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IS THIS,

WHERE

COME TO

KIND

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HE

SAID,

I

HAVE

ROAM?"



FILIP JURJEVIĆ

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HOUSE

TRANSLATORS

Vinko Zgaga, Paddy Burton

"What kind of house is this",
he said, "Where I have
come to roam?"

a desert.
a doorframe, with a door in it.

CHARACTERS

MAN, neanderthal
PROFESSOR, sapiens
WOMAN, volunteer
DAUGHTER, misunderstood
JOKER, older teenager
THIEF, younger teenager
HIPPIE, lover
GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT,
manager

HIPPIE, dirty, crying and out of breath,
enters, carrying a guitar slung over his
back; he is gasping for air, has trouble
swallowing he is obviously thirsty. he
picks up a scalp of long hair from the
ground, and squeezes it.

HIPPIE i've been walking through this des-
ert with a parakeet on my shoulder. my feet
sink into the blistering sand. i walk towards
an oasis, but when i reach it, it disappears.
i'm out of water.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT walks
across the stage.

HIPPIE i've walked to many an oasis, but
none of them were right. i'm thirsty. i need
water.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT walks out
again, carrying a notepad. he observes
the stage, marks things in his notepad, as
if making an inventory of the props. he
walks away when he is finished.

HIPPIE i've been dreaming of a coconut,
fresh off a tree. i've been dreaming of a
tropical island. i've been dreaming of poor
people's colonialism. so thirsty. my shoulder

aches and collapses. i look at the parakeet.
(looks at the scalp) i look at it, but i see
nothing in its eyes. i grab and bite it. (bites
the scalp) i plunge my teeth into its white
feathers and i taste the flesh and blood
in my mouth. (bites the scalp, keeps talk-
ing with his mouth full) i chew it, suck on
it and eat it, and then i become sickened.
(starts fighting the sensation, perspiring)
the horizon is the same on all sides. the
sand in my mouth is a dry bloody lump.
(choking) the sand sticks to me.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT enters,
walks to the side, sets up the spotlight
on **HIPPIE**.

HIPPIE i fight and grab the parakeet again,
but he has no eyes now! everything rots
and decays faster in here. the fragments
slip through my fingers. i don't know how i
came here. i am thirsty. i need water. i don't
know what i am doing. i don't know what
i am looking for. I just want some water.
(starts crying) my head is not right. i want
to start over. i don't know what i wanted to
find. i can't think. i don't know where it is.
i don't know how i ended up here. i can't
remember. (weeping) i don't understand!

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT approaches
HIPPIE and looks at him. he surveys the
stage, jots down another note, then walks
to the side and flips the switch.

professor and the cudgel

gloomy light. green linoleum. a brown room, merging with a kitchen. MAN, unshaven, sits in an armchair. around his feet, behind his spine, around the armchair and lodged within the folds of the armchair, lie empty liquor bottles, mostly beer.

the atmosphere is drunken. MAN has been wronged, and he has been enduring it.

PROFESSOR, *calm, neat and cleanly shaven, is walking around the room.*

PROFESSOR did you know that only neanderthals used to live in this area?

MAN does not answer.

PROFESSOR of course, not only here, but they did live here. only they... and they were not stupid. they had big brains. they took care of their families, of their elderly and infirm... they hunted in parties, moved in packs, used weapons and tools, lived in communities. civilization, an anthropologist once said, civilization starts with the first healed bone in history, because that is proof that people cared about one another. that means our civilization started with the neanderthals.

MAN looks at professor. he is uninterested. he keeps drinking.

PROFESSOR it's interesting, really... do you know what *homo sapiens* means?

MAN no.

PROFESSOR "wise man". that is what we call ourselves, and the neanderthals were stronger and hardier.

MAN so how come they're not around anymore?

PROFESSOR we drove them to extinction. but we also crossbred with them. every one of us has some neanderthal genes in them. not much, just a couple of percent, but still. all of us. me. you, for example... even though we're sapiens, we have inherited quite a lot from them. caring about our children, caring about the weak, the infirm, the elderly... it's just that, perhaps it's not our inheritance; it's a remnant.

MAN what are you talking about?

PROFESSOR about us, of course.

MAN leave me be. (takes a swig) i'm just here at my waterin' hole.

PROFESSOR think about it. the neanderthals did these things because they cared. we do it out of convenience. why do we have communities? because we know it's useful. that is how we conquered the world. and the neanderthals.

MAN didn't you just say that they were still around?

PROFESSOR just a couple of genes. and only accidentally. but you have to ask yourself what would have happened had we stayed on this planet together. both calculated and honest, both simple and wise. you've got to ask yourself... would we have adapted?

MAN breathes in, but shallowly, as if he can't get enough air in his lungs. he finishes the bottle. he places it on the floor and fumbles around for a new one without even looking.

PROFESSOR you can't just keep drinking.
MAN says you.

MAN grabs a new bottle and twists the cap off with his teeth. he spits it. he drinks.

PROFESSOR stares at him.

unspoken

blue light. a bedroom. a small make-up table with a mirror is in the middle of the room. two metal hooks hang from the ceiling. WOMAN is sitting in front of the mirror. she is dressed in a nightgown. she is combing her hair.

DAUGHTER enters. **WOMAN** does not react. **DAUGHTER** approaches her, but not too close. she observes **WOMAN**.

DAUGHTER what are you getting ready for?

WOMAN does not reply.

DAUGHTER you said you needed help with tidying up the closets.

WOMAN still does not reply.

DAUGHTER why do you have so many clothes? it's as if you never throw anything away, and yet you've been throwing away clothes all the time.

DAUGHTER hesitates, and then plucks up the courage.

DAUGHTER why did you go to war? you were a volunteer, right? you went there of your own accord. but why? was life with grandma that miserable, or did you believe in something? did you do it for your ideals? or for the escape?

WOMAN watches herself in the mirror.

DAUGHTER why didn't you go back to college afterwards? was it so bad out there that you did not want to do anything anymore? did it make you realize what was really important in life?

WOMAN finishes combing her hair. she starts applying make-up.

DAUGHTER how was it after the war? how long were you in the army? i remember this newspaper article that said that the only woman on the frontlines did not want to be treated any differently. but you did let them treat you differently, right? Just a little bit, right? that's what i would have done, and i'm just like you. i take after you. but lately you sometimes act like me. you make dumb decisions. in fact, you just do whatever you feel like. that's the most important thing now. your wishes. everything else is secondary, none of your concern. was it because you used to be too forgiving? although... it seems to me that you never forgave any of it. maybe in the beginning you tried, but afterwards you kept swallowing it, enduring and waiting... i don't mean to say you planned it, but it's as if, somewhere deep inside, you knew you'd make them pay for it. for all the humiliation, all those insults.

