

FULL SYNOPSIS

Oriol is 20 years old and just wants to enjoy life, hook up and abandon himself to pleasure, far from any commitment or family contact.

Javi is 38 and one random night, while partying, seeking to escape from the responsibilities he must face as an adult, he meets Oriol and they hook up.

Clara, Oriol's mother, is 48 and has decided—or life has decided for her—that it's time to hit the brakes and rethink everything.

The morning Oriol brings Javi home, they encounter Clara. She's waiting to give him some rather outlandish news, considering the lifestyle they've had until now: the house has been sold, and they're leaving that very night on an unknown journey, in a van, just the two of them, alone, together.

Despite the son's reluctance to leave with his mother, and the bad relationship they have, she plays her cards and they finally embark on the adventure.

It's in this new spatial framework, in constant movement, that they will rediscover each other and learn to love in a different way and enjoy shared moments, rebuilding the foundations of their past relationship.

During Oriol's absence, Javi and he will build a premature relationship, at a distance, without solid foundations and open to any future possibility.

And it will be through these adventures, of finite time, like everything in this life, that by facing each relationship head-on, they will be able to reconfigure them and reconfigure themselves as people.

AUTHOR'S WORDS

It's never easy to explain why one writes a play or to know what it will be about. Things simply happen in your life, and you channel them into a piece. And you discover fears, desires, opposing feelings, complex, hidden, fantastical ones, etc.

While writing LEGACY, I discovered myself wanting to laugh, to enjoy special moments, to stir up all that interior and capture it in a bittersweet comedy, affectionate but acidic, that stirs but is vitalist.

I felt like reconciling with feelings that, a priori, might seem negative: like hatred, rage, anger, the impossibility of stopping for a while and enjoying because time passes, and it's irrefutable that we will all end up dead.

At the same time, I felt the impulse to reconnect with the sensation of the maternal embrace of childhood; the passion, lack of control and unconsciousness of when you're young. And once reconnected, the need to shake up the sleeping adult I'm probably becoming.

Are we surviving or living? Is it necessary to live this race—which is life—without ceasing? I don't know. But it's been that will to understand, transit and face the answers or possible questions that will come, which led me to writing.

And it was when I arrived at the story—desired or feared—of a young man's last trip with his mother, and the first steps of that son's new relationship with a lover. After all, both are adventures. Because perhaps it's by exploring inhospitable landscapes and diverse situations, putting ourselves at risk, the only way to achieve an authentic, real and memorable life.

Daniel J. Meyer