her, I guess.

YANNIS  
You loved her very much, didn't you?

STELLA  
A lot.

YANNIS  
And why don't you love me like that?

STELLA  
I'm more compassionate with animals.

YANNIS  
I'm an animal, too. Really.

STELLA  
I wish you were.

*SILENCE*

YANNIS  
So, what do we do with the body?

STELLA  
Don't call her like that.

YANNIS  
How should I call her?

STELLA  
I don't understand why, when someone dies, we can't keep calling them by their name. "The body", "the remains", "the deceased". Stella! My name is Stella, and this is how I want you to call me when-

YANNIS  
Stop it, I can't take this.

STELLA  
Stella!

YANNIS  
Stop.

STELLA  
Say it! Stella!

YANNIS  
Stella! Alright? Stella.

STELLA  
That's more like it. Now let's go bury her.

YANNIS  
Bury her where?

STELLA

“Bury her where?” In the cemetery.

YANNIS

The one we bury people?

STELLA

Where else?

YANNIS

They don’t bury animals there.

STELLA

My cat was better than any human being.

YANNIS

But it’s not normal to –

STELLA

I don’t care. Don’t speak. Let’s go.

*PAUSE*

And show some respect. Comb your hair.

*MUSIC*

STELLA

Day thirtieth. My name is Stella and I suffer from something incurable. So incurable that not even the doctor dares tell me. I think it’s a rare disease, like the ones maidens suffered from, centuries ago. At least so I think, because it can’t be anything else than something old and nostalgic. That’s the only thing I could suffer from.

*PAUSE*

I don’t know if I can endure it.

*PAUSE*

At nights I’m in pain. I do everything I can to forget them. I drink whatever I find. I once tried to drink gasoline. But even the smell of it calmed me a little. I found it in my boyfriend’s house, but I didn’t tell him anything. Why hurt his feelings?

*PAUSE*

Will his feelings be hurt, though? I don’t know him all that well to give him this privilege. The privilege of my loss. Isn’t it romantic when your loved one dies? Romantic in the old sense, the nostalgic one. Now people pass away and nothing is written about them. Not even a stupid little poem. They come and pass, calmly and quietly. And what about me? Me, who wants to know about the man, let’s say, who lived for exactly thirty-seven years and died on his birthday in China? How am I going to know what his favourite colour was, and whether he was short-tempered or a placid man and a huge fan of Mao?

*PAUSE*

They used to write elegies back in the day.

*PAUSE*

Where is the Chinese man's elegy. Where is it? There's no respect for everyday people anymore. No respect to those who lack the talent or the vanity to become well-known.

*PAUSE*

Well, no, I don't want to go to the university, leave me alone, I don't want to become a writer or a singer. I'm Stella and my favourite colour is transparent. That which lets the other colours breathe. It's peaceful and fragile. It's all around us.

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