WOMAN gives her a quick glance, then continues putting on make-up.

DAUGHTER why don't you ever talk to me? you talked with my brother all the time. whenever he asked you something, you'd tell him more than he wanted to know. did you tell him too much, and that's why he's autistic? or was it because of the fact that he's like that that you were able to tell him everything? why won't you ever answer me? mum?
did you choose this new guy because he's weak? he knows his theory, but in theory dad should have been good. in theory the two of you could have made it. in theory he wasn't supposed to cheat on you. in theory he wasn't supposed to leave you. in theory everything should have been...

WOMAN stop it.

DAUGHTER you'll have to tell me, sooner or later.

WOMAN these things you're saying, they're not supposed to be said.

DAUGHTER you'll have to answer me.

WOMAN i should have let you go with that guy of yours.

DAUGHTER i would have had the decency to leave, instead of bringing him over here.

WOMAN you don't know what kind of things he used to do to me.

DAUGHTER how can I know when you won't tell me!

WOMAN you don't know what I've been through.

DAUGHTER how can I know when you won't tell me!

WOMAN you know it.

DAUGHTER does not reply.

WOMAN you're weak, and that will come back to haunt you.

DAUGHTER why one and not the other?

WOMAN does not reply.

DAUGHTER why are you doing this?

WOMAN you have no right to judge me.

DAUGHTER why can't you see that this isn't going to get better? it will only get worse!

WOMAN looks at daughter.

WOMAN that man has quit smoking. that's not something a weak person would do. (to herself) things will get better.

DAUGHTER but they won't.

WOMAN does not answer. she keeps putting on make-up. **DAUGHTER** watches her.

DAUGHTER Do you want me to help you tidy up the closets, then, or not?

WOMAN finishes putting on make-up. she stares at the mirror.

WOMAN i'm not sure which earrings to wear. (turns around to **DAUGHTER**) these? (picks up a pair and lifts them to her ear) or these? (picks up a different pair)

DAUGHTER show me the first ones again.

WOMAN shows her the earrings. daughter looks at them, frowns and thinks about it.

WOMAN shows her the other pair again. they keep picking out earrings.

joker and thief

a bright yellow room. **JOKER** and **THIEF**, dressed like 90s rap kids in baggy jeans - **THIEF** wearing an oversized shirt, **JOKER** an undershirt. **THIEF** is sitting on a bed, **JOKER** is standing up, stretching and warming up.

THIEF it's hard to bury things. even when they're already dead.

JOKER you think too much. thinking leads to memories. memories lead to emotions. analyzing emotions won't help you. suffering creates even more suffering, that's an endless circle. it's simple. realize this. realize the principle. step outside and step away. subvert the expectations.

THIEF i think it's hard for me to let things go.

JOKER what's so hard about that?

THIEF i first need to understand them.

JOKER you need to understand that life will pass you by while you're stuck in the same rut. take what's yours. laws and rules

do not apply to those pure of spirit. i tried following them. and what came of it? i was told one thing, and different rules applied to everybody else. what happened afterwards? everybody treated me like an idiot. coddling me and helping me out. they were pretending that they were not part of this system which is broken. they tried to break me. well, i would have none of it. i went to the headmaster's office and i quit.

THIEF you've really given up?

JOKER they gave me the answer sheets to the exams. who do you think i am? i'm not retarded, they don't need to pander to me. it disgusts me. would you take an exam if you had all the answers given to you?

THIEF i might.

JOKER school is important. a fair system is important. you're too soft. you bend too easily. why do you still listen to that music?

THIEF rap?

JOKER yeah, that thing. the way you dress. what is that? you think you're tough? that's not your world. or mine. we've got nothing to do with that.

THIEF it's just music.

JOKER rap is dumb. the music is stupid. you're just posturing.

THIEF the lyrics are important.

JOKER the lyrics are played out. the beat is what you listen to. why do you think all of this exists?

THIEF all of what?

JOKER music. from the cavemen drumming all the way to stravinsky, rock'n'roll and that mumbling of yours? why does it exist?

THIEF does not reply.

JOKER give it a shot. it's simple.

THIEF because of demand?

JOKER because of pussy. pussy and entertainment. it's a timeless trend, it's just that every era dresses it up a little differently. what did you do today?

THIEF when?

JOKER today, last night, the night before. what did you do?

THIEF lots of things.

JOKER did you get laid?

THIEF what?

JOKER did you get laid?

THIEF why are you asking me that?

JOKER did you get laid?

THIEF no.

JOKER but you prayed for it. did you jack off?

THIEF what's wrong with you?

JOKER answer me. did you jack off? you're embarrassed? that's normal. these are our formative years, relax. overcome your shame. listen to me... *(leans in towards him)* how about we go somewhere... and get some pussy?

THIEF pussy?

JOKER pussy. women on the prowl. girls that will spread their legs for you, and you'll say *(using his palm to modulate his cries)* wah, wah, wah, wah, wah – like an indian – and then, like a real redskin, you'll charge at them with a cry!

THIEF but i'm white.

JOKER so? you're white, but you're into rap.

THIEF you said that rap was just posturing.

JOKER so is this. but it's useful. are you trained in the ways of the ancient Indians?

THIEF no.

JOKER their jam was, if a husband was a good husband, he would also get his wife's sister. the old chiefs knew what they were doing. it's our duty now to bring their beliefs to life. i got this girl last night; she did everything i told her to do. want to know why?

THIEF why?

JOKER because i know what i want, unlike her boyfriend, the dirty hippie. *(imitates him mockingly)* "my darling, our love, isn't it great..." this sort of shit makes me want to puke. and it makes her want to puke, only she doesn't know it yet on a conscious level. but the subconscious... the subconscious is key. you need to work on yourself. you've got to get to know yourself. you need to bang out those push-ups, physical and mental. you've got to pump iron to get pussy!

JOKER drops down into a push-up pose.

JOKER *(does a push-up)* one! *(does a push-up)* two! *(does a push-up)* three! *(does a push-up)* four! can you do a push-up? *(does a push-up, waits for an answer)*

THIEF maybe.

