

DAMN JUAN

THEATRICAL RHAPSODY

DISCARDED TEXT AND
ILLUSTRATIONS BOOK

Juan David
Zuleta Marulanda

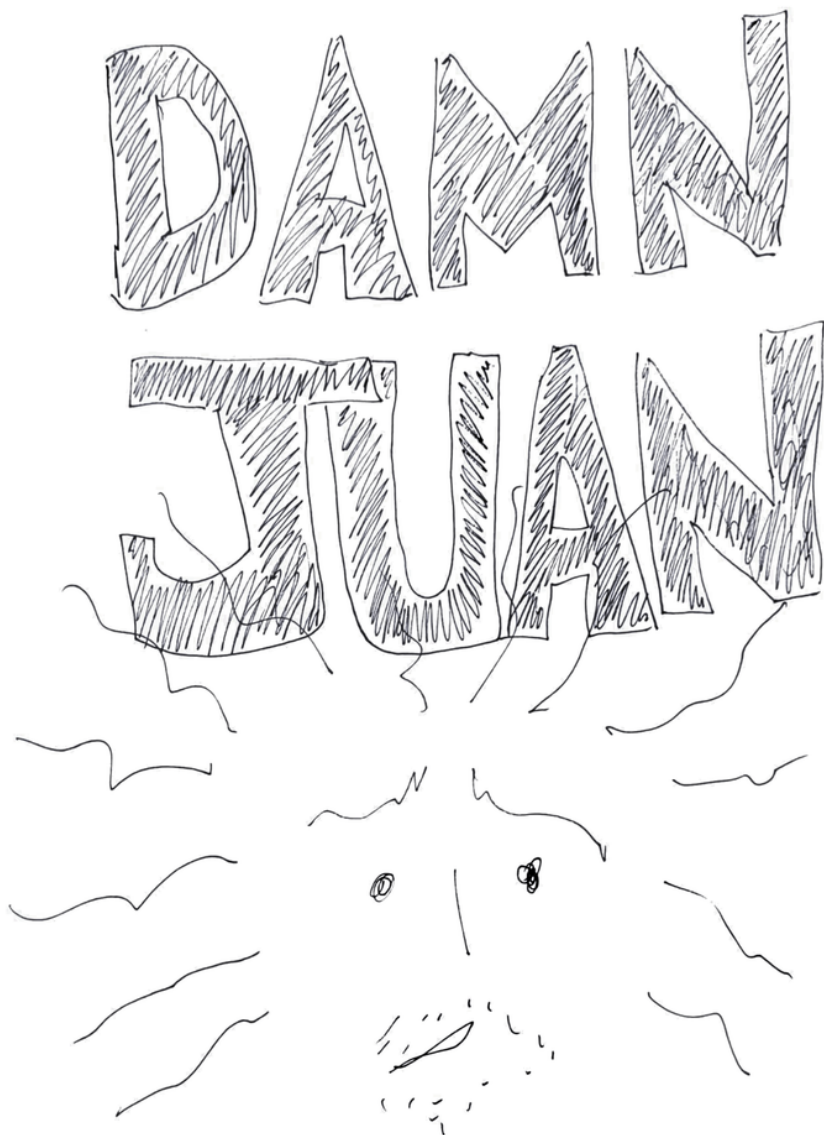
2026

All the illustrations by
Juan David Zuleta Marulanda

for

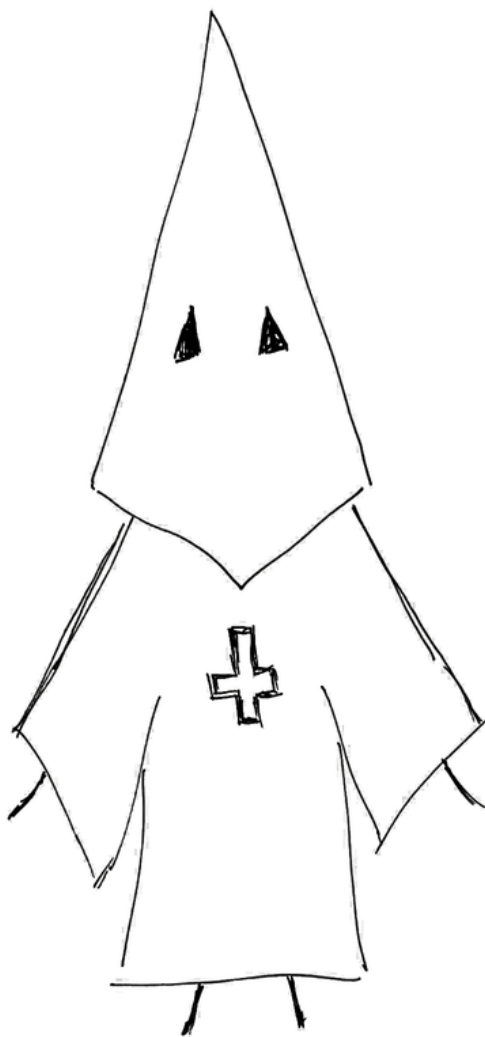
DAMN JUAN

THEATRICAL RHAPSODY

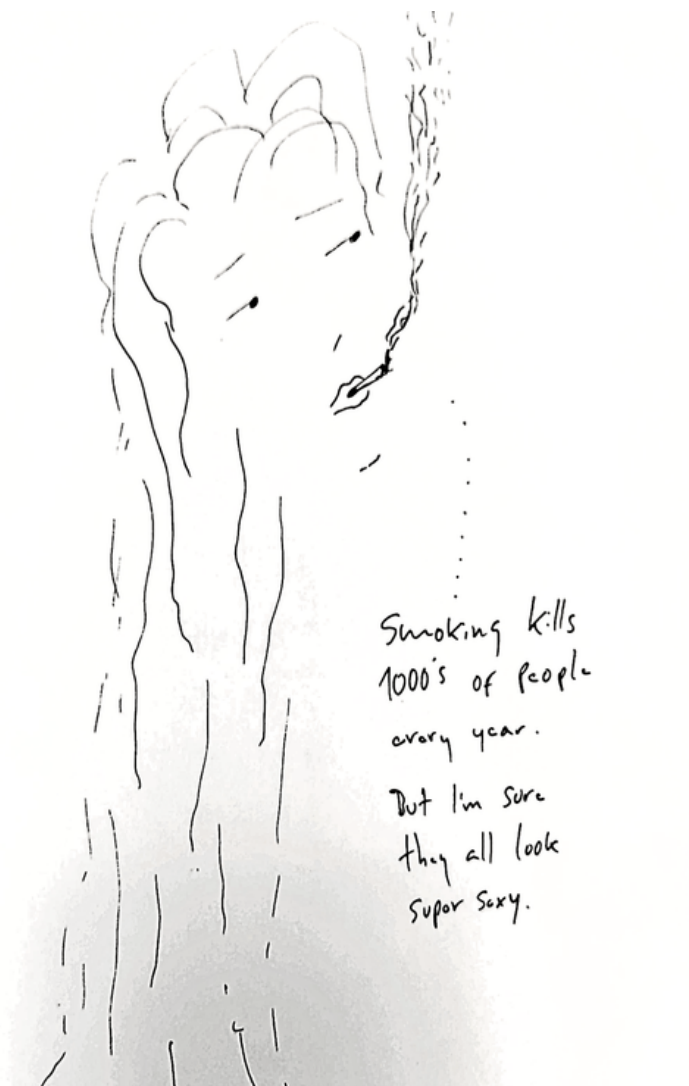




I have always been an atheist.
All of my life. Even as a child.



Even if I attended a catholic school,
I was always an atheist.

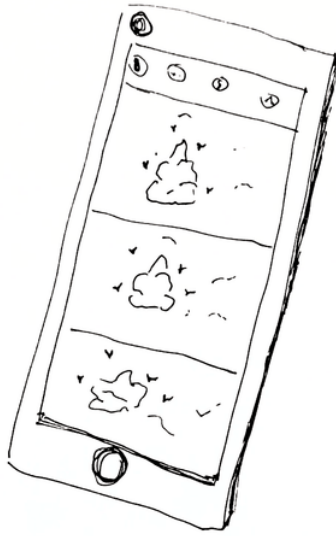


WHO WANTS
TO BUY A HEART ?



ONE BROKEN
HEART FOR SALE





Scroll
down
the
shit



DAMN JUAN

LJUBLJANA

Text discarded from the play:

You walk around Ljubljana and all you see are these
beautiful families of smiling faces. The parents are
blond, tall, gorgeous both of them, well dressed, nice
clean shoes, perfect haircuts, bright eyes, no back
problems, they walk straight, positive,
owning the place.

The young mother still hot, long hair, nails done
The young father handsome dude,
clean shaved, expensive watch
She's pushing a baby car, one of those doubles,
with two babies inside
He carries a third baby in one arm while swiping
on his phone with his two hands

An older toddler walks clumsily in front of them
And to my surprise, amusement, demise
The young mother is actually pregnant, v
ery soon they will be seven
they earned their place in heaven



I won't argue, it's not my rule.

If i was a parent of 6
i'd be looking like a mule

Two of them up of my back, one is hanging from my
nose

The third one dangerously close
to the traffic,
I'd be yelling

"Pay attention to your mother,
stop screaming,
do your homework,

Do your old dad a big favour:
put more whiskey in this glass,

Turn the lights off and the curtains and go play
with your siblings, close the door and let me here"

But good thing I'm not a parent, anyway
But most slovenians are, I guess. And they feel safe
bringing children to this world, because to be
honest, if the world is Slovenia,
then the world is all ok.

