

SAMPLE  
TRANSLATION

KIM KOMLJANEC  
THREE FAT ARSES  
A POLITICAL ROMANTIC SATIRE

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## Kim Komljanec: Three Fat Arses a political romantic satire

*This text is deliberately written as quite 'bare', that is, not over-laden with instructions, in order to enable and demand from the creative team (director, actors, set-designer, costume-designer, musician and other participants) to be really creative.*

*At some places however instructions are necessary - but not prescriptive - to make the scenes more understandable and sensible; members of the creative team are actually expected to invent a different and new approach. Author's advice: Since the text demands quick changes in scenery and characters, a very simple set design should be created, perhaps just through change of lights. Inventive costume design and directing solutions offer the possibility to use a limited number of actors impersonating different roles (e.g. one actor for Politician and Waiter; one for Mr. Know-It-All and Soldier; one actress for Journalist and Blonde; one for Intellectual and Administrator)*

### CHARACTERS:

Politician (Peter)

Intellectual (Violet)

Soldier

Blonde (Kiki)

Mr-Know-It-All (his names are different trademarks of jeans)

Administrator (Tatiana)

Waiter (Marian)

Journalist

Chorus (First, Second, Third, three fat ladies, turning into back vocalists, pieces of furniture, one single waitress, commentator, narrator, insects, telephone, mobile phone, stage hands, speaker, etc. - all according to needs of the main characters or the plot)

## SCENE 0: PROLOGUE

*Chorus.*

SECOND: Do you think they'll ever drop a nuclear bomb again?

THIRD: It depends on who's in power.

SECOND: What do you mean?

THIRD: Well, it depends on whether the government is left or right.

SECOND: I don't understand.

THIRD: What do you not understand?

SECOND: How does it affect anything?

THIRD: Well, the chance this might happen is bigger or smaller. It all depends on who's in power – lefties or righties.

SECOND: I don't understand.

THIRD: What is it that you do not understand? Righties and lefties, yes?

SECOND: I don't know how this could affect anything.

THIRD: Well. Some politicians are right wing and some are left wing. Some are convinced this way and some others think completely the opposite.

SECOND: Yes, I see that, but doesn't it all depend on human factor rather than political?

THIRD: Yes. It does. Well, I don't know.

SECOND: So, what do you think? Is there going to be another nuclear bomb?

FIRST: I don't know. I'm not interested in such things. I haven't even noticed a bomb ever being dropped.

THIRD: Do you think it's possible for something to happen ever again which would change our lives drastically?

FIRST: Not in my opinion.

SECOND: Well, what about the climate? What if the climate changes so much that there will be no seasons any more?

THIRD (*referring to the rustle on stage*): Hey, I think it already started.

SECOND: Do we have to go already?

FIRST: I think so, yes.

*Lights out.*



## SCENE 1: SOLDIER and BLONDE – FAIRWELL

*At the railway station. Romantic music as in a film from the fifties.*

SOLDIER: All right then, be good.  
BLONDE: Yes. Well, I don't know. But yes ...  
SOLDIER: I love you, you know.  
BLONDE: Uh-huh. Well, yes ...  
SOLDIER: Hey, did you hear what I just said?  
BLONDE: Yes, yes, yes, I heard you, yes.  
SOLDIER: Good.  
BLONDE: Errrm. Yes, well. OK. Well -  
SOLDIER: What?  
BLONDE: Oh, nothing.  
SOLDIER: Just say it.  
BLONDE: You're in a hurry, aren't you?  
SOLDIER: Not so much.  
BLONDE: Oh. Good. Well -  
SOLDIER: Say that you love me and that you'll miss me.  
BLONDE: Oh that. Yes, yes. I will. Uh-huh.  
SOLDIER: Write to me, will you?  
BLONDE: Yes, yes. I will.  
SOLDIER: OK.

*Pause.*

BLONDE: Hey, do you know ... I mean, where have you ... Well, OK.  
SOLDIER: What?  
BLONDE: Where have you been posted, I mean ... will they give you a real gun  
or ... you know ...  
SOLDIER: Yep. I'm infantry.  
BLONDE: Oh, infantry. Aha. Is that good or bad?  
SOLDIER: Guess.  
BLONDE: Well, I don't know. What shall I say? Bad?

- SOLDIER: Yep. The worst.
- BLONDE: A-ha. Oh! Good, well, ermm ... When you said before that I should - you know - be good, did you mean that I should ...
- SOLDIER: Be good.
- BLONDE: Oh, good. No, what I meant was that ... that - you know - that you're worrying ... Well, yes. OK. I thought you meant that ... ermm ... I might cheat on you.
- SOLDIER: Well, I hope not! It didn't even cross my mind. It's not like -
- BLONDE: No, it didn't cross my mind either. I mean, up till now, you know.
- SOLDIER: Well then, don't think of it.
- BLONDE: Oh, that. No. I won't. No. I won't think of it.
- SOLDIER: Come here. I want to give you a hug.
- BLONDE: Give what? Oh, to me?
- SOLDIER: It's gonna be all right.
- BLONDE: Yes. Yes, yes, yes. I love you, yes. Yes, all right, yes.
- CHORUS (*through PA system*): Express train for Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Glasgow departing from platform number three. Express train for Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Glasgow departing from platform number three.
- BLONDE: Bye.
- SOLDIER: Don't cry!
- BLONDE: No, no, no, I'm not crying.
- Lights out.*

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**SCENE 2: POLITICIAN and INTELLECTUAL – ENGAGEMENT**

*In a flat with modern furniture, where the ladies from the CHORUS play the chairs and the table.*

- POLITICIAN: Listen, it is not my intention to be pushy, and I have no special desire for offspring – I think it is a woman’s free decision – however, I find the idea of two partners joining in marriage and consequently uniting their dwelling residencies into one quite reasonable and socially appropriate. Personally, I could – as a creator of a new family – gain quite an increase in the number of possible voters, whereas you would gain a better reputation with the general public since they would cease to perceive you as an old maid.
- CHORUS (*all three together*): Peter – the man from your village, from your town, on your side, a man with conscience and with ... well ... intellect. A man who will fight for social justice and the welfare of the people – even if he has to sacrifice his own two-bedroom council flat from the 70s and move into a large private villa in a posh outskirts of the city. Peter – a man acting exactly as you would!
- POLITICIAN: So, I suggest we give our partnership the due merit. What do you think?
- INTELLECTUAL: I am not entirely certain – and do correct me if I’m wrong – but I sense you have just asked for my hand, right?
- CHORUS (*all three together*): Violet – a woman who always attains what she wants – even if sometimes she does not always know what that is. For, Violet prefers writing to thinking.
- POLITICIAN: Well, I wouldn’t go as far as to claim that what I have asked for is really your hand, but nevertheless, what is your opinion?
- INTELLECTUAL: Before I opt for an answer I would like to define some seemingly less important details which are actually quite fundamental daily banalities closely linked to the fact of joint places of our residence.
- POLITICIAN: Please, do that.
- INTELLECTUAL: Firstly: Under no condition will I agree to share our financial funds. This seems to me a very unwise decision although many modern couples tend to consent to it.
- POLITICIAN: I agree. So, you accept?
- INTELLECTUAL: Allow me to finish.
- POLITICIAN: Do, please.

- INTELLECTUAL: Secondly: I demand an implementation of my right to finish my sentences without ever being stopped or interrupted.
- POLITICIAN: I am sorry. Though, I wonder whether such a right even exists.
- INTELLECTUAL: I knew it – you’re just another male swine.
- POLITICIAN: Violet, I beg your pardon?
- INTELLECTUAL: By all means, beg for me!
- POLITICIAN: Marry me!
- INTELLECTUAL: Are you aware of how banal this question has become now?
- POLITICIAN: Well, forget it then.
- INTELLECTUAL: I am not sure whether it is good to make such an important decision in the form of application and consent. In my opinion it would be much better to approach this issue as two equal entities rather than as an applicant and a consentee.
- POLITICIAN: A consentee? Is that even a word?
- INTELLECTUAL: I am willing to enter a married state with you, Peter.
- POLITICIAN: Great.
- INTELLECTUAL: I need you, however, to articulate this likewise, stating that: You are willing to enter a married state with me.
- POLITICIAN: You are willing to enter a married state with me.
- INTELLECTUAL: Arrrgh!
- POLITICIAN: I am willing to enter a married state with you, Violet.
- CHORUS (*wedding march*): Ta ram ta tam ta ram ta tam.
- INTELLECTUAL: Really?
- POLITICIAN: Yes, really, Violet.
- INTELLECTUAL: Splendid!
- POLITICIAN: Fantastic.
- INTELLECTUAL: Yes, really. This decision is propitious for both parties.
- POLITICIAN: Yes, I agree. This really is propitious for both of us.
- INTELLECTUAL: I agree.
- POLITICIAN: Yes, me too, I agree.
- INTELLECTUAL: Yes, I also agree.
- POLITICIAN: But I agree even more.



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- INTELLECTUAL: I think it is very important that we both agree.
- POLITICIAN: I could not agree more to what you are saying.
- INTELLECTUAL: I also agree more than it might superficially appear.
- POLITICIAN: Agreeing is very important for our nation.
- INTELLECTUAL: Agreeing represents one of the basic principles of an intellectual society. It is almost as important as not agreeing.
- POLITICIAN: I agree.
- INTELLECTUAL: But not as much as I do!
- POLITICIAN: Oooh, much more!
- INTELLECTUAL: I am glad we both agree.
- POLITICIAN: For me it has been a great relief seeing that we both agree.
- CHORUS - *They carry them out while the two are still talking.*

## SCENE 3: POLITICIAN and JOURNALIST – FAVOURS

*POLITICIAN and JOURNALIST in Peter's Office - They are in bed or in any other incriminating position.*

JOURNALIST: Peter, darling!