JOKER try it! *(does a push-up)* if you can't... *(does a push-up)* ...then do an assisted push-up... *(does a push-up)* that's also something... *(does a push-up)* that's a start! *(does a push-up)*

THIEF watches the **JOKER** and then drops down into a push-up pose as well, shifting and getting ready. he is struggling. **JOKER** stops exercising, kneels and looks at **THIEF**.

JOKER when I think about it, you don't want pussy you want some cock.

THIEF grunts unintelligibly.

JOKER work it! *(starts doing push-ups again, talking all the way through)* come on! let's go! work it, until you turn red! come on, do the push-ups! until your face turns red with effort! then people might not see you for what you are – work it!

THIEF *barely manages to do one push-up. he stands up in a planking pose, shaking.*
JOKER *(keeps pumping)* yeah! that's it! let's go!

JOKER *bounces off the floor as if his life depends on it.* **THIEF** *struggles to do a second push-up.*

the desert with the doorframe again.
HIPPIE *looks better than before.*

HIPPIE when I'm with you, the feeling is unbearable. my head itches, right back here *(points to the back of his head)* and my ears are burning. i feel like i'm about to burst. i feel like i'm happy. and i am. i'm happy. and i love you. i love you more than i love myself. but something is haunting me. too much happiness can make a person go insane. did i scare you? don't be afraid.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT *walks to the door and checks if the frame is sufficiently wedged in the sand, pushes it in a bit, checks whether it is still loose, then decides that the whole structure is firm and sound. he looks around the space, walks to the spotlight and points it unerringly at the doorframe. he observes it from several angles, adjusts the lights as needed, until he decides that he has accomplished the desired effect. once he is finished,* **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** *leaves.*

HIPPIE don't be afraid. i'm not afraid. i've seen huge shelves overflowing with books, glowing with a vivid light. the whole room was designed so their glow would dominate, just like a house in which everything is subservient to the light of the truth. the essence of things reached my consciousness through light stimuli passing over my

retina and the undeniable truth was that the glow was more pronounced in some books than in others. one of them drew me in. i had to look at it. the light was unbearable. i thought it would melt my corneas, but my eyes became more accustomed to it and i saw, squinting at first, and then with a clear gaze i saw the empty pages.

i love you but we can't be together now. i need this time. i need it for myself. i need to leave.

can you understand me?

i'm leaving. i have to leave. i know you think that i'm free to choose. i know that this is a freedom that others may envy me for, but that is an illusion. the world is waiting for me. i am no more free on this earth than a bird is free from the shackles of the sky. i hear the bells of distant lands. they are calling my name. and i have to leave. i have to move on. you stay here. wait for me. i will come back for you. i will come back, i promise.

HIPPIE *walks off.*

escalation

MAN *is drinking.* **PROFESSOR** *is calm, just like before.*

PROFESSOR you have to come to terms with how things are. countries fall apart, people die, children are born, they rebel and disobey, your friends betray you, and women leave you. that's just how it goes. come to terms with it; as long as your paycheck's not late, you're fine.

MAN i remember you from before.

PROFESSOR we know each other.

MAN i used to look up to you. you were older. always driving some fancy car. always with a pretty girl by your side. you were the man.

PROFESSOR yes, i was.

MAN and then you lost it all. you lost it all and disappeared. you were gone.

PROFESSOR i went away.

MAN what are you doing here, then!? what do you want from me?

PROFESSOR i want to help you.

MAN by sleeping with her?

PROFESSOR joseph...

MAN you disappeared. *(burps)* why are you here now?

PROFESSOR times change, matthew.

MAN you lost it all. everything fell through for you. and i was building...

PROFESSOR the martyrs enter the arena holding hands, but they are crucified alone.

MAN no.

PROFESSOR everybody crucifies themselves. nothing in this world is truly yours; all you can do is position yourself as best you can in accordance with your capabilities. surround yourself with people you know will bring out the best in you.

MAN best for who?

PROFESSOR i'm begging you, as a friend.

MAN since when are the two of us friends?

PROFESSOR we are bound by circumstance.

MAN i have no friends. i had them, and then one day i woke up and they were no longer there. there was just her, and along with her i got you, with all your bullshit that a normal person would not stand to listen to. where are my friends?!

PROFESSOR probably in the same shitty situation you are in.

MAN how come you're not there as well?

PROFESSOR i'm different, i suppose.

MAN everything you're saying is worthless. it's just literature, books... theory.

PROFESSOR that's icky for you, is it, you ape?

MAN what?

PROFESSOR andrew. if you've been a bad husband - and you have - and if you've been a lousy father - and you have - accept it. don't try to fix what cannot be fixed; just save whatever you can.

MAN i never had any time for myself.

PROFESSOR you spent your time drinking and whoring around.

MAN that's what she told you.

PROFESSOR it's what I know.

MAN i spent my time working.

PROFESSOR just like everyone else.

MAN putting food on the table.

PROFESSOR they were yours.

MAN then why aren't they mine anymore?!

PROFESSOR it wasn't enough.

MAN i was taking care of her...

PROFESSOR you were always a slave to money. that was just your way of doing time.

MAN i wouldn't have had to work so hard if i hadn't been with her. who would i have worked for?!

PROFESSOR for yourself. one always works for oneself. that's how it goes.

MAN and now i hardly do anything.

PROFESSOR because you're pathetic. just as you would have become a long time ago had you not met her.

MAN that life does not exist anymore.

PROFESSOR have I told you how i quit cigarettes?

MAN no.

MAN *finishes the bottle, throws it away. he starts looking for a new one, but all the bottles are empty.*

PROFESSOR when i lost it all, as you say, or at least all that i knew at the time, i realized that there was nothing left tying me down to what i thought was my life. nothing. not a single thing. everything disappeared. and so i thought to myself, if i can exist without everything that defined what i used to be, if

in spite of everything the sun still rises and sets, and i am still breathing, well, then i can live without them as well. so i crushed that pack of my little companions. not without regret. but i did it. i did it and moved on.

MAN onto my wife.

PROFESSOR john.

MAN shat, is it not true?

PROFESSOR she made her choice.

MAN i hope she burns in hell!

PROFESSOR peter...

MAN what?! (*tries to get up suddenly, but is too drunk*) what do you want?!

PROFESSOR you're drunk, gordon.

MAN no.

PROFESSOR you can't even get up.

MAN i can.

PROFESSOR do it, then.

