

Textos en ingles:

- *The snail advances slowly towards nothing.*
- *The snail advances slowly towards nothing. What do you say? I mean, does it advance or move?*

Doorbell

- The snail advances slowly towards nothing. What do you say? I mean, does it advance or move?
 - It moves. Mollusks move, you don't know if they advance or not.
 - What are you doing here? Are you going to stay?
 - Yes, for the weekend. I'm staying for the weekend.
 - Nobody told me
 - Didn't he tell you?
 - No
 - I told your dad because it's Rami's birthday and he's a squash fanatic.
 - Rami?
 - Rami is coming.
 - Only Rami?
 - At 12 is his birthday, and his friends are coming too.
 - How many are they?
 - I don't know, some squash friends.
 - Just so you know, I need a long time to compose peacefully.
 - Yes, I'll help you.
 - Are you going to help me?
 - Yes
 - Alright. Marta and Elena are also coming.
 - Even better.
-
- *The snail advances slowly towards nothing.*
 - Is it sick?
 - Who?
 - This snail.
 - No, why?
 - Oh, well, because healthy snails don't move slowly. In fact, they can reach a speed of one meter per hour.
 - Well, this one moves slowly, I don't know.
 - The snail...

- Well, you have to mention that it moves...
- In the song... in the lyrics?
- Yes, you know, snails can regenerate parts of their bodies like the mouth or the shell.
- No.
- Snails are extremely ancient. They've been with humanity from the Late Cambrian Period to the present.
- What period?
- Late Cambrian Period, respect that.
- I didn't even know it existed.
- Yes, the Late Cambrian Period exists.
- The snail moves...
- It moves, that's good, because it doesn't advance.
- Ok.
- Because you don't know if it's going backward or forward. Those things there are not antennas, not their little eyes.
- And what are they?
- No one knows.
- Wow, I thought they were eyes.
- Weak research, right?
- What did you say?
- Weak.
- Weak, you said.
- Well... not much research.

- *The snail advances slowly... it moves slowly... very slowly.*
- *Be delicate and wait...* (song by Julieta Venegas)
- No, not that one, I don't want it to resemble that song.
- Ok...
- You know, you have hair very similar to your mom's.
- Really? They say I look like my dad.
- What?
- Always, that I'm just like my dad.
- Physically?
- Yes.
- It could be. You resemble my dad a bit too.
- Really? But that's just a coincidence.
- Pure coincidence, yes.
- *Your mom is not my mom, your dad is not my dad, but they could be, but they could be...*
- No, you stay down, and I'll go up.

- *But they could be.*

- *The snail moves at a normal speed, at a normal speed, towards nothing, towards nothing...*

- Are you Rami, right?

- I am Rami, a squash fanatic.

- I'm Rodo, I came to soak up a little bit of this little world...

- Yes, he's here to soak up the world of squash. He's on the right path, and I'll tell you, I'm going to make him good.

- That's great. It's your birthday.

- At 12.

- How much time is left?

- 328 minutes.

- So, are you going to stay until 12 on the little court?

- Court.

- So the guy, the world number one, has wrist pain when he makes the backhand motion. What does he do? He moves the racket from side to side, hits the forehand with the right and the backhand with the left.

- But in skuaesh can you hit the racket with either hand?

- First, it's squash.

- Squash!

- And yes, while the racket is in contact with any part of the body, you can, of course... We discussed it.

- What is your sister singing?

- It's like her own bolero that she's composing.

- She's not his sister, no.

- Yes, yes, I mean, she's not technically my sister, but it's like... for fifteen years, it's like...

- Stepsister.

- No, I don't like that word. You should see the bond and come up with a word because...

- How much time is left?

- 314 minutes.

- Well, girls, I have the song.

- Oh, that's great.

- Yes, I want to show it to you now.
- Yes, but I need to pee.

- *The snail travels at a normal speed towards the void.* That's as far as I got.
- It's good.
- Mmmh?
- Mmmh.
- I don't know if it *travels* towards the void, or towards the depths of the sea... or the ocean.
- Ocean.
- Ocean.
- Ocean?
- Ocean.
- Yes, ocean.
- Ocean, ocean.
- (All in chorus) *Ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean.*
Ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean.
- What if we do a more rock version?
- Like... *The snail travels at a normal speed towards the ocean.*
- (Chorus) *The snail travels at a normal speed towards the ocean. The snail travels at a normal speed towards the ocean. The snail travels at a normal speed towards the ocean.*
- No, still not, girls. Um... I want to do something more melodic. Something that connects me more with the sensitive, deeper... *The snail travels at a normal speed towards the ocean.*

- *The snail...*
- Nice T-shirt.
- Oh, you like it?
- Dreamy.
- ...*moves...*
- Cousin!
- How's it going?
- ...*at a normal speed...*
- Good, and you?
- Good, Mom brought you the peach one.
- Ah, my favorite!
- ...*towards the depths...*
- Happy birthday!
- No, not yet. How much time is left?
- 271 minutes.
- ...*of the ocean...*

- Well, in 271 minutes, I'll tell you again.
- That's as far as I got.
- Hello...

- Because with your forehand you're doing great, but you struggle a lot with the wrist movement on the backhand. The grip tends to go west, you know? That grip is bad.
- Hey, "squashers"... What are you doing?
- I'm explaining to him that he's very good with the forehand, but he struggles with the wrist movement on the backhand because the grip tends to go west.
- Did you see Marta? Doesn't it have something very Silvina Ocampo? Or her sister...
- I don't know Silvina Ocampo.
- It could be, yeah.
- How much time is left?
- 146 minutes.

- I am a man.
- (All) Yes.
- I am Argentine.
- Yes.
- I am very famous.
- Very famous, super famous.
- I am not a politician.
- No.
- I am not an artist.
- No.
- I am not tall.
- No, no, you are not tall.
- Am I a father?
- Yes.
- A great dad.
- Am I a very good father? Do I give everything for my children?
- Well, yes, you do.
- Who doesn't give everything for their children?
- Only a terrorist.
- Well, but he, in particular, gives everything for his children.
- Yes, yes.
- I am Baby Etchecopar.
- No, don't take it off.
- Who is Baby Etchecopar?

- A journalist, at the news...
- I don't have it.
- Think about what you do... What do you do?
- What do I do? Am I good at what I do?
- Yes, you are the best at what you do.
- The best of all.
- Boss.
- Have I been doing it for a long time?
- Yes, a lot.
- You have a great, extensive career, always good.
- Am I likable?
- Yes... and yes.
- I don't know if it's the main characteristic...
- Am I known by a nickname?
- Yes!
- Come on, come on!
- Is the nickname about my size?
- Yes, of course.
- So it's...?
- Baby Etchecopar!
- No, no, no.
- What's wrong with Baby Etchecopar?
- Who thinks so much about Baby Etchecopar?
- I think you are close.
- No, you're not close; you're weak.
- No, I think you have the trajectory; that's important. What you should think a little more about...
- What?
- Sorry.
- What did you say? Weak again?
- Weak... yes, sorry... I was talking about him."

- *The snail travels at a normal speed towards the depths of the ocean. That's as far as I got.*
- It's good.
- How much time is left?
- 45 minutes.
- Let's go.
- It's consistent.
- Is it?
- Like strong.

- Go on!

- How much time is left?

- *Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday Ramiro, happy birthday to you!*

- Happy birthday...