POLITICIAN: Mmhm?

JOURNALIST: I am *so not* happy.

POLITICIAN: Have I not cuddled you sufficiently?

JOURNALIST: Oh, yes, that. But nothing is working out for me lately.

POLITICIAN: Come, come, sweetheart. This can't be true! There are some things you are really good at being on top of!

JOURNALIST: I never imagined my life to turn out like this.

POLITICIAN: What is it that you don't like? We are having a good time, aren't we?

JOURNALIST: Yes, we are fine, but I have other desires, too.

POLITICIAN: What would you like me to do?

JOURNALIST: I want you to be more direct ... more determined.

POLITICIAN: You want me to be more ... masculine?

JOURNALIST: Yes! Exactly!

POLITICIAN: You want me to be rough?

JOURNALIST: Yes – but not just you. Other men, too.

POLITICIAN: Wait a minute ... What? You want – what!?

JOURNALIST: I wish something would happen. I wish you did something spectacular for me.

POLITICIAN: Are you saying I am boring?

JOURNALIST: No. But why don't you give it all you've got?

POLITICIAN: Do you think I've got spare potential?

JOURNALIST: Oh, you have lots of potential! Ten thousand men worth of potential!

POLITICIAN: Well, I guess I could try a bit harder for my sweetheart –

JOURNALIST: Could you really?

POLITICIAN: But of course. Your wish is my command.

JOURNALIST: Could you arrange for our army to participate in the war?

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- POLITICIAN: What!?
- JOURNALIST: Don't raise your voice. It is already very difficult for me to ask you anything.
- POLITICIAN: Are you aware of what you have just asked me?
- JOURNALIST: But you said you'll try harder for me -
- POLITICIAN: Yes, I did, but ... the war ... it's not really a favour ...
- JOURNALIST: Well, I try very hard for you, don't I? And I do things one could hardly call favours.
- POLITICIAN: Wait! Come up here.
- JOURNALIST: Oh, honey bunny, don't you get cross with me. Relax.
- POLITICIAN: Wait, wait. I cannot think like this -
- JOURNALIST: There is nothing to think about. Just prove to me how much you really love me.
- POLITICIAN: Don't you start with that again ... Mhmm. Now.
- JOURNALIST: Well, well, who desperately wants me right now?
- POLITICIAN: Oh dear -
- JOURNALIST: Haven't you been considering sending our troops into combat anyway, weren't you?
- POLITICIAN: That was merely a theory.
- JOURNALIST: So, now it's time to put the money where the mouth is, isn't it?
- POLITICIAN: Could we talk about this later?
- JOURNALIST: You know very well that I don't like talking after sex. Of course, we could always just skip the sex part -
- POLITICIAN: Oh dear, you really do push me around!
- JOURNALIST: I've learned well from you, haven't I?
- POLITICIAN: You certainly have. Well, let's do it now.
- JOURNALIST: Yes or no?
- POLITICIAN: Why on earth do you need this war?
- JOURNALIST: Honey bunny, you know that nobody listens to news about social injustice. This is the only way I can get a job with the national television. The war is in.
- POLITICIAN: Yes - but our army is out.
- JOURNALIST: No, it's in!
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POLITICIAN: Out!  
JOURNALIST: In!  
POLITICIAN: Out!  
JOURNALIST: As you wish!  
POLITICIAN: Ok, ok! In!  
JOURNALIST: In! Yess! In!

*Lights out.*

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SCENE 4: POLITICIAN, ADMINISTRATOR, INTELLECTUAL,  
JOURNALIST and SOLDIER – DECLARATION OF WAR

*This scene consists of several snapshots that should be interrupted by music or lights out or by performers themselves.*

*Locations: in Peter's office, at the railway station, on the way to the forward area of combat.*

*Music: military march.*

POLITICIAN: Tatiana! Our country is going into war! Call! Write! Send! Sign!

ADMINISTRATOR: Yes, sir. Immediately, Mr. Defence Secretary! Hello? Ten thousand men to the forward area! As in - today!!

\* \* \*

BLONDE: I'm not crying!

SOLDIER: Write to me!

*SOLDIER marches towards the war zone and unpacks his rucksack.*

\* \* \*

INTELLECTUAL: Peter, you promised to dedicate some time to the development of our relationship! What is this war business now!?

POLITICIAN: Violet, you know very well that my career will always come first.

INTELLECTUAL: Well then you can forget about marriage! Tatiana! Recall the National Army! Our collaboration in the war is off!

\* \* \*

JOURNALIST: Peter, honey bunny! No employment – no enjoyment!

POLITICIAN: Sweetheart, I will take care of everything, don't you worry!

\* \* \*

ADMINISTRATOR: I see, Miss Violet! I am already calling! Hello? Ten thousand men back home!

As in – today!

\* \* \*

*SOLDIER - packing his rucksack and marching in the opposite direction.*

\* \* \*

JOURNALIST: Darling! I am so bored!

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POLITICIAN: Don't you worry, sweetheart. I am already in action.

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POLITICIAN: Tatiana! Infantry troops into action! As in – today!

ADMINISTRATOR: Immediately, Mr. Defence Secretary! Hello? Ten thousand men to return to the forward area! As in – today!

\* \* \*

*SOLDIER marching again in direction of the war zone.*

\* \* \*

BLONDE: When are you coming back? Well ... yes, ok. I mean ... We're out of ...  
Uhhh, never mind. Our savings. I mean, I will have to get a job. Oh,  
yes, I miss you. Uhhh. Bye-bye! Well, ok.

*Lights out.*

*Music: military march.*

## SCENE 5: FIRST COMMENT

*CHORUS - They come on stage dancing in the rhythm of the same music – the military march. While they are dancing one can barely notice they are talking to one another. All along their faces are frozen in an artificial smile so typical for those half-naked girls in Italian talk shows or musicals.*

CHORUS (*all three together*): The war is in, the war is out, the war is in, the war is out ...

SECOND: Gosh, let them finally make a decision!

FIRST: Hey, what if today decided to publicly complain about every single thing that we find annoying?

SECOND: Impossible.

THIRD: Why?

SECOND: Not enough time.

FIRST: Well, it's only a few minutes past eight.

SECOND: Even if we stayed here till death of dehydration, there still wouldn't be time enough to list everything that annoys *me*.

FIRST: Ok, then just tell me what annoys you the most.

SECOND: The most? The ladies that work in pharmacies. What about you?

THIRD: The thing that annoys me the most is when people talk about me behind my back.

FIRST: My sister's former neighbour was so right when she said: when the sun shines it's hot and when it doesn't it is cold!

SECOND: What do you mean – former neighbour?

THIRD: Well, she moved out.

SECOND: Who – the neighbour or your sister?

FIRST: Could you just keep quiet for a minute so *I* can say what annoys *me* the most?

THIRD: Yes, of course. Sorry!

SECOND: Go on, tell us!

FIRST: It annoys me if a guy I am going out with asks me whether I love him enough to give up my kidney for him if needs be.

THIRD: Of course you would!

SECOND: Well, depends. What needs?

CHORUS:                   The war is in, the war is out, the war is in, the war is out...

*They leave the stage dancing.*

*Lights out.*



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## SCENE 6: MR. KNOW-IT-ALL and INTELLECTUAL – HIRING A SPECIAL SERVICE

*In a dark alley.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Ksss.

INTELLECTUAL: Are you -

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I said - ksss.

INTELLECTUAL: Oh yes: Kss kss.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Muah.

INTELLECTUAL: Uuah-uuah.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Lee Cooper.

INTELLECTUAL: You are -

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Yes. We had an appointment, didn't we?

INTELLECTUAL: Violet.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Cooper. Lee Cooper.

INTELLECTUAL: A remarkable alias. This cannot be your real name, right?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I prefer to stay anonymous. My real name is Frank Tinplate, but as for the business I am in, I prefer not to tell it to anyone.

INTELLECTUAL: Is that so?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What can I do for you, young lady?

INTELLECTUAL: Well, I have told you already.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: You have doubts regarding your future husband's true love.

INTELLECTUAL: Yes. Actually I have doubts regarding many other things. Well, you are probably in no capacity to solve my doubts regarding the existence of God, are you?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: All right, all right. I am also s kind of person that trusts nobody.

INTELLECTUAL: This is rather an aggravating circumstance for someone trying to establish a relationship.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Not even to myself.

INTELLECTUAL: What?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I trust myself the least of all.

INTELLECTUAL: And how do you expect *me* to trust you?