MAN i can't, not right now. i'll do it later... i don't care about her anyway. that's over and done with. or about that thing that calls itself my son. that was over before it began.

PROFESSOR what do you care about, then?

MAN my daughter.

PROFESSOR your daughter?

MAN my daughter. my baby.

PROFESSOR *looks at him.*

MAN i have to get to her. i have to save her. (*tries to get up but can't*) i have to save her.

PROFESSOR who are you saving her from?

MAN from you. and from them. you are evil. she is good.

MAN *tries to get back up again, but he cannot.*

MAN i'm not the father i'm supposed to be! (*calms down*) but i will be. just a bit later (*fumbles through the bottles, realizes that they are all empty*) we need more. we've drunk all of it. (*takes some money out of his pocket, throws paper bills at him*) Take

it. bring some more. we'll be who we're supposed to be later.

PROFESSOR *looks at MAN. he looks at the money on the floor.*

PROFESSOR chimpanzee.

MAN what?

PROFESSOR orangutan.

MAN i can't understand what you're saying.

PROFESSOR did you ever go to the zoo when you were a kid?

MAN there was a school trip, but i wasn't allowed to go.

PROFESSOR too bad, you would have met your relatives.

MAN i couldn't go. i had to work.

PROFESSOR you hungry?

MAN no.

PROFESSOR *takes a banana out of his suit pocket.*

PROFESSOR want a banana? they restore your energy levels and help with digestion. they're chock full of potassium.

MAN i don't want a banana; i want my daughter.

PROFESSOR eat something first, and sober up.

MAN fuck you.

PROFESSOR have a banana.

MAN i have to get there. i have to get to her.

PROFESSOR why?

MAN because she's my daughter... you can take the two of them. i've got nothing to do with them anyway. take them. i'll take my daughter. okay? because i have to get to her. i have to save her. (*tries to stand up again, fails again*) if only i could get up... (*gives up*) will you help me? i can't do it alone i have to get to her.

PROFESSOR watches him.

MAN will you?

PROFESSOR sit down, have something to eat, calm down. i'm going to get more beer.

MAN will you help me?

PROFESSOR i won't get in your way. sit down, relax.

PROFESSOR places the banana on the armrest, picks up several empty bottles, stops, then picks up the money from the floor and goes out. **MAN** sits down, breathing; he notices the banana and picks it up. he somehow peels it and starts to eat it. he chews that banana as if it were a beefsteak, struggling with it. he finishes it, and then tosses the banana skin on the floor. he gets up, gathers his strength, leans against the armrests, and then pushes himself up and somehow gets onto his feet. he stops for a moment, gathering himself. he notices the banana skin.

MAN you won't screw me over. (takes a couple of steps) you won't screw me over, i'll fuck you up... (staggers to the kitchen) i did not work this hard just to get screwed over. we'll make it yet. don't you worry. i'm coming. i'm coming. just let me tidy up a bit.

he leans against the kitchen counter. he takes a rest, then grabs the electric kettle. he pours some water in, then places the kettle back on its base and turns it on. the electric kettle starts heating the water; eventually it starts simmering the sound gets increasingly louder, the water finally boils and the kettle makes a clicking sound.

questioning

dusky twilight. candlelight. incense sticks. ritual.

JOKER, tense and naked, ties a ribbon around his head, then attaches a feather to the ribbon, breathing deeply. he heats a knife on a candle flame, and then presses the blade against his skin, which starts to sizzle. he breathes in.

JOKER back when i was a schoolboy i would lie on my bed, staring at the ceiling and wondering is this the life that awaits me? is this the life i've been waiting for? for days. motionless. inert. but one morning, just like a falling star, like a comet, like a living flame, a feeling came over me, and i felt it. i feel it even now, pulsing inside me. beating. i sleep with it. i wake up to it. i go through my days and my nights with it. i know that life cannot be more than what it is. a rhythm. i feel a beat. i can feel the pulse of the world. i can feel the beat of the world within me. i can feel it beating. the essence of things. the rhythm. in my body i can feel the energy of the world coursing through me.

THIEF you really think we can pull this off?

JOKER looks at him.

THIEF i mean, I believe you, but... i would just like you to tell me. i know you've already told me, but... i would feel better if... if you told me once more. if you repeated it, because... i feel guilty about all of this... won't you tell me?

JOKER when they kicked me out, i told my folks, i looked them in the eye, him with one eye, her with the other - and my eyes seemed to get some special power; i looked at them and told them and swore - never

again! never again will i obey society's norms. i am something else. from now on i will bend all the rules. the rules that apply to normal men do not apply to me. every morning i wake up with those dead people. i watch them drink their coffee and wait for the concoction to stimulate their bowels and i wonder, are they aware that their bowel movement is the only thing moving inside them? is it possible that their heads are so empty that they can't even see that? is it possible that they, being what they are, despise me? is it possible that i am a failure in their eyes? it is possible. you accept the paradox and move on.

THIEF didn't you leave of your own accord?

JOKER what?

THIEF you just said that they had kicked you out, but earlier you said that you quit.

JOKER walks over to thief, pats him on the shoulder. **THIEF** is clearly afraid of him, but he tries to hide it. **JOKER** watches him with a smile, and then slaps him with all his might.

JOKER red in the face! you need to get red in the face! let's go! on the floor! work it, work it, work it!

THIEF drops down, tries to get into a push-up pose, but he cannot do any more. he starts weeping, bawling.

JOKER that's the problem with you fatsos! once a softie, always a softie! chubby! work it, work it, work it! work until you can't see! work it! work it until you can't see that soft centre work it until you stand upright! work it until you're sharp! work it until you're strong! work it until you're no longer repulsive to everyone!

THIEF (crying) i can't.

JOKER get up, get up, get up!!

THIEF somehow manages to get up.

JOKER take it off!

THIEF what?

JOKER take it all off! take off the pants, take off the shirt! come on, red-face, take it off! (starts hitting **THIEF**, who takes everything off. **JOKER** keeps hitting him anyway, and **THIEF** drops to the floor. **JOKER** keeps hitting him) until you turn red!

JOKER keeps hitting him, mercilessly, slapping and punching, and **THIEF'S** skin really turns red. **JOKER** kicks him, slaps him with open palms all over his body. **THIEF** starts to cry, and then finally falls silent. **JOKER** stops, out of breath, and gasps for air as he stands above the whimpering **THIEF**.