Honestly, if you just stop watching the news, or
looking at the news on your instagram, or reading
twitter. If you just ignore everything that's
happening somewhere else on the planet, if you would
just skip that and be left with your old safe, silent
slovenian way of life, the world looks like a safe
place. So you would have a big family.

It's so perfect sometimes you forget you are in the real world and you start feeling you are in this blue bubble. But then the waiter comes to ask you what do you want and he does it in a rude way, not smiling and in a way like he's doing you a terrible favor and that brings you back, of course you are in Ljubljana. And when he brings you the cappuccino he basically throws it on the table spilling part of the foam outside of the cup and all over the little china plate and the table and the menu and he doesn't even apologize or smile or look at you, his permanent grimace brings you back, of course you are in Ljubljana.

And (he brings the bill right away cause he is going home and he needs to close) ~~when you ask for the bill he brings it after 20 minutes~~ and he's face looks like he's about to go into the war but before he needs you to pay cause he's going home. he Doesn't even look at you and he puts the device in front of you so you can place the card in the reader not without explaining you that you can tip him...

5 percent, 10 percent, 20 percent, 30, 50, 70 percent.. of boy, why don't I pay you twice for this terrible cappuccino so you can spill it twice over the table and over my hair and not even apologize to me, because of course, you are in Ljubljana... And customer service here is hell on earth.

When I'm on the bus I'm complaining about all the drivers and the bikers filling the streets with unnecessary traffic.. and when I'm driving... I complain about all the bikers not respecting the rules and jumping lights.. and when I'm biking... I'm complaining about the drivers not respecting the bicycle route.

And when I see an old person walking in front of me on the sidewalk, and I can't quite pass them, I am complaining about the fact that I will be late to my appointment. And when I'll be an old man walking the streets, I will complain about those young people trying to pass me.

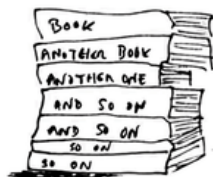
And when it's too cold here, I am complaining about the fact that it's cold here. And when it gets hot here, very very hot, I am complaining about the fact that it gets so hot here.

And sometimes I complain about the fact that nothing ever happens in Ljubljana. But when there are festivals and concerts in the streets and thousands of people gather around the center, I complain because there's no place to go for a walk because there are so many people.

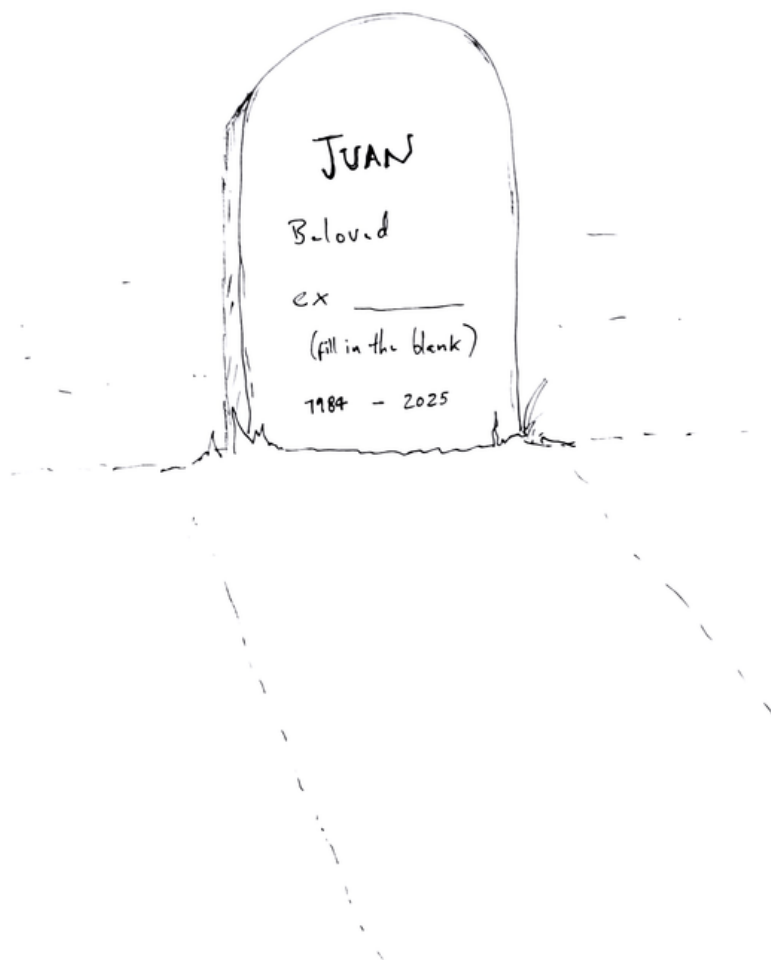
And when tourists are here I complain about them being annoying, but when they go away I'm sad that there are not a lot of tourists anymore.



It's called
"PRIVATE RELEGATY"



If I died today...