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- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, you are paying me, you see? While I ... I can't afford to hire and pay myself.
- INTELLECTUAL: Why don't you give yourself a discount?
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, this is really some good idea! Do you think I have never thought of it? But are you aware of how people start exploiting you when you start giving discounts!? They expect to get a discount on every single service! So, considering the fact that I am I - do you think, young lady, I would not try to exploit myself? I can see, Missie, you know absolutely nothing about things in the free market business! Unloyal competition, dumping, corruption, moonlighting! I would most likely expect myself to do a job without presenting a bill. Tax evasion is no joke nowadays! You can end up in jail for such a thing, young lady!
- INTELLECTUAL: I see you much more experienced than me in this area.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: So, let's talk about your problem. Your husband is cheating on you.
- INTELLECTUAL: No, no. I am not married yet and I have no evidence that he is cheating on me.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Who?
- INTELLECTUAL: Well, my husband!
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Haven't you just said you are not married?
- INTELLECTUAL: Well, yes. Partner. My partner.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Good. If I don't get exact information, Miss, I will not be able to solve your problem!
- INTELLECTUAL: This is the situation: I suspect that my future husband's feelings in my regard are not absolute.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Oh, this could be a problem.
- INTELLECTUAL: Yes, I have come to the same resolution myself.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Do you have an idea on how to be sure of his feelings towards you?
- INTELLECTUAL: I thought of setting him a trap. So he could prove himself to be either a devoted partner or an ordinary male swine.
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: A trap! Excellent! This is exactly what I wanted to suggest! Blast! There are times I am totally surprised when I see how shrewd I am! It is amazing what comes to my brilliant mind! Yes! Let him go barefoot for the chestnut into burning corn! Let him beat in

troubled waters! Let him spill the milk and carry you fishing around the bush! Let him support three corners of the house! The trick is there are four, you know!

INTELLECTUAL: I know.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: So, we have reached an agreement, haven't we?

INTELLECTUAL: What?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Miss! The plan I have just delivered to you is hundred percent reliable! All you have to do now is to carry it out!

INTELLECTUAL: What plan?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Didn't you understand? Ah, of course, women require detailed explanation!

INTELLECTUAL: No, no, no, you needn't do that. Everything is perfectly clear to me.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Excellent. Then we are done here.

INTELLECTUAL: Yes, thank-you, Good-bye!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, no, no, no. Haven't you forgotten something?

INTELLECTUAL: Yes?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Shush, shush, shush! (*He imitates the shush sound of banknotes*)

INTELLECTUAL: What?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Tink, tink, tink! (*He imitates the sound of coins*)

INTELLECTUAL: You are dazzling me.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Hapre-ding-ding, hapre-ding-ding! (*He imitates the sound of an old cash box*)

INTELLECTUAL: I do not understand! I have no idea what you are trying to say!

For god' sake, tell me what you want. I admit - I am a stupid woman. Please - explain - what is the problem!?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: You forgot to pay me!

INTELLECTUAL: Oh that! Gosh, I am sorry. Here, take it.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Thank-you very much. Much obliged, young lady.

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 7: MR. KNOW-IT-ALL and WAITER

*In a bar where MARIAN works as a waiter.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Hey, Mickie! Get me a whiskey!

WAITER: I am not Mickie.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well then: Mackie, bring the whiskey and stop whining!

WAITER: Right away, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: You see? That is what I like with you. You simply know your place. You get paid to serve me. You have no phantasies to be something else from what you really are.

WAITER: Of course not, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Did you see how I accomplish this business?

WAITER: A true professional, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Women are easy customers.

WAITER: Really?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What? You do have some experience with women, don't you?

WAITER: Not really, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, I simply twist them around.

WAITER: Congratulations, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Where is the dungeon here?

WAITER: Excuse me?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: The john - where is it?

WAITER: There, sir. Right there, on the left, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I'll be back in a minute. You just pour that whiskey for me. Three cubes of ice, eight degrees Celsius - not a bit colder. Do you understand?

WAITER: Of course, sir.

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL goes out.*

WAITER: Well, shit! How is it possible that every single week every blockhead - even *this* stupid idiot - gets a scene to play with a babe - and I don't. A waiter! OK. Not that I mind that doing a role as a waiter, but I could at least serve some pretty girl! No! I get to serve the biggest asshole in the world! The first fucking prize in this fucking lottery! What the fuck was I in my previous life? A rapist or what!? Perhaps even something worse. A member of some political party fighting against equal rights. Ok, I could

come back to a scene as a farm-hand bound to shovel horse shit! That would be much easier to bear. But to deal with *this* idiot - this is cruel!

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL comes back.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: So, you are saying there is not much of women's company in your life, is it?

WAITER: Sorry, I have to admit that, sir. I always work in the evening and -

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Let me write it down. Perhaps you can do some tiny favour for me and in exchange I can arrange a date with some broad for you. What do you think?

WAITER: Yeah.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What?

WAITER: Sir -

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What kind do you like?

WAITER: I can't afford to be demanding, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Just two arms, two legs, a head and an arse - this is all you need, don't you?

WAITER: Sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, the head - that is a necessary evil, isn't it? Hah hah hah.

WAITER: Your whiskey, sir.

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 8: BLONDE and INTELLECTUAL

*In Peter's Office.*

- BLONDE: Yes, ahmmm, the computer. I can -
- INTELLECTUAL: You do have enough pretty clothes, don't you?
- BLONDE: What do you ... I mean ... what do you mean?
- INTELLECTUAL: Well, if you wish to work in civil service you need to dress up nicely.
- BLONDE: Ahm yes. And this ... Will this be all right?
- INTELLECTUAL: Well, if you shorten the skirt a bit -
- BLONDE: Ahm yes.
- INTELLECTUAL: And open a bit the neckline -
- BLONDE: Ahm yes. Ahm, yes.
- INTELLECTUAL: Do smile a little. Yes. Now, make a bow. Yes. You will do.
- BLONDE: All right. Ahm, yes. Will he take me?
- INTELLECTUAL: I have already said a good word for you. As for you - you just mind to look as pretty as you can and the job is yours.
- BLONDE: What exactly will I be ... ahm ... I mean ... What will I be doing?
- INTELLECTUAL: Let's call this: personal services. This is to start with. Later - if you are
- good - he might take you as permanent.
- BLONDE: Ah. Really?
- INTELLECTUAL: Do not forget your posture!
- BLONDE: Oh, yes. Ahm.

*INTELLECTUAL goes out.*

*BLONDE stays frozen in her sexy posture when the POLITICIAN comes in.*

## SCENE 9: POLITICIAN and BLONDE

*Still in Peter's Office.*

- POLITICIAN: Good morning, Miss. Do I know you?
- BLONDE (*giggling*): No. Ahm, I mean ... yes ... not yet.
- POLITICIAN: Not yet. So, we should get to know each other?
- BLONDE: Ahmm, I guess so.
- POLITICIAN: And why?
- BLONDE (*giggling*): Ahmm, yes. I don't know.
- POLITICIAN: Well, when you think of some good reason why we should get to know each other, come right back to me.
- BLONDE: Oh, no. I do know the reason.
- POLITICIAN: Yes?
- BLONDE: Well, the job.
- POLITICIAN: You need a job.
- BLONDE: Ahmm. Yes. Yes. Well, yes.
- POLITICIAN: And you simply come knocking to my door. Do you think I am going to give you a job just like that?
- BLONDE: What do *you* think?
- POLITICIAN: What do you think I think?
- BLONDE: I don't know. Ahm. O, gosh, (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh. Am I dressed all right?
- POLITICIAN: Turn around a little. Let me see.
- BLONDE: O, gosh. I don't know. Well -
- POLITICIAN: So, let's not be strangers. My name is Peter.
- BLONDE: What? Wait - just Peter or what?
- POLITICIAN: Yes. For you: just Peter.
- BLONDE: Ahm. Oh. Yes. Ok.
- POLITICIAN: And you are?
- BLONDE: Oh, I am Kiki.
- POLITICIAN: Kiki, pleased to meet you.

- BLONDE: How do you do? Shall I turn around now or what?
- POLITICIAN: Hah. Yes, you do that.
- BLONDE: Is this ok?
- POLITICIAN: Excellent. Listen, where do you come from?
- BLONDE: I am from Welshpool.
- POLITICIAN: Oh.
- BLONDE: Gosh, I will just go home, (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh. I am not sure ... ahmm ... I am the right one for this ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh.
- POLITICIAN: No, no! You stay right here. We will find something for you to do.
- BLONDE: Oh. Yes. Ok ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh.
- POLITICIAN: This laughter of yours -
- BLONDE: Oh, pardon me. What (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh?
- POLITICIAN: Go on, do it again!
- BLONDE: What (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh?
- POLITICIAN: When you laugh you are pjhantastic.
- BLONDE: Who me ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh?
- POLITICIAN: Absolutely fabulous.
- BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh. And what does this mean?
- POLITICIAN: It means you are something special.
- BLONDE: Who me!? Not me. Something special ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh!
- POLITICIAN: I am getting dizzy from your laughing.
- BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh. Pardon me. I can't stop ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh.
- POLITICIAN: Don't stop. Don't you ever stop!
- BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh.

*In the course of their talking Peter is getting closer and closer to Kiki until he is completely close to her and it is obvious he will not step away from her for quite some time.*

Lights out.



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**SCENE 10: SOLDIER and JOURNALIST AT THE WAR FRONT**

*At the war front. The forward area.*

*CHORUS - in the role of insects.*

*CHORUS (from the first Journalist's line on they keep repeating their mantra in a low voice):*

Bitch, bitch, bitch ...

*(With their constant and repeating sound, they create a sensation of a whirlpool in our brain. When in the following text a line is written for CHORUS, it only means that they should articulate the words in a higher tone so they can be heard loud and clear.)*

SOLDIER: Hey, who is there!?

JOURNALIST: I am a journalist.

SOLDIER: What is wrong?

JOURNALIST: I am so scared.

SOLDIER: Of what? We are miles away from real danger!

JOURNALIST: It is so oppressing here! Could I just call someone? The battery of my mobile is empty.

SOLDIER: Sure! Here is the phone!

JOURNALIST: Oh, you are being so kind!

CHORUS: Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!

JOURNALIST: Oh! What is this!? Are there mosquitoes here?

SOLDIER: All kind of insects. That is why it is so oppressing. Bugs and insects keep buzzing and this continuous droning sound creates a sensation of a whirlpool in our brain. You know - like a tornado. I feel oppressed, too, but I keep reminding myself quite loud that this is just an insect tornado. And then I stop being homesick right away.

JOURNALIST: Good trick! Can I use the phone now? I would need some privacy here.

SOLDIER: Yes, yes, sure. I will retreat immediately.

CHORUS: Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!

JOURNALIST: Damned mosquitoes!

*CHORUS - They hush down.*

## SCENE 11: POLITICIAN and JOURNALIST - TELEPHONE

*At the war front and in Peter's Office.*

CHORUS - *They turn from insects into a telephone.*

FIRST: Too-tooot.

SECOND: Too-tooot.

THIRD: Too-tooot.

FIRST: Driiiiing!

SECOND: Driiiiing!

THIRD: Driiiiing!

POLITICIAN: Yes?

JOURNALIST: Hallo, darling? It is me. You called me, didn't you?

POLITICIAN: Oh, something phantastic has happened!

JOURNALIST: What?

POLITICIAN: I am madly in love!

JOURNALIST: Darling, we agreed – no sentiments!

POLITICIAN: No, no, I am not in love with you!

JOURNALIST: All right then. That is good.

POLITICIAN: I met the most angelic creature on earth. Hah, did you hear me - what an

oxymoron! Angelic creature on Earth! Heh-heh-heh!

*(He is seized by laughter which strongly reminds of the Blonde)*

JOURNALIST: Hallo!?! Darling! What is it with you?

POLITICIAN: It is phenomenal! Or better - as she would say - menophenal. Heh-heh-heh!

JOURNALIST: Ok, darling, if there is nothing urgent -

POLITICIAN: Well, it really makes no sense in explaining over the phone. Bye! Heh-heh-heh! CHORUS: Tooooooot.

JOURNALIST: Bye!

## SCENE 12: POLITICIAN and INTELLECTUAL - MOBILE PHONE

*CHORUS - They turn from a stationary telephone into a mobile phone.*

SECOND: The balance on your account is one hundred and one cents.

THIRD: Buzzz. Buzzz. Buzzz. Buzzz. (*The phone is vibrating.*)

POLITICIAN: Hallo, Violet?

INTELLECTUAL: Yees?

POLITICIAN: It is I, Peter.

INTELLECTUAL: Where are you?

POLITICIAN: In my *Office*. I am writing a poem.

INTELLECTUAL: Great.

POLITICIAN: I fell in love, Violet.

INTELLECTUAL: Great.

POLITICIAN: I cannot marry you.

INTELLECTUAL: Great.

POLITICIAN: Violet, I am an ordinary male swine.

INTELLECTUAL: Great.

POLITICIAN: In spite of everything, I would like to tell you that I learned a lot from you, and that I love you.

INTELLECTUAL: Peter! Let us make something clear! The apartment goes to me!

POLITICIAN: All right, Violet.

INTELLECTUAL: Arrgh!

POLITICIAN: Let it out! Just let your anger out, Violet. This is good for you.

CHORUS: Your mobile phone account is empty. We kindly ask you to fill it up.

*CHORUS - By leaving the stage they cut the connection, so VIOLET leaves the stage, too.*

## SCENE 13: POLITICIAN and BLONDE – PART TWO

*Peter's Office.*

POLITICIAN: Kiki! My angel! Where have you been so long? I cannot live without you any more!

BLONDE: Heh-heh-heh! Ahm, I didn't know how to use the fax-machine, so I took the complaint to the Court on foot. All by myself.

POLITICIAN: You took it yourself? Phantastic!

BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh. Now I am a bit tired.

POLITICIAN: Here, you just lie down here.

BLONDE: Ugh.

POLITICIAN: Would you marry me?

BLONDE(*giggling*): Who me? Heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: We would spend our honey-moon on Maldives ...

BLONDE: Heh-heh-heh. I can't.

POLITICIAN: Why not?

BLONDE(*giggling*): And where is this - Maldives?

POLITICIAN: It doesn't matter. We could go to the Moon, if you like.

BLONDE: No, no, that ... I really can't ... (*giggling*) Heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: But why not?

BLONDE: Because I am already married!

POLITICIAN: What do you mean? Since when? To whom? Where is this husband of yours?

BLONDE: He is in the Army.

POLITICIAN: But why?

BLONDE: Well, because there is a war!

POLITICIAN: Oh, yes!

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 14: BLONDE and MR. KNOW-IT-ALL – HIRING

*In a dark alley.*

BLONDE: Kss-kss, cha-cha-cha, uuah, ah-hah!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: A-hah, a-hah. Levi's. John Levi's.

BLONDE: Kiki.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: But I know you, you know. When you were this small, your father and I - we had big business together.

BLONDE: I have ... ahm ... now ... I have a very big business, too ... I mean ... for you.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Speak out.

BLONDE: Oh, yes. Well, I miss him. He didn't answer to any of my letters.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Yes?

BLONDE: What if they kill- ... ahm ... I mean ... What if there is something wrong?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What if there is?

BLONDE: Could you find out?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I could. But it would cost you.

BLONDE: I know. But I have no money. So, I thought if I could ... Well, you know ... So, what now?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, we'll think of something.

BLONDE: But how ... ahm ... How?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Come here.

BLONDE: Who me?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Mhm.

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL - He snaps his fingers to indicate 'god' or the technician to start some sexy music. A hot cha cha cha is heard and the BLONDE and MR. KNOW-IT-ALL start dancing passionately - or perhaps start doing something else also passionately.*

*Lights go slowly out, the music stops.*

SCENE 15: POLITICIAN and ADMINISTRATOR – CESSATION OF ARMS  
BY PHONE

*In Tatiana's office right in front of Peter's Office.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Secretary, but this is impossible! You know that our troops are now already in the middle of the forward area!

- 
- POLITICIAN: I said - the Slovenian Army is pulling out!
- ADMINISTRATOR: I tried to do everything that is in my power.
- POLITICIAN: Do not try! *Do it!*
- ADMINISTRATOR: But Mr. Secretary -
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana, I know that in your life there are not many opportunities for feelings. But make an effort and try to imagine how *I* am feeling now: I am a man in love, Tatiana!
- ADMINISTRATOR: I envy you, Mr. Secretary, but you must understand that in the Official Gazette Number -
- POLITICIAN: I don't care a straw about the Official Gazette! This is about my heart! Listen!
- Listen how sadly my heart is beating in my chest because I know the love of my life is unhappy! The Slovenian soldiers must come back home! Before it is too late!
- ADMINISTRATOR: Why not recall just one specific soldier?
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana! You have no heart! Do you think I am the only one to suffer? What about all other Slovenian mothers, wives, and girls? Do you think their hearts are not yearning for their beloved ones?
- ADMINISTRATOR: All right, Mr. Secretary. I will make a phone call to the front.
- POLITICIAN: Bring me her husband home safe and sound!
- ADMINISTRATOR: Even I got excited, Mr. Secretary!
- Peter leaves contented.*
- MR. KNOW-IT-ALL enters Tatiana's office.*

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**SCENE 16: ADMINISTRATOR and MR. KNOW-IT-ALL - EXCHANGING FAVOURS**

*Detective story music.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Knock knock! Khm khm.

ADMINISTRATOR: O, Mister Diesel!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Jack! Just call me Jack, Tatiana! We have known each other quite well by now!

ADMINISTRATOR: Good morning, Jack. What can I do for you?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: No, no, no. The question is: what can *I* do for you.

ADMINISTRATOR: I am quite busy today, Jack.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What if I tell you that I have a perfect man for you?

ADMINISTRATOR: Jack, you know that I gave up my dreams long ago.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Pity - because the prince on a white horse has just trotted in. It took him a bit longer to come since he had some problems at the border but now he is here, and he is waiting just for you!

ADMINISTRATOR: Jack, You know pretty well I do not believe you.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: As you wish, Tatiana, as you wish -

ADMINISTRATOR: Jack, you are disturbing me at my work.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: All right. So I will have to send some other captured princess to meet an attractive young man at the Old Caffee at 8 p.m tomorrow.

ADMINISTRATOR: Ok, ok, just tell what you want.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I need a tiny information. About one of the Slovenian soldiers positioned in the front zone.

ADMINISTRATOR: I am sorry. I really cannot help you here.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Ooh, Tatiana! This is not fair!

ADMINISTRATOR: I am sorry. I can do anything you want for you, but as for the war - I am sorry - there is nothing more I can do.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Could you try a little harder for an old friend?

ADMINISTRATOR: Do not make this situation even more difficult than it already is. Please!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Just a little bit? It is about one single soldier? A small phone call?

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ADMINISTRATOR: I cannot. It is impossible! I really cannot help you. I can tell you the location and you set out on the search yourself. But this is really all I can do.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well then. But you owe me one, Tatiana!

ADMINISTRATOR: Ten! I will owe you ten - if there is someone waiting for me at the Old Caffè tomorrow as you promised.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Don't you worry! Jack Diesel always keeps his promise.

*Lights out.*



## SCENE 17: WAITER and ADMINISTRATOR – BLIND DATE

*Evening. The Old Caffè.*

ADMINISTRATOR: You are late.

WAITER: Am I?

ADMINISTRATOR: Two minutes.

WAITER: Oh, pardon me. It looks like my watch is being slow.

ADMINISTRATOR: You will just have to stay two minutes longer.

WAITER: I agree. Well - hi. My name is Marian.

ADMINISTRATOR: Tatiana. Pleased to meet you.