JOKER do you feel better? (**THIEF** does not reply, breathing heavily. **JOKER** slaps him.) do you feel better?!

THIEF squeals.

JOKER (tired and content) good. this is good. you've done well... (**THIEF** whimpers again, and **JOKER** sighs as if after a job well done.) you'll see now. we're going... (yawns deeply and widely) all i've told you. you'll see it now.

JOKER rests for another moment, and then gets going, getting dressed. he puts on an oversized suit, the ribbon with the feather still on his head. he finishes getting ready, looks at the **THIEF**, who is still sprawled on the floor, whimpering intermittently.

JOKER come on, let's go.

THIEF mumbles something unintelligible from the floor.

JOKER let's go.

JOKER starts to move. **THIEF** cries out, and then starts crawling after him. the red marks on his skin are not fading away. **JOKER** stands next to the exit. he waits for thief, who is crawling slowly. **JOKER** becomes impatient, grabs **THIEF** and throws him out. he comes back in to see if he has forgotten anything, and when he is satisfied that he has everything, blows out the candles and the incense sticks, and walks out. **THIEF** whimpers once more, off-stage.

twist

MAN is drinking tea. he is sobering up. **PROFESSOR** comes in carrying bottles of beer.

MAN i remember you.

PROFESSOR we've already done that bit.

MAN stands in **PROFESSOR'S** way.

MAN no. i remember you.

he steps aside and lets the **PROFESSOR** pass. he sets aside the beer bottles. he looks at **MAN**. he grabs a bottle. he looks around for a bottle opener, but cannot find one. man takes the bottle from his hand, twists the bottle cap off with his teeth, politely spits it out back into his hand and places it on the countertop. he hands the bottle to **PROFESSOR**. professor takes a sip.

PROFESSOR what do you want now?

MAN i've told you.

PROFESSOR fine.

MAN what's that?

PROFESSOR nothing. (drinks)

MAN where are you hiding them?

PROFESSOR i'm not hiding anyone. you must have me confused with someone else.

MAN tell me.

PROFESSOR how am i supposed to know that? this is your house, too.

MAN this is my house. you're the intruder here.

PROFESSOR yes...

MAN professor, my ass.

PROFESSOR suit yourself.

MAN take me there.

PROFESSOR where do you want me to take you?

MAN take me to her.

PROFESSOR i don't know where she is.

MAN i will crush you.

PROFESSOR looks at him.

MAN i have to get to her. take me there.

PROFESSOR you know where you need to go.

MAN i don't know the way anymore.

PROFESSOR this is your house.

MAN i can't find my way.

PROFESSOR you can't find your way?

MAN everything's gone strange. take me to her. we need to get out of here.

PROFESSOR there's nowhere to go.

MAN there is. somewhere healthier.

PROFESSOR (takes a sip) no such thing.

MAN i'll find it.

PROFESSOR you?

MAN me.

PROFESSOR you don't have it in you.

MAN and you do?

PROFESSOR i'm a realist.

MAN and i'm not?

PROFESSOR you're a neanderthal.

MAN take me to her.

PROFESSOR that's not going to solve anything!

MAN i have to get to her. take me there.

PROFESSOR fine. have it your way.

MAN i have to get to her.

PROFESSOR you will.

MAN right now.

PROFESSOR all right.

MAN take me to her.

PROFESSOR as you wish. *(finishes the bottle of beer)* as you wish... this way.

PROFESSOR shows the way to **MAN**. he lets him walk ahead of him. **MAN** looks at **PROFESSOR**, then walks ahead and off. **PROFESSOR** sets down the bottle, reaches for another one, but does not know how to open it. then he has an idea – he places the bottle cap on the edge of the kitchen counter, hits the bottle and it pops open, the beer foaming and spilling everywhere. ignoring that, he takes a few hasty gulps, and then sets the bottle down and hurries after **MAN**.

a bright light shines on the doorframe.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT is sweeping the sand. he keeps doing it until the desert sands resemble a tidy square lawn. this goes on for a while; he is meticulous. **HIPPIE** crawls in, his guitar slung like a rifle over his shoulder. he looks around, out of breath. he squints at the door. the light is too bright, so **HIPPIE** looks away. he is crawling on his elbows, sweating. he takes his guitar and rolls onto his back. he starts playing a melody, but he cannot seem to get it right. he keeps trying for a while, but it is really not working out. he gives up. he starts laughing. he breaks down in tears.

HIPPIE god...

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT watches him as he sweeps.

HIPPIE god.

HIPPIE turns around once again. he gets up slowly, barely managing it. he is unsteady and shaking. he squints at the door.

HIPPIE it's like I remember something. like it already happened. they say that you have to be in a good place to get the feeling of *déjà vu*. i don't remember this place. but I know it. i know it. i am close and... *(laughs out loud)* i don't know what I am saying.

HIPPIE covers his eyes to shield them from the light, as he approaches the doorway.

HIPPIE i don't know what i'm saying, but i feel... like i've been here before. *(pauses)* it's funny. *(puts his hand on the doorknob, smirks)* it really is.

HIPPIE twists the doorknob and pushes the door. nothing happens. he twists again, this time pulling the door. the door opens and the entire frame falls on him, like a picture frame. **HIPPIE** disappears. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** keeps sweeping. he finishes sweeping, sets the broom to one side, and exits.

reckoning

blue light. bedroom. a make-up table with a mirror is placed in the middle of the room.

WOMAN is wearing a dress. she is looking at herself in the mirror, trying to see, from all angles, how the dress fits her.

DAUGHTER is standing next to her.

DAUGHTER my boyfriend will come and rescue me.

WOMAN that's why he left.

DAUGHTER your boyfriend is not here either.

WOMAN my partner has serious business he must attend to.

DAUGHTER mine does too! he will come and take me far away from here. far away from you. he is exploring the world now. he is seeing things that you can't even imagine.

WOMAN and you're not worried about that?

DAUGHTER why would i be worried?

WOMAN my darling. relationships are the name of the game.

DAUGHTER i wanted to go with him.

WOMAN i'm sure you did. what do you think, which shoes? *(shows her two pairs)*

DAUGHTER those.

WOMAN takes a look at the shoes. she picks the ones that her **DAUGHTER** did not point to. she puts them on.

WOMAN he wasn't right for you anyway.

DAUGHTER how would you know?

WOMAN you were too good for him.

DAUGHTER we're still together!

WOMAN where is he now?

DAUGHTER he will come.