☹ SPUTREFIED



JUAN

- 5 LISTENERS

- 1 ☹ This song probably sucks III - 2 listeners
- 2 ☹ this one slightly worse II - 5 listeners
- 3 ☹ this one even worse III - 10 listeners
- 4 ☹ starts smelling bad III - 20 listeners
- 5 ☹ obviously rotten III - 35 listeners

See more...

the gym is
starting to
show...

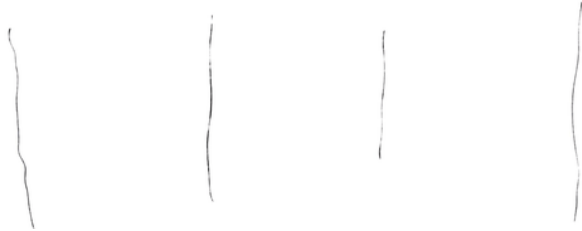




I'm probably rich
in Namibian money...



¿Por qué los LUNES
SON TAN RAROS?

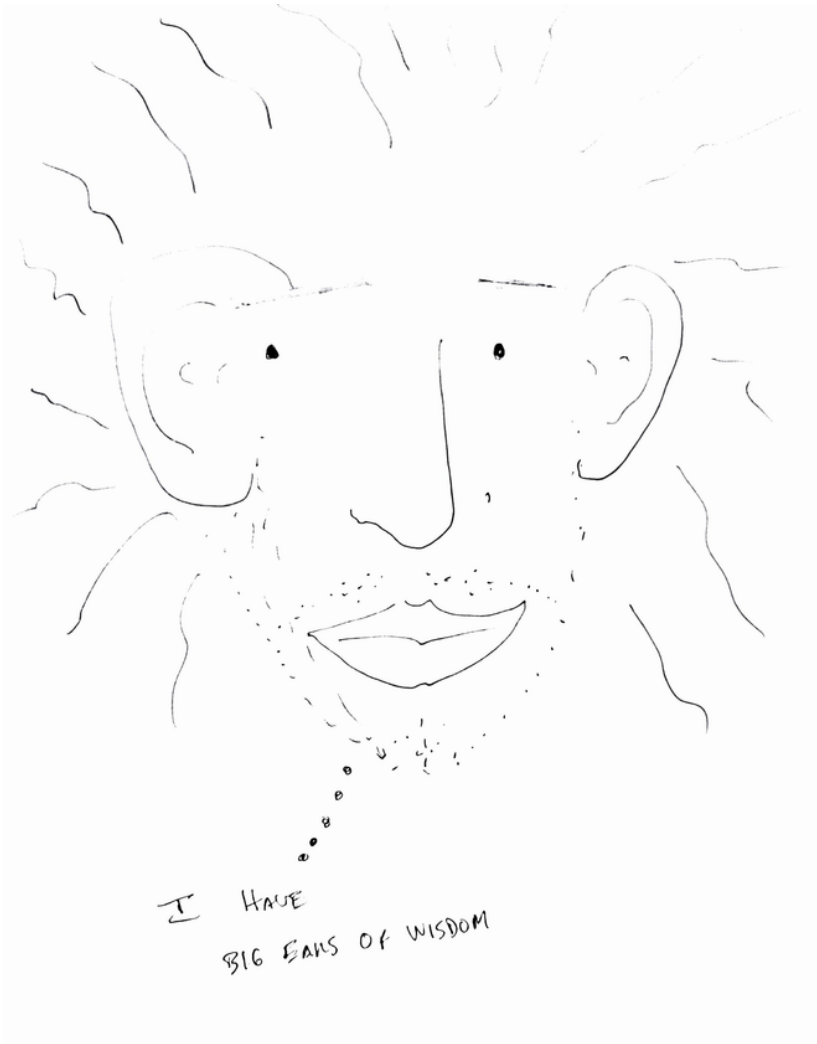


A Confused Star...



I WAS AIMING FOR THE
WALK OF FAME.

WHAT IS THIS GALAXY THING?!



Text discarded from "Ples"

I am always amazed by the multiple talents of Slovenian individuals who are actors, singers, hairdressers, high level at some sport and go to climb every sunday.

I couldn't climb every sunday. I tried for a while, I was living in front of Golovec and I would go every morning to run there. After a couple of days I would go every morning to walk there. Then I would just... crawl there. Then I stopped going. I'm not cut for it. Maybe if I would have grown here, going with my parents to the mountains every weekend, then I could catch up now. But that didn't happen. I grew up in Colombia, therefore I am bad at climbing, but ... I am good at dancing.

Dancing is a religion for colombians (...)

