Waiting for Paco

(With apologies to Samuel Beckett)

Antonio Poyato, sitting on a low mound is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again.

Loco Paco arrives, dust covered and footsore.

Paco: Still a long way to go. Shall we travel together?

Poyato: Yes, as soon as I take this ruddy boot off and put it on again.

Paco surveys the countryside, the Castle of Alqueria is in the far distance.

Paco: It's a vast wilderness out there, completely devoid of humanity.

Poyato: Reminds me of my first wife, although she was a very attractive lady but unfortunately not from the front.

Loco Paco stares blankly at Poyato, as if someone has forgotten to plug him in.

Poyato: Can you smell burning?

Paco: Sorry, indigestion.

Poyato: Well? Shall we go?

Paco: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.

Poyato pulls a hip-flask from his pocket, he offers it to Paco.

Poyato: Remitroot Whisky Paco? It keeps the demons at bay.

Paco looks around for demons with a worried frown.

Paco: I don't like demons. They are always where you don't expect them.

Poyato: How do those people who don't drink keep their demons at bay Paco? There are people who don't drink you know!

Paco: I know, I remember reading about them somewhere.

Poyato: I don't like sitting on this mound, nature has a habit of making a mad dash up your trouser leg.

Paco: That's why I wear gaiters and drink Remitroot whisky.

Poyato: Well? Shall we go?

Paco: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.

Poyato: Do you understand life Paco?

Paco: Enough to get by, enough to appear sane if I need anymore I ad-lib.

Poyato: That doesn’t make sense Paco.

Paco: No nothing does.

Paco sighs, a long long sigh.

Poyato: You can make a sigh last longer than a Mother-in-Law's visit.

Paco sighs

Paco: How long were you married Antonio?

Poyato: Four hundred and nine years. Can you remember your first love Paco.

Paco: Yes, I still have the receipt.

Poyato shielded his eyes and scanned the blueness of the morning sky.

Poyato: There is intelligent life out there in space Paco. What do you think?

Paco: Well they haven't bothered to visit us, that must demonstrate a reasonable level of intelligence.

Poyato: We aren't alone you know!

Paco: I know, I have my Saharan Dung Beetle, Benjy.

Poyato stares blankly at Loco Paco, as if someone has forgotten to plug him in.

Poyato: Back to Alqueria then?

Well? Shall we go?

Paco: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.