WOMAN he's not right for you, leave him be. these artistic types have never been any good. he's too unstable. my dear, you've lost your mind. why else would you stay?

you need someone solid. someone who knows what he wants. somebody traditional. right for you. someone who can stand you.

DAUGHTER what are you talking about?

WOMAN you could have gone with him, but you didn't. it's done now.

DAUGHTER you make me sick.

WOMAN you have everything i never had, and instead of making something of it, you whine, fidget and roll around like a common pig. get out, please.

DAUGHTER looks at her.

WOMAN get out. i've got nothing to say to you.

DAUGHTER and what will you do?

WOMAN i'll get by.

JOKER, wearing a suit and with a feather tucked in the ribbon around his head, and **THIEF**, red and sore all over, barge into the room. they stop. **WOMAN** notices them. she studies them.

WOMAN good evening, boys. what are you wearing?

DAUGHTER mum!

WOMAN that's your brother and his friend. be polite.

THIEF whimpers.

JOKER we didn't want to disturb you.

WOMAN you're not.

JOKER we were planning on going for a night out. we want to go out.

WOMAN studies him.

WOMAN out?

JOKER yes.

WOMAN trying to get some pussy?

JOKER pauses. **THIEF** whimpers.

JOKER yes.

WOMAN well, look no further. there she is.

DAUGHTER mum!

WOMAN thanks, honey, i'll take it from here. have fun.

JOKER looks at **DAUGHTER**. he approaches her hesitantly. **THIEF** stays behind. he just stands there.

JOKER do you want to dance?

WOMAN the boy's got manners.

DAUGHTER i have a boyfriend.

JOKER so?

WOMAN he's a go-getter.

THIEF whimpers.

JOKER that's new.

WOMAN and he takes care of your brother.

DAUGHTER looks at **WOMAN**. she looks at **THIEF**.

DAUGHTER he's retarded.

WOMAN where do you see yourself in ten years?

JOKER i'll be a C.E.O.

WOMAN gives **DAUGHTER** a meaningful look, then looks back in the mirror. she keeps looking at herself.

JOKER That's your mum?

DAUGHTER does not reply.

JOKER what a hot bitch.

WOMAN smiles.

DAUGHTER what's wrong with you?! what's your problem?

WOMAN i think i've made myself clear.

DAUGHTER why did you become like this?

WOMAN you don't understand anything.

DAUGHTER gives her a look. she looks at **JOKER**. **THIEF** whimpers.

DAUGHTER make him stop.

JOKER shut up.

THIEF whimpers again.

DAUGHTER he's not listening to you.

JOKER he had better start.

DAUGHTER or you'll do what?

JOKER what am i supposed to do?

DAUGHTER i don't know. i'm not the man here.

JOKER you're teasing me.

DAUGHTER only if you feel that way.

DAUGHTER puts her hands around **JOKER'S** neck. he takes a step toward her.

JOKER do you want this?

DAUGHTER no.

JOKER and **DAUGHTER** dance softly.

WOMAN (addresses **THIEF**) have you eaten yet?

THIEF shakes his head.

WOMAN you have to eat. you'll get sick.

JOKER becomes a bit rougher, starts fondling **DAUGHTER**.

DAUGHTER what are you doing?! let go of me! (tries to step away from him, he holds onto her, pulls at her, grabs her) let me go!

JOKER (*growling*) You wanted this!

DAUGHTER go away...

WOMAN kill her.

JOKER stops.

WOMAN that's what you want, isn't it?

DAUGHTER (*crying*) my boyfriend will hear about this!

WOMAN my dear, we all have to fight for ourselves.

DAUGHTER you're the one who gave birth to me!

JOKER *lunges at DAUGHTER and takes her down.*

WOMAN (to **THIEF**) you don't look so good. your skin colour is all wrong.

THIEF watches **JOKER** and **DAUGHTER**, petrified. *he is terrified.*

WOMAN there are leftovers from yesterday. want me to heat them for you?

THIEF *does not reply. he whimpers.* **JOKER** bites **DAUGHTER** and she screams.

WOMAN You can decide for yourself.

JOKER *keeps biting DAUGHTER. he is eating her.* **WOMAN** *is looking at her reflection, like before.* **THIEF** *is shivering every now and again he whimpers.*

DAUGHTER *is gurgling, limply resisting until even that resistance stops.*

WOMAN i never really felt like she was really mine. i didn't. or maybe i really did, and it was too much. i gave her, we gave her too much. more than she has done with herself, and she had all the advantages. she

had everything. he never made a scene around her. she never saw his outbursts. she never had to see any of his shit. and what did she do with all the opportunity she had? nothing. my poor boy, you're better off this way than if you had taken after him. but he never loved you. and you can feel it. sometimes i just feel happy that i will die first. we might put you in a home. you'll probably end up in a home. but don't beat yourself up about it. it's not your fault. this was all wrong even before you came. i just never knew how to say stop. i didn't have the heart to leave. i did not know that life can be changed that way as well. and now i know. and i have the strength to do it. and it will be wonderful. it will be good. i can already see the outlines; i just need to follow through on this. i think i've earned myself a couple of years of peace and leisure, before the end comes. what do you think? i'm not asking for too much, am i? i gave everyone a chance. i really did. be on your way and let me be. when the war broke out, we fought for our ideals at first. there were psychos as well, of course. we did not know a lot, but the ideals were there. after our first tour of duty, they sent us to specialist training. it did not end quickly, like we thought it would, and this is where things started bubbling to the surface. murderers. looters. ours, theirs, everything. they saw no difference. like always, you can very quickly see what your options are. stay and join them. stay, look away, and hope nobody will think - she knows too much. some got killed, some got rich. i saw an opportunity, i seized it and disappeared. any wealth acquired that way is no wealth at all. any ideals defended this way do not deserve that name, and i would not change any of my choices then. but now i feel differently.

MAN and **PROFESSOR** come in. **MAN** *sees what is happening.* **JOKER** *scampers away from DAUGHTER on all fours, like an animal. his mouth is bloody. he is licking his lips.*

MAN what is going on here?

WOMAN you have a son as well.

MAN what is going on?

WOMAN your daughter ate herself alive. you should have been here.

MAN this is your fault.

WOMAN *stands up. she approaches MAN.*

WOMAN you're nothing.

MAN what are you doing?

WOMAN are you afraid?

MAN *is uncomfortable.*

WOMAN did you tell him he could leave?