You translated the moves and made a list of common points, of places you have to reach to feel fulfilled while dancing, for the pose. I translated the words into a shopping list of fury and fire and smoke and anger. Here it goes:

hoditi	caminar
Strah	miedo
denar	dinero
drago	caro
domov	hogar
strop	techo
kupiti	comprar
jesti	comer
kap	ataque
želim	Quiero
ljubezen	amar
zamenjati	reemplazar
dokumenti	documentos
zakonitost	legalidad
služba	servicio
dovoljenje	permiso
dobiček	ganancia
izgubiti	perder
razlike	diferencias
kultura	cultura
prijatelji	amigos
sovražniki	enemigos
Delirij	Delirio
For power moč	Poder
For strength moč	Fuerza
For force moč	fuerza
odločitev	decisión
razpoložljivost	disponibilidad
priložnosti	oportunidades

sreča
enakost
valuta
čas
prostora
razočaranje
zemljišče
stranka
ples
čustva
solidarnost
lenoba
ponižanje
pravice
naloga
Odločitve
preteklost
prisoten
prihodnost
negotovost
vredno
pozabil
družina
oddaljenost
neizmernost
morje
sol(u)
sladkor
Romantika
seks
Spomini
pozaba
igra
bolečine
srce

felicidad
igualdad
divisa
tiempo
espacio
decepción
tierra
cliente
bailar
emociones
solidaridad
pereza
humillación
derechos
tarea
Decisiones
pasado
presente
futuro
incerteza
valor
olvido
familia
distancia
inmensidad
mar
sal
azucar
romance
sexo
memorias
olvido
juego
dolor
corazon

računi
potni list
zimsko spanje
jakna
lasje povsod
slina
božanje
laži
bolečine
spokojnost
oprosti
goreče
gora
nadomestiti
enaka
identiteta
zastava
narod
ponos
opustošenje
tuje
barve
sranje
nelagodje
užitek
ubiti
odložiti
vzemi in prinesi
vrnitev
zapustiti
opustiti

facturas
pasaporte
hibernacion
chaqueta
pelos en todas partes
saliva
caricias
mentiras
dolor
serenidad
perdon
ardor
montana
suplantar
identico
identidad
bandera
nacion
orgullo
desolacion
extranjero
colores
mierda
malestar
placer
matar
postponer
llevar y traer
volver
dejar
abandonar

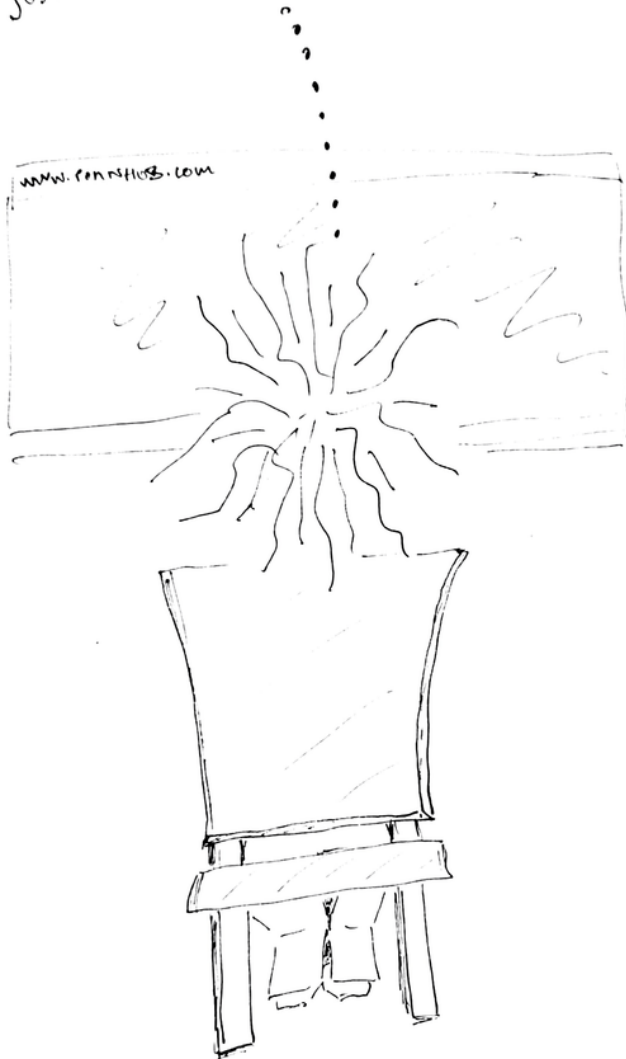
padec
dvigniti
zvitek
glej svet gori
zvitek
hop
voda
opeklina
glej, kako se svet vrti
pomiri se
umiri se in jokaj
kričati
sreča
utihni
tišina
kričati
jesti
biti pojeden
ples
ples
Ples
Ples
Ples!

