Space Pickles

By Mar Gómez Glez

On the eleventh moon of Jupiter from EGS-T45 Galaxy, 13 million years from Earth.

This moon is really small.

A middle age woman is surrounded by pickle jars and cucumbers. She has a pickle on her hand. She is persecuting her cat, who doesn't want to eat it.

WOMAN  
(Tired of running after her cat). You'll come to me asking for it. I know you'll come. Do you think you are too good for them? Do you prefer a cucumber? I'll give you a cucumber if you come back... You know I don't like to eat them raw. I don't know why, I guess raw cucumbers are too aggressive for me. But you are an animal after all. I think pickles are way more sophisticated. We have to remember Earth, and civilization. If we don't, who will? I could let myself go with the raw cucumbers, for sure, there are certainly harder. Look at the shape of this one. It's kind of perfect. Isn't it? (Cat meows) Not for you! I am talking about me! If we just had some privacy in this moon! Ok, ok, I won't do it. I'll wait until you are sleep... (Cat meows again). No one will come till Saturday! You know that. I can be very discreet. (Cat meows a third time). Relax. For God sake, you are worst than my ex. I should have gotten a dog. Cats are to prude for me. Do you hear me?! Where the hell are you anyway? I need to find you a mate. I am going to trade these three jars for a beautiful cat, maybe a tiger. You'll be better with a tiger. Trust me on this. But I want to get you a real one, not one of those cheap robots. I cannot believe we had been able to conquer thirteen galaxies and we are still not able to find a good substitute for the skin, or the fur. Those latex base products always gave me allergies. (Cat meows). No, not you, silly cat. You are a special edition. They took your three hairs for the taxidermy museum of New Paris, in Solaris. Yes, there are only four of you in the whole galaxy. I sold the fat of my ass for you. Real human fat... (Silence). Well, this is a beautiful cucumber no doubt of that. (She leaves the cucumber and goes back to her pickle). Are you sure you wont eat your pickle? (She shakes the pickle) To be truly honest, this is actually how I remember it... (She eats the pickle).
Lights