PROFESSOR *nods.*

MAN what are you doing?

WOMAN (to **PROFESSOR**) honey?

MAN what?

WOMAN (to **PROFESSOR**) honey?

PROFESSOR *also looks uncomfortable.*

WOMAN honey, it's time.

PROFESSOR *gets fidgety, fumbling through his suit pockets.*

WOMAN (to **MAN**) that there is your son. he's retarded, just like you, but he's more decent than you. don't be nervous. just accept it. accept what has to happen. it's inevitable.

PROFESSOR finally finds the piece of wire he has been looking for. **WOMAN** looks **MAN** in the eye. he can't bear to look her in the eye. **THIEF** whimpers. **JOKER** seems to instinctively assess how this will turn out, so he approaches **DAUGHTER** once again. **DAUGHTER** is gurgling; bubbles form on her lips. **MAN** looks at her.

MAN my baby...

PROFESSOR approaches **MAN** from behind, wraps the wire around his neck, squeezes it tight, wraps it around a couple of times and squeezes again.

MAN is suffocating and waving his arms. **PROFESSOR** pulls him back. **WOMAN** pulls in the hooks that are hanging from the ceiling, and then helps **PROFESSOR** wrap the wire around **MAN'S** neck. **MAN'S** feet barely touch the floor. he is suffocating and bleeding. he is trying to escape their grasp, but he cannot do it. the wire is cutting deep into his skin, and he starts twitching.

DAUGHTER makes gargling noises, just like the electric kettle.

PROFESSOR notices this and takes out a pack of instant coffee, surveys the scene, and determines that it would be inappropriate. Although he is intrigued, he decides to put the pack back in his pocket.

MAN twitches a couple more times, and then goes still. he is out.

JOKER looks at **MAN**, and bites **DAUGHTER** another couple of times. he gathers his courage, takes out a knife and starts to scalp her.

lecture

PROFESSOR takes centre stage. **WOMAN** sits to the side.

PROFESSOR just look at this neanderthal here. (points to **MAN**. stops.)

WOMAN watches **PROFESSOR** with interest. **THIEF** is shivering, wetting himself and whimpering. the water starts to fade from the places where he wet himself.

PROFESSOR (tries again) look at this neanderthal here... (he pauses, at a loss for words, does not know what to say) this neanderthal right here! this guy... (as if apologizing) you know, i thought i'd have so many things to say when this moment arrived, but actually... it's pretty clear all by itself. he couldn't bear to be apart from them. (points to **WOMAN** and **DAUGHTER**) he couldn't accept...

JOKER nibbles on the scalp, making slurping noises.

PROFESSOR stop it! sit down!

JOKER winces, then obeys him. he sits down and looks at **PROFESSOR**.

PROFESSOR do you have anything to add?

JOKER just shakes his head, like a humanoid dog. **WOMAN** watches this with interest. **PROFESSOR** nods.

PROFESSOR fine. like I said, it's all pretty clear. he has not developed. he has not evolved. (emphasizes this) he did not realize what all of this is really about. it's about thinking and cooperating. it's about calculating and making the best choice. but there's

only one choice, really. the only possible choice if we want to survive and evolve. if we want to move forward from what we have here. do we want to?

JOKER and **WOMAN** nod in affirmation. **THIEF** whimpers.

PROFESSOR unfortunately, i don't have the slides that i've prepared. but if i had them, i would show you the evolution of monkeys, and you would see his (points to **MAN**) progress in comparison to them. now, it is our duty to evolve in comparison to him. we simply must evolve in comparison to our little ape, this guy here. (points to **MAN**) we are the next logical step. of course, i am not claiming that the instinct that drives him does not exist in all of us. it definitely does, of course. but we should aspire to be better than that. that is all.

WOMAN gets up. she walks to **PROFESSOR**. she kisses him on the cheek.

WOMAN you're wonderful. (takes his side vocally, so that everyone can hear) i agree with you from the bottom of my heart!

PROFESSOR smiles. he takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one.

WOMAN didn't you quit?

PROFESSOR i did.

WOMAN watches him. he smokes his cigarette.

PROFESSOR i'll light one sometimes, but i've stopped buying packs.

WOMAN looks at the pack in his hand. he hides it in his pocket.

JOKER approaches professor.

JOKER i agree as well.

JOKER uses his hand to wipe the blood from his mouth, but traces remain, only fainter. he glances at **DAUGHTER**.

JOKER i try, but sometimes i just kind of lose control.

PROFESSOR lays his hand on **JOKER'S** shoulder.

PROFESSOR it's not easy.

JOKER it's not. (adjusts his suit) i'm usually an a-student.

WOMAN looks at **DAUGHTER**.

PROFESSOR don't beat yourself up (to woman) you said it yourself, she was always a bit off.

WOMAN yes...

JOKER nods. **PROFESSOR** looks at **WOMAN**. he is pleased. he exhales a puff of smoke.

PROFESSOR have you considered college already?

JOKER no. i mean, it's not that i haven't, i have. but i still haven't made a decision.

PROFESSOR as long as you're considering it, that's good enough. college is big, important business. i went to college, and look at me now.

PROFESSOR smokes his cigarette, enjoying himself. **JOKER** stands next to him.

WOMAN walks to **THIEF**. she pats him on the head and sits on a chair. **THIEF** is sitting at her feet. he lays his head in her lap. he keeps shivering and whimpering.

WOMAN runs her hand through his hair.

WOMAN i thought i would feel differently now.

PROFESSOR takes out another cigarette and starts lighting it with the first one.

JOKER seems to be waiting for something from **PROFESSOR**. **PROFESSOR** is smoking his cigarette and enjoying it. **THIEF** is shivering; he whimpers. **HIPPIE** walks in.

PROFESSOR and **JOKER** stiffen. the tension mounts.

reckoning 2

HIPPIE enters. **PROFESSOR** and **JOKER** look at him.

THIEF squeals. **HIPPIE** observes the scene. at first he does not notice **DAUGHTER**.

HIPPIE what are you doing with that indian over there?

PROFESSOR what Indian?

HIPPIE you're abusing him.

PROFESSOR oh, no. you've got it all wrong.

HIPPIE you can't treat him like that!

PROFESSOR you've got it all wrong. that's no Indian. (looks at **WOMAN**) honey... (to **HIPPIE**) that's our child. he dresses like that because...

JOKER that's my brother. (walks to **THIEF**) it's just the way we play. (points to the feather)

PROFESSOR he likes it like that. (quieter) he's a little bit, you know... but he likes it like that. (yells at him) isn't that right, son?!

THIEF keeps whimpering. **WOMAN** keeps stroking his hair.

PROFESSOR he thinks he's a mouse... or that the indians communicated this way... who can tell anymore...? don't believe me? look, look here.

PROFESSOR walks to **THIEF**.

PROFESSOR see how he wet himself here. (touches his thighs, where the dye has faded away, rubs his fingers on it and presents them to **HIPPIE**) it's dye, that's all, just dye...

HIPPIE nods, looks around the room. he looks at **MAN**.

PROFESSOR it's just a family quarrel... every family has them.

HIPPIE it's a good thing that he's not...

PROFESSOR an indian?

HIPPIE a redskin, really.

PROFESSOR of course, of course...

HIPPIE notices **DAUGHTER**. he is stunned. he watches her. he approaches her. he kneels next to her. he touches her. **WOMAN** gets up and walks up to him.

WOMAN did you become an artist?

HIPPIE no.

WOMAN did you see the world?

HIPPIE yes.

WOMAN what's it like?

HIPPIE i don't know.

WOMAN did you find anything?

HIPPIE i should have married her.

WOMAN you should have.

HIPPIE would things have turned out differently?

WOMAN who knows?

HIPPIE bursts into tears. he holds **DAUGHTER**. **WOMAN** squats next to him.

WOMAN today, you're one of us, even though tomorrow you might only be a neighbour. today, we're in this together. would you like to play a tune?

HIPPIE no.

WOMAN there is nothing else you can do.

HIPPIE i don't know what to play.

WOMAN it doesn't matter, you have a guitar.

HIPPIE i do...

WOMAN play something nice. please.

HIPPIE looks at **WOMAN**. he moves away from **DAUGHTER**. he grabs the guitar from his back. he notices the scalp. he takes it in his hand, studies it, squeezes it as if that will bring her back, then kisses it and places it on his own head. he starts picking the strings.

everybody joins in. **JOKER** is barking.

THIEF is whimpering. **PROFESSOR** is tap-dancing. **WOMAN** is snapping her fingers.

MAN starts to twitch and shuffle the chains. even **DAUGHTER** looks up, and then lets her head drop to the floor. she repeats this. **HIPPIE** plays his guitar. the living and the dead all participate in this. The ad-lib escalates.

somebody claps their hands.

everybody freezes. everything stops.

talk show

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT walks out onto the stage. thief breaks from his frozen pose. the others stay as they were. **THIEF** wipes the dye from his body. now he is just smudged with red. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** walks to the edge of the stage and sits there. **THIEF** follows him. he sits next to him.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT looks at **THIEF**, then pulls out cue cards from his jacket pocket. he gives them a brief look.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT it's all because of an unrequited love. that's what you said, right?

THIEF yes, you see, while i was writing this... the process was rather intense.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT intense? what do you mean?

THIEF i was sitting at home one night and the idea just came to me...

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT it just came to you??

THIEF yes.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT just like that, out of nowhere?

THIEF no, i... the scene came to me. the scenes came to me, and i tried to catch them, and not let them escape...

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT uh-huh...

THIEF and i did not contemplate their meaning that much. i mean, i did. it always goes hand in hand. but i did not focus on it.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT so that the scenes would not escape?

THIEF right.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT that's intriguing. and you say you don't know where the scenes had come from?

THIEF no, i... of course i know. i mean, i know to a certain extent.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT would you like to share it with us?

THIEF pauses.

THIEF no.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT don't be shy now. i am sure everyone here would like to hear this.

THIEF seems embarrassed. he looks at the floor.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT because of an unrequited love...

THIEF traumas!

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT traumas? **THIEF** all these individual traumas are holding back our world. this is my vision of the hell that we all live through and that awaits us yet if we don't change. but, of course, here it is condensed a bit.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT intriguing. you think that this world is not hellish enough as it is, and we need to put it in front of a mirror, so it can see itself?

THIEF to bring about change!

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT gets up. he walks into the scene in the background, rummages through **PROFESSOR'S** pocket and takes out a pack of instant coffee. he grabs a cup and walks over to the spot where **DAUGHTER** lies sprawled. he pours the contents of the pack into his cup, then stoops down next to her, tips her head to the side and makes himself a cup of coffee. he stirs it with his finger and then licks it.

THIEF is bewildered. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** watches him.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT change requires active effort.

THIEF gets up. he is nervous. he tries to find a way out on all sides of the stage, but there is no exit. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** watches him.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT are you feeling better?



I PHOTO BY KATARINA ZLATEC

THIEF is still looking for a way out.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT as a form of psychotherapy, did it work? are you a better, healthier member of society, now that you have communicated your trauma?

THIEF realizes that there is no way out. he steps away from **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT**.

THIEF who are you?

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT just someone asking you this on behalf of others. now, are you?

THIEF looks at him. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** takes a sip. there are red marks smudged around his mouth. he smiles. entertained, **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** claps his hands.

the scene around thief comes to life. the song rings out, just like before.

THIEF looks at **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT**, then at the scene. he hiccups, against his will.

the song goes on. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** watches the scene. **THIEF** whimpers, all the while looking at the **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT**. **MAN** shakes the chains.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT takes a sip from the cup. **THIEF'S** gaze follows him. he is no longer in control of his body. he is bewildered. **GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT** sets aside the cup, then stands the doorframe with the door upright. he arranges it like it was in the start, and then walks over to **HIPPIE**. with one hand he removes the scalp from his head, and with the other he grabs him by the hair. he pulls him away, to the door at the back of the stage. he throws **HIPPIE** out.

he throws out the scalp as well.

a desert.

a doorframe, with a door in it.

HIPPIE, dirty, crying and out of breath, is gasping for air, has trouble swallowing. he picks up the scalp, looks at it, touches it with both hands. he squeezes it tight, clenching his jaw as well. he looks as if he is about to go insane from the pain. he spasms.

he closes his eyes, opens them up again.

DAUGHTER walks in. she approaches **HIPPIE** and kneels next to him. she touches him, and he looks at her. **DAUGHTER** takes the scalp from his hands and places it on her head, where it belongs. she embraces him, and he embraces her back. they hold each other as if they will never let go.

GENTLEMAN IN THE PINK SUIT enters. he watches this scene. he walks over to the side and flips the switch. dark.