caer
alzarse
rodar
ver el mundo arder
rodar
saltar
agua
arder
ver el mundo rodar
serenarse
calma y llanto
grito
alegria
callar
silencio
gritar
comer
ser comido
bailar
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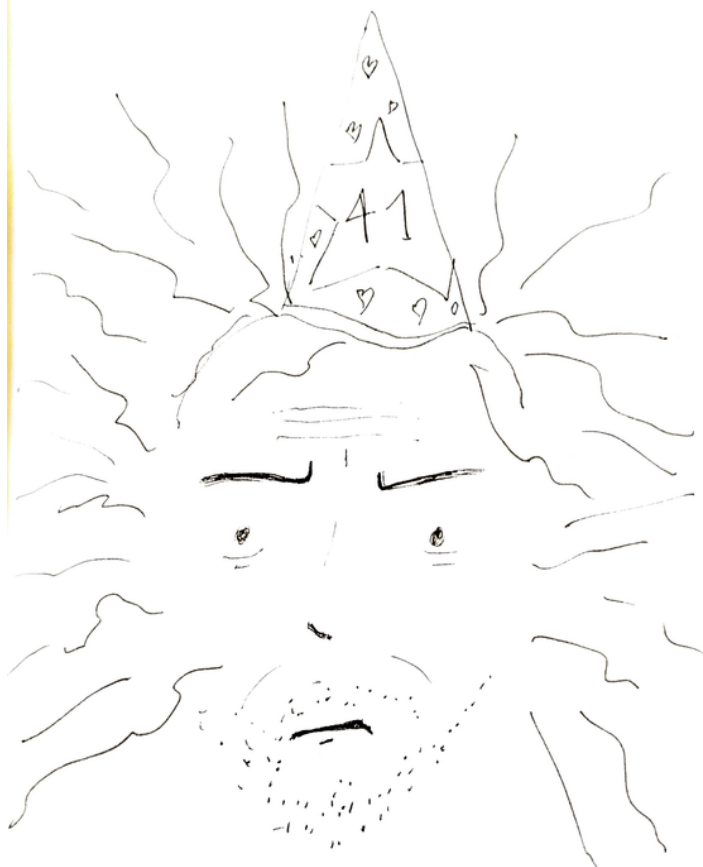
/then I dance/



JUST PLANTING SOME TREES HERE...







his point, I would be considered a
wise old man in the Middle Ages...

Text discarded from “A place to die”

(...) Like the demonstrations here where people
are going out on a bike to protest against
injustices.

Hundreds of people biking around with this big
smile on their face. No one is shouting. There is
no music. Nobody's fighting. People are just
biking around.

So I guess this is the way.

Slovenia is a silent country and I love that (...)





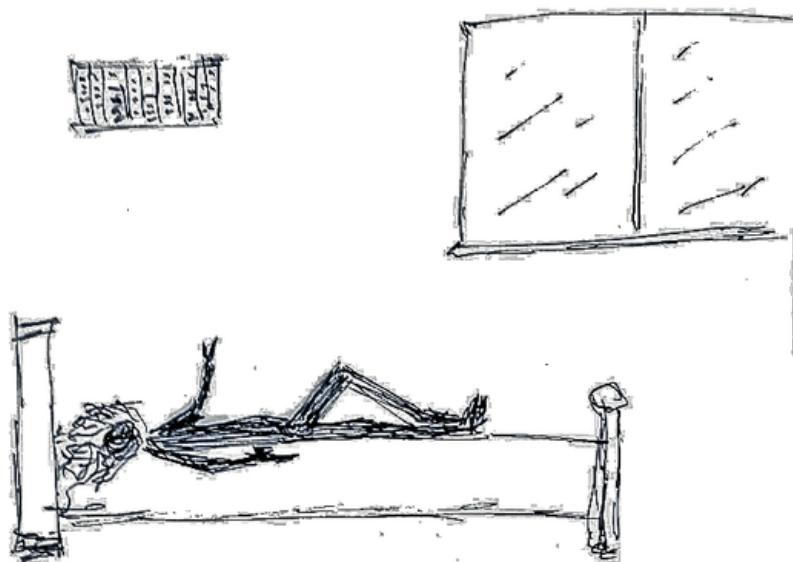


Thinking that
if I were to write my auto-biography
it would be a big bunch
of uncompleted chapters



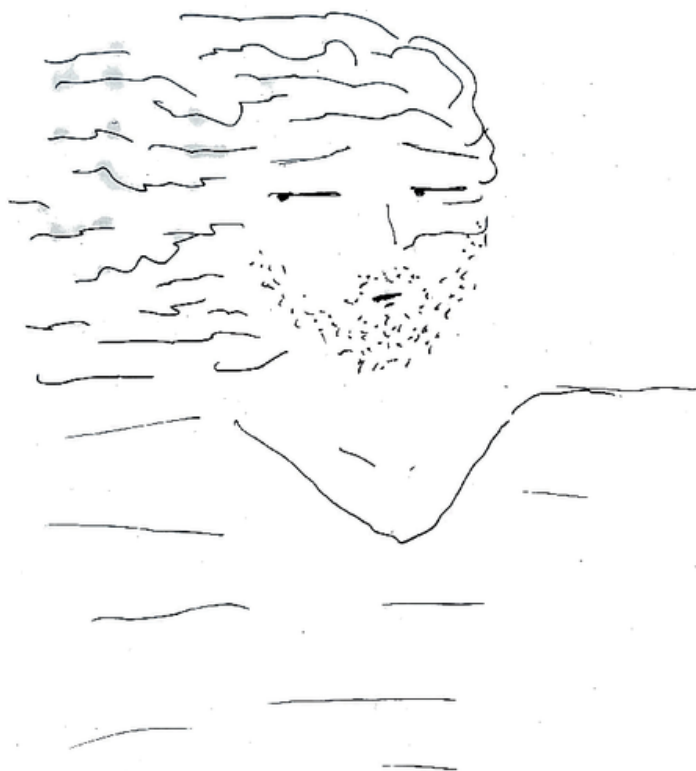


I observe the line of trees below. Trees
and cars, and children playing, old
men with dogs, women and babies, all
equally free, all cornered in this same
life, with colors.



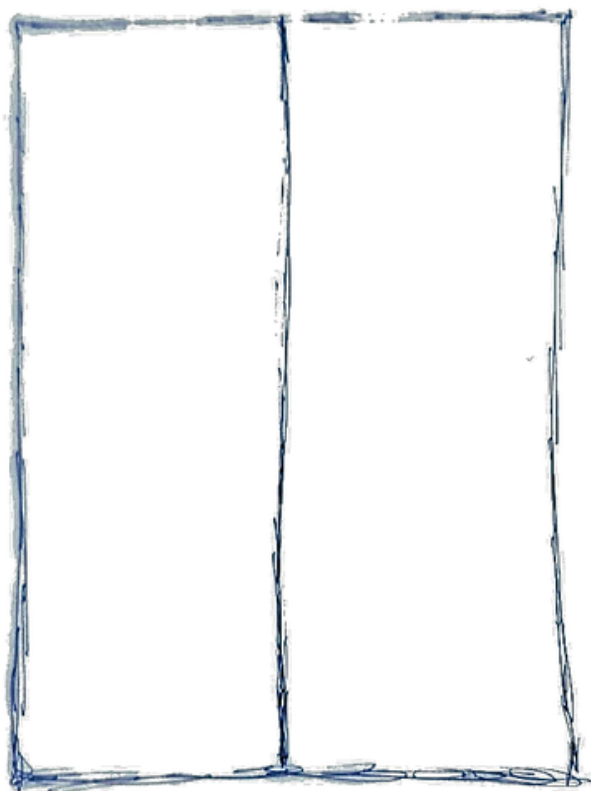
The wind blows hard and pushes me into the room. I fall onto my bed and fall asleep again, bathed in tears and sweat, in shame, in embarrassment.





The elevator arrives with a distinctive rumble.
Not today, it tells me. Take the elevator and go
down with me. Not today, it tells me.
Not today.

12



LOCK ME DOWN

a small collection of
writings during the pandemic



DAMN JUAN

PILLS

I called my therapist this morning, she's not attending the phone. she's not attending the phone, she's not attending the phone. my repeating issues are getting worse with this social distancing thing, they're getting worse, are getting worse.

they are getting worse.

then I called my friends. nice couple. they have kids. nice, nice, nice. nice couple. kids. kids. they have kids.

I need my pills. pills. yes I need them. where did I, I... I... where did I put them?

[10 minutes later]

oh, alright. now everything is good. I took my pills, no repeating anymore. everything is gonna be fine now. the only thing I hate of this pills is that... oh... ouhh... it gives me... aaaooouhh... it puts me directly to... aaaooouhh... to sleep..p..ppp..p

but I feel better now, no more repeating stuff. no mo... no more repeating stuff. no more repeating stuff. no more repeating stuff.

no more. no more. no... zzZZZZ

SOAP OPERA HERO

my biological watch stopped working last week. usually I woke up around 6.30 in the morning, without any alarm. now, it seems that not even the alarms can wake me up. today I opened my eyes and the sun light irrputed from the curtains shouting "Monday night it's over!"

I jumped out of the bed and opened the curtains and the windows, allowing to the fresh air of the morning to come in. A couple of oldies walked the street with an antipathetic face. I wanted to yell at them: "stay home!"

but they don't speak English and I don't speak their language. Anyway, I'll take care of them later. suddenly was evening. I didn't notice when the sun went down again. I didn't have breakfast or lunch, I just kept looking into the ceiling trying to figure it out how, when, why.

turn on the TV, just to have some noise while I prepare dinner. here we are again, is just me on the tv, is just me all over. a soap opera hero, a silent neighbor.

SURROGATE

my neighbor is a window over there, and there and there.
my neighbor is an empty space. my neighbor is an old
street in an old town in an old country. my neighbor is
the solitude, the voices of the strangers, the laughing
of the kids in some house somewhere. my roommate is a
guitar, a borrowed one, a playful friend. my roommate is
the curtain. my roommate is the noise of the boiler in
the kitchen preparing tea for both, for me... and itself.
my roommate is my own voice calling my thoughts in the
morning while I wash my teeth.

my menu is the same, day by day. my menu is a plate that I
enjoyed so much, two weeks ago. my menu is what is left,
what I found, what it takes. my menu is myself, my
insomnia, my sorrow, my pain. my pastime is to think, to
deal, to procrastinate.

my pastime is to lie, to write, to be a surrogate. my
pastime is to observe from the window to the other side
and try to see my neighbors, say hello, hello, ho, hi!

my best friend is that guy, in the mirror, looking fine.
tutto ok.

UNDER THE BED

I started this from the scratch of my positive vibes. I said, you know what, I'm gonna read a lot in these days. yeah, that's right, I'm gonna... I'm gonna workout the shit out of me, I'm going to be a muscular fella when everything ends. I actually made a playlist on YouTube to keep the right vibe flowing. wrote down a to-do list, I'm planning to save the world here, yeah!

day 16 comes out I couldn't even save my ass from procrastinating the most simple stuff on that list: wash the dishes!

I worked out for five days and I've spent the next ten days trying to recover the motivation. I think it fell under the bed or something. the books? yes, I just needed some days to finally ended that huge long novel I started to read when everything was normal. when the world was happy under the fantastic umbrella of unconsciousness. now here I am, picking my next book. I don't have any post-apocalyptical novel. I think I'm going to sit in my bed and think of an strategy to reuse the dirty dishes. seriously, who washed the dishes before all of this started?

I already lived alone!

DAMN JUAN

"THERE'S CHER, THERE'S MADONNA AND THEN THERE'S JUAN" **GO MAGAZINE**

DAMN JUAN



**28 & 29
JUNE
20:00**
**PLESNI TEATER
LJUBLJANA**

TICKETS HERE



**THEATRICAL
RHAPSODY**
GLEDALIŠNA RAPSODIJA

AUTHOR & PERFORMER / AVTOR IN IGALEEC DIRECTORS / REŽISERJA DRAMATURG PRODUCTION / PRODUKCIJA IN COPRODUCTION WITH / V KOPRODUKCIJA S

JUAN ZULETA SARA LUCU MIŠO MIČIĆ MIŠO MIČIĆ BOBUBOB PLESNI TEATER LJUBLJANA

TEATER

"NA' FORZA DELLA NATURA" Internazionale

DAMN JUAN

PREKLETI JUAN

28.6.

29.6.

20:00



TICKETS HERE



PLESNI
TEATER
LJUBLJANA



THEATRICAL RHAPSODY

GLEDALIŠKA RASPSODIJA

AUTHOR & PERFORMER / AVTOR IN IGRALEC
JUAN ZULETA

DIRECTORS / REŽISERJA
SARA LUCU
MIŠO MIČIĆ

DRAMATURG
MIŠO MIČIĆ

PRODUCTION / PRODUKCIJA
BOBUBOS
TEATER

IN COPRODUCTION WITH / V KOPRODUKCIJA S
PLESNI TEATER LJUBLJANA

DAMN JUAN

THEATRICAL RHAPSODY

Izvedba / Performed by: Juan David Zuleta
Marulanda

Avtor besedil, glasbe in risb / Author of the
Script, Lyrics, Music and Drawings: Juan David
Zuleta Marulanda

Režija / Directed by: Sara Lucu, Mišo Mičić
Dramaturg in svetovallec za govor / Dramaturge
and Speech Coach: Mišo Mičić

Koreografinja / Choreographer: Tinkara Vrbinc
Burnač

Fotograf in grafični oblikovalec / Photographer
and Graphic Designer: David Mosquera

Oblikovanje videa / Video Design: Sara Lucu,
David Mosquera

Tehnična podpora / Technical Support: David
Mosquera, Aljaž Zaletel

Produkcija / Production: BobuBob Teater & Plesni
teater Ljubljana

Posebna zahvala / Special Thanks to: Danaja
Koren, Silviya Jovanović, Leja Jurišić

Premiera / Premiere: 28. junij / 28th June 2025,
Plesni teater Ljubljana

Ljubljana, Slovenia
2026

SCAN THE
QR CODE



EXPLORE MY
DISCOGRAPHY



**BLAME AND
VINDICATION**



ASESINO



**KAREN LOST
HER SHIT**



BALADA FACIL



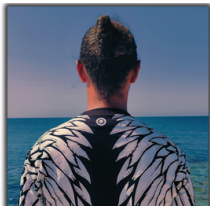
ALGORITMO



ILESO



WOLVES



OVEJA CON ALAS



ZULUK

**CHECK OUT
THE NEW
PROJECT**



FIR & BERGAMOT