WAITER: And ... How do you happen to know Frank?

ADMINISTRATOR: Who?

WAITER: Frank. The guy who arranged this meeting for us.

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh, you mean Mr. Diesel. We have some official business in common.

WAITER: Oh.

ADMINISTRATOR: Yes.

WAITER: Well, I actually ... Frank and I ... we go for a drink together ... occasionally.

ADMINISTRATOR: Interesting. Do you drink a lot?

WAITER: Me? Oh, not at all! Just here and there. Now and then. Perhaps a pint a week ... I mean a month. Not even that. Talking about drinks - what will you have? Is there anybody here?

CHORUS (*all three in the role of a waitress*):

FIRST: Yes please?

SECOND: Yes please?

THIRD: Yes please?

WAITER (*wincing a little when he sees three waitresses, but he ascribes the phenomenon to the fact that he is extremely nervous*): Two pints of mineral water for the young lady and a glas of gin - ginger ale for me, please.

FIRST: Right away, sir!

SECOND: Right away, sir!

THIRD: Right away, sir!

CHORUS - *They are immensely enjoying themselves with Marian being nervous and confused.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Do you like ginger?

WAITER: I beg your pardon? Yes, I love it.

ADMINISTRATOR: I have a ginger plant in my garden.

WAITER: Really? Do you often drink ginger tea?

ADMINISTRATOR: No.

WAITER: Oh.

ADMINISTRATOR: I think we ought to know more about each other - if you do not mind, naturally.

WAITER: Me? Of course not!

ADMINISTRATOR: I find it quite appropriate - considering the situation.

WAITER: Yes, yes, yes, of course, you are right.

*Pause.*

ADMINISTRATOR: What are your hobbies, Marian?

WAITER: What? Oh, hobbies! Singing, I like to sing.

ADMINISTRATOR: Interesting.

WAITER: Yes. At the moment I am still practising, but later ... Later I would like to sing in some jazz club or perhaps issue a record.

ADMINISTRATOR: I do not care much for music. After coming home from work I usually have a headache, so at home I prefer silence.

WAITER: Oh. What a pity. Perhaps I could sing something for you? I am sure you would like it.

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh, no. It would be embarrassing. I am a rather retained kind of person.

WAITER (*trying to charm her with rhymes*): Tatiana - because of your beauty  
my heart-muscle will forget its duty!

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh gosh, what on earth -

WAITER: Tatiana - my beautiful girl!

For you my soul twists in a twirl!

ADMINISTRATOR: Please, stop. You are putting me in an embarrassing situation.

WAITER: Tatiana - your magical name

turned my town into a picture in a frame!

- ADMINISTRATOR: Please, stop. People might hear you!
- WAITER: Tatiana - your gentle smile  
shall erase all my bitter bile!
- ADMINISTRATOR: Well, this is too much! Such impertinence! How dare you humiliate me like this in public!?
- WAITER: I am sorry! It was not my intention to humiliate you. I just wanted -
- ADMINISTRATOR: What a cheek!
- WAITER: I apologise. I haven't been on a date for quite some time. I don't know how to behave.
- ADMINISTRATOR: I can see that all right.
- WAITER: I am sorry. I am really sorry. I wanted to surprise you. I was practising at home in front of a mirror all morning.
- ADMINISTRATOR: You mean you have planned all this?
- WAITER: Yes. But it was all well-intentioned. I wanted to show you how much I appreciate you as a person.
- ADMINISTRATOR: If you really appreciate me then behave yourself properly from now on. Can you do that?
- WAITER: Yes, I can, of course.
- ADMINISTRATOR: Thank-you.
- Pause.*
- WAITER: Interesting this Old Caffè, isn't it?
- ADMINISTRATOR: Yes.
- WAITER: Tell me, Tatiana, what do *you* do in your spare time?
- ADMINISTRATOR: Most often I just lie down and rest. Or I take Lordy for a walk. Or I do some embroiding now and then.
- WAITER: And who is Lordy?
- ADMINISTRATOR: My dog. My dachshund. A sweet little thing. Totally non-demanding.
- WAITER: How old is he?
- ADMINISTRATOR: Oh, very old. Twenty-three years. That is why I walk him just to the end of the alley and back.
- WAITER: Oh, I see.
- Pause.*
- WAITER: What do you actually do, Tatiana? If you don't mind my asking.

ADMINISTRATOR: Of course not. We agreed to learn more about each other, didn't we, Marian?

WAITER: We did, of course. So, what do you do?

ADMINISTRATOR: I work in the civil services.

WAITER: I see.

ADMINISTRATOR: You will not believe what happened the other day at work. The new Official Gazette was issued last week and on page 132 you can read -

CHORUS (*they come to serve - they put empty glasses upside down on the table*):

FIRST: Drink!

SECOND: Drink!

THIRD: Drink!

WAITER: Oh, this came at the right moment!

ADMINISTRATOR: Yes. I was quite thirsty myself!

WAITER: May I pay right away?

ADMINISTRATOR: No, you need'n. This is on me.

WAITER: No, Tatiana, please. Allow me to do at least one thing right.

ADMINISTRATOR: All right. Next time it will be my treat.

WAITER: Yes ... next time ... How much is it?

CHORUS (*all together*): You settle the bill at the bar.

WAITER: Oh.

ADMINISTRATOR: Marian, tell me something about you.

WAITER: I don't know what to say.

*Pause.*

WAITER: Actually I will have to leave. I have some errands to do.

ADMINISTRATOR: You can't leave already! You owe me two additional minutes, remember?

WAITER: Of course.

*Pause.*

WAITER: The weather is really beautiful today, isn't it?

ADMINISTRATOR: Yes. It turned out quite nice.

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 18: JOURNALIST and MR. KNOW-IT-ALL - FAVOURS AGAIN

*At the war front - that is at the abandoned rest of the war front where it is raining cats and dogs.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL (*he tries to whistle*): Phee – pheeuuu!

JOURNALIST: Oh, fuck off!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Whoops!

JOURNALIST: What!?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: I am sorry, all right?

JOURNALIST: What do you want!? And what on earth are you doing here?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: How do you know I am not some officer?

JOURNALIST: Because they are all ... Because I know all the guys from the camp and I am pretty sure they can all whistle.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Well, now you are going to know *me*. (*He steps under her umbrella.*)

You don't mind, do you?

JOURNALIST: It's all right. - Have you got a fag?

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: A fag? A fag!? But I am your Marlboro man, sweetie!

JOURNALIST: Stop calling me sweetie and tell me your name.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Ugh, you *are* sharp! Bobby Replay. Always with fire in his pocket!

JOURNALIST: Thanks.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: It seems you are well acquainted with the situation around here. For me, everything is quite new. Could you help me a little?

JOURNALIST: No. (*She goes.*)

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Oh, you are a journalist, aren't you?

JOURNALIST: Yes.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: But are you sure you won't be needing information from me?

JOURNALIST: From you? Ahm, never!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Hundred percent?

JOURNALIST: Two hundred percent.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: And you would not - just so - by any chance - share some information with me?

JOURNALIST: By any chance ... No, I wouldn't.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Where could I find one particular Slovenian soldier?

JOURNALIST: Oh, *that*. *That* I could tell you.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: You see? We are already working together!

JOURNALIST: They all went home. All of them! Today early in the morning.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: What!?! Oh, shit!

JOURNALIST: They left, Bobby Replay! This morning. All of them!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: No, no, I knew that. It was just a tricky question. I just wanted to check your how truthful you are.

JOURNALIST: All right, all right. Let's put it this way: I tell no one you came over here for nothing and you tell me that you've come by car.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Sorry, dear. I hitchhiked.

JOURNALIST: Fuck! (*She goes.*)

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Wait, wait, wait! Don't you worry. When Bobby Replay says he will take you home, he always keeps his word.

JOURNALIST: So, do it, Bobby Replay!

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 19: POLITICIAN, BLONDE and SOLDIER – GIFT

*In Peter's Office.*

POLITICIAN: Don't come in yet! Wait!

BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: Ok. Come in now. Watch out!

BLONDE: Who me?

POLITICIAN: Don't open your eyes yet! Don't look!

BLONDE (*giggling*): Heh-heh-heh. I could fall!

POLITICIAN: You are cheating. I can see it!

BLONDE: Oh gosh, Mr. Peter, (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: Ok, wait here. And you are still not allowed to look!

BLONDE: Don't leave me alone ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: I will be right back!

*He comes back with the SOLDIER.*

*Romantic music.*

POLITICIAN: Ta- dammm!

BLONDE: What? (*giggling*) Heh-heh-heh.

POLITICIAN: You can open your eyes now.

BLONDE (*suddenly sees her beloved one*): What!

SOLDIER: Kiki!

POLITICIAN: I am a good person. I am a good person.

BLONDE: Did you get my letters? ... I mean ... Why didn't you ...? Oh, it doesn't matter. Well, yes. Ok. Hi!

SOLDIER: Hi! I missed you.

POLITICIAN: I think I am going ... to leave now!

*POLITICIAN leaves.*

*BLONDE and SOLDIER take no notice of him.*

BLONDE: They did not shoot you!

SOLDIER: Yes, they did.

BLONDE: Really? I mean... where?

SOLDIER: Here.

- BLONDE: Show me.
- SOLDIER: No, It is ok now. The bullet is actually still inside, but they said - if I do not get excited I am going to be all right.
- BLONDE: Going to be all right ... (*giggling*) heh-heh-heh. Ok. I mean ... Well. Yes.
- SOLDIER: Yes. Well. Much better than expected.
- BLONDE: What do you mean ... I mean ...What?
- SOLDIER: Well, the things I saw -
- BLONDE: What did you see? (*She asks as if he had returned from some tourist trip.*)
- SOLDIER: No, no. I am not going to tell you anything of what I have seen there. I am too happy to see you now. And you?
- BLONDE: Me too. I am happy, too.
- SOLDIER: You are happy - what?
- BLONDE: I am happy to see you, too, and ... well ... you know ... to see I can still see you.
- SOLDIER: Come here.
- BLONDE: Who me?
- SOLDIER: Yes.
- BLONDE: I was good, you know.
- SOLDIER: I know.
- BLONDE: Except when ... I mean ... No, I think that doesn't count.
- SOLDIER: What doesn't count?
- BLONDE: I mean ... I needed a job, so ... Mr. Peter offered me to ...
- SOLDIER: What!?
- BLONDE: Oh, nothing.
- SOLDIER: What do you mean - oh-nothing?
- BLONDE: Well. It is nice to have you back.
- SOLDIER: What did he offer you?
- BLONDE: Who?
- SOLDIER: Well, this bloke - Peter or what's-his-name?
- SOLDIER get very excited and he obviously starts feeling a terrible pain in his chest but Blonde takes no notice of what is happening, she is too busy telling her story.*
- BLONDE: Oh! Oh, he said I should go on laughing and then I wanted to ... I mean ... I wanted to stop, but he insisted I should continue laughing and ... ahmm... I had



to get dressed nicely ... you know ... wear my pretty skirts ...I mean ... I really can't tell why ... because in the end ... ahmm ... I took my clothes off and ... Oh!! Oh dear!

SOLDIER: Oh dear.

*Even BLONDE realises now that something is wrong here.*

BLONDE: Are you all right?

SOLDIER: Don't touch me!

BLONDE: But I ..... I mean ... I did not *do* anything!

SOLDIER: In your letters you wrote how much you missed me.

BLONDE: I did! ... Ahmm ... Really! And you did not answer! Oh, you are so terribly hot. Will you have ... ahmm ... a glass of water?

*BLONDE is not even close to panic seeing the agony and the deadly pain of the SOLDIER who is lying on the ground with his head in her arms. Her reaction is close to what one feels when a person is complaining about some tiny pain in the stomach.*

SOLDIER: They shot ... our ... messen-ger-boy ... the very ... first ... day!

BLONDE: Oh dear. Did they?

SOLDIER: Yes.

BLONDE: And I thought ... you know ... there was something wrong ... I mean ... with you.

SOLDIER (*at his one-before-last gasp*): It was ...not ...at the time ...but ...it is now.

BLONDE: Yes, but I thought that you were shot ... I mean ... then. Now I know you were but it is going to be all right and ... I mean ... I went to see that friend of my Dad's ... you know ... and we went dancing ... but ... you know ... just dancing.

SOLDIER (*at his last gasp*): Kiki, I am not ... feeling well ... Call some-one ...

BLONDE: Ahoy. Hey, help! I mean ...Will you have a glass of water?... Help! Are you all right?

SOLDIER: I loved you, Kiki.

*SOLDIER dies.*

BLONDE: Oh. I loved you, too. Oh, what did I do? I don't understand. You said you will be ok. Why did you lie to me? Oh dear! Oh, yes. Ahmm ... I see. You are going to die and ... Oh dear. And what about me? I didn't want ... I mean ... to cheat on you. I am not like that. I mean ... Not on purpose. What is happening to me? Oh dear. Ok. Well. I am going to be good from now on. Ok? Oh dear!

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 20: JOURNALIST and INTELLECTUAL

*Back in the modern apartment where chairs and furniture are live persons i.e. ladies from the CHORUS. The conflict between INTELLECTUAL and JOURNALIST should not be just verbal but as physical as possible.*

CHORUS:

FIRST CHAIR: You know my mark is *Alessi*.

THIRD CHAIR: Oh really? Well, I was bought at some design exhibition.

SECOND TABLE: Could you stop babbling, please. I am getting all wet from your exhalation and then they have to go on polishing me - but I am totally allergic to the cleanser they use!

FIRST CHAIR: She is right. Stop talking nonsense and ring the bell!

THIRD CHAIR: Ding dong!

INTELLECTUAL: Come on in!

JOURNALIST: Oh, good for you - you are to keep the apartment.

INTELLECTUAL: Stop pretending like you have never been here. I know he knocked you down. I can smell each one of you.

JOURNALIST: And what do you want me to do now? Apologise? Or what?

INTELLECTUAL: No. It would take too long. We better get to work.

JOURNALIST: Ok. So, tell me the most disgusting details from the life of your ex-husband.

INTELLECTUAL: No no no. we are not doing it this way. I am not going to give you an interview for some stupid tabloide. I want a revenge on a much higher intellectual level.

JOURNALIST: Look, all the newspapers are going to fight to get this article from me anyhow.

So, it is totally irrelevant what we actually put down.

INTELLECTUAL: You are wrong, my dear colleague. A word written down is enduring. It is not my intent so give my signature to some stupid slandering. What I am going to say about Peter will bury him forever.

JOURNALIST: Great. So - spit it out.

INTELLECTUAL: I want the title to be - SSSuRRRiculum vitae.

JOURNALIST: I can't believe it Peter actually had sex with you.

INTELLECTUAL: And I can't believe it he had some real conversation with you.

JOURNALIST: He did not actually - well, not often.

INTELLECTUAL: And he did not have sex with me quite often.

- JOURNALIST: Ah – so impotence is the reason for the break-up of your relationship?
- INTELLECTUAL: Argh! It was his political weakness: Peter is a man of instincts. Instead of thinking, he feels. Big mistake! Today nobody - at least not in his position - nobody can afford to feel. Feeling is noxious to those who feel. Knowing things is noxious to those who do *not* know. Peter was simply prone to feel too often.
- JOURNALIST: Mhm. These chairs must have cost a fortune. Did he purchase them with national money?
- INTELLECTUAL: When you are skilled enough in rhetorics you can convince anyone that they know less than you do - especially if the convincing is convincing enough. However, there are situations when you feel as if you stuffed yourself with beans the night before and that is just impossible to conceal.
- JOURNALIST: In case you are referring to this horrible smell - it wasn't me.
- INTELLECTUAL: The moment you succeed in convincing someone about something you've made the issue come true. Provided your convincing capacity is strong enough.
- Isn't it so with actors in the theatre? They present feelings that seem so real but we all know they are not. And here we are again at Plato's Cave, aren't we, dear colleague?
- JOURNALIST: Whose cave?
- INTELLECTUAL: Plato, dear colleague, Plato!
- JOURNALIST: Ok - the readers will not understand that. Couldn't we rather write down a few lines about his homosexual relationships? The topic has been very in lately.
- INTELLECTUAL: Have you ever asked yourself why, dear colleague?
- JOURNALIST: No. My job is to question others not myself.
- INTELLECTUAL: A homosexual relationship demands much less commitment than a heterosexual one. It is much easier to start a serious commitment with a person of the same sex since the idea of having offspring or dividing domestic responsibilities into 'man's' and 'woman's' job is actually excluded at the very beginning. This makes a relationship lighter and more enduring.

- JOURNALIST: So, you are saying that Peter is a homosexual because he rejected a relationship where you were doing the cooking and he had to wash the car once a week?
- INTELLECTUAL: I have never said that Peter was a homosexual.
- JOURNALIST: Oh, bi-sexual then. And he was squeamish about food. And he was a loafer.
- INTELLECTUAL: Arrgh!
- JOURNALIST: Well – what!? Women love to read such things.
- INTELLECTUAL: If this is true you have just proved that there is no sense in fighting for equal rights among two sexes.
- JOURNALIST: Have you always been a fighter for women’s rights?
- INTELLECTUAL: A fighter for equal rights.
- JOURNALIST: So, Peter was a chauvinist. Well, let’s resume: he buys his furniture with national money, he is an active but impotent homosexual, he is a male chauvinist pig, and he reacts on instinct rather than think things over. Oh, and beside that he is extremely lazy and squeamish about food. Will this be ok?
- INTELLECTUAL: Out! Out! You shameless creature with a rotten brain! Out!
- JOURNALIST: Can I say just one more thing? That smell - that is not from farts. It is from your dead flowers.
- INTELLECTUAL: Indeed!
- JOURNALIST: So, you see!? We do have something in common. *You* can smell every single woman while *I* can smell anything that smells.
- INTELLECTUAL: What an intelligent jest - you smell anything that smells.
- JOURNALIST: Well, this is my job ...
- INTELLECTUAL: I am glad we collaborated. And don’t forget our agreement: no names. Well, except for Peter.
- JOURNALIST: Don’t worry. I will certainly not frame *myself*.
- Lights out.*

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SCENE 21: POLITICIAN and ADMINISTRATOR – TATIANA, I AM  
DESPERATE!

*In Tatiana's office which is right before Peter's Office. Later also in Peter's Office.*

POLITICIAN: Tatiana? You are leaving already? Could you stay for a few minutes more?

ADMINISTRATOR: Of course, Mr. Secretary.

POLITICIAN: I really need someone to talk to.

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh dear. I am not the right person. I am not good at it.

POLITICIAN: Help me, Tatiana.

ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Secretary, sir, are you all right?

POLITICIAN: No, nothing is all right. Everything is - not all right.

ADMINISTRATOR: But you will settle it, won't you?

POLITICIAN: No. There is nothing more I can do. I am alone. In the whole wide world I am so alone.

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh, this is not true Mr. Secretary.

POLITICIAN: Tatiana, please, stop calling me like that. Call me by my name.

ADMINISTRATOR: Oh -

POLITICIAN: Don't be afraid!

ADMINISTRATOR: Ok. Mr. Peter.

POLITICIAN: Yes, this is right! In the last few months I have learned quite a few things,

Tatiana: we must always find some time for the people around us. Look at you for example: You have been working here so long and I still know nothing about you, not even *how long* you have been working here.

ADMINISTRATOR: Well, yesterday it was exactly -

POLITICIAN: Isn't this sad!?! And what is even worse - *you* know nothing about *me*!

ADMINISTRATOR: Well, I do know a few things.

POLITICIAN: What for example?

ADMINISTRATOR: Well ... that you are -

POLITICIAN: Did you know this - for example -?

*POLITICIAN lifts Tatiana like a real macho-man in his arms and drops her on the bed he was secretly keeping in his Office.*

- ADMINISTRATOR: Oooh!
- POLITICIAN: You work here every day from seven to seven and you had no idea I keep a bed in my office, did you, Tatiana?
- ADMINISTRATOR: That is true.Mmm. The mattress is so hard. Is it orthopaedic?
- POLITICIAN: Yes.
- ADMINISTRATOR: Mmm.
- POLITICIAN: So, now we already know a little more about each other, don't we? We both like hard orthopaedic mattresses.
- ADMINISTRATOR: Yes - although I can't afford it.
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana, you can have this one! I am making a gift of it to you. I am giving you my orthopaedic mattress. Or better: I am giving you my entire bed. No - even better: I am giving you my office. Just be nice to me! Just a little!
- PETER makes a leap to join TATIANA who is lying in bed. He does what needs to be done to satisfy his manly needs.*
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana -
- ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Secretary -
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana -
- ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Secretary -
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana -
- ADMINISTRATOR: Peter!
- POLITICIAN: Ah! Thank-you, Tatiana.
- After having finished PETER leaps out of the bed.*
- ADMINISTRATOR: Peter, I could never have guessed you were nurturing such feelings for me.
- POLITICIAN: You know - exceptional feelings come to light only in exceptional circumstances.
- ADMINISTRATOR: However ... We are going to keep this under control from now on. We shall remain strictly professional, shan't we?
- POLITICIAN: Well, here is the best part of it:: We won't have to keep it under control!
- ADMINISTRATOR: What do you mean?
- POLITICIAN: Tatiana! From today on I am no more a Secretary of Defence and you are no more my secretary. I wish you a nice day!

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ADMINISTRATOR: I don't understand.

POLITICIAN: Oh yes! If you need help for the transport of the mattress just give me a call. I can give you the number of a very convenient transporter. Good-bye.

*PETER leaves - very masculine and very determined.*

*TATIANA is alone in the office.*

ADMINISTRATOR: How humiliating! What a shame!

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 22: SECOND COMMENT

CHORUS

FIRST: Well, this was a bit below level! He practically raped her!

SECOND: He didn't even use the condom.

FIRST: Who has ever heard of a rapist who would use a condom!?

SECOND: Anyhow, the bloke is an ordinary male swine.

THIRD: But why? At least the woman had sex once in her lifetime! This gives him credit!

FIRST: Come on, you are being gross.

SECOND: Don't you feel this plot is missing its point?

THIRD in FIRST: Hallo?!

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**SCENE 23: MR. KNOW-IT-ALL - SELF-PROMOTION**

*In the gents room at the bar where MARIAN works.*

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL in front of the mirror.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Kss kss! Have you ever received an electricity bill that was way too high? Or in a restaurant: Have you ever get the fork on the right side and the spoon on the left? Has ever anyone said to you that you would look great if you had an ostrich on your head? Well, from now on nothing is going to be as it used to. I am actually going to introduce a reform of two sharp elbows. The point of this reform is ... Let's put it this way ... There is a popular saying that says: 'Nobody can wear two hats at the same time and you can't say tomato if I say potato. You know sayings are not just some far-fetched phrases, don't you? So, if Mohammed decides not to go to the mountain, do you think the mountain will just stay put and do nothing? If this is the way you are thinking, then you are wrong. Listen carefully to what I am saying. Tomorrow, when you go to your voting pole to give your vote, be sure to encircle number nine. Nine - as Casucci. Roberto Casucci. To have stupid potatoes on the table every day!

*Lights out.*

**SCENE 24: ADMINISTRATOR and WAITER**

*In the bar where MARIAN works.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Hi, Marian.

WAITER: Oh, Tatiana! Hi.

ADMINISTRATOR: What is your salary, Marian?

WAITER: Not too high. Why?

ADMINISTRATOR: How many people could live on it?

WAITER: I don't know. I am making some arrangements now to record a CD, so -

ADMINISTRATOR: Could you support a family?

WAITER: Hah. It depends whose family we are talking about!

ADMINISTRATOR: Your own?

WAITER: But I don't have a family.

ADMINISTRATOR: Marian, I am pregnant.



- WAITER: Are you? Ooh, great! Congratulations!
- ADMINISTRATOR: Congratulations to you, too.
- WAITER: Oh, no, my CD has not come out yet. But it will soon. Probably.
- ADMINISTRATOR: For the child.
- WAITER: What?
- ADMINISTRATOR: Yes.
- WAITER: No, no, no.
- ADMINISTRATOR: Yes.
- WAITER: How is it possible? I think we did not have ... What? Wait a minute - you are pulling my leg!
- ADMINISTRATOR: It's a girl.
- WAITER: What do you mean?!?!? What girl!? No, this is too much. I'm sorry, Tatiana, but this simply can't be true! I think we didn't have any physical contact. So, it's biologically impossible for me to be the father of your child.
- ADMINISTRATOR: Sometimes the most impossible things just happen!
- WAITER: Yes, but this is actually impossible. It is scientifically improvable!
- ADMINISTRATOR: I am going to call her after you: Mariana.
- WAITER: Are you? Oh, that is nice. I mean - no! This child is not mine. It will never be mine and it has never been mine! Tatiana, I am sorry, I know it is not easy for you, but I am not going to take care of somebody else's child! Absolutely not! I have enough problems of my own. I feel sorry for you - really - but I am not the father of your child!

*Lights out.*

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**SCENE 25: THIRD COMMENT: MURDER AND SUSPECTS**

CHORUS:

FIRST: Oh gosh! What on earth is going on here! I mean - is he going to find his long lost twin brother in the next scene, or what?

SECOND: Let us have some action!

*CHORUS - They place themselves in a semi-circle and start singing.*

*No music.*

THIRD: Fat lady!

FIRST: Fat lady!

SECOND: Fat lady!

ALL: We are three fat ladies  
and now we are singing  
this beautiful ding-a-ding.

THIRD: Three fat ladies!

FIRST: Three fat ladies!

SECOND: Three fat ladies!

ALL: Obesity is sweet and graceful,  
As much as varicose veins are painful.

THIRD: As much as!

FIRST: As much as!

SECOND: As much as!

FIRST: Wait a minute! I never said I was going to *sing*!

SECOND: Well, we *have* to do something! Either we sing or someone has to be killed!

FIRST: Ok. You two just go on and kill someone, so I won't have to yodel anymore!

*A gun shot is heard from loudspeakers.*

*From now on the scene continues as some final confrontation in Agathe Christie's detective novels.*

*CHORUS - They are sitting at the side while ALL POSSIBLE SUSPECTS and VICTIMS appear on*

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*stage following the instructions and the situations delivered by CHORUS.*

SECOND: So, this is settled then.

THIRD: And *who* was it?

FIRST: The Politician, of course! He killed Mr. Know-it-all because he was afraid that the bloke might take over his position!

POLITICIAN (*appears on stage*): Just like I said, Tatiana: Take a kitchen knife and push it five times in his loin. As in - today! And by the way - thank-you, Tatiana. I know I can absolutely rely upon you!

SECOND: Well, now it looks like the Administrator is the guilty one - and not the Politician.

ADMINISTRATOR: This is true. I committed a murder - as Mr. Peter told me to do.

THIRD: No, no! This is too obvious! The murderer is never the one who looks the most guilty! My theory is that he was killed by the one who looks the most innocent - the Blonde!

BLONDE *appears on stage with a knife in her hand.*

*At the same time POLITICIAN appears lying on the stage. His body is covered with blood*

BLONDE: What is this now? I mean ... I know you've ruined my relationship but ... Well, yes. Ok, you are going to bleed out here. Oh dear. Ahmm ... Bye!

*BLONDE leaves.*

*POLITICIAN's bleeding 'body' stays.*

SECOND: Who did she kill - Mr. Know-it-all or the Politician?

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL's 'body' appears on the stage.*

FIRST: You are right - it could be one or the other!

THIRD: Wait! How many bodies do we have now?

SECOND: Well - one!

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL's 'body' toddles up and marches away.*

THIRD: The Intellectual did it! Because he cheated on her with that stupid Journalist!

INTELLECTUAL (*appears with a pillow which she uses to suffocate the POLITICIAN*): Arrgh!  
You

arsehole! You motherfucker! You bloody opportunist!

FIRST: No. This is also too much obvious.

*POLITICIAN and INTELLECTUAL leave.*

SECOND: I think it was Mr. Know-it-all that knocked the Politician out. He looked suspicious already at the very beginning!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL (*comes with a glass of whiskey and a handful of pills*): Kss kss! Hej, mate! Hey! Would you like to take a sip? It is me, Wrangler. Vintage Wrangler.

FIRST: What if the Journalist killed the Blonde? Perhaps it was her silent wish all along for the Politician to fall in love with her instead of falling for the Blonde.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL *leaves*.

JOURNALIST (*comes with a knife and starts approaching the POLITICIAN who is terrified and keeps*

*withdrawing*): Peter, my darling!

POLITICIAN: Oh, sweetheart! Calm down! You are scaring me!

JOURNALIST: Darling, we agreed - no sentiments!

POLITICIAN: Yes, but you have a big knife in your hand!

JOURNALIST: Yes! And you have it in your stomach now! Hah hah hah! (*She stabs him.*)

ADMINISTRATOR (*comes with a pen and a notepad and starts writing down all valuable information*):

Recording the murder: male caucasian, age - approximately 42, 6 feet 2, blond hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, athletic figure.

THIRD: I beg your pardon! This could not have happened!

FIRST: No. I have to admit. - This ending sounds more like pulled out of a horse's arse.

POLITICIAN's 'body' *toddles up and marches away*.

SECOND: What if the Soldier killed the Politian because he was jealous?

SOLDIER *marches in*.

THIRD: But the Soldier is already dead!

SOLDIER *marches out sturdily*.

SECOND: He is! I have not thought of that! So why do we need another body if he is

already dead?

FIRST: Because he did not die in suspicious circumstances! War casualties! That is so not interesting! There are so many!

THIRD: Wait! You have completely lost me here. Let's go from the beginning:  
who

died actually? I mean - beside the Soldier?

*Eight possible 'bodies' (all main characters) fall in from all sides of the stage..*

SECOND: Oh, yeees!

*All 'bodies' stand up and march away.*

SECOND: The cause of death with the Blonde and the Intellectual could have been jealousy. Well, who killed who - that is another question. Jealousy could also be the reason why the Politician, Mr. Know-it-all, and the Soldier died, but the last one is already dead anyhow ...

THIRD: Mr. Know-it-all and the Politician could have been killed also because of their suspicious business.

SECOND: That is true. And who could be the killer?

POLITICIAN (*comes to the stage with his back toward the audience - it is pretty obvious he is hiding a heavy frying pan behind his back*): Violet - you know that career is in the first place for me. I forced to get rid of you so I can appear as a grieving widower in the public. I could gain a great number of voters this way. (*He hits her on her head with the pan.*)

INTELLECTUAL: Aaah!

*INTELLECTUAL is breathing her last breath when on the other side another possible murderer is already waiting to kill her.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Young lady, it seems that you have much more money than you can use up to the end of your life. Especially as your life is going to be shorr-rt! (*He breaks her neck.*)

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL drags Intellectual's 'body' from the stage.*

*JOURNALIST (rushes in with the same murderous intent but when she sees that she is too late she*

*curses like a trooper*): Fuck! I knew it! Somebody got ahead of me again! I must apply for a faster car at the Agency!

*MR. KNOW-IT-ALL comes back.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Mickie! A knife and some gloves, please!

WAITER: Right away, sir.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL (*to the Journalist*): What about telling me some information?

*JOURNALIST (coming from behind with a closed umbrella)*: What about not ... not telling you (*She strangles him with the umbrella.*) .. anything!

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL: Aaghh! I really did not expect this.

JOURNALIST: Well - I can't just wait for something to happen. I have to report on something!

*JOURNALIST drags Mr. Know-it-all's 'body' away.*

*CHORUS continue their debate.*

THIRD: And again I have no clue whatsoever of what is what!

FIRST: Recurring to all possible victims in this story there are only two characters left: the Administrator and the Waiter. The two were probably lucky enough not to get hurt.

SECOND: Oh, not so fast!

*CHORUS - they place the ADMINISTRATOR and the WAITER in the same position as they were left at the end of Scene 24 (See above.).*

WAITER / MARIAN (*Continuing the Scene 24, he loses his temper and starts strangling Tatiana*): This child is not mine, do you understand? This child is not mine!

ADMINISTRATOR / TATIANA: Marian, auch, you are hurting me!

WAITER: It is not mine! Not mine! Not mine! (*He strangles her.*)

THIRD: Well, it could also be the other way around!

*CHORUS - They place the Administrator and the Waiter back to the same position as they were left at the end of Scene 24. This time things develop a bit differently.*

## SCENE 26: ADMINISTRATOR and WAITER - UNRAVELLING

*In the bar where MARIAN works.*

WAITER: I feel sorry for you but <I am not the fther of your child!

ADMINISTRATOR: Our child, Marian! Our child!

WAITER: No!! it is not ours. Not mine! It is yours and it will be yours also when it is born!

ADMINISTRATOR: Marian, you are going to get used to it. At first I was upset, too.

WAITER: No, this can't be true. I mean - *who* wrote this script? Woody Allen or what? I am going to write a complaint. Really. I am not doing this. It makes no sense. What kind of career is this? I keep going to auditionss and I get no role whatsoever. In the last three years I was engaged in two commercials - by the Radio! I keep waiting upon tables all day long so I can pay my singing lessons but no producer will issue my record. And now *this!* It can't be true! Come on! Why is everybody taking it with me!? I am not doing it any more!

ADMINISTRATOR: Marian, calm down. Listen to Mariana's little heart.

WAITER: No! I will not! This has nothing to do with me! I can't take it any more! I never go out in the evening because I have no money - not even for one beer. I've quit my studies because there is no school to teach what I am interested in. I do not vote because there is no political party to offer me what I need. I did not join the Army because nobody is fighting for the right cause. I don't have a girlfriend because no relationship so far has made me feel loved enough and still free. I never leave home for more than two days because I can't shit myself in any other place. I don't talk to anyone because nobody is listening to me anyhow. I feel like a stranger wherever I go. Sometimes I think the best thing to do would be to erase myself from the surface of this planet. And I really don't need another human being now to make me pretend that everything is quite ok in this world. Because it is not ok! I am so tired of this life. I don't want to play this role any more. Could somebody PLEASE replace me? Could you, sir, play this role instead of me? I can't take it anymore. Really. There is still so much text in here. Come on! Please! I can't do it any more. I will just kill myself. This is too much. I am sorry, Mariana -

ADMINISTRATOR: Tatiana.

WAITER: Oh - Tatiana. You see!! - I really can't do it any more.

*He takes a gun out of the pocket of his waiting apron and shoots himself in the head.*

ADMINISTRATOR: No, Marian, no.

*WAITER has killed himself.*

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 26: CHORUS

THIRD: I knew it that in the end the Waiter will be blamed for everything!

FIRST: Yes, of course. Yes, of course: *The butler did it!*

SECOND: Well, let us drag this body away now!

THIRD: Come on, give us a little help here!

*They drag Waiter's 'body' away from the stage.*

FIRST: You know, this one today was a heavy one indeed!

SECOND: There is quite a number of actors that have to die every week, isn't there?

THIRD: Extras, baby, extras - not actors.

FIRST: Luckily we are not the ones who are to bury them!

SECOND: Yes, that would really be too much!

*They bring in microphones and place themselves in a semi-circle like some genuine back vocalists.*

THIRD: Shall we warm up our voices a little?

FIRST: Yes, let us do that!

SECOND: Do-re.mi! Mi mi mi miiii!

THIRD: And now the lower pitch!

FIRST: Do do do dooo!

SECOND: Good. We are ready. They can start the music now!

*Music starts.*

*WAITER appears on stage resplending in a heavenly shine although his face is bearing a satanic smile since he is still troubled by the fundamental earthly question.*

*Accompanied by the three back vocalists, he starts singing his pathetic closing song.*



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**SCENE 27: WAITER'S SONG**

WAITER:

Where are you, my girl?  
I've looked everywhere  
from the day I grew my first pubic hair.

You shine like a pearl,  
You are divinely mysterious.  
Stop making me sad and madly delirious.

I'm not always fit,  
I am not full of riches and means,  
but I'll never give up to any of my dreams.

I sincerely admit  
I'm not always a very good liar.  
Often my feet smell like an old dirty friar.

In spite of this all  
you must believe when I say  
my love can be proper, my love can be gay.

Listen, o God, to my call!  
Why am I cursed to live in disgrace?!  
I need a chance to grasp your mysterious ways!

*CHORUS and WAITER together:*

Why, o why my ticket never wins?

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Why can't I be some baby's prince?  
Why is my girl over three weeks late?  
Why am I always bound to wait?

I'm just an ordinary guy  
but I would like to change the story:  
I want to reach for shiny stars and sparkling glory.

Just once I'd like to try  
to live with an athletic figure  
and spend my days in bodily and mental vigour.

Sometimes my mind goes shy,  
I lose the track of things,  
I get confused, I cry with broken wings.

I can see the mocking eye,  
I can hear the jokes and heavy laughter,  
Moving in slow-motion I know there's nothing after.

CHORUS:

Why, o why my ticket never wins?  
Why can't I be some baby's prince?  
Why is my girl over three weeks late?  
Why am I always bound to wait?

WAITER:

I'd like to shout and sing,

I'd like to act and dance in a gallant ball,  
I'd like to be a carnal lover in a crowded hall.

I'd like to fly and swing  
forever with my imaginary woman  
and be her greatest, her god-chosen macho-man.

But somehow I got lost.  
I fell again for someone's stupid joke.  
Life has pushed me back into its heavy yoke.

My heart is whining in the frost.  
I feel depressed and sad and bitter.  
I want my dreams, I want my shiny stars to glitter!

CHORUS:

Why, o why my ticket never wins?  
Why can't I be some baby's prince?  
Why is my girl over three weeks late?  
Why am I always bound to wait